

No one loves a plow

Sometimes I feel as though my life is in a rut. That is a fairly common feeling where I am as you can well imagine. My experience has been that whenever I begin to feel sorry for myself, or that I can not face another day just like yesterday I need to get ready, God is going to shake things up.

The Bible tells us that fallow ground bears no fruit. Fallow means ground that has not been plowed nor planted, it just kind of lies there, useless. If you want that ground to begin to produce, it needs to be plowed. Some times a plow needs to cut deep. Sometimes rocks need to be removed and nasty trees uprooted. At times that ground needs a lot of work to become fruitful again. Now God is the one who has to do the work, direct it if you will. We are the ground, our lives, our wills, our hearts. Do you feel like getting cut deep? How about having roots yanked out? Does not sound like much fun, but neither is the alternative.

Right now I am being tended for fruit bearing. I do not like it. I do like like the fact that certain people are being used to cut deep and dig out some rocks from the soil of my life. But I do not want to be useless either. So in order to not be useless i endure to plow.

But in the midst of this is loneliness. So much in life I have lost forever. At time the plow seems as useless as I feel and tyhe process of growing without much worth. If I am never to be apart of the two shall become one will I ever know contentment? Are you reading this? Do you know I am thinking of you?

stay strong.

russ