

Catching

Recently my son took me fishing. He asked me where I would like to go. I replied, "I would rather go catching than fishing, so take me there." He knew just the place. We did some serious catching. I have pictures. At this point I have to be honest, I wasn't looking forward to fishing. I hadn't been in years and I had memories of the hot sun and little catching. My last boating adventure included nauseous feeding of the fishes. In fact, many of my past fishing adventures ended that way.

I trusted my son. He knew where to go and how to catch fish. I had HOPE in him because his fishing past and his promise that we would catch fish. If I had relied on my past, I'd have passed on the trip and missed the joy of that day and the promise of more catching in the future.

The past can be a beggar knocking incessantly and demanding that we give more and more, each time he arrives. And while in our naivety, we're willing to give, he's really there to rob us of present joy and any HOPE for tomorrow. He's there knock, knock, knocking. Don't let him in.

HOPE eternal is also knocking. In the midst of the reality of Job's suffering he received this promise, "*You will be secure because there is HOPE; you will look about you and take your rest in safety. You will lie down; with no one to make you afraid...*Job 11:18-19 NIV. Even though Job had experienced great suffering, He found HOPE in the promises of his relationship with his most hope inspiring God.

In the season of Advent we are reminded of the promises of God manifested in the coming of the Savior. The promised one. The Prince of Peace. He's knock, knock, knocking at your door. Open the door. Let Him in.

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