

Sponsors and Supporters

I always considered myself a fairly independent person until recently. I go to work and direct other people in their daily tasks. I make my own schedule. I go riding when I please, for the most part. I take off work as much as I like to do various volunteer stuff. And so on. But the extent to which I rely on the help of others never quite sunk in until last night.

I was sitting in one of the Bible studies I attend. While listening to one of my friends discussing how his attending this study had expanded his outlook, it hit me. So much of what I am able to do is because so many other people care enough about me to help me along. And I pay far too little attention to just how much they do for me.

I go to the office and my boss is always there to guide me. Without him I would most likely be on public assistance. It is hard to admit that someone else has that much effect on you. But if it's true, then you gotta 'fess up.

I'll be sitting at my desk (wishing I was on the pegs!) and the phone will ring, and it will be my good friend B.M. "Why don't you get outta there and meet me at (fill in the blank) and we'll ride this afternoon?" he urges. My mood always improves immediately. B.M. is also responsible for getting me involved with, and getting me into, the FCA camps.

Or I'll get an e-mail from A.C. "Let's go to Alabama and moto this weekend, Old Man," he teases. His witty electronic taunts never fail to bring me out of any bad mood I might be in at the time.

My good friends H.D. & B.C. can always manage to make even me understand God's message during Bible study. I struggle with some of the complex principals. I'm always thinking "Why didn't HE just say it in plain English so dummies like me can understand?" Then one of them will explain it to me in a different way, something I never thought of, and BOOM! It hits me. I get it! I get it!

My wife keeps a clean, well-ordered home. She feeds me. She pays the bills at home. She keeps my clothes and gear washed for me.

My pastor offers me insights whenever I ask him. He isn't afraid to cut to the heart of the matter, whether it hurts my feelings or not. He shoots straight to keep me straight. When I'm not in church for a few weeks in a row, he calls. He is cool with the racing, but keeps me honest and won't allow me to get "church lazy." Without him, I might have made some really poor choices.

There are many others, of course. Others that I just could not get by without. Just stop for a moment and think of all the people God has put here to help you. It's staggering when you start to think about it.