THRESHOLD: Life as a Trip

Genesis 35:11 'I am God, and I am more than enough.' (TPT)

Are you packed and ready to go?

I don't know about you, but—two things—I love to go on a trip, *and* I hate to pack! I pack too much stuff, always, and incidentally, I am known to forget something that is majorly important for the trip I am taking. I inevitably have to purchase what I left home not in my luggage. I also undeniably return home with a complete wardrobe I never once wore, which I find myself laundering anyway even though the items are untouched because they are smushed and wrinkled and smell like travel dust. I tell myself always, 'Next time I won't take so much stuff. Next time I'll do a better job of packing. Next time I will pack only one outfit for each day. Next time…' And even though I despise packing, it is exciting to pack for a trip. To determine what activities we might choose and then to negotiate what I want to wear for those plans, which is likely why I overpack. Because we over-plan.

Isn't that just how life is? I face the week ahead, glancing sideways at the calendar and glaring at my planner. I scowl as I stare at my careful scrawl of the different demands the week requires. I peruse a mental checklist of necessities that are needed to meet those requirements, the appointments, meetings, the hope to's and have to's and don't want to's. I subconsciously pull out my emotional messenger bag and begin stocking it with plenty of sass, shoving exasperation into one compartment and packing a zippered pocket with several containers of aleving anecdotes to help me manage all the stress I crammed into the main pouch. In another department in my satchel, I poked the anxiety that I will inescapably endure into a deep nook, and on top of it, I thrust a fair amount of patience, in a place easy to reach, simple to grab. In a hidden cubby, only I know exists inside my baggage, I wrap humility and compassion carefully in a susceptible hankie, as I know I may need to pull it out at some point during the week. There are pockets in my bag I carelessly fill with outfits of afterthought, so I'm able to manage moments when my emotions get worn inside out. I try not to consider the memories clinging to the inside, ones that never get removed because they are too heavy to move, and I can't fool myself that there's the anger and offenses, stuffed inside someplace at the very bottom of my rucksack. I no longer have the heart to unpack my crumpled past, nor the energy to flatten my face with the heat of life steaming away timeless wrinkles.

It is now I realize my bag is full of too much stuff, that I over-planned and I overpacked. I can barely carry it, it is so heavy and weighted down. How will I ever step over the threshold of life when I am this burdened by everything I am carrying on my back, struggling under the weight of all I was never designed to carry. Suddenly, I am reminded, it is time to cast my cares upon Him, because He cares for me (1 Peter 5:7). It is past due to unpack my bags, to come to Him as I am tired from carrying a heavy load; I can find rest in Him (Matt 11:28). And you can come too, find rest and cast what you're carrying too; step over the threshold, unpack your baggage and release what you are carrying also.

Jeremiah 33:3, '"Cry out to Me; I will answer you. I will reveal to you great things, guarded secrets that you never could have known."' (TPT)