the PLAYBOOK: Comfortably Numb

Why Guardrails

A study was conducted of small children. What did having boundaries and not having boundaries have on them. It was found that in a play space without any fencing around its perimeters, the children tended to stay near a chaperone, choosing not to wander far, not to become engrossed in play. Whereas, on a playground where it was encompassed by a fence, the children ran, played, engaged with one another more avidly and comfortably.

So, why guardrails? What motivates you—safety or unrestraint? When we go bowling, we have the option of bumpers. You know, bumper bowling is FUN for everyONE! It keeps us out of the gutters. When I was a child and my gramma would come to visit us in mountainous Colorado from the plains of Oklahoma, my dad loved taking us four-wheeling. I'll never forget my gramma chiding my dad by saying, 'Richard, I'll look out the window. You just keep your eyes on the road!' The closer he got to the edge of the cliff, the more insistent my grandmother's alarm became. And I believe our Heavenly Father says the same thing. "Child, keep your eye on the road ahead."

For years, I wandered. Not much different than the Israelite children, I got lost in the wilderness of the world where everything that glittered beckoned like gold. What should have taken me a very short period-of-time to tiptoe into my destination, the purpose my Creator made for me, ended up taking much of my life for me to enter in to, because I wandered about the world for many seasons. I tried everything, and the Lord was true to His Word. He said He would give me the desires of my heart, but He would send leanness into my soul (Ps 106:15). He did just that. I had everything. Even a blessed life. But I held emptiness in my soul. It is amazing how the intrigue of the world cauterizes the rawness of our internal spirits with a numbness which eventually and audaciously desensitizes and paralyzes our indifferences. I had become just that comfortably numb and what was right no longer mattered; what was wrong was there always within reach.

BUT GOD! If it weren't for guardrails God installed internally in my soul, I likely wouldn't be living any longer. The kindness of the Father to place fences in fields where I roamed upends me today. He said to me, "I see this pit you are buried in. I will bring you out of it. I will set you on a higher ground and I will place a new song in your mouth, and I will make your path straight (Ps 40)." And He did! So often, He still whispers into my spirit, "Child, keep your eye on the road. I got this."

Psalm 16:6a 'The boundary lines have fallen for me in pleasant places.' (NIV)