

The Mechanic

At Easter, my daughter-in-law, Amy, told me about how they had purchased child security door and drawer locks for their house. There were so many latches that they hired a professional to come in to install these. Surprisingly, within just a few days, our little 2-year old grandson Dylan had figured out to reach his tiny hand in the drawer openings and he could pop the locks open in a few seconds. I had to gently break it to Amy that there were a lot of fun times to look forward to because their son obviously had a mechanical streak just like his dad, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather. Those of you that have kids with a mechanical bent are smiling now, because you know what is ahead for my son and daughter-in-law.

Amy was initially excited about having a young mechanic around the house. I tried to temper her excitement as the early years are a bit hard on everyone as a young mechanic polishes their skills. There is both good news and bad news. The good news was that someday Dylan would be able to save money by doing things around the house, and could pursue a hobby or perhaps even a career where he could use his mechanical skills and obvious problem solving abilities. The bad news is Dylan would most likely try to disassemble anything around the house that he could get his hands on for the next 15+ years.

Although my dad was a gifted carpenter and mechanic, my early years as a mechanic were not very successful. Wrist watches, alarm clocks, toys, and even our family's lawn mower weren't safe. Any manufacturer that puts the words "17 jewel movement" on the face of a wrist watch should realize that this is an open invitation. Naturally, any 6-year old apprentice mechanic with a screwdriver and a pair of pliers wants to get in there to remove and inspect all 17 of those jewels. Labels that read, "Do not remove these screws or it will void your warranty," only encourage any budding young mechanic to remove those screws and discover the hidden mechanical mysteries and treasures beyond.

Unfortunately, many of my early disassembly projects ended up in disaster. You see, I was not as good at reassembly as I was at disassembly. Oft times, I would eventually have to admit defeat and take a shoe box of parts to my dad and ask for his assistance. I can recall him saying how that even a good mechanic will find it hard to reassemble something that he has not seen taken apart. Only the manufacturer, designer, or someone with a blueprint could do that.

Today, I have found that life is a lot like that. How many times have I disassembled my life and got it into a state where self-repair or self-reassembly is impossible? Other times, the difficulties and tragedies of life itself seem to disassemble our lives with little help from us. Getting those pieces back together where they make sense can only be done by our loving Savior. I eventually have to carry those pieces of my life to Him and allow Him to make sense of it all. He is the Master designer and the one who holds the blueprint of our lives and the one who can bring order where there is chaos. The healing and wholeness that only He can provide is a part of what He accomplished by dying on the cross for us.

In 1Peter 2:24 & 25 it says: "He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree, so that we might die to sins and live for righteousness; by his wounds you have been healed. For you were like sheep going astray, but now you have returned to the Shepherd and Overseer of your souls."

Richard Lewis
Pathway Christian Church

Riverside, CA