

The Time Machine

My wife, Sue, has been especially understanding of my involvement in the car hobby. I recall one night as I was winching a car onto a trailer that she walked by the crowded garage and casually remarked that she wished that I had taken up a simpler hobby like stamp collecting.

I have thought about it a lot and think I've figured out why cars hold such a fascination or perhaps become an obsession for some of us. I learned about this from my late friend Roger. Roger loved to go to the local oval track races near us. One summer night we attended a race at Orange Show Speedway in San Bernardino, CA, and after the races we went into the pits to see the cars up close. That night they had several old racing cars running some exhibition races along with the regular program. Roger was drawn to a beautiful vintage Offenhauser powered midget racecar like the ones he had seen, as a boy, raced by the champions of yesteryear. As Roger inspected the tiny cockpit we persuaded the owner to let Roger sit in the seat of the very expensive vintage race car. Roger sat down in the tight driver's compartment and put his hands on the big steering wheel and something special happened. His adult face was suddenly transformed to that of a 10-year old boy's and you could see he had daydreamed of sitting in a race car just like that many times and doing battle with the great champions of yesteryear on the dirt tracks and at Indy. The cares of this world faded from his face and he was magically transported to another era. That old dirt car was not just a race car but a Time Machine.

For those of us that restore classic cars, we purchase and restore the model and year of the car we took on our first date or perhaps the car of our dreams we could not afford back then. For those of us that have pursued car racing, in its various forms, we probably recall a time as a kid when we felt the wind in our face as our bicycle coasted down a steep hill. Perhaps we graduated to a home built racer with its wheels bolted to a few boards and then progressed to soapbox derby, go-karts, quarter midgets or junior dragsters.

So today, we sit in our car and love it, in part, because it acts like a time machine and transports us back to a carefree time in another era. We are like a little child again yelling, "Push faster, Daddy, push faster". We are transported back to a simpler time where life consisted of simple events: Dinner around the table with our parents and a sandlot baseball game with our friends. The years fade away as we smell the leather upholstery or feel the wind on our face. And some of us put on a myriad of safety gear and unleash the power of a thousand horses.

How did things get so complicated and life so difficult? We retreat to our garage and cars to escape things and become like a little kid, if even for just a little while.

Jesus encouraged us to be like this in regards to faith and to have a simple childlike faith in Him.

Matthew 18:4 "So anyone who becomes as humble as this little child is the greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven."

The childlikeness Jesus encourages probably takes several forms. We need to take what He says at face value without doubts. We need to realize that we are loved and that Jesus has no hidden agenda. We need to realize that He alone can be trusted in an uncertain world. We need to realize he can't take away every hurt but He will be with us through tough times.

He wants to transport us to a life where the truly important is a priority again: Our relationship to Him and our families.

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