

January 17, 2010

The Wild Goose Chase

Moment of Manna

Leo Pete

I don't know why I still live in that barren wasteland I call home. I've had nothing but trouble since I moved there. I've had water problems; my well collapsed; my septic system died; I can't get anything to grow there; and I have a petting zoo with skunks, squirrels, foxes, deer, bear, moose, mice, stray cats, and a goose...not the kind of things you put in a for sale ad in the paper. At one point we hauled in some loam hoping to get a flower garden growing. It seemed to work pretty good. We actually had flowers starting to grow. That's where the goose came in.

It was a domestic goose and I don't even know where it came from. It must have escaped from a home nearby. All I know is that as the flowers started to grow, each morning I would notice that more and more of them were eaten when I checked them. One night I heard a noise and looked out the window, and there was this goose munching away at my mums. I shooed it away, but it kept coming back. I couldn't seem to time it just right to catch him.

Then one night I heard that noise again. I jumped out of bed and looked out the window. There was the white goose nipping at the nosebags. I lost it. I just snapped. I ran to the kitchen, grabbed the broom, and rushed out the front door to do battle. I don't care how awkward and slow they look. I don't care that they can't fly. Those things are a lot faster than you might expect. As I ran closer, he ran away. I'd swing the broom and miss. Just when I thought he was in striking distance, he'd kick it into another gear and I'd miss again. There I am chasing him all around the lawn, and he's honking away, sounding like someone trying to break into your car. HONK, HONK, HONK! I'm sure it must have irritated and woke up the neighbors. I can imagine them looking out the window and the husband saying to the wife, "Honey, you've got to come see this. You won't believe what that nutcase is doing now." I finally chased him across the street into a neighbor's yard. It was his problem now.

You laugh. Like you've never done this before. Like you've never chased a goose across the lawn with a broom at one o'clock in the morning, in your underwear. Yeah, right! You've done it. We've all done it many times. Oh, not literally. I'm the only one who does stupid things literally. I mean figuratively. It's called going on a wild goose chase, and we've been on many.

We say, "I'm a Wesleyan, I'm a Catholic, I'm a Baptist, I'm a Presbyterian, I'm a Pentecostal, I'm a Methodist", and we look at all the ways we differ from each other; all the ways we disagree; long hair or short hair, make-up or no make-up, dresses or slacks, insignificant and irrelevant things. We spend too much time on wild goose chases trying to prove we're right and they're wrong. We spend too much time on wild goose chases searching the Bible for that Scripture that'll settle the point once and for all, in our favor. But we'll never find it. We'll never catch that goose. Just when we think we're close enough to strike, that goose'll kick it into another gear and get away again. We end up standing there in our underwear embarrassing ourselves in front of our neighbors. It's a wild goose chase. God said to "Be ye separate" but not from each other; from the world. He told us He wanted us to be one, even as He and the Father were one. He wants us all to sit at the banquet table together, not to have a food fight, but to have fellowship. Instead of concentrating on how we disagree, we need to emphasize where we are together...Jesus born, Jesus crucified, Jesus risen for us. He gave us a purpose in being here and we can only accomplish that purpose when we are in unity; unity of faith and unity of purpose. We have a job to do and we can't let a goose eating our flowers draw us away from it, and we can't let a goose eat away at our faith and pull us apart. God is preparing a banquet for us for when our work is done. Lets make a resolution this year to attend that banquet and bring a friend. We're all invited to enjoy the meal, and we can only enjoy it if we are as one. Tickets are free. Oh, and by the way, we'll be serving goose.