

How Driving a Porsche Revealed the Gospel to This Pastor's Wife

Guess what happened a few days ago? Me and my man in a hot little Porsche. You know—the salaries of a preacher and a part-time teacher. That's how we roll.

Or maybe we have generous friends who let us play with their very nice toy for the day.

What you need to know is that in my mind I was looking like one of those beautiful women in an Elvis movie as we zipped through Glacier National Park in a sports car, but then I saw the photo and realized I wasn't quite pulling off what I had going in my imagination. More like frumpy, 48-year-old schoolteacher in a dorky-looking hat. But I do feel better when I remember the nice mom from Colorado who agreed to take our picture. She handed me the camera and said, "I can't tell if it's a good picture, because I don't have my glasses on." We laughed, and I wonder now if, on the inside, she ever pretends she's a beautiful actress in an Elvis movie.

Anyway, we spent the perfect summer day driving Going to The Sun Road, all the way to the tip-top of Glacier. At one point, we were slowed down by construction. As we drove past the woman holding the "slow" sign, she looked at us in our little convertible and said, "Fun!" And she just kept shouting as we drove past, "Fun! Fun! Fun!"

Yes, ma'am. All kinds of fun.

Top down and the breeze blowing. The smell of pine trees refreshed our souls. And I've never seen the peaks of Glacier towering over my head. (Forever now I will carry a little sorrow when I drive through the park enclosed in a plain ol'

sedan.)

Somewhere along the drive, I thought, *Now, this is the gospel.*

Two people living the good life, way above their paygrade and only because of a generous benefactor.

It takes my mind to Jesus' words in John 3:16:

For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish, but have eternal life.

During our drive through the park, I kept thinking, "Yeah, this is a dream. We do not deserve to be in this car."

Could be that I'll forevermore associate John 3:16 with our day in the red convertible. I don't deserve that kind of love, that kind of rescue, that kind of promise.

Knowing Jesus means that in our hearts, we become Porsche people: Power when you need it. Engine in the center so you can make tight turns. Great view of life. Feel the wind. All of it unearned.

You know that's right. {eoa}