

The Philippians 2:5 Way to Press Into Peace When Anxiety Threatens

Bad moods happen, and they happen to me especially when I find myself tired, frustrated or anxious. But what if, as Philippians 2:5 (NASB) states, we can, “Have this attitude in yourselves which was also in Christ Jesus?”

Is it possible to trade a bad mood for God’s peace?

Not long ago, I tested this idea when, after a long flight, I found myself squeezed inside a crowded shuttle heading for an off-airport parking. Once safely in my seat, I took a deep breath, readying myself to dive into my bucket purse to retrieve my keys.

But as I searched the dark cavern, shoveling the contents this way and that, I discovered my keys were missing.

I felt a bead of sweat pop out on my forehead. I was 40 miles from the house, and my husband was off riding his Harley with his Christian motorcycle friends. He wouldn’t be available to rescue me until late that night. I felt my eyebrows knit together. I was in a pickle.

I looked up from my search to see that for the first time in history, my car would be the very first shuttle stop in the parking lot. I shot off a quiet prayer. *What do I do, Lord?*

I felt the peace of His presence. “Trust Me,” He seemed to whisper.

I told the driver, “My keys seem to be missing.”

He said, “I’ll call the office to see if anyone turned them in. What do they look like?”

My cheeks felt hot. "Uh, the keychain is a plastic square with a book cover on it."

The woman next to me said, "You're an author?"

I gave her a sheepish nod. "What's the title?" the driver asked.

This time I laughed, "Well, it's *When You Don't Know What to Pray*."

"Sounds like you'd better do a little praying now," the woman suggested.

"I'm on it," I said with a grin.

The driver dropped off the other passengers while I fumbled in my purse. When I was the last passenger in the van, the driver drove back to my car. "Maybe you could see your keys through your window."

Good idea, only they weren't there.

I reboarded the van and kidded with the driver as he drove me to the office so I could do a purse dump and maybe try to call for a ride home.

With the entire contents of my purse piled high on an office table, I stared into the deep, black hole of my purse. My keys weren't there, and I shook my purse to prove it. *Wait! Was that a jingle I heard?*

I carefully ran my hand against the interior walls of the purse until I discovered a huge hole in the lining of a zippered pocket. When I pushed my fingers through the hole, I touched my keys!

I happily boarded the van again, and the driver took me back to my car. He said. "You're not like most who lose their keys around here."

“What do you mean?”

“You were laughing and cracking jokes, but my last lady was crying hard.”

“Oh no!”

“Then there was the passenger who lost his Lexus. Just before he called the cops, he decided to call home. That’s when his wife reminded him he’d driven the station wagon.”

So why hadn’t I lost my cool?

It was because I’d called out to God and felt His presence. In that moment, He’d asked me to trust him. That gave me permission to relax despite my difficulty.

Try it. Relax in God and enjoy the journey.

“You will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on You, because He trusts in You” (Isa. 26:3, MEV). {eoa}

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