

When You Want to Run Away

I was alone in the car, driving north on Helena Flats Road years ago, when I first entertained the thought of ditching God. I was disenchanted with what He was allowing to happen in my life, and I wasn't too reserved to tell Him so.

I mentally packed my bags. "You don't care about me!" I hollered and slammed the door.

I walked a mental block and then turned around and came back.

There was nowhere else to go.

In one of my favorite movies, the little girl gets mad at her parents and starts packing to leave home. Her mom asks what she's doing.

"I'm leaving."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that. You're going to need a bigger suitcase, though."

The mom returns with a bag all packed, and her angry daughter heads out down the street.

Soon the suitcase gets too heavy to carry, so the little girl pushes it on its side and unzips the top. Inside is a bowling ball, small dumbbells and a few large textbooks. She smiles and says, "She made the suitcase heavy on purpose."

Soon there is a happy reunion, because the girl felt lost and the mom had followed after her.

Even though I'm all grown up, I still act the petulant child occasionally and say, "Why God? Why aren't You taking better care of me?" Except now, before I go packing bags, I ask myself, "Where else will I go?"

Who else will I find to love me and take care of me the way

God always has, even if I'm not feelin' it right this second?

I am the Lord, and there is no other; apart from me there is no God. I will strengthen you, though you have not acknowledged me" (Isaiah 45:5, NIV).

Besides, I have strong suspicions that when I get upset at God, He is not above slipping a bowling ball into my suitcase.

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