

Are You Pursuing the Wrong Kind of Rest?

We adopted a Dalmatian show dog after she was retired at the age of 5. She lived in a cage and didn't know how to run and play.

It took months before she would chase a ball and run around in circles in our yard for no apparent reason. She even found her happy place on a fire truck one day as the mascot of our kids' high school marching band. She did love a parade.

I think about our Dalmatian today as I prepare for vacation. I read a book about how to rest. Books are how I learn things I don't know how to do.

I had a podcast guest who wrote a book on the topic from a physician's point of view. I think she added years to my life with this quote: "Don't judge my rest." She wrote a prescription for me to rest—"find away to get away from what gives you pressure."

So I don't need a vacation from writing, reading, serving, worshipping or creating new projects.

I seek rest from the whiplash that comes from bouncing from one problem to the next every few seconds. I'll set every hat I wear high on a shelf, ready to be worn again, just not today.

I'm only packing my golf hat. I want to go outside and play and be thankful for the gift of vacation.