

Heavy Laden

There is nothing more disheartening for me than my “no” being “yes”. I am not certain why it is, but once my mind goes down a particular trail, if I do not act it seems almost impossible to extract the thought. A thought which ultimately ends in action.

I choose to lay the blame at the feet of that gray slimy mess sitting precariously inside my cranium. However, Jesus knew that it is the heart which is sour, not the mind. He was certain to point out that from “the heart come evil thoughts, murder, adultery, sexual immorality, theft, false witness, slander (Matthew 15:19.” This served to clarify his point that it is not what goes into a man that defiles him, rather what comes out of the man. What comes out issues from the heart.

Like an alcoholic, it would be great to have a “mentor” who was sensing the same signals my brain sends out and they would call me and say, “Don't you dare Mac!” Then talk with me and pray with me. Of course, it would be wonderful to have someone to share the struggle with so that I could call them, or talk to them, or pray with them. However, it has been my experience that men are somehow not wired that way. No one wants to take the first step, speak the first word, confess the hidden sin. The fear factor is enormous.

In college, as a Resident Assistant, I had about twelve young men under my care. Often we would sit around in someone's room and talk. Yes, there were times when we were just plain silly, but there were those moments when someone would broach a subject that made us all sit up and take notice. During a particularly meaningful session, one of the men brought up masturbation. You could have heard a pin drop. Everyone looked down at the floor. Then, within seconds, each of the young men admitted to similar struggles. It proved to be a long night. Yet, at the same time, it was probably the most rewarding night we had together as we confessed and shared struggles in various areas of our lives. It was healing in many regards and rewarding in others.

My brain is not as young or as agile as it used to be. Nevertheless, I can channel it in certain directions, feed it with facts and trivial information, even recall information from years past at times. My heart - Well that is a different matter entirely. It yearns to do the right thing. It hungers for the “no” to be “no” end of discussion. But it is weak, under nourished and pitifully poor. Often in my aloneness I wonder, am I alone in all of this? Consequently, I am hoping that when Jesus said, “Come to me, all who are labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest (Matthew 11:28),” he is speaking to me and my issue. For it is not the heaviness of the mind that buckles my knees, it is the excruciating pain from a weak heart that pulls me down. Perhaps the yoke of the sinless one will indeed bring rest.