

## **Have I Told You My "Spoon Story"?**

One afternoon, a pastor finished a delicious microwave-able meal. He threw away the cardboard container the easy lunch had come in and started to mount the stairs so he could get back to work.

And that's when it dawned on him: he had thrown out the spoon along with the box. He slowed his pace and rolled his eyes, considering the logic of going back down to dig through the garbage for a stinking spoon. It was not the way he had wanted his pleasant lunch break to end - dumpster diving for a silly spoon.

Now the church has about fifty million spoons. The possibility of that spoon being missed was about that many to one. But the voice of the Lord- along with his mother's- told him "no, go back and get the spoon from the trash". Visualizing his mother standing with hand on hip and wagging a reproachful finger in his face, the pastor begrudgingly but dutifully went down the stairs and into the kitchen.

Striding over to the garbage can, he rolled up his sleeves and prepared himself to retrieve that spoon from the trash can. He figured the spoon to be on the top layer of garbage with - and maybe even in - the box his meal had been in. And since the garbage can was fairly full, he just knew it would be right on top.

He was wrong. The spoon was not on the same level as the box. It had apparently dropped down to a lower layer of trash. No problem; he would just dig down a little deeper. It wasn't on that layer either.

Nor was it on the next one.

In fact, the deeper down he dug, the deeper the spoon slipped. For it was not, as he had first assumed, laying horizontally and just laying a layer or two down. NO! It had turned straight up and down and was sinking in the refuse. In fact, he soon discovered, the farther he chased it, the deeper it slipped.

Finally he saw it, at the very bottom of the garbage can. Quickly, he scooped it up and immediately brought it to the sink and instinctively washed it and his hands off. He then put it safely in his pocket. The spoon was his forever more.

As always, the pastor had found an illustration in this, as he did in everything.

Just as that pastor pursued that spoon, so too God chases us down to

rescue us from the garbage of our sin. Unlike that pastor, Jesus willingly left the glories of heaven with its praise and feasting to enter into this world that we have trashed so that He could die for us.

Though we think that we are not that deep in our sin, we are dirtier and farther down that we think. And, when we do not let Him get His hands on us, running from His rescue and reach, we slip deeper and deeper in our sins.

But when we finally surrender ourselves to God, admit our sin, and let Him take us out of the garbage, He cleans us up, claims us as His own and uses us for His glory!

Will you let Him rescue you from your sins? He longs to wash you up and use you, no matter how far down you have sank. Find a Bible and read John 3:14-18, 36; Romans 10:9-13; Ephesians 2:1-10 and Titus 3:3-7.

My dad, Kerry Doyal, that pastor, still has "The Spoon" to this day. If you ever seen him with his brown soft-side briefcase, ask him to see it. But be warned: it does not take much to get him to tell you the story himself.

A final footnote: His Spoon has been used to help share the good news of our "Dumpster Diving Savior" in at least five states and in two other nations (Mexico & India).

By Karissa Doyal (with a little help from her very proud papa)