

# Chippie

May 31, 2018



In his book entitled, “In the Eye of the Storm”, author Max Lucado begins with a story before the stories. I love his style of writing, his wit, and the way God uses Lucado to reach into the most inner most parts of our daily lives. And so, here is the story of Chippie.

Chippie was a very happy parakeet, sitting in his comfortable cage, living a comfortable life. He had plenty of food, plenty of water, and sat by a window enjoying his sheltered life.

Chippie’s owner was a bit of a clean freak it seems and as the owner was cleaning the house one day they noticed the bird seed in the bottom of the cage. So, naturally as any clean freak would do, they decided to vacuum up the seed.

The cage door was opened. Chippie was a bit freaked out and hugged the side of the cage. Just as the owner stuck the vacuum hose into the cage to successfully suck up the seed (and other unmentionables), the phone rang.

The owner grabbed the phone to answer it, the hose turned, and poor Chippie was sucked up with the rest of the droppings.

Now, according to Lucado, the owner rushed to open the vacuum to find Chippie, shaken, disoriented, and covered in dust. So, the owner ran to the sink, Chippie in hand, and washed poor Chippie off.

Sitting there shaking from the water, the owner then picks up a hair dryer, and well, you can only imagine how that turned out. Chippie doesn’t sing anymore, just sits, and stares off to his happy place.

Have you even experienced a day like Chippies? I am sure you probably have at least once in your life.

Rising up early in the morning you are ready to begin a new day. The sun is shining brightly. The dew from the evening has settled on your favorite flower beds, the birds are singing, and all seems perfect.

Then, it happens. Out of nowhere everything seems to fall apart in your life. People turn against you. Demands are high. The kids do not want to do what you want them to do. A phone call informs you that your parent is ill and fading fast. The tire blows out on your car when you hit one of the ponds we refer to as a “pothole” here in Michigan.

In the middle of the storms of life, we can always have a place to run to escape the thunder and lightning. We once again place our trust in God that no matter what may arise, God will be there always, right in the middle of the storm. And once there, we begin to praise God.

The book of Habakkuk in the old testament says this:

*“Though the fig tree may not blossom, nor fruit be on the vines; though the labor of the olive may fail, and the fields yield no food; though the flocks may be cut off from the fold, and there be no herd in the stalls – Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.:*

Even if you feel like a Chippie today, there is a place for you to go to find true and everlasting peace. Try God .... You will love the shelter only He can give you in the midst of your storm.