WHAT WAS I THINKING?

Luke 15:17 “And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!”

Have you ever been in a situation when you looked at something that you did and said “What was I thinking?” I believe we can get caught up in envy and pride and lose everything in our brain except the “dumb” cells. When I was eighteen or nineteen years old, I wanted a motorcycle. My dad had always just said “you don’t need one of them old things.” Oh I had a little dirt bike to scratch around on the farm a little but I wanted a real road bike where I could be real “cool.” So when I had moved out of Mom and Dad’s house and was living on my own I finally got the chance to get me a motorcycle. I traded my 59 Chevrolet station wagon for a 750 Honda that was chopped. It had the high handle bars and extended front frame. I’m telling you I looked like a two hundred seventy-five pound easy rider coming down the road with my long blonde hair hanging out from under my helmet and my side-burns blowing in the wind. I was a sight to behold. Pride was all over me as I watched my old station wagon going down the road and I stood there with my 750 chopper.

Nobody ever told me about the bugs in the early evening. When you’re riding down the road about sixty miles per hour with no windshield or face shield on your helmet, it is not wise to smile or open your mouth for much of anything. It had never crossed my mind why some of those folks I had been meeting on their motorcycles were going down the road with their heads turned sideways. That fellow that traded me that 750 death trap never mentioned how that long extended front end would handle on a dirt road or in loose gravels. The man I had traded with never even suggested to me that there were days when it rained. He should have told me that! It is quite uncomfortable riding to work in the rain on a convertible motorcycle. You would think that if a person is going to have a motorcycle as his primary vehicle for work and pleasure that one should at least tell him that a portion of the year is winter time. It is not pleasant riding to work on an open two wheeled machine and the temperature below 32 degrees.

It wasn’t long until I began to ask myself “What were you thinking?” I would see that man riding down the road in my old station wagon and I know he was thanking God for sending someone as dumb as I was to take that motorcycle off his hands. He didn’t look too “cool” driving my old car but he always looked warm and dry. By the way, I never saw any bugs in his teeth either.

What my dad didn’t want me to possess, my God let me possess to teach me a lesson. I no longer cared about being “cool.” My pride had been hurt badly. I could see what envy could do to someone. It had robbed me of good sense. Thank God, I finally came to myself. One day a man came by and offered to trade me a car for my bike. We made the trade. I may have forgotten to tell him that some days it rained. I also forgot to tell him that part of the year was cold but he sure looked “cool” riding that 750 chopper!