

# Love Boating

## ON THE WATER

What a blessing God sent when He showed us the way to live on the San Jacinto River. A vacant lot with a boathouse, an apartment overhead, and cabin cruiser below, inside the boathouse.

We “roughed” it for a year or so, getting the shell of the house put up, then we began our labors on the interior of the house. But we never missed a chance, (or took a break from the house labor) to get in the boat and cruise up and down the river. As time went by, we found a smaller boat that could go faster and was excellent for water skiing and riding on inner tubes. (I loved skiing so much that I never got tired and whoever was running the boat would have to stop to make me give it up.)

Despite our unfinished house, we still entertained and enjoyed fun with our friends and family. We kept that barbecue pit busy!

But living on the river and having a boat isn't all fun. There's work and responsibility attached, too. One of the big jobs that I recall is when we took the cabin cruiser out of the water and began scraping the barnacles off the bottom. You can't imagine how attached to the boat those critters were. And I learned that the longer they stay attached, the bigger they get and that gives them an even more secure attachment. Tough job, but it had to be done as they caused the boat to run slower and they even affected the fuel efficiency of the motor.



Recalling this made me think of how I need to be attached to Jesus. Might be a good idea if I tried being a barnacle. Attaching myself to my Savior and growing more attached so that I won't let go. How to do this... Well, I begin each day with daily Bible study from various books that I have. Also, I listen to a Christian radio station any and all times that I am in my car. (Rule in my car: Don't touch that knob to change it!). I try to focus with a positive attitude at work, at home, with friends. And when I see that I'm sinking instead of sailing, it's time for quiet meditation and prayer.

I want my “barnacle” thinking to always be attached where it belongs. Those quiet moments with Jesus have saved me from anxiety more than once.

Thank you, Jesus, I can cling to you for you are always there.

- Jackie Abbott