

My 'Killer' Boss

Yikes! My boss is trying to kill me one nerve at a time and I don't understand why! I've looked at my job description many times and I can't figure out how I upset him. Why does my boss hate me so? If only I could get him to realize that employment alternatives here in our community are fast being shipped to far away people who are willing to work for little more than daily food.

On top of that things are really becoming stressed at home also. I need to find some way to show my family that work relationships are disintegrating almost daily. As I pull up the bedcovers each night I stare at the ceiling thinking parts of my family are out to destroy me also.

When the alarm clock wakes me in the morning I know it'll be the beginning of the next round of duking it out with my heart that keeps saying to me, "Oh, what's the use? There can't be any positive outcome of all this daily stress, sweat, sadness, and sure-to-come doom."

Sunday morning church worship has me struggling with every muscle, to hold back visible tears. I want to have a one-on-one with my pastor as he tells me over and over that Jesus wants my joy to be full. He even quotes several verses to prove it. **WHAT JOY? I DON'T HAVE ANY! Not even a little smidgen!** "Pastor what planet are you living on?" I want to ask him.

He asks us to open our bibles to his next reference and I leave mine closed on the pew beside me. I just don't have the heart to follow a pastor that doesn't understand me and my boss. But I listen just to be respectful. "Ladies and gentlemen let's all turn to Psalms 23 - probably the most quoted scripture for troubled hearts." The whole congregation read the words in unison while I tried to quote as much of it as I could remember.

I listened to audible phrases like: "I shall not want", "beside the still waters", "fear no evil", "they comfort me", "thou preparest a table", "my cup runneth over". There was no doubt that at the first quiet seconds the person in front of me would hear my heart pounding so loud, they'd invite me to the altar for prayer.

The message continued with hand gestures as pastor told us of the little shepherd boy that slew a bear, a lion, and even a giant on the way to becoming a king of God's beloved nation Israel. I stared at the floor wanting to hide my shame as I listened to the description of David's 'killer boss' King Saul. Over and over I heard of thwarted efforts to kill David even though he was always trying to do his best.

Like an ugly vessel needing remade, my heart learned about David's own son Absalom feverishly trying to kill his own father, David. I couldn't take any more. Even before the invitation music began, I quietly walked forward and knelt at the altar. I didn't care what anyone else thought about me.

Somehow I wanted to have an immediate conversation with David and ask him how he handled it. I was starved for some meaning of it all. I don't think God likes to inflict pain on His children. He doesn't do it for His pleasure, does He?

Still at the altar I heard the piano begin to play softly and the pastor told everyone the answer from God's Word. "Folks, the reason David could write precious encouraging truths in troubled times was because he didn't focus on his earthly boss but on his Heavenly Boss. He obeyed his earthly boss,

King Saul, knowing that King Saul's boss is God: the creator and ruler of the entire universe.”

Allow your heart to accept the love and lordship of the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, and Boss of Bosses. Each day serve your leaders with the strength, love, and forgiveness born from above. Many people owe their salvation in part to seeing the lasting joy in others, as they commit each day's events to the Boss with the nail-scarred hands.

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever. (End of Story)