

A GOOD SPOT

“This spot looks good”. I remember my cousin saying this of many places while deer hunting. In this case, the log hauling road meandered through a stand of pines. The blue jay voiced its objection to our presence and dodged through the widely spaced trees. Tracks were numerous, houses were far away, and a gentle slope would funnel deer past our stand. Ironically, I never saw a deer there during hunting season, although it was one of my often frequented “good spots”.

Farther west, another road threaded its way through a stand of mature pecans. A dirt mound, kicked up by the fall of an ancient tree, afforded a good view of the old road and several trails to a creek bed beyond. Over the years, numerous doe slipped past on parade, but never an antlered buck.

“That is the worst spot I’ve ever seen.” This would be my cousin’s description of what proved to be the best spot I was ever in. The bee brush was shoulder high and I was half way through at a patch of post oaks. I had never been in this particular spot before, and intended to never return, provided I could get out.

I was not looking for a spot to watch, it was far too cold. I was simply “passing through” hoping to get warm and move deer toward a watcher. Just as the thorny bushes seized my coat for the umpteenth time another hunter shouted, “A deer is coming...wait...it’s just a doe”. These last words dripped with disappointment. Looking around, I shook my head in disbelief. Horns were floating above the brush. *Be quiet, he may come my way*, I cautioned myself. *Even if he does, I’ll never see it in this mess*, I argued. The buck moved with rapid stealth, as if on a path. I plunged ahead, hoping for a glimpse before the brush tangle swallowed it whole. I found the path moments before the deer leaped into view. It was a twelve point buck, less than twenty feet away! I see it again as I write. The mounted head is on my office wall. I learned something. If you want a deer, go where they hide. The view may be good, but if no prize is seen it’s not a real “good spot”.

Comfortable situations are not where we make large discoveries or learn big lessons. The brushy hillsides of life may test our faith as well as our legs and lungs, but they are the places of reward.

“...you know that the testing of your faith develops perseverance. Perseverance must finish its work so that you may be mature and complete, not lacking anything.” James 1:3, 4 NIV

Where are the brushy hillsides in your life where great discoveries are waiting to be made?