

The Compass Point

Yesterday was a day spent on accounts. It was the end of our financial year. Figures floated and danced across the screen of the computer, came together, fell apart, added, subtracted, totalled – bliss after struggling with calculators and even worse, a fallible mind. A marvellous facility for hiding data allows columns to be alongside and compared when there is a mistake which can happen! The complicated bit is un hiding the data again! There is a compass point, so to speak, that has to be followed - the accounts must balance. All the work done is to that end. It is a relief when the last figure is keyed into place and it balances – twelve months work gathered together on one work sheet. Next year's accounts begin with that word, “balance” as figures are carried forward. The compass point is kept.

A day with figures is mentally exhausting. It was a beautiful evening. What better way to unwind than take the perfect dog for a walk. The beach was deserted; the estuary calm and still. We headed for the prom as darkness began to fall. One factor had been overlooked. The perfect dog is afraid of traffic and even more afraid at dusk it transpired. It was a struggle to reach a seat a few hundred yards along the prom. His compass point was home. Off the lead he would have headed up the nearest side street at a 100 mph headed for Abbey Rd. Nothing worked, firmness, gentleness, bribery – the dog biscuit was refused. Giving up the struggle we headed back to the car. To be dragged along the prom by a five stone dog is not restful. He blanked out on everything but home. Apologies were gasped out to other dog owners as we charged past them. Safely in the car at last, he looked out with anxious eyes as his minder sat exhausted on a seat nearby. The lake reflected pink, orange and gold as the sun slid from view. A cormorant gracefully dived under the water. However, the perfect dog reproachfully gazing out of the car window couldn't be ignored and we soon headed for home.



The compass point was set in the accounts – the balance. The compass point was set by the dog – home. What happens in life when we lose our compass point? Life becomes too bewildering. This has been our experience recently. We miss our dear Sister Lynda at every turn. Builders arrived and it was the month we had the most visitors.

Complication followed complication. Difficulty followed difficulty. When we are yielded to the Lord Jesus our compass point is him whether in the middle of turmoil we are aware of it or not. The compass will not fail, it is held in the hands of the Lord.