

Banging on the Door

I think about what typically causes us to bang on the door instead of simply knocking. Maybe it is late at night and people are asleep; if you don't bang, they won't wake up. The other reason could be that the person whose door you are knocking on has a hearing limitation; if you don't bang, they won't hear you. Oh, one more! If you are in danger, maybe being chased you might bang on the door to express the urgency to have it opened quickly.

Transferring these situations to knocking on "God's door," I can see myself in each reason for banging on his door. I might feel he is asleep – in the way of not being aware of what is going on...kind of like when Jesus slept in the bottom of the boat in a storm and the disciples accused him of not caring. I might wonder if He hears me. I am not sure what proof I want to know He heard me, but there is no proof – just His promise that He will. And oh boy, can I relate to the last one! Feeling in danger, squeezed, harassed even by my own inner freaking out in fear. I'm banging on his door in my escalated state. I don't think God minds these times we bang on the door, in a frenzy for His help. He does tell us to knock and he doesn't say it has to be a certain way! The thing is...banging on the door really expresses that we desperately need him.

A memory comes to mind. I moved from Ottawa to Kitchener at twenty years of age, and went on to marry my childhood sweetheart the next year. We were expecting our first baby. I was probably seven or eight months pregnant and I hit a spell of homesickness that made me desperate to be with my mom and dad. I left Kitchener on an evening bus and then transferred to another bus in Toronto. I was so tired on that second bus, increasingly so as the hours of the night progressed. I almost laid my pregnant body down on the isle of the bus...but you know, people might have thought I was giving birth...that could be awkward.

When I arrived in Ottawa, I hailed cab to take me home. Did I mention that I didn't tell my parents that I was coming? Well, I didn't. I was afraid they would try to dissuade me and I did not want to be dissuaded! I think it was around two o'clock in the morning when I finally landed on the front steps of home. I definitely banged on the door. My mother, ever the cautious one, called out, "Who is it?" "Mom, it is me, Debbie." That got the door opened quickly! The look of shock on my mother's face didn't even faze me. I basically threw my pregnant body into her so I could feel her arms of home around me and have my terrible loneliness hushed away.

Sometimes I bang on God's door. I am homesick for His love, His peace, His presence. It's like a panic button is pushed and life seems too overwhelming to

manage. I want him to open the door quickly. I know He won't look shocked – He will have known I was on my way. I am lonely for His arms, for His assurance. Jesus said, "Knock and the door will be answered to you." That's because God Himself is our home.