

MY FAVORITE TOOL

Robert Fitt

An ancient, battered brick hammer is an awkward treasure. Yet, since it is a treasure, I have put it in a frame with rich, red backing. This hammer is small, it is very old, and *very* worn. I bought it new, and it was, in fact, the most valuable tool I ever owned. It could accurately break—with quick, sharp, blows—the brick and flue tile that my work as a mason required when other tools shattered them to bits. Perhaps that explains the chips, the scars, the extraordinary wear and the broken, patched-together handle for which I could never find a replacement.

This tool is situated in a place of honor because it was such a useful servant. It *always* did precisely what I wanted it to do, precisely when I wanted it done.

Isn't that is what God asks of us?

Isn't it true that each of God's children that hopes to be glorified—must first become an obedient tool in the hand of The Master?

It is not easy to give away our vain ambitions, to put aside our selfishness, to subdue our wants, and to share our gifts and goods as the Holy Spirit prompts us to do. It is not easy to let go of our pride and allow the Spirit to govern us in everything we think and do. But it's a joy to experience the freedom it brings, and the success, and the ability to cope when affliction comes.

The world shouts that I must remain in control of my body, my mind, and my circumstances—and thus my own destiny. Yet, whenever I weaken, and allow my pride to rule, I find myself becoming ever more a tool of lust, acclaim, and worldly desires as I drift ever further away from God, and home.

If you should gaze upon my ancient hammer, you would note the marks and scars that honest work bestows. It is attractive in an ancient, broken, sort of way. That's how I want to be. For my fervent desire is to be an obedient tool in the hands of The Master, and to grow old, and worn, and nicked in His service, just as my faithful hammer has been for me.