

## **THE MUD POT**

*By Robert Fitt*

Have you ever seen a mud pot? What a great experience. Go to Yellowstone Park. Walk the boardwalks until you find one, and then observe it closely. They're unforgettable. The smell of pristine forests fill your nostrils as you see the towering trees mirrored in the mud-pot's surface; a surface scrupulously perfect from what you see; but looks are deceiving.

For you will not wait long before a mud-bubble troubles the placid surface with a spherical swelling that expands slowly in the dense mud until it bursts violently, spattering mud far and wide; spewing forth putrid sulfur fumes that even a defective nose would tell you emanate from the very bowels of hell!

Does that sound like something that happens occasionally in your life, as it does in mine?

Sometimes, when I begin to feel that I'm getting closer to perfection, the Lord has a way of allowing little bubbles to form around my deeply hidden sins; bubbles that work their way slowly to the surface of my scrupulous veneer. Distending within me until they break violently into my consciousness, belching forth the putrid fumes of sins long hidden and clearly unbidden.

It is in these unexpected moments of stark reality that God answers some quiet morning's prayerful plea: "What is it, Lord, that is holding me down, and keeping me from drawing nearer unto Thee?"