

HOW YOU BECAME STUCK

Read "The Calf Path" by Sam Foss first. Just like "The Calf Path" there are paths that form in our minds, these paths aren't necessarily the best ways or patterns that we should think nor are they the best habits we should form, but they are habits that form in our lives none the less.

Where does the path lead? Where were we trying to go when we rushed down these paths so many times? I believe we've always been rushing toward the filling of the "God Shaped Hole" in our lives, but we've never acknowledged nor fully understood exactly what would really fill that hole.



We've all rushed to put anything in our hole that we could in order to fill that missing part. The thing that was always missing has been LOVE!

We all long to, fight to, work to, and even sin to fill that need for love in our lives. When a young girl is promiscuous she's trying fill her need for love with the attention of those who will give her sexual attention. When young boys are chasing sexual conquests they too are

attempting to fill their need for love or belonging. Alcoholics attempt to fill their need for love with drink, gossips use their words to manipulate friendship as they seek love, and even murderers kill in an attempt to show love, feel love, and be loved.

In a later text we'll discuss how God is revealed in Jesus Christ as love. But for now just understand that the God Shaped Hole is only filled by love and God is love. So the God Shaped Hole is the same as that desire to love, be loved, and find a sense of belonging.

There's been a belief for quite some time that we, like God, are triune beings. We'll get deeper in the weeds about what that means later, but for now just make note that I believe that man was created somehow in the image of God. That means among other things that we are triune beings. God is revealed in three persons Father*, Son, and Spirit. One way is the human understanding that we are body, soul, and spirit. We are ultimately spiritual beings, but we walk around and live on earth in bodies that were designed for earth. I'd say we're spiritual beings in an earthsuit. Our earth suits, or bodies are how we contain and carry around spirits and souls. The key to not staying stuck, we'll learn more about this later too but it starts with communing with God in your spirit.

Conclusion

Your habits, good and bad are hard drawn paths in your brain.

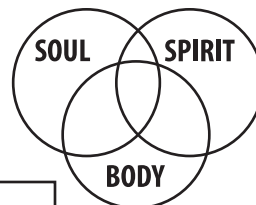
Humans are made in the image of God.

We are triune beings made up of body, soul, and spirit.

Your brain is part of your body.

Your soul is your personality and it too has learned habits and patterns that have been formed over the course of your life.

Your spirit is the part of you that can commune with God.



**The Father / Son masculine descriptors can mistakenly indicated that God's male. This isn't accurate. God is certainly as much mother as father.*

The Calf Path (shortened)

by Sam Foss

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.

Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day,
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,

And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade.
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged, and turned, and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath,
Because 'twas such a crooked path;

But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding wood-way stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.

And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis;
And men two centuries and a half,
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

For thus such reverence is lent,
To well established precedent.
A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;

For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun,
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.

They keep the path a sacred groove,
Along which all their lives they move.
But how the wise old wood gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf.

Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.