

Positively Speaking

By Mark Wilson

03/05/10

Taking the Risk

Late one night, in a massive ice storm, I drove my sons Luke and Wes home from visiting their friend Ben. I white-knuckled it on the steering wheel and fretted as we crept along the treacherous road heading home. Ice pelted the windshield, making it difficult to see the road.

We happened to pass our favorite sledding hill, and the boys remembered that our sleds were in the trunk.

“Hey, dad! Can you imagine how fast we could go down that hill tonight? Oh wow! That would be awesome!! Let’s do it! What do you say, Dad? Huh?”

“Uh – Hmmm – I dunno boys. That’s just about the craziest notion I’ve ever heard. Can’t you see we’re in the middle of a dangerous ice storm?”

“That’s exactly the point, Dad! We’re right here at the sledding hill. Our sleds are with us, and that hill is slicker than it’s ever been! Don’t you think we should take advantage of this rare opportunity?”

“Oh, why not?” I answered, throwing caution aside, and hoping this decision wouldn’t land somebody in the emergency room. “Just one time down the hill, and we need to get home.”

We pulled out a three-person toboggan, managed our way, in pitch dark, to the top of the ice-glazed hill, and shoved off.

Luke and Wes yelled, ‘YEAH!! BONZAI!!’

I hung on for dear life and yelled too, ‘YAAAAARRRRRGHHHH!!!’

We flew faster than an Olympian bobsled, hurdling down the hill, halfway across the frozen field at the bottom. My heart was in my stomach the whole way.

When we finally slowed to a stop, all three of us laughed until our sides hurt.

“Dad, that’s the coolest thing we’ve ever done!”

I was just glad I survived, and as we walked together back towards the car in the pelting ice, I thought, “Sometimes, faith is like that. It requires a risk; it’s quite a ride; and it’s guaranteed to make a memory.”

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