

DOWN HOME: A bug, a windpipe & temptation

September 29, 2012

The other morning, I caught a bug.

Nope, I didn't come down with the flu. Or succumb to the common cold. Didn't develop an upset tummy, either.

I caught a bug.

The kind with wings, spiky legs and antennae.


In my mouth. Or, more precisely, right smack on the hangy-downy thing—I think it's called the uvula—at the back of my mouth and/or throat.

I caught this bug well before dawn, just around the 3/4-mark of my morning run. It happened underneath live oak trees and beside black-eyed susans on Bethel School Road.

Since it was dead-dark and we were about a block from the nearest street light and under the "shade" of the oaks, I never saw him coming.

(Come to think of it, I don't know if the bug was a he or a she. If I ever learned that little lesson in biology class, that was too long ago. So, although I know better, I tend to think of every bug but a queen bee as a boy. Kind of like when I was a kid and thought all dogs were boys and all cats were girls. That was before Daddy and I had "the talk.")

Anyway, I know exactly how it happened, because I have seen pictures of myself running.

See, I've got a deviated septum. The inside of my nose is as crooked as 

the Brazos River. I can't take in enough air exclusively through my nose to (a) run and (b) not die.

So, when I tool down the road, my mouth takes the shape of a oval, and I suck in air. Lots of air. And, unfortunately, the occasional bug.

Since I never saw him, I don't know how big the bug was. Splattered on the back of my throat, he felt like a grasshopper. Or an owl.

The second he landed, I felt like he karate-chopped my throat. My head snapped back, and my mouth instinctively clamped shut. Too late; I know. I tried to spit him out, but he was stuck. My eyes watered as I stumbled forward, and then I felt my throat was going to close down.

For just a second, I thought, "Now, this will be an unusual obituary." Then I bent over, grabbed my knees and heaved. And expectorated again.

Free at last. Free at last. Thank God Almighty, he—and I—were free at last.

I tried to run with my mouth shut, but that only lasted about 50 yards. Then the death trap for bugs opened up again. And I could breathe.

My episode with the bug reminded me of dealing with temptation.

- *Temptations usually fly in when I'm away from the light of God's presence, which I sense through prayer and Bible study.*
- *They attack me when I'm alone.*
- *They're more potent when I'm fatigued.*
- *They knock me off-stride and cause me to forget my purpose.*
- *They can bring me to my knees.*
- *But when I remember who and where I am, and Whose I am, I can cast*

them aside.