

being enrolled in high jump I've settled for the bunny hop. And the crazy thing is the bunny hop looks pretty appealing. That high jump stuff was so demanding. So much practice, not enough down time, and all that discipline...what was I thinking?

I imagine Aaron was thinking similar thoughts when he settled for a golden calf. King Saul and his company could relate—they were willing to be ruled by the terrorist Goliath. How about David settling for lust, Judas satiated by money, Pilate content with the approval of the masses? And then there's my story and yours...we've all been there. Settling simply means that we've become content with and/or are pursuing something less than what God has for us.

It all started in the Garden of Eden. Pre-sin, everything about the Garden including Adam and Eve was a perfect display of God's glory. Adam and Eve were pure and holy, without any trace of guilt. Think what that must of have been like never to have given in to temptation. To know God without seeing Him through the filter of our fallenness. To be naked spiritually, emotionally, physically before God and each other and to be without sin. We're so far from the Garden that it's unimaginable. But when God told Adam and Eve to fill the earth, in effect He was saying, "Fill the earth with my Glory." That's His greatest desire—the earth full of His glory.

Entertaining the snake led to disobedience, that one tiny act with monstrous results. Adam and Eve settled for God-like knowledge when they could have known their Creator in all His glory. God would allow His glory to be compromised by their disobedience, and so for Adam and Eve the price of settling was the curse that weighed them down the rest of their lives.

Settling weighs us down as well. We may not think of it as being charmed by a snake, but look at the way we pad our lives all the while ignoring yellow and red flags. We say: "I should go to this school, get this job, have this thing, make this investment. I should marry this person, buy this house, send the kids to this school." On and on until so much stuff collects around us that it's like we're riding in an armored limo in a motorcade. Everything we've collected serves to cushion any possible fall. The problem is that we were made to ride motorcycles under clear blue sky with

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