

The Game of Life

By: Barbara Dickson

I knew I was in trouble. My game piece, a blue car, had been cruising the game board nicely. But my turn had come, and with a spin of the game's wheel, I teetered on the verge of disaster.

The real estate card I drew blindly from the pile said it all. I had just purchased a lovely split-level home. Unfortunately the house had originally been a lovely single-level residence – before the earthquake. The girl from San Andreas Fault Realty, my eldest daughter in another life, was eager to close the deal. My luck had run out.

The seven-year-old rock star sitting across from me looked forlorn. She had just paid \$100,000 to have her tattoos removed. She couldn't recall ever getting tattoos. I found it hard to imagine "Bubba" inked across her young forearm.

The accountant and the travel agent chuckled softly to themselves. The board game had been generous to them so far. The game was fun to play and it was easy for them to laugh. But they soon spun their way into their own catastrophes. The accountant's newly-acquired sports car blew up after a tree landed on it, and the travel agent collected so many children that he ran out of room in his car. With one more unlucky spin, he was obligated to pay \$50,000 for each child to attend college.

With each player's turn came moans or cheers. Yells of



"You lucky duck!" and sobs of "No fair!" were heard. At times the play was pretty intense. At the end of the game, the rock star was the clear winner.

Despite the tattoo fiasco, her amassed riches were quite astounding with over \$8 million in total assets. Not bad for someone who needed help reading the game board spaces that she had landed on.

As we packed up the game pieces I smiled, and sent a silent prayer of thanksgiving to God.

Although we had played just a trivial board game, its premise had been about life. My life's success in the game had been based solely on chance and luck. But outside of board games, I knew nothing happened in my life by accident or coincidence.

In Jeremiah 29:11, the Lord says, "For I know the plans I have for you, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." God has plans for you and me. Nothing has been left to chance.

Although no one else knows what the future will bring, God knows. There is tremendous peace in the realization that He is already in our tomorrows, preparing a way for us and making provision for our eternity. It's also good to know that, as we continue on life's journey, our loving heavenly Father wants to tenderly clasp our hand and walk each new day with us.

There's no need to count your lucky stars. Simply put your trust in the One who created them.



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