
ADVENTURE IS GOD'S IDEA

“Following God leads to an adrenalin-charged life crammed with danger, thrills and perils.”

Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band closed their 2008 Magic Tour with the song “Born to be Wild”. I suspect they were right -- we *were* born to be wild.

There lurks within the human heart an itch for adventure, a longing for uncharted territory, a drawing to explore the unknown (break into song here: “Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam...”)

Now some might say, “That’s definitely not me. I prefer security; give me a riveting book, crackling fire and a steaming java any day. Besides, I know what buffalo leave behind and have no desire to step there.”

But typical North American pastimes lend credence to my suspicion of an adventure-gene within our soul.

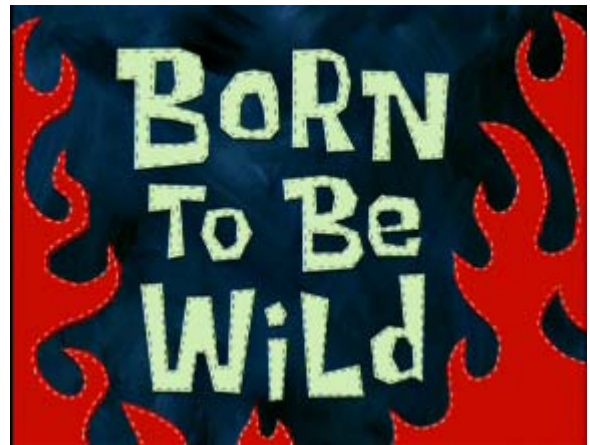
Some scratch this soul-itch by exploring new holiday destinations. In my relational circle, an unprecedented number are meandering to Mexico or traversing the waves on a luxury cruise ship. Home is simply a stop-off point on the way to the next escape.

Others adventure vicariously through movies and books, pursuing passion, action and mystery from the safety of a sofa. Choices are made in direct proportion to the level of inspiration generated. Titles like “Be Your Best Loser” or “I’m a Jerk – Deal with It” tend to be passed over.

Illicit relationships generally involve more than animalistic attraction. Participants I speak with describe an intoxicating sense of danger and intrigue enticing them to violate healthy relational boundaries.

Newscasts highlight heroic rescues, howling hurricanes and scandal-tainted election results. Average, every-day life fails to generate sought-after ratings. Video footage of a growing lawn just doesn’t cut it -- if you know what I mean.

What we frequently fail to realize is that this inner adventure-drive is God’s idea. Though the expression of this drive is sometimes inappropriate, the basic heartbeat is divinely initiated. We were created to adventure with the ultimate Adventurer. To fully



follow Him is to experience an adrenalin-charged life crammed with danger, thrills and perils.

St. Paul testified of shipwrecks, floods, bandits, informal chats with influential politicians and passionate love.

The biblical account of Joseph describes betrayal, climbing the ladder of influence only to be knocked down by false allegations of sexual misconduct, prison and eventual ascent to second-in-command of the most powerful nation at the time.

St. Peter once toiled in a nine-to-five dead-end job -- until he met Jesus and life was transformed. In three short years he saw blind eyes blink open, deformed legs instantly healed, his best friend tried in a kangaroo court then murdered and, incredibly, that same friend stir to life three days later.

My personal experience is not so dissimilar from other God-followers. Countless words could be used to describe it: electrifying, risky, or even dangerous -- but never boring. As a child, I dreamed of adventure. As an adult, I testify of it. It's been a life pulsating with bank robbers, sky-diving, miracles, exotic travel, betrayal, passion, showers of finances and shocking loss. My life-script was penned by the Divine but stepped out by none other than me; who would have thought. Life has far exceeded the expectations of this adventurer and there is no foreseeable end in sight.

Some paint Christianity as being for nerds and blue-haired old ladies sitting in a dusty pew listening to an organ grind out one more rendition of "When the Saints Come Marching In".

All I can say is, "They haven't met my Jesus." He's more likely to hum, "Born to be Wild."