

# THE SOURCE WEEKLY

*Biblical Answers to  
Life's Hard Questions*



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## Directions

### Please!!!!

By Rabbi Aliza D

We need directions. We lower the car window and ask, "Excuse me, God, what do I do? I'm trying to reach the Freeway to My Destiny." We feel an intensity building as God looks us in the eyes and asks the same question He has once asked Adam and Eve, "Where are you?"

What kind of smart-alecky answer is that from the divine GPS system in the sky? We just asked God where to go and He replies by asking us where we are. In frustration we hit the accelerator and take off. God never seems to answer us when we need him, so why bother? So, we keep spinning our wheels, crossing the same bridges while burning others, only to find ourselves on a lifecycle of familiar roads which we don't want to be on, roads that are taking a toll on our life and depleting our figurative tank.

"Back again, God asks?" Yes, of course we're back again because before we can reach for any destination we have to start off by knowing where we are. Actually what good would any GPS system be if it couldn't assess the starting point? Look up and read the street signs around you. Do they read, "Bad Friends Boulevard," "Alcohol Alley," "Dream Crushers Crescent," "Procrastinators Parkway"? Our hearts may be dreaming for the freeway, but are the friends and environment we keep exposing ourselves to keeping us in gridlock?

Or, perhaps, we're only a legend in our own mind and the truth is we feel safer in gridlock. You see the scary thing about answering the question as to where you are is that the follow up question is, "Why?" Once Adam and Eve confessed to God where they were, i.e., hiding among the trees, they too had to offer up an explanation as to why:

*'And the man said, "The woman whom You gave [to be] with me she gave me of the tree; so I ate."  
(Genesis 2:12)*

That three-letter question "why" draws out a volume of excuses with lots of blame to go around: Well, I'm here because of bad luck, because my parents were abusive, because I'm too nice, because my supervisor is holding me back, because my roots are here, because of a boyfriend, because Eve gave me the apple to eat, etc. Shame and blame always travel together. We all have agile index fingers that accusingly point to the *whys*.

Though God created the world *ex nihilo* (created something from nothing), unfortunately, in our own lives, as much as we'd each love to have fresh starts it is true that our today's and tomorrows are predisposed by our yesterdays. Well, here is the hope: We are created in the image of God and in His likeness we do indeed have the power to self-create and recreate. And though symbolically we can't expect to go to bed like Pee Wee Hermans and to awake as Schwarzeneggers, constant vigilance of our behavior as well as discipline can be transformative.

The question is: Are you willing to stand guard over your own destiny? The days of your life will only defeat you if you don't defeat the moments of your life. Isolate the weakest links in your behavior and in video-game fashion put them in the cross hairs and blow them to smithereens.

It takes courage to seek and destroy; it could mean cutting out friends, changing hangouts, etc. But you alone are in charge of the "Playstation" controller. And when bad habits, like the snake, come whispering in your ear with all kinds of traps and enticements to nudge the controller out of your hands, don't even bother telling him to slither back into the hole from which he came. Rather close your ears with all your force as if you're blocking out an intolerable frequency. Satan has been around a lot longer than us; you can't engage him partially. He's a skillful interlocutor and will always win. Cut him out wholly. PERIOD! He wants you spinning your wheels because he is jealous and afraid you might actually get somewhere worthy and special in life. The question is are you also afraid to get somewhere and looking for excuses to transfer culpability?

You can point that index finger like a blaming gun at the whole world, but just know you are really shooting blanks. Instead, turn it toward yourself. Don't shoot, but ask yourself HONESTLY: "Where am I?" And behold the proper road will unfold before you.

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