

Eating Cornflakes

Several years ago I had the real privilege of discipling a very successful guitar player who lived in Los Angeles. A mutual friend had introduced us to one another and I will never forget our first meeting together. When I entered his very nice suburban home there were many gold records neatly hanging on the walls as momentos of all the hit albums he had played on. He had performed with almost every major artist and had toured the world. As I sat there in his living room, I was wondering just how I was going to reach this very talented person.

Well during the course of our conversation we did get to talk a little about the Bible and I knew the person had more than a passing interest in God's Word and the Christian life. So I suggested that every week he would mentor me in playing the guitar and I would teach him about the Bible. This seemed to hit a responsive chord and we agreed to meet on a regular basis.

We usually started our afternoons together with the guitar lesson. I felt like such a complete idiot when I dragged out my guitar in the presence of a truly awesome and knowledgeable artist. But he was always patient and kind and I really made progress under his mentorship.

When we turned the Bible I knew that the shoe was now on the other foot and I became the mentor and he the student. My inquisitive pupil almost always had an endless list of questions which I tried my best to answer. I well understood what this and any person needed was not more information but a deeper conversion so I was patient with the process.

One thing that was very apparent in this person's life was the absolute discipline that guided his whole day. He had not become a great guitar

player with just intermittent practice but had spent many hours everyday training himself in the art of playing the guitar. This methodical approach to acquiring a skill also extended to teaching himself how to sing and a daily exercise program. He always backed up his hard drive and there was never a file out of place on his computer. His home was as neat as a pin and I imagine that his socks are lined up as little soldiers as well.

So I decided to challenge my friend to apply the same discipline to his devotional life as well. I told him that just as he had practiced his guitar everyday he needed to read his Bible daily in order to become better acquainted with God and His will.

So he resolved to place his Bible on the kitchen table where he would methodically read it during his breakfast (which in musician time was around 3:00 in the afternoon)! He read God's Word faithfully everyday, rain or shine. After a few weeks in the process he would tell me that he would equate his feeding on God's Word like "eating cornflakes."

Well after several months of eating cornflakes my friend began to change. His conversion deepened and he made real progress in the spiritual life. Although all the questions have not been answered, there is an abiding peace, faith and joy in his life today.

He has become closer to me than a brother and I still consider it a great privilege to go over his home and be a part of his life. He often thanks me for helping him grow spiritually but we all know where the growth came from. It came from the cornflakes. The daily feeding on God's Word worked the miracle of life, of a new life in my friend.

Only one question remains for each of us: Have you had your cornflakes today?

