

It happens. We all have the experience that we freely joke about when a gathering needs a good laugh. It doesn't matter how big the gathering in the conversation, it's a good bet that everyone could give their own account of the same experience.

Of course I'm talking about the anonymous sock monster who hides in our laundry rooms and feasts on one sock that will drive any domestic care giver insane. The question always becomes how long do you hold onto the remaining, unmatched sock before you give in and demote it to rag service or just throw it away?

Now if you have teenagers, you hope they find it a part of their 'cool' lifestyle to proudly wear unmatched socks to school. If they are normal teenagers (no such thing) it's a good bet they have more unmatched socks in their drawer than matched so any good parent wants to support the cool factor of unmatched socks.

So last week I did my laundry.... a full load to wash, dry and put away. When I finished, there it was on my bed, a very lonely looking sock without a match.

I looked around and thought that was odd. I've lived alone for many years now and I can honestly say I have done my laundry every week without fail and NEVER came up a sock short. Why should it? I'm the only feet in this apartment that wears socks. I'm the only person who does laundry. I'm the only one who dries the clothes and puts them away. There simply can't be a sock monster in my apartment because it's already too small for just me!

I shrug my shoulders and speculate that the rogue sock will likely show up during the course of the week, and sure enough, this morning as I snapped open a work shirt, the missing sock came flying out. All socks are back home and accounted for.

I was euphoric. It really made my day. I no longer have to dwell on the perfectly good sock sitting on my counter without a match. Life is good.

But it got me thinking.

Our relationship with God is like a pair of socks. The relationship only works when they are connected.

But sometimes our life takes us to unknown adventures and that connection with God

loses its match. We don't do it on purpose. It's not our intension to wander off from our connection to God. We feel as if we're in the right area as we always have been, but something's not right. "I just don't feel close to God for some reason."

Well who moved?

God went through the wash, drying and was ready to be neatly put away, but now he's sitting on a counter alone because you decided to explore a work shirt.

He's waiting.

But alas, the shirt opens up and releases you into the sunshine of life and once again the connection with God is complete. Euphoria takes the day!

Seems to me that Jesus could have used that for one of his parables back in the day. But when I think about it, I'm guessing the fact that noone wore socks back then, it would have made it a little difficult to sell the sock parable.

But it certainly works in today's world. There isn't one person who can't relate to the missing sock parable.