



His Banner Over Me

Way back, right after cars were invented and I was in driver's training, my high school math teacher's summer job was being our driving instructor. I remember piling into the back seat with another friend while a third was the short-straw winner who got to drive first that day. We had a big sign with our school name bolted across the top of the car. My driving friend, with the confidence of a country kid who'd probably been driving since he was twelve, took off too fast, only to be tapped on the arm by our teacher in the passenger seat.

Admonishing him to slow down, our teacher then did something I have never forgotten. He pointed up at the ceiling of the car and said, "Always remember whose name is over this car."

I remember being confused, but only for a moment. We had our school name on that car. What that car did – what WE did – reflected on our school. And that meant something.

Many years later, in another car, my young teen daughter announced as we were driving home, "Mom, I've got detention tomorrow morning, but it's no big deal."

Well.

Later, she told a friend, "When she pulled the car off the road and into a parking lot, I knew it was a VERY big deal."

The majority of the speech she got that day was reminiscent of my math/driving teacher to those many years ago: What you do reflects on our family name. If you're in detention, WE'RE in detention. Remember whose name you carry with you.

I cannot begin to guess how many times God has echoed that in my own heart. I didn't put Christian stickers or emblems on my car so on those days of (accidentally of course) driving too fast or cutting someone off, they don't blame "those Christians" or roll their eyes at "that Bible person." What if the day I'm wearing my Christian wear t-shirt, I'm in a bad mood and people read "Smile - Jesus loves you!" on my shirt and see a scowl on my face?

But I don't need an outward sticker, emblem, or t-shirt. That banner is already there. In Exodus 17:15, Moses erected an altar and called it "Jehovah Nissi" which translates as "the Lord is my banner." And in the second chapter of Song of Solomon, we learn that His banner over us is love.

In other words, I display Him whether I have a literal display or not.

What a privilege to be under that banner. And I am so grateful that as I go speeding through life, when my foot gets a little heavy on the gas, God gently touches my arm, points above my head, and reminds me: "Don't forget whose banner is over you."

Respectfully submitted in Him,

Linda Smith

