

*Five days ago, I found out I had skin cancer.  
Even as I type that sentence now, it seems surreal.  
Needless to say, this week has been a whirlwind:  
On Monday, I received the diagnosis.  
On Wednesday, I had a consultation with the surgeon.  
On Thursday, they removed the cancer.  
It's GONE, and I am so relieved and thankful!*

As you can imagine, (and as many of you dear ones have personally experienced), the **thoughts** and **fears** that pound at the door of one diagnosed with cancer--whatever stage or type--can be **overwhelming** and **paralyzing**. Literally with every **thought**, I had the choice to either *trust in the Lord and rest in Him,* or give into **worry** and **anxiety**.

**Thought** by **thought**..

Would I surrender to my loving Heavenly Father,  
or would I go down that well-worn path of **fearing** the future and **worrying** about the terrible things that could happen?

As I was taken to yet another depth of  
**"taking every thought captive to the obedience of Christ,"**  
the Holy Spirit reminded me of an excellent lesson He'd taught me  
years ago-- a lesson I learned from...

**the Duck and the Fly**

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Leanna Bolden Eternally Speaking Now

Several years ago in the midst of my daily prayer time, I gazed out the window and noticed a **duck**.

What set it apart from all the other **ducks** at our nearby lake was, well, it wasn't anywhere near the lake. It was far behind our house, past our property line, on the other side of a barbed wire fence, and...

*it sat in the middle of cow droppings.*

I chuckled (albeit dryly) at the sight of a **duck**, clearly **out of place**,

sitting in **someone else's junk**,  
in **no hurry to change** its surroundings.

Ironically though, despite what it sat in, all its other surroundings were quite pretty: the day was gorgeous, with beautifully cast shadows, sunlit flooring, and tall, green trees swaying in the gentle breeze.

And there sat the **duck**.

*At peace, at rest. No stress, no striving, no fretting.*

I kind of envied it.

Suddenly my attention was stolen by a **fly** inside the window next to me. It was doing that irritating "**bang myself against the window**" thing that **flies** often do:

zooming up the window then **falling down again**,  
clamoring back up the window and **falling down again**.

It was wildly buzzing,  
*totally caught up in itself*,  
*stuck* between the window **pane** and the **blinds**.  
Over and over it continued its mad cycle,  
*slamming itself* against the glass,  
only to **fall back down again and again**.

Despite the **fly's** apparent foolishness, I felt sorry for the little thing.

*Then I realized I could identify with it.*

All too often, we get **stuck**  
between the **pain** of life and the **blind**ers that  
so easily keep us from walking in the freedom  
that Jesus died on the cross to give us!  
*Our focus can quickly turn inward,  
leading us to miss all the other beauty around us.*

When God reminded me of the '**duck** and **fly** show' this week, a clear choice was placed before me: With every **thought**-- every temptation to be worried, anxious or afraid--

Would I choose to rest in the Lord and His **perfect peace**,  
responding like the **duck**?

Or would I choose to react frantically,  
taking matters into my own hands like the **fly**?

### CHALLENGE:

In Isaiah 26, God's Word **promises** that He **will**  
keep us in **perfect peace**  
**if** our minds are 'stayed' on Him and **if** we trust Him.  
*Ahhhh, perfect peace.*  
I'll choose that. How about you?

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