

TRANSCRIPT FOR PODCAST EPISODE 181-SEARCH FOR TRUTH

I'm Jill Baughan, and you're listening to the podcast called Find Joy...No Matter What.

This is Episode 181.

If you're in a tough place right now, your joy may seem like it's hiding--or gone.

I understand. But it's still there, I promise, just waiting to be resurrected. And this podcast is designed to help you do just that...no matter what else is going on in your life.

For just a few minutes each week, I'll tell you a story--one that just might inspire a way to uncover a piece of joy you might be looking for. Then, we'll consider how it might speak to your life, because even though you'll hear quite a few of my stories during our time together, I believe you'll find your own in every one of mine.

Finally, I'll offer a benediction to send you into your day--or into your night.

So. If you're up for doing joy shots with a friend today...have a listen.

The quest for truth starts very young.

Kids (probably you as a kid, along with the rest of us) will believe close to anything if it's put to them in an authoritative way. For instance, what did you believe as a kid that was totally untrue? Maybe you were convinced that

--Carrots make you see in the dark if you eat them all off your plate.

--When you kiss someone, you're automatically married.

--Dogs are boys, cats are girls.

--Thunder is angels bowling.

--If you crossed your eyes, they could freeze that way

--Or the epic granddaddy of falsehoods that has fooled and intimidated children for Generations: If you pee in a pool, there's a special dye that will turn it bright red so everybody will know.

And people have their own personal stories, like one lady who said,

"My goldfish 'lived' for 9 years. I won him at a local fair, and he would stay at my grandma's house as if we went on holiday. He sometimes looked different after holiday at Grandma's house."

Or the gentleman who confessed, "My grandfather once told me that everyone who came home from the war got a tank, and I needed to go in the back yard and dig it up because it

was time to pull it out. Little did I know I was tilling the ground for him so he could grow new grass.”

Someone else said, “[I was told] that telephone poles grew on a telephone tree farm. Seriously! There was some type of telephone pole testing or prep site nearby, and my dad told me they were growing baby telephone poles.”

My husband, Ben, had a pet chicken when he was little. His mischievous adult cousins thought it would be funny to put a huge goose egg in the nest. When little Ben discovered it, he thought the chicken had made an epic deposit.

My brother told me robbers lived in my closet. I slept with the closet light on until I was at least ten.

So. Many. Stories.

Probably, though, the biggest childhood quest for truth involves the facts of life.

You may recall in Episode 17, I shared the story of my friend who apparently had all the answers to the “facts” we juveniles were infinitely curious to know.

One day my friend and I were playing with our Barbies and Kens--my favorite dolls of all time. We had put the Barbies down for naps because they were tired Or so I thought. Apparently, *her* Barbie wasn't tired, because out of the corner of my eye, I saw her raising Ken way up in the air, and then dive-bombing him down directly on top of Barbie. I was mortified.

"What in the world are you *doing*?" I asked her, completely puzzled by this sudden violent act.

"That's what your mom and dad do *every night*," she announced, with great satisfaction, especially when she could see that I was totally grossed out.

"Ewwwww!" I squealed. "Not *my* mom and dad!"

This was one time I was sure she was completely off base, because I had never had any indication that my father was in the habit of sailing through the air and landing with a thud on top of my mother. I mean, please. Their room was right down the hall from mine. This is something I would know.

Since neither of us had a clue about what was supposed to happen after that, I think Barbie and Ken got up and had a cookout or something.

We had fun the rest of the afternoon, but I couldn't get that crazy "flying Ken" picture out of my mind, so when I got home, I asked my mom about such things. She set me straight.

And adults are just as driven to search for truth in the world, and sometimes are just as gullible as kids.

You may have thought at one time, back in the day, that if something was in print, it was true. Ben's grandmother had a longstanding subscription to the *National Enquirer*, and we all used to laugh at her trusting nature, believing that if it was on paper, it was true.

(That didn't keep us from reading the whole thing cover to cover, though. Just to marvel at the inaccuracies. Yes.) Like

"Man's 174 mph Sneeze Blows Wife's Hair Off" ("This was worse than Hurricane Andrew.")

"Severed Leg Hops to Hospital" (Accident victim's runaway limb is reattached in 7-hour operation)

"Hubby's Bad Breath Kills His Wife"

"Half-Man Half Dog Baffles Doctors" ("My wife loves the way I look," says 38-year-old newlywed.)

"Farmer Shoots 23-lb. Grasshopper"

"Police Arrest Naked Man with Concealed Weapon"

And aliens. Lots and lots of aliens.

You might also remember that, back in the day, many people thought that if it was on the internet, it was a fact, right? Most of us know that's not the case these days. The existence of websites like Snopes—"the internet's definitive fact-checking resource" are a testimony to that.

I myself was so naïve as a young adult, I'd believe anything practically anyone told me. At graduation, a group of friends got together to make book covers for two fake books. Their titles? *Gullible's Travels* and *Innocence: A Broad*.

We laugh about what we believed as kids, and even about falsehoods that many adults take as truths. But perhaps the most destructive inaccurate beliefs of adults (maybe you) involve believing untruths about yourself.

I mean, honestly, what are you telling yourself about yourself?

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“I’m fat,” “old,” “uncool,” “not hot,” “not enough.”

Whoa, friend.

For your peace of mind and heart, here are some truths to hold onto:

Everybody’s stupid about something.

Everybody’s a hot mess at some point.

Everybody behaves like a stubborn, errant child sometimes.

Everybody has said the wrong thing, done the wrong thing, heck, eaten the wrong thing.

Oh sigh. You are so hard on yourself.

I don’t know everything about you, maybe nothing about you.

But I do know this one thing about you: True, you are deeply imperfect. We are all flawed and wounded.

But just as true: you are even more deeply loved. By the God of the universe. Just like you are,

Stupid or not,
Broken or not.

Like it or not,
Believe it or not.

Just thought you might need to hear that today.

On bad days and all days, wrap yourself in the blanket of his love, knowing that no amount of imperfection can separate you from the heart of your Father.

And so, my friend,

May you always know that you are of infinite value to your Creator,

And may you, as the apostle Paul wrote, “have the power to understand, as all God’s people should, how wide, how long, how high and how deep his love it.

May you remember that, even on your worst days, there is nothing you can do to escape the blanket of his love,

And may you find it in your soul to embrace the words of Macrina Weiderkehr when she prayed, "Oh God, help me to believe the truth about myself no matter how beautiful it is."

Thanks so much for joining me.

If you know people who might need to hear some exceptionally good news these days, please share this podcast with them, and subscribe yourself on iTunes, or wherever you listen to podcasts. Or you can go to my website at jillbaughan.com, click on a podcast episode and sign up to receive episodes in your inbox. Just don't miss a single one, because I so look forward to being with you again soon.

Know the real truth about you, my friend. And always, always remember, if you go looking for joy, you'll most likely find it.

Till next time...

NOTES:

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