



Spirit Inspired
Worship



Don't Even Bother Knocking

August 9, 2023

Rachel Yates

Scripture invites us to knock, and the door shall be opened. “For everyone who asks receives, and everyone who searches finds, and for everyone who knocks, the door will be opened.” (Luke 11:9-10). What if we don't even bother knocking? What if we just go in as if we own the place?

I recently attended the San Inazio Basque Festival in a city block of downtown Boise. While the dancers performed on the street, my husband and I took our chorizo and croquetas to a quieter area with an empty bench. Directly across from us was a green, painted door. It was inviting enough, but without any



explanation of what lay beyond it. A paper sign taped to the door redirected people down the block for the entrance to the museum. As my husband and I enjoyed our dinner, we saw someone go through the green door. A worker, perhaps. Then a family. Maybe a short cut to the bathroom? Then, two couples. A steady stream of people going in; a few coming out.

We decided to cross the sidewalk and go boldly through the green door as if we belonged. We descended a set of metal stairs into a huge handball court, where a crowd was already gathered. Old men waited and watched intently on folding chairs at the edge of the court. An announcer came onto the court just as we found a place to stand in the back. He spoke in Basque and English to introduce the competitors, one of whom was a current world champion in pilota – a Basque form of handball. Both players raised their hands as they were introduced to great applause. Then, the women began their fiercely competitive, but collegial match.



Sometimes we are invited through doors; other times we knock and wait for the door to open. I wonder whether there are also times that we just need to twist the doorknob and go on in. What worlds, experiences, and opportunities will the Spirit put in front of us? Might we encounter more through bold and brave action than our patient waiting will bring?



My life was not changed by this moment, but it did open my eyes. Through a green door was a group of people passionate about a culturally unique sport that spanned continents, languages, and genders. Down a flight of metal stairs, I found community glad for one another. I probably could have waited to be invited. I could have knocked on the unlocked door until someone came by. Instead, I went in.

Could it be that the figurative doors in our lives are portals, rather than barriers? I wonder if sometimes our prayers lead us to the door, but then we hesitate, knocking timidly instead of entering. There's a fine line with trespassing; you'll figure that out. Then, perhaps it's time to twist the doorknob and cross the threshold to what the Spirit has waiting for you. May you be amazed at what you find!