

Licking the Blade

By: Bob Dickey (copied)

Paul Harvey tells how an Eskimo kills a wolf. He coats his knife blade with blood and lets it freeze. Then he adds another coat of blood and then another. As each coat freezes he adds another smear of blood until the blade is hidden deep within a substantial thickness of frozen blood.

Then he buries the knife blade-up in the frozen tundra. The wolf catches the scent of fresh blood and begins to lick it. He licks it more and more feverishly until the blade is bare. Then he keeps on licking harder and harder. Because of the cold he never notices the pain of the blade on his tongue. His craving for the taste of blood is so great that he does not realize his thirst is being satisfied by his own blood. He licks the blade till he bleeds to death, swallowing his own life.

That is the way the devil works on us. He gives us a taste of sin, knowing we will crave more. We go deeper and deeper is satisfying our desires. We never notice the blade inside till its too late. Only when we are dying do we realize we have swallowed our own life in sin.

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