

Flea Free!

We have a little swimming pool next to our bed. It is actually a small white flat dish under a nightlight on the floor that attracts fleas if they are around. For 3 days it has been empty! Since January (it is now mid July) I have battled with flea infestation. Yesterday while I was bathing our 15 pound Pekinese-Maltese, Teddy in the workroom sink I noticed how much kinder I was during this bath. I also noticed how much calmer he was because of my kindness. I saw a flea but it was dead. The bath water wasn't running rust from flea dirt (ingested blood).

As these past months have been typically busy with work and chores and relationships and duties and sleeping and eating and cleaning etc, fleas have been a thorn in the flesh, a fly in the ointment, a problem to be solved. Now of course I have become well schooled in the life cycle of the flea. I have experimented with topical treatments; shampoos, frequent laundering, spraying, and have even made a game of hide and seek with bifocals and fingernails. There have been days of discouragement when I would blame the dog for being a dog. I would blame my husband for training the dog to sleep in our bed. I would blame myself for allowing the infestation to go on. I would ask myself what I would do if this was a head lice problem and my child was banned from school because tiny bugs would not go away. If the dog scratched at night and I felt a flea on me (real or imagined) I would move to a different room in the house.

Funny, since the fleas are under control I notice how cute Teddy is. In some ways I feel self righteous when I know there will be no scratching or biting or multiplying or egg hatching or larvae crawling and jumping. The flea Slayer! Then I remember. I prayed. Weeks ago, maybe months ago I asked God to help get rid of these fleas from our home. That doesn't mean we didn't spray the house, spray the yard, the cars, the dog, bathe the dog, wash the bedding etc etc etc. Only a diabolical demon could survive all of the chemicals, soap and labor that went into the task. So did God do it? You betcha!

In fact I believe He brought the fleas in the first place – perhaps for my good. After all, I spent more time doing the mundane tasks of spraying, washing, picking and bathing. I was also reminded of the Bible verse

Ecclesiastes 10:1 ([King James Version](#)) has:

"Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor."

Some times I think I am wise and honorable. I forget that I am a sinner saved by grace and the folly that I speak or behave can and often does stink up the reputation I think I have.

Maybe it isn't broadcast on the national news, maybe the only person who knows is the one who's feeling are hurt by my insensitivity. But God knows and He keeps me on a very short leash. He loves me in spite of my folly, my sin and my fleas but He is there with the washing – PTL!