

The Disobedience, the Rock, and the Note

Yesterday was quite the day with Emma. She would not focus while doing her homework. What should have been a 45 minute session took 2 hours. She was staring at the light, bringing her dolls over to teach during her reading time, and just giving up on it all in other parts. I kept reminding her that the longer she took to concentrate - the longer it would be before she was done with her homework.

When she was finally done I asked her to upstairs and get her bath and wash her hair so that she would be ready for church. I asked her to do this four times. She finally went upstairs. I then did not hear the water turning on- but heard her putting in a DVD. I went up to the play room and sure enough- she about jumped out of her skin when I came in. I told her to turn her DVD off and to go to her room. She knew that she was in deep trouble. Now I cannot remember the last time that she has gotten a spanking. She was probably 6. We do not use a belt, or a wooden spoon, before you all email me about the horrible way I parent. She started crying before I got into the room.

Later that night when I was getting ready for bed- I found a note and a rock under my pillow. The note said- Dear Mom, I am sorry for being bad (she drew a sad face) and signed it Emma. Her rock was her most prized one that she had. It was written in purple pen.

I started crying when I read the note. Not that the note had touched me to my inner core- because it had- but even more so because it reminded me of my own life.

How many times- even as of late have I been disobedient to the voice of God in my life? The voice that told me to let situations go, to trust in him, to not worry, to put people in HIS hands, to try to stop fixing HIS stuff, to rest in him, to love even when I was shattered by others.

As I put the note on the dresser- I quickly asked the Lord to forgive me. I asked him to bathe me in his acceptance, in his love, and in his grace. To let me be reassured again that HE loved me. That even when I was not being fully obedient to him I drastically needed to find his arms of strength again. That he would draw me in, ruffle my hair, kiss my cheek and tell me I was his and his alone and he was taking care of me and all of my situations.

I cherish that note from Emma. Not because of the moment of her disobedience, but because of the moment of our reconciliation. I think in the same way HE cherishes me all the more when I run back to him, asking for forgiveness, and looking to him for his love and acceptance.

I get so frustrated with myself. My lack of foresight, my lack of change in some areas, my over-caring of what people think of me, my people pleasing ways, my weariness in areas. But then I get a grip and look to him.

Do you know what? He really believes in me! He thinks the best of me. He knows that I have a great and bright future, and that I am going to rock this world for him. That is how he sees me. He sees what I am becoming. He knows that the plans, the visions, the dreams that he has given me are going to come to

pass. So even on the days that I am scribbling notes of forgiveness to him- he already sees what I am to become!

Are you going through a time of questioning, a time of needing to grab a rock and a note? Are you frantically trying to find your purple pen to scribble your thoughts to him? He is right there waiting for you! He loves you. You are his!