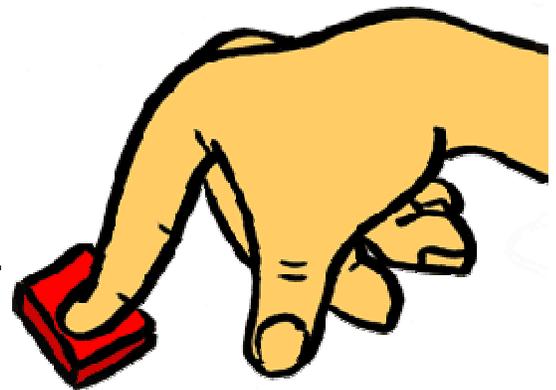


# To Be A Child of God

For me, each day begins with a cup of coffee and my own time for Bible study. I use several different readings to accompany my Bible reading. You would think after the many years I have been doing this, I would be an excellent student. Well, I haven't fooled myself! In reality, at times my mind wanders and drifts off to the duties and schedule of the upcoming day, or some other activity that lurks in the back of my mind steps to the front and off I go. Whoops, here comes reality! I scold myself and return with effort, striving to be dedicated to my study. I want to learn and to be blessed...and to be a blessing.

How I yearn to be an example of God's love with the people I see, work with, and talk to. But you can bet that by lunch time (sometimes earlier than that), I've turned that love into anger, frustration, or ugly thoughts. Someone has pushed my buttons!



Was it the rude driver who was so busy "texting" and blocking traffic that he caused me to miss the green light? Was it the co-worker who dumped a project on my desk that should have been completed days ago? Was it the neighbor whose garbage can blew over and the wind blew the trash and littered my yard? No! None of the above! It was me and my sinful nature.

Instead of being angry with the texting driver, it would have been much better for me to pray that he learns to drive with care and safety, saving those messages for when he is off the road. For the co-worker, I need to overcome my frustration (and keep my tongue from venting it), lending a hand and offering encouragement so that the task can be completed to the satisfaction of both of us. As for the littered yard, my mind should remember that garbage containers can be blown over by the wind or knocked over by dogs, and none of these are the fault of my neighbor. Besides, it's a good chance to enjoy the blessings of the great outdoors and the wonders of God's handiwork.

Oh, how I pray that I can remember these tests and can answer future ones that cross my path in the manner of a child of God. Thank you, Lord. Watch over me...

*By Jackie Abbott*