

apr 7

i think very few of us think we have done everything right in our lives. we look back at the many times we failed; either while attempting or in that we never attempted. the enemy is always ready to condemn us and magnify our shortcomings.

i want to relate the following little story. are we enough? we are never enough. "not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think of anything as being from ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God." 2 cor 3:5

that's what it's all about. we are complete in Him. "I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing." john 15:5

now on to the story.

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as i faced my Maker at the last judgment, i knelt before the Lord along with the other souls. before each of us laid our lives, like the squares of a quilt, in many piles.

an angel sat before each of us sewing our quilt squares together into a tapestry that was our life.

but as my angel took each piece of cloth off the pile, i noticed how ragged and empty each of my squares were. they were filled with giant holes! each square was

labeled with a part of my life that had been difficult, the challenges and temptations i was faced with in everyday life. i saw hardships that i had endured, (which were the largest holes of all).

i glanced around me. nobody else had such squares. others had a tiny hole here and there, other tapestries were filled with rich color and the bright hues of worldly fortune.

i gazed upon my own life and was disheartened. my angel was sewing the ragged pieces of cloth together, threadbare and empty, like binding air. finally, the time came when each life was to be displayed, held up to the light and the scrutiny of truth. the others rose each in turn, holding up their tapestries. so filled their lives had been.

my angel looked upon me and nodded for me to rise. my gaze dropped to the ground in shame. i hadn't had all the earthly fortunes. i had love in my life and laughter. but there had also been trials of illness, death, and false accusations that took from me my world as i knew it. i had to start over many times. i often struggled with the temptation to quit, only to somehow muster the strength to pick up and begin again. i had spent many nights on my knees in prayer, asking for help and guidance in my life. i had often been held up to ridicule, which i endured painfully; each time offering it up to the Father, in hopes that i would not melt within my skin beneath the judgmental gaze of those who unfairly judged me. and now, i had to face the truth. my life was what it was, and i had to accept it for what it had been.

i rose and slowly lifted the combined squares of my life to the light. an awe-filled gasp filled the air. i gazed around at the others who stared at me with eyes wide. then, i looked upon the tapestry before me. light flooded through the many holes, creating an image.

the face of Christ.

then our Lord stood before me, with warmth and love in His eyes. He said: "every time you gave over your life to Me, it became My life, My hardships, and My struggles. each point of light in your life is when you stepped aside and let Me shine through, until there was more of Me than there was of you ... welcome home My Child".

- author unknown

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author unknown? perhaps to anyone but God. and isn't that really all that matters in the end? none of this is about us ... it is for us. "He must increase, but i must decrease." john 3:30 as we go through those rough patches in our life and let Him handle them, self becomes less and less and He becomes more and more. "little by little I will drive them out from before you, until you have increased, and you inherit the land." exo 23:30

always remember: "He who has begun a good work in you will complete it until the day of Jesus Christ". phil

1:6

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