

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

i know this is our usual "familiar friday" where i do a repeat of a previous daily, but today i want to do it a little different. it still will repeat a story i have told before, but all the commentary will be new.

these are difficult trying times that we are living in; harder than some and not nearly as hard as some others. but then again, what did we expect the last days to look like? darkness and evil does not usually envelope one all at once, but creep up, much like the boiling frog who lingered too long. we are now steeping in boiling water and our only hope is to hop out to safety; to the only safety there is - in the arms of Christ.

we have been warned ahead - "we must through many tribulations enter the kingdom of God." acts 14:22 endurance and patience are often in short supply. i am reminded of the question; how do you eat an elephant? one bite at a time. we just need to keep on keeping on. "therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things. sufficient for the day is its own trouble." matt 6:34

when we stand before the judgment seat of Christ, we will all feel inadequate in His presence. it is only the worthy blood and grace of God the can rescue us from what we are all so deserving of. it is "not by

works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, through the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit." titus 3:5

don't give up on Jesus and He won't give up on you!

and now, 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