

Just a Little Time with Jesus

Most of the memories of my life involve me being busy.¹ That's who I am and that's how I like it. As a child I was always busy doing something. Inside our outside, I was occupied imagining my closet was my house or searching for spiders or pollywogs in a large puddle behind our house. I see myself everywhere in our neighborhood, always on the go. Sometimes I was with friends, but most of the time I was playing in my own little imaginary bubble. There was a keen awareness in my heart that Jesus loved me and that He was with me.

My life has been full and wonderful. We raised three children, and now we have eleven grandchildren. I was a stay at home mom for many years and then worked as a teacher for thirteen years. For too many years I got under law and religious expectations which made me miserable for way too long, but thankfully God set me free and showed me the error of my ways leading me back to His grace.

My husband and I oversee Grace and Faith Ministries, and I am always busy writing or creating something to share the good news with God's people.

Even now at 71, though at a slower pace, I always have more to do than I can finish. This often drives me crazy, but it would be worse if I had to do nothing.

So, I have to make a conscious decision to sit still and contemplate the love of God for me. He's with me all day, helping me do what needs to get done. I write about His love and speak about His love. He's with me when I sleep and when I get up. He seems to talk to me all the time, and I talk with Him.

But sometimes, I just sit down and enjoy His love thinking about how wonderful He is to me.

"You are so wonderful. Lord, I praise you. I thank You for loving me. Thank you for setting me free from anything that might bind me. Thank You for the continual communion we share."

It takes about ten seconds before tears are in my eyes as I sense His love for me a little more dearly than when I was rushing about. In short order, my mind is racing to the next thing. I used to think this bothered Him—that I couldn't sit still. But now I don't think so. When my mind

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wanders away from that precious moment together, I think He smiles. He made me this way and uses it for His glory. We have sweet fellowship all day.

Still, I love those moments when I make myself slow down and just enjoy what I have been given—His indwelling presence, His joy, His peace, His love, and everything else He gives so freely.

Other people approach life differently. It is so amazing how different we all are. God made us the way we are, and it says that He is working in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. What peace. I don't have to fix myself. I am being transformed as I behold Him.

Rest my friend. God loves you and isn't sitting on His throne perturbed about you being yourself. He is there with you every minute, loving you and guiding you. There are no rules about how long to pray or how much to read the Bible. Just enjoy your God and let guilt be far from you. He loves you. Here are a few lines from a song I wrote many years ago:

*It's so amazing what God will do
When we take the time to pray,
And just a little time with Jesus
Goes a long, long way.*