

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 or outside, I was occupied either imagining my closet was my house or searching for trapdoor spiders in crevices 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, others with my brother, but most of the time I was playing in my own little imaginary bubble. Throughout all of my childhood, 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. Being a stay-at-home mom for many years was delightful, and working as a teacher for thirteen years was a joy. 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, David, and I oversee Grace and Faith Ministries, and these days, 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, there is always more to do than can be finished. This often drives me crazy, but it would be worse if sitting still were my only other option.

Because of these tendencies, I have to make a conscious decision to sit still and contemplate the love of God for me. He is with me all day, helping me do what needs to get done, just as He was with me as I busily inspected our neighborhood as a child. It is a blessing to be able to devote my time to writing and speaking about His love. He's with me when I sleep and when I get up. He talks to me all the time, and I talk with Him.

But sometimes, I purposely sit down and enjoy His love, remembering 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. Sitting

¹ By C. D. Hildebrand

there, I just enjoy His abiding presence. Then, in short order, my mind is racing again to the next thing. I used to think this bothered Him—that I couldn't sit still. But now I don't believe so. When my mind wanders away from that precious moment together, I think He smiles. He made me this way and uses it for His glory.

We have a sweet fellowship all day, and I treasure that.

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 Scripture 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 who you are. 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.*