

From 2012 when my kids were all little...

## A Reminder of Grace

I'm sitting here with a cup of lukewarm coffee. Actually, it's hot now because I just got up to zap it in the microwave. When it was given to me, though, it was lukewarm. When it was given to me, a joy bubbled from the depths of my being and I knew I had to share the story with you.

About an hour ago, the kids and I were sitting around watching my laptop through the t.v. streaming our favorite Sabbath preacher. That might be a lazy way to have "church," but it's some number below zero outside—and I don't want to know how big that number is.

As the preacher spoke on our relationship with Yahweh and how everything we do should be done out of a deep desire to please Him, my youngest daughter slipped from her spot and sneaked into the kitchen. My reflex action was to address her sneakiness, but the words caught in my throat. I coughed, and I turned to eye the rustling behind me, but I couldn't see my daughter as she crouched behind the counter. Again, I intended to rebuke her and choked on the words.

I heard the tinkling of ceramic and the clang of metal, and I turned to look for a third time. I watched as a chubby little hand slipped my favorite coffee carafe back onto the counter. She tried to do so silently. She was *almost* successful. I couldn't see past her elbow because she was still crouching on the floor. I worried she was sneaking a sip until I noticed that my favorite mug was missing from the table beside me.

I turned back to the t.v. as she slowly, stealthily broke cover and headed toward the microwave. Out of the corner of my eye, I watched as she tried to find the right buttons in the dark. I covered my mouth to hide giggles as the microwave beeped like crazy. She was able to warm the coffee about twenty seconds before opening the door in frustration— removing a barely warmed mug.

She carried it to me quietly, not announcing her presence until she was standing directly before me—holding her offering in outstretched arms. The secrecy was important to her, obeying my wishes in the absence of an order. My children already know what I like, and coffee's at the top of the list. She wasn't appeasing me after a bad day or earning my love or my favor, she just wanted me to know that she loves me. She just wanted me to know that she *knows* me. I scooped her up and thanked her. As I eyed the trail of little spills and tasted the lukewarm coffee, I nodded along to the words of my Father as He whispered, "Just like that. I want to be loved just like that."

Trying to keep the feasts can be an intimidating thing. "What if I'm not doing this right?" is the question I hear most often from new feast-keepers. My response, as someone who also feels insecure about my ability to do things perfectly, is "what if we just love Him enough to try."