

Gloves.....

I own several pair of gloves which are on a cabinet shelf in my garage. I have come to realize that I can actually do more of the heavy work for a longer period of time when I wear my gloves. Gloves are valuable, but the truth is..... my gloves don't do much until I put them on. I guess they may be continually collecting dust and shedding the dried-out dirt from the last job..... but not much else.

Today as I was fumbling through a 'conversation' with the Lord, I realized that sometimes I am like a glove with the hand of the Lord working in me. It is a neat experience when it happens. I come away KNOWING that I really didn't do much of anything.....not really. I just get in on the action – and – admittedly, that is fun.....but the work was done by Him. I just kind of smile about it – it is – sort of our secret, you know.

I am fully aware that whatever this glove did..... HE DID. I kinda look back with wonder at what errr..... what we did together.

But far too often, this old work glove that I am, is busy doing the works powered by the hand of flesh - my flesh. Gloves, like me sometimes have habits of just doing “good works” which are really “not-so-good-works”. It's embarrassing to admit, but this flesh-powered glove is often busy doing nothing – nothing of value. Perhaps, that is what Jesus meant when He said, “*Without Me, you can do nothing.*” and as usual, He was ... and is right.

But whenever I am willing to just lie there quietly collecting and dribbling dust, He comes along and puts me on to do something..... something uniquely different. When HE has a job to do and I am not too busy doing other stuff..... I am shocked to discover that “*I can do all thing through Him Who strengthens me...*” which sounds like I am bragging, so I don't say it too often. I just smile inside myself... and realize that my value is only in the fact that He loves me and has chosen me..... and occasionally He uses me.

I am HIS glove; that gives me value.

I am absolutely fulfilled when HE powers this glove with some small but recognizable activity. But in my better moments, I realize that I am just as much HIS GLOVE – I AM JUST AS VALUABLE – and just as empowered, when I am just laying there collecting dust.

Actually, I think I am His favorite glove [or at least one of His favorite gloves] although sometimes I am still a [foolish] flesh-powered glove wasting both time and energy.

Yet He is so patient – merciful – loving. He finds me wherever I have taken myself, picks me up, and puts Himself back into me. [Maybe HE never left...]

But then life roars back again.

Sometimes, He is working in me and through me even before I have repented for being my foolish self... again. I wonder at that; why would HE bother.... but He does. I discover that, in spite of my foolishness, in little and large ways, I am learning to be content while I wait..... and in that place of contentment I am actually loving Him more....

I guess, that is a good thing for an old glove to do... just love the HAND that fills it.

Of course I know that I am a son, a well-loved son, a favorite son, and a servant, a slave, a loved and loving bond-slave.... And *I am* a glove... precious and valuable to HIM even when I am being a flesh-filled glove, busy with the foolish agendas of my flesh-life.

Because He loves me, He finds me, dusts me off and fills me with..... HIMSELF. And life, that abundant life, begins and flows once more.....

How I long for the day when I will be so full of love and contentment in Him that I will have neither the time nor the room to ever again be a flesh-filled glove.

That day is coming and I smile again.

He does, too.

Love,
George