

God's Grace: My Experience

Shared by Jaime St. Peter

Sunday, April 9 at Plymouth Church Worship Service



I must confess something to you. It's a good thing I wasn't asked to do this a year ago, because although I've been a Christian my whole life, only recently did I come to really understand the concept of God's grace. Which is pretty embarrassing given how central it is to the Christian faith.

About a year ago, I was in the midst of another day at home with my kids. But this day was a bad one. I'm usually able to handle the stress and tedium that comes with staying home with two small children, but that day I was miserable. I was tired and angry with my kids for not listening to me and I felt like a failure.

After a morning of misery, I did what every parent does - I packed them up and hustled them over to the playground, hoping that some fresh air would cure what ailed us. As I sat feeling sorry for myself, I looked up from the bench at my friend Susie's house, which happens to overlook the playground and texted her my tale of woe. "Oh, my darling," she replied. "I'll be right down." (Susie is British so she gets away with saying "darling" without sounding snooty). Two minutes later, she was there, carrying an old tea bottle filled with a mysterious pink liquid, and two colored bendy straws sticking out. It suddenly dawned on me: rosé.

Susie sat with me and comforted me (and let me drink most of the wine). As we talked and broke New York's open container law, I started to relax, breath, and notice what a beautiful sunny day it was. By the time she left, my ugly morning had evaporated into an afternoon of quiet communion.

As I sat there watching my children play, it hit me: That was grace. I hadn't been the perfect mother that day (or any other, for that matter). I didn't sit on that bench and pray for patience and guidance. In fact, I did next to nothing to earn what was given to me free and clear: A friend. A listening ear. Sunshine on my face. The voices of my children playing. Even stranger, this kind of grace is there for me - for all of us - every single day of our lives if we choose to recognize it. When another parent offers to pick up our kid from school on a rainy day. When we cross from the shade to the sunny side of the street on a cold day. When we lie down in bed after a long day, and fall right to sleep. All day, every day, God is tapping us on the shoulder to say "That's too heavy for you - let me give you a hand." Have you heard him?