

One Rule

“There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it ill behooves any of us to find fault with the rest of us.” James Truslow Adams.

I had no rules growing up, I was pretty much free to do as I pleased. When a boy asked me to a movie at a young age (I think I was 13) I told him that I could not go out with boys until I was 15. Now, I don't know where I got this from, but I liked this rule. Well, he told his Mother, who told my Mother. When I came home from school, my Mother was waiting at the corner. She began screaming at me that I was a liar, and that there was no such rule, that I would be an old maid and certainly something was wrong with me. I told her without raising my voice that I thought it was a good rule and one I intended to keep. She seemed to realize that she had lost this particular war, and never broached the subject again until she thought I was dating too much, and I told her she was too late. Although she did talk about me within my hearing as being a particularly difficult daughter and one which she would never understand. I had rules when I went into Nurses Training, mostly on how we conducted ourselves and when we could be out (in by 9 after first year, except on weekends, then one midnight and one overnight (home only) or one 2 a.m.), first year study from 7 to 9 pm every night except Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, room kept clean and bed made every day, on time for class and work. Rules gave me stability, a feeling of safety, and a feeling that someone was watching out for me. Jesus gave us two rules which he called the greatest commandment: Mark 12:29-31 “The most important one,” answered Jesus, “is this: Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one. Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength. The second is this: Love your neighbor as yourself. There is no commandment greater than these.”

Dear Lord, we have strayed too often from our path, we have not loved as we should and we have forgotten who we are, your children. Be with those who are grieving, those who are ill, those who are lost, those who have sinned and seek your forgiveness. Be with our church, keep us together even as we cannot be gathered in our building, be with us in the parking lot, in our homes and wherever we turn to you for forgiveness and mercy. May we be the hands and feet of Christ wherever we are. Be with our Pastor and his family. Bless his ministry. Be with our church staff and leaders, bless their work and strengthen their faith. Be with our families and loved ones, may they feel your presence. May we look around us and see your unbounded goodness and mercy. It is in the name of Jesus we pray. Amen.

Grace Epperson