

Polly's Pondering

Take delight in the LORD, and he will give you the desires of your heart. Psalm 37:4

My granddaughters, along with all the rest of the kids, started back to school. I still remember the mixture of excitement and trepidation that coursed through my veins those first few days. It was a little easier when I was younger and I was assigned teacher, but as I got older you had to start thinking about your options. Questions like: which electives would spark an interest, which ones would help your grade point average, and which ones would make a difference as you sought out new and different interests. So as eighth-grade ended I approached Mrs. Sharp. That's a great name for a music teacher, isn't it? I asked which of the different music classes she thought might work for me during my ninth-grade year. She replied, none of them, you really don't have any musical ability. My heart felt the sharp sting of that remark; so much so that I took the speaking part in the Summer Mission Trip, instead of the singing part I was offered.

All I knew is that I loved to sing. I would sit at the piano and pluck out a melody and teach myself the songs in the Big Reader's Digest Collection. I would spend the hours on the tractor mowing our thirteen acres and belt out a tune. After all it was safe, no one could hear me there. I learned the hymns at church and sang out with the rest of the faithful, but not too loud, just incase Mrs. Sharp was right.

Here is the deal, I have always found such joy in the way the Lord has answered the desires of my heart. Truly, maybe I couldn't sing in eighth-grade or maybe she hadn't taken time to really hear me, but what I do know is that through a series of God appointed responsibilities and opportunities, I found myself singing in church and every time I do, I am grateful that the Lord knows the desires of my heart.

About a month ago Natalie and Cadie sang in church. They sang with such confidence and ability. Rhonda did such a great job with them. She is an awesome music teacher. My other two grandchildren sing in the car. They especially love "Still Rolling Stones" and they know every word. I imagine that someday they will sing in church as well. Then a couple of weeks ago, my oldest grandchild, Caitlyn sang and played the flute. Again, under the watchful eye, well-tuned ear, and gifted fingers of Rhonda as she accompanied Caitlyn. As I sat there in church, I saw, in my mind's eye, treasured memories of the times my own girls have sang in church and on stage. One of my favorite memories is when John sang with the girls one Easter morning.

Then it dawned on me, not only had God answered the desires of my heart, He had exceeded my every expectation meeting desires I had not even known I would have in the future. Not only has He given me the ability to sing, but a husband, children, and grandchild who can all sing as well. Now that is the kind of radical Grace God pours out. Grace upon grace, blessing upon blessing. So next time you come to church I hope you will be brave enough to sing out. It doesn't matter if you can carry a tune, what matters is your desire to sing out a song of gratitude for every thing the Lord knows about you, and loves you anyway. And thanksgiving for the way He has exceeded your expectations.

May He grant you your heart's desire, and fulfil all your plans! Psalms 20:4