

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?



Prodigal- Weep for the Wiping of Grace
Grace Carol Bomer

Is this a bad dream?

How in the world did I end up here?!

At this dead-end job.

In this church that's going off the rails.

With this friend who turns out to be a sleaze.

Stumbling through this crummy life!

"What am I doing here?"

After the Prodigal Son blew his money, the world turned cruel.

His friends disappeared.

He was abandoned by everyone.

He found a job feeding pigs, but he wasn't allowed to eat their food.

Then one day he said to himself,

"What am I doing here?"

"But when he came to himself he said, 'How many of my father's hired servants have bread enough and to spare, but I perish here with hunger!

I will arise and go to my father, and I will say to him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you;

I am no longer worthy to be called your son; treat me as one of your hired servants."

He didn't mull it over in his mind for six months.

"I'm going home!"

I'll say to my Father, "I don't deserve to be your son any more. Let me be a hired servant."

(At least I'll have something to eat and a place to sleep.)

"And he arose and came to his father. But while he was yet at a distance, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and embraced him and kissed him."



When we finally come to our senses and cry out to God, we are in for a surprise.

The Father is waiting for us with open arms.

"And the son said to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son.'

But the father said to his servants, 'Bring quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and make merry;

for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.' And they began to make merry.

Luke 15



It's called repentance.

We get over ourselves and cry out to God.

“Forgive me!”

“Help me!”

“Show me the way!”

Soon we find ourselves walking a new road.

The road of faith.

It's a road of daily repentance

Daily focusing on the Eternal Way.

Daily walking in the Light.

Daily knowing we belong to God.



Bending to Love
Grace Carol Bomer

Never again will we have to ask,

“What am I doing here?”

Prayer: Loving Father, when we find ourselves hurt, disappointed, ashamed, lost help us to return home to you. Where even after our rebellion we still find your loving embrace. Help us to daily see ourselves through your loving, forgiving eyes. Help us to rest, truly rest in your loving acceptance and to live our lives bent in awe of your precious love and amazed by your tender forgiveness. And because we belong to such a one as you, may we be ever willing to walk in your light and always find ourselves returning home whenever we start to wander from your loving arms.

Maranatha Mirror

Message: REB October 2021

Featured Art: Courtesy of Grace Carol Bomer at <https://gracecarolbomer.com/>

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WHO WAS SLAIN
HAS BEGUN HIS REIGN