



CHRONIC JOY® DEVOTIONAL

My Complicated Glasses

By Pamela Piquette

Come with me by yourselves to a quiet place and get some rest. (Mark 6:31b)

Dear Lord,

Rest. I want to rest for just a moment, but my mind can't stop. I *feel* there is so much that weighs on my shoulders. The weight is enormous, and it's all so complicated – or is it?

My feelings are on high alert. They can quickly jump from all is well to danger in less than a blink of an eye – but right now, I just want to rest, to come away with You to a quiet place.

Just sit. Is this possible?

I sit outside in the morning sun, basking in its light and warmth. I hear the birds chirp and sing. A chipmunk scurries by my foot, so close – he doesn't sense danger in my stillness.

I swirl the coffee in my cup and notice the aroma. I had forgotten how much I loved the strong smell, that subtle caramel taste, the comforting warmth of the cup. I take a bite of my thin ginger cookie, letting it melt on my tongue.

What is this quiet place where You have invited me? It isn't the absence of sound and activity but an awareness of the small.

Tears form in my eyes. Why? I notice a deep breath that happens without thought. More tears. My face bends toward the sun's warmth.

Lord, You are here in this moment, in this space – sacred yet simple.

Who am I when I am not wearing my disguise – that disguise of the one who carries the weight of the world and the title of "Complicated?" I wonder if I can remove my *complicated* glasses and see through the lens of Your love and compassion.



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Forgive me, Lord, that when You ask me simply to be with You, I complicate Your beauty, love, kindness, and invitation with my anxiety, my fear, my never-ending to-do list.

I try so hard at absolutely everything. You know this. You've been waiting for me for a time when I grasp that I don't *need* to try – instead, I must simply cooperate with the Spirit. Then, You will carry me step by step.

Help me to cooperate, Lord – to simply cooperate so that You can love me and I can find the quiet rest in the midst of the chaos of my mind.

I want to feel fully alive

in Your embrace

in the warmth of the sun

in the fragrance of spring flowers

in the gentle breeze

in the bird's song

in the sight of bunnies chasing

in the bitter-sweet taste of my coffee

in the ginger cookie melting on my tongue

even in the sound of nearby traffic

with a pen in hand to capture what cooperation looks like

My anxious mind finds it can rest. My five senses are awakened. You are here, and so am I. It's not complicated at all.

Thank you for loving me and guiding me to find the quiet place. Please help me to cooperate with the Spirit and return to this place often – this peaceful place where I can enjoy the beauty in the small right in front of me.

Amen.

AN INVITATION

- I see through a complicated lens. What one-word lens do you see through?
- Be curious about your lens word. As you notice how it colors your perspective, write down your observations.
- Sit with God and remove your glasses. Now what do you see?



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