

Devotional Thought
Week of July 13, 2008

THEME: Giving God Your Best

"You also, like living stones, are being built into a spiritual house to be a holy priesthood, offering spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.

1 Peter 2:5

Debra was 5 years old and waiting with her mother at the checkout stand when she saw a circle of glistening white pearls in a pink foil box. Debra cried, "Oh please, Mama. Can I have them? Please, Mama, please!" Quickly, the mother checked the back of the little foil box and then looked back into the pleading eyes of her little girl's upturned face. "A dollar ninety-five, that's almost \$2. If you really want them, I'll think of some extra chores for you and in no time you can save enough money to buy them for yourself. Your birthday's only a week away and you might get another dollar bill from Grandma."

As soon as Debra got home, she emptied her penny bank and counted her pennies. After dinner, she did more than her share of chores and she went to the neighbor and asked Mrs. McDaniel if she had any chores she could do for ten cents.

On her birthday, her grandmother did give her another dollar and at last she had enough money to buy the necklace. Debra loved her pearls. They made her feel grown and dressed up. She wore them everywhere – school, Sunday school, even to bed. The only time she took them off was when she had to take a bath. Her mother had told her that if they got wet, they might turn her neck green. Debra had a very loving father and every night when she was ready for bed, he would stop whatever he was doing and come upstairs to read her a story.

One night when he finished the story, he asked Debra, "Do you love me?" "Oh, yes, Daddy. You know that I love you." "Then give me your pearls." "Oh, Daddy, not my pearls. But you can have Princess - the white horse from my collection - the one with the brown tail. Remember, Daddy? The one you gave me. She's my favorite." "That's okay, Honey. Daddy loves you. Good night." And he kissed her on the cheek.

About a week later, Debra's daddy asked again, "Do you love me?" "Daddy, you know I love you." "Then give me your pearls." "Oh, Daddy, not my pearls -.but you can have my baby doll. The brand new one I got for my birthday. She is so beautiful and you can have the little blanket that matches her slippers." "That's okay. Sleep well. God bless you, and daddy loves you." And as always, he kissed her on the cheek.

A few nights later when her daddy came in, Debra was sitting on her bed with her legs crossed. As he came close, he noticed her chin was trembling and one silent tear rolled down her cheek. "What's wrong Debra?" Debra didn't say anything but lifted her little hand up to her daddy. And when she opened it, there was her little pearl necklace. With a little quiver, she finally said, "Here, Daddy. It's for you." With tears gathering in his own eyes, Debra's kind daddy reached out with one hand to take the dime-store necklace, and with the other hand he reached into his pocket and pulled out a blue velvet case with a strand of genuine pearls and gave them to Debra. He had them all the time. He was just waiting for her to give up the dime-store stuff so he could give her genuine treasure.

This is so much like our heavenly father. He has something wonderful in store for us, even more wonderful than what we are hanging on to right now. The only thing we have to do is trust God and hand over our dreams so He can give us the real ones.

Prayer: Thank you heavenly Father for loving us so much. Help us to give our best knowing that what you have for us is better. Amen.

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