

A Rusty Tool In The Hands Of The Lord

A Prayer Of Reflection On The Life Of A Christian



Dear Lord, I know I'm a rusty, broken tool for You but please don't stop using me. I know I don't work as well as other tools in your tool shed but please don't stop using me. I admit that the fault is mine and not the Gardener's. It has taken me a very long time to learn that my usefulness depends greatly on my desire to obey my Master in all things at all times. It took many years of stumbling to learn that disobedience has consequences and that serious disobedience has serious consequences. To my surprise You are still using me and haven't discarded me. Is that because your garden is so large or is it because you want all your children to feel wanted and useful? I believe it is both. I believe You are totally Good even when your children are not. I drew this conclusion from what I know about how You have watched over me all these years. And You have graciously revealed things to me about some of the uses You have made of me in your garden. And as I studied your Word and looked at my life and the world around me I could see that what Scripture says about You is absolute truth. Help me to be totally infused with the knowledge and appreciation of your goodness and your good intentions towards your children. Help me to care more about pleasing you than pleasing myself or anyone else. Help me to not be concerned about the opinions of others if they are at odds with your will. In the precious name of the Lord Jesus Christ I pray, amen.

“For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the **garden** causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.” Isaiah 61:11
