

Sweet Relief

This morning, I wrote about how only God can convince us that we're enough - about how things and looks and jobs and other peoples' opinions won't ever do the trick. I basked in these words from psalms: "Those who look to Him [for their identity] are radiant; their faces will never be covered with shame." Ah. Sweet relief.

But not for long. An hour later, in a meeting with friends (note: *friends*), I started hearing nasty little how-do-you-compare thoughts. I wanted to shine (which means, of course, that it was very annoying when anybody else was shining).

When I got home, I found out that a friend (note: *friend*) had been appointed North Carolina's Secretary of Commerce. What?? She's my age. I'm doing laundry, and she's Secretary of Commerce?

All of a sudden, I couldn't remember one good thing about my life. (I'm nobody. I've wasted all my talent. Just think of all the things I could've done.) I looked at how I spend my days (almost all of which, by the way, I thoroughly enjoy), and it all seemed drab and worthless. I was mad. Miserable and mad.

Then I remembered this morning. Whatever happened to looking to Him and being radiant? Whatever happened to the excitement of *not* having to jump through hoops in order to be somebody? And, seriously, would I really want to be Secretary of Commerce? What if I could have the job, but nobody would ever know about it -- do all the work (which I would hate) and get no kudos for it? I'd turn the job down in a heartbeat.

So why was I so mad and miserable? Because I forgot. I forgot that I'm not what I do. I forgot that I'm not what other people admire. I forgot where radiance comes from.