

Windshield Message from a Child

One rainy afternoon I was driving along one of the main streets of town, taking those extra precautions necessary when the roads are wet and slick. Suddenly, my daughter, Aspen, spoke up from her relaxed position in her seat. "Dad, I'm thinking of something."

This announcement usually meant she had been pondering some fact for awhile, and was now ready to expound all that her six-year-old mind had discovered. I was eager to hear. "What are you thinking?" I asked.

"The rain;" she began, "is like sin, and the windshield wipers are like God wiping our sins away." After the chill bumps raced up my arms I was able to respond. "That's really good, Aspen."

Then my curiosity broke in. How far would this little girl take this revelation? So I asked... "Do you notice how the rain keeps on coming? What does that tell you?" Aspen didn't hesitate one moment with her answer: "We keep on sinning and God just keeps on forgiving us."

I will always remember this whenever I turn my wipers on.

"In GOD we Trust"