An Acceptable Sacrifice

***"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service."***

***Romans 12:1 NKJV***

“Mom, did you sign my permission slip so I can go on the field trip to the dinosaur exhibit tomorrow?”

“I told you before you went out to play to put the permission slip on the counter,” Kayla’s mother replied.

“Oh no, I hope I didn’t lose it. Are you sure you didn’t see it or move it from the counter?” Kayla asked interrogating her mother.

“I’m sorry, Kayla. You never left it for me to sign.”

Kayla was starting to get upset because she couldn’t find her permission slip. Her mother thought if she helped Kayla retraced her steps, it might help her remember where she left it.

“Do you remember the last time you saw it?” her mother asked. “Did you check your room? What about your pockets? Could you have put it in your pocket?” She continued.

“That’s it! I put it in my pocket.” Kayla shoved her hand in her pocket and felt around for the piece of paper. “I found it,” she rejoiced pulling a crumpled piece of paper out of her back pocket. “Here it is right here.”

Her mother laughed to herself as she watched Kayla attempt to press the wrinkles out of the permission slip with the side of her hand.

“And mom, my teacher asked that all the kids in the class bring something so we could eat as a group for lunch. I’m supposed to bring dinosaur shaped cookies. “

“Kayla, why didn’t you tell me about this earlier? I could have gotten the ingredients I needed when we were at the store.”

“I’m sorry. I guess I forgot about the cookies.”

And just like you forgot about the permission slip. Kayla, you are going to have to be more mindful of the things that are important not just to you but to others around you. If you don’t, you are going to miss out on a lot more than just dinosaur shaped cookies.

“So you’re not going to bake the cookies I need for class?”

“No, I’m not. If there’s time, we can stop by the store in the morning on the way to school and pick up one or two packages of cookies.”

“But Mom, they won’t be in the shape of dinosaurs.”

“I’m sorry, but it is too late to try to bake homemade cookies now. You’ll just have to explain to your teacher, Mrs. Hurdle, what happened.”

“But mom…”

“Kayla, not another word! Now go upstairs and get ready for bed. I’ll be up in a minute.”

“Yes ma’am,” Kayla replied and then marched upstairs.

Kayla brushed her teeth, took her bath, and put on her pajamas. When her mother came to her room, Kayla was saying her prayers. After a few minutes of silence, Kayla peeped through one eye and saw her mother standing in the doorway.

“Are you finished?” her mother asked.

“I think so. I can’t think of anything else to say to God,” Kayla replied.

“Then hop into bed, young lady, so you can get a good night’s rest. You have a busy day tomorrow.”

Kayla scurried off the floor and jumped into bed.

“I love you, sweetheart.”

“Mom, I’m sorry about the permission slip…and the cookies. I’m sure Mrs. Hurdle won’t mind what kind of cookies I bring, just as long as I bring cookies.”

The two shared in the laughter. Then her mother kissed her goodnight and turned out the lamp by Kayla’s bed. As soon as her mother had snuggled under the covers in her room, Kayla screamed, “Mommy, Mommy!” She hurried to Kayla’s room, her heart was racing. When she got there, the lamp was on and Kayla was sitting up in her bed. Her eyes filled with tears.

“What’s the matter honey, did you have a bad dream?” her mother asked.

Kayla was staring out as if she had seen a ghost. Her mother came near when Kayla reached out her arms.

“It’s okay, mommy’s here,” she said as she sat on the bed. Her mother tried her best to console her, but the more she held her close, the more Kayla sobbed.

“Tell mommy what’s wrong,” her mother said as she looked into her daughter’s eyes.

“I forgot to tell God I love him.”

“Oh sweetie, it’s okay.”

“No, it’s not. I missed it.”

“Missed it?” Her mother echoed her words. “What did you miss?”

“God. When I said my prayers, he was here but now it’s someone else’s turn to talk to him. He won’t be back until tomorrow; but I want God to know today that I love Him. Oh Mommy, ask God to come back. Please, ask him to come back.”

Her mother just held her in her arms trying to hush Kayla’s cry. When Kayla calmed down, her mother took the time to explain to her how God is always with her, and any time she wanted to talk to God she could.

“You mean if I still want to tell God that I love him, I can? I can tell him I love him any time I want? As often as I want?” a squeaky voiced Kayla asked.

“Absolutely,” her mother reassured her.

Kayla tossed the covers to the side, slid out of her comfy bed and kneeled down to pray.

“God, it’s me Kayla. I forgot to tell you something earlier,” she paused as if she were waiting for God to respond. “I love you,” she said smiling. She looked up at her mother. “Do you think God received my love?” she asked.

“Oh Kayla, your love was an acceptable sacrifice, well pleasing to God.”