

Christians in the World

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My May 2014 blogs

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The Clash Between the Bee & Me

Tuesday, May 27, 2014



I love my garden. I sit on my covered patio and write and admire the beauty at the same time. But every now and then I need more. I have to get up-close-and-personal with those roses, you know, take time to smell them.

And so I did. And a bee decided to do the same, and I ended up with a sting on my nose.

I am now on the couch, ice pack in place, my poor nose swollen, painful and itchy all at the same time. Benadryl ingested. Overhead fans are blowing a cool breeze over me. How can something one millionth my size reduce me to this?

In my inertia I thought about David and Goliath. I thought about the pen being mightier than the sword. I thought about my anxiety over having to soon market a book. The same God that helped David overcome his towering adversary is the God that created bees.

That same God created talent, and nurtured its use. So why am I worried? God will help me get the book where it needs to be, if it is in one set of hands or a million. When will I learn that God is in control?

What are your worries this week my friends? Give them to God. He will level the playing field for you.

Regina

Adversity & Humor are Good for Our Souls

Tuesday, May 20, 2014

I went to a medical center in Columbia (comparable to Cleveland Clinic for my Ohio friends) to have a cardiac pulmonary exercise test. They wired me up, strapped my feet to a stationary bike, and anchored an air-tight mask over my face. Besides feeling goofy, I know I looked like the granny from outer space.

I laughed through the embarrassment. If someone dropped “the big one” on our heads, I, with my mask, would be the only survivor.

Later, in the reception area, waiting on permission to leave, I told my daughter that I finally knew what was wrong with me. I had a deviated nasal septum. The way I figured it, if you can only breathe through one nose hole, you should only get half your air. Made humorous sense.

In church on Sunday, and I am sure it was Satan’s attempt to distract me, I realized I was breathing from both nose holes but I was still out of breath. I crumpled into tears. The whole deviated septum thing was just a joke, and for some reason I was filled with loss of hope.

I thought about skipping church Sunday night, but I went anyway, and that must have been God’s prompting. Preacher Tim made one statement that has changed my whole outlook on this breathing issue. He said “people think to grow in faith you need to read the bible more or pray more, but what you need is to suffer adversity.”

As part of my prayer journey I have been praying for a closer relationship to my Father, and for a stronger faith. Hmm. I have a feeling God is using this temporary adversity (I am once again hoping) to draw me closer to His side. I can deal with that.

So for today, as I am panting away, I thank you God for my shortness of breath, and use it for your glory! Are you suffering with family, health or financial issues? Maybe God is trying to pull you closer to Him.

Regina

Would You Slap a Blind Person?

Tuesday, May 6, 2014

Something unkind was said about me recently. I see myself as about the nicest person on the planet, so the words really hurt. I would not have been upset if God had sent a bit of trouble toward this person. The rot in my attitude has remained.

And then my preacher talked about love.

Apparently 80 percent of us claim to be “loving,” even as we cut off others for parking spots, spawn road rage, snap at store clerks, and have a less than stellar attitude toward our co-workers. I’m squirming already, and then the preacher hits me with the BIG QUESTION: would I smack a blind person?

Who would do such a mean thing? He continued, saying those in the world are blind to the love of God, and yet we constantly hit them with our lack of loving behavior. The only thing we have to offer is love.

I shrank into the pew, remembering my hateful thoughts about the person who had hurt me. To those who like me, I’m still the nicest person on the planet, but I’m challenged in loving those who are a thorn in my side. Love is a choice. As long as I harbor anger I’m slapping the blind.

This won’t be easy, but I will pray God’s blessings for this person. And for me, I will pray for a clean heart. Do you chose love or are you slapping the blind?

Regina