

I share with you the following Guest Post from a friend who was so gracious to let me, because I think it's a great message to all.

~ I've been meaning to share this but keep getting sidelined. A few days ago I learned a lesson from my son and hope you don't mind my sharing it with you guys.

Recently I had a day off along with my kids. I complimented my oldest on being able to pick out his clothes and being able to get dressed all by himself. I've push myself to remember that he is six and although I love to dress him and care for him, it is my responsibility to teach him independence. My compliments were sincere, but more with the purpose of encouraging this new acquired independence from mommy.

A few minutes later I was in the kitchen preparing their breakfast when my youngest son stood in the doorway with his arms close to his body standing tall and straight. He had gotten some help getting dressed, and asked me how he looked. I looked at him and said, "great Gabriel, you look great son". I thought nothing on it and continued to work on the scrambled eggs. Out of the corner of my eye I saw he was still standing there, straight and looking up at me. For a moment he reminded me of the toy soldiers in the Nutcracker, hands close to his body and feet together. It was obvious he was doing his best to stand as perfect as he could as he repeated the question, "How do I look Mami?". This time he followed with "I just want to look like Te(that's how he calls his older brother)". I made myself stop from my busyness and repeated while walking closer to him, "great son you look great". His response was, "no, I just want like Te". I wish I could describe the look on his face, he was anxiously seeking something from me. Those of you that know Gabriel, aka Tata, know that he does not stand still often and even less for a long time. I then asked, "what do you mean son, how like Te". His reply along with his eyes piercing me, seeking a reply so earnestly have stuck with me, "You said he was beautiful". Now I understood. I of course quickly replied, ask me again. This time my response to "how do I look" was "beautiful son, you look beautiful too". He kissed me and skipped away to play.

I was touched by this because Gabriel is not an insecure little boy, and I know he is certain of my love for him. That morning however he felt he was doing his best and looking up with those eyes, that look I can't accurately describe, seeking approval, love and trying to figure out what to do to obtain the same words of compliment I had so easily given his brother. I'm glad I didn't brush him off, wasn't on a call or generally dismiss that moment with "you're fine gordito, go play". It made me think of our relationship with God. How many times we try to polish ourselves, stand as straight as we can seeking the approval we may have seen him bestow on others, or simply that approval that will confirm his love for us. We go through circumstances where we feel we've done less than others, failed somehow or simply have been so beaten by this world that

we long for “you’re beautiful too my daughter”. I know how I feel for my son and the indescribable love I have for him. How I wanted to make sure I got that across to him at that moment where his eyes doubted it so. If you only knew how much I love you. If you could only see my heart, and not because of what you did, but because of who you are to me. His efforts to look as good as he could were unnecessary, in my eyes he is my gift from God. I wonder how many times God looks down and thinks the same.

So if today you are one of those struggling to stand straight, with piercing eyes looking up desperately yearning to hear from Him, I can assure He is looking at you and loving you just as you are. This is so not because of what we do, but because of who HE is. There is no need to busy ourselves with “doing” in order to win His love and approval, we have it by grace. So receive it, embrace his love and then skip along and go play. ~

~ by a Friend

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