



Theme artwork by
LaCount Anderson

**Lent at Lakeside:
My Heart as Sanctuary
My Life as Prayer
Devotion for Thursday,
March 22, 2018**

**Where I'm From
By Susan Skinner**

I am from here,
from across the tracks,
from a quiet neighborhood of hopscotch, jacks and Hide and Seek,
from a playhouse that allowed us to be whatever we imagined.

I am from my daddy,
from a long line of builders,
who understood the difference between a "house" and a "home" and made sure we did
too.

I am from my mother,
from a master of "30 Minute Meals" and juggling schedules,
who believed it was important to always look your best.

I am from Big Mama,
from chicken pastry and apple jacks and "He's Got the Whole World In His Hands,"
whose gift of storytelling always filled me with laughter and love.

I am from family dinners,
from long-winded blessings and "What did you learn today?" discussions,
from asking permission before leaving the table.

I am from a "Blessed Assurance" kind of faith,
from a world of Sunday School, GA's, BTU, Wednesday night prayer meetings, and
revivals.

I am from music,
from piano lessons and recitals,
from choir practice and singing in church,
from Mother singing to the stereo and Daddy whistling in the shower.

I am from a kindergarten sweetheart,
from someone who continues to hold my hand as we walk together through life.

I am from a church,
who loves me "Just As I Am,"
from faithful members who inspire me daily with their dedication and service.

Micah 6:6-8

“With what shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before God on high?
Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves a year old?
Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, with tens of thousands of rivers of oil?
Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my
soul?”

He has told you, O mortal, what is good; and what does the Lord require of you
but to do justice, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with your God?

Prayer

Remind me often, Lord,
when I am feeling proud,
arrogant,
beyond reproach,
pleased with myself,
self sufficient in my ways,
that for such as I,
and better,
and worse,
you walked a road that took you
to a cruel cross,
and rose again as to show me
where I might look for rescue
as from this lofty perch I fall.

From faithandworship.com/lent, adapted