

Grace From a Young Age

by Andrew Westphal

I want to share with you something that I have never written before. The story is about me, when I was about 10 years old.

Attached to our enormous kitchen was an even more amazing little room we could dine in. But instead of dining back there, my mom chose to do her wonderful china restoration. It was there she would do her brilliant renovations of incredible artwork. Whether it was putting something back together or repainting, it was very cool to watch.

But to a 10 year old, that always seemed like an amazing desk for my artwork. However, early on my mom told me, "Andrew, don't you get up there and start painting!" That was it. The law had been laid down. It was devastating to me. "But mom, I could make my own unbelievable project!" But instead she would simply say, "Take it to your room. These were too important."

One evening came around and my parents had something to go to together. All I knew was I was on a mission this night. I'm going in! I made my way into the kitchen, walked to the back, and sat down at her restoration table. I took out a little paint, a little tool brush and a small white ceramic tile to create the world's most incredible picture.

I cannot remember what I drew, or how long I stayed there. What I do remember is that I ended up bored out of my mind, and I left my belongings behind. Later that night my parents came home, and it didn't take long for my mom's voice to ring out. "Andrew!" I came into the kitchen and she said, "Did you paint?" "No," I said. I looked upon

the table and then I heard my dad ask the same thing, "Are you sure you didn't do this?" Again I simply said, "No." What broke me was what my dad said next, "Well if he didn't do this, I'm calling the cops. Someone broke in and played with your paints."

After I heard that I made my way back to my room. I was afraid of not only mom and dad, but the police too! I was sobbing on my pillow in bed, and I finally called out to my mom. She eventually walked in there and I told her the entire story. "It was me, mom. I'm so sorry. Please don't call the cops."

My mom held me and said she knew what I did from the beginning. But what I did is lying, and it is wrong. It's not acceptable. She told me to consider what I had done even more. I asked her later that evening what more I would be punished with and she simply said, you've learned your lesson.

What an amazing story of grace demonstrated to me. One cannot earn grace. It is given to those who are humbled. For James 4:6 says, "But he gives more grace. Therefore it says, 'God opposes the proud, but gives grace to the humble.'"

I could have been rude to both my parents and received something far worse! I didn't, and I am so thankful for that. That night taught me a whole lot.

Can you think of a day or a night like this in your life?



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