

7-Jan-2021_praise for the fruit-spit the pits

(Jesus speaking:) You are hurting, I know. But it's all to help you in the end. If you can't take a little smut from a kid, how are you going to manage the big ones? If you can't be called names now, without it taking half your day or longer to get it out of your mind, how are you going to handle the truly big gusts? A little thrust every now and again, and perhaps growing in frequency and intensity, is in reality helping you up the mountain, for it makes you stronger and more careful to stay on the straight path.

Just praise Me. Yes! Thank Me for each foul word and harsh blow. Don't mull it over. It's not meant to take your time and thoughts any more than the peeling of a piece of fruit is meant to be consumed. Do you like eating banana peels, or the shell of an egg, or the seed of a mango? Does that make the piece of fruit bad and to be tossed out? No. You praise Me for the good, and toss the bad memory right out of your mind.

"For the good?" you say. "But what they said wasn't good at all."

No, what they said wasn't, but thinking about it makes it twice as foul. The good that I will bring anyway is what you are thanking Me for. It's a "by faith" praise. Focus on the good; focus on the God, and the good that God alone can do.

Each day will have peelings and cores, and pits to toss. Leave it for the rubbish, and thank Me for how I am giving you whatever you need—that You know I know just what you can manage, and how I won't make things so bad that you will need to be tossed away, ruined and not fit for service. Of course I wish for you to keep going, so no matter what comes is not meant to stop you, only shape you, change you, transform you, and strengthen you.

Okay? Let's make some fruit salad at the end of the day, and you praise Me for all the good that I allowed to be a part of it, and toss out the inedible parts. Enjoy the good, praise Me for it all, and forget about the parts that you aren't meant to be chewing on, and "digesting" in your heart and mind.

If it feels like a rock, it's probably a pit. Spit it out. Yes, they might have thrown a rock of cruel and foul words your way, but it's not for you to eat. Let it go. Feed on the good and trust that I know what I am doing.