

Elaine Bickel

Child of God ~ Servant of God's People

elainebickel.com

Daily Devotion

The Ring

As a young girl, I was devastated when my father died as a result of a car accident. One of the things I would do to comfort myself, was to sneak into my mother's bedroom, open the top drawer of her dresser and look for the special little container that held my father's ring. It was his wedding ring. It had been cut off of his finger on the night of the accident. Somehow, touching this ring that had been on my dad's hand made me think of the many times his big, strong, powerful hand had brought me comfort, kept me from danger on the farm or tossed a ball in my direction. It helped me remember the father I never wanted to forget. When my mother passed away, the ring was given to me.

I kept the cherished ring for many years and then took it to a jeweler to have it put back together. I placed it on a chain and wore it around my neck for special occasions, always remembering with joy, the influence of those big hands in my life.

My son is about to turn 40 in a few days. I wanted to give him something special that money could not buy. My son has always reminded me of my dad in some ways—his sense of humor, playful nature and leadership skills as well as a deep, abiding faith. I've stood by and pondered those thoughts as I've watched his big hands hold, then guide, toss balls to and uphold in prayer the hands of his children. The ring, in the original precious little jewelry box has been passed on to the grandson who will, for the first time, meet his grandfather in heaven.

When I took the ring from the box to carefully examine it one last time. I laid it down beside my husband's wedding ring. On our 25th wedding anniversary, Jim and I bought special matching rings with three entwined circles to show how God with His encircling, eternal, powerful love had taken our two lives and united them forever. The new rings also crosses before and after those circles. The rings are larger and didn't make it comfortable to wear our original wedding rings with them so they had been carefully put away and kept in a special place near my father's ring. Somehow my father's ring and my husband's wedding ring ended up resting on top of each other. I was shocked and amazed. The two rings were exactly the same size. I picked them up and checked several times. Sure enough, they were the same size! Those two hands that I had often held were the same size and yet all these years I had believed my father's hands were much larger than my husband's hands.

The longer I thought about this, the more sense it made. My father's hands had lovingly held my little hand. My husband's hand had lovingly held my full grown hand.

As a child we were quick to be amazed at our God's creation—lightning bugs, fuzzy caterpillars, beautiful butterflies, cuddly kittens and all those animals we only saw at the zoo. As a child we joyfully sang "Jesus Loves Me" from the top of our lungs and our prayers were whatever words came out of our mouths. As adults, we become more aware of our problems and concerns and tend not to notice all those little miracles around us. We are mindful of the people around us. They might notice if we sing too enthusiastically or might criticize our prayer. We may even think some things are too unimportant to take to God's throne of grace or that other things are so impossible there is no point in thinking prayer could change them. Perhaps, as our hands grow larger, it seems like God's Almighty Hand shrinks a bit in our perception. Perhaps that is why God tells us to have the faith of a child. Jesus said, "Truly, I say to you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God like a child shall not enter it." God's Almighty Hand is just as powerful now as it has always been. Whether our hands are small and smooth or arthritic and wrinkled, they are in God's Hand. **Psalm 31:14 reminds us, "But I trust in you, O Lord; I say, 'You are my God'. My times are in your hand."**

As a little girl, when I was afraid in a storm or just upset about something, my father would put his big powerful hands around my hand. My hand would disappear. I could only see my dad's hand. With the disappearance of my hand came the disappearance of my worries. We are never so old and our hands are never so big that we cannot, by faith, place them in our Heavenly Father's Hand. When we fold our little hands and speak to our Heavenly Father, our worries, concerns and problems lose their power over us. The more we pray, the more we see HIS HAND and we wisely discover that many of those things that are out of our hands belong in His Hand. When our hands disappear into His Almighty, All Powerful, All Knowing Hands we can be at peace.

"But I trust in you, O Lord; I say, 'You are my God'. My times are in your hand." Psalm 31:14.

