

Monday Morning Meditation: Galatians 2:20



I held her hand as our sunburned feet shuffled across the sandy floor of the ocean. Waves slapped our shins and then our knees as we waited for calm and scanned the frothy water.

It was after supper and we were still dressed in our going-out-to-eat clothes. An orange April sun slid down the sky like butter on a hot griddle, landing in a pool at the horizon. Evening was the

perfect time to hunt for sand dollars.

But exploring the ocean bottom also comes with uncertainties, and she was mindful of them all. Grabbing for my hand, she insisted I remain close by.

"Mama, do you think there are any stingrays here?" she asked. "Do you think that sharks come into this shallow of water?"

I reassured her and asked the question I've come to ask often in my mothering:

- *Do you trust me?*
- *Do you believe that I'll take care of you because I love you?*
- *Do you have faith in me?*

Her eyes swallowed up my courage and we shuffled ahead. That night my little farmer harvested a handful of sand dollars.

She also remembered how to trust.

Galatians 2:20: "I live by faith"

As I was reading Galatians and preparing for this post, [Hebrews](#) begin whispering in my year:

- *By faith, Abel...*
- *By faith, Enoch ...*

- *By faith, Noah...*

- *By faith, Abraham...*
- *By faith, Isaac ...*
- *...Jacob, Joseph, Moses... and on it goes.*

And today I add my own name to that list.

- *By faith, Jane...*

It's exciting, and slightly terrifying, to consider what my verse might read, because I understand what it *means*:

It means that I walk blindly sometimes. Most of the time.

It means I have to trust every day. Have faith every hour.

It means that I choose to die to myself so that Christ may more fully live within me.

It means that I put one step in front of the other with arms outstretched and flailing and groping. It means I walk in what seems to be darkness, because **the life I live in the body I live by faith, and I want to emerge in the light.**

What is stunning is that Paul is not adding a footnote or an asterisk to this statement. He is not leaving room in the margins for comments or opening things up for discussion.

And why?

{I love this part.}

Because Jesus Christ loved him and gave himself up for him.

It's so radical and so entirely beautiful. It's a picture of fidelity and of being wholly committed to something other than yourself.

And it's what I want my life to be about: living by faith because of the great love of Jesus who offered *everything* -- and who still offers everything -- even if I respond with *nothing*.

Like cool water splashing at my face and hands, love like His takes my breath away.

So I keep shuffling, hand in hand, with Him.

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If you are joining us today and would like to participate in our link-up, we'd be honored to have your voice in the conversation! Just make sure that your blog post or comment is relevant to today's Scripture passage.

Simply:

1. Write a post on your own blog that incorporates a story or your **thoughts about this verse** and its application in your own life. **-OR-**
2. Enlighten us with your theological take on the verse. **-OR-**
3. Post a photo that captures the essence of this verse.
4. **Leave a comment with the same if you don't have a blog to link up!**

THEN...

Follow the linky button below to "link up"! **Once you've linked up you *must* visit the person ahead of you in the list! Let's be encouragers!**

Also, would you be so kind as to reference this blog as the "home base" for Monday Morning Meditations? I'd love to grow this community of writers!