

## MY DAILY CHOOSING

A prompting came—an urging—small and unobtrusive, inviting me to help someone in need.

And . . .

It touched my heart—and I did it.

I put my selfish needs aside and gave my whole heart to the task.

I delighted in the fact that I could be of service,

I sensed their unspoken gratitude,

I felt a nearness to them—and to God,

I began to look for other ways that I could be of help,

I felt free—unhampered

And love squeezed my heart in a grip of joy

And . . .

It felt burdensome—I refused it

And, wanting to feel worthy, despite my refusal

And so I rationalized:

I reviewed the obstacles that prevented me from doing it, (an early meeting, exhaustion, fear)

I made up reasons why the other person didn't deserve the help I could give,

I felt enclosed—alienated—guilty,