**The Music of Loose Ends**

Heavenly Father,

You said “always.” Always give thanks- always and for everything. You said to keep the music of thanksgiving always playing in my heart. Today, I give thanks in Jesus’ name for what I usually complain about, for what I can’t seem to control or change, for all the daily indignities of raising kids:

- For things that break or get broken all the time, and things that break on first use, and for the broken things that require expensive repair or replacement: Today I see that **these are reminders that You are giving my family an eternal treasure in heaven that will never break or fade away** (Matt. 6:20).

- For things stained, smudged, smeared, fingerprinted, spilled on, even for those unnamable stickynessess in strange places: Today I will bear with such messes with renewed patience because **they remind me that it is the inside of us that matters**. You have washed our hearts to purest white by the mercies of Your daily love and eternal salvation (Ps. 51:7)

- For things unemptied, unreplaced, unclosed, unreturned, unkempt, unfound, and unfinished: Today these loose ends of our family life **reassure me that our family is called to a destiny where only a few things really matter** (Luke 10:42).

-For things ugly, plain, common, cheap, chipped, and dented: Today I see these sometimes-embarrassing belongings of a family for what they are- **proof that a miracle is under way here**. And You, Lord of all, choose to dwell here with us (Ps. 144:3).

- For noises day and night, and loud music, and loud noise that passes for music: Today I offer this racket to You as the praise of “everything that has breath” in this house (Ps. 150:6), and thank You with each decibel of devotion.

-For interrupted meals, unfinished conversations with friends, unfinished reading, neglected hobbies and projects, and for the fading memories of many small, grown-up luxuries: Today I remember that in His ministry, Jesus said that children were the most welcome interruption of all and the real business of heaven (Matt. 19:14).

O Father, accept my list of ordinary parenting annoyances as the holy music of my thankful heart today, for I sing in Jesus’ name.

Amen