

Goodness gets a bad name.

Like it's somehow feeble, sweetly soppy. A too-good-to-be-true, fairytale pink princess, who needs rescuing.

Good: It's a lukewarm adjective. Moderate. Neither excellent, nor poor.

A nondescript epithet at the end of your homework in the obligatory green pen, accompanied by an oversized, scrawling tick.

Consider the goodness of God, and you'll be floored.

You could bathe in it, splash about for hours, and never reach the sides, or touch the bottom.

Let it soak in through your pores; feel your muscles relax, as you try to let it soak in.

Luxuriate in it. That all that is light and noble and pure and truly, completely, wholesomely good, comes from Him.

And then consider that something of this essence can be passed to you.
Your inheritance: an imprint of the Father.

In the ways you think and speak and act, you can harness His goodness, gifted to you by grace where you were only murky, grimy, spoilt; the antithesis of good.

God's goodness, drink it in, a precious gift to us.

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