

Self-control is counting from 1 to 10 through gritted teeth.  
It's not losing your rag; flipping your lid; throwing your toys out of the proverbial pram.

Self-control is limiting lust; curbing appetite for gossip; resisting untruth and an inflated sense of self.

Self-control: the concentrated effort to grasp at godliness; to put others first; to resist the demands of selfish human heart.

A good job then that this sanctification is a lifetime's work, only just begun, halting steps, as we shuffle towards eternity.

Incredible that an omnipotent God should exhibit self-control.  
That Jesus would refrain from unleashing all his God-power on sleepy, small-town Nazareth.  
That he'd hold back his God-wisdom as that precocious adolescent in the temple.  
That he'd journey through temptation in the wilderness, reigning in infinite authority; serpent-crusher biding his time.

Until the cross, ultimate self-control, as God reveals himself: all-loving; all-giving; all-powerful; yet allows himself to die; becomes sin for us, gloriously purposeful.

Will this help my wilfulness? As once more, with clenched fists, I count in whispered, frustrated angst to 10.  
It could; it should; I pray it does.

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