Chipped China - Keeper of My Heart – by Jennifer Lytle

Sometimes, as I begin to write from month to month, I believe my stories are all the same. A few months ago, I wrote about Jesus as Keeper of My Treasure. Before that, I shared, Oh, How He Loves.

As I reflect on what I have written and what I want to write, it appears there is a single underlying message. But every one of my written pieces sings one glorious praise in a thousand harmonies, strung together through time and space, spanning relationships and seasons. Though each story varies with scene, setting, and characters, my pursuit is to refine the words so perfectly that the message is clear.

There have been moments where I feel slightly annoyed with the rosy spin on my narrations. If I allow inner criticism or self-doubt to mutter too long, I begin to question if I come across as phony or, worse, dishonest.

Yet, those questions can linger but for a few seconds.
Only I know the other parts of the story. There are parts I do not share.

The moments where I sat with depression. There were days I cried more tears than a river could hold. If the dark side of the moon exists, I have been there. I lived there. I witnessed people build their lives there. Having walked through valleys propels me to preserve in the search for a more brightly lit lens. Those experiences lead me to persist in the sharing of His message. The message is Jesus. Hope, light, laughter, and joy fill my new stories because of Him. It is not even a question; I must share how Holy Spirit continues to come in and breathe new life all over everything I will yield. Sharing this lens and these stories is part of what will outlive me. And so, I must share another story.

A God story.
A good story.
One of His love and His abundant affection.

Valentine's Day has become a resplendent celebration in our family. Our one and only little girl arrived on Valentine's Day. Her arrival, though predicted, was nonetheless a surprise as both of my sons (one older, one younger) were born past their due dates. I wanted her delivered on such a momentous day and I requested an induction. My obstetrician's query with the hospital, however, was politely declined. (I have speculated whether or not my obstetrician indeed asked. Our OB had been with us through two previous pregnancies and was acutely aware of my preference to wait things out and assume for the best possible outcome.) Her delivery was all the more remarkable after being told no - expected and unexpected at the same time. She arrives in a like manner still!

The author of my stories is writing stories for you, too. That is why I share mine. So you can recognize your own love stories. For a long period of my life, I could not identify the love songs written for me; the affection doted on me; the attention given to my moods or thoughts or heart. So I share my God stories so you can hear yours more clearly.