

Thursday, March 20, 2025



*Day 14*

*“Steady my steps with your Word of promise, so nothing malign gets the better of me.”*

—PSALM 119:133  
(THE MESSAGE)

## Reflect

You’re a master juggler—like Cirque du Soleil level, but with fewer sequins and more existential dread. You’ve got every ball in the air, all the time, balancing on a high wire like it’s no big deal. Until, of course, it is.

And when it does, that inner critic of yours might get chatty, muttering things like, “Why can’t you keep it all together?”

But here’s the deal: the problem isn’t the dropped ball. It’s the heavy weight of guilt that follows, making you forget just how much you’ve been carrying.

Dropping something now and then doesn’t make you less capable; it makes you gloriously, wonderfully human. And honestly, who needs a flawless juggling act anyway? Let’s leave that to the circus.

## *Respond*

Are there places where shame hides in the shadows? Using your own words, pray it into the light. Embrace your own goodness today. You are human and make mistakes, but those mistakes are not who you are or make you any more or less worthy of love.



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# Blessing for the (rare) times that you're not all that great

*If someone asks you to confess something,  
maybe you'd answer like a job interview:*

*"I'm a perfectionist. I try too hard.  
Honestly, I spend too much time  
compensating for other people's faults.  
I'm exhausted."*

*Sure, fine, that's true.  
You do try too hard, too long,  
and yes, your loving heart  
has been broken by others  
too many times to count.  
But maybe deep down  
you feel the world shouldn't cost this much.  
Maybe you nurse grudges  
and nurture entitlement.*

*And let's be real:  
you might want to questionable—  
so long as you still look fabulous.*

*Generosity? Sure, sounds great in theory.  
But pouring out your gifts openly?  
Let's just say you're working on that.  
And when you do manage to give,  
maybe it's hard not to share it.*

*There might be things you should regret,  
you've rebranded those moments  
as "growth opportunities."  
So, blessed are you,*

*who can stand in the mirror  
cringing only slightly,  
admitting these truths  
without falling  
into a tar pit of shame.  
Because here's the deal:*

*The light of truth burns—  
but also disinfects.  
Confession isn't a slap on the wrist;  
it's letting go of heavy baggage  
of your finest spin tactics  
and let honesty work its magic.*

*So here you are.  
This moment is yours.  
Let the light in—and if it stings,  
maybe that's proof it's doing its job.<sup>14</sup>*

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<sup>14</sup> Kate Bowler. Adapted from "Well, I'm Not All That Great Sometimes" in *Have a Beautiful, Terrible Day: Daily Meditations for the Ups, Downs, and In-Betweens*. (New York: Convergent Books, 2024). 129.