

Tuesday, March 25, 2025



Day 18



“He destined us for adoption as his children through Jesus Christ, according to the good pleasure of his will.”

—EPHESIANS 1:5 (NRSVUE)

Reflect

I was wildly unpopular as a child. It was mostly because of the absolute inability to hide my feelings or play it cool, so there was zero cool to be found. But I'll never forget my first forever friend, Chelsea. We met in Judo class in grade 5 with Sensei Bob in that unforgettably yellow room doing hip-throws on mats just as yellow. Somehow there was an unspoken understanding between us—we are both freaking out and we plan on never hiding that because we're basically incapable of it. She is still the person I call to debrief my day, even though we live 1500 miles apart. We just know we don't have to hide our actual feelings, which has become one of the loveliest kinds of intimacy I've ever known. And that's the kind of belonging God extends to us too. It's the knowing-it-all kind.

Respond

Try an experiment. Think back through the day. Run the film of your hours and catch yourself doing something loving. Let that be the picture that is most real about you. That's the family resemblance.

Blessing for learning to love yourself

*When you don't feel worth loving,
may you remember
that you were made on purpose.*

*May you see yourself through gentler eyes—
how someone who loves you sees you,
with pride and tenderness,
deep joy and care.*

*Every freckle put in place.
Every split end, noticed.
Every tear, bottled.
Every bad joke, humored.*

*All your limits and mistakes,
all your wild hopes (and sometimes sass)
everything that makes you you,
is a masterpiece—
at least in the eyes of love.*

*Blessed are you,
who sometimes feel unlovable,
who constantly replay that one horrible moment
never mind, it's been several years
and they definitely don't remember it.
Blessed are you,
as you shake off the embarrassment
of being human again today—
in all your cringeworthy moments,
your old school photos with crooked smiles,
and the outsidersness you once felt
(or still feel).*

*Blessed are you,
as you try to feel at home,
remembering with growing compassion
that this is you,
in all your beautiful, unwieldy humanity.
Maybe humility is something like this:
compassion for yourself,
because being loved requires no preconditions.¹⁸*

18 Kate Bowler and Jessica Richie. Adapted from "For Learning to Love Yourself" in *The Lives We Actually Have: 100 Blessings for Imperfect Days*. (New York: Convergent Books, 2023). 62-63.