

# A Servant's Heart

For the last 3-1/2 years since her divorce, our daughter, along with her two daughters, has found it necessary to live with my husband and me. We have committed ourselves to helping them and sacrificing the comfort that normally comes with almost reaching retirement and being "just grandparents."

It has not been easy, but God has confirmed to us that this is what we are supposed to be doing. He often reminds me through my granddaughters what it means to be made more like Jesus.

Recently one of them, who had just turned 5, asked me to get her medicine out of the cabinet for her. Teasingly, I said to her, "Mary Kathryn, what would you do without Grandma to get everything for you?"

She turned her beautiful, innocent blue eyes toward me and said, "Grandma, you have to get it for me because you are the maid in this house."

I was shocked by her comment. But I had to agree with her. I thought, I cook most of their meals, keep their school uniforms clean, help pick up their toys and often take them wherever they need to go after school. In the eyes of a child, I'm sure I do look like the maid of the house.

Before I could become totally consumed with self-pity, the Holy Spirit gently reminded me that Jesus came to serve and not to be served.

I went to Webster's Dictionary and saw that a maid was defined as a "servant." It reminded me of my desire to be more like Jesus, and I thanked God for allowing me to serve these two little girls at this time in my life.