

Are You Easy to Offend?

I could see the panic in her eyes the second after she pushed the cart. She could tell it was going to crash into my car, so in one of those slow-mo's she attempted to catch it, without success. At the same time I was doing hand signals to try to get her to relax.

Because really? If she were to hit the 1995 Honda Accord I was driving?

One time in my life I had a new car, and I remember how anxious I used to feel in parking lots. I was always worried about the possibility of sustaining the slightest scratch. Now I park anywhere without giving it a thought.

And I couldn't help but compare the condition of my car to the condition of my soul.

Rust spots.

Dents everywhere.

Windows that won't go up when it's cold outside.

"What a wretched man I am!" (Romans 7:24a NIV)

Acknowledging my own sinfulness has been great for my relationships. When someone offends, like a runaway cart in a parking lot, I can say, *"Relax. Have you seen my life?"*

One day the school secretary caught me as I was leaving and said someone had hit a red car, maybe mine, with his door.

I laughed and pointed out my car.

How would I know if someone had done damage? I asked.

So I figure when we feel most offended by someone it's when we

have delusions of being shiny and perfect.

Don't scratch my paint, people.

Actually, I like the old car I'm driving. Sometimes I pull in next to some shiny sports car, which is embarrassing, but I've been using it as an exercise in humility. My car is nothing. And I am nothing, apart from the amazing love and grace of Christ.

Think of that relationship you struggle with—how would it change if you were to drive in humble?

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