

# Holy Spirit's Answer When Your Best Isn't Good Enough

I'm doing the best that I can.

Those seven words strung together created a little phrase that I started using in the past year. I like to put lots of pressure on myself to be Superwoman, have a perfect house, healthy meals, an immaculate lawn, make everyone around me happy and generally always be on top of every single detail in my life. To add to that pressure, I daily get a little lost in an Instagram-perfect world pushing me even more to up my game in every area of my life.

Well guess what? It never happens. This past week was exceptionally full, with the ideal collision of work and family commitments. These are some events that transpired –

I ate timbits (doughnut holes from Canadian franchise Tim Horton's) for dinner one day. Maybe two.

I found some liquid zucchini and moldy lemons in the very un-crispy vegetable crisper.

The bathrooms are disgusting. Shudder.

I literally got lost on my way to work because I was daydreaming.

I've misplaced my favorite tank top. (The one that sucks everything in)

I neglected a situation that made me feel really guilty.

I didn't react the way I should have to my family.

My 16-year-old bought hand soap for the bathrooms with her own money because she "couldn't take it anymore" (direct quote).

I have flowers that need to be planted.

A cat that needs its back shaved.

And today?

Well, today I hit my exhausted wall, so I caught up on Netflix and didn't utter a word for seven hours.

A girl needs her rest.

With all those "failures" though, I AM doing the best that I can. That's a freeing phrase to me. It's not a cop-out, it's not an excuse to be lazy or not work hard at everything I do. It's me realizing that I can only do so much, and often what I think is important, really isn't. And sometimes things just don't go according to plan.

You can still be doing your best, even if it seems like a mess.

Choose the things that matter, and decide what you want your life to shout out to those around you. Then, go after those things with all of your heart. That is your best.

Even if our efforts don't look perfect we do the best we can, with what we have been given. We trust that when we are faithful, we will be given more.

I'm doing the best that I can, and I've been given good things to work with.

It's going to be OK.

I might not have a perfect garden this year, but I'm counting on some amazing time with my family and friends sitting on the deck amidst the weeds.

My meals will never be gourmet, but my plan is that we will still gather around the table every night and eat something.

I'll never be a supermodel, but I'm going to try to eat healthy and cook my vegetables before they rot. (Especially if that tank top never shows up...)

I might have a doughnut for dinner again, but it will be because I am in the middle of some wonderful excitement or conversation with a friend.

I won't handle every situation perfectly, but I will strive to show love, kindness and compassion in all that I do—to all I meet. That seems like my best.

My best comes from living out of my best places.

In the best way that I know how, even when it doesn't look how I thought it would.

I'm doing the best that I can.

My best is enough.

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