

This little tidbit found its way into my heart and head today:

Relinquishment

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Heaven is not a place name. Heaven is wherever God's will is being done. When, occasionally, it is done on earth, then there is heaven. It is the most difficult thing in the world for most of us to give up directing our own story and turn to the Author. This has to be done over and over again every day. Time and again I know exactly how a certain situation should be handled, and in no uncertain terms I tell God how to handle it. Then I stop, stock-still, and (sometimes with reluctance) end by saying, "However, God, do it your way. Not my way, your way. Please."

Madeleine L'Engle, *Glimpses of Grace*