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Freedom

One day a couple of years ago, I enjoyed the freedom of the swimming pool. That was back in the heady days of free passes for pensioners, so I didn't have to pay a penny in order to enjoy peaceful exercise in clean water, watched over by trained lifeguards, with the bliss of a hot shower once I'd finished.



As I glided up and down the pool, pondering my good fortune, it suddenly struck me that I had done absolutely nothing to earn this privilege; all I had had to do was to be born more than sixty years ago!

The similarity with my spiritual life became immediately apparent: I have done absolutely nothing to earn the privilege of being part of Jesus's family, all I had to do was to be reborn. That was forty years ago, and since the moment I decided to trust him with my life, I've had the freedom of God's household. I'm accepted, warts and all, and I'm being made clean from the inside out.

While swimming, I also noticed that on the wall of the pool are posted twelve rules 'thou shalt not', but they're not restrictive, I want to keep them because I see that we need regulations in order to get along together.

New year, new start. Come on in, the water's fine!