

A Hardened Heart

"Hey May, how was school today?" Mom greeted her daughter as she walked through the door.

"Fine, I guess," May sighed. "Except a girl in my class got mad at me when I talked about God."

"Oh dear," Mom took May's backpack and hung it up. "What happened?"

"Well at lunch we were talking about songs and I brought up how much I love the song, 'I am a Child of God.' That's when Anne told me to shut up. She said she refuses to hear anything about God. I was embarrassed. And sad too."

"That was really mean of her to tell you to shut up," Mom sympathized. "I'm sorry she said that to you. You know, Anne has probably learned to react that way about God from her parents. They have hardened hearts towards hearing the gospel."

"Hardened hearts? What does that mean?"

"Hmm. Follow me," Mom said as they walked to the kitchen. Mom grabbed the rock shaped like a heart Auggie once found that was sitting on the windowsill. "See this rock?"

"Yeah?" May was confused.

"It's hard and doesn't absorb anything. Watch." Mom turned on the faucet and put the rock in the water. "See? The rock may be wet, but didn't get any water inside it. Now grab me a washcloth from the drawer, please." May did as she was told.

Mom took the washcloth and held it under the water.

"Look, the washcloth absorbs the water. And just like the washcloth, we absorb the gospel. There are others who refuse to let the water in. To hear the word of God. Their hearts are hardened."

"What can we do?" May wondered.

"You can continue to be kind and show love. Maybe over time, seeing your Christlike example will open Anne's heart."

"Okay, Mom. I'll do that," May decided with determination in her voice.

"You are amazing," Mom said as she kissed May on the head.