

Admit Our Sin

Description

Psalm 25:8-15

My father once placed a beehive beside our large vegetable garden. "Don't disturb the bees!" he instructed. One summer morning, however, that beehive became an irresistible temptation, a target for rotten tomatoes. So, I threw. Splat! A perfect hit. I yielded to temptation again and again. And, *no one* knew!

At breakfast the next morning, however, my father looked right at me and asked, "Son, did you throw the tomatoes at the beehive?" "No," I lied. "Son," my father said, "think about it today. I'll ask you again this evening when I return."

Think about it I did all day. That evening, however, my father said nothing. I went to bed, but couldn't sleep. Unable to endure my guilt any longer, I ran to his office door, and with a burst of tears, cried out, "Father, I threw the tomatoes at the beehive."

Father turned to me, and I saw the tears on *his* cheeks. "Yes, my son, I know," he said. "Father," I sobbed, "can you ever forgive me?" "Yes, my son, I already have," he replied. Together we knelt, asking our heavenly Father's forgiveness for my disobedience and lying.

Author: Barry Ross

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