

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.

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