Several women were invited to write, in 300 words or less, from their experiences of living as God’s woman in today’s world. Three responded. Their ages and life circumstances are quite varied, just as the particular experiences they have chosen to share. How do you live as God’s woman?

LIVING AS GOD’S WOMAN

LIVING AS GOD’S WOMAN IN MY WORKPLACE hasn’t meant an easy walk. Coffee-room gossip, unfairness, dishonesty, put-downs, offensive language, compromised values – they have all reared their ugly heads at one time or another, either within the organization or through contact with the public it serves. Sometimes I have felt the need to confront or offer food for thought. Sometimes it has meant taking a risk – like refusing to follow my supervisor’s instructions to report false information. Sometimes I have remained silent, either at a loss for words, afraid of saying too much, or feeling too vulnerable to do anything else.

I often feel like a fish swimming upstream. Each day I ask the Lord for strength and wisdom to allow His life to shine through me – but my sinful nature tends to get in the way and, like St. Paul describes in Romans 7:19, I fear that “…what I do is not the good I want to do; no, the evil I do not want to do – this I keep on doing.” Forgive me, Lord!

I can accomplish nothing apart from Christ who cleanses me of my sin, clothes me in His righteousness, and claims me as His own. Most often it has been my prayers and God’s miracles that have brought about change. I have seen problems solved in amazing ways when I turn them over to Him. I have experienced special joy and peace when I am willing to do things His way. Only He can see around each corner.

He knows each heart and what is needful. And so I live to be His vessel – asking Him to pour into me all that I need to pour out to others, and trusting Him to guide me through whatever opportunities He provides.

Verla Schmirler, Saskatoon, Sask.

THE HECTIC DEMANDS BEGIN in the first moments of my day, amid the chaos of breakfast, lost textbooks, unsigned notes and missing jackets. Being a woman of God, I am reminded that there is some meaning in the routines of our lives.

I watch my children taking steps into the world, moving ever further out of our circle of influence. Being a woman of God means that when I worry about my children, I can turn to our Heavenly Father in prayer, knowing that He, too, holds them as His very own.

I am faced with the reality of suffering as I watch the news, discuss world events with colleagues, and witness first-hand the plight of desperate and displaced people. Being a woman of God means seeing eternal hope beyond the hopelessness of our world and sharing that hope with others.

My days are a giant balancing act: chequebooks, schedules, and the often-conflicting needs of self, spouse, family and world. Being a woman of God means
balancing worldly independence and strength with spiritual dependence on our Heavenly Father, in whom true strength lies.

The world demands that we look out for ourselves and excel in achievements. Being a woman of God means working diligently, knowing that worldly wealth means nothing compared to the riches I have in heaven.

I am often irritated when I should be patient, arrogant when I should be humble, angry when I should be loving. Being a woman of God means that, burdened by my failures, I can turn to God for forgiveness.

In the final moments of my day, after the noise of traffic, the lure of advertisements, the daily demands, decisions and deadlines, I am reminded that being a woman of God means, now and eternally, resting in His loving arms of grace.

Karen Leonhardt, Edmonton, Alta.

AT ONE TIME I THOUGHT IT VERY HARD to live as God’s child, and thereby living as a woman of God.

During high school I felt I had to go to church because my parents made me do it. In my last year of high school, I met a friend who showed me it wasn’t wrong to share what I believed, and it was okay not only to go to church but to participate in other church activities. My friend showed me, by her words and actions, that this is what God wants us to do – to tell others of His great love for us. From then on, I took her advice and proceeded to do the same. Even though my parents “made” me go to church, they didn’t make me teach Sunday school, which I did from the time I was 16. I found this gave me some confidence and I was able to share with a few friends. Gradually, I became confident enough to share all my activities with many friends, or anyone I met.

Being actively involved in church activities gives a springboard for sharing your faith. Going to LWML events also gives a good starting point: mostly because I just assume everyone knows about LWML. Guess what, they don’t. This is another way I can tell others. I have done many other things which help me share and keep my feet on the right path. “You Word is a lamp to my feet and a light for my path” (Psalm 119:105). I remind myself of this verse whenever I sway. How am I to be a woman of God if my feet are not on the right path? The best way for me to do this is being involved in the church so I will be in a place where I can be reminded of God’s love for me.

For the past three years I daily showed my faith as a teacher at First Lutheran Christian Academy in Windsor, Ont. I have, however, again been placed where my faith is tested daily, and I pray I will be able to continue my walk of faith as I once again return to school as a learner.

Sharlene Procknow, Windsor, Ont.

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