

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

Wash Day

I was doing the weekly laundry in my usual, just “get it done” mentality. With barely a thought, in went the white towels, detergent fabric softener, bleach...

“Why did you put starch in with the towels?” asked my husband.

“Starch?” I asked lamely, as I inspected the bottle. “I thought it was bleach...”

“But,” I announced with a sudden inspiration of hope, “I have fabric softener in already; so maybe the two things will cancel each other out!”

That thought, plus the possibility of using starched bath towels was just too much for us, and we both broke out into gales of laughter, that wonderful fabric softener of the soul.

I decided to let the wash load continue, curious to see how it would turn out.

“Time was” when detergent was the only thing added to the wash, when the clothes were hung outside to dry, and when the sun disinfected and bleached the towels.

“Time was” when life wasn’t so complicated.

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Sometimes, I find myself feeling like that load of wash. As if I were constantly being tossed around, having stuff thrown at me, stuff that sometimes causes me to react stiffly and at other times gently. When I put on a “stiff upper lip,” I am reminded that what I “wear” is a part of who I am, spiritually speaking, of course; and I wonder how I will turn out, too.

Perhaps it’s like those robes being washed white in the blood of the Lamb. We may not totally understand what He has added to the wash, but we know that Jesus is the Light of the world. Like the sun. He disinfects and heals us...and whitens those robes which we have used to cover our true selves (and sometimes even used to hide what we are ashamed of). He gives us a simple purity of spirit, once again.

Maybe Life isn’t that complicated, after all...for today I’ve been reminded that

not matter what happens,
as long as we are trying to do what is right,
in the End, as it was in the Beginning,
in the wash it will all be made white.

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