

October, 2017

## Mesmerized

As a mother, I remember seeing my daughter blowing bubbles, then running around popping them as she twirled in bare feet in the grass. It was so beautiful to see as a mother. Then all of a sudden, I had a vision of God on his heavenly throne seeing bubbles of worship and praise coming up. He was so happy and delighted as he caught the bubbles of his wonderful children. Just like the mother who saw her innocent child, so the father did his children. Not for once did he say she's a prisoner, prostitute, or druggie. He just was so amazed with the bubbles of praise, worship and prayers. He saw the beauty in his children so he laughed and caught the bubbles with so much joy and his heart.