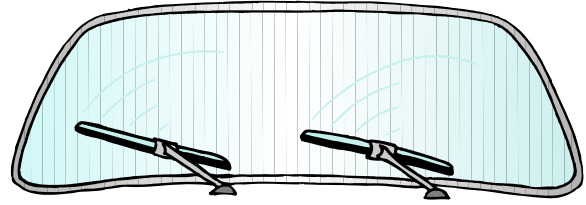


God And Windshield Wipers



One rainy afternoon I was driving along one of the main streets of town, taking extra precautions. The roads were wet and slick.



Suddenly, my daughter spoke up from her relaxed position in her seat.

"Dad, I'm thinking of something."

This announcement usually meant she had been pondering some fact for a while. She was now ready to expound all that her six-year-old mind had discovered. I was eager to hear.



"What are you thinking?" I asked.

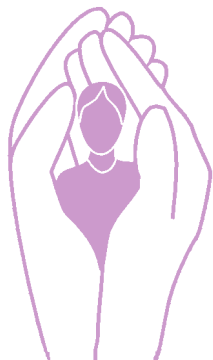


"The rain!" she began, "is like sin, and the windshield wipers are like God who wipes our sins away."

After the chill bumps raced up my arms I was able to respond. "That's really good."

Then my curiosity broke in. How far would this little girl take this revelation?

I asked her: "Do you notice how the rain keeps on coming?"



"What does that tell you?"

"Even if we keep sinning, God will always love us. He will always forgive us so long as our faith keeps the windshield wipers moving."