

THE BREAKFASTS BEGIN

February 26, 2007

I had a funny breakfast this morning. For a while I've wanted to pick up some pretty plates and mugs to make my breakfasts more pleasurable. A chocolate-chip cookie on Corelle lacks romance, beauty and pleasure (sorry Corelle). I want to be like those artsy people sipping their tea from beautiful cups and eating lovely things off small plates. So last week while I was out I spent a whopping six dollars and bought a beautiful plate and mug. Terry and I have discovered a wonderful splurge for breakfast at Wal-Mart's Bakery, chocolate-filled croissants with more chocolate drizzled over the top. I thought to myself the other morning that they are so good and such a treat that it's a waste to eat it reading my book, so I've decided to eat breakfast in my office armchair with my hot tea and croissant, and think. That way I can really get the most pleasure out of it.

This morning I decided to try it for the first time, and that I was going to have breakfast with Jesus. I got everything ready and started to carry my plate and mug into my office when I noticed that my new mug was cracked all the way down the side! I was heartbroken, but after a discussion with Terry on whether it would hold together long enough to drink my tea or not, I decided to risk it. Terry said just don't hold it over the keyboard. :) I started to sit down in my armchair, and wanting to see the beautiful day better out the window I pulled the blind up, and suddenly the whole thing fell out of the window, crashing onto the floor in a heap. So I got the blind back in place (Terry wanted to know what on earth I was doing) and sat down, resigned to look through the blinds and drink out of my broken mug. Before I took my first bite our daughter (off at college) texted me on my phone. "History class is boring." So I texted her back, and got two other texts from her before my breakfast was half over, responding to each. But in spite of it all, I did enjoy my breakfast!

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Now, almost every morning, I enjoy breakfast with Jesus. Something else I've started doing is to draw out of the proverbial hat a prompt of what to do with Jesus in our time together, for later in the day. It started in February when I realized that I had slacked off on hanging out with Jesus because I didn't know what to do. I was tired of the same old thing, the same old music, the same old routine. I got to thinking how when writers get "Writer's Block" they have writing

prompts, a little writing exercise that starts the creative juices flowing. So what if I had "Things to do with Jesus" prompts? I could draw one a day and add something fresh to the relationship.

After printing the ideas out on pretty paper, I put them into a beautiful velvet bag my niece had made me for my birthday. I draw one from it every morning while I eat breakfast, then mull on it the rest of the day. Some take planning, so drawing at breakfast allows me to be ready. For example, one I did a while back was, "Have lots of candles." I could only scrounge up seven, and they were mostly Christmas ones, but that night it was lovely! I danced with Jesus by candlelight, and it was so much fun. By the end, the aroma of pine and cinnamon was a bit overwhelming, but it was worth it.

It has been an unbelievable treat, taking me deeper in my relationship with Jesus and providing lots of fun as we do things together. I am overwhelmed!



The trouble with mornings is that they come when you're not awake.
(Rex Stout, *Three for the Chair*)