

The Sacred Everyday No. 2: Purls of Wisdom



Captivating colors

and

tempting textures

of luscious yarn never fail to lure me into big or little knitting shops I happily stumble across. Such was the case the other morning, and I, entranced, open the door and follow my eyes to the skeins posing on the shelves.

I walk back and forth weighing my options, considering my ever-growing list of people to receive knitted Christmas gifts. Poking around the shelves, I find a perfect project to knit up quickly. With chunky yarn on big needles, even I, a notoriously s-l-o-w knitter, will finish five of them with time to spare before Christmas.

The bell jingles and the door shuts behind me as I head back to the car. The glinting sun illuminates the display window, stopping me in surprise. A *Scripture* glistens off the glass.

Funny, I hadn't noticed it on the way in, two of my favorite things juxtaposed like this.



This unexpected gift of scripture and yarn knitted together makes a happy spot in my soul. Why haven't I ever thought about the work of my hands as being something sacred? Might my hands actually capture a bit of His beauty, reflect a bit of His creativity in every stitch, every pattern I make? My heart says "yes."

God snuck in this Sacred Everyday at Always In Stitches today. Where have you found yours?

Pray on!

Jane

