

WSS Part 13

Tuesday

Rejection and Redemption

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Today's Treasure

Though you have made me see troubles, many and bitter, you will restore my life again; from the depths of the earth you will again bring me up. You will increase my honor and comfort me once again.

Psalm 71:20-21

This past weekend I introduced Apollo to the rest of our herd. We have three horses and one miniature pony. They knew he was in the barn because they had wrestled the door open to sneak in there and meet him. We had him quarantined so that any of his sickness wouldn't affect the herd, but they had another plan. We captured the break-in on our cameras after the fact and then watched as they pushed the massive barn door open, and then walked into the barn, and each met him one by one. Since the quarantine had been broken, the vet told us to go ahead and let him into the field. Well, that didn't go so great. Our gentlest horse decided he did not like Apollo at all. He wouldn't allow him to eat the hay, pushed him off the water, and even ran him into the woods where he got all tangled.

I fully admit that I am very protective of Apollo. I have made up stories in my head of what could've possibly happened to him in his short life of seven years, and none of those possibilities ever have a good ending. So watching him try to make friends and be rejected hit me to the core. Again, the correlation was so obvious! I watched as he attempted to join the other horses, and then was run off. I watched him look for me across the field, but he couldn't get to me because the other horses stood between us.

Finally, after we worked to move the horses into the center of the field I was able to move him out. Our little mini was the only one trying to be his friend. She stood UNDER him, literally, like she was trying to protect him. I finally made the decision that enough was enough and moved him back into the stall. He was wheezing and his nostrils were flaring and he was having what I would call the equivalent of a human

panic attack. I stayed with him, talked to him quietly, and just rubbed his head and face till his breathing leveled out and he seemed to be calm.

I then came inside and cried. Yes, I cried. I know to some people that would just seem silly, but I just see so clearly the things I believe God is trying to show me through this first rescue. To Apollo, I am his savior. I am the one who rescued him from the auction. I am the one who cleans out the stall of his filth and still loves him. I am the one who is feeding his starving body, medicating his sickness, and quenching his thirst. I am the one he sees several times a day, and when his own kind turned on him and he felt left out, he found me. I am his savior.

LIFE-GIVING ENCOURAGEMENT

But my Savior did so much more for me, He died on the cross for me. He chose to come to this sinful earth and walk among us. He chooses to feed me spiritually through His word, and He chooses to scrub me clean of the filth I accumulate. He also offers me an out. He gives me permission to not fit into the herd and to be loved by Him instead. He reminds me that I am never alone. Sometimes I may not feel His presence, but just like our little mini standing quietly underneath Apollo, my faith reminds me that I am never, ever alone.

The reminders of my little project are so much more profound than I could ever imagine. I am learning so much from him and about redemption.

PRAYER

Lord Jesus, thank You for being the One who reminds me I am not alone, even when my own kind rejects me. Thank You for being the One who saved me and redeemed me. Thank You for the cross.