

Marist Minute

Sitting at a cafe for a coffee and catch up with a friend. A Mum walked by with her 3 year old trailing behind on a little bike with training wheels. The youngster got distracted as mum walked ahead. He veered off the footpath onto the muddy grassed area. And he got stuck in the mud. He pedalled but the training wheels were well and truly stuck. Mum finally turned around and watched and waited, a loving smile on her face. By this time I was smiling too. The Mum walked back to help her son out of the mud. But the little man put his hand up palm facing outwards as if to say 'stop, I've got this.' He gripped the handle bars tightly, head down and pedalled as hard as he could. To no avail! I'm giggling inside. Mum just waited. Finally he looked up at Mum as if signalling I need help. She gave him a push and he was freed! And off they went. Priceless.

How often do we struggle and refuse to ask for help. Our stubbornness, our independence can be a wonderful asset at times. We can grip those handlebars and peddle as hard as we can and we do get out of the mud. But other times we need help. And maybe ashamed to ask for help?

In the words of Barack Obama:

"Don't be afraid to ask questions. Don't be afraid to ask for help when you need it. I do that every day. Asking for help isn't a sign of weakness, it's a sign of strength. It shows you have the courage to admit when you don't know something, and to learn something new."



Journal Questions:

Maybe Jesus is also waiting for you to ask him for help?

"Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you."

Matthew 7:7

