

Little Bells or Clanging Cymbals?

Recently in my morning quiet time, as I was waiting, talking and just spending time with my Father in heaven, I experienced one of those simple, heartfelt prayers that bypass the usual hindrances. It really was very simple. I said, "Father God, I love you."

Normally after a statement like that, my doubts, fears and past sins flood my mind, and I spend the next moments "casting down imaginations" before I can resume quiet fellowship. This time it was different. The communion continued, but it was as if someone very special were in the room with me. In a quiet, peaceful voice, I felt I heard the Lord say:

"My child, My love for you is beyond your wildest imagination. It is full of compassion without any of the impurities that yours has. But I receive your love, even with your limited knowledge of what love really is. I receive it because of your heart motive."

"Please understand and see your prayer from My perspective. Your love is like a small bell that can hardly be heard, but I amplify it through your heart motive, refine it through the blood of My Son Jesus, that was shed for you; and purify it through My Holy Spirit. It resounds through the heavens to glorify Me."

"My creation is astounded at what happens when My children focus their love toward Me. You will soon see what it accomplishes. I am glorified."

He then brought to mind the story of the widow's mite found in Mark 12:41-44. *"Jesus sat down opposite the place where the offerings were put and watched the crowd putting their money into the temple treasury. Many rich people threw in large amounts. But a poor widow came and put in two very small copper coins, worth only a fraction of a penny. Calling his disciples to him, Jesus said, 'I tell you the truth, this poor widow has put more into the treasury than all the others. They all gave out of their wealth; but she, out of her poverty, put in everything – all she had to live on.'"*

For several days, my heart continued to reflect on the offerings that I considered puny and worthless because I saw such little value in them. My Lord continued to show how He took even the smallest, honest offering (those "little bells") given – a quiet moment, a kind word, a simple "thank you" – and amplified it, refined it, and purified it until it resounded clearly in the heavens as glory unto Him. He also made me aware of those offerings (the "clanging cymbals") that were less than pure – acts "done before men" that never made it past the ceiling of the room in which I stood.

As I still ponder this experience, I am amazed at how far God's ways are above ours – or at least mine. It's fascinating to think upon what God considers of value; and humbling to reflect on the times I was so proud of being used of God – those times that I thought really counted in His eyes – only to find myself in need of repentance when the Lord revealed my true heart motive. Still, He loved me through it all; and will continue to love me, teach me, and hold me close.

If you have been presenting "little bells" to the Father, but also covet those "clanging cymbals," maybe it's time to look at your offerings through God's eyes. Oh, and when you see the "clanging cymbals" of others for what they really are, please offer up some "little bells" on their behalf. And remember, the only difference between "clanging cymbals" and "little bells" is our motives.

Still needing my Lord in everything,

Jim Corbett