

Poor Oliver. We went to San Francisco and thought we would bring him home something from the city. Unfortunately, it seems that dogs rule in the pet stores. We could not find anything he would like, so we headed for the bread store. On our walk back to BART, we decided he may like to play with the bread bag. He did! We put some treats in the middle and he ran around the apartment with his head in the bag trying to get the treats! Once he got them all, he flattened the bag, going underneath it and flying it through the air.

Sometimes we are like that with God. When our life ("bag") has treats, we walk with God trying to get them all. But when we have everything from God we could want, we no longer put ourselves into the midst of the Father. We try to go under or over what He has for us, but not exactly what He wants for us.