



August 31, 2026

A Saturday with Psalm 141:3

It was turning into a Murphy's Law Day. Whatever could go slightly askew did just that. I was buzzing all over town, trying to burn through my to-do list, and failing miserably. Couldn't find something at one store, an item guaranteed to be available today at another store was delayed. Only one checker for 11 shoppers at another store. I was #12. One thing after another. If I hadn't skipped breakfast, I wouldn't be so cranky by 1:00 PM. I might have actually seen some humor in the sheer audacity of the day conspiring so completely to drive me to distraction.

Thoroughly annoyed, I pulled into a fast food place and ordered several items at the drive-through window. I tossed the bag into the seat beside me and decided to give up on this miserable day. In a huff I headed for home.

I opened the bag. No chicken nuggets. That was the entree. Really, universe? One more thing? This was the last straw. I saw red. In an absolute tizzy, I marched to the garage, banged the door shut on my car, and drove too fast back to the restaurant. I was loaded for bear. I rehearsed several choice reprimands I planned to unleash on the employee at that restaurant. I was going to let them have it for such poor customer service.

It didn't occur to me I was being ridiculous. I pulled into the lot and walked through the door. I stomped to the counter. I handed the employee my receipt. I explained that I had not received an item. The young man apologized. He handed me the missing item and told me to have a nice day. I thanked him and told him to do the same. I grabbed the bag and headed for the door.

I was flabbergasted. What happened to all that bravado? Giving them a piece of my mind? I told myself that I wimped out. I had been nice? As I opened the door, I glanced down and then I saw it. My tee shirt. A Grace Works tee shirt. I didn't even remember choosing to wear it that morning. Imagine wearing a STAMP shirt to The Cherry Hut and berating the wait staff for serving ranch dressing when it should have been Italian. All the irritation of the day hung its head and skulked away.

A Bible verse about walking in love is written on it. Imagine if I had spewed unkind language at that employee. Complained long and loud so that I would end up as an internet meme making fun of unhinged forty-something women. Certainly not a very Christ-like image. A cranky person wearing a church shirt but being mean.

I had been Psalmed. Plain and simple. God doesn't always intervene when I am about to do something unkind. He did this time. I am grateful.

Psalm 141:3 *"Set a guard over my mouth, O Lord; keep watch over the door of my lips."*

~Written by Elaine Trent

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