

The Extension of Grace

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Pushing me aside, John reminded me to stay out of his room. I was busted earlier in the day rummaging through his stuff in his room. “What on Earth do you think that you are doing?” ask John. “I am looking for my fidget spinner!” I exclaimed back. Even though he is five years older than me, he never forgets that he is my big brother. Instead of getting mad, he smiled. He said, “I am going to extend you some grace right now.”

“Grace?” I replied. “What is that?” He answered, “Grace is giving something to someone who doesn’t necessarily deserve it.” “Huh?” I replied. “I should be furious that you are in my bedroom without my permission,” he explained. He continued, “The grace I am extending to you is a warning, because next time you won’t be so fortunate!” I smiled. I love my big brother because he’s kind, compassionate, and forgiving.