

# JULIE'S STORY-GLIMPSES OF GOD IN EVERYDAY LIFE

## The Alien



### SCRIPTURE STUDY

PSALM 127  
PSALM 133  
ECCLESIASTES 4: 9-12

### PRAYER FOCUS

Dear Jesus,  
Thank you for the family you gave me. Help me to love and appreciate them every day. Help me to be supportive and to receive freely Your love.

In Jesus' Name,  
Amen

### EEK!!!

Pink and puffy, wet and wiggly, kicking and screaming, the alien invaded our home quite unannounced (or so I thought). The mother ship deposited it in our spare bedroom, and an endless line of grown-ups waited patiently to pay homage to the little interloper. As I peered into the room, a foul stench practically took my breath away. I gagged and escaped as fast as I could. I did notice, however, that Daddy had imprisoned the blubbling blob behind wooden bars (thank God for that!)

Two days later, I caught a glimpse of the noisy little creature. My vision was a bit blurry due to insomnia from the piercing shrieks that emerged from the room. The cries never seemed to end-day or night. As I peered between the protective prison bars, I was shocked to discover a much smaller, balder version of myself—"mini-me," if you will.

What was it doing here and why won't it leave? My three-year-old brain was in a quandary. Life as I knew it had begun to change. Mommy stopped cutting the crusts off of my peanut-butter sandwiches. No clean underwear was folded and placed on the corner of the bed. If I needed panties, I had to rummage through dresser drawers and find a clean pair myself. Bedtime stories became shorter (and faster, too). Where were my kind, happy parents? The alien must have sapped their strength and infected them with a dread disease. They looked haggard and mean.

As I surveyed my surroundings, I noticed that the living room looked as if a Texas tornado had touched down and deposited debris everywhere. Newspapers, dirty laundry, empty Cheerio boxes and muddy shoes littered the floor. Would someone please tell me what is going on? Finally, in a rare moment of quiet serenity, Daddy placed me in his lap and tried to explain. The alien was my little sister Kathy.

She had popped out of my Mommy's tummy two weeks ago (that can't be right!) Pop also informed me that this hairless little person was here to stay. I was both put off and perplexed. Why was I not warned of this catastrophe earlier?

In retrospect, there were a few signs. Mommy and I had assumed the role of flower girl and bridesmaid in a wedding just a few weeks before. As I had dutifully strewn my rose petals, I looked back to notice that Mom was wearing an extremely large pink lace pup-tent. Her lap had gotten much smaller, and she did seem crankier than usual. We often ate cereal for dinner instead of meat loaf. That was a treat for me. I was cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs. Another change duly noted was the empty room filling up with teddy bears I wasn't allowed to touch. Somewhere along the line, nobody was snapping Polaroids of every adorable antic I performed. My paparazzi had disappeared.

This "baby sister" person had better watch out! I was not without resources. I nabbed the little bear in the crib and tried to flush it down the toilet. Water poured out of the bowl onto the tile and into the hall. Spanking ensued, and the bear emerged from the dryer unscathed. I hid the baby bottle under the living room pillow cushion, and Daddy sent me to time-out. My plots became more and more elaborate. It was time to smear poopy diaper on the crib bars and cry "the baby did it." My folks were unconvinced, and my jello dessert was history. My last attempt to create havoc was decorating the nursery walls with my crayons and to blame it on smissy. Nobody was fooled. My fury turned into quiet resignation.

Then one sunny afternoon a miracle happened. I peered over the crib rail and the baby reached her chubby arms toward me. She wasn't crying, she was cooing and seemed genuinely glad to see me. Mom entered the room and perched me on a rocker cushion. She shoved a pile of blankets in my lap, and told me to sit very, very still. My heart warmed. Maybe this little person wouldn't be so bad to live with after all. Perhaps we could coexist peacefully. I still wasn't sure she liked me because Daddy said babies often smiled when they had gas. But gassy or not, we bonded.

Eventually she stopped pooping and started talking. Kathy scooted around the house in her footy pajamas and found everything I did to be incredibly clever. Peek-a-boo and hide 'n seek became daily activities. Sometimes she would grab a toy in her little fist and hand it to me. I also discovered why God have Daddy two knees. One knee was available for each of us when bedtime stories were read. "Chutes and Ladders" was much more fun with two players, and most of the time Kathy would let me win!

Life was good. There was the occasional tiff ending in tears and forced separation. Having a sister brought much more creativity when devising mischief. Kathy gazed at me with adoring glances when I wasn't supposed to be looking, and she was warm and cuddly on winter nights.

All in all, I believe the alien visitation to the Tacker home was not a catastrophe, but a gift from heaven.

"How wonderful it is, how pleasant, when brothers (sisters) live together in harmony!"

Psalm 133:1 NLT

- Read Psalm 133 in its entirety. Though the poem is in figurative language, what do the metaphors mean? How does God feel about harmony in the home? Was your home a place of unity? How would you describe the relationship you have with your family members? What are some things you could do to make those relationships sweeter and richer?
- Psalm 127 is a picture of a godly home. The second half of the psalm describes how God feels about sons and daughters. What is His heart for children? What are the principles described here to create a spiritual family? The psalm commences with the phrase "unless the Lord...." Why is God-dependence such a key factor in creating a successful family environment? What promises are included at the conclusion of this poem?
- Ecclesiastes 4:9-12 discusses the value of community. Why are two better than one? What kind of support system do you have around you? If you do not have one, what are some steps you can take to create a "safe place" to get your needs met? How can you be that "safe place" for the people in your life? How does being loved, accepted and supported make you feel? Ask your family that question as well.