

# Forgiveness Friday #5

8 October 2021

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Remember those weeds I mentioned back in [FF#3](#)? I'm glad to report they've now either been removed or covered by layers of cardboard and compost. But those weeds did deliver another lesson prior to their departure.

In the raised vegetable beds, I was able to remove all the weeds. Some had massive root systems and, even though I combed the roots and shook out every bit of dirt I could, I lost nearly a fifth of the soil volume. And not one skerrick of the rich, black soil I had created through persistent composting remained to be seen; the weeds had sucked up the lot. It was a reminder of just how much it costs us to hold on to resentment, condemnation and unforgiveness.

On the bright side, I now have an uninterrupted view of the crab apple blossom (pictured). And that reminds me of how blessing is a form of cleaning the lenses of our vision!

As discussed last week, I did start writing down blessings and re-reading them. And, yes, it did help 'set' forgiveness – plus it is also helping me maintain focus and commitment to this journey.

An interesting question arose for me this week about what needs forgiving. Does size of the offence determine the need for forgiveness?

One of the things I discovered is that there are experiences in my life I do not like to think about because they make me feel uncomfortable, even though I find it hard to articulate exactly why that is. Several people from my work situations over the last 30 years popped into my mind the other day, for example. I wouldn't have immediately identified them as candidates for forgiveness, but I wrote down their names anyway. I need to think about the memories invoked a little longer, so that I can pray meaningful blessings over those people and learn more about myself in the process.

Other people from my work career popped into my mind, too. In one way or another, they had all been a blessing to me, and thinking about them brought a rush of pleasure. I will take equal pleasure in praying a blessing over them!

Love, Lyndal