

A Box Full of Buttons

My cousin Christie's husband gave her a box of used buttons. The following are her thoughts about the box full of buttons. Christie writes...

"I see so many things when I look at these buttons. First and foremost, I think of my sweetheart who thought of me when he came across them. He knew I'd love them. He knew I'd be as proud of them, as if they were silver or gold. They were a wonderful surprise and I've already spent a great amount of time looking over them. I could never pick one favorite. Each one, beautiful in its own way. Thank you Mr. Poole, for thinking of me.

I think about what the clothes must have looked like from which they came. No doubt, some from women's dresses, baby clothes, and men's shirts. Where did they go, what did they see? Did the lady wearing these buttons stand in front of a wood cook stove 3 times a day? Did a little one take her first steps in a dress adorned with those?

Someone took the time to remove them from their garments before disposing of them. Some of these buttons are so old, they started to crumble when handled. Some are as strong as when they were made. Some are worn and scratched. Others are shiny and bright. Many are soiled and need a little TLC. Some are still carrying the thread that attached them to the garment.

This got me to thinking. Aren't we a lot like these buttons? All so very different. Some of us needing just a little TLC so we can shine again. Others looking bright as a new dime. Some of us are bound by threads we just can't seem to get free from. Oh, but God! He can cut those threads away. Like an old button, he can clean us up and give us purpose again. He can see the beauty in each individual, no matter the flaws. I'm thankful for His grace and love because I fall short every day. I'm glad to know He loves me, just as I am." – *Christie Launius Poole*

*"But now God has set the members, each one of them, in the body just as He pleased."
(1 Corinthians 12:18)*