

I



A NEW NAME

If my people, who are called by my name, will humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land.

—2 Chron. 7:14

I've been *Kay* my entire life—just plain *Kay*, not even short for *Katherine*. For 30 years I was *Mrs. Strom*. I was *Mommy* for several years, but not for long enough; way too soon my children were too sophisticated to call me by that childish name, and I moved on to *Mom*.

My daughter was married and my son away at school when my husband died after a long and devastating illness. For a while I wasn't sure who I was.

Then I married Dan, and I became *Mrs. Kline*—sort of. Actually, I didn't change my name, so I legally remained *Kay Marshall Strom*.

So many names. So many identities.

But along with Dan came something entirely new. Two months after we were married, his daughter Sara and her fam-

ily were at our house for Easter dinner. As we relaxed together that afternoon, Sara's six-year-old daughter Phoenix casually noted, "You used to just be my friend, Kay, but now you're my grandma."

Grandma!

With this new name came a new role and a whole new set of honors, privileges, and responsibilities.

I remember hearing about a minister who insisted that the best prayer he ever heard was, "Lord, please make me the kind of person my dog thinks I am." Cute, but I'm not so sure about the theology. Anyway, I can top that prayer. Thanks to Phoenix, Sage, Moses, and Josiah, I now pray, "Lord, please make me the kind of person my grandchildren need me to be."

And I can best do that by making sure of my own true identity. It is being called by my Father's name—*Christian*.

Prayer: *Lord, may I always remember, in everything I do and say, whose name I bear.*

Thought for the Day: What's in a name? Blessing, honor, and responsibility!