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REMEMBER WHO'S THE BOSS

For the past ten days I've been shaking my head and asking myself a question: "Did you really throw that lady out of your office?" Figuratively speaking, of course, I did. As hard as it is for me to believe, after listening to this gal for about ten minutes (or was it an hour?), I looked her straight in the eye and asked her to leave. Immediately. Here's the scoop.

At the request of a local employment agency Jane Doe had come to work with me. It was to be for a trial period and the purpose was to introduce her to the skills required, a typical day's routine and the type of assignments that come to the doorstep of a writing and research company. She did a great job on the assignment I gave her and I was looking forward to offering her contract work as it became available. I knew there'd be a learning curve but I was confident we could work together.

Ms Doe arranged to meet me on the morning in question. Entering my office I knew immediately that this wasn't going to be as cut and dried as I'd envisioned. After a series of instructions from her as to how I needed to handle her challenges I felt my blood pressure begin to rise. Next, she filled me in on all the hard knocks life had handed her and informed me that "I needed to understand some things in no uncertain terms". "Hold it," I found myself thinking, "I'm the boss!"

I cringe at the admonition of some to order God around. While we're encouraged to cast our all burdens on the One who loves us unconditionally, there's a difference between petitioning in prayer and demanding that God grant us our every wish.

"Our Father... in heaven...hallowed be Thy Name."