



THURSDAY, MARCH 27

Whatever your task, put yourselves into it,
as done for the Lord and not for your masters.

—Colossians 3:23

I was definitely not taking typing. Nor would I major in English, become a teacher or nurse or learn how to cook. As a teen, I was determined not do things I thought others expected of a woman. I didn't want my gender to presuppose my actions or profession. I was so caught up in my own ego, in a self-righteousness masked as feminism, that I almost missed the vocation God had laid out for me.

Somehow, despite my stubbornness, my father convinced me to take a semester of typing. And my English teacher wrote notes in the corner of my papers, suggesting I continue to write, even while I pursued my plans for medical school. When you write, when you tell stories, she said, you come alive.

During college, I began to understand that the choices I make for my life shouldn't be for or against what others expect—or how I'm rebelling against those expectations. Gender rules and stereotypes can be an insidious master. Instead I needed to discern the gifts given to me by God—and do my best to honor them.

So I write, I tell stories, and I help others tell stories. And, as my dad often reminds me, I'm thankful every day for that typing class.

—**Richelle Thompson**