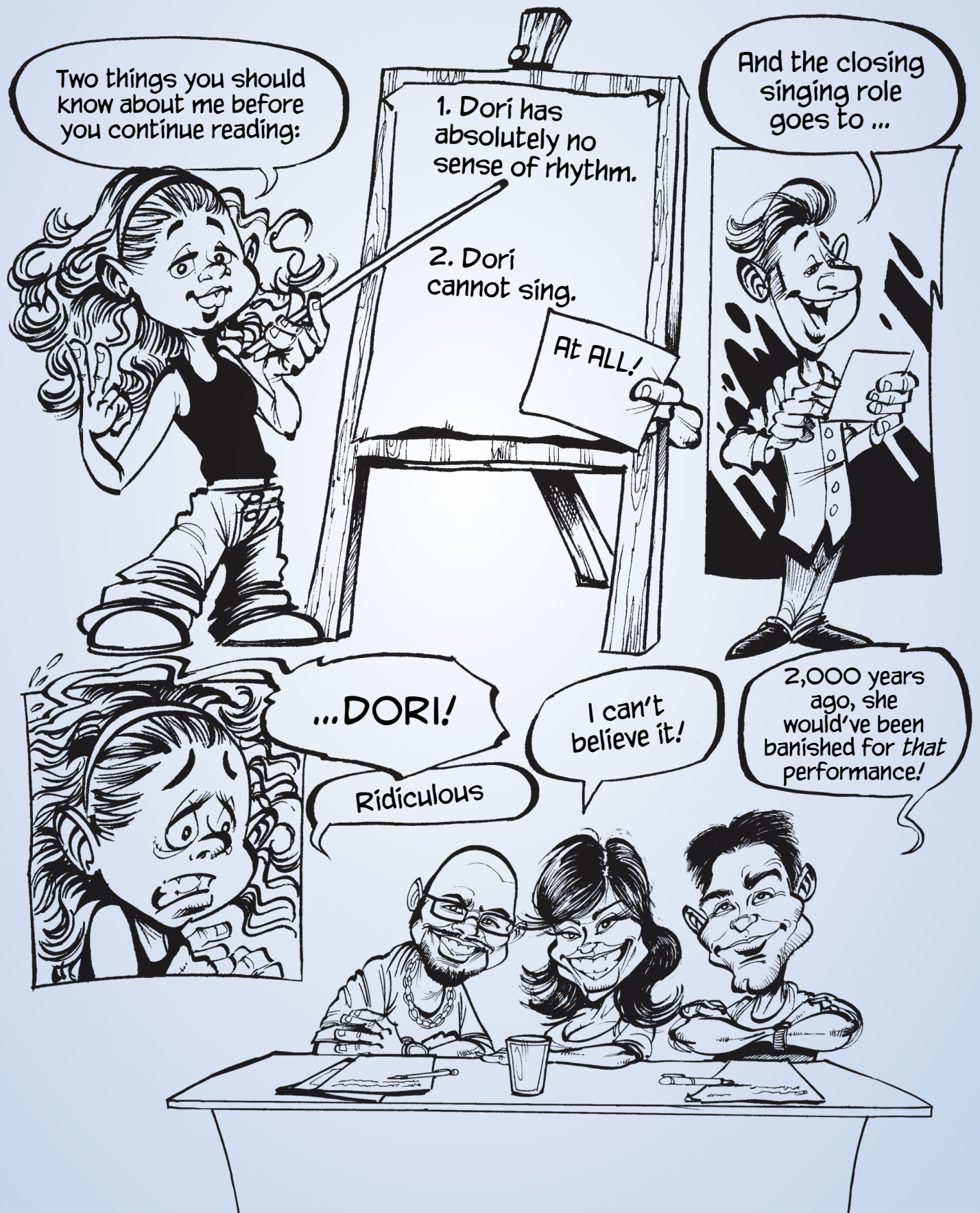
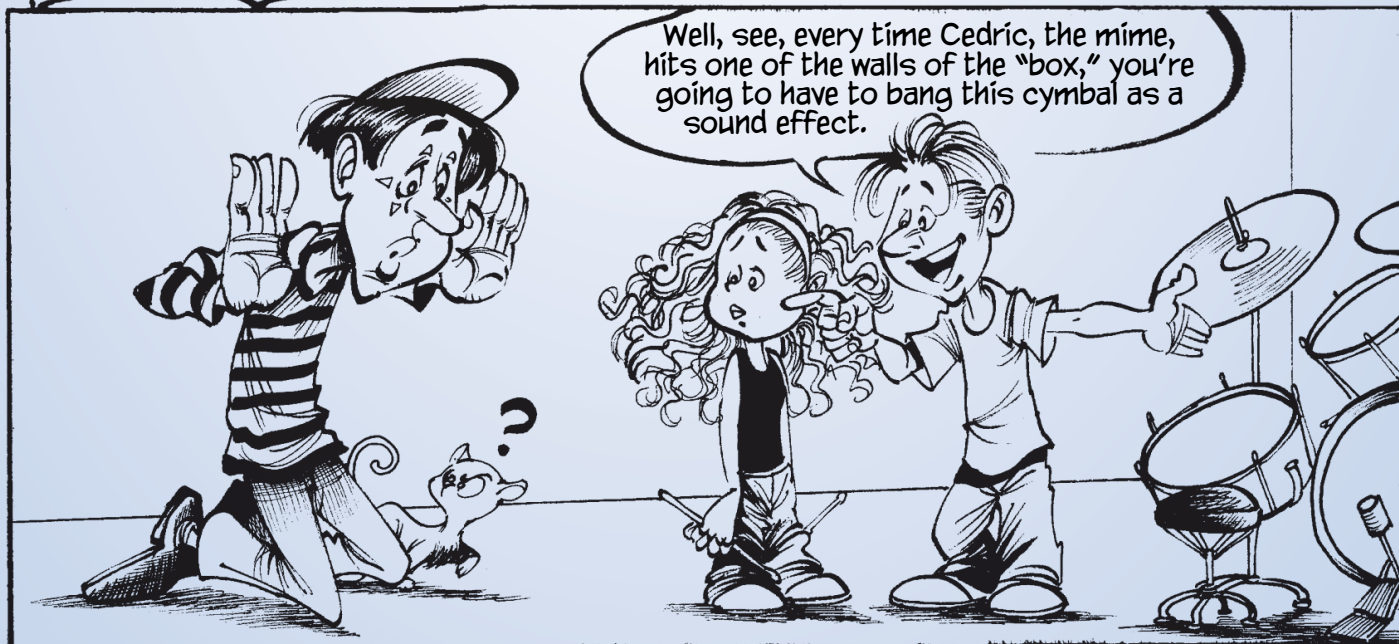
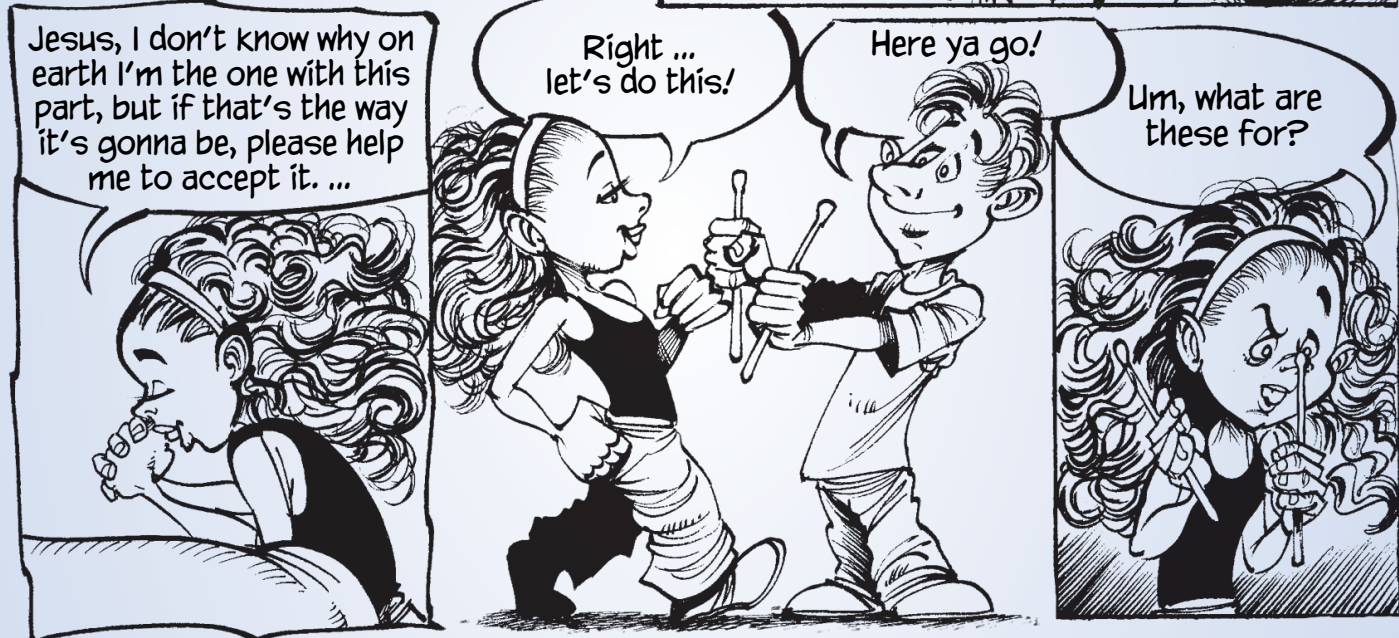
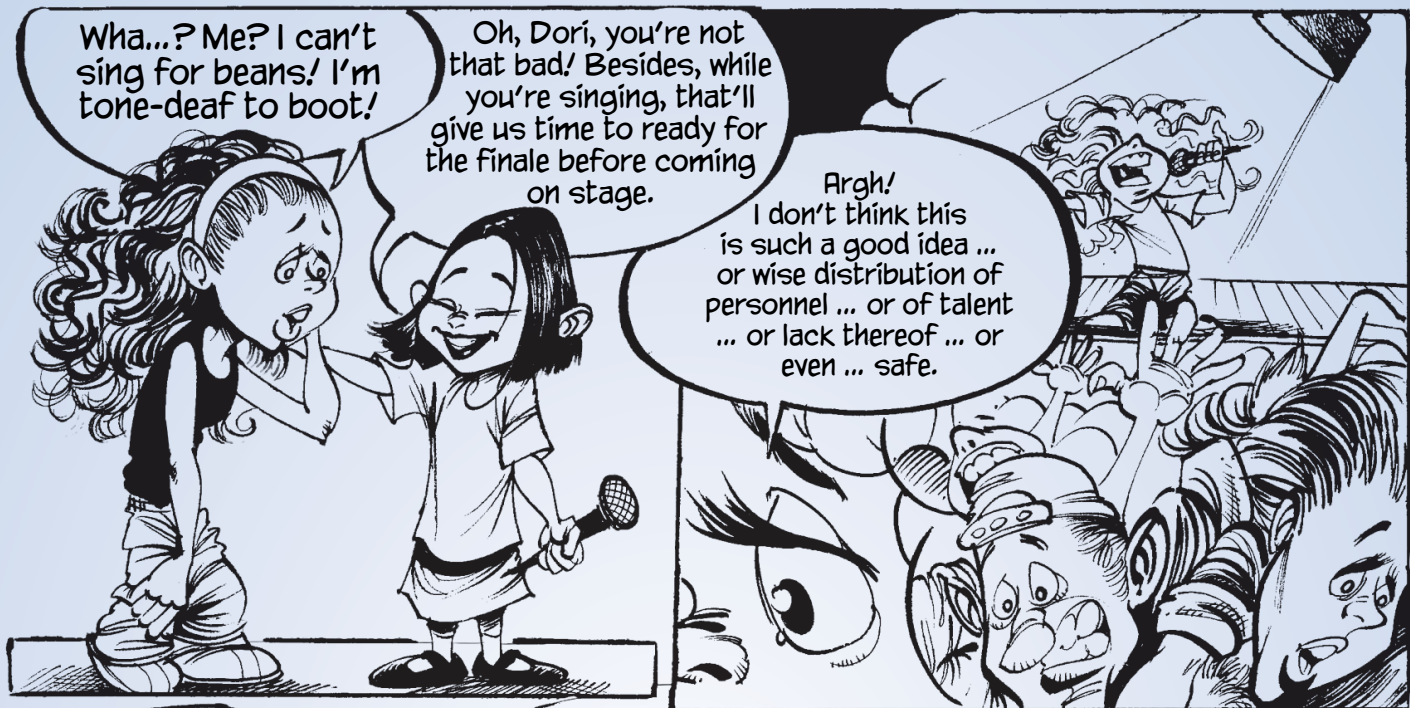
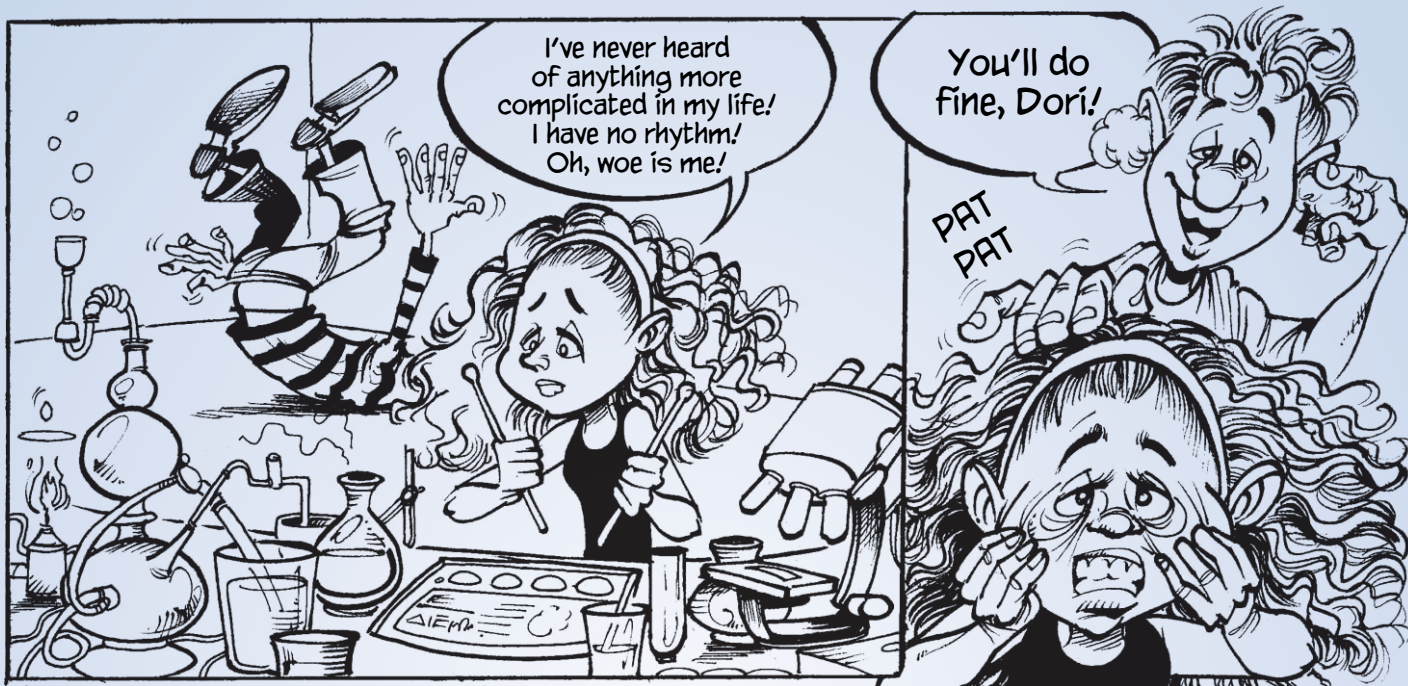


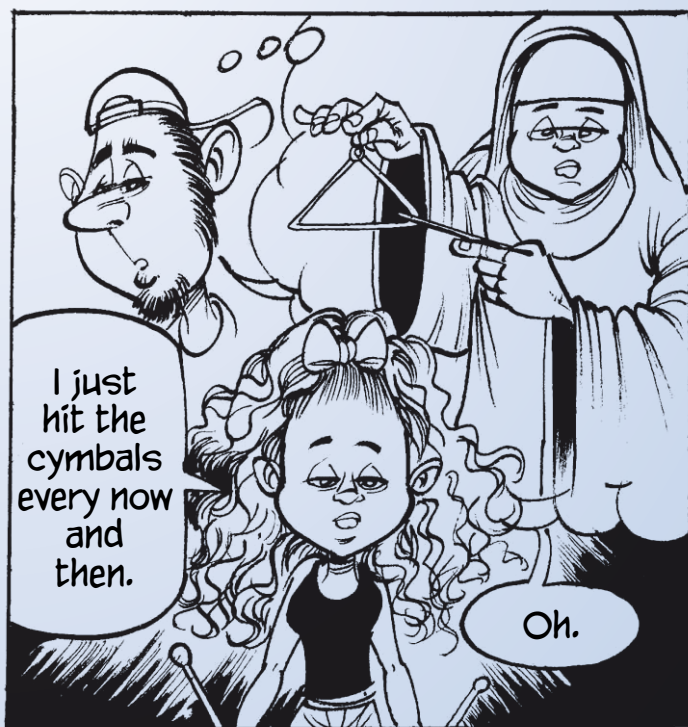
The Little Drummer Girl

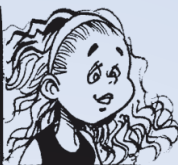




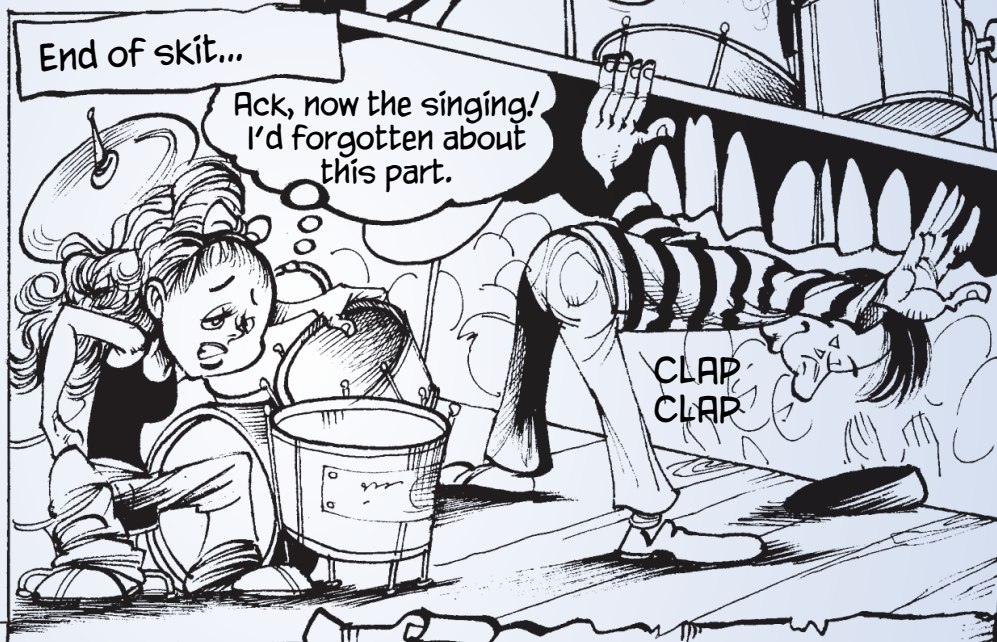
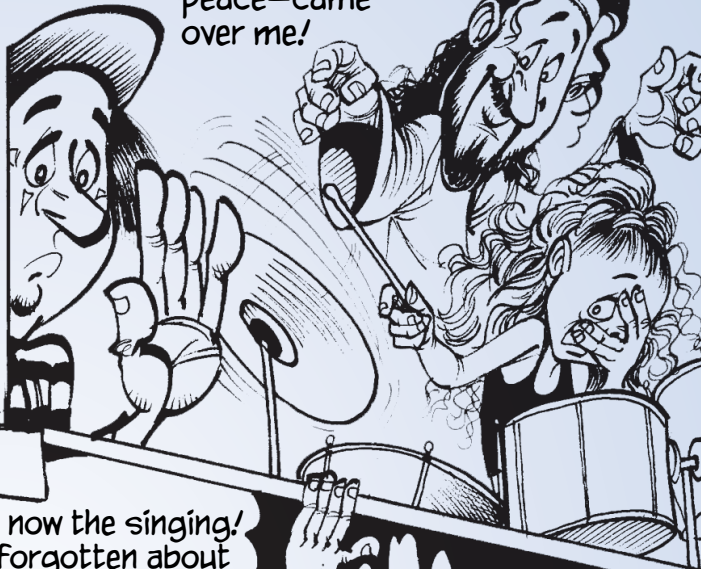


Two minutes before the show...





I trembled in my seat as the music started, but when Cedric bumped into the invisible "wall" and my drumstick hit the cymbal for the first time, an incredible feeling of joy—and peace—came over me!



However, the beauty of my voice, or the lack of it, isn't the point I'm trying to bring across.

Because I figured something out that day. ...



I'm not going to lie and say that God suddenly gave me the singing voice or skills of Phil Collins, but I will say that I didn't sound terrible.



...because Jesus didn't need those things to use me. If He did, I wouldn't have been up on that stage. Perhaps some popular singer would have been, or a world-famous drummer, or any other number of talented musicians. But they weren't.



I was!

And Jesus used me in spite of my lacks to reach those people that day. He used me to help those kids learn a little more about God. And as a result, I did something I was proud of that day!

I may only have my little drum kit, my little squeak of a voice, my stage fright, and my shaking knees...

