

# spotting the cornerstone

LAST FRIDAY: a typically harrowing day in the Kyle household (a friend described it on Facebook as 'a pretty normal day for Katie Kyle!'). Husband had done the school run for me (yay) so everything was going well, for at least 10 minutes. Just needed to walk the dog. Easy. But on the dog walk, I lost the dog. After screaming myself hoarse in a field calling for him, I admitted defeat and went home, struggling with my 13kg toddler on my back (I reckon I would currently breeze through Marine Commando training).

As I let myself into the house, I heard an ominous thud from behind. I turned to find our dog standing proudly on our door mat with his make-up gift: a deer's head with antlers, perfectly severed from its body. I'm starting to realise why my advanced wrinkle repair serum isn't working... But at least the dog was back. Just needed to dispose of the head in my hallway.

A few days later, a neighbour's dog found the deer's stomach. At least no one can describe patch life as dull! The theory is that someone killed the deer and discarded the bits they didn't want. When I was reflecting on this later, I thought how odd it was to leave behind the head and antlers. To my mind, the noblest part of the deer was the part that had been discarded.

The following verse came to me: 'The stone the builders rejected has become the cornerstone' (Psalm 118:22). This verse describes how humankind rejected Jesus because we didn't understand the significance of God's most precious gift to us: His son. It got me wondering how many of God's gifts I reject because I don't realise they are gifts.

If I'm honest with myself, I'm often a glass half empty person. Get me on my specialist subjects and I could win



prizes for moaning: 1. military housing and 2. my husband's deployments. Don't get me started on the dribble I shower under and the ancient heating system that allows my son to claim there's a monster in his room at bedtime. But is the military house I love to moan about a gift from God that I'm rejecting?

If it weren't for military housing, I wouldn't live in this beautiful corner of Hampshire, walking my dog around fields graced with deer. My husband wouldn't work five minutes away and be able to come home at lunchtime. Our children might not go to a leafy Christian school. And the deployments and time apart? I hate them! But when I'm at the chiropractors, feeling the stress of single parenting in my neck and back, exhausted because I don't sleep well alone, God fills the void left by my husband in amazing ways and my faith in Him is strengthened. The psalm goes on: 'The Lord has done this and it is marvellous in our eyes.' (Psalm 118:23) My challenge to myself is to see more of the marvellous things God is doing in this funny military life.

Katie Kyle is married to Jack, a Chinook helicopter pilot. She is a part-time solicitor and enjoys writing and dog walking. They live at RAF Odiham, where their three children and Labrador regularly run rings round them!