



A FREE 2-DAY TASTE

When You Feel Like Roommates

*14 days of finding each other again,
with Christ at the center*

THE STILL PRAYING COLLECTION • NO. 2



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Nobody Chose This

READ: Revelation 2:2-5

“Yet I hold this against you: You have forsaken the love you had at first.”

— Revelation 2:4 (NIV)

No couple sets out to become roommates. There was no meeting where you agreed to stop lingering at the table, no signed decision to trade date nights for logistics briefings. The drift happened the way most drifts do: gradually, reasonably, one busy season at a time. Kids arrived. Jobs demanded. Somebody had to keep the machine running, and you both got very good at running it.

In Revelation, Jesus speaks to a church in Ephesus that had become admirably competent. They worked hard. They persevered. They did everything right, except one thing: they had forsaken their first love. Notice that Jesus does not accuse them of hating Him. The opposite of first love is not hatred. It is management.

That may be the most accurate description of the roommate season ever written. You do not hate each other. You manage each other. You manage the calendar and the kids and the budget, and the love that started it all sits in storage like a wedding album nobody opens.

Here is the mercy in this hard verse: Jesus points out the loss because it can be recovered. He tells the Ephesians exactly how, and we will get there on day three. For today, the assignment is simply honesty. Say it to yourself, and if you are reading together, say it to each other: we have drifted, nobody chose it, and nobody is the villain.

Naming the drift without blame is the first turn toward home.

REFLECT

1. When do you last remember feeling like partners in love rather than partners in logistics? What was different then?
2. What does it change to hear the drift named without either of you being blamed for it?

TRY TODAY

Tonight, instead of your usual spots, sit next to each other, shoulders touching, for at least ten minutes. No agenda. No phones. Proximity is a language.



Lord, You see what we have let go quiet. Begin turning us back toward each other, starting today.

The Scorecard Has to Go

READ: 1 Corinthians 13:4-8

“Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs.”

— 1 Corinthians 13:5 (NIV)

Somewhere in most roommate marriages there is a scorecard. It is invisible, but both parties know the tally. Who got up with the baby more. Who plans everything. Who initiated affection last, and how long ago that was. The scorecard feels like justice, but it functions like a wall: every entry is another brick between you.

Paul’s famous description of love contains a line we read at weddings and forget by the first anniversary: love keeps no record of wrongs. The Greek behind that phrase is an accounting term. Love, Paul says, refuses to do the bookkeeping.

This is not a command to pretend hurts never happened, and it is not permission for one spouse to take advantage of the other’s grace. Real wounds need real conversations, and some need more help than a devotional can give. But most of what lives on the roommate scorecard is not wounds. It is grievances. Accumulated, curated, quietly rehearsed grievances, and rehearsing them has never once made a marriage warmer.

Here is the question the scorecard never asks: what is my spouse carrying that I have stopped seeing? Somewhere along the way, the person across the kitchen became a set of debts instead of a soul. Today, God invites you to tear up the ledger, not because the tally was wrong, but because keeping it is costing you the marriage you actually want.

You cannot hold a scorecard and a hand at the same time.

REFLECT

1. What entries have been living on your scorecard, and what has keeping that tally cost you?
2. What might your spouse be carrying right now that you have stopped noticing?

TRY TODAY

Choose one grievance from your scorecard and retire it for good, before God, without announcing it. Then do one small kindness for your spouse with zero expectation of credit.



Lord, I hand You the ledger. Teach me to see my spouse with fresh eyes instead of old math.



This is only the beginning

There are twelve more days waiting for you: the little foxes, the locust years, the two-sentence prayers, the cord of three strands. Find the complete 14-day guide in the Everyday Mercies shop on Etsy, and come say hello at everydaymercies.com.

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