

“Baby…it was like God was telling me who to go to.” That was my husband yesterday telling me about something he’s experienced this week. Let me back up a bit.

This Spring break we went with family to Tennessee, and any time I travel through Gatlinburg, I visit *God’s Corner*, a quaint little Christian shop where you find beautiful, inspirational, and funny faith-filled items. This trip, as usual, I picked out a handful of stuff to bring back home and give to friends and family. My hubby, too, picked out something for his co-workers. *Huh?* Yeah, this coming from him would’ve surprised me any other time, but it didn’t, not now.

You see, a few weeks ago, at the conclusion of one of his regular Monday morning meetings with his administrative staff, he ended simply with “…and God, please let us have a good day.” He told me that initially when he caught himself saying that, he thought oh oh that’s not gonna go down very well, you know, given the PC (politically correct) issues nowadays, specifically in the work place. Still, a week later he ended that meeting with “…and God please help us get through this stressful week.” Well, short story: word spread, people got excited, and now a weekly “prayer break” has become a regular part of his team’s work week, attendees growing steadily in numbers. Rare, I know, but hey, judging from the receptiveness, the need and want for such a thing is apparent. So anyway, knowing that’s been going on, no, it didn’t surprise me when he asked me to grab a bunch of little pocket crosses for him to give away to his people at work.

Throughout this week, as he handed away these little faith-filled souvenirs he experienced the weirdest thing he said. “Baby, I hadn’t even thought about who I was gonna give them to, but it was like God was telling me exactly who to go to.” My hubby told me how he was taken aback by some of his co-workers’ reactions. “Honey, when I gave it to him he practically broke down and confided in me a health problem he had just found out about. And other people too told me how much they needed something like this right now…and…” Okay wait, wait,” I said stopping him, “But tell me this, how did *it* feel?” “Oh,” he said sporting a big smile, “It felt greeeaat.”

Cool. I gotta tell you I'm so happy for him. Because that's a great feeling indeed. The realization that God just used you to get to someone. What. You don't seriously think that's all us, do you? I think whenever we have anything encouraging, anything positive, anything godly to say or give in this world that surrounds us with so much negativity, then we should, we must, say it or give it. Because more than likely that's God working through us, 'cause ain't no way we are that good on our own; that urge, that impulse, that need to reach out must be God-induced for a purpose much more important than any self-serving feeling.

And if you're thinking why would God use me I'm just ordinary, think again, 'cause that is exactly who God uses the most. All you need is an open and receptive heart. I mean, even Moses was reluctant to let God use him, but look at what he ultimately accomplished. Anyone can have a Moses moment here and there, but a little surrender goes a long way, and you just never know.

Experiences like my husband has had this week confirm to me that God is constantly trying to work through us, so why not let Him? Besides, the way I see it, whatever it is we give or say can always be ignored, discarded, left, or…I don't know, sold on e-bay, but there is always a possibility, a chance that it'll be *taken*, and that it'll *make a difference*. Nothing for the giver to lose, everything to gain.

> Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.
> Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
> where there is injury,pardon;
> where there is doubt, faith;
> where there is despair, hope;
> where there is darkness, light;
> and where there is sadness, joy.
>
> O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
> to be consoled as to console;
> to be understood as to understand;

> to be loved as to love.
> For it is in giving that we receive;
> it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
> and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life. Amen

~ St. Francis of Assisi

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