

Friday - March 11

Where can I go from your Spirit? Where can I flee from your presence? If I go up to the heavens, you are there; if I make my bed in the depths, you are there. If I rise on the wings of the dawn, if I settle on the far side of the sea, even there your hand will guide me, your right hand will hold me fast.

Psalm 139:7-10 (NIV)

Influenced by our recent study, “I Heard God Laugh,” I found humor in how God decided to answer me one time – and how long He took! I have a strong conviction that God hears everything I bring to Him. Sometimes he gives me a quick answer, but sometimes I wonder if He has fallen asleep.

A number of years ago, after the women’s movement began, I started working for a company located in the very Southern town of Memphis. However, company headquarters were in England and most of the employees were from other parts of the country or foreign countries. The new customs of the women’s movement were well respected by our company. Everyone carried their own boxes, and the first person to the door opened the door. I adapted quickly, although not comfortably.

At the same time, I found a church I liked. It had a history of Southern traditions. On Sundays, I felt the need to respect the church traditions, but when Sunday turned to Monday, I had to quickly change personas. Before I moved away, the church that was steeped in tradition introduced our first black female minister. This change came about over a thirty-year period, but it reminds us that people do change.

At that time, whenever I approached a door in the presence of others, I felt a twinge of discomfort in the uncertainty of whether I should open the door or let someone else open it for me. Needless to say, I asked God for some insight and help. I never felt He sent me the clue I was looking for, but I had every confidence He heard me.

Years later, I moved to Columbus. Suddenly, everyone was opening the doors for me. At first, I was perplexed, but eventually, it dawned on me. In the interim, with the passage of time, I had become OLD. People were showing me courtesy because I was older. Now, I no longer had to be concerned about who should open doors. How nice! After I figured it out, I laughed, and I think I heard God laugh. Although He let me wait until I became old, eventually He did answer my prayer as I knew He would. It reminded me of the old adage, “Be careful about what you ask for, you may get it.”

Arlene

Prayer: Thank you dear Lord, for holding me fast! I love that You are always listening to me, and You NEVER forget me! I love You! Amen.