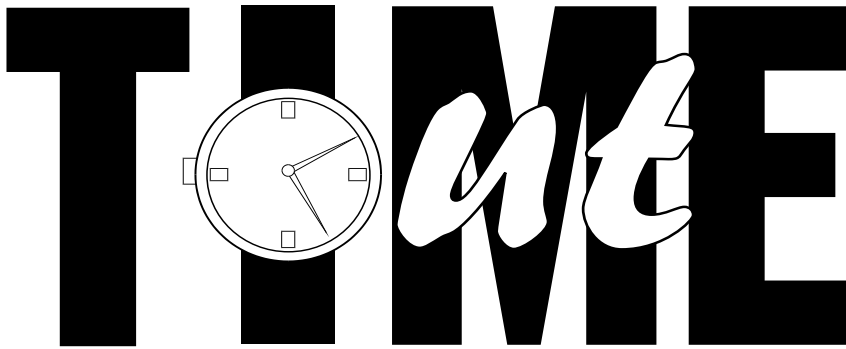


TIME



*By Nyx
Martinez (19),
a missionary
in the
Philippines*

*Take time to
hear from
God, and He'll
take the time
to straighten
out the
problem.*

—David Brandt Berg

Two o'clock in the afternoon.

I glanced at my watch while my mind raced. I had just finished my morning business appointments, running around town and foolishly not allowing for the lack of cash I had on me that day. Now I found myself at the mall with the equivalent of less than fifty cents in my pocket. I still had to ride the bus for half an hour to get to the Voice Academy for my Monday night workshop, but without enough to cover travel expenses, there was no way that was going to happen.

I began to pace hurriedly through the mall, not knowing exactly where I was walking. All I knew was that I didn't even have enough money to get back home! Frantic, desperate, and frustrated, I debated in my mind who or what was to blame for this mess. The din of the passersby and crowds of mallrats added to the confusion in my brain.

And then, somewhere, somehow, amidst the turmoil in my heart, there came a certain feeling—a still, small, but familiar Voice. It urged me to stop. Yes, just to stop ... and look ... and listen.

To what? I argued within myself.

Listen to Me. And listen to yourself freaking out like that! The Voice seemed to say, *The*

worst thing in the world to do is to keep on going when you don't know what to do!

Okay. Lord, I don't know what to do, I confessed.

So stop. And just trust Me. Chill out for a sec.

It seemed to make sense. What did I have to lose?

Dear Jesus, I prayed, I'm trying to trust You. Please, help me out.

I wanted to see some money drop out of the sky. *It doesn't even have to be a lot, I told God, just enough to get me to the Voice Academy and back home.*

I looked up. Nothing. I looked down. Nothing there, either.

This is stupid. I began to react, but then decided to give Him more than just a few seconds to answer my prayer.

Trust Me, I felt the whisper say. The workshop is at seven o'clock. You still have over four hours.

Four hours to see a miracle, I pondered. I could deal with that.

I slowed my pace to “trusting” speed and walked calmly, hoping my shift in mood would do the trick. As the flame of frustration in my heart seemed to die down and peace began to replace it, I started to sing:

*'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus,
Just to trust His cleansing
Word...*

*Dear Jesus,
please help
me to slow
down, and
take time to
hear from
You for
direction in
my life.*

This was a little hymn I'd learned as a child in the days when I didn't even have much to worry about—and certainly not money matters! The words seemed so applicable now.

*Just to rest upon His promise,
Just to know "thus saith the
Lord."*

The Voice seemed to be directing where I should walk, what corners I should turn in the huge mall.

And then ... I saw them sitting inside Kentucky Fried Chicken. The identical twins.

I'd met Joy and her sister Honey just weeks before. They were runway and commercial models, about my

age, the only female identical twins in the local industry. Now, they waved at me, happy and excited at this chance encounter.

Or was it?

An hour later, I was saying goodbye to Honey and Joy. I knew that God had indeed dropped money out of the sky—in His own way. Joy had insisted that I sketch their picture, and of course, they kindly paid for the on-the-spot portrait.

I had the cash I needed, I made it to the workshop early, and, of course, I made it safely home.

And I had that still, small Voice to thank. It taught me that in times when my head is spinning out of control, all I have to do is to take time out—to stop ... look ... and listen.

The Secret

The secret of vitality, of sparkle, of that shine on your face and twinkle in your eye, of the compassion and tenderness that others need so badly is in refreshing yourself in Me. Only then will you have something to pour out to others. This is the secret. This sweet communion with Me will empower you to give and meet the need.

The secret is lying with Me in peaceful rest each morning and night. As you recharge and refill, you will be able to overflow on others. This is the secret, and it is My promise to you.

—Jesus

How to not get hit by a train

Lord forgive us, we get so busy! If you're too busy to pray, you're too busy!

Let's try to slow things down. Relax! But most of all, stop, look, listen ... and wait! Warning signs like this are posted at dangerous places, such as railroad crossings—places of crisis where there is an interruption of your routine, your way, your road, your highway. Otherwise you might drive across the train tracks and get hit by a train.

Which is easier, to try to beat the train, to try to plough through the train, to jump over the train—or to stop for a few minutes and watch it go by? It'll soon be gone, and you can go peacefully on your way.

Trying to force the situation and push your way through just won't work! God likes for you to give Him a little honor. You've got to put aside your own thoughts and partake of the Lord's Spirit, through communion with Him. If you'll do that, He'll tell you what you're supposed to do.

—D.B.B., from the article "Stop ... Look ... Listen!"

