

Flowing With the Spirit When He Says Move

Congregating with three ladies in a coffee shop led to an adventurous day with uncertain seating arrangements and a whirlwind of events.

We arrived with hopes of grabbing a table in an isolated area for a little bit of girl time, but we noticed that all of the tables and chairs had been removed, and the booths were pushed together. We stood there a little flabbergasted, trying to figure out what was going on. The attendant told us that a wedding was scheduled to take place in the coffee shop. With nowhere else to go for this meeting and nowhere to sit, we just looked around trying to figure out where we would position ourselves. The attendant quickly volunteered to move some items from the bar area so that the four of us could continue the meeting.

We hurriedly grabbed the stools and positioned ourselves to sit across from each other. Hugs, chatter and laughter ensued, and we became comfortable with the new sitting area. As two of the ladies moved to the counter to place our orders, another individual, not in our group, eased onto one of the stools. The four of us made eye contact because we were puzzled at how we would now sit on three stools. None of us felt it was necessary to ask the stranger to move. There we stood again looking dumbfounded.

Four ladies.

Three stools.

Plenty to discuss.

The attendant came to the rescue again with a final location in the coffee shop. This time we were seated at the front

window facing the traffic. Girly giggles followed as we settled into our intimate space. Cars sped past the window. Signal lights changed constantly. Pedestrians walked in the drizzling rain.

The constant busyness didn't deter our conversation, though. After all, it would take a lot more disturbance to snatch away the attention of four loquacious women. We couldn't have been more pleased with our new location and soon forgot that we transitioned from not having anywhere to sit, to having our seat stolen at the bar, to being positioned at the front of the coffee shop. The location wasn't our first choice, but it certainly was a good one.

In the middle of our chuckling and swapping life stories, one lady had a suspicious look on her face. We followed her gaze to the sidewalk. There stood a man who was behaving in an alarming manner. It was soon evident that he needed medical attention. Two of the women in our group swiftly took control of the situation; one shouted out orders to everyone in close proximity and the another called 911. These women brought calm to the chaos in an instant, and help was on the way.

As the day progressed, I kept reflecting on everything that took place. The key thing that tugged at my heart the most was how we were positioned from one place to the other. We wanted to be isolated to talk without any interruptions, but God had a different plan in mind. Our second choice at the bar was the next best option, and we hurriedly grabbed the stools and had planned to spend the next couple of hours in that spot. Still, God had another plan. Later we moved to the window by force and not by choice. The window was a satisfactory spot but not ideal. Nonetheless, it was exactly where God wanted the four of us positioned.

God will move us from one place to another to get us where He wants us to be. This can take place in many forms. Sometimes He positions us for a blessing. Other times He positions us to

be a blessing to others. Our journey with Christ should come without hesitations when we are prompted to move. God will often redirect our paths or alter our plans, and it's all for His glory and our good. All of this reminded me of Proverbs 16:9, "A man's heart plans his way, but the Lord direct his steps." We may think we know the plan, but God determines our steps. He knows the plan. He wrote the plan. He ordained when the plan would take place.

Let's be willing to move because God's plan is greater than any plan we can have for our lives. His plan is greater than any plan we have mapped out for our children and spouses. God's plan is greater.

Betina Brandon is a wife, mother, author, educator and speaker who thrives on helping women to live an adventure of faith by walking out the Word of God. She has master's degree in education and is a regular keynote speaker at women's conferences and retreats.

Betina is married to Joseph and has two sons, Justin and Joshua. She enjoys reading, writing, being outdoors and spending time with her family. You can find her on Twitter @betinabrandon.

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