

God's Supernatural Love

I was organizing my things before departing on the final day of a writers conference when a thought came to me, Go home now!

Where did that come from? I wondered. I paused for a moment, then decided I was imagining things, so I got back to work. But the strange feeling I had persisted.

After arguing with myself, I finally prayed, "God, are you trying to tell me something?"

"Go home now." I didn't hear the words; I felt them.

Quickly I packed everything and loaded the car. I hurried to the dorm's kitchenette to get a bottle of cold water and ran into my friend Patti.

"How are you?" she asked.

I replied, "You're going to think I'm flaky, but I have this overwhelming feeling that I need to leave now and go home."

"That's not flaky at all," Patti said with a smile. "You should be obedient to that nudge. Maybe something's wrong at home."

"I don't know, but my dad and my grandpa have both been having some health problems. So I've decided to leave right away."

"I'll be praying for you," she said. I thanked her and headed for my car. I was confident I was doing the right thing but still didn't know why.

An hour after I arrived home I got the answer. My mom called saying, "Your dad is in the hospital. He had a heart attack."

I marveled that God loved me enough to supernaturally prepare me for this situation. All I could do was whisper a grateful

prayer, "Thank you, Father, for caring so much about me."