

How a Single Mom of 5 Finds God's Provision

So, I know in polite conversation you aren't supposed to talk about God, politics or money. I already talk about God because He's everything to me. And although I have very strong opinions about most things, I've decided to refrain from politics. But today I just gotta vent a bit about money.

Oh my goodness! I think it is literally pouring out of my bank account. There must be a faucet turned on that I'm unaware of, and I desperately need to find it—*fast!*

Yesterday I had to get new glasses, and since I'm over 40, they're transition lenses. It's a worthwhile investment (I hope), but ouch! Today the A/C motor went out, and as the repairman gave me the quote I seriously wondered if we could just go without A/C upstairs this summer. Oh, well. It's just money, right?

Tomorrow the car goes to the shop because I believe it has some serious indigestion problems. I'm hoping I get a mechanic that won't take advantage of my inexperience with cars.

I also need to write a check to my community pool for the summer. We don't do vacations—we jump in the pool! I just have to join.

In a few days, I have to write a big ol' check to the state of Virginia. I love my state, but golly! Not *that* much!

I wish those were the only things, but it just goes on and on and on ...

The year after my husband left, I was so frugal that even with my tight budget, I could save. And I took great comfort in that savings account. It was my security blanket.

My dad asked me once how I was doing financially, and I said, "I'm actually doing OK." And I thought, "Wow! I am." And then I patted myself on the back for having a savings account and being so careful. And I thought how wonderful it was that I had that safety net.

And then almost instantly I realized that I was trusting my own ability to take care of myself and my children. Not that it isn't important to be wise with money, to be frugal and to save, but I had put an awful lot of faith in myself—in my ability to provide for my family. It was no longer about just being prepared; it was about being in control.

I prayed for forgiveness and the right perspective. And *boy*, did God give it!

All of a sudden, it seemed like everything needed repairs or to be replaced. Apparently my house had reached "middle age" and needed some TLC. Unfortunately, that TLC came at the expense (and I do mean expense) of my security blanket.

My savings account dwindled in a surprisingly fast fashion. But I began again to put my trust in God. I didn't have the money to trust anymore; therefore, the ability to control or at least feel in control was gone too.

I'm thinking maybe I didn't learn that lesson adequately enough ... or else God likes me in this place. Because money just refuses to enter or stay in my account. I mean, really. It's getting almost comical. (Almost.)

I'm not sure how to approach it. I don't know that I can add another thing to my life. But I gotta pray—maybe God will open my eyes to opportunities around me or ways I can save more.

But even though there is a bit of panic in my heart and head about this, I'm determined to trust that God will provide all that I need.

OK. So while I've been typing this, the repairman has been trying to fit the universal motor in my A/C unit and guess what? My unit will have none of it. They have to special-order the part. It's gonna cost more!

Seriously, I can't stop laughing.

You know what? Just bring it. God's got this.

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