

Yes, Lord?

While standing at the kitchen sink one day, I suddenly became aware of the Lord's presence. Pausing to acknowledge Him, I whispered, "Yes, Lord?"

He said, "You must go uptown...now."

"But, Lord," I began, then answered, "Yes, Lord."

I hurried out the door and drove down the street. As I passed the bus stop, I noticed a distraught woman. It was then that I knew.

Pulling the car over and opening the passenger door, I offered, "I'm a pastor's wife, Ma'am, and I'm going uptown. Are you going my way?"

Amid profuse thanks, she joined me and said while sobbing, "I need to get to the hospital. My son has been shot."

As we sped along, she confided a series of hurts: an alcoholic husband, unruly children, depression and her son's leadership in a gang.

Gratefully accepting my offer to stay with her at the hospital, my new friend squeezed my hand as we walked into the emergency room. While waiting for the report on her son's condition, I prayed with her and assured her of God's love and concern.

During the following days, my husband and I visited both her son and her family. Honoring my obedience, the Lord blessed the beginnings of our new ministry. My friend became one of our church's first converts, followed by her son and his girlfriend.

Then one Sunday morning the son's whole gang was there,

sitting on the front row in black shirts, leather belts, studs and chains. Their leader had given the command to attend, and they obeyed. As Sundays passed, one by one they gave their lives to the Lord and began bringing friends and neighbors.

How awesome it is to have been a small part of this miracle. What delightful surprises await us when we say yes to God.