**The Preacher’s Wife**

January 2020

“Lisa, I want you to get a calendar for this new year, and write, every day, a “W” for you’re feeling well, and a “S” for when you’re sick!”  That was my husband’s not so suttle way to tease me about my many ailments!  Let’s be honest.  Some do have more than others.  He told me he thinks I “will” things to happen to me.

1) I am a bonafide clutz.  Kyla will tell you I sound like a bull in a china shop.

2) I am, therefore, accident prone.

3) Lastly, I do have an autoimmune disease that at least contributes!

I give you that quick rundown to explain my latest plight.  After 54 years of ear infections, my ear drum had a whole in it and had to be repaired.  The operation itself was easy.  However, I am allergic to a little cream called Neosporin.  I told the hospital I was, two specific times, they wrote it down, but what did they bring me for post-surgery?  A little incognito tube of….Neosporin.  That ear swelled up, got red as a pickled beet and oozed so much I was wearing a ‘do’ rag at home to try and keep it out of my hair!  Four days later, I discovered in ever so small print at the bottom of the package, “Neosporin”!

Hallelujah for prednisone!  I’ve had so much prednisone in my life, I knew the effects, but boy, did I ever need it!  God supplied, and I am getting better.  I was ever so anxious to get to church and worship The Lord yesterday!

The Sunday morning service brought a vision during altar prayer of the man of God, standing with one leg on either side of this great gulf.  Below, in this gulf was a lake of fire, a place of pure torment.  It became overwhelmingly and of utmost importance to pray for God’s man.  Oh, how I pray we all get this vision!  It was so real.  I could see just where we, as Christian’s fit in.  We are to PRAY, PRAY, PRAY for God’s man and the LOST!!!!  God is the GREAT BRIDGE needed to safely cross, but man must hear The Word.  The Word is God.  The Word is Life.  No one moved, but I’m sure seeds were planted.  We do have lost coming and that’s a blessing they are there!

Sunday night, God got down to business.  Scott told a personal story and articulated it around the scripture Genesis 3, where Abram (later Abraham) was in the city of Ur and around the Euphrates River.  This is where God made His promise to Abram.  I had no idea that Scott had even been near or around Ur during Desert Storm, and driving by the Euphrates River, but he revealed last night, he was.

We were newly married, and he was in the Army.  Scott and I lived in Europe at the time, before President H W Bush sent the 3/2 Armoured Calvary Division to Iraq from Germany.  I came home to the US while Scott was gone and happened to be VERY much expecting our first child.

This child, who had not even been born, was being used by God.  My jaw dropped as Scott retold the story last night.  Just as God had promised Abram in the city of Ur, God promised Scott to let him live to see this child.  This unborn child God had created.  Scott, in turn, made a promise he didn’t entirely understand.  He promised he would live for God the rest of His days if God would permit him to see his baby girl.

God kept that promise.  I was…stunned.  I knew all about the promise.  I knew God had brought us out.  I knew that God had spared my life (which is another story) for Scott to carry the Gospel.  But I didn’t know where he was when he and God made this arrangement!  Why would God, take a TN country boy more than half way around the world, to show him where Abram was to set up this very special promise to a little nobody like him?  I’m telling you, this just about takes my breath away!

Our daughter is about to turn 29 years old and is not living how her Heavenly Father wants her to.  Sister Renee’s writing helped give me the courage to ask, plead with each of you to pray for her.  She knows THE WAY, she knows THE TRUTH, she knows SHE’S SAVED (yet another story about Scott’s call).  She just doesn’t want to COMMIT her life to the ONE who gave His all for her.  USED her before she was out of the womb, just like John The Baptist!  I am so thrilled God gave me this spur!  This HOPE!  This LOVELY HOPE in HIM!

Sisters in Christ, PRAY.  Let’s just PRAY!

Lisa