

GOD'S GOOD SURPRISES

I admit it - I'm a sucker for surprises. The good kind, that is. I still look back with joy and appreciation for the incredible party our children put on for my 65th birthday. Family and friends came together hoping to make it a true surprise. Did they pull it off! Not until I arrived at the church, casserole in hand, did I realize the pot-luck supper was in my honour. That was a couple of years ago but for me, the glow hasn't faded from that evening.

As in geography and in life, high points are linked together by a series of "down" moments. Birthdays are connected by the rest of the days of the year, mountain peaks are intersected by valleys. The secret is in keeping one's equilibrium on the way up or down. Let's face it, though, sometimes it's tough going. On those days who doesn't hope for a surprise? The good kind, of course.

I had one...no, actually four, this week. Just seven days ago I was scraping the bottom of the "good feelings" barrel, struggling with feelings of sadness yet determined to centre my thoughts on God's goodness rather than on my discouragement. I'm honestly not sure if I prayed about the matter or simply directed my whining to the Almighty but no matter which it was, this week I was blessed with the First Place Surprise Box.

There were the delightful evenings hubbie and I spent with friends, there was the invitation for lunch from a special friend, and just now, an invitation to join friends for lunch next weekend.

I wouldn't dare suggest that God always answers every prayer in such a dramatic way...but sometimes He does. That's the wonder of a surprise...and when He doesn't, the secret is in trusting Him on the way up or down.