



PART NINE:
GOD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS
WAYS

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GOD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

(His wonders to perform.)

Here are some unusual things that occurred during my learning period.

WHY DID IT HAPPEN?

When my children were like three steps of the stairs we had a most interesting happening in the family.

We were living in a cozy small home about a mile and a half from town. It was a very normal and loving family situation and we were all of delighted with the newest addition to the home, a beautiful small cat.

I do not recall how long it was that we had the cat before my daughter Joanne became ill and had to be rushed to the hospital. The doctors chalked it up to a bout of influenza and sent us home.

What I do recall is that it was a very short time before we had to rush her off to the hospital again. This time however the doctors decided to dig a little deeper into what was going on.

Joanne was subjected to a detailed allergy test. When she returned to the doctor's office to be examined for the results, we got a real surprise. On a scale of 1 to 10, with 10 being the most serious, Joanne scored 10 as an allergy to horse hair. She also scored a 9 on cat fur.

We were in a quandary. We were very grateful to have learned about the seriousness of her allergy to horse hair because if she had gotten so sick from cat fur...the exposure to a horse might have been much more serious. But what do we do about the cat?

For days we agonized over the situation. We loved the cat dearly but under no circumstances could we risk Joanne becoming so ill again. What on earth were we to do?

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Our answer came very quickly. The cat chose to run across the highway but did not make it to the other side before being struck by a car. The problem was solved but not without a great deal of grief.

I do not recall the exact source of the information but it was many years later when I read that animals will take on the illness of their owners in sympathy for the one who bestows so much love upon them. It was then, in meditating upon this piece of information that the realization came to me that the cat chose to solve the problem that we couldn't solve, because of her love for us. God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform.

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THE ROSE COLORED HEADSTONE

The area in and around a big city can feel very hectic and pressurized at times. It was on one of those days when I felt the need to “get out of town” that I found myself driving up a narrow, straight dirt road northwest of the city.

I crossed an intersection and looked up ahead to my right and spotted an old brick church complete with a manse to the right and a church cemetery behind. Being a very warm day I slipped out of the car and walked to the back right corner of the church.

It was then that my eyes fell upon a beautiful rose colored granite headstone. It glowed in the warm summer sun. Captivated by the incredible beauty of the stone, I walked up and caressed its highly polished surface. Without stopping to think I just blurted out, “How did you get to be so beautiful?”

And the stone told me...in an instant...it told me how, when the earth was being formed, that the molten rock was pushed at extreme pressure up from deep within the center of the earth and the mixture was such that the current coloration was achieved.

I don't recall all the details. I was in reverend silence. A tombstone had just talked to me!? And the details were beyond my comprehension. The only fact that I recall was that part of the mixture that made up the stone was arsenic. That was a graduation day for me. I had never even heard of such a thing happening...period.

Today I have been hearing the words that: “God is all IN ALL.” I think I was just shown that those words are true.

THE BUS RIDE I WILL NEVER FORGET

I am firmly convinced the divine sources have ways and means of teaching us that are far beyond our comprehension. That awareness was brought into sharp focus one afternoon when the bus I was riding on came to a halt at my stop.

I rose from my seat and took my place in the line to get off and as we shuffled to the door I found myself following a very attractive young lady. The more I followed her the more I admired her to the point that I was beginning to enter fantasyland. Once our feet hit the sidewalk I discovered that we were walking in the same direction and so my fantasy continued ... continued that is until the young lady stopped dead in her tracks, turned around, and looked me straight in the eye. The look on her face told me very clearly that she knew exactly what I was thinking.

My face must have been scarlet and I was in shock for never before had I even heard a suggestion that another person could read your mind like that. I knew full well that women in particular were gifted with intuition; but this was ridiculous. Frozen in my tracks I was wishing I could suddenly disappear. Thank goodness the young lady felt she had made her point, turned away from me and kept going.

I had heard the expression, "thoughts are things" but I never seriously considered those words as being true. However, in the hours that followed I spent no small amount of time contemplating the experience for the weight of the evidence was undeniable. Something was transmitted from me to her and she picked it up loud and clear with great accuracy. Was this an example of mental telepathy? I leave that question with you, but for myself, whatever you label it doesn't matter. What matters to me is ... *thoughts are things*.

Today I wonder if, when you see someone and you feel a sense of love for them, do they not pick up on that and in turn reflect it back to you. In other words, is there a level of communication between human beings that most of us are oblivious to? I believe there is and I'm still learning about it.

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THE LITTLE GOLD CHRYSLER THAT TALKED

I love how God teaches me.

About ten years after I first worked for that man from Pakistan, God had me working for another one.

The first one was as arrogant a soul as ever I had laid my eyes upon and just to look at him made me upset. I learned much later that you cannot see a character trait in another unless you share that character trait...and if that trait upsets you it is because you do not like it in yourself.

Regardless of that later learned Truth, life's twists and turns found me ten years later working for Shahid Butt, the owner of several taxi cabs in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. It was the only job I could get at the time and I was most grateful to have a job, any job.

I had to sell my little red sports car in favor of something a little more appropriate. I should have sensed that something special was happening when I read a cute story in the Reader's Digest. It really hit my funny bone and made quite an impression upon me.

The story went something like this...

A lady had just purchased a new car that had a male voice programmed to say certain things like, "Your windshield washer fluid is low."

When she first drove the car to pick up her best friend she stopped in front of her friend's house, reached over and opened the passenger's door. The pre-recorded voice said: "A door is ajar."

Her friend then came up to the car, slipped inside and just as she was swinging the car door closed exclaimed: "Oh, I just love your new car" ... to which the male voice responded: "Thank you!"

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Anyway, I finally found a lovely little gold Chrysler station-wagon. The first time I got in the car and closed the door I heard... "Thank you" and knew I had just found the car for me.

But I did not have the money to pay for it. Being "between jobs" so-to-speak, I was not able to borrow money based on the modest earnings of a cab driver.

Then a day or two later I was sitting in my cab at a taxi waiting area when my Pakistani boss drove up beside me and rolled his window down.

"Did you find yourself a new car yet?" Shahid inquired.

"Yes", I replied, "Another cab driver has a little Chrysler station-wagon for sale but I don't have the money to pay for it. I have to sell my other car first."

"How much do you need?" he inquired?

"Eight hundred dollars" was my reply. Without batting an eye, he pulled out his wallet and counted the contents, then he ordered me saying, "Don't go anywhere! I have to run over to the bank and get some money. I'll be right back."

True to his word within a few minutes he was back and passed me a fist full of money. I was almost speechless. I could not have borrowed money from any bank or person I knew in all of North America, but this tall, generous-hearted, trusting Pakistani had achieved the impossible for me...nothing signed...not even a handshake. He is my brother.

It was only a short time later when I sold the other car and therefore had the money to pay him back. Upon doing so I told him how very surprised and delighted I had been that he did what he did for me and that I had known no-one from this continent that would have done that for me.

He said, "In our country if a neighbor needs help you give it to him if you can. We know he will pay it back when he is able. I knew you would pay me back." It was as simple as that.

I thank God for the lessons I learned from the two gentlemen from Pakistan

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I WANT OUT OF HERE!

An example of the power of the spoken word.

We have probably all heard the expression, "Be careful what you ask for, because you're going to get it." I had been studying for some time a book about the power of the spoken word and was very impressed and satisfied with the results I received from following the directions on the use of affirmations and decrees.

Then the day came when my life was a most uncomfortable situation on the home-front. For reasons known only to divine sources my marriage was on the verge of breakdown. The pressure reached such a point that one day when I was alone in the house I recall vividly standing at the top of stairs and yelling out as loud as I could, "I want out of here!" I meant out of my marriage.

Shortly after that I lost my job and of course quickly found I could not pay the rent. I could barely cover the other essentials. Hence it was only a few months before the landlady arranged to have me served with an eviction notice. Its timing was such that I had to vacate on December 31.

That Christmas was a very thin year for gifts and to say that I was depressed about the current state of affairs was an understatement. However, the sting was removed in large measure when an anonymous donor arranged to have delivered to our door on Christmas Eve a basket containing a bottle of wine and some treats. I never knew who the good soul was who so blessed us at such a time in our lives. I shall be eternally grateful for that gift.

But the greatest gift of all, that finally sank in that Christmas, was the gift of knowing that the universe takes you at your word, not your intent.

Henceforth, I tried hard to ensure that what I said I meant and stated it clearly for the power of the spoken word is not to be toyed with. It works really well but you have to be very aware of what words come out of your mouth. May the reader be blessed by the truths contained herein.

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ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU ASK FOR (BECAUSE YOU ARE GOING TO GET IT)

Virginia Beach is a grand place to be in the wintertime. Usually they never have snow there throughout the year. I was visiting my daughter in nearby Newport News and was looking for a church in which I could feel at home.

It was a long search until one day a new friend of mine suggested that I try a church in a neighboring community. I arrived half way through the first service on Sunday morning. The music coming from the sanctuary was divine. I knew before I set foot inside that I had found my home.

That evening, filled with gratitude for my discovery, I entered prayer and thanked God for His blessing bestowed upon me that day. I said: "Lord, I am a songwriter. If there is a song that you would like to write through me then please use me." Then I promptly forgot what I had done.

A few days later I felt the strongest urge to pick up the guitar to write a song. What happened next was spectacular. There was NO effort at all in writing this. The music and words were there as fast as I could write them down. It was not until I sang the last line of the song into a tape recorder that I got the shivers of recognition. The Master had just taken me up on my offer. Here are the words to the song:

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NAMASTE

I followed a man dressed in white
As he walked through the city one night
As he walked on his way he would stop and he'd say:
"I behold the beauty in you".

CHORUS:

**Namaste, I behold all the good things you do.
Namaste, I behold the beauty in you
I see how every day as you walk on your way
I behold the beauty in you.**

He surprised me by those he would choose
To offer his plate of Good News
To the black shoeshine boy and the man from Hanoi:
"I behold the beauty in you".

CHORUS:

To the lady who stood by the bar
To the man who drove up in his car
To the child at his feet and the people he'd meet:
"I behold the beauty in you".

CHORUS:

When he came to the end of the street
I could see there were no more to meet
Then he turned straight around, bowed his head toward the ground:
"I behold the beauty in you".

CHORUS:

**TAG: I see how every day as you walk on your way
I behold the beauty in you.**

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Footnote: Namaste or namaskar is used as a respectful form of greeting, acknowledging and welcoming a relative, guest or stranger. It is used with goodbyes as well. It is typically spoken and simultaneously performed with palms touching gesture, but it may also be spoken without acting it out or performed wordlessly; all three carry the same meaning.

This cultural practice of salutation and valediction originated in the Indian subcontinent. It is an expression coupled with a slight bowing gesture that has been adopted in many Christian circles as meaning "I behold the Christ in you." Gandhi is remembered in part as being the one responsible for making us much more aware of its use.

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A DAY ON THE BEACH

Imagine one day you went for a walk along a beach. The waves rolled in to keep the sand damp and it supported your feet as you strolled along.

Suddenly, someone you cared a great deal about got very angry at you and using their finger they wrote in the wet sand: "I hate you!"

You wept many tears as you stood there for a few minutes with the waves rolling up past your ankles.

After a good cry you wiped the tears from your eyes and gazed at the horizon, the white clouds floating past and listened to the call of the sea gulls.

Only then did you think to look down and low and behold the waves had washed away all trace of the hurtful words.

Then you turned around and as you did you spotted a new friend holding a sign in their hands. You stepped towards them and as you did you began to see the words on the sign. They said, "I love you."

Sometimes God has to take something from you in order to empty your hands before He is able to give you something much better.

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A GIFT IN THE FOREST (an inspired story)

When I was a child I went for a walk in the forest. Admiring the sights, sounds and smells I soon found myself lost in the canopy of evergreens and maples. However, I did not realize I was lost, I simply became aware that it was a very hot day and I was now very tired and very thirsty.

I kept pressing forward, tickled to see the rabbits and squirrels as they scampered around under the trees. My thirst grew in the heat and now my attention shifted to, "How am I going to find my way back home so I can get a cold drink of water?"

Then I was divinely inspired to remember that if you walk downhill all the time you will come to a little stream that leads to a brook that leads to the river that leads to home. And so it was that I started to walk downhill. The day was still very hot and I was tired but now I had something important to search for and that quest kept me going.

Sure enough the moss under my feet began to appear wet a short distance further down the hill, and I could see water bubbling along in the moss, and soon enough it turned into a tiny stream.

I did not go much further until I spotted it. There before me was a tiny little pool of crystal-clear cool water. Someone had collected a few flat stones and some wet clay from the edge of the stream, and using them like bricks and mortar, they had created a tiny damn in the tiny stream. The free-flowing water filled the little damn and trickled over the top to continue on its path down the hillside.

I approached the water with delight, but when I got to it, I realized I had nothing to ladle it out with in order to get a drink. Gazing around me I got the thrill of a lifetime. There, hanging on the broken off branch of an old spruce tree, was a small tin cup...the kind that used to be given to soldiers with their mess kit. Now I could quench my thirst. Now I could rest.

I knew full well I could not leave until I carefully placed that precious old cup back on the broken branch of that tree...for the next lost soul who was inspired to look for a soul satisfying drink of cool, clear water on a hot summer day...when they too found themselves lost in the forest and searching for their way back home.

I am merely an old tin cup that has been left on a broken branch by the stream. This book is the water that has been collected behind the tiny damn. This is

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nothing fancy. It is rocks and clay, moss and sparkling clear water. May it quench your thirst on a hot day as you too follow your pathway back home.

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TWO CANDLES

Two candles now stand apart
Where once they stood together
Because of stress and fear and things
That blew in stormy weather.

Time will heal the wounds and pain
And when God says: " they're better"
The candles once again will join
And this time... Forever.

I AM
GOD