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I Love to Tell the Story

GOD GUIDES AND PROVIDES

BY DEBORAH YOUNG

“Wait. Where now?” Rachel fumbled the Bible in her hands. “Luke 11, verse two,” Pastor repeated. She flipped the pages. “These are all mixed up.”

I set my Bible aside, “Can I help?” She was a new addition to our Bible study, a young woman looking for a church home. She handed me the Bible.

“The Bible is divided into two parts — the Old and New Testaments. The New Testament starts with the four Gospels. Luke is one of the Gospels. Here it is,” I pointed before handing it back.

“Thanks. I didn’t know,” she said, trying to hide her nervousness with a laugh. Then she whispered, “Mine doesn’t have any chapters.”

“The big numbers are the chapters, and the small numbers are the verses.”

Her eyes sparkled, and with another nervous laugh, said, “Oh, I see. I didn’t know.”

“That’s okay. That’s how we learn.” I helped her through Bible study, letting her find the books with some clues from me. Joy covered her face each time she succeeded, and nervous laughter changed to laughs of triumph.

But, a wave of sadness overcame me. This is America, founded on religious freedom, and here was a woman who had not been exposed to God’s Word. Her questions covered a range of topics — the Ten Commandments, Baptism, Communion, crucifixion, resurrection. I left that night, waving to Rachel. “See you next week,” she eagerly replied.

My thoughts drifted to Rachel that week. I went to the Bethesda thrift shop. Beside the religious section, a silver-haired man sorted books. I found the Bibles and selected one. I vetoed it quickly — corner of the cover was missing. I selected another

— missing pages. The next, marked up like a college textbook, left no room for Rachel to make her own notes.

One by one, I inspected and returned each to its space. “Is this all?” I asked the gentleman.

“Let me check,” he replied, disappearing. When he returned, he pushed a cart and smiled. “These may be more to your liking.” One commanded my attention. The gold lettering on the black cover looked as though it had just been embossed. As I opened the cover, I wondered if it had ever been opened. Someone else’s loss would be Rachel’s gain.

Then, overhearing a conversation about the local Christian women’s luncheons, I stepped around the corner to see if I knew the women. We conversed until one lady noticed the Bible. “I am getting this for a young lady in Bible study. She has very limited knowledge of the Bible — how it’s laid out, what it says, etc.,” I shared. One woman started digging in her handbag. “I have just what you need,” she said, as she handed me a bookmark listing the layout of the Bible. I hugged her as I said a prayer, thanking God for His divine intervention.

On Sunday, I spied Rachel at church. “I have something for you,” as I pulled the Bible out of my bag and handed it to her. Her eyes widened. She ran her fingertips over the cover. “I never had my own Bible,” she said, as she hugged me.

Prayer: Father in Heaven, thank You for guiding me and providing me with the tools I need to share Your Word. I ask for direction as I help guide this young lady in her desire to know You. Continue to bless me with eyes to see You in all I do and say. Amen. *Q*