

THUS FAR.....

1 Samuel 7:12 (NASB) ¹²Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpah and Shen, and named it [£]Ebenezer, saying, "Thus far the LORD has helped us."

Today is the hundredth post in this blog. I've been writing regularly only from June 2012.

There was a particular time in my life when God came so near me and gave me a lot of Promises which I really didn't believe then. It was in the year 2002. I knew God spoke that into my life personally but I always felt this verse is also for everybody, how can I own it for myself.

It was also at that time when the Lord spoke to me so many things through Jeremiah. I knew He had put this spark in me to speak for Him. When I was small no one has ever heard me speak, even in simple conversations. I was so timid and shy. Now am known in my professional and spiritual circles for the gift of speaking. This promise truly has become so real after God put that in me.(Jeremiah 15,19)

At that time He also said I should write. Speak I did easily, but writing... you'll never know how reluctant I was. When I felt the Lord put it in my heart to write, I simply said, "I'll only believe if you give me a notebook and a pen." This was such a crazy prayer. I was laughing at myself.

On my birthday June 2002, one of my best prayer friends Poorani, from Kumbakonam gifted me a notebook and a pen! I was blinking when I opened the gift wrapper. Seems like God had the final laugh after all. I still have that precious book now so much valuable. In it are my most treasured poems inked in joy, love, tears, misery, pain and hope. I don't intend publishing them. Certain things will be private personal, just between me and my God.

But this sealed my calling to write. But long years had passed I wrote one message per month and said, "Ok my duty done." I knew I was very reluctant. There were so many hurts and then I closed my fingers and sulked. But somehow I kept speaking, but I wouldn't uncurl my fingers to write or type.

This year somehow the Lord opened my stubborn fingers. Two people were behind it. One is Nisha. I first met her as my Sunday School kid. Her heart was so pure with love for the Lord. I could see her love flowing out. She then became a Sunday school teacher herself, got married went away from Madurai. Yet she kept on doing something or other for God. She started a group mail with Christian stories for children. This summer when I met her at church she casually asked me to pray for her ministry and said it takes her atleast 3-4 hours everyday for her and her husband to send the mail. Added to that she is also doing her M. E full time. I felt so ashamed. Again the nudge inside my heart was getting louder.

My life has been more influenced by those who have lived the ordinary life with a sense of sacred in it. This holds good for Vijaya aunty who has been my and Nisha's Sunday school teacher. She is faithfulness and humility personified. She had been writing regularly for more than three years and has never missed a day. Then this April a big tragedy struck and everything came to a stand still. It was as though she should stop working for God. That was for me the final straw. That literally pushed me to decide to write , keep writing. I didn't want the Word to stop. And at last the stubborn fingers yielded... Am also glad Vijaya aunty is back on her blog again.

This is how this blog started living again.

An unusual gift from a friend who was sensitive to God and everyday faithfulness of ordinary people who loved God.

Looking back, my spiritual journey here on earth was initiated, grounded and rooted by my father, the spark was kindled by Jebakumar uncle when I heard his fiery sermons as a teenager. I fell deeper in love with the Word by hearing the spirit filled expository sermons by Pastor Gideon Jacob back in Trichy and not to leave out my mother's and my sister's constant, faithful prayers.

The list of those who inspired me and prayed for me of course is quite exhaustive, but just as Samuel set a stone, to look back and remember the most momentous ones, I have to place on record my gratitude and love, for those whom the Lord has put in my life as roadmarks and guide posts..



Jeremiah 31:21 (NASB) ²¹ “Set up for yourself roadmarks,
Place for yourself guideposts;
Direct your mind to the highway,
The way by which you went.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zk_TS12P46Q.

A must see video. One of my favourites by Brian Doerksen. This song has literally carried me over the storms below.

Yes we have a Faithful Father