

MEDITATION ON A PERSONALIZED LOVE

I am blessed with many possessions but some of them are unable to be shared. Why? Because they have been personalized. My mug bears the name, "Patricia." My necklace displays the name, "Pat." A purse carries my initials, "PLW" and a notepad says, "From the desk of Pat." Others can own like items but these are uniquely mine, not necessarily by right of ownership, but rather by designation.

As I meditate on this concept of personalization, it occurs to me that I am most in awe of my God when He touches me personally. For some reason I am able to passively accept a God whose love and goodness extends to all, such as, "For God so loved the world," but when He reaches down from the heights of heaven and bestows a token of His love to me personally, I become emotionally undone.

Several years ago, I made, by counted cross-stitch, a precious picture that depicted five little ethnically different children, with the caption, "Jesus Loves the Little Children of the World." When I took it to be framed, it looked best with a blue mat and a red frame; boy colors. During the intervening years I considered giving it away several times, but never could. Then we met Julissa. She is a young lady from Panama who interpreted for us on a missionary trip to Costa Rica. One day, spontaneously, we taught her the song, "Jesus Loves the Little Children" and she was so delighted that she asked us to sing it several times. Months later, when she delivered a baby boy, I knew the precious picture, made several years previously, was created just for her. My heart was full of joy as I wrapped it and mailed it along with a recording of the song. Imagine my devastation when after several weeks had passed, I learned she had never received it. Why Lord?

Months passed. I visualized the picture on a dusty back room shelf in a Panamanian Post Office. I could see it hanging in the home of a corrupt customs official. I knew it had been destroyed on the journey and was trashed. I knew it was lost. Why Lord?

Then, as I was reading His word, the answer came to my searching question.

Luke 8:17

For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither *any thing* hid, that shall not be known and come abroad.

I still did not know why it had been lost, but I had the assurance that my God is not secretive and that His ways are not hid. Someday I would know.

Five long months later, God touched me personally. The package miraculously appeared, undamaged, in my mailbox. I may never know how many circumstances He had to effect, or how much protection He had to command, or how many hearts He had to change to show His awesome power. But I do know what He did to prove His great love for me. He gave me my very own personalized miracle.