

Daydreams

Daydreams are the gentle drifting of our minds. Who knows where they come from, when they begin, or when they actually end? They simply...are.

One day, I was on my way to visit a friend. She wasn't rich, but she wasn't poor, either. Even so, I knew that money was a problem. "Wouldn't it be nice if she could inherit some money?" I thought. Not a lot, mind you, but enough so she didn't have to worry about money for awhile.

I could see her going to her mailbox and finding an envelope inside, and in the envelope was a letter telling her that she had inherited some money. It was a lovely daydream, and at the time, it seemed so real. No more money problems, no more worries...

Then just as suddenly as I had disappeared into that wishful-thinking world, I was brought back into the present. "Pay attention to your driving!" I thought.

Refocused on where I was and where I was going, I started a conversation with the Almighty.

"What do you think about that idea, Abba?" as I told him about the daydream.

And, as was His custom at the time, He surrounded me with a vision: I saw Jesus telling someone to get some money from a fish...

"Oh!" I thought. "It's all right, then. I can ask for money!"

I continued my way to my friend's house, and, of course, said nothing about my concerns for her welfare. We had a delightful afternoon and went for a walk. And as we walked, we chatted.

"The strangest thing happened just before you arrived," she said. "I went to the mailbox and you'll never guess what was inside! It was a letter from a lawyer who said that my great aunt had died and had left me all of her money!...not that I wanted her to die," she added quickly. "She had been in a lot of pain, so it was a blessing that she didn't have to suffer anymore... It wasn't a lot of money, but enough to buy a car (ours had just stopped working and we really needed it)...BUT...the Real Miracle was that we never really knew one another very well, and she skipped everyone in the first generation and left everything to me!"

I could feel my reaction explode within me, but on the outside all was quiet: only I could hear the "YESSSS!" as my fist clenched in an unseen victory of exultation! A miracle, indeed! (So glad you used that word, my friend.) For things to have happened in that order, the plan had to have been put into motion a long time before I started daydreaming. And so, in His usual, gentle way, God made me think

"Even before you asked, God knows and provides what is needed...for ALL of us"

And made me wonder

"Who's daydream was it, after all?"