

THE GYPSY GAL

On mission with God

Experiences . . .

Many things were planned, changed, canceled and then rescheduled - it was a very frustrating month. Yet God was still at work and I'd like to highlight some of those blessings. On the 4th we celebrated the Hungarian Easter here and I had the YWAM team over for dinner. Then I made 50 Romanian Easter church invites to give out to neighbors and taxi drivers. I was praying that many would come - even my outdoor English class said they would ask their parents if they could go with me! But alas, no one joined me and I didn't see anyone there that I had personally invited. Many days this month I was grocery shopping and cooking for friends with needs and hosting dinners at my place. Teaching at Omega weekly I have one in person class and the rest online. These three weeks have had a completely different school schedule and so we were able to take the Follow Up children on special outings to the Zoo, a Mall scavenger hunt, then movie and games at the office. More outdoor activities were planned but it rained a lot forcing us inside while only a few things were open. On the 2nd of May we celebrated the Romanian Easter and I joined friends for a truly Romanian 4 course meal - delicious! I am so grateful for dear friends during these crazy times!



Attitude . . .

In the midst of constant changes, it's hard to maintain a good attitude. I was reminded of this in my devotions which I would like to share with you here:

"Sometime since, in the early Spring, I was going out at my door when round the corner came a blast of east wind-defiant and pitiless, fierce and withering-sending a cloud of dust before it. I was just taking my latchkey from the door as I said, half impatiently, "I wish the wind would"-I was going to say *change*; but the word was checked, and the sentence was never finished. As I went my way, the incident became a parable to me. There came an angel holding out a key; and he said: "My Master sends thee His love, and bids me give you this." "What is it?" I asked, wondering. "The key of the winds," said the angel, and disappeared.

Now indeed should I be happy. I hurried away up into the heights whence the winds came, and stood amongst the caves. "I will have done with the east wind at any rate-and that shall plague us no more." I cried; and calling in that friendless wind, I closed the door, and heard the echoes ringing in the hollow places. I turned the key triumphantly. "There," I said, "now we have done with that."

"What shall I choose in its place?" I asked myself, looking about me. "The south wind is pleasant"; and I thought of the lambs, and the young life on every hand, and the flowers that had begun to deck the hedgerows. But as I set the key within the door, it began to burn my hand. "What am I doing?" I cried; "Who knows what mischief I may bring about? How do I know what the fields want! Ten thousand things of ill may come of this foolish wish of mine."

Bewildered and ashamed, I looked up and prayed that the Lord would send His angel yet again to take the key; and for my part I promised that I would never want to have it again. But lo, the Lord Himself stood by me. He reached His hand to take the key; and as I laid it down, I saw that it rested against the scared wound-print. It hurt me indeed that I could ever have murmured against anything wrought by Him who bare such sacred tokens of His love. Then He took the key and hung it on His girdle.

"Dost Thou keep the key of the winds?" I asked. "I do, my child," He answered graciously. And lo, I looked again and there hung all the keys of my life. He saw my look of amazement, and asked, "Didst thou not know, my child, that my kingdom ruleth over all?"

"Over all, my Lord!" I answered; "then it is not safe for me to murmur at anything?" Then did He lay His hand upon my tenderly. "My child," He said, "thy only safety is, in everything, to love and trust and praise."

--Mark Guy Pearse; *Streams in the Desert*

"The Lord hath prepared His throne in the heavens; and His kingdom ruleth over all."

Psalm 103:19