



God: Our 4-1-1

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At mid-night one evening last year, I woke up thirsty and **stumbled** in the **darkness** towards the kitchen. When I stepped onto the cool flooring, I noticed **moonlight shining** through the small window above the sink. The **shimmer** landed on the tile right at my feet, creating two slightly curved splotches of **light**.

The Holy Spirit's gentle nudge invaded my **sleepy** observation as if to say, '**Leanna, step into the light.**'

*I looked around, feeling a bit silly. I mean, what if stepping on the **splotches** caused some alien ship to 'beam me up'?*

Assuring myself that I **knew** the voice of my Shepherd, I prayed against that ridiculous thought and placed my feet carefully onto the two spots of **light**. My heart suddenly filled with a **childlike faith** and a sense of anticipation.

What happened next was **beautiful**. No, there wasn't some huge 'wow' moment-- a heavenly being didn't descend from the ceiling, and I didn't hear angelic choruses or holy hymns. I just stood there, a **happy, goofy girl**, genuinely feeling like the **daughter** who got to appreciate a sweet, special experience with her **Daddy**.

My heart filled with the **warmth** of feeling loved, being 'delighted in.' I looked down smiling, looking at how my two feet fit each piece of **moonlight** perfectly, as if the spots of **light** had been uniquely shaped **just for me**.

After a minute of enjoyment and a simple prayer of thanksgiving, fully satisfied with my unexpected **gift**, I stepped off the spots and got my water.

And *then* came the 'wow' moment-- **the glorious, red, velvet bow on top of my already perfect present**: I noticed the clock. **It said 4:11.**

Believe it or not, not too long ago, we used to dial "4-1-1" to access a phone number. Yes, before the internet and Smart Phones, we had to make a phone call for **information**. (Some of us even looked up phone numbers and addresses in paper phone books.)

And could it be, before Google,
we **called on the Lord** more quickly, too? **Ouch.**

As I noticed the clock, the Lord overwhelmed my spirit,
piercing my heart, saying:

Leanna, do you need **information**? *Call on Me.*

Do you want to **know** something? *Call on Me.*

Do you need **guidance**?

Look it up in My Book. Step into My light. Call Me!

And then He brought to my remembrance Psalm 119:105,
"Your word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."

I bowed before Jesus then and there, **calling on Him** for **information** on so many issues that had been swirling in my mind.

Since that special evening with the Lord, I've seen the clock say 4:11 a lot. It's become a marvelous reminder that jolts me in the middle of my 'I can't figure this out' moments, prompting me to **stop and call on God. First.**

As new seasons of life emerge, I find myself resolving and re-resolving to yet again **call on the Lord first.** I may not do it perfectly, but when I forget, God's Word (and the clock!) remind me.

Challenge: To whom will we go **first** for our information?

God or Google? Google is great, but...

God's Word is our lamp and our light.

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