



Stories of the Lord's Faithfulness: Guidance
(Revised 8/10/2001)

A Ride For Barb: 6/2/93 One of the members of our church (Lindsey Bicknell-Hentges) told my wife and I the following story: "My neighbor told me the funniest story this morning. She said that yesterday, at the time she usually leaves to take her child to school, she discovered that her husband had accidentally taken her car keys to work. She has trouble with her knees, and realized that walking would be a slow and painful expedition, but she had no other choice but to start out on foot. After she had gone several blocks a car pulled over to the curb. The driver opened the window and asked if her name was Barb. When she answered that it was, the driver asked her if she needed a ride. At this point, of course, she is wondering 'what is going on here', so she asked that very question. It turns out that the driver was from our church, and she answered 'I felt the Lord telling me to drive down this street and that there would be someone named Barb who would need a ride'. At that point Barb and her child gratefully accepted the ride to school."

Leslie Kryder, Phone call from Cyprus: During one of the summers of her college career, Leslie decided to participate in a YWAM mission trip. "I had been interested in Turkey, had been praying about Turkey all year, and decided I wanted to go to Turkey. YWAM was planning a trip to turkey, so I sent in my application. Meanwhile, I found a job to raise money for the trip. I was working the night shift in a factory owned by one of the members in our church, and would go to work at 11:00 p.m., returning home at 7:00 a.m.. My usual pattern was to go to bed when I got home and then sleep until noon."

YWAM eventually wrote back, informing Leslie that they had canceled their trip to Turkey but were planning a trip to Lebanon instead. Would she still like to go? "I thought 'why not?'. I had some questions about getting a visa. YWAM had instructed me to get a visa for the country I would be going to and had sent generic instructions for obtaining a visa. When I talked to my travel agent, she said 'do you realize there's a war going on in Lebanon! We can't give visas to war zones.' The plan from YWAM was that Leslie would fly into Cyprus. She had reserved her ticket, and needed to sign the confirmation document several weeks before the departure date. "It was one of those tickets that once you sign, it cannot be changed or revoked, just like the law of the Medes and Persians." Before Leslie signed the non changeable non refundable ticket to Cyprus, she wanted to know what to do about the Visa. How was she supposed to get a visa to a war zone? She had been trying to get in touch with the YWAM headquarters in Cyprus to answer these questions, but had been unable to reach them because of the 8 hour time difference and because of her own odd schedule. "It was the day before the confirmation signature deadline, and my travel agent was saying 'I need to know by tomorrow 12:00 noon or I cannot hold your reservation'." Leslie decided that she would cancel the ticket if she couldn't reach YWAM headquarters before the 12:00 deadline the next day. "I went to work that night, returned home at 7:00 a.m., and tried one last call. No answer. I finally said 'okay God, if you want me to go, you will have to figure this one out', and then went to bed. At 9:00 or 10:00 a.m. my mother called to me 'there's someone on the phone for you'. It was the YWAM Cyprus office calling, just to see how things were going, to answer last minute questions and take care of last minute details. They had no idea I was trying to reach them, but had called at their own initiative just to check

in.” When Leslie told them she was unable to get a visa as instructed and that she had to confirm her ticket by 12:00, they assured her “yes, come, don’t worry about the visa, we will arrange everything. We are still going, we are planning to have you”. Leslie was able to confirm her plane ticket with 2 hours to spare, and was able to participate in the YWAM mission trip.

Grandma Lehman, Lem Barkley's Calves (as told to Karl Lehman by Grandma (Ruth) Lehman, also from 2/20/69 letter from Ruth Lehman to John and Joanna Lehman): “Lem Barkley and his mother had gone to their spring to get water. They stopped to admire several little calves that were in a pen by the spring, noticing how nicely they had grown. ‘Aren’t these calves nice?’ Lem’s mother had just commented, when for no apparent reason they put up their tails and ran for dear life. The calves ran right through the fence ‘as if it weren’t there’, and went tearing of down the road. Lem, of course, went racing after them.

The Marty Blough family observed the chase as the calves passed their farm. 12 year old Harry called out “where do you think you’re taking those calves, Lem?”. Lem, who had now been running after them for a half mile, responded breathlessly ‘I’m not taking them anywhere, they’re taking me.’ Harry decided to join the chase, and ran to catch up with Lem, who had continued in hot pursuit of his runaway livestock.

When the calves came to the intersection at the south end of the Blough’s barn, they could easily have kept going straight ahead but instead they turned right and went up the road towards the Weaver place. At the next intersection the calves again could easily have continued straight ahead, but instead came to a dead stop. They looked to their right and left as if watching for traffic, and then after a little hesitation they took off to the right as if they knew just where they were going. The calves continued at a good pace, ignoring the cattle in our woods. They kept running until they came to the road in front of my grandfather's house and barn. Here again they hesitated. Instead of turning to either side, they went across the road to Grandpa Speigle’s. When they got to the little barn on the corner they went in below and stopped, waiting quietly until Lem and Harry caught up with them. Don Yoder’s grandpa was at grandpa Speigle’s farm to do some carpentry work. He and my aunt saw and heard the runaway group: ‘what’s going on here’ they called. ‘Our calves are on a run away spree’ replied Lem.

My aunt realized that the young men needed rope with which to lead the calves back home. ‘I’ll go up above in the barn and get some rope, I know just where it is.’ she told them. She rushed to the barn for the rope, but when she went into the upstairs barn she thought she heard someone calling - “help, help, help”. She began looking around and finally located my Grandpa Speigle. He had been up in the hayloft getting some hay, and had fallen when part of the ladder broke as he was climbing back down. His feet had gotten caught in the ladder as he fell, and he was hanging, head downwards, unable to free himself. He was certainly glad to see her.

My aunt called for Harry, Lem, and Mr. Yoder, who came and helped him get loose. They got him down and were about to leave to get their calves (who, incidentally, were still resting peacefully below the little barn). “Wait a minute” called grandpa (who had a sense of humor) “I knew it was Saturday, that everyone had gone for the day, and that maybe no one would come out to the barn for a long time. I prayed for some one to come help me, but I didn’t have enough faith to believe my Heavenly Father would send Lem Barkley’s calves.”

Anna Nordstrom (Virgil and Joan Vogt’s granddaughter), God cares about “little things”: When Anna was around 5 years old, she made the first of a series of what she called “little things”. A “little thing” was a collection of small cut out pictures, usually including family members, a house, and furniture. Sometimes this tiny and special collection also included paper doll style clothes that could be put on and taken off the miniature family members. The figures were cut out very carefully and then taped up in a small package, with the finished product usually

measuring about one inch by one inch and as thick as a piece of cardboard. Anna would then carry her “little thing” with her wherever she went. She carried it around the house during the day, set it in a special place every night as she went to bed, and also took it with her when she went out.

A 5 year old child who carries a blanket or teddy bear as a constant companion usually has difficulty keeping track of their special friend. I am sure most of us can predict a problem when the special and constant companion is about the size of a quarter. Anna would often be getting ready to go somewhere, only to discover that she did not have “little thing”. This would send her on an immediate and desperate search. If “little thing” could not be found, she would conclude that a new one MUST be made before she was going anywhere. Working harder to find the lost one was usually the better plan, since it could take an hour (or more) to produce one of these special little packages.

Anna’s mother, Beth, recalls one time when Anna was feeling especially desperate to find her lost “little thing”. She was sure it was in the playroom somewhere, and had recruited Beth to help with the search effort. The playroom was better than the whole house, but finding this teensy item in a roomful of toys was still no small task. After searching together unsuccessfully for some time, Anna finally suggested “Maybe we should pray and ask Jesus to help us.” She promptly knelt on the playroom floor, praying simply “Dear Jesus, please help me find my ‘little thing’. Amen.” Beth still remembers “feeling something unusual had happened” when within the next minute she reached inside the lamb puppet, and there inside was ‘little thing’!

“There were hundreds of toys scattered around the playroom” recalls Beth. “Our usual procedure in such a situation was to clean up the whole room, hoping to find ‘little thing’ in the process. Normally, I would have thrown all the puppets in the puppet box without giving it a second thought - as a part of the larger ‘clean up and put away the toys’ effort. I can not remember ever checking inside of a puppet before that incident. On that one occasion, for some odd reason, I just reached inside”. I don’t even want to think about how long and fruitlessly they could have searched if the lamb puppet had been tucked away in the puppet box, ‘little thing’ still hidden inside!

Beth suggested they kneel together and thank Jesus for answering Anna’s prayer. Which is exactly what they did.