

October 17, 2019

Kingdom Sat Celebration

Joan and I drove from Ocean Springs to Atlanta today. We said goodbye to the grandchilluns last night so as not to interrupt school this morning. It was really hard to pass Davenport Lane without turning in, but we consoled ourselves with our McDonald's cappuccino, and pressed on.

We made good time in light traffic. Joan was reading the Daily Bible to me. She covered 400 years of history between the Old and New Testament in about 45 minutes. (It wouldn't have taken that long, but the Daily Bible is on my iPad, and I had to pull off the Interstate before she finished, to get her back on the right page.) The New Testament starts tomorrow.

We normally stop at Chick-fil-A in Montgomery but we passed it up, and pulled into Loves truck stop about 20 miles north at precisely 11:50 CDT. There is a McDonald's attached to Loves, so we had time to get cappuccino again, and then park, and tune to the 10th anniversary celebration of the Kingdom Sat from Cairo. The picture was excellent. We watched for a few minutes, and we headed for Atlanta. Joan watched, and I listened. (I think I heard Michael speak a few words in Arabic, before the sermon. I may be wrong. The only times I have heard him speak Arabic is when he was bargaining with shop keepers, camel drivers, etc.)

I glad we headed north, because we were in Atlanta when he gave the congregation a chance to make a decision for Christ. The celebration lasted 2 hours and 13 minutes. Michael said God's got a plan for every person's life, but He rarely, if ever, gives you the whole plan, just the next step. For example, Paul was struck with blindness on the road to Damascus, but the Lord didn't tell him he had been chosen to take the Gospel to the Gentile's. He told him to go the house of Ananias. Just the next step.

I've wondered why the Lord kept me alive for all these years. I can't play golf. I can't talk. I am crippled, and I think I know what the next step is now.