

God's Ways

Why is there sickness? Why does my heart ache? Why is life so hard? These are the questions sometimes asked by the kids at the Woodburn Christian Children's Home. In reply, I tell a story I remember from my youth. I do not know if I saw it in a movie or if it was read to me as a child.

It's the story of a boy who was captured and raised by Native Americans. And now, in his early teens, he had been reunited with his aunt who was trying to reach out to the boy with warpaint on his face and feathers in his hair. He stood at a distance, defiant, untouchable in the dimly lit log cabin within the protective walls of the fort.

His aunt had come prepared and reached behind her to the unseen bag. She offered him a piece of candy. He knocked it to the floor. She took another piece from the bag and tasted it, showing him that it was good. This time, he tasted the candy, popped it into his mouth and crunched it down. Now, the boy was fast, but not fast enough. He scrambled for the piece he had knocked to the floor. But his aunt had anticipated his effort and she kept it from him, holding it in her hand.

Now, let's look at the two perspectives. This boy has just tasted the best thing he's ever tasted. He's only seen two of them and this lady won't let him have the other one. From his aunt's perspective, the piece of candy she is holding is dirty, and although it's unknown to him, she has a whole bag more.

God must smile when He sees how we strive to hang on to the things of this life while He has Heaven to give. Remember, when you feel cheated, when some dear thing is taken from you, that God looks at it from another perspective. He owns the candy store.