

True Discipleship Stories

A few months ago I arrived at the airport thirty minutes before my flight was to depart. Sarasota has a tiny airport that doesn't take much time to go through, but still I was thankful to have TSA Precheck. There were only a few people in front of me at the security gate.

As I waited my brain was filled to overflowing with all I'd been learning, synthesizing new concepts as I prepared to give two workshops the next day in Ft. Collins on evangelism for the Rocky Mountain Navigator staff. Plus it had been a bear to pack for this trip. Was I ever thankful to have that behind me!

I smiled as I approached the TSA officer who instructed me to put my boarding pass on the reader.

When I did, the light turned red.

"Whoops! I must've given you the wrong one." I was scheduled to change planes in Ft. Lauderdale before heading to Denver so I had two boarding passes. I quickly flipped through my apple wallet to get to the other one.

When I scanned it, the light again turned red. "Let me see that," the security officer asked, then shook his head. "Ma'am, we don't have a terminal C at this airport. Your ticket is for Tampa."

I had come to the wrong airport! And my plane was scheduled to depart in less than 30 minutes! Tampa International Airport is an hour away. There was no way I could make it in time.

I raced downstairs to the Southwest desk, which amazingly was clear of people.

"I can't believe I came to the wrong airport . . ."

After hearing my predicament, the agent replied, "Just this once, we'll reschedule you. You can fly to Dallas and then catch a plane from there to Denver."

The only problem? I was supposed to arrive at 7:45 p.m. and get a ride with the regional leaders as they drove from Colorado Springs to Ft. Collins. My new flight wasn't scheduled to arrive until 11 p.m.

I remembered I have a friend on staff who lives near the airport, and she planned to drive to Ft. Collins the next morning. When I texted her she said I was welcome to stay at her home and drive up with her in the morning, but I needed to find a way to get to her house.

The thought of taking an uber at 11 pm at night, of getting into the car with a stranger did not appeal to me. But I didn't have any other option so reluctantly went to the Uber app to schedule a pickup. When I typed in what I needed, up popped the message, "No rides available" in Denver at 11 pm. I groaned.

Boarding the flight to Dallas, my mind raced, my stomach churned. What could I do?

As I buckled my seat belt, I sensed the Lord gently ask, "Daughter, whose job is it to provide for you?"

I exhaled, "Yours, Lord."

Peace flooded in.

When I exited the plane in Dallas I noticed a mobile column listing upcoming Southwest flights. I'd never seen them do that before. When I looked to discover the gate for my next flight I saw there were two flights listed to Denver. One of the flights, two gates over, was getting ready to depart in three minutes!

I raced to the counter, "Is there any way I can get on this earlier flight?"

The plane was packed, but one seat remained unclaimed. The Southwest agent gave it to me!

While boarding, I asked the woman in front of me, "What time does this flight arrive in Denver?"

She replied: "7:45"— the exact time I was scheduled to arrive on the flight from Ft. Lauderdale!

When I looked at the boarding pass I discovered I only made that flight because it was delayed by six minutes!

Did the Father ever take care of this daughter! I felt so loved!

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Reflection:

Describe a time when you were aware of being God's child.

What difference does it make when you are aware of this not only in your head but especially in your heart?