

# God provides

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One of my team members, while carrying a bag of rocks, dragged the top of his foot across a hollow block. The cut was not too bad. All he needed to do was keep it clean. Unfortunately, this did not occur. Across the next few weeks, I would glance at his foot every now and again, reminding him to keep it clean with a bandage. But when he woke up with his injured foot swollen, I knew the cut was screaming the word "infection!"??

In my head, I already was trying to lay out a plan. I was trying to schedule where and when we could find a private doctor's office to get antibiotics prescribed. I knew I wanted to take him to a place where he wouldn't be exposed to other infections.

Through all these hasty thoughts, God reminded me of a two new believers down the street. A few nights ago, Dexter and Abigail had become believers in Christ through a Bible study. But Abigail is no normal Filipino She is a BSN RN, speaks English, and is certified to practice nursing in California. What better person to go to!??

After our full day's schedule, we finally walked the muddy road to their house, giving a good "Ayo!" to let them know we wanted to come in. After Abigail looked and cleaned my team members foot, she confirmed it to be a soft tissue infection. When I asked her if she knew a doctor who would prescribe the antibiotics, she looked at me with an intrigued face. "I will have Dexter go to the pharmacy and pick up a pill of the right antibiotic, so you will know what to buy." No doctor's appointment, no paperwork, nothing. Because of her knowledge in the medical field, she was able to tell us exactly what we needed to buy.?

I had realized this was nothing short of God's provision, but the Lord was

not finished teaching me yet. I continued to pour out gratitude to Dexter and Abigail, telling them how much of a blessing they had been to us. I will never forget Dexter's next words, translated by his wife: "We are brothers and sisters in the same faith. It's no problem at all."??

This touched deep within my heart. You see, there are many who cry out "Lord, Lord!" There are many who will say the prayer of the gospel, but few who mean it. This statement encouraged and reassured me of Dexter's and Abigail's genuine faith in Christ. They did not just enjoy hearing Bible studies from white Americans. They got it. They truly know and understand what it means to live as Christ would. As my teammate and I walked back home dodging puddles and ditches, my heart was lifted with love. Our God truly is the provider, sheltering us and encouraging us in a time of storm.

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