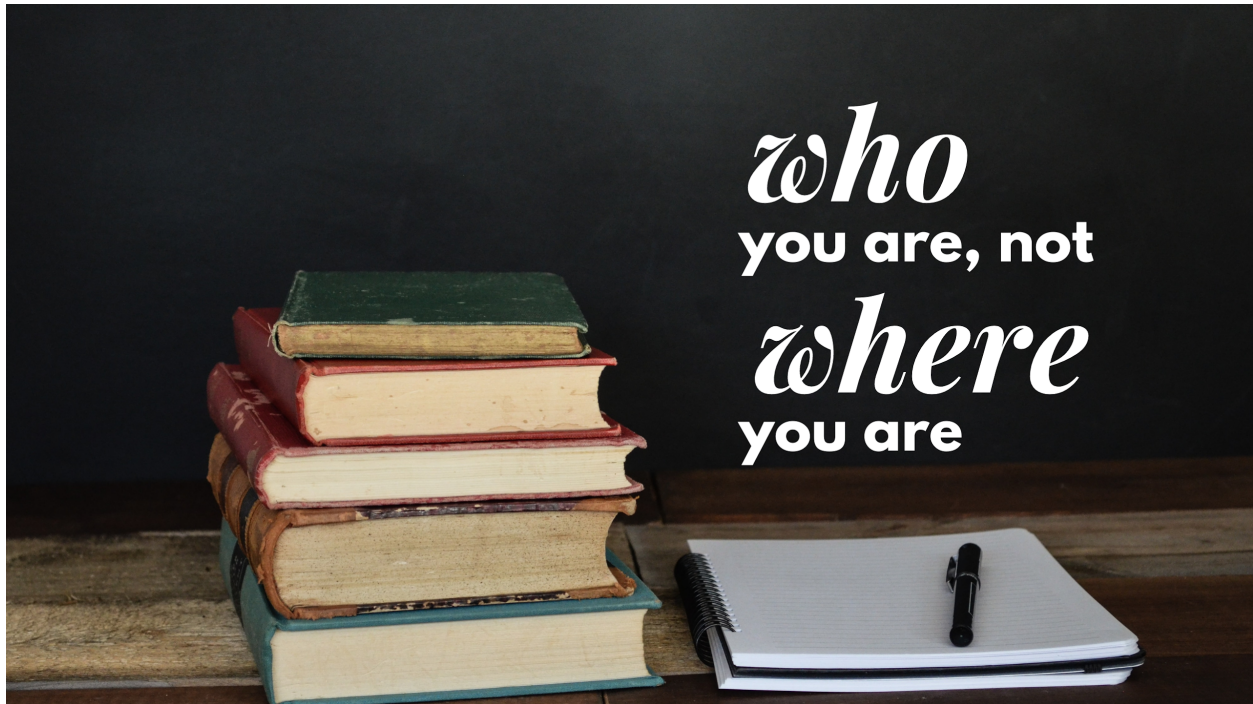




who you are, not where you are

Despite my teachers' pessimism and dire predictions, I got precisely the grades I needed to get into the university I'd set my heart on. Before heading off, I was spending a year as a High School ministry intern, and that year changed my life. God used the experience of that time to call me into a life of sharing my faith, specifically with young people... *after* I graduated.

So it was with a sense of conviction, purpose, and even a plan of starting a movement at this university that I left home and settled into university life. It was a lot of fun - the late evenings of conversation led to two of my new friends coming to faith in the first two weeks. I knew I was in the place that God had called me to, had prepared me for, and was using me in.

So it came as quite a surprise when in week three (when we got down to some real study and lectures) that through an administrative hiccup during my intern year, they had dropped my course, and I was without an undergraduate degree I could take.

What was God playing at? He'd so clearly provided the place, smoothed the pathway, and given me opportunities since I'd arrived; how could He be letting this happen? I was frustrated, angry, and without hope. My conversations with the Lord were full of resentment and accusation (from my side!). I remember sitting on the train heading back home overwhelmed with disappointment crying out, *"Lord, I'm sure this is what you said I should be doing! This is what YOU wanted."* Heaven seemed to be silent as I picked up my daily devotional and opened it to the collection of verses for the day. These were the first two lines:

"What did the Lord say to you?" - 1 Sam 3:17

"He has told you what he wants, and this is all it is: to be fair and just and merciful, and to walk humbly with your God." - Micah 6:8

It stopped my anger in its tracks. I'd never before considered that **the Lord's primary calling on my life had nothing to do with where I was and what I was doing, but it was all about who I was and who I was becoming.** Micah 6:8 became one of my guiding life-verses that day on the train.

I'd love to be able to say that I've never gotten frustrated with the Lord since that point or gotten angry when my supposed God-ordained plans just don't work out, but I'm not there yet. I have a hunch I won't get there this side of eternity, but as the Spirit works in my life, I am, falteringly, becoming more like Jesus and trusting that the rest of His plan will fall into place from there.