



REFLECTIONS

March 10, 2024 refreshed from the Archives of December 28, 2008

**"For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
neither are your ways my ways,"
declares the Lord.**

Isaiah 55:8

What Might Have Been

Philip's shoulders slumped as the bus pulled away. No room for him today, and neither did the next—nor the day after that. He had so looked forward to his annual trip to play Santa Claus for some of Mexico's needy children—especially the little boy with the sad eyes. Philip had to wait.

So while he waited, he found his familiar table at his favorite breakfast haunt, chatted with an old friend he ran into on the street, and stopped by the post office in search of a message from anyone who cared who he was. His box there offered little expectation, still he tried to dismiss any hope that a surprise might be waiting. Only this time there was.

The return address looked unfamiliar, but the name of the sender did. Philip ripped into the envelope, careful only to preserve the return address. He couldn't hold back his tears at the words from a lost love: "*Dear Philip, I hope this letter finds you, and that you are well...*"

Someone cared!

What might have been if the bus had a seat for him? But Philip had to wait; and so did the little boy with the sad eyes.

Our ways are not God's ways. A planned trip is delayed, but in its place, a taste of the familiar; a short walk down the street discovers a familiar face from years gone by; and a routine trip to the post office finds an uplifting letter there.

God's plans await with tomorrows' renewed hopes and rekindled dreams bundled with disappointments from dreams unmet and joy from outcomes unimagined—

Each in their own way a blessing from God, if we only take time to notice.

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

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