

God's Peace

"I think you're cured," he said. How assuring my doctor's words were those many years ago —the words we prayed to hear. I was cancer free. Chemotherapy ended. Memories of the good news carried my mind back to the night before my surgery.

My family gathered in my hospital room to encourage me and for prayer. But after the prayers had been said and my family's footsteps faded into the distance, quiet enveloped my darkened room. Alone, I wondered about the prognosis of my future that tomorrow's surgery and pathology tests would decide. I felt the uncertainty of life and the quality of it should I survive. My future, indeed, my life, was out of my hands.

Then, in the silence I whispered, "It's just you and me, Lord. My life is in your hands, and I know you will give me the strength to handle whatever your plans may be for me." And God answered me. I felt a resting peace come over me, peace like I've never known before—God's peace

Apostle Paul told of it:

The Lord is near. Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything, by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, present your requests to God. And the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus. (Philippians 4:5-7)

And I found it to be true.

"You are the light of the world," Richard + www.reflectingthesavior.org

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