

Preface



*M*ore than twenty years ago, when the germ of a thought to write entered my mind, I had no idea where it would take me. I assumed writing for children would be easy, so I enrolled in a home-study course. But, as with most things in life, it was harder than it looked.

While attending my first writer's conference the speaker told us to "write what you like to read." It was then that I realized I enjoyed reading short inspirational stories with God at the center. Armed with a new focus and renewed vigor, God revealed to me the gift He had placed inside me and my writing finally started getting published. The result is this book, "God's Gentle Nudges." All of the stories are true and almost all of them have been published separately.

The title of this book came to me when I was asked where I get my stories. I heard myself respond with: "I actually sense a gentle nudge from God when He brings to light something that

God's Gentle Nudges

He wants me to write down.” By sharing with one another how God has worked in our lives, we encourage, motivate and inspire others to want to turn to, and serve Him, as well.

The picture on the cover of this book also seems fitting. The smooth stones are the result of the gentle nudges of running water, over time, wearing down and removing the original rough, sharp edges on the rocks. God wants to do a similar work in our lives. Over time, He wants to smooth out our rough edges by “gently nudging” us to turn to, serve, and obey Him.

I am just an ordinary person who simply responded to the conviction of sin in my life by asking Jesus to forgive me, come into my heart, and be my Lord and Master. Daily I try to ask Him to make me aware of His presence and to open my eyes to what He wants me to do.

He wants a similar relationship with you, too. God is always with you. My prayer is that this book will help you in some small way to sense His gentle nudges in your own life.

PART ONE

Nudges Toward Truth



Guide me in your truth and teach me, for you are God my Savior, and my hope is in you all day long.

Psalm 25: 5

CHAPTER 1

Unforgotten Sparrows



“Cast all your anxiety on him because he cares for you.”

1 Peter 5:7

*I*t was my 11th birthday and it was also my first funeral. The only exposure to death I’d encountered prior to that day was of a red-breasted robin.

It was just the year before, while I had been delivering newspapers, that a robin flew over my head and straight into the path of a car. As I peered at its lifeless body sprawled out on the ground, I was suddenly overcome with a sadness I had never experienced before.

As I stared at the bronze casket containing my grandfather’s body, I reflected on that day and the finality of death. I wondered where Grandpa had gone and if I’d ever see him again.

When the service began I searched for my saintly Grandma Grimes. Assuming she’d be devastated after losing her mate of

more than 50 years, I was surprised when I saw her—she actually had a look of peace on her face.

“How can this be?” I wondered, as the preacher began his eulogy.

“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life, John 3:16,” he stated. (KJV)

Even as a child, I knew my grandma believed in God’s Son, Jesus, and loved Him with all her heart. Grandma was quietly, yet sweetly, reverent in her faith.

The minister continued, “And in chapter 12 of the book of Luke, God says, ‘Are not five sparrows sold for two pennies? Yet not one of them is forgotten by God. Indeed, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Don’t be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows.’”

Although I knew a little about the Bible, like God created everyone and everything, I never realized until that moment that God actually *cared* about His creation.

Suddenly I remembered the red-breasted robin, killed in an instant by the impact of a car. I realized God knew about that robin dying. But, more than that, He also *cared* about that robin. And He cares about me so much that He knows how many hairs are on my head!

That day a message was written in my heart: a message about the magnitude of God’s love for me, and of the peace He gives during great personal loss. Many times God has brought an image of a lowly robin, plus Grandma’s serenity to mind . . . at just my moment of need.