

May 5, 2020

Good morning, Everybody.

Did *you* wake up to the loud, crashing storm last night, like everybody in our household did? Each of us had our stories to relate this morning. My mother said rather emphatically that *she prayed that the trees out front wouldn't come down, and, that they didn't! The Lord held them up!*



I was curious about her being so concerned about the trees out front, since we weren't having another tornado, and she said, *Because that's what I used to do up north every time there was a big storm like that.*

Turns out that Mom has two tree stories that prompt her praying when thunder roars.

In Erie, she lived in the downstairs apartment of an older three-level home. There was a sliver of land between it and the sidewalk, and then a grassed median between the sidewalk and the street that was just wide enough for trees to grow. In that median were a couple of very old maples; tall and heavy.

One February, during an ice storm, one of the trees came down through the glassed-in porch that ran down one side of the living room. Mom was actually sitting in the living room when it happened; suddenly, violently and **loud!** When she recovered from the shock and opened the doorway to the porch, she found its whole space filled with tree.

So after that frightening experience, she was particularly wary of the big maple that appeared to be dead and that would come crashing down, not into the porch, but into the living room if it fell. She called the city repeatedly until Erie's arborist finally came out to access it. Sure enough; dead tree. But for months no one from the city followed up to take it down.

Storms came. Mom prayed. She related this morning that whenever it would storm, she would think of the Israelites passing through the Red Sea, and of God's

holding up the walls of water on either side of them. *Lord, she would pray, **please hold that tree up like you held up the water in the Red Sea!***

More phone calls. Repeated phone calls. At last the city sent a crew, and down came the tree. And was it ever **dead**. Right down to the roots! And Mom was filled with praise for answered prayer.

I remember now that she had told us about all of this at the time, and that she'd been overwhelmed by the mercies of God's deliverance from the tree.

So guess what she was thinking about around 3:00 a.m. last night? Israelites. Walls of water. Past and present maples, oaks, and elms, and the Lord's power to hold up seas and trees.

Mother's Day is coming this next Sunday. I'm so grateful for a mother who knows the scriptures and how to pray them in a storm.

And by the way—you are remembering that this coming Sunday is Mother's Day, right?

Praying for You Today,

Pastor Minnick