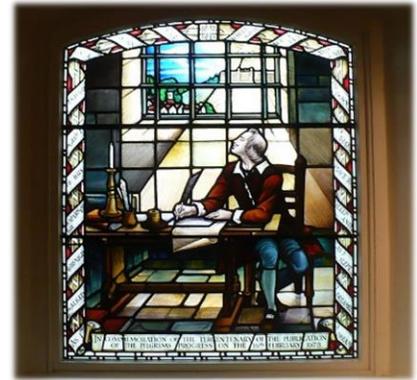


May 7, 2020

## Good morning, Everybody.

I'm very sorry not to have gotten a letter to you yesterday. We've been having some work done here at the house, and yesterday required the power being turned off for a few minutes. The daily letter was just about written when Duke Power disconnected our service. But not for just a short while.



Evidently when I had called to make the appointment with Duke, I either didn't know the right nomenclature for requesting a simple "power drop" for a few minutes, or the representative I talked to mistook what needed to be done. But whatever the cause, the Duke technician disconnected our service and left, telling me that I'd need to make a second appointment to have it reconnected *after I'd had the county inspection*. "County inspection?" What was that? The technician was in a hurry and just said that I'd need to call the service number and someone would explain.

Turns out that the service representative with whom I'd made the original appointment had entered it into the system that our meter was being changed (or something similar that required electrical work). That would mean that we wouldn't be able to reconnect the power without a county inspector approving what had been done.

Oh, oh, oh. Not good. I don't know how long it takes to arrange for and conclude an inspection, but with all the recent storm damage, I'd assume that things are pretty busy for the local inspectors. Meanwhile what about the church letter?! And the e-mail that's accumulating?! And . . . well, you know that without power, the whole household and all your business is just totally dead. You can't even repower your cell phone. And in this case, not until you have a county inspection! Ugh.

So . . . a second phone call to Duke. *Very sorry, but the system says that you'll need a county inspection before we can send someone out to reconnect.*

Hmm. Well . . . maybe another service rep would be more helpful. A third phone call; another rep. No help. *You need a county inspection.*

It's now about 2:30-3:00. The power's been off since noon. And no apparent way to get things corrected today.

Prayer. Tell it to the Lord and ask for His mercies. And make another call and hope for an understanding rep.

The fourth call connected me to a sympathetic voice; a young guy in Charleston. *Let me see if I can talk to someone in the service department who can get this straightened out for you.* Oh, yes! This sounds hopeful.

Within about fifteen minutes, the old work order (demanding the inspection) was deleted from the system, and a new work order (requesting a reconnect without an inspection) was entered. *A technician will be out today, sometime before 9 pm.*

Sure enough, just as I was preparing to leave for going down to church, the power came back on! Wonderful! So thankful. And Linda and Mom were able to watch the service.

But the letter, of course, just didn't get sent; **couldn't** be sent. So sorry.

### A "Sock" Story

Monday I shared an incident of God's providing a pair of warm socks for John Stam during his years at Moody Bible Institute. And I asked if you had any of your own "socks" that *preach a sermon on the Lord's wonderful power to provide?* Natalie Perkins sent a precious, precious story that afternoon. I just couldn't refrain from asking permission to share it, and she and Josh graciously consented, even though it wasn't her original intent for it to go any further than to me. But I think you'll all be really heartened by reading this.

I wanted to share with you how the Lord has provided socks for us in a precious way. When we came back from PNG in 2018, our funds were indeed low as Josh was returning to work, and that year back was one of adapting and trusting the Lord in finances. One day I needed to go to Aldi for milk and bread. I remember being concerned about finances and discussing this with the Lord on the way there. I only had about \$10 that I could spend. I got my milk and bread and kept seeing things that would have been nice to buy as well, but determined to get only my milk and bread. I then saw a pack of socks and thought about how they were a true

need for my daughter, and they were a good price, but I would have to use my credit card in order to pay for them. I made the decision that it was worth it and necessary to get the socks and milk and bread. I went to the counter to pay, oblivious of anything else going on around me. The lady in front of me had many groceries, and as she was finished paying she asked the register lady to go ahead and scan my items too! I was confused and wanted to know why she was doing this. She said "If I told you, you wouldn't let me." She gave me a hug and blessed me and disappeared. I have no idea who she was, but there I was with my milk, bread, and socks all paid for, and I just had to take them and go home. It seemed too amazing to be true and almost like a dream. I probably wouldn't have believed it if I had just gotten the milk and bread because they were consumable. But the socks are still in my second daughter's drawer (because my oldest has already outgrown them) 😊 What a wonderful reminder of God's provision!

Thanks soooo much, Josh and Natalie, for being willing to share this with all the rest of us. We needed it (smile).

### Finally

While the power was out yesterday afternoon I couldn't help thinking about some of our missionaries who serve in places where you can never be sure that the lights will come on tomorrow. What a comfortable culture we live in. How much we take for granted.

I trust that you'll have a really blessed day; brimming over with evidences of the Lord's care. If you doubt it, even a little bit, just get up and walk over to the light switch. Toggle it on and off a few times. If the lights turn faithfully on and off . . . on and off . . . on and off, consider yourself to be blessed (smile).

Praying for You Today,

Pastor Minnick