

Faith as a bag of Fritos?



Yes- you read that correctly *faith as a bag of Fritos...*

This past week I had a conversation with a mentor of mine. The mentor and I usually see eye to eye on most situations. In this case however I was crushed that they they were very forcefully against what I was proposing. They questioned my motives, and my thoughts. I left the conversation heart broken. I had prayed about the decision even before I spoke to my mentor about it. I felt that I was making a decision based on what the Lord was telling me. Now you can understand why I felt like I was in a pickle. Please know that is a figurative statement and not literal, although my thoughts has fled to jumping into a vlastic jar and swim with the dill sprigs.

I was upset about this all day. I had to do some shopping and went to the grocery store. While shopping I passed the Fritos. As a rule we don't buy chips. I felt the Lord (I Know this is the crazy part about this blog) tell me- you need to buy those Fritos. You will need those this weekend. I stood and stared at the Fritos. Why did I always hear this voice that led me astray. I mentally argued what would it hurt? I grabbed the bag and slammed it hastily into the frozen vegetables.

The weekend passed quickly. I had out of town guest in, drove to another city for a dinner and play, and then Sunday was the Children's Christmas program at church. My Aunt and Uncle came to the first service on Sunday. They came to see Seanna and Emma in the dowel rod presentation. My aunt said- I promised Seanna that I would bring her some taco soup- it is in the hallway. Do you have any Fritos at home to go with it?

Well as a matter of fact I did- and I do.

I ate the taco soup tonight and cried. Yes, it was delish- but even more because of the fact that they were the best Fritos I had ever eaten. They were obedience and faith filled Fritos.

So tonight the Cylinda version of Luke 17:6 says -

If you have faith as small as a bag of Fritos- you can KNOW in your heart you really did hear the

voice of God. My other decision was just as valid- *I had not* missed His voice!

Have you questioned that voice lately? Felt disconnected? Don't question- hold on. Most of the time that silence comes right before your miracle.