

WHAT I KNOW FOR SURE: My little big story about The Big Story

O Lord, You have searched me and you know me...

Not only does God work in mysterious ways, He also is very witty i.e. He also works in a funny way. At age 20 my life wasn't going according to my plan, nothing seemed to be going anywhere fast enough. All seemed pretty bleak. Having grown up in a non practicing Christian home with only sporadic church attendance when I went over to my gran over the holidays. When things went good it was usually luck and when it went not so good, God knew or had something to do with it, at least that's what I thought. But through everything I had learnt that I had to work hard and also learnt a bit of patience in the process. Throughout my confused years there was one thing that had remained constant, my passion for writing. I remember being in school, writing short stories in my spare time and poems as well. Writing was my escape from trouble at home and therapy in my bad moments.

...You hem me in, behind and before...where can I go from Your Spirit...

Through the years that passion had subsided a bit, until a friend introduced me to twitter. It was exactly what I wanted, a place where people could read the stuff I wrote, my opinions. Later on that friend who had been nagging me for a long time to go with to her church finally got me to attend. That day I could have sworn I had been set up, he preached about me, my growing up, my current situation, and even dared to tell me where I was going. I remember sitting in the congregation feeling naked, embarrassed, and angry until finally I was in awe. But how? This man I had never met in my whole life, talking about it as if he had lived it with me. After that Sunday I began attending service to hear what this man was going to say next, but week after week his passion about the word did not subside. This was exciting.

...where can I flee from Your presence...Your right hand will hold me fast...

And like a bad habit church grew on me, the Word fascinated me enough to want to know God. As I knew him, I realised that yes that very first day in church I indeed had been set up, only not by my friend but by the Lord. Wow. He had picked me. This was totally amazing. Round about this time I had gone back to my studies, and was rekindling my love for writing.

...the night will shine like the day, for darkness is as light to You...

I remember I had just pitched an idea to a magazine editor which he liked. I took time to write what would be the first article in what was going to be a long series of articles. I sent it in and that was that. Nothing. No feedback no I whatsoever. In that period I had began following and chatting to Talitha, on Twitter. We also connected on BBM and one day I happened to vent my frustration about the no feedback article. She listened, we spoke and again the Lord had set me up. From that frustrating time a great friendship emerged. She shared a bit about her mission, The Big Story SA and needed help with some of the writing.

...I praise You because I'm fearfully and wonderfully made...

What I now know for sure is that the Lord won't take you to where he isn't. Talitha and I have grown to be good friends who are sometimes freakishly in sync with our feelings. Where there is the Spirit there is a oneness.

...Your works are wonderful, I know that full well. Psalm 139

Abigail M