

# Consider The Lilies...

by: Alexis Morgan

*M*y favorite hymn is “Consider the Lilies,” and I find myself near tears every time I hear those words. It has a special meaning for me because there were times in my life when it was hard to hold on to that faith, but the lyrics of the song continued to echo in my heart, even in those darkest moments. I have learned that, while going through rough patches in our lives, it is hard to see God’s hand at times. But, when the clouds clear, when the storm is in the past, it is amazing to look back and see how obviously God was watching over us. He does not leave us alone. And, He is a constant presence in our lives.

I grew up in a home that was tumultuous to say the least. There was a great deal of anger and strife from my mother and the fact that we were poor only multiplied the problems. But, it was in little glimpses of light... breaks in the cloudy skies... that I was able to find God through those years. My childhood was filled with hurtful memories. But, there are those moments that I will treasure in my heart forever, for they were the moments when God let me know He was there.

When I was around six years old, an event happened that is so strong in my mind, I can remember it though I was only a small child at the time. We did not have much money. It was a fact of life that even I, as small as I was, understood. Often, there was just barely enough to pay the bills, and sometimes, there wasn’t even that much. My father worked hard though. He worked six days a week at an auto parts store. He worked many of the holidays that most dads spend at home with their family simply because every day off was a day he was not paid. So, he worked.

One day, my dad was tending the store, and the ever-present issue of money was on his mind. There was not enough in the checking account to cover the bills. The money was just not there. And, at home, he had a wife and two children depending on him. Though he went over the figures again and again, he continued to come up \$27.17 short. He reached out to God in prayer.

Around that time, a customer walked into the auto parts

store. As my dad waited on him, the customer asked him various questions about which part to buy, what brand was best, etc. My father even suggested other parts that might be needed to complete the job. Soon, the customer made his purchase. But, when my father handed the stranger the parts, he shook his head and said, “No, I am not going to buy them.”

As it turns out, the stranger was a secret shopper, sent by the chain company to test the employees. My dad had answered the right questions, offered the right advice, and unknowingly, passed the test. The parts were returned to their shelves,

and the customer told my father that his reward was to keep the money he had just been handed. My father looked down in his hand at \$28.00.

Though it has been around twenty-three years since that day, I have not forgotten. Some of the details may be off, for I was only a little girl, but I remember the event like it was yesterday. And, that memory solidifies the words of the song. “We have a heavenly Father above, with eyes full of mercy and a heart full of love. He really cares when our head is bowed low. Consider the lilies and then you will know.” ✠ MLM

