



"When you pass through the waters,
I will be with you;
and when you pass through the rivers,
they will not sweep over you.
When you walk through the fire,
you will not be burned;
the flames will not set you ablaze."

Isaiah 43:2 (NIV)

When overwhelmed by a crisis, I tend to dream about water. Often, in my dream, I'm looking out over a big body of water with no way around it. Occasionally, I'm on an island in the middle of the water. Either way, the water represents whatever insurmountable crisis I'm in the middle of. And in that overwhelming crisis, the enemy whispers "there's no way out or around". I can imagine how the Israelites felt when they faced the sea in front of them and the Egyptian army behind them. Whichever way they turned, the enemy, was there.

While my health was restored after delivery and complications resulting from it, the death of our dream of more children was overwhelming. It was the bad dream that would not end when my eyes opened at daybreak. The joy of loving our sweet baby was the ray of sunshine that kept me going each day. The dream had died but the baby girl I held in my arms, sang to each night and smother with kisses, gave me hope. I remember my father telling me "if you can't have more, just remember you can't do any better than the one you have!" And I know he was right. I remember my mother praying for me. And even though at the time, I had no prayer life so to speak, I now know her prayers sustained me. The prayers of others are *whispers of grace* from God.

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