

A Chicken Can Make a Difference

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I had taken my daughter to the doctor again. Her infection had subsided and the fever was gone, however she was extremely lethargic. He advised me to make sure she had protein with every meal and lots of vegetables. It was several days before pay day and I only had enough money for milk and bread. The cupboard had a few tins, some vegetables and a couple of eggs. It wasn't going to cover our needs.

My family was away and I had just begun attending a new church. I didn't feel confident asking the church or neighbours for help. In truth I was embarrassed. I decided all I could do was pray.

Late that afternoon there was a knock at the door. On opening it I was surprised by the sight of a lady from my new church holding a roast chicken in a bag. I hardly knew this woman although her children and ours went to the same school.

She pressed the bag towards me saying, 'God told me to bring this to you.'

In shock I reluctantly took the chicken, asking her, 'Are you sure?' She repeated the same words, reassuring me it was true. The debate in my mind spilled out verbally as I suggested that these things only happened to missionaries and committed Christians like pastors. These things don't happen to ordinary people like me.

Once more she repeated her words, adding, 'God loves you and wants you to have this.' By then the reality had hit me. As tears streamed down my eyes I told her of my daughter's illness and my prayer. She smiled and said, 'See, God heard you and used me to bring you this chicken.'

The revelation of God's loving provision hit me with great force. I finally understood what I had heard but not really understood during all the years of Sunday school and church. That chicken became tangible evidence of God's amazing love for me.

God cared for me and my family so much that he sent someone I barely knew to deliver exactly what I needed. That chicken, remarkably, saw us through several meals over the following days. God is incredible.

That day was the beginning of a new faith journey for me. I have learnt to stand on God's Word and look for his simple miracles as well as the larger ones. A smile when you need it, a kind word or a random act of kindness, are all God-inspired.