February 23, 2021

One of the greatest faith-building experiences of my life happened on a February day in 2012. My family had moved to our home in Madison the previous November without selling our house on the other side of the Monte Sano. The plan had been to rent it, and a seasoned property management company had taken on the task of finding renters. December and January had come and gone, however, without a renter in sight and months of paying two mortgages loomed in the fearful way of financial burdens.

It was a Sunday morning and I was reading the book of Matthew. In chapter 20, verses 29-34 the story is told of Jesus leaving Jericho. Two blind men, sitting by the side of the road, hear that Jesus is going by and begin to cry out: *Lord, Son of David, Have mercy on us! Jesus stopped and called them. “What do you want me to do for you?” he asked. “Lord,” they answered, “we want our sight.”* ***Jesus had compassion on them*** *and touched their eyes. Immediately they received their sight and followed him.*

As I read this beautiful story of Jesus’ compassion, I looked up and cried out for that same compassion. I begged the Lord to send us renters, I asked Him for any faith I might lack, and as I prayed, the burden lifted away. At breakfast, I boldly informed my family that we would have renters by the end of the day. This was met with some amusement and not a small amount of skepticism – but also with hope. Hope that I was right. Later that evening, as the sun made its descent into the West, one of my children stated the obvious: Jesus had not sent us renters, and what did that mean?

I had been so convicted, and from an unknown, mysterious place, I felt faith billow up and cement that conviction. “He has sent the renters,” I replied. “We just don’t know about it yet.” My husband simply looked at me, a thoughtful expression on his face. My children pondered those words, trying to decide if an answer was an answer if we didn’t know.

The next day I received the call from the property management office. A family had walked through our home late Sunday evening, and had just filled out the paperwork for the lease! I should not have been stunned – but I was. I was stunned.

The Lord had heard my cry, and had compassion on me. On me! I wasn’t blind, I wasn’t dying, I merely had an unpleasant financial burden, and He showed His compassion to me! “He has sent the renters,” I had said. He had given me the faith with which to make that statement, and then showed up for it in a way I will never forget.

This is my testimony. This is what the Lord has done for me.

*I love the Lord, for he heard my voice;
    he heard my cry for mercy.*

*Because he turned his ear to me,
    I will call on him as long as I live. Psalm 116:1-2*