

## The Call; Healing with a Difference

Written by admin

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*by Jennifer Molloy*



I have been living on a small 10 acre hobby farm for the last seven years. Our farm consists of a 160 year old farm house, a battle weary barn and a mishmash of rescued animals the Lord uses to reach out to lost people in need of support and a safe place. Now upon first glance most people would screw up their noses at our less than manicured lawn, hidden by lilac bushes that have grown into wild and weird looking tree's. If that was not enough to put them off the huge pile of logs , old fence post and scrub waiting to be cut up for next year's fire wood does nothing to enhance the old world charm one would come to expect from so old a property. As people pull into the round dirt track that is our driveway they might be tempted to think " You've got to be kidding me is this it!" And I would have to pull my best sheepish grin and nod, understanding where such a remark could come from. You see they don't have the eyes to see what the Lord has shown me, in fact most of the people that grace my life can't see it.

Most of my family, friends and church family have spent quite a great deal of time trying to talk some sense into James and I but to no avail. Why? Because the outside world judges what is seen, not what is unseen and that is what faith is all about. What the casual observer would

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miss is despite the outward appearance of this farm there are everyday miracles that abound on this property. Nothing could prepare me for the joy I had encountered when the Lord let me witness the look on the face of a young boy who had truly encountered God for the first time, I have seen the Lord work and restore a young girl's self esteem and free her from the grips of a very abusive relationship that had kept her held in bondage for years, I have seen the Lord use this farm as a safe haven for a young girl who didn't fit in with her family and despite huge learning disabilities go on to obtain full time employment in the field of her choice. And still the Lord continues to bless us. Just recently I've seen the Lord use the unconditional love of a dog to help a young girl overcome crippling anxiety and take the first few steps in controlling her own life. This my friends is priceless. This is why we work so hard to continue despite financial hardships, poor health and at times personal persecution.

A person very close to me after surveying the contents of our property and home let out an exasperated breath and said to me " why don't you get rid of the animals? Don't you want nice things?" And my reply is still the same as it was back then. " Absolutely not!"

### I Heard The Call

I remember it all like it was yesterday when we came to stay

All revved up to serve the Lord we jumped right into the fray

I had it all mapped out you see, the next five years were mine

But my Lord, he had another plan if I would only give him time

The first four years I'm sad to say, seemed like such a waste

Pain, disappointment and shattered dreams was all he made me face

I didn't understand the path I took was an uphill climb

But the lessons learned along the way would serve me throughout time

You chipped away what was dead in me you opened my eyes to see

The opportunities to serve you Lord, you always believed in me

Not once did you ask me about my skills or for my resume'

All you said was you believed in me and your word it showed the way

You draw me close and whisper do you hear me call

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Be my voice, be my hands and catch others before they fall

Don't worry if they laugh at you or if folks don't understand at all

Just keep the faith, obey my word, and you'll never miss my call

He said don't worry if the road ahead seems tougher than you thought

Praise me for the provisions I'll make and for the wars I fought

For while you were weak I was strong, my hand it still rules the day

For my love will always carry you and my light will lead the way.

*I am a freelance writer and poet that writes commentary on my christian life. I live in northern on a small hobby farm with my husband and an assortment of dogs, cats, horses, donkey and goats. I write to glorify my savior and heal my soul from the trials of life. blog: godspoetbychoice*

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