



Great Inspiration

You always hear usual stories of pennies on the sidewalk being good luck gifts from the angels. Here is a twist to the story that gives you something to think about.

Several years ago, my husband and I were invited to spend the weekend at his employer's home. I was nervous about the weekend as Don's boss, Michael, was very wealthy, with a fine home on the waterway, and cars costing more than my house.

The first day and evening went well, and I was delighted to have this rare glimpse into how the very wealthy live. Michael was quite a generous host and took us to the finest restaurants. I knew I would never have the opportunity to indulge in this kind of extravagance again, so I was enjoying myself immensely.

The three of us were about to enter an exclusive restaurant one evening, Michael walking slightly ahead of my husband and I. He stopped suddenly, looking down on the pavement for a long, silent moment.

I wondered if I was supposed to pass him. There was nothing on the ground except a single darkened penny someone had dropped and a few cigarette butts. Still silent, Michael reached down and picked up the penny.

He held it up and smiled, then put it in his pocket as if he had found a great treasure. How absurd! What need did this man have for a single penny? Why would he even take the time to stop and pick it up?

Throughout dinner, the entire scene nagged at me. Finally, I could stand it no longer. I casually mentioned my daughter once had a coin collection, and asked if the penny he had found had been of some value.

A smile crept across Michael's face as he reached into his pocket for the penny and held it out for me to see. I had seen many pennies before! What was the point of this?

"Look at it." He said. "Read what it says."

I read the words "United States of America."

"No, not that; read further."

"One cent?"

"No, keep reading."

"In God we Trust?"

"Yes!"

"And this means what?" I asked.

Michael answered, "The name of God is holy even on a coin. Whenever I find a coin I see that inscription. It is written on every single United States coin, but we never seem to notice it! God drops a message right in front of me telling me to trust Him? Who am I to pass it by? When I see a coin, I pray, I stop to see if my trust IS in God at that moment. I pick the coin up as a response to God; that I do trust in Him. For a short time, at least, I cherish it as if it were gold. I think it is God's way of starting a conversation with me. Lucky for me, God is patient and pennies are plentiful! "

When I was out shopping today, I found a penny on the sidewalk. I stopped and picked it up, and realized I had been worrying and fretting in my mind about things I cannot change. I read the words, "*In God We Trust*," and had to laugh. Yes, God, I get the message.

It seems that I have been finding an inordinate number of pennies in the last few months, but then, pennies are plentiful!

And, God is patient.