

Marc Crabtree

September 26, 2020

ENG101: College Writing I

Dr. Elaine Lux

Journal Entry 3

Start: 10:21

Stop: 10:37

During the first year of my walk with Christ I was working to get myself out of the financial hole I had put myself in. Each and every paycheck was vital and at the time, there was no “extra”. This was compounded by the new conviction to give back to the Lord and put my trust in Him to provide for what I needed. One particular week the Lord showed me that trusting in Him and putting my faith in His provisions would never fail. I received my paycheck that week and quickly realized that in order to cover my weekly expenses I wouldn’t be able to tithe. I will never forget the upheaval this caused within me, I spent so much time squandering my resources and blowing money on things of this world that I took my tithing very seriously, and the idea of not giving back to the Lord was extremely troubling. As I drove to my last call that day, I felt like I was in the cartoon where a small angel and a small devil sit on each shoulder squabbling and trying to influence one’s decisions. On one hand I knew that having faith in the Lord was the lesson here, and that I needed to trust in Him, not in me or in the money my check represented and on the other hand I was trying to justify not tithing with the thought that God would understand.

As I pulled up to the house my last call was at, I made the decision that I would tithe what I should and have faith in the Lord to provide whatever I was short for expenses that week. In that one moment it was like a weight and worry was lifted and I felt affirmed in my decision. I had no idea how the funds would come but I was certain the Lord would be the one to worry about and remedy it. As I filled out and gave the invoice to the customer, I was given the opportunity to share some of my story about addiction and how Christ saved me, which became an encouragement to the customer in some of the things she was going through. As I was walking out the door the customer handed me a tip and said to have a good weekend. It is not unusual for a customer to tip me, as a service technician it isn’t an everyday occurrence but not uncommon either. When I climbed in my truck and pulled the tip out of my pocket I counted and instantly began to cry. It was exactly, to the dollar, what I was going to be short that week. The Lord, heard my anguish, felt my longing to be obedient to his calling in and on my life, and he proved, as always, that he is forever faithful to his promises to be our provider. This event became what I would look to, even now, whenever I became worried about finances or resources.