



*A Girlfriends*  
IN GOD  
FAITH ADVENTURE

# TRUSTING GOD



Sharon Jaynes  
Gwen Smith  
Mary Southerland

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*Thank God for girlfriends!*

*This book is dedicated to our many Girlfriends in God all around the world. We look forward to the day we see your faces and hear your voices as we sing praises to our God and King for all eternity. Until then, we're so thankful that God has allowed us to do life together.*

*1 Thessalonians 2:8*

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## Introduction



# Girlfriends Talk About Trusting God

**T***rust.* Now that's a tough word to wrap your heart around. On the one hand, you celebrate and cherish those people with whom you can safely share anything and everything—your hopes and dreams, your faults and failures, the good times and the bad. No doubt about it—a friend you can fully trust is a priceless treasure.

On the other hand, how many times have you heard the phrase, “Just trust me,” only to be disappointed or disillusioned? How many times have you put your faith in and counted on a person to do the right thing only to be deflated and discouraged? How many times have those words “Just trust me” turned out to be nothing more than an empty promise or a primer for disaster? Is anyone trustworthy these days?

What is trust? Webster's dictionary defines it this way: “To have faith or trust in, to rely on (someone) to do something or permit someone to use something in the proper way, to believe, to confide (someone or something) to a person's responsible care, to commit someone or something to the responsible care of (a person), to have faith in God.”

Your life may be blessed with people you can trust—friends who really do have your best interests at heart and are there when you need them. Your life may also be littered with people you’ve trusted who have let you down. Perhaps you’ve got scars to remind you of people who’ve held your heart carelessly, walked away flippantly, or broken their word unapologetically. It has happened to all of us. And the hurt from a broken trust can make it difficult to count on people again.

But here’s some good news: God is not human. God never changes. He is the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow. He will never leave us or forsake us. He says what He means and means what He says. God cares for you unceasingly, provides for you immeasurably, and loves you unconditionally. And you really can trust Him.

As *Girlfriends in God* (GiG), we are learning to trust God as we walk through good times and as we celebrate life-wins. We are also learning to trust God through trials and struggles like the ones you may be facing. The storms may be a bit different in nature, but they are storms nonetheless. We want to share our lives with you, and we hope the truths we’ve learned will help you deepen your trust in God.

Our *Girlfriends in God* theme verse is found in 1 Thessalonians 2:8: “We loved you so much, we were delighted to share with you not only the gospel of God but *our lives* as well.” So in these pages we have opened our hearts and homes and invited you to take a peek inside. But that invitation comes with a warning—our lives are sometimes quite messy.

The apostle Paul instructed all Christians to “put on the full armor of God.” It’s a pretty snazzy outfit: the helmet of salvation, the breastplate of righteousness, the belt of truth, the sword of the Spirit, the sandals of the gospel of peace, and the shield of faith (Ephesians 6:13–17). A woman dressed in that power suit is armed and danger-



ous when the Enemy comes snooping around. While these verses tell of a figurative or spiritual armor, the actual armor soldiers wore during the time of Paul was fascinating—especially the shield. Shields were often made of heavy leather, which soldiers soaked in water to help extinguish the fiery darts the enemy shot at them. And the shields—oh, we’re so excited to tell you this—the shields had hooks on the sides. Why? We thought you’d never ask. The shields had hooks on the sides so that, in difficult situations, the soldiers could link their shields together and march into battle as one.

Girlfriend, that is exactly what we want to do with you in the pages of this book. We want to hook shields with you and march as one. We want to lock arms with you, connect our hearts with yours, and learn how to seek and trust God together.

No matter how you choose to work through this book—on your own, with a prayer partner, with a group of friends, or with a GiG group—we are with you. At the end of each week, you’ll find questions to ponder. We’ve called it “Now It’s Your Turn,” and that’s exactly what it is—your turn. We’ve taken you on our holy field trips, and then it’s your turn to tell about yours. We’d love to hear from you. We’ve set up a special page on our website so you can share what you’ve learned about trusting God. Just log onto [www.GirlfriendsInGod.com](http://www.GirlfriendsInGod.com) and click on the “Trusting God” page to tell us your story.

Now, let’s get started on our journey to trusting God!

*Girlfriends*  
IN GOD

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# Bailing on God

*Mary Southerland*

## *Today's Truth*

Trust God from the bottom of your heart. (Proverbs 3:5, MSG)

## *Friend to Friend*

I absolutely love being a grandmother and wholeheartedly agree with the familiar adage, “If I had known grandchildren were so wonderful, I would have had them first!” Our fifteen-month-old granddaughter, Lelia Kay, sparkles with joy and has an infectious laugh that instantly captures your heart and compels you to laugh along with her. Consequently, our son, Jered, is always looking for ways to make her laugh. On a recent visit, he proudly demonstrated one of the new “tricks” he had taught Lelia. I was horrified!

Jered came home from work, scooped up his squealing daughter in his arms and grabbed her in a big hug. Lelia wrapped her little arms around her daddy’s neck and then firmly planted a noisy kiss on his cheek. Tears filled my eyes when I heard Jered whisper, “I love you, Lelia.” It was definitely a Kodak moment that left me totally unprepared for the moment that followed.

Lelia giggled, grabbed her daddy’s shirt with both hands and

looked up at Jered, a mischievous sparkle in her eyes. I instantly recognized that sparkle and mentally added it to the list of things she had inherited from her daddy. Jered looked over at me and said, “Watch, Mom!” He tightened his hold on his daughter’s chubby little legs and said, “Bail, Lelia!”

Surely, I had heard him wrong. Nope! My precious grandbaby immediately fell backward through the air, arms and hands dangling loosely over her head, swinging her little body through her daddy’s firmly planted legs, laughing hysterically. My stomach fell and my mouth flew open as I watched her repeat this terrifying toddler version of bungee jumping. Not once did Lelia seem to be afraid. As far as I could tell, there was not the slightest hesitation on her part. I did not see an ounce of caution as she totally abandoned herself to the security of her father’s arms—creating a beautiful and profound illustration of childlike faith.

That picture of faith took on a whole new meaning as we replayed it over dinner. “I have to be careful,” Jered said. “Lelia will sometimes bail on me when I’m not expecting it.” (Yes, that statement did increase my prayer life.) I looked at my son and, as I had so many times over the years, marveled at his strength, thinking of the countless hours he has spent lifting weights, playing football, and now building and remodeling homes. Jered’s massive arms and shoulders are a testimony to his discipline and power. No wonder Lelia feels safe and secure in those arms.

I decided then and there that I want to be like Lelia. I want my faith in God to grow to the place where I can bail on God and totally abandon myself to my Father’s safe, strong arms, secure in the knowledge that He will catch me when I fall. I want to obey God without fear, trusting Him to be all I need. I want to depend on and experience God’s power and strength as I plunge into His plan for my life,

knowing that He is aware of every step I take, that He monitors every breath I breathe and sees every tear I cry.

It can be scary to trust God if we insist on fully understanding the step of faith He is asking us to take. Proverbs 3:5 assures us that we really can trust God from the bottom of our hearts—with every part of our lives. We tend to focus on what we can see and explain instead of choosing to focus on God and His promises. We need to grow and mature in Christ, but we also need to remain childlike in our faith.

Jered has never dropped Lelia. It probably has not even occurred to her that her father could or would drop her. Lelia's trust in her daddy is complete and whole. And I can assure you that Jered delights in that trust and will do everything he can to protect it. God is like that too. He celebrates even our tiniest step of faith and rejoices when we abandon ourselves to Him. How about you? Are you ready to bail into the arms of God?

### *Let's Pray*

*Father, I thank You for the strength and power of Your love. I praise You for Your faithfulness in my life. I long to believe You wholly, and I want to walk in a radical obedience to Your truth. Help me to choose faith over fear and trust over doubt. Teach me to rest in Your arms and trust Your heart, even when I don't understand Your process. I choose to place my faith in You. In Jesus's name, amen.*



# He's Got the Whole World in His Hands

*Sharon Jaynes*

## *Today's Truth*

For he will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways. (Psalm 91:11)

## *Friend to Friend*

It was a beautiful crisp February morning when Steve and I traveled from our college town of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, to Charlotte to announce our engagement to Steve's family. The night before, God had decorated His creation with a dusting of snow and tipped the trees with shimmering icicles. All of nature looked as if it were dressed for a wedding ceremony. I was sure God had done this especially for me. Ice-laden trees bowed their branches all along the highway as if to sing, "Here comes the bride."

It was one of those Southern days that couldn't decide if it was the end of winter or the beginning of spring. As the day wore on, the bright sun warmed the earth to melt the snow and de-ice the trees. However, by nightfall, the temperature began to drop.

Steve and I headed back to school about seven o'clock that night. Just fifteen miles from the university, we approached a steep incline. We didn't realize that the downhill side of the road was covered with a sheet of ice.

As we began our descent, our car hit the thin veneer and began to spin out of control.

"Steve! We're going straight for that car," I cried as we headed directly into a set of oncoming headlights.

Seeing there was nothing he could do, Steve took his hands off the steering wheel and cried out, "Oh, God! Help us!"

One second we were headed directly toward an oncoming car. The next we were sitting off the side of the road in a ditch, facing in the opposite direction. Our bodies were pinned safely back into our seats. We did not have on seat belts.

"How did we miss that car?" I asked. "Where did it go? How did we get in this ditch?"

Shaken, Steve simply replied, "There's only one answer to those questions: God."

My mind immediately thought of Elisha and God's heavenly army of protecting angels. Elisha was an Old Testament prophet who warned Israel every time their nemesis, the king of Aram, was about to attack. The king was enraged and demanded to know the informant's identity. How did Israel always know what he was about to do before he did it?

"Elisha, the prophet who is in Israel, tells the king of Israel the very words you speak in your bedroom," the king's officers told him (2 Kings 6:12). So the king sent out an army of men to capture him. Listen to what happened when Elisha's servant woke up the next morning and saw the king's vast army surrounding them.

When the servant of the man of God got up and went out early the next morning, an army with horses and chariots had surrounded the city. “Oh no, my lord! What shall we do?” the servant asked.

“Don’t be afraid,” the prophet answered. “Those who are with us are more than those who are with them.”

And Elisha prayed, “Open his eyes, LORD, so that he may see.” Then the LORD opened the servant’s eyes, and he looked and saw the hills full of horses and chariots of fire all around Elisha. (verses 15–17)

When God lifted the veil that separates the visible from the invisible, Elisha’s servant caught a glimpse of the heavenly host that stood armed and ready to protect them. And those same angels are protecting God’s children today.

In the natural scheme of things, there is no way Steve and I could have avoided a head-on collision with the other car that night. But I believe there was nothing “natural” about the incident. It was the *supernatural* protection of God that reached down from heaven, picked up our spinning car, and gently set us off the side of the road facing backward. If we had landed in the ditch facing forward, the sheer impact of the sudden stop would have ricocheted our bodies through the windshield. No, there was nothing natural about any of this.

When I was a little girl, I used to sing the endless verses of “He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands.” Lines like, “He’s got the itty-bitty babies in His hands, He’s got my momma and my papa in His hands, He’s got my brothers and my sisters in His hands,” and on it goes. On that frigid February night, over thirty years ago, I added a new verse for that song: “He’s got me and Steve in His hands.”

And here's a verse I'm singing today: "He's got you and me, sister, in His hands." I don't know of any other place I'd rather be. And in that you can place your trust.

*Let's Pray*

*Dear Father, thank You for protecting me. Thank You for the angels that You assign to watch over me. I can be at peace today knowing that my very life is in Your hands. In Jesus's name, amen.*





# The Trust Fall

*Jwen Smith*

## *Today's Truth*

When I am afraid, I will put my trust in you. (Psalm 56:3, NLT)

## *Friend to Friend*

Our arms were braided across each other's, and our hands were locked tightly. As the young girl stood on the tall tree stump above us, she looked over her shoulder and saw with her own eyes that our formation was tight, that we were ready for her. She heard with her ears that we would catch her, that we would not let her get hurt. Yet the fear that screamed in her head told her not to do it. Not to fall backward.

Her legs shook and her lips quivered. Other campers had gone before her, and her cabinmates had successfully caught each one. But this camper hesitated—allowing the looming possibilities of failure and pain to paralyze her from action. The risks just seemed too great.

She trembled.

We encouraged.

She cried.

We encouraged.

Then, finally, with determination in her heart, she took the plunge. She fell straight backward onto the safety net of our arms. We bent low to the ground, giving way to her fall, and caught her with cheers of excitement. She did it! As her trembling legs regained their confidence, she stood tall and beamed from ear to ear—realizing that she had faced her fear. Joy was felt from heart to heart as each of us rejoiced with her.

Mission accomplished!

Early in the day, we had trekked across the campgrounds to the trust-fall station as a group of counselors and campers who didn't have a shared experience among us; we were an unconnected strand of strangers. Now our wooded team-building time had come to an end, and we left the trust-fall station having bonded deeply as a group of new girlfriends prepared for a fresh journey of fun and adventure.

Each of us took turns at the trust fall that day. We all faced that same set of scary circumstances and were forced to work through our doubts, tremblings, and fears. As a result, we learned valuable lessons and strengthened our relationships with one another.

Since my days of being a camp counselor, I've faced many scary trust falls in life: financial trials, relationship strains, relocations, sick loved ones, and difficult family matters. I've trembled and I've cried. I've been paralyzed by what-ifs and whys. We all go through difficult seasons and trials, times when we want to *see* the invisible arms of the One who says He will catch us, times when we are afraid to fall into them.

Wherever we go and whatever we face, God is with us—yesterday, today, and forever. He bids us to “live by faith, not by sight” (2 Corinthians 5:7). He wants us to trust Him. He catches us when we trust fall, when we live by faith. And to encourage us along the way, He spurs us on by sending a cloud of witnesses who testify of His

faithfulness. “Therefore, since we are surrounded by such a great cloud of witnesses, let us throw off everything that hinders and the sin that so easily entangles. And let us run with perseverance the race marked out for us” (Hebrews 12:1).

Today, whether you identify with the shaky young camper on the trust-fall stump or with the cabinmates who were filled with encouragement for her, God wants you to trust Him...right where you are. It might be scary. Tears might be shed. But God is faithful and can be trusted.

Like the psalmist, let’s choose to say, “When I am afraid, I will put my trust in you. I praise God for what he has promised. I trust in God, so why should I be afraid?” (Psalm 56:3–4, NLT).

When we trust fall from our struggles into the faithful arms of God, we are freed from the fears that paralyze us. Trust Him today, friend. A great cloud of Girlfriends in God witnesses is cheering for you!

### *Let’s Pray*

*Dear Lord, You are good, loving, and faithful—and You know exactly what I’m facing. Please take the burdens of my heart from me. Help me today to fall into a deeper place of trusting You. In Jesus’s name I pray, amen.*



# A Father's Strong Arm

*Sharon Jaynes*

## *Today's Truth*

Surely the arm of the LORD is not too short to save, nor his ear too dull to hear. (Isaiah 59:1)

## *Friend to Friend*

The current was swift and fierce. I could feel my body being swept away like a hollow reed.

I was just a wisp of a girl—a six-year-old, forty-pound monkey with gangly arms and legs who vowed she could do anything her eleven-year-old mischievous brother, Stewart, could do. Standing on the glistening sand of Bogue Inlet, North Carolina, I hungrily watched as Stewart and his friend Jeffery plunged into the briny waters at the end of the island where the Atlantic Ocean merged with the Intracoastal Waterway. Stewart and Jeffery had one goal: to swim across the treacherous waters to a beckoning sandbar some one hundred feet away.

This was the spot at the end of the island where waves gave way to calm, salt water gave way to fresh, and sand gave way to soil. What looked like tranquil water on the surface was in reality a strong

undercurrent that sucked the ocean away from its home and toward the fresh water. Like a lovesick puppy mourning its master's departure down the driveway, I watched as the boys dived into the water and swam away from shore.

"I want to go too!" I called out after them.

"You're just a kid!" Stewart yelled back. "You stay there! You can't come!"

"It's not fair," I stormed. "He gets to do everything!"

"You stay here with us," my dad instructed. "You're too little. It's not safe."

My dad's remarks only made me even more determined to prove them all wrong. "If he can do it, I can do it," I mumbled. "I always get left behind."

When my dad turned his back to talk to a friend, I saw my chance and jumped into the water. My thin limbs were no match for the sucking force of the undertow and the pull of the swift current. Very quickly, my lithe body was swept away along with the ocean's salt, sand, and silt toward the fresh water. My salty tears mixed with the briny water, and my small cries for help went unheard. The strong ropes of current continued to pull me away from my family as they grew smaller on the shore.

Dad turned from his conversation to see that the boys had almost hit their mark. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed small splashes to his far right. "Oh no!" he cried. "That's Sharon out there!"

My father dived into the water and cut through the menacing current. Propelled by panic, he reached me in a matter of moments. Like a fisherman's hook, Dad reached out his strong arm, grabbed my flailing body, and reeled me to his side. With one arm, he fought the current and pulled us safely to shore. My dad had rescued me. We both cried.

Have you ever been in a similar situation? Perhaps you've jumped into deep waters or strong currents that appeared benignly calm on the surface but turned malignantly deadly below. Perhaps you envied others who were headed in a certain direction and felt you were missing all the fun.

"Don't go there," your heavenly Father warned. "It's not safe."

"But why do they get to have all the fun?" you whined. "I always get left behind."

Then, when you thought God wasn't looking, in you jumped! Before you knew it, you were being swept away in the current of poor choices, sucked down by the undertow of self-centeredness, and pulled away as your family grew strangely small.

Oh, friend, my earthly father pulled me safely to shore that day when I was six years old, but my heavenly Father has pulled me safely to shore more times than I can count. When we ignore our Father's warnings, we forfeit the safety of His shore and plunge into the ocean of harm's way: the undertow of over-commitment, the current of wrong choices, and the rising tide of moral danger. Perhaps that's where you are right now. If so, there is hope. You only have to call out to God for help and He will pull you safely to shore. David cried out, "Turn your ear to me, come quickly to my rescue; be my rock of refuge, a strong fortress to save me" (Psalm 31:2) and "Reach down your hand from on high; deliver me and rescue me from the mighty waters" (Psalm 144:7).

"But, Sharon," you might say, "you don't know how far I've fallen. You don't know what a mess I've made of my life."

You are right. I don't know. But God does—and there is no place that you can go where His arm is too short to reach down and save you. That's a promise.

Call out to Him today. He's waiting.

*Let's Pray*

*Dear heavenly Father, I am so glad that Your arm is never too short to save me, to pull me out of the difficult places of life. Forgive me for ignoring the Holy Spirit's warnings and jumping into treacherous waters that I should have avoided. Give me the strength to walk away when I feel that check in my spirit that says, "Don't go there." I love You, Lord, and I thank You for being my Rescuer, my Rock, and my Redeemer. In Jesus's name, amen.*



# The Perfect Storm

*Mary Southerland*

## *Today's Truth*

LORD, you are my strength and my protection, my safe place in times of trouble. (Jeremiah 16:19, NCV)

## *Friend to Friend*

I enjoy movies that have a happy ending. My family constantly teases me about my surreal perspective of movie entertainment, but honestly, life holds enough reality. Why would I want to pay good money to see even more reality made bigger and more frightening on a gigantic movie screen?

When the movie *The Perfect Storm* was first released, the previews suggested it had a happy ending. I should have known better, but we love the water and, really, how bad could it be?

We bought tickets, popcorn, and drinks, found the best seats in the theater, and prepared to be entertained. Wrong! Every scene showed tiny boats caught in the grip of frightening waves and fierce winds. I kept waiting for the storm to die down so everyone could go home with a boat full of fish to their anxious families who were confidently waiting for them on dry land.



Crash!

Another monstrous wave belted the boat and crew. By the end of the movie, I never wanted to set foot on a boat again, and I was worn out from trying to get everyone home where they would live happily ever after. I was tempted to demand a refund because of false advertising. Believe me, there was definitely no happy ending, but I did come away with a new fascination and deep respect for the sea.

I have a friend who loves to sail. When I asked him if he had ever been caught in a bad storm, he responded, “Many times!” I shook my head in disbelief, concluding that my friend was obviously a glutton for punishment. Of course I had to ask, “Then why on earth do you keep sailing?”

His answer was profound. “Mary, every sailor knows that there will be storms. You just learn what to do when the storm hits. In a severe storm, there is only one thing to do and only one way to survive. You have to put the ship in a certain position and keep her there.”

The same is true in our lives. When the fierce storms of life overwhelm us, there is only one thing to do if we want to survive. We must position ourselves in the right place—in the hands of God—and He will keep us there until the storm has passed.

The words of the psalmist are filled with confidence and hope when he writes, “He stilled the storm to a whisper; the waves of the sea were hushed” (Psalm 107:29). We really can trust God to bring peace and to reduce the fiercest storm to a mere whisper. The faithful provision and sustaining comfort of God at work in our lives depends on the character and heart of God and our willingness to trust Him.

I love my children with all of my heart. Naturally, there are times when they make me very angry. They make wrong choices and sometimes even disappoint me, but if they are hurt, sick, or in trou-

ble, the anger, disappointment, and even disobedience are overruled by my love for them and a driving need to comfort them. If my imperfect heart responds to my imperfect children that way, think about how the perfect heart of our heavenly Father responds to us.

Richard Fuller, a nineteenth-century preacher, wrote:

This, Christian, is what you must do. Sometimes, like Paul, you can see neither sun nor stars, and no small tempest lies on you. Reason cannot help you. Past experiences give you no light. Only a single course is left. You must stay upon the Lord; and come what may—winds, waves, cross seas, thunder, lightning, frowning rocks, roaring breakers—no matter what, you must lash yourself to the helm and hold fast your confidence in God's faithfulness and his everlasting love in Christ Jesus.

We can face every storm with confidence, knowing that God will redeem it for good. We can trust few things in this life, but God's faithfulness is one of them. When the hard times come and the storms roll in, trust God and hold on. He is with you.

### *Let's Pray*

*Father, thank You for Your faithfulness in my life. Forgive me when I let fear and doubt take over my heart and mind instead of choosing to trust You. Give me eyes to see the treasure buried at the heart of every storm and help me to choose trust even when I don't understand what You are doing in my life. Teach me, Lord. Let my life be an illustration of Your strength perfected in my weakness. In Jesus's name, amen.*



# Now It's Your Turn

## TIME FOR REFLECTION

- Like in the story of Mary's precious granddaughter, Lelia, if you were to "bail on God," what would it look like?
- When you "trust-bail" on God now, which of the following best represents your style?
  - A. I simply don't trust Him—I don't know how to—so I don't bother bailing.
  - B. I look Him in the eyes, but I cling tightly to His God-shirt. I only fall back an arm's length...because although I *want* to trust Him, I struggle with trusting Him.
  - C. I know He's strong and can handle the weight of my fall, but I bail cautiously just in case He's not interested in catching me this time.
  - D. My eyes sparkle and connect with God's as I confidently fall backward and swing myself into the thick of circumstances, laughing at the days to come and trusting His strength to hold me.

- Which of the previous responses would you *like* to be true of you? What would it take to get you there? Are you willing to do those things?
- Can you think of a time when you recently trust-bailed on God and allowed His peace to hold you in spite of your challenge?
- Psalm 20:7 says, “Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but we trust in the name of the LORD our God.” In your own words, describe the “chariots” and “horses” in your life. Where do you place your trust? In whom or what do you trust? Are you satisfied with the results?
- The New Century Version of the Bible translates today’s key verse in Proverbs 3:5 as “Trust the Lord with all your heart, and don’t depend on your own understanding.” What part does human understanding play in the process of strengthening our faith in God?
- What does the word *all* mean to you when it comes to trusting God “with all your heart”?
- The realm of unseen things is mysterious, and God’s sovereignty is beyond our understanding. We each face complicated, sometimes disappointing, situations, and hard life questions beg to be asked: If God has given angels charge over us, then why are some people protected in a car crash, but others aren’t? If God really loves me, then why did He let *this* or *that* happen? Why didn’t He deliver *my* loved one from cancer...from the accident...from temptation?
- There are times when God protects us from harm and times when He allows harm to touch us. There are times when we may have more questions than answers. This is hard stuff. What do you do with your unanswered heart-questions? Take a few

moments to share with one another or journal...and then pray for God to help you sift through the ashes of disappointment and see His unseen hope.

- Have you ever experienced the intervention of God in a way that left you shaken? How has this affected the way you trust Him?
- Do you think it's risky to trust God? Why or why not?
- Read Hebrews 12:12: "So take a new grip with your tired hands and stand firm on your shaky legs" (NLT, 1996 edition). What does it mean in your life to "take a new grip" and "stand firm" even on shaky legs?
- A trust fall is a relationship-building exercise where a person falls backward and relies on the other members of the group to catch them. Consider where you are in life with friendships right now. Who would you trust to catch you? Are you more often the friend on the tall stump needing to trust or the friend on the ground encouraging another to trust?
- It is so important for us girlfriends to rejoice with one another. Is there a way that God has nudged your heart closer toward trusting Him lately? Have you felt freed up to trust Him this week more than you have in the past? Throw down a happy dance with us as you journal about it or share with your coffee GiG or GiG group about it. Then share with us on the "Trusting God" page of our GiG website ([www.GirlfriendsInGod.com/TrustingGod](http://www.GirlfriendsInGod.com/TrustingGod)) or on our Facebook page ([www.Facebook.com/GirlfriendsInGod](http://www.Facebook.com/GirlfriendsInGod)). We love to throw down a good happy dance!
- Wrap up your response time with prayer. Move from confession to adoration to thanksgiving, and end with your petitions (personal prayer needs).

