



God Speaks Every Language

by Jean Easley

God is faithful to guide our lives in such a way that each individual personality—no matter what his or her education or experience is—may receive communication and revelation from Him in a language or form that he or she can understand. God reveals Himself to us according to our knowledge of Him and our general spiritual condition at the time.

Once God used a beautiful rainbow to confirm to my hungry heart the truth of His wonderful covenant with His people and the infallibility of His Word and His promises. Another time, He used the book, "How Can I Find You, God?", by Marjorie Homes to ignite the flame in my heart to continue to seek Him until I finally found Him and gave Him my heart.

Another particularly memorable incident comes to mind as I recall the many times God used a variety of ways to fulfill my need. I had been reading scriptures night and day, understanding only a small part of what I read because I was not yet a child of God. But I had been praying and praying. Perhaps they were immature, child-like prayers; yet I knew that God heard them with tender concern.

The purpose of my reading and praying was to confirm if God really had promised complete forgiveness for my sin-burdened soul in exchange for my repentance and faith. It seemed too good to be true, and I had set out to be convinced that, yes, I could be saved, or, no, there was no hope for any change in my life. And, if I did turn away from my sin, would God really help me to live a new life for Him? I knew I could not accomplish the change on my own.

I had brought my neighbor's puppy into my basement apartment for a while, and deciding to go upstairs to sit on the front porch, I left the puppy behind. As she began to whine and yelp for me to come back and help her up the stairs, I called her name again and again, knowing that if she would only take the first step, her trial would be over. Her only response to my call was more cries for help, and my heart was struck with compassion. I lowered myself to her, picked her tenderly up in my arms, and, after giving her a gentle hug, placed her on the first step. I was determined to teach her to walk up the stairs, but at the same time I was eager to reassure her and help her with the first one.

As I urged her upward and watched her tail wagging all the way to the top, I knew God would help me up the stairway to Heaven. The first and greatest step had already been surmounted by Jesus on the cross. As a gift, God gave me the first step. And I knew there wasn't one step along life's way on which I would be abandoned by God, if only I would turn to Him for help. I realized God loved me so much more than I cared for that little friend, and I am eternally grateful that God spoke to me in a language I was able to understand.