God Still Moves (And we do too)

Don’t you love the process of putting all your earthly possessions in boxes and moving across the country? I didn’t think so. Who would? I’d much prefer staying in one place but for some reason God has other plans. When we move ourselves without the assistance of professionals we look like the Beverly Hillbillies. If you’re too young to understand the reference, go to YouTube. That’s pretty much us, with the exception of Grandma in the rocking chair on the flatbed. But God always shows up in mysterious ways.

Before we left, my wife had her car stuffed with our belongings and I was in the moving van. I left earlier than she did and before we parted I asked her to take my laptop bag. It was really the one thing I could ***not*** lose. I didn’t want it in the back on the truck where it could be crushed under the weight of a refrigerator loaded by unskilled teenagers.

Somewhere on a Mississippi interstate I got the call: “Hello, are you Matt Tullos.” I said, “yes” and he continued.” I found your laptop in the middle of Main Street. I thought it was my lucky day. I found a brand-new highfaluting computer! But then I looked closer and saw that Bible of yours, all marked up and I thought to myself, *Lordy, it’s a preacher-computer*. I’m not a church-going guy but one thing I *do* know, is that you don’t want the wrath of God poured out on you for hijacking preacher stuff. Your number was in the Bible and so I’m calling you.”

After I thanked him profusely and we got off the phone. My wife called me in tears. “Something terrible has happened!” Before she got too worked up over the whole thing I told her about the unchurched angel that found it. Darlene’s trunk had popped open a few minutes before I got the call. We were both

relieved. In a matter of an hour the laptop and Bible were both safe and sound in the cab of her car. She rewarded him handsomely for being such an unexpected hero in the midst of our pilgrimage.

I’m so glad I wrote my name and number in the Bible. This custom has saved me many times. I’ve mindlessly left my Bibles in places all over the US like an overly enthusiastic Gideon. This time it saved my Bible and a new Macbook Pro. It was a wonderful tap on the shoulder from God in the middle of transitional chaos.