

I M M I S S E D





By Julia Woodbury

My plane wasn't getting ready to take off; it was already hundreds of miles away.

The sky was a crisp blue the morning I planned to fly out. After weeks of hard work, I had finally earned enough money to take a trip and visit one of my friends in another state. I was a little nervous. This would be my very first flight alone, so I tried to plan the trip down to every last detail, just so I could be sure I wouldn't forget anything.

I fidgeted excitedly in the passenger seat as my mom drove me to the airport. When she asked when my departure time was, I read it to her off my travel itinerary. Then I took a closer look. The time I had boxed and starred as my departure was actually the arrival time at my destination. My heart sank, and I felt sick. My plane wasn't getting ready to take off, it was already hundreds of miles away getting ready to land, and I wasn't on it!

Dejected, I told my mom to just turn around and take me home, but she insisted on taking me to the airport, hoping that I might be able to catch a flight on standby.

I wasn't very hopeful when I approached the ticket desk agent and explained my

dilemma. To my surprise, the woman offered me a space on the next flight out, free of transfer charges. I was overjoyed. There was little I could have done to fix my predicament, but with the help and kindness of others, I was able to continue on my journey. I later found that the blessings didn't end there.

As I was walking to my gate, I received a phone call from the temp agency I worked for. They offered me the best job opportunity I had received all summer. I happily accepted.

I didn't think much of the call's connection to my missed flight until months later when I was actually sitting at the job. It hit me then that the only way I could have possibly accepted the job was by missing my flight. In the past I had learned that calls from this temp agency were one-shot deals. If you answered the phone, the job was yours. If you didn't answer, the agency would move on. If I had caught my flight that summer morning, I would have been in the air and out of reach when the call came. The job opportunity would have been lost. In the end my seemingly disastrous oversight blessed the rest of my summer.

I know that often, by reflecting on trials we've had in the past, we come to see how the Lord is blessing and shaping us, helping us to have the experiences that we need. I'm so grateful that I have been able to see such clear evidence of the Lord blessing and directing my life. If we are patient in our trials, we may ultimately see how they work for our good. **NE**

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