

## PARENTS MODELING FAITH

By Brenda Spina, M.S., LMFT, LPC

You don't know me. I lived a very long time ago. I am the oldest son of a woman who exhibited great faith and obedience. In doing so, she taught me to have the same. My father was a prophet and he served in the courts of the Lord with the prophet Elisha. I was rather young when he died but I remember the impact of his death on my family. My mother was working hard to care for my brother and I but there was a famine in the land. Work and food were hard to find. In those days, when a family could not pay their debts, the children were sold into slavery to work until the debt was paid in full. I remember feeling angry and afraid. I would ask my mother, "Who will help us? Who is going to provide for us? Why has Jehovah done this to us?" Her response was always the same. "Jehovah will help us find a way."

In the heat of summer, she went to Elisha and told him of the situation. Elisha was the leader and mother respected him. He did a very strange thing. He asked her what we had in the house. I actually thought he was suggesting we sell off our home but that made me more upset. What he did instead is tell her to go borrow jars of all sizes and shapes. Since we only had a small pot of oil left in the house, this made no sense to me. However, when mom came back from visiting him guess what she had us do? That's right, she sent us out to borrow jars from all our neighbors. I personally was embarrassed and grumbling the whole time. How in the world would borrowing jars help us avoid slavery? Well, my brother and I came home with every empty jar to be found in town.

My mother called my brother and I into the house and shut the door. She told us to begin bringing the jars to her one at a time. By this time, despite my fear and anger I felt a little curious, so...I brought her a jar. She poured what oil we had into that jar and then asked for another. I said to her, "Mom, why? We don't have anymore oil!" She never said a word. She just looked at me and pointed to the stack of jars. My brother went and got another jar. She began to pour. What happened next amazed me and changed my life forever! More oil came out of our small pot. I ran to get the next jar and sure enough! MORE OIL! Well, the three of us kept grabbing jars and pouring oil till we thought our feet and arms would fall off. When finished, we looked at each other, looked inside the pot, and back at one another again. After a moment, we began to laugh and dance around our small home. We had just witnessed the help of Jehovah!

Now, Mom went back to Elisha who told her to sell the oil and pay her debts. That's exactly what we did. No questions asked at this point! Not only was I saved from slavery but also we had plenty to live on until the famine ceased.

Now I am raising my own children. This is what I am teaching them:

1. Call on God first. Jehovah will help us find a way.
2. Listen to the truth of God's Word and to His voice.

3. Do what God asks of you, even if it seems silly or embarrassing.
4. Faith is learned through obedience to God. What does not make sense; God will make sense of for us.
5. The manifestation of God's presence and faith begins with the things that happen behind closed doors of the home.

Based on II Kings 4:1-7

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