

Chapter 19

His Eye is on the Sparrow

It pays to live in a place where God hears and answers prayer, in a place where you have confidence in God – a confidence that our God is concerned with the little things in the lives of His children, as well as the greater things. He gave us a beautiful illustration when He said,

“Not a sparrow falls to the ground, except He heeds it.”
And, He tells us we are worth many sparrows.
(*Matt. 10:29*)

I was made to realize this very surely in the early days of my ministry. We were still in the first little building that was then known as the Bethesda Tabernacle, the storefront which later was lovingly called the Mission Building. Those were lean years, years of the Depression. Money was scarce and jobs were few. As mentioned in a previous chapter, we did practically all our visitations on foot. One day a lady friend of mine, who was a good driver, and myself were discussing the inconvenience and hardship of having to make all our calls on foot. My husband and I had a car, but the problem was that I had never learned to drive it. Since the car was in our garage and my husband had gone out for a day's work, we decided it was time I should learn to drive. She agreed to teach me, but I was not aware that I needed a permit.

Before we started out, I laid my hand on the wheel and asked God for guidance in learning to drive. After we had been driving for some time, my friend remarked that I was making wonderful headway. She was sure I would be a good driver, when suddenly we found ourselves in an accident. Both cars were badly damaged. The other car was a brand new LaSalle, driven by a young boy who was crying as if his heart would break. I forgot my own troubles in trying to comfort him and told him I would be glad to go to his home with him.

When we arrived there and told the owner what had happened to the car, he was very upset and called the police. We were taken to the police station. Needless to say my friend and I were in constant prayer,

calling on God and reminding Him of His loving promises. We were bewildered and found it hard to understand why this should be allowed to happen when we had committed ourselves to Him before we started and asked for His help.

The officer in charge asked me for my license or permit. Of course, I had to tell him I did not have either. After we had made our statements, I was allowed to return home. Since we had no insurance on the car, my husband felt very bad about the accident. We did not know what we would do to meet the expense. We were advised to get an attorney. In fact, all manner of advice was given us, but we felt no liberty to do anything but pray. Time passed. Yet we had not learned of an answer as to our course of procedure. We have learned that when you don't know what to do, do nothing.

Now I had been receiving letters from the other party's attorney, and all the blame of the accident was placed on me. They also mentioned the amount of money they would settle for. When I read these letters, I would spread them out before God and say to Him, "What shall I do?" One day, just when I was at the end of my resources, I went down to the Mission Building, knelt in a corner alone before God and poured my heart out to Him. I asked Him to please speak to me and tell me what to do. He answered saying,

"They wondered who would roll away the stone, but when they got there they found the stone was rolled away." (*Mark 16:3*)

I was so relieved and thankful it seemed as if the weight of the world had rolled off me. God had the situation in hand. I immediately called the attorney to tell him I would be down to see him the next morning. He replied that it was about time he had heard from me. However, that night I received a telegram that my mother had passed away in Hubbell, Michigan, several hundred miles north of Detroit. There was nothing to do but to get ready and leave immediately. Before I left, I instructed my daughter to call the attorney, explain to him why I could not keep the appointment, and tell him that I would come to see him immediately upon my return.

My heart was heavy during the days that followed, realizing the tremendous loss of my mother's passing and the burden of the accident hanging over me as well. When I arrived north, I purchased a black dress, hat, gloves, and shoes for the funeral, as it was then a custom that

all mourners should wear black. The very next morning after I returned to Detroit, I prepared to see the attorney. It was a very warm day in September so I reached for a light outfit to wear, when the Lord spoke to me and said, "Wear the black." I had never known before this time that God would be concerned about what one should wear. However, we learn that in certain circumstances a detail that seems of minor importance would be of major significance had one the wisdom of God.

I did not accept God's little check. Again I reached for a light, cool dress, when again I was impressed to wear the black. The weather was so warm that the thought of wearing a long sleeved black dress with velvet trim was unpleasant. So, for the third time I reached for the cooler outfit. This time the check of the Lord was so strong and unmistakable that I donned the black outfit I had worn for my mother's funeral.

When I arrived at the attorney's office, I was mentally reminding the Lord of His promise that "they wondered who would roll away the stone, but when they got there, the stone was rolled away." I found myself at the receptionist's desk asking for the attorney. Before I was able to explain who I was, I was conscious of someone standing next to me. A man's voice said, "Are you Mrs. Beall?" I replied that I was. He then said, "I thought you must be Mrs. Beall when I saw that black." I was very thankful in that moment that I had finally listened to the check of God.

The attorney was very tender and solicitous. He said he was sorry for the loss I had suffered in my mother's passing. He, himself, had lost his mother and realized the anguish in my heart. He went even further and said we would not have to discuss the business of the accident that day, we could arrange another time. But I told him it had been such a heavy pressure on me for so long that I would be glad to get it over with.

I noticed that he was very uncomfortable, almost to the point of nervousness and confusion. He opened the window as it was very warm, but the breeze blew his papers about, so he closed it and seemed very upset. I knew God was working. He finally assembled the papers again and began to read all the things I was supposed to have done in the accident. The Lord kept me very still. After the attorney had finished, he said, "Well, what do you think about it? Have you anything to say?"

I breathed up a prayer for wisdom and guidance. Then I told him that everything he had read seemed foreign to anything I had seen,

heard, or experienced on the day of the accident. In fact, it left me very confused as to know what to say. Then he asked if I could pay half the money his client was asking. I replied, “No, that we could not do anything financially.” Finally with disgust and relief, he tore up the papers and told me to go and forget the whole thing!

Again I knew that God had shown me He is “an ever present help in time of trouble.” (*Ps. 46:1*)

“If we commit our way to Him, He will bring it to pass that no weapon ever formed against His people will ever prosper. (*Isa. 54:17*)

If we commit our way to Him, He will surely bring the things that are necessary to pass. He is the deliverer of His people.