

His eye is on the Sparrow...and I know He watches me!

For I know the plans I have for you declares the Lord; plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me and I will listen to you. — Jeremiah 29:11-12—

I was born into a loving family. I have three older brothers. I was born in Phoenix, Arizona but shortly thereafter we moved back to El Paso, Texas. My Dad was on a job at the time of my birth and the entire family moved to Phoenix with him until the job was completed. We attended the Valley Church of the Nazarene in El Paso. I should say all but my Dad until he gave his life to Jesus at a revival meeting. My Dad was 50 years old at the time and I was four. My Dad was radically changed.

He had lived on a farm when he was a young boy and decided to move the family to Iowa. By this time my two older brothers, Glenn and Dan, were teenagers. Wes was eight and I was still four. We lived in Iowa for one year and then moved back to El Paso where my Dad resumed his job as an elevator mechanic. If you have ever been to the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico and rode an elevator, it is possible that it was one my Dad installed. This was a second career for my Dad. He had worked as a welder and did iron work on high rises in his earlier years when my two older brothers were very young—two and three as I've been told. My Dad was working high on some scaffolding one day when it collapsed. Daddy was in the hospital for nearly a year with nearly every bone in his body broken. All were surprised that he recovered and was even able to walk, much less work again. Well, he did indeed recover and learned a new trade in the elevator business. As a result of the broken bones my Dad was crippled with arthritis. At that time the doctors prescribed cortisone for the pain. My Dad continued to work and provide for his family even though everyday I'm sure he was in pain.

When I was about nine years old we took a trip to California for my brother's wedding. We all had such a good time and after the wedding we went on up to Northern California to visit my Dad's sister, who lived in San Francisco. On the way there my Dad became deathly ill. He was hospitalized for several weeks - they removed over half of his stomach as the massive doses of cortisone had eaten through his stomach, causing bleeding ulcers to form. I remember asking God to please heal my Daddy and sensed God saying to me, "He's going to be okay."

He recovered enough to travel and we made our way back to El Paso and lived there one more year before moving to California. Mom was able to get a job driving a school bus. I think it was so hard on my Dad to see my Mom going to work, but Daddy was not recovering well. He did get a job as a school custodian but was in and out of the hospital many times.

Daddy loved the Lord, and once he became a Christian he was on fire for the Lord. He loved his family so much. Daddy had a very hard life. His mother died when he was just a young boy and his own father was pretty hard on my Dad, so I'm told. Maybe that is why he was so good to us. He loved my Mom so much and he loved his boys and taught them how to be good men. He loved me! I was his little princess. He was the biggest man in my life, all 5' 7" of him. He was 46 years old when I was born and I was 12 when he died. I wish I could have known him longer but I know someday I'll be with him in Heaven.

I rarely know the plans God has for me, but I do know they are plans to prosper me, not to harm me but to give me hope and a future. I do call on Him and come to Him and He listens. 💙



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