

I Know the Plans I Have For You



There is a lot of construction going on in our neighborhood. Recently while my dog was taking me for a walk, I came upon this once strong tree that had been cut down. The log had some carvings on it – MC+LH and '70. For a while I wondered if the two “love birds” were still together. I wondered if they still shared a common dream or if that dream had been cut down just like this tree. I wondered where they were now. I had no way to answer these questions.

But then I looked again at the date – '70. That was such a pivotal time in my life. It was filled with great dreams and so many plans! In May, Jack and I graduated from college with all our college courses having been geared to teaching middle to upper grades. In July, Jack and I had gotten married. In late July, we were anxiously awaiting to learn to which school we had been assigned teaching positions. (In the Lutheran system back then, graduates were assigned to schools in which to teach). We had gone to our Alma Mater to be present for the “Call Service” only to be called into the placement office and told that there was no call for us. The school to which we had been assigned had closed the night before. It seemed our dreams were shattered. There was, at that time, such a glut of Lutheran teachers, that there were not enough openings for all the graduates. We were devastated.

Frantic phone calls were made. I even called my home congregation to see if they needed a couple of teachers. Between stress and distress, smiles were few and far between. The placement office was also hard at work trying to find us positions. There were several “single” spots open – which meant Jack could teach, but nothing was available for me. There were a few positions open which required some special abilities (like being an excellent organist) we didn't have. And then there were these two positions in Nebraska (the ONE state which we had both agreed we didn't want to teach in) at two different schools about 13 miles apart. Both were in the primary grades. The one in the country was a two-room school and Jack would teach 25 kindergarten through second graders (there were no third and fourth graders). The “city” (population 2300) school had four rooms and I would teach 26 kindergarten and first graders. GOOD GRIEF – I hadn't even attended kindergarten as a kid – I didn't have a clue!

But GOD DID! We spent 16 years in Nebraska, Jack eventually moved over to the “big school” with me (but not before he got a taste of teaching EVERY grade level from K-8), got his masters degree and became its principal. The school grew and an addition was added which housed a separate kindergarten, a gymnasium and eventually a preschool. I came to realize that teaching the “little ones” was my gift. This place, at this time, was EXACTLY where we should be. It was not what **we** had planned, but it was what **God** had in mind all along.

What are your plans? Have some of them been dashed against the wall? Are you in stress and thereby distressed? Look to God’s Word. Read His great promises for you. Be assured of His love and move forward in your life, knowing that He is the master builder of your life and He does have a plan for you! God is faithful and He loves and cares about YOU! God can and does make “lemonade” out of the lemons.

And as far as that state of Nebraska – well, I would recommend it to anyone! For me, it was a place filled with friends (with whom I shared laughter and tears); fellow musicians (who managed to help a struggling organist improve and by demonstration eventually led me to directing choirs); two kids, one via adoption and the other (wonder of wonders) via the “You’ll never guess who is pregnant” way; and a Pastor, who brought the Gospel home so clearly that he, by the power of the Holy Spirit, has touched my life forever! Ahh! God’s plan – good, perfect and wise!

Jeremiah 29:11 “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”.