



God Takes Care of Us

When I first began living on the streets, I could not understand why God would allow it to happen. In spending time with God every day, I was reminded that God goes before me, and He will never fail me or forsake me (Deuteronomy 31:8); and that God is with me everywhere I go (Joshua 1:9).

I wanted God to give me a home to live in. I really struggled with why He didn't do so. One day, I surrendered what I wanted and asked for God's will to be done instead (Mark 14:36, Luke 22:42). It was then that I realized that God had already given me a home and a family. He just hadn't given me a house. I wasn't homeless; I was houseless. My home was everywhere that I went and everywhere that I slept in downtown Fredericksburg. My family was everyone in the homeless community.

I also realized that God had a purpose for me being on the streets; and I wanted to fulfill that purpose. I didn't worry about next month, next week, or even about tomorrow. I focused on the day (Matthew 6:25,31,34). God took care of me; and He helped me care for and help others. My faith was strong and I was happy and content following the leading of the Holy Spirit and waiting for God to give me a house to live in when it was His timing. I refused to get ahead of God's timing even when I was given opportunities to do so.

I am extremely grateful for my time of living on the streets. I received many blessings, I met a lot of amazing people, and I grew spiritually. I am thankful to be a part of the homeless community. It is a community of good people who have had hard times, but they still look out for each other.

Cynthia