

## Keeping the Kids out of the Mud

I have to say that there have been some big miracles and some mini miracles in my life over the years. This past weekend I think I experienced one of those mini miracles. It happened like this. Some of our granddaughters had come with their moms to our neck of the woods for my niece's baby shower. They were so excited to see some of their second cousins and to watch the mom-to-be open the gifts for her new baby. After the shower was over, hugs were given, and the good-byes were said, they came over to the Grandpa and Grandma's farm for a visit. The Mom's needed a little break so Grandpa and Grandma were busy pushing the kids on the swings in the back yard and enjoying their special squeals of delight and laughter.

We have a couple large playground-style swing set, and we were trying to keep up with giving pushes to six little girls at the same time. Let me tell you running from swing to swing was a workout, to say the least. They surely love those big underdogs as they fly up in the sky like airplanes soaring over the land. They were sure cute in their little fancy dresses and cute ponytails blowing in the wind. They called out for more and more underdogs as they swung back and forth trying to pump their legs to keep going. After a while being rather tired of all this action, I got the bright idea to take them on a little wagon ride behind the four-wheeler. I was just planning to putt around the farm and show them the baby calves and the cows relaxing in the barn. Grandma decided to take the smallest granddaughter inside and rest a little reminding the others to sit down as we drove away.

We started our little wagon ride and things were going along wonderfully. Our son had taken his three-year-old out to the creek earlier and after driving around for a while, I had the bright idea to continue our little ride out to where the two of them were. Soon we spotted them bringing a slow-moving cow up from the back of the pasture and so we slowly drove out their way. When we finally got to where they were my son suggested that we let the kids wade in the shallow creek for a while since it was rather warm that day. So we slipped off their shoes, told them to hike up their little dresses and then we helped them into the water. It was then that it dawned on me what a risk we were taking. The odds of all six of these little girls keeping their dresses clean and dry and not slipping down on the muddy bank or into the stony creek were astronomical.

At Peace Church we start off our adult Sunday School class and our Wednesday night Bible Study with a few minutes for people to share any "God Moments" that they have experienced in recent days. Some of the ways God shows up in our lives on a daily basis are just plain amazing. Well, my God-moment this week was that not one child got their dresses the least bit wet or dirty. It was a mini-miracle for sure, and actually when you think about it, it was probably more like a maxi-miracle. As I watched the mother's carefully examining their daughter's dresses for dirtiness back at the house, I breathed a quiet sigh of thanks to the Lord for saving us from sure disaster.

I have to say that the kids had a great time, but before we do that again, I'll make sure they are in their play clothes. In Proverbs 3:21 we read; *My Son, do not lose sight of sound wisdom and discretion.* In this case even though my son and I lost sight of sound wisdom and discretion, God

had our backs. He certainly showers us with blessings even when we don't deserve it. Until next week, God bless!