

THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF JESUS CHRIST THROUGH THE LIFE OF A VERY MEASLY SAINT

LISA LIVGREN

13, 3F3 SMITHFIELD STREET, GORGIE EDINBURGH SCOTLAND
PHONE +44 07470107732 • E-MAIL LISA.LIVGREN@20SCHEMES.COM

A DIFFERENT MIRACLE

I moved into a spacious two bedroom flat that I sorted out in the states. I was super thankful for it, though the location is far from the church and basic amenities. The day I arrived the veil was lifted of what I was getting myself into. I came to the flat to find out the electricity was cut off and I had an outstanding debt on the account that had to be paid to get the utilities to be turned on. The gas and electricity are like propane in the states. You pay as you go. They very rarely cut someone off here but the previous tenant pushed it to the max.

I settled in to try and make the flat home, but there was a constant trickle of ongoing issues. I was trying not to complain. I was trying to take it in stride. I was trying to figure out how things work here. What's my responsibility and what's the landlord's responsibility? What's normal in the schemes? I didn't want to be an entitled American who insisted on a standard of living that an average Scot didn't have. But the truth is the carpets in the bedrooms were so soiled from pet waste they were unusable. I barricaded myself in the living room. The shower spout was not installed properly and was only semi functional. The washer drained directly on to the kitchen floor. The refrigerator did not turn on. The bathroom door did not close. Now these issues came just one after another. Thank God this is a culture where these things are not acceptable so the landlord has been begrudgingly assisting me as cheaply as he can manage and mitigating any complaints he can. The carpets being the last thing he conceded on, and they were just replaced with new ones a few days ago. In addition I have the worse respiratory illness that I remember ever having. Since I've got here I have been unable to physically speak much because of this.

Before my parting I believe a brother gave me a very prophetic word when he exhorted me to be quick to hear and slow to speak. He was considering the gifts I have and told me a quote from somewhere, that the Lord rarely uses gifted people, but when he does it's because they have given up on their gifts. It was a very good, helpful conversation that I have thought about many times since I've been here. As the Lord saw fit to take away my ability to speak for the last month! I attributed this to God's sovereignty and also jet lag, weakened immune system, new germs, volunteering with the children's holiday club,

perhaps a new Covid variant with bizarre symptoms, and especially the carpets causing allergies.

About a week ago, though, I had a scary episode with this unyielding illness. I woke up in the middle of the night and I was having a full blown asthma attack and I couldn't breath. I was worried I was going to have to call "999"! I of course was terrified of this so I used my inhaler a lot, opened the windows for fresh air and prayed. The tightness in my chest subsided but I knew I was going to have to seek medical attention. Which was super scary and socialist. ha ha! I had to call a number and jump through several hoops but I was able to see a doctor and get steroids and antibiotics. As soon as I took the steroids I was feeling better. The steroids ran out a few days ago and everything is coming back. The chest congestion, the wheezing, the difficulty breathing. The carpets have been changed, I've been on some really strong meds, what's going on? But something happened in the course of having 3 cousins here to visit me and us all using the shower and using the whole apartment instead of just the living room.

Mold. Everywhere. I keep finding it. Under the carpet, the bottom of the radiator, the closets, the drapes, behind the pedestal (toilet). I am allergic to the mold. It wasn't the carpet (although I'm sure that didn't help). It's the MOLD! There is mold everywhere here as you would imagine in this climate. It's a constant battle but sometimes that battle is lost. This flat has been grossly neglected for a long time and the mold has won. Luke advised me on some different things I should do. I am suffocating in my flat and the more time I spend there the worse my respiratory symptoms are. I of course approached my landlord and they basically will not do anything and do not consider my concerns credible. I prayed last night, "God please please help me find another flat tomorrow." This is boldly asking for a miracle. The housing market is super competitive and difficult to navigate and it usually takes a few days for someone to even respond to you! If they do it's a convoluted process with lots of hoops. I found a single option for a "viewing". The person before me in line to view was late and the letting agent made him wait because of this and took me first. Someone else arrived as we were about to tour the property. The letting agent showed me the flat first and really encouraged me to put down half the deposit and they would cancel all the other viewings. Not in a greasy salesperson kinda way but in a I like you better than the other people sort of way! ha ha It's half the size of my current flat but it's literally next door to the new church plant building! The community style living here is so glorious and once we start services there it's going to be so wonderful to be so close! It's closer to my home church, it's closer to the grocery store, and it Lord willing has much less mold! ha ha. I got a different flat in one day, God answered my impossible prayer from 1AM the night before. God answers impossible prayers! He is so faithful and kind, and is teaching me much in my affliction. Remembering Christ's afflictions, remembering what he did for me, and that whatever he asks me is nothing compared to what he did for me.