

picking, shoveling and loading again under duress. You may even say why? why? But you know you mustn't give in, but you feel like givin in. The hope is, through all this pain is that you will eventually level that mountain. One load at a time. That mountain of Pain, of Loss, of deep Sadness, of Depression, of strange thoughts, Of Loneliness and yea, helplessness.

You may even give up for a time. You will. You're tired. Very tired. Then you start up again. Digging, Picking. Loading that wheelbarrow to move that hill beside the church you see. "That Mountain". (and yes, there are Bro's and Sis's praying for you) Then in all that toil and sweat, you finally raise your head and now see the progress you've made. WOW. I did all that? I never even noticed, just shoveling away. Christ was RIGHT! I CAN MOVE THIS MOUNTAIN! I may not get it perfectly level, maybe a little lumpy when done, but I am moving that mountain one load at a time!

When finally this task is done, by your sheer fight to move that beast out of the way, I think you will feel, sense and hear the Holy Spirit saying ever so quietly, whispering, "Well done My Good and Faithful Servant"! Now..I can rest, I'm passing GOD's test, the test of Faith, just one wheelbarrow load at a time. With Tears of Gratitude, and Praise for you, Thanks You for Praying for me so long.... Dan