



# THE BURNING VAN

*The Foster Home Series*  
*By ThinkJP.Com*

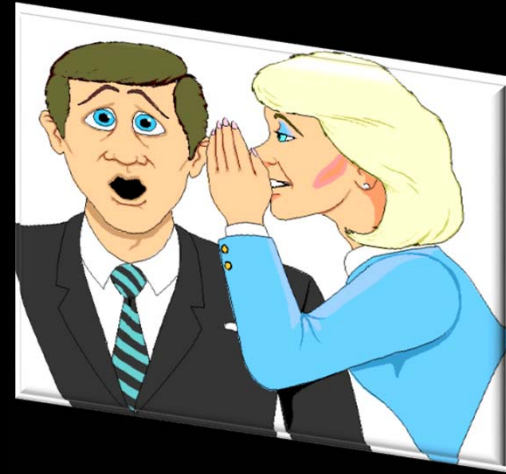
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Our foster people loved to go shopping and they loved to eat out. Since it was our goal to integrate them into our local community, I made a real effort to take them out at least once a week. It seemed there was always something one of them needed anyway.



Shopping with them was a real challenge because one had, "sticky fingers", and had to be watched closely. Another loved to push the emergency exit door and set off the alarm, so he too had to be watched and "reigned in" whenever we were near one. Most of them couldn't read and needed help with sizes and prices, etc.

When I first started taking my group into the community, people would stare and whisper with each other about us, or laugh and point at us.



Initially, I was bothered by their ignorance and rudeness, but later decided it was their problem to deal with, not mine. I continued to integrate my folks into our local community until people began to know and accept us. We were such regulars at Taco Bell, that two of my special folks eventually got jobs there.



Many times people would listen-in on our conversations and would often comment on our saying Grace together. Since all of my folks *loved* to say Grace, they were extremely excited when it was their turn. It didn't bother them to say Grace in public, and they would not be denied their turn, regardless of where we happened to be eating.

People would often stop us on our way out and tell us what a great job we were doing and commend us for caring so much for these special folks. The truth is that I usually ended up having as much fun as they did.



On this particular day, I was taking all of them shopping and of course we would have lunch out. Since we got a late start, I decided to stop at McDonalds since it was right on our way to the store.



It was a challenge to get all six of them into the restaurant and settled into their seats, and decide what they wanted to eat. Three of them could order on their own, but I had to order for the others.

Finally, our orders were complete, our food was in front of us, and we bowed our heads for Grace. We had barely lifted our heads from praying when a customer came running in and frantically announced that a van was on fire in the parking lot.



I ran to the window with everyone else, and there, before my very eyes, *my* van was burning from under the hood. For an instant I thought that I might have absentmindedly forgotten to turn the engine off when we got out, but one quick check proved that my keys were in my pocket.

Someone called the fire department and I was impressed at how quickly this volunteer squad arrived. I called Jack and he would come to rescue us as soon as he could get a car that would hold us all.

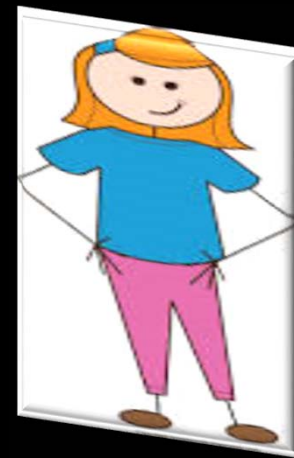


I watched them haul my beautiful conversion-van away, burned beyond repair. We later learned that a windshield wiper motor had shorted out and caused the fire. I went back inside to wait for Jack with my insides feeling like Jell-O.



I went back to the family and was surprised to see that they were almost finished eating. Apparently, they were unaffected by the whole thing and continued to enjoy their meal as if nothing was wrong.

It dawned on me exactly how unassuming and trusting they really were. They didn't have to worry about the "what if's", or how they were going to get back home. That's what I was for, and they let me do my job without giving it a single thought.





I couldn't help but wonder how often I trusted God that way. I really want to become more like my foster folks, and just go on living my life in the present, letting God do his job without my interfering.

I want to trust Him to take care of everything, and be confident in knowing He will do it much better than I ever could.





*The End*