

GENEROUS LIVING

ALL OF ME
IN RESPONSE TO ALL OF HIM



The Bible and the Bus

My favorite book in college was my Bible. It was my textbook, my devotional, my study guide. It went everywhere I did.

But time took its toll, and my beloved Bible began to literally fall apart. I wanted a new one but couldn't afford it.

As Thanksgiving approached, I longed to be home in Indiana, but knowing my finances, I pushed the idea away. One day during my time alone with God I felt an unusual urge to balance my checkbook. To my amazement a mathematical error gave me enough money for a bus ticket to Indiana.

Arriving in Chicago I put my ticket in my bag for safekeeping. But when time came to load the bus, the ticket was nowhere to be found. I put my things on the curb beside the bus and laid my Bible on top while I searched.

The bus driver was kind, but he had a schedule to keep. I sent up a prayer as the bus started to

leave. "Lord, you didn't give me the money for the ticket and bring me this far to leave me stranded in Chicago. Help me get on this bus." Then the bus stopped.

The driver said someone had promised to pay for my ticket if I couldn't fine mine.

At the next stop I upended my bag into the seat and turned it inside out. There was my ticket hidden in the folds at the bottom. When I presented my ticket to the driver, he pointed out the gentleman who guaranteed my travel.

I discovered that he was an evangelist. "When I saw your Bible, how worn it was," he told me, "God told me I couldn't leave the station without your being on the bus too."

God showed me that time spent with Him and His Word always pays, often in ways we never could have imagined.

by Elizabeth R. Buck

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