

Matthew 6:33

“Seek the Kingdom of God above all else, and live righteously,
and he will give you everything you need.”

I frequently tell people that I am a very spoiled child. My heavenly Father gives me the desires of my heart from big to small.

When I was at the airport in Cambodia, getting ready to fly to Italy, I could feel anxiety starting to kick in. On the outside I looked cool and collected, but on the inside, I could feel my blood starting to boil. “What if my suitcase weights too much? What if I don’t get through security? What if I don’t catch my plane?” I stopped myself, as anxiety isn’t exactly a feeling I enjoy, and I prayed. “Lord, help me to be calm and trust in you.” He said to me, “I’ve got you.”

I got up to the desk and my suitcase was under weight. I went through security just fine and entered the airport. Typically, when I fly, I find my gate first and then figure out how much time I have till take off. If I have enough time, I will roam around the airport. This time, I was so at peace that I started roaming first. As I was looking through the bookstore, I thought to myself, “Hmm, I forgot to check which gate number I’m supposed to go to... I’ll look in a few minutes.” In less than five minutes, an announcement came on over the loud speaker, “Those who are traveling to Guangzhou, China (that was me), you’re gate has been moved to gate number one. Sorry for any inconvenience.” My God is so good to me that He made a special announcement over the loud speakers just for me! I never checked my ticket, and to this day, I don’t have a clue what gate I was supposed to go to originally.

When I arrived in China, I had a nine hour layover. In the past, when I had a long layover, the airport had put me up in a five star hotel in the city. This time I was stuck in the airport for the whole time. I decided to see if there was a hotel or some place to rest inside the airport. I approached the lady standing at the entrance to a resting area, and I inquired of how much it was to enter. Her response was, “This is for business class only.” I thanked her and walked away with my ego taking a hit. I said to God, “She doesn’t think I’m important.” He said back to me, “I think you’re important.”

My nine hour layover went faster than nine hours in an airport should go. Praise God! My next flight was from China to Paris, France. It was my longest flight, at 12 hours. I got on the plane, showed my ticket to the flight attendant, and she said, “Go straight back.” She wasn’t kidding! I was in the very last row of the plane. If I went back any further, I would be in the bathroom. I sat down in my seat and got comfortable. The lady next to me, didn’t get the memo about appropriate etiquette when you get on a plane. She was causing quite a stir. She kept moving back and forth, hitting me with her elbows, and complaining to the flight attendant about something. I couldn’t understand since they were speaking Chinese, but I got the picture that she wasn’t happy about something. The flight attendant then talked to the man next to her; he didn’t seem happy either. After about ten minutes of this the flight attendant came to me and said, “The woman next to you would really like to sit next to her husband. Do you mind trading seats with her husband? His seat is up in business class.”

Next thing I knew, I was flying to Paris in business class! A gift from my Father to his daughter.

Then I had what should have been an hour and a half flight from Paris, France to Florence, Italy. When our plane was in the air hovering over Florence, the pilot made an announcement that due to wind speeds we were not going to be able to land in Florence, but would land in Venice instead. As we were getting ready to land in Venice, the flight attendants felt the need to reeducate us on how to use the lifejackets. They tried to keep everyone calm by saying that it was just a precaution. One girl started hyperventilating. It was all quite exciting. Praise God, I was sitting next to a very amusing couple, and together we decided that going swimming didn’t sound so bad. In the end, it was a super smooth landing.

So now I was in Venice, and I needed to be in Florence. The airport bused us to the airport in Florence. It was a three hour bus ride. The main problem was, I was supposed to be meeting everyone at the airport in Florence at a certain time. If my plane couldn’t landed in Florence, it meant that their plane couldn’t land in Florence either, but where they were, I had no idea. I didn’t even know the name of the hotel we were staying at. I was completely clueless.

Praise God, the couple next to me on the plane had a phone that worked in Italy, and I was able to find out what hotel we were staying at.

When I arrived at the airport in Florence, I got into the line to get a taxi. As I was waiting, the woman in line behind me said, "Do you want to share a taxi with my husband and me?" I thought that was a great idea. Then she said, "We will pay for most of it since we are two people and you are only one." We looked up my hotel location and her hotel location on her phone. Our hotels were about five blocks away from each other. She said to me, "After traveling for so long, I would really like to stretch my legs, so we will tell the taxi driver to go to your hotel. Then my husband and I will walk to our hotel from there." Her husband then showed up on the scene, and she told him the whole plan. He was completely cool with it. We shared a lovely taxi ride to my hotel.

I was the first from my family to arrive at the hotel. I wasn't positive that I had the right place, so I asked the desk if they had a room for Toomey. They pulled out a paper with a list of guest names. I spotted my father's name, pointed to it, and said, "That's me."

And just like that, they gave me the key to the room.

About three hours later, everyone else showed up. I had already showered, settled in, and gone down the street for a snack.

On my long, 12 hour, flight home, between France and China, I sat in my actual ticketed assigned seat. I don't know how, but it was in business class once again.

I know these stories sound fun and exciting and maybe a little impossible, but just imagine for a second: This is my life. Everyday.

A life with Jesus is beyond exciting and fun!!!

These events are not coincidences, dumb fate, or luck. *They are gifts from my God to me.*

Recognize them for what they are, give praise to the Giver, and see if He doesn't shower you with gifts too!

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. 1 Thessalonians 5:18

Here are some photos from Italy:



This is what I do to my students who cheat.



My brother and his fiancée



At the Vatican



The Roman Colosseum



Family

