



Children of God

MARKKU & JOHANNA SARENTO

Markku & Johanna Sarento

CHILDREN OF GOD

— SAMPLE —

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7. The Step Out

Saturday morning, the 31st of July. I am sitting in our hotel room, trying to withhold my tears. We have no more money; now we must leave the hotel. This is the day we have been waiting for. I just had no idea it would be so difficult... This room is the only home we have.

Johanna seemed to take it much better. She was collecting our stuff and taking a few photos of the room. Then she said, “Now we would really need to do some laundry.”

“Well, that’s true,” I admitted, looking at our three little laundry machines. We still had some change so that we could have the clothes washed. That took care of our last coins.

We had some snacks in the cooler and we decided go out for a lunch. That is what we did, literally. We had lunch on the lawn in front of the Christian School. The sun was

shining and the boys were having fun, running around and making stops just to bite a sandwich. Our daughter had a lunch of her own.

This is the difference between a child and an adult, I thought. A child cries when hungry but an adult often weeps just from the fear of hunger. We knew that after that lunch there would be no food left.

It was the last day of the prayer seminar and we decided to go inside for the afternoon teaching session. Not that we were able to listen, really. We were just sitting in the back of the crowded gym trying not to think about the dead-end situation we were stuck in.

I had thought that I would be able to maintain my trust and faith in God's promises, more or less. But you couldn't really imagine this. This was real life, not a practice. If Christianity was eventually all about devout feelings and hopes, if God wasn't for real, we would soon be crushed.

The afternoon session was about to end. People started getting off their seats. I turned to Johanna and said:

“I guess we should go somewhere too.”

But where? I couldn't even think far enough. We started quietly packing our stuff. Then we realized the guest speaker had left the stage. He was pushing his way through the crowd. For some reason he was approaching me and Johanna. He made it through and started talking with us.

After a brief discussion, Billy Smith grabbed a chair, as if he was in no hurry whatsoever. We were quite puzzled; he didn't exactly act like an average busy preacher. Why had he come to us in the first place?

As we had agreed, we did not tell him anything about our situation. We just shared something about our family and our background. Suddenly Billy asked, “By the way, have you had dinner already?”

I made a quick glance at Johanna.

“No, we haven't had dinner yet.”

“You guys like pizza?”

“Well, sure we like pizza,” I replied honestly.

“Great, let's go to have a pizza!”

A storm of arguments rose in my mind, but too late. Billy was already spurting towards the exit, accompanied by a young lad, a relative from the States who had volunteered to be his driver on the trip. We had no money and we couldn't tell him that.

We followed Billy's car and parked at a Pizza Hut close by. Billy was placing the order when we got in. We settled upon two gigantic pizzas with a memorable name: Meat Lover's. The recipe was quite simple: lots of meat, tomato sauce and cheese. It was super greasy and tasted gorgeous. Right then, it was hands down the best pizza in our life. We picked a table in the back of the pizzeria and had a relaxed conversation over the dinner.

Billy started telling how God had called him to be an evangelist and how he had been leaving for his first trip to Eastern Europe. In the plane he was still having an argument with God.

"I can't go. There is no way I can be like those great preachers."

God had answered him curtly.

"If you try to be somebody else, I will not be able to use you."

So, Billy started his ministry far away from his own country. His first experiences were quite extraordinary.

He was staying in a hotel after a meeting. Early, very early in the morning, there was a knock on the door. Billy woke up and opened the door feeling somewhat dazed.

There was a hotel cleaner with a group of people standing in a row in the corridor. Billy could only watch as the cleaner tried to explain something to him in a foreign language.

All of a sudden, Billy noticed there was a dark spot that moved along the body of the first person standing. The dot stopped on his knee. Still a bit drowsy, Billy pointed at the knee. The man nodded vigorously. Apparently, he was supposed to pray for the knee. That's what he did and the man looked very happy. The dot moved on and stopped at every person on a different body part.

Eventually, the quiet prayer meeting came to an end and Billy was able to go back to bed.

The next morning, there was a knock on the door again. The hotel cleaner was back with a smile and with a new group of people standing behind her!

Billy Smith shared his story with us for quite some time while we were enjoying our pizzas. Suddenly he looked at Johanna and asked abruptly:

“Have you told me anything? Have you said to me that you need something?”

Johanna looked a tad frightened and couldn't reply. Billy was quiet for a moment. Then he continued with a soft voice:

“I just wanted to make it very clear that you haven't told me anything. But when we were chatting at the Christian School after the teaching session, the Holy Spirit said to me, ‘Take these people out for a dinner.’”

After that, Billy Smith opened his wallet, took out a bundle of notes and gave the money to Johanna.

“I don't ever do this if God doesn't specifically tell me to do so. But he said to me, ‘Give them some money.’”

As we left the pizzeria, we were totally exhausted. It was as if we had had a really long day of work. Most probably we had never been so scared before in our life. We had tried to hang on to the promises we believed God had given us. But we had seen how hard it was for us to trust him.

Yet he had been faithful. We were amazed and full of joy for what God had done. Surely he would be able to take care of our family in the days to come, too.

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