

my second best friend

"a man that hath friends must shew himself friendly:
and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a
brother."prov 18:24

i don't remember when i first began
to call you "friend."
one day, i only know,
the vague companionship that i'd seen grow
so imperceptibly, turned gold, and ran
in tune with all i'd thought, or dared to plan.

A friend is like a star that twinkles and glows
Or maybe like the ocean that gently flows.
A friend is like gold that you should treasure
And take care of forever and ever.

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i have been blessed to have many friends during my life and several "best" friends; friends turned gold. i had one growing up. i had one during my school life and others during my work life at various stages. then, even as some wines age, some friends come into your life at an age when needed. such was the case with my last best friend.

she did not bring me to Christ but she certainly grew me in Him. she was my mentor and friend. at my waking this morning she was suddenly in my thoughts again. as i recaptured our times together in my mind, the tears began to flow. you see, i miss my friend for she now lives with my best friend - my Lord and my God.

after years of attending church together, there was a church split as often happens when the Lord sets someone on a different path. the thing is, she went one way while i went another, but we still remained friends.

i still recall the day she came to me and said she felt

she was called into the ministry. i happily helped her get the needed things like a tax exemption, website, printed materials, etc., but the vision was hers alone. you see, i always looked upon myself as more of a passenger on the bus rather than the driver. i did all that i could for her but didn't even consent to be on her board for a long time.

she was such a special person, gifted by the Lord in discernment, deliverance and love; a love that helped many enter into their fullness. it was in knowing her that helped me know Jesus better.

we fought through many battles together. when one was up and one was down, we helped each other, as friends should. i can remember once when she was troubled by much and as we helped unburden each other, suddenly the Lord prompted me to get what's necessary and wash her feet. her feet was not dirty but her spirit needed a washing and refreshing. it was one of the most spiritual times of my life and i was so blessed to minister to my mentor.

even as elijah needed to depart to allow elisha to come into his fullness, perhaps it was needed for my mentor to depart to bring me into a deeper fullness. one finishes their race, and even as in a marathon, the torch is passed on to another. i see that happening in many lives. although separation is never a pleasant thing, without growth and change, we would all just park ourselves in our comfort zone.

i dare not think i have done a fraction of what others have, but i hope to have grown into somewhat into

whatever the Lord prepared for me to do, or if not, that i will grow further still. we each were called for our own purpose, not the purpose of another. if a river does not flow it can become stagnate and a stench to God - just as a vineyard not producing may be uprooted by it's owner. "behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness: otherwise thou also shalt be cut off." rom 11:22

none of us can live in yesterday while tomorrow looms in front of us so largely or we could become that stagnate stench to God. the enemy would place us all there if he could. we must tap into the river of life else our river stops flowing here, producing nothing. this brief space of time is not life, only a precursor to the eternal one awaiting us all.

"for we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." 2 cor 5:10

i still miss my friend. i still remember my friend, but i will not let the seed she nourished in me starve because she is no longer here. she has gone to her reward and now is time for me to see if i will have one or not. in a way, i feel she is up there cheering me on. you see, as i write these dailies, there is one reader that consistently chimes in without fail; perhaps just a simple amen or a good job. her name happens to be paula as well. each time i smile and look up as if "my" paula were giving me a nod. i

receive it as such anyway - in the spirit.

has your friendship with Jesus turned to gold yet?