

A Gallon of Milk

A young man had been to Wednesday night Bible study, where the pastor talked about listening to God and obeying the Lord's voice. The young man couldn't help but wonder, does God still speak to people? After the service he went out with some friends for coffee and pie, and they discussed the message. Several people told how God had led them in different ways.

Driving home from the restaurant, the young man prayed, "God, if you still speak to people, speak to me. I will listen. I will do my best to obey." As he drove down the main street of his town, he had the strangest thought to stop and buy a gallon of milk. He shook his head and said out loud, "God, is that you?" He didn't get a reply, so he drove on toward home. But again the thought came: Buy a gallon of milk. The young man thought about Samuel and how he didn't recognize the voice of God, and how little Samuel ran to Eli. "OK, God, in case that's you, I will buy the milk." It didn't seem like too hard a test of obedience. He could always use the milk. He stopped and bought a gallon of milk and started off toward home.

As he passed Seventh Street, something told him to turn down the street. This is crazy, he thought and drove on past the intersection. Again, he felt that he should turn down Seventh Street. At the next intersection, he turned back and headed down Seventh. Half jokingly, he said out loud, "OK, God, I will." He drove several blocks, when suddenly he felt like he should stop. He pulled over to the curb and looked around. It wasn't the best, but it wasn't the worst of neighborhoods either. All the businesses were closed, and most of the houses looked dark. He sensed something say, "Go and give the milk to the people in the house across the street." The young man looked at the house. No lights shone from its windows.

He started to open the door and then sat back in the car seat. "Lord, this is insane. Those people are asleep, and if I wake them up, they're going to be mad, and I will look stupid." Again, he felt like he should go and give the milk. Finally, he opened the door, "OK, God, if this is You, I will go to the door and give them the milk. But if they don't answer right away, I'm out of here." He walked across the street and rang the bell. He could hear some noise inside. A man's voice yelled out, "Who is it? What do you want?" The door opened before the young man could get away.

A man stood there in his jeans and T-shirt. He had a strange look on his face, and he didn't seem too happy to have a stranger standing on his doorstep. The man asked, "What is it?"

The young man thrust out the gallon of milk. "Here, I brought this to you." The man took the milk and rushed down a hallway speaking loudly in Spanish. From down the hall came a woman, carrying the milk toward the kitchen. The man was following her holding a crying baby.

With tears streaming down his face, he said, "We were just praying. We had some big bills this month, and we ran out of money. We didn't have any milk for our baby. I was just praying and asking God to show me how to get some milk."

From the kitchen, his wife yelled out, "I ask Him to send an angel with some. Are you an angel?"

The young man reached into his wallet, pulled out all the money he had and placed it in the man's hand. He turned and walked across the street toward his car, blinking back tears, knowing that God still answers prayers.