

## Lost again

Two weeks ago, I wrote of the frustration of losing my new Driver's License. This week I lost my car keys but it wasn't my fault. I had a Doctor's appointment at Troy Beaumont. Parking is not a good experience at this location, so I was happy to see Valet Parking was back. There was only one attendant working and she was very busy. She saw me, took my name, and told me to leave the keys in the car and she would park it after she parked the car ahead of me. I did as I was told and went to my appointment. When I returned about 30 minutes later, she went to get my car as I watched her. She was in my car but then left it and ran down the valet parking area. Then returned and said, "It was a Buick, right?" and went in the office. She then came out and asked me to come in and identify my keys on the board. I went in and my keys were not on the board. I went through a bunch of keys on the counter and could not find my keys. She was becoming very upset, I told her to take a deep breath and be calm, which she did. She asked if I had a spare key with me, I said yes but I wanted the key fob she had taken. She then called for help while she went back to the lot searching for my keys. I waited some more and finally went back to the office and she was filling out a form. The keys had been left in someone else's car and she was sure that they would be found and returned. I older, wiser, and somewhat jaded by life's experiences was not so optimistic. If the keys are not returned within three days, they are to replace them. She returned the parking fee and the tip, but I really wanted my keys. I still await the phone call telling me that my keys have been found. So once again I am reminded of all that is lost, especially those who don't follow Jesus. I have been lost and found. Faith did not come easily to me. I believed in a vengeful God. A God who would take a Brother from me, a God who would seek retribution on me whenever anything bad happened, a God who would not answer my nightly prayer to join that Brother. It took Polio to turn me around. When I first felt God calling me to go to church, it became "Not this Sunday, maybe next Sunday." It took 3 years until I finally answered that call. It was then that I found grace and Grace found God. A forgiving, redeeming God of love.

Luke 15:3-7 Then Jesus told them this parable: Suppose one of you has a hundred sheep and loses one of them. Does he not leave the ninety-nine in the open country and go after the lost sheep until he finds it? And when he finds it, he joyfully puts it on his shoulders and goes home. Then he calls his friends and neighbors and says, "Rejoice with me, I have found my lost sheep." I tell you that there will be more rejoicing in Heaven over one sinner that repents than over ninety-nine righteous persons that do not need to repent.

Lord, forgive us when we fail, be with us when we strive to be better. Be with those who are grieving, with those that are ill, and those who are lost. Bless our church as we seek to be the hands and feet of Jesus. Lord our country is in turmoil and we seek your help and guidance. We pray Lord for relief from this Pandemic and may these days bring us a renewed appreciation for our tomorrows. Be with our Pastor and his family, keep them safe. Bless his ministry and give him strength for the day and vision for tomorrow. Be with our Staff and Leaders, give them wisdom and courage. We pray in the name of Jesus. Amen

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