

Volume 13, Issue 27: God-Incidents

I have found that there are no coincidences for me, only God incidents. How do you explain going out in search of something, only for it to be revealed to you after you have given up on the search?

There's an item I had researched for weeks and set out to purchase through a local importer after having failed to find it locally online. When I was finally ready to do the transaction, I felt an urge to first visit the two locations I imagined I could find the item at. I wanted to make sure that I had confirmed the unavailability of the item locally before proceeding with importing.

After searching for awhile last Saturday morning, I was ready to go back home. I was tired, my feet were starting to get sore, but I got the nudge to walk past where I had parked my car to one last shop at a mall I usually frequent when in that location. I scanned through the items on display at the shop and didn't see the item. I decided to look for other things there, and it didn't cross my mind to ask the shop keeper if she had the item.

As I was almost ready to leave, a shopper came in, and standing behind me, he asked if the shop keeper had the item I was looking for, showing the image from his phone. I turned and took a quick glance and my delight took over when I heard the shop keeper say she had the item, only 10 pieces left from a stock of 400! The shopper wanted 3 and I wanted 6 pieces. And hearing the price, I took a seat and relaxed, grateful that I had not only found what I had gone there for, I was going to spend half the amount I would spend importing the item!

You might say that was a coincidence. I disagree. I could have sent the importer the funds for the purchase the day before. Or, I could have gone straight to my car after searching all over the place in vain. Or, I could have gone to that shop at a time when the shopper had come and gone, or left the shop before the shopper arrived. Or, I could have found the units depleted.

That was not a coincidence. It was God-incidence. I believe that God ordered my steps from the very beginning when I hesitated to send the funds to the importer, even long before that. To the point of my walking past my car tired, to that mall and shop. To the point of the shopper showing

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up while I was there, asking for the item in my hearing. To the number of units left being more than enough for both the shopper and I at that time. That was not chance. That was the handiwork of God.

Have you missed God-incidences that happen in your life by labeling them coincidences?

For His Glory,

Lillian Chebosi