

April 12, 2006

Support Team Members,

The following Irish story is for you to enjoy. It was related to us recently, and "has God's fingerprints all over it". The story begins over 60 years ago in a Dublin slum.

Most of you know that in order to facilitate our immersion into Irish culture and to satisfy ABWE mission requirements, we have been taking several classes at the Irish Bible Institute (IBI) in Dublin city center. IBI is a small independent school that is beginning to grow. For most of the past ten years IBI has shared crowded (and borrowed) space with an inner city church. That is until last year when IBI was given an entire spacious floor of a new office building in central Dublin. The office building is named "Ulysses House", and an IBI leader tells his father's story:

*I can recall in 1943 sitting on a horse-drawn wagon, rattling over the cobbles in Foley Street, beside a driver called Ned, en route to Fairview (a local town) with a delivery of beds. I was 8 years of age and twice a week I would walk down Foley Street to meet my Dad who managed an upholstery factory there. It was an appalling street, containing terrible tenements with over-crowding that Dublin of today knows nothing about. The street was neglected by the Corporation (City), cobbled, filthy, and poorly lit.*

*Mid way through this year (2005) I looked out from the top of Ulysses House with growing amazement, realised that I was standing on the very site of the premises formerly managed by my father all those years ago. Dad worked in Foley Street for more than 20 years. He prayed each day for the street and its poverty-stricken people. He would often give little tracts about Jesus to the children and pay them little sums of money to keep an eye on his bicycle for him.*

*Looking out from Ulysses House, I thank God that my Father's prayers for the street and for Dublin have now been answered. I hope this will be an encouragement to all prayer-warriors. God inevitably hears; He inevitably answers in His own way and in His own time. IBI is now on this site and that's an answer to prayer. My Dad died in 1988, never saw his prayers answered, but God, bless His name, has his own timing.*

May you be encouraged (as we were) by this reminder. Significant things occur all day every day. And sometimes they are very trying things that we must deal with. God delights to occasionally let us see "His fingerprints". What should be your response when you see them? Thanks for your commitment to us here.

*Dean & Julia Langley*  
*1 Thess. 5:15-18*