

Mercy Drops

Can I share something that's very special to me, that happened in God's perfect timing. It's a story about my grandfather, Vol Holden, a man I never met.

While a fresh young pastor... walking in my calling and serving my first flock, I met a man, in a graveyard, in Meridian, MS, nearly 22 years ago. They were bringing a body up from Louisiana that would be buried in the cemetery of the church I was pastoring. Upon their arrival, we started with some small talk and I asked them both where they were from. I'm pretty sure one (the older gentleman) was from Baton Rouge and the middle-aged man was from the Denhiem Springs area. I mentioned that I was also from Louisiana. They asked what part of the state I was from and I said, Covington. The older gentleman lit up a bit and said he had fond memories of Covington and began to tell me why.

He said, "When he and his wife got married, that evening they took out for their honeymoon. When they reached the St. Tammany Parish line, on Highway 190, they broke down. Not having many options of available wrecker services they were recommended to call Holden's in Covington. (Keep in mind, this man doesn't know I'm a Holden at this point). He goes on to speak so fond of Mr. Holden that came and towed their car to the station, put them up for the night, and committed to having them back on the road the next morning. The station was a twenty-four hour, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty-five days out the year kind of business. So, the next morning they came picked us up, and had our car fixed and ready to go. But here's the thing, Mr. Holden did not charge us a single dime for any of it, nothing at all, not one penny for the towing, the stay, or the repairs, nothing. I have never forgotten what he did for us."

I, bubbling with joy and delight, was so blessed and humbled to tell him my name, and that the man, who had such an impact on him and his new bride, was my grandfather, Vol Holden. I shared with him how he and my grandmother owned Holden's Texaco for many years and had heard so much of my grandfather's generosity, but he died when my dad was two years old and all I have is second-hand stories. Until now...

The timing of this was absolutely extraordinary. And had I not been in the favor of God, doing what He set me apart to do, I would have never been in Mt. Horeb Baptist Church's cemetery, in Meridian, Ms. to meet a man, who nothing of me other than I was from Covington, La, that had met and was blessed by the kindness my grandfather, some fifty years earlier.

I still know very little about my grandfather... and the little that I know about his dad, my great-grandfather, is not good at all. But his great grandfather, my great great grandfather seemed to be

the kind of man that my grandfather admired and followed in his footsteps. But I am so grateful for the nugget God put in my sack on that day in that cemetery... I wouldn't trade it for nothing.

#nestingwithjesus #psalms #psalm60 #psalm55 #psalm42 #instruction