It would have been easier to do nothing.

Have you ever met someone unexpectedly who later played an important role in your faith journey? For many it may be a pastor, a parent, or even a neighbor. For me, it was a fourteen-year-old boy named Jordan Allen. Jordan discovered his divine purpose would be revealed while fighting for his life. Yet, his childlike faith caused even the strongest believer to question where their true allegiance lied; with God or with the world.

Years prior to meeting the Allen family, our own son Travis was hospitalized with pneumonia that was resistant towards several common antibiotics. We spent long days and even longer nights by his bedside praying for his recovery. One night his fever was so high his body began having convulsions. As the medical team tried to subside him, I frantically slipped inside the bathroom, fell on the cold tile floor and wept. Once the convulsions stopped and the doctors left, I sat next to Travis’s bedside. His body was resting and he looked so peaceful. I held his hand, wiping my tears.

*“Mommy, why are you crying? You always said heaven was a better place.”* His tiny voice and childlike faith became a pivotal moment in my faith walk; trusting and believing in God no matter what happened.

After several weeks, Travis fully recovered from his illness. Life returned to normal, until one day after school, Travis told me about Jordan, his friend who had a brain tumor. “You should go to the hospital and pray for him,” he said.

My heart dropped. Truthfully I didn’t want to get involved. I hated hospitals and certainly didn’t want to go back. Wouldn’t praying from home be sufficient? Days passed and Travis asked again if I’d gone to see Jordan. I hadn’t. Procrastination had set in. The third time, something in his words struck a chord in my heart. This time I immediately left for the hospital.

I began doubting my decision as questions filled my head. What did Jordan’s mother look like? Was she even a Christian? I noticed a woman in the waiting room and instantly knew it was her. I introduced myself and asked if I could pray over her son. She led me to his room, pulled back the curtain and revealed a comatose young boy surrounded by machines monitoring his vital signs. After a long deep breath, I prayed when suddenly a change came over me. I now wanted to be a part of this journey, and returned to the hospital almost every day afterwards.

What excuses do we use to avoid God’s calling? I’m certain there are countless times I missed His voice simply by being so consumed in the noise and busyness of my own life. Fortunately, we worship a God who is in constant pursuit of His children. When God puts something on your heart, don’t procrastinate. Just do it. Often the hardest decisions become more fruitful.