

Walking On The Streets Of "Bling" by Tabitha Sneed



Like many women, I began a new fitness kick as a New Year's resolution. I have a goal and in order to meet it, much effort is needed on my part. On an ordinary Saturday morning (end of January), I set out on a mile walk and was thrilled because instead of going to the gym, I could walk outside.

The temperature was 40 degrees and the skies were clear and sunny, It was unusual to have no wind (North Dakota is famous for wind), so I was taking advantage of this moment. I grabbed my i-pod, sunglasses, and outwear and headed out. The entire walk was amazing and so perfectly still that you could have heard a pin drop.

About mid-way through my mile, a praise song came on that really hit home with me. Up until this point my arms were swaying at my sides. But, when the message of the song registered with me, my hands went up and my eyes welled up with tears. (Keep in mind that I was not raised in the type of church where a women's hands ever left her lap--it takes a lot for me to be this inspired). The message of the song was about how everything in our lives needs to bring praise to God. What an incredible message! "This is

what I long for," I thought to myself. And with my eyes partly closed I continued walking and praising--not caring if cars passed me or people thought I was nuts.

The song ended and when I fully opened my eyes again I took notice of how sparkly the path was before me. Snow equipment had indeed been through and only a sheer layer of snow remained on the walkway. Thanks to the bright sunshine, every inch of concrete--every step of the walkway simply glittered! (I'm sure my pre-teen daughter would have said it had "bling"). It was gorgeous and I was completely enthralled in such a simple thing. Suddenly, a thought entered my mind, "if you think this is great, just wait 'till you see Heaven." (Okay, now this is the part where I knew God was talking and it was my job to just listen). My entire life I had heard Christian speakers talk about messages they had received from God and how God spoke through situations. I admit that having grown up as a pastor's kid I had HOPED to hear the voice of God, but never had any great stories of my own until this past year. For me, He seems to speak in a breeze or in the falling leaves. He never barges in loudly, but with the gentleness of a snowflake, His words fall upon me. When He speaks it brings an incredible, quiet joy that builds until I have no choice but to share it with my closest friends.

Revelation, chapter 21, vividly describes the Heaven God is preparing for us. Even with my college-educated mind, there are names of precious stones that I cannot pronounce, much less imagine. Add to this the gates made of pearl and the streets of gold and you have something that will put your jaw on the floor. We cannot begin to fathom

this “bling” God has in store for us in Heaven. I was awed by this simple experience.

When I got home from my walk, I knew there were routine chores waiting for me, But, I was glad I chose to put my God time and physical maintenance before that. I think that we women often fail to take time for ourselves and time for God. We put everyone else’s needs before our own, which is commendable. However, it’s during those bits of time you spend alone, when God speaks most clearly. It came to me also that while that snow will linger for several more weeks, we may have a bit of spring cleaning in our hearts that cannot wait. So, start now, before the thaw and ask God for His guidance. And, don’t forget to occasionally walk along the streets of “bling”.