



When the Wind Blows

Bobbie Lee Howard

© Copyright 1992, 2011

**** Excerpted From Adventures Along the Way****

“He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide in the shadows of the Almighty”

Psalm 91:1

No Matter what else Home Schooling would bring into our lives, we were certain of one thing, it would certainly bring forth many Adventures Along The Way. We know this to be true and know you will discover the same as you step into this journey that awaits you. Some adventures will be more memorable than others. All of them will impact your life, and always for the better. That is a promise from the Lord. Romans 8:28 “And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love Him, who have been called according to His purpose.”

This is one such time. Within moments one day in August 1992, would become an historical event. Not only would this be true for our family, but of our town, our state and in effect, our whole nation. In the previous 24 hours, we had learned one thing for sure; we were abiding in the shadow of the Almighty.

Our daughter, Heather Lee, had just completed a summer mission trip with Teen Missions international. Due home on Monday morning, we were overjoyed to discover she was arriving two days early. Having spent the summer in Israel, walking the streets of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, she had done what my heart longed to do. I couldn't wait to hear about her adventures. Her early arrival brought me that much closer to hearing them.

We picked her up from Merritt Island and drove into Homestead, Florida about 4 P.M. We had a huge surprise for her. Instead of driving straight home, we drove to the Air Force Base to show her our soon-to-be new home. On Thursday, we would move on to the base after waiting for nearly two years for Base Housing. The location was perfect. She was very surprised, but exhaustion was setting in. We needed to get our sleepy daughter home. There would be lots of time for stories of her adventures.

Driving home from Merritt Island had given us a chance to talk, but that had also kept us from noticing the over-crowded grocery stores. We had wanted to get some ice cream to celebrate Heather Lee's homecoming. She had missed ice cream a lot. Since the grocery stores were filled with shoppers and long lines; (strange, it wasn't even pay day) we decided to go to a Farm-Store-Drive Through and get our jet-lagged traveler to bed. After the ice cream, of course!

The Lord had been faithful and watched over her, she was home. We were abiding beneath His ever-protective wings. God was watching over us, His shadow was proof of that.

Heather Lee's summer adventure was ending; our family adventure was just about to begin.

“I will say of the Lord 'He is my refuge and my fortress; my God in Him will I trust'.”

Psalm 91:2

We ate ice cream, and watched Heather Lee begin to fade. After we put her to bed, we began to wonder about the abundance of people at the grocery store. We turned on the television and were surprised to see the news was on. It was much too late for the evening news. We discovered the station was tracking a Hurricane named Andrew depending on the way he turned it would either go down toward the Florida Keys, or North up the coast the way Hurricane Hugo had. Everyone assured us Hurricanes never hit Homestead. The forecaster said he would have further details at 7 A.M. Sunday morning. The long drive had exhausted us all, so we went to bed wondering what tomorrow would bring.

I awoke to the sounds of hammering down the street, it was 6:50 a.m. I looked outside to see our neighbors putting up their storm shutters. I came in, turned on the news, and woke up Michael. It seems Andrew had a one track mind and didn't turn. He was heading straight towards Homestead. We had to put our shutters up also.

As we put the hurricane shutters up, I realized our home was starting to look like a fortress. Michael and Matthew worked outside, I filled water bottles, gathered up can goods, and made sure we had plenty of flashlights and batteries. Heather Lee was trying to focus on her new surroundings and putting on her first pair of shorts in three months!

With all the preparations going on, I almost didn't hear the telephone ring. I answered it and was surprised to hear Mike's boss on the phone. What did he want? Mike was on leave, surely he wouldn't be calling him in to work. But that was exactly what he was doing. The Air Force Base had to be evacuated and Mike had to secure the base. That left us to secure the home.

Mike hung up the phone, called us in to the living room, and told us not to worry, that he would be home as soon as he could. He then took our hands, prayed over us, and read Psalm 91 to us. We were in our fortress and the Almighty was watching over us.

“Surely He shall deliver you from the snare of the fowler and from the perilous pestilence.”

Psalm 91:3

The News broadcasters told everyone east of I-95 to evacuate immediately. The Air Force base was east of I-95 which is why Mike had to leave. Our home was west of I-95. I always wondered how a hurricane knew when to cross a road and when to keep going straight. Now I knew, it was because the forecasters tell them their boundaries. If only that were true! Mike had been gone almost two hours when my father called to check on us. I assured him we were safe in our home west of Krome Avenue, the weatherman had said so.

After convincing my dad and myself that everything was going to be just fine, I decided to pack a few things just incase the kids and I had to go to a shelter. Water, canned goods, batteries, I had done all that. This was my first hurricane so I went through the emergency list I had. I found all our important documents; Mike is very organized so that was simple. I told the kids to pack three outfits apiece, one to wear, one to change in to and one in case the other two get dirty. I had heard clean up was the hard part of the hurricane because electricity would be out and some power lines might be down and water may be in the house. Than I grabbed a few towels and blankets. Since the things we would need would be for cleaning up, the clothes were old and sturdy, the shoes; hiking boots and tennis shoes. Or so I thought. Heather Lee in her jet-lagged state had packed shorts, just shorts. I should have checked!

I was about to fill the bathtub so we would have water, when Mike burst through the door and said “Let’s Go!” His boss had sent him home to get us out of town once he realized Mike had our only car and we were still home. Since I don’t drive, Mike had returned to drive us as far north as we could get before Hurricane Andrew came ashore.

As you can imagine, you cannot pack very much into the back of a Hyundai hatchback. We managed to get the children in the car, our three outfits, water, food, towels, and our important papers. Everything else would have to wait for us when we returned. I did manage to take all of our photo albums and school records and place them on a high closet shelf. That way they would be safe from any water damage that may occur. It was all I had time to do.

Driving out of town, we stopped at a friend’s home. We helped them board it up and encouraged them to leave with us. After all, if the Air force says get out of town, you know it is serious. It took some convincing to get them to come because once you are boarded up everything feels so safe. But they came, beginning our caravan with them across the state of Florida. Having them with us seemed the right thing to do. As we drove out of town, we wondered where all the traffic was. Krome Avenue was smooth driving all the way The Lord was surely directing our path. Just as God had delivered the Israelites, He would deliver us. The fowler had set his snares, but the Lord had opened up our way of escape. The adventure had begun.

“He shall cover you with His feathers under His wings you shall take refuge; His truth shall be your shield and buckler.”

Psalm 91:4

As this Adventure begins, I am sure you are wondering what all this has to do with home schooling. Home schooling is as much a part of our lives, as our lives are a part of home schooling. There is a lesson around every corner. Psalm 91 chosen by Mike would become our Bible lesson, weather mapping and hurricane tracking would become our science lesson and traveling north through the center of Florida would become our geography lesson. After all, God had a plan and learning would be a part of it. We had no idea where we were going, we were following the Lord and the road He chose.

Homeschoolers are a unique bunch to say the least, they are a family all to themselves; much the same way the church is to believers, but in some ways even closer knit. Open hearts and open homes are the core of the Home School Movement. The family traveling with us had just begun home schooling. This adventure would cause us to cross paths with other homeschoolers as well.

As we drove north through the middle of the state, we noticed we were coming upon the city of Lake Wales. Now some of you may already be acquainted with home school hospitality; but I am certain when Bob and Tina Farewell had told us to stop by anytime, they didn't mean during a hurricane. But there we stood, two families knocking at their door. Bob, himself, had only arrived at home a few hours ago. Tina was two weeks short of delivering their daughter, and their living room held the contents of their bedroom. They were in the midst of redecorating. Here is where the Holy Spirit steps in and gives our children a lesson on the gifts of the Spirit. So, what do Bob and Tina do? They open their hearts and their homes to us; hospitality in full practice. They offered us refuge from the storm, refreshed our bodies and our spirits. Their children entertained our children, while we all sought the Lord as to what we were to do next.

Since the hour was still early, we decided to use their telephone and call around to various hotels in the area. Our traveling companions also had distant relatives in the area and we wanted to try them as well.

Fellowshipping with Bob and Tina was just the touch we needed to go on. As they prayed for our family we could see the Hand of God directing us. Christian Home School families are a very special kind of people. If you haven't discovered that yet, you soon will.

“You shall not be afraid of the terror by night....”

Psalm 91:5a

Larry and Rita, our traveling companions, did manage to contact their family and after a series of telephone calls, it was decided we would stay at a near by home. One of their cousins was house-sitting. The owners had gone home to Georgia and said they would be glad to put us up for a few days.

What we discovered was more than we had hoped for, the Lord knew our needs and set before us a table fit for kings. We arrived at his cousin's and were escorted to an A-Frame vacation get-away home on the shore of a lake. It had bedding for all eight of us, two kitchens, two bathrooms, and a view that was spectacular. It also had two very important items; a telephone to let family know we were safe, and a television to see what was happening in Homestead.

Since the hurricane would not make landfall until morning, we settled into our new surroundings. The peace that our children possessed could only have come from God. That evening we all slept peacefully in our beds waiting to see what tomorrow would bring. Our Savior was watching over us, a fortress had been erected for our family and the terror that came in the night to Homestead, Florida, did not come to us.

“...Nor the arrow that flies by day.”

Psalm 91:5b

In order for an arrow to fly, it must be in a bow and pulled back by the archer. It also has to have a target in mind. In this case, the target was clearly Homestead, Florida. As if a red bulls-eye had been painted on our small town, Hurricane Andrew had clearly hit its mark.

Morning came early for our band of adventurers. As we sat huddled around the television, the news came out in sound bites that would pierce as arrows. Safe in our fortress we were protected and the arrows never wounded us fatally. The blows were devastating at times, but we were a family, together and we were safe.

Miami had been spared and there was rejoicing in that. The death tolls and destruction would have been extensive had it veered toward that metropolis. Hurricane Andrew had not turned, not at all. He had plowed straight through Homestead. As the reporter said, “Homestead no longer exists...” There was no way we could begin to comprehend what that statement meant. However I began to realize that the new home on the Air Force Base we had just surprised our children with, would not be happening. We would not be moving onto Homestead Air Force Base on Thursday as planned. Nothing would be as we had planned.

In the living room of our gift from God sanctuary, we began to pray. Our two little families bowed our heads and thanked God for His protection. We thanked God that Larry and his family had come with us and not stayed behind as they had planned. Then we began to wonder aloud, what shall we do next? If there is no Air force Base, if there is no Homestead, where is Mike to report to? And where would Mike return to work? Did Rita and Larry have a home and business to return too? Arrows flew, and God watched over us.

“Nor the pestilence that walks in darkness nor the destruction that lays waste at Noon Day.”

Psalm 91:6

As Noon Day arrived, the destruction became more and more evident. From the photos they were airing it was certain Hurricane Andrew had hit the bulls-eye dead center. He had cut a path straight across the tip of Florida, across the everglades and subsequently across our homes. What of our homes and our friends? We sat glued to the television screen hoping to catch a glimpse of someone or something we could recognize.

As the cameras panned the lines of people waiting for water, we scanned the crowds hoping to spot a friend. We searched each brick for an address we might recognize. Each broadcast brought us closer to Homestead. Town by town, intersection by intersection, images flashed across the screen. Our church was in a heap, our home around the corner must be as well.

Destruction had come, but not to our families. We were safe; we were in God’s care. The only questions we had were, “Where our home might be and how are our friends?” Picture after picture we searched.

The Hurricane may have destroyed the houses, but the pestilence that clothes itself in darkness was not what we had expected. We had expected, rats, roaches, and mosquitoes to be out in force, and they were. The plague that smells the worst, however, is what man does to his fellow man.

Looting is unacceptable when all is destroyed or at any other time, no matter what the reason for the devastation. You see it during riots, during black outs in big cities and unfortunately during hurricanes. Clothed in darkness this monster brings fear. It causes rational people to act irrationally.

Rational people sit on their porches with shotguns protecting a space they used to call home. Now it only holds a few belongings. Belongings they are willing to die for, to protect, or kill to ensure their safety. Fear that you could lose your life over a television set or because a neighbor doesn’t realize it’s your house he has wandered over to and not his own. Can stuff really matter that much?

Sitting in our God given refuge we had decided nothing matters more than what we could fit inside our little Hyundai, our family. We were safe in His care.

“A thousand may fall at your side and ten thousand at my right hand; but it shall not come near you.”

Psalm 91:7

A thousand homes fell to the left of us, ten thousand to the right of us, and ours fell too. But we were not in it. God had made a way of escape. We saw the scenes one after another go across the television. Monday morning, Hurricane Andrew set us on an Adventure like no other. Monday morning, the same Monday morning we were to have picked up our daughter at Merritt Island. How blessed we are that she came home early. The teens on that bus would have been so frightened not knowing if their parents were safe. God had orchestrated everything.

Two days were spent in our lakeside hideaway wondering what to do. We went to the grocery store in town to buy some provisions. Larry and Rita would have to return to Homestead and see what they could find of their home. Since the stores in Homestead were also destroyed, we wanted to make sure they had enough to take with them; enough to share with friends and neighbors. It was so hard to say good-bye not knowing what they would find. Our adventure would go the opposite direction. We were to report to the nearest military installation immediately. It was a very tear filled good-bye.

Our home had stood six blocks away from what they were now calling the newly erected “Tent City”. I kept recalling John Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress as we watched the news. What I saw was truly “The City of Destruction. The next time we read it, I will pay close attention to the description of the city and see if it measures up to what we have witnessed over the last few days.

There is great peace when you realize that you are abiding under the shadow of the Almighty. We did not know what lay ahead of us or behind us for that matter. We did know that God was leading us and for that we were grateful. Larry and his family drove south; we continued north and west toward MacDill Air force Base. There we would discover what the Air Force was going to do with thousands of displaced families. Where God guides, God provides.

“Only with your eyes shall you look and see the reward of the wicked.”

Psalm 91:8

Having to report to MacDill Air Force Base made the words in this verse take on a whole new meaning. Until that moment when we placed our feet inside the temporary quarters that was now our home; we did not realize that the only way our family would experience the devastation caused by Hurricane Andrew was “with our eyes.” Our ears did not hear the thunderous roar of hurricane force winds ripping down walls like a toddler knocks over stacked blocks. Nor did our eyes see sentimental treasures turn to rubble or empty lots where once a home had stood. We were beneath the Shadow of The Almighty when it all took place.

Not everyone we knew had evacuated, many chose to stay and weather the storm. Later they would write me and tell me how the only room left standing of their home was the bathroom they and their children were huddled in. They too had spent the day beneath the shadow of the Almighty. Yet, their children would have fearful nightmares and great concerns each time the wind would blow outside their bedroom windows. My children knew peace.

Other friends of ours at the Base would rent U-hauls for 150.00 A DAY only to discover they had very little left to load up, or what they did recover mildewed in storage. I know, 150.00 a day may sound outrageous, price gouging is outrageous, and desperation feeds greed. I am told good Samaritans brought truck loads of water, while profiteers sold ice for 10.00 a bag. I finally understood why it is recommended you keep 500.00 in cash in your hurricane survival kit.

Since we did not live on Base, there would be minimal security at best where our home was located. The National Guard had their hands full. We would not add to them. Instead we chose to look forward and start over fresh. We had all that really mattered with us. Storing our treasures in heaven took on a whole new meaning. We would not risk returning even for our homeschool curriculum we had just purchased for the new school year, which would begin in one more week. September was a week away, no home, no schoolbooks and yet learning was already taking place. That is what true Homeschooling is anyway, a lesson wherever you are.

“Because you have made the Lord, who is my refuge, Even the Most High, your habitation, no evil shall befall you. Nor shall any plague come near your dwelling.”

Psalm 91:9-10

Sitting in the air-conditioned comfort of our “hotel room” like quarters, watching home owners with shotguns sitting on the ruins of their home protecting it from would be looters, a sense of guilt wanders into my heart. Our friends are sleeping in make shift tents blocks from our home, people are selling them bags of ice for \$10.00 to \$15.00 a bag. These scenes are just news reports to most Americans, to us they are personal. Our Family is safe. Our family has running water to drink and to bathe in. Our Family has a laundry room down the hall to wash our three sets of clothes and electricity to flash these images across our television. My heart whispers, “Why Lord? But those words never reach my lips. No evil has come near us, we are safe and secure.

We wanted to rescue my friends; we could do so little and had even less. We did devise a plan Before Larry and Rita left us. We handed them a note giving them permission to be in our home if we had a home. We need not want someone to mistake them for looters. With note in hand they discovered a few walls standing. Our Gas grill was filled with propane; it became our neighbors cook stove. Our refrigerator through the grace of God a week later had frozen food still in it feed our neighbors bellies and spirits. Water bottles, cans of food were still in the kitchen where we had left them would keep them from the clutches of the profiteers. All the other rooms, but Matthew’s bedroom, were destroyed. Matthew’s room, the room I had placed our photo albums in as we left our home for the last time, stood. And in his closet, above the air conditioner which had flown across the room and embedded itself in the closet wall through to the bathroom, was our family albums. Larry and Rita boxed them up, these very precious memories of ours and mailed them to us a few months later. Our neighbors were survivors; no television show will ever capture the reality of being a true survivor. The news broadcasted the destruction, letters began to arrive filled with miracles and hope. Neighbors were helping neighbors and people that had never waved hello to one another were sharing a plate of beans. Together they would find their way.

Our way would follow a different path. The Air force would somehow manage to relocate thousands of families in a matter of a few weeks. We would not worry about diseased water, spoiled food or rats. We would not have to fight off starving pets left behind by owners hoping they would be there when they returned; nor palmetto bugs the size of match box cars, and nasty blood thirsty mosquitoes. Rusty nails protruding through boards that once were homes, electrical wires and broken glass that had been windows are just the beginning of the list of things we would not return to. Our refuge was perfect for this small car load of refugees.

“For He will command His angels concerning you to guard in all your ways.”

Psalm 91:11

Not only does God command His angels, He also commands the United States Air Force. For ten years Mike had been requesting an assignment to Peterson Air Force Base in Colorado Springs, Colorado. He had long desired to be a part of the United States Space Command. And for ten years, that request had been denied. All of a sudden a hurricane huffs and puffs and blows our house down and the Air Force says “Where would you like to go?” With Pen in hand, they wrote out our new orders, Colorado Springs. If you know anything about the military, you would know that is an act of God. The Air Force is not in the habit of writing handwritten orders to where you want to go as opposed to where they feel like sending you. The Lord’s reason for sending us to Colorado would be different from Mike’s, but whatever the reason we were on our way.

The Lord desires good things for His children, just as we do for our own children. In our car we would have a chance to see a part of the United States we had not seen before. We would go through the South and leisurely visit historical landmarks along the way. A peaceful pace, trying to feel at peace in a Hyundai isn’t easy. But with angels leading the way, it happens. Peace comes.

On the television in our hotel rooms along the way, bureaucrats clamored about the need to get the Homestead refugees back into the classrooms! These children need an education, but they also need a home, running water and three meals a day. The government seems to think the best way to accomplish this is to rip them a way from their parents. Their parents are the absolute only security they possess. But they think the experts can better handle their trauma and psychological problems better than the arms of their mamas. Besides it is easier to contain them if they aren’t under foot.

We were so thankful to be Home Schooling parents. Textbooks could not replace the hugs and security they received being with us during a trauma of this magnitude. On our way to Colorado Springs we stopped for a month at my father’s ranch in Oklahoma. The Air Force knew we needed time to refocus. So instead of Math and English in textbooks, they cleaned out horse stalls, caught fish in the bass pond, groomed horses, measured out feed and ran in the fields.

Textbooks would come later, watching their parents make plans for their future did more than sending them to a classroom ever could. They watched us calmly and peacefully put our lives back together while angels kept their feet from tripping in gopher holes. After a few weeks of sunshine and laughter, they would be ready for their new home and so would we.

“They will lift you up in their hands so that you will not strike your foot against a stone.”

Psalm 91:12

As we called our creditor to explain the events of the last few weeks, we ran into a few rocks and stones along the way. Our landlord decided he should keep our security deposit for a home that was anything but secure, and the garbage disposal company wanted to charge us for months of refuse pick up at an address that didn't exist. One creditor even demanded late fees because our bill had been sent out on the 24th so we should have gotten it, even without a mailbox! These are the kind of rocks that would stub your toes, but the Lord lifted us above them time and again.

Other creditors we spoke to couldn't do enough to help us, they routinely said let us know when you get an address until then your account is on hold. The place where we had bought our new white couch from cancelled our bill and marked it paid in full. They knew it would never be a new couch or a white couch ever again. During one such phone call at a pay phone in Tampa, a gentleman over heard Mike talking on the phone to our insurance company. With tears in his eyes, he came over and shook Mike's hand telling him how sorry he was for our loss. Strangers become friends at such moments. They become ministering angels.

Our time spent in Oklahoma was truly a special gift from God. I hadn't seen my father in years. The military always seemed to be moving us further away from our family. Over time our children had been to visit, but we never were able to afford for all of us to go. Somehow God knew I needed my daddy too.

My Dad and I had many things to talk over. Old wounds had gone too long uncared for, it was time to heal. The nicest part of all was having his hand to hold as we walked through the fields; and watching him stand with his arm around Mike assuring him that everything would be okay. He was right.

The angels did indeed keep guard while we caught our breath and exposed the rough places with the Light of Jesus' love so we would not trip. For a few weeks we forgot what we did not have and concentrated on what we did have, a family that loved us.

“You will tread upon the lion and the cobra; you will trample the great lion and the serpent.”

Psalm 91:13

When Mike first prayed this Psalm over our family, I never expected it to be fulfilled verse by verse. I expected it to comfort us and to reassure us of God’s ever constant care. Yet here we were walking through it. God loves for us to experience His Word. I am sure you have been wondering how this verse is going to fit in to our adventure. I was a little curious myself. But it did, in a very “home schooling” kind of way.

As nice as it had been to not have to go back and experience the destruction Hurricane Andrew had caused, some things we would have liked to have done. One of those things would have been to say good-bye to our friends. There were obstacles in that area as well. One in particular that I had not considered was not having our address book. I had packed up our important papers and bills; we had shot records and birth certificates. But I had not remembered our address book. Our friends no longer had mail boxes and telephones would not be in service again for months.

Every time I recalled an address I wrote a letter. I hoped they would be standing in the lines at the Post Office, lines longer than the most popular ride at Disney World would create, waiting to hear from me. I didn’t want to disappoint them. I mean, nothing could be more disappointing than standing in line for two hours just to hear them say, “sorry no mail today.” That is unless you are in a line at Disney World having waited two hours just to hear, “sorry, we have to shut this ride down.” I wrote a lot of letters.

Matthew, my errand boy, loved taking my letters to the mailbox; he could visit the horses along the way. Country life seems to agree with him. So there he is out at the mailbox when I hear him hollering for his granddad. The next sound I heard was a gunshot.

Well, I am not a country girl so visions of Miami drive by shootings flash through my mind. Running out, I find the proud hunters standing at the driveway. Now I am sure you think I am going to tell you that my dad came to Matthew’s rescue and shot a cobra, right? Well in a way that is exactly what he did. My dad did shoot a snake, it was in the mailbox. And because our Lord leaves nothing overlooked, it was a hog-nosed snake which puffs up exactly like a cobra. That was our science lesson for the day. What an adventure home schooling is with the Lord! Have you discovered in your own life how diligently He watches over His Word to perform it in your life? What an adventure!

“Because he loves me says the Lord, I will rescue him; I will protect him for he acknowledges my name.”

Psalm 91:14

Eventually we had to leave the rolling hills of the ranch for the open highway and our new home in Colorado. Along the way we stopped in Dodge City, Kansas adding it to our list of historical events. Boot Hill, saloons, and tales of Bat Masterson, and Wyatt Earp mingled with the memories of the horses we had just left. Bittersweet thoughts of how far we had come; tomorrow we would arrive in our new home town, Colorado Springs, Colorado. That seemed a very long way away from Homestead, Florida.

When we settled in to our temporary quarters at Peterson AFB we were met with a bit of opposition. They had suggested Mike come alone until he was able to find us an apartment. Mike had told them, in no uncertain terms, that he had lost everything he owned and was not going to be apart from his family. So they squeezed us in a very “quaint” space. To us, it was all we needed.

Somehow the families at Peterson AFB had learned that 36 families from Homestead were relocating there. They did what every military family does best; they opened their hearts and homes. They opened them and began to empty them. Eventually they had to open an airplane hangar to contain all the furniture and clothes the families donated. It was filled with cribs, clothes, curtains, couches, dishes towels, everything one could need. All we needed to do was walk in and pick out whatever we liked. But first we would need a home. And that, they told us, was impossible. There simply were no homes available.

How do you respond to the word “impossible”? When I hear impossible, I get excited. I get really, really excited because I know that God is about to do something extraordinary. And He did! But you knew he would, right?

We had arrived on Sunday and on Tuesday we had a beautiful three bedroom home. The back porch had the most beautiful view of Pike’s Peak. It filled the center of the dining room sliding glass doors. How did we find such an impossible place, one that everyone said did not exist?

It seems that the gentleman that had rented it on Friday, changed his mind on Monday night, at the exact moment Mike and I were praying for our new home. Tuesday morning the gentleman returned the key as Mike walked into the office. The woman in the real estate office told Mike, “This is the only three bedroom I have, if you had come in yesterday I would have told you we didn’t have one in all of Colorado Springs. Someone sure is watching over you.” Mike had a wonderful drive over to this home, sharing with our new real estate agent how God had cared for us since the Hurricane.

This beautiful, three bedroom, home was a gift from the Lord. The three beds would come later. The Lord came to rescue us and bless us abundantly. All we did was ask.

“He will call upon me and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honor him.”

Psalm 91:15

In a Living room near the Everglades in Homestead, Florida, a man gathered with his arms about his wife and children and he prayed. He prayed God would watch over his family and protect them. We called upon the Lord Jesus and He answered us.

Miracle after miracle He answered us. The Lord brought our daughter, Heather, home two days early after having spent two months ministering in Israel. The Lord released Mike from mandatory duty so he could safely drive our family out of harm’s way. The home we would have been in when its roof blew in and walls collapsed, we safely drove away from. The Lord had brought us out of trouble and brought us safely to our new home. The Lord had given us a new home when none were available.

When the Salvagers from Homestead went to our old blown down home and rooted through it to find something to bring us, we had no idea what it would be, but God did. That is why the Lord introduced us to a Home school family. I had called this family to inquire about the local home schooling laws. When she found out where we were from she called other home schooling families in the area. Mary Ann not only told me the regulations for Colorado, but called her friends that planned on having a garage sale. Instead of having a garage sale, they loaded up a U-Haul and brought over our new living room, dining room and kitchenware. The Dining room set was Pecan and had a matching Buffet, six chairs and two leafs that stretched it long enough to feed a small army. The couch was accompanied by two end tables and an elegant coffee table. These sweet Christian Homeschoolers even through in pictures and knick knacks to make our house homey. We offer to pay for them, but they all agreed giving them to us was more fun than a garage sale. They wouldn’t even allow us to pay for the rental of the truck.

Everything was delivered to our doorstep. This leaves the honor part of this verse left to write about. If you haven’t yet discovered the richness of the Christian Home School Organizations, take time to acquaint yourself with them. You will be blessed by the experience. Mike and I had written a newsletter for Military Home school families for a few years. It was called *On the Move* and addressed the unique needs of the Military Home School family. As soon as I was able, I contacted Sue Welch, editor of *The Teaching Home*, asking her to please let our Military families know that the data base for *On the Move* had been destroy and we were no longer able to continue the newsletter. Her response was to invite us to attend the gathering the Teaching Home had to honor its State Leaders. That was such an Honor for us and a truly gala event. She also suggested that we attempt to keep *On the Move* available to Military families as a supplement in her publication, another unexpected honor. We had a delightful adventure that evening and it seemed to be the icing on a cake baked by Hurricane Andrew.

“With long life will I satisfy him and show him my salvation.”

Psalm 91:16

It may be a while before I can share the fulfillment of this verse. We have a lot of life before us still to live, here with the Lord or elsewhere with the Lord. The one thing we have learned is to live it with the Lord. What I can tell you is that since the day I asked Jesus to be my Savior, I have never regretted the decision. I am truly more than satisfied with the life that I am living. As the Lord Jesus draws us closer to Him and as we learn to recognize His plan for us, I am certain rejoicing will be the result.

Home schooling needs to get back to normal in our home, although I found myself a little more apt to set aside a textbook for an adventure. We eventually got around to purchasing new textbooks, along with new desks and new bookcases. And just as I have never regretted asking Jesus in to my heart, I also have never regretted having school at home with our children. We weathered a few more storms over the years, more emotional ones than physical ones.

I will never forget the peace our children had through this whole ordeal. When I asked Matthew how he felt about losing all his things, he replied, “Stuff is stuff, I can always get new things.” Carefully he considered his losses and chose what he wanted replaced. He had come a long way from the boy that couldn’t keep a dollar from burning a hole in his pocket.

Heather Lee finally got to tell us all about her adventure to Israel, walking the streets of Jerusalem, sharing the gospel with a man at Hezekiah’s Tomb and living in Bethlehem. She had brought her film when we left our home that day in Homestead, Florida, so she had pictures to share and friends to remember. Instead of the three outfits I had asked her to pack, she packed film, a t-shirt, and shorts. I am so glad she packed her film. All the souvenirs she had brought back are now being modeled by alligators in the Everglades by now. She was so grateful for what she had and what she had experienced. I was grateful for the character that had been developed in our children in our home school.

She shares these memories in the scrapbook that lines the bookcase in her home school now, with her six children. They are awed by the tales she tells and can’t believe their mommie walked on the same streets their Jesus walked.

When asked why I think home schooling is important, these are the stories I share. The academics are important; the character development lasts long past the dates they memorized in grammar school. The memories we have stored up over the years, warm our hearts even now. They are heart of home schooling. They are the postcards you cherish from this Great Adventure Along the Way, called Home School.