



Does God Talk to You?

What might listening to God mean? **Anne Marie Lee**, former healthcare nurse and frequent contributor to *The Messenger*, gives ordinary examples of ‘tuning in’ to God.



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Why is it that when you talk to God you are praying but if God talks to you, you are nuts.

John died. In my role as public health nurse I had been caring for him for some months before his death. He wasn't a man of many words. He liked to put a few 'bob' on the horses and was fond of a pint in the local pub. Now he was confined to an armchair in front of the fire, connected to drips

and feeding tubes, deteriorating daily from a terminal illness.

I had a strong feeling that a visit from the local priest would be of benefit. When I suggested this to his wife she said 'but he's not a Church-going man'. Nonetheless, I asked and he agreed. John himself would never have asked to see the priest. He expressed his relief at having cleared the slate before he died. John died

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Following John's death, I paid several visits to his wife but was unsuccessful in meeting with her. She appeared to be avoiding me. However, I persisted as I had that gut feeling that I should. I rang her doorbell one day and she opened the door herself. On seeing me she burst into tears. She invited me in and over cups of tea at her kitchen table, she told me about John, how they met, their marriage and their children. She talked freely for about one-and-a-half hours.

In this true story I experienced God talking to me twice. The first time to have the priest visit John before his death, and the second time to persist in carrying out a bereavement visit with John's wife.

God doesn't talk in the spoken word unless he does so through another person. God gives you a gut feeling about what you should do, a sense of the right thing to do. You must be tuned in.

And God communicated

'Come in' I called over my shoulder to a very loud knock on my office door. As my back was to the door at the time, I turned from my task to see who had entered. My eyes dropped down to fix on the pale round face of a serious-looking little boy. Two blue eyes looked back at me in silence.

'And who are you, Mr Man?' I asked. Without a word he approached me with arms stretched wide and before I could react, wrapped himself round me at knee level in an affectionate embrace.

The little boy was about four years old. 'Where's your Mammy?' I asked. He turned to the door and pointed vaguely to the left. 'OK! lets go and find her', I said. 'Maybe she's looking for you?' At this suggestion he ran out the door and I followed. The corridor outside is shared by two other offices and a children's playschool at the top of a short flight of stairs. He was perfectly comfortable with me although I was a stranger to him. Within minutes we met a staff member who recognised him and knew that he had escaped from the playschool. She offered to take him back there and he went with her, but not before turning to smile and wave at me.

I'm one of those people who believes that God reaches out to us, through others, in the ordinary events of our daily lives. Something very precious was communicated to me in the encounter with that little boy. Something about the abundance of God's love for him, spilling over on to me, through his actions. No words were exchanged as the boy had no words to share. He is one of God's 'little angels'. A special child. 