



Blessings in the Middle of Nowhere

While serving in India, it's not unusual to visit a village without ever learning its name, and that has never bothered me. Often, the names are so lengthy and complex, like Thiruvananthapuram, that they're forgotten almost as soon as they're heard. As I travel across India, I frequently step out of a van, enter a village, and share my testimony, deliver a sermon, or convey the gospel message. I also



I take time to pray for people who are eager to connect with God. I find great joy in doing this and never expect anything in return. The simple act of sharing is a blessing in itself. However, there are times when God interrupts my routine with a special moment.

On one particular trip, just as I was about to leave, a woman called out to me. Her only request was for me to bless her newborn child. It was unexpected, but I was delighted to oblige. As I prayed for her baby, I felt a renewed sense of joy—a reminder of God's presence in a unique and special way. The mother felt blessed as I dedicated her child to the Lord, and I was once again amazed by how God broke through my routine to bless me in the middle of nowhere.

Tony Rodriguez
House of Hope

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