

*B*ack in 1975, I began to question why I was feeling so unhappy.



I certainly had everything that should make me "happy" and yet there was this gloomy, sad feeling that would not go away no matter what I did.

The Lord used my mother to direct my thoughts toward God. She had suggested that I go to church, and my response was, "Mom, I get nothing out of going to church." And yet, in bed that evening, I said a little prayer.

*"God, if there is a church out there that you would want me to go to; one that is like a church should be, I would go, and I would even like to sing in a choir ...."*

Our compassionate God heard my simple heart-felt prayer. The next week, a friend invited me to join a ballet dance class with her. It was there that I met someone who was so filled with joy. Just being around her made me feel happy. I later discovered that she was a spirit-filled Christian ... and a minister's wife! She was not at all what I thought a "minister's wife" should be like ... taking a ballet dance class! She had such a great sense of humor. She had me laughing all the time! This made me envious and very curious as to what her life was all about.

That Easter, I attended the church that she and her husband pastored. Five women from my office joined me that day and together we filled a pew! Hats and all! I'm sure the congregation wondered where this group came from! And, if anyone had questions about the "Pastor's wife" attending a "dance class" perhaps they thought differently when they learned that G-d used a ballet class to enable three young ladies to "sing and dance" with the King of Glory!

Souls can be won to Christ through the fruit of the Spirit ... **JOY!**

A smile and a loving heart can cause those who are sad and lonely to desire what we have. The Holy Spirit dwelling in us, desires to use our hands and feet ... even if we don't dance very well!

*Isaiah 55:12 - You will go out in joy and be led forth in peace;  
the mountains and hills will burst into song before you,  
and all the trees of the field will clap their hands."*

~ Elisabeth Genco

