

The Wool Bin from God's Perspective

January 8, 2012

We were singing “Alleluia” and “Worthy Is the Lamb” during worship this morning when the Lord began talking to me, very quietly, about sheep. I am not inclined to label these talks as “dreams” or “visions”, but I do recognize the Lord’s voice when he has something important to say—which would be anytime He has something to say!

In a matter of seconds, He reminded me that lamb’s wool is soft and warm and contains lanoline. Suddenly I was back in the wool bin. If you have read my book, you may remember that one of my earliest repressed memories was of waking up in a wool bin at my great grandfather’s farm. I was 4 years old, naked and alone. It was a terrifying memory. Recently, subsequent memories have surfaced about why I was there and how I got there.

After a night of drinking and brutal usury by four men, I was tossed into the wool bin along with my little turquoise dress. As I woke up, I saw Jesus sitting next to me. He covered me with a blanket. When I was able get up, he dressed me, took my hand and walked me out of the barn. His truth for me, in that memory, was that I was not alone and I was not born to die—not that night. I could have died. I should have died, but I didn’t because He preserved my life.

Today’s truth carried an even deeper meaning. He showed me that He even guided the hands that put me into the wool bin. They were too stupid-drunk to even know what they were doing, but He knew. The wool was soft and comforting to my battered body. It also kept me warm through the cold night. But the realization that the wool contained lanoline, a medicinal oil, which began to heal my wounded places before I was even conscious—that realization brought me to my knees.

My perspective of the wool bin has changed from a place of fear and implied worthlessness to God’s perspective. It was a place of comfort and healing for a child who had been brutalized.

Do you have a wool bin in your life? A place you despise because of the pain and degradation you suffered there? Are you willing to allow the Lord to show you how He cared for you in those moments, even when others meant it for evil? Scripture tells us in Psalm 33:10-11, *“The Lord foils the plans of the nations; he thwarts the purposes of the peoples. But the plans of the Lord stand firm forever, the purposes of his heart through all generations.”*

I am convinced when evil is perpetrated against the helpless that He often protects us from death and He breaths the words, “Even so.” Just like Jesus on the cross, I was a child, wounded and naked and alone. But God said, “Even so, you are my child and you were born to be.... My plan for you is not altered by this atrocity. I am your sovereign God and your life will bring me glory.”

Oh, yes! I want to bring Him glory.

Ann