

## Letters

One never knows when God will choose to make an appearance, or, more specifically, to stand at one's very own doorstep, patiently biding His time to offer some much-needed divine intervention. However promising that may sound though, one never knows what He may ask for or expect in return.

And it was certainly never considered that He might simply drop in on the small town of Lumby, a hamlet of nearly six-thousand residents, safely wedged against the foothills of America's Rocky Mountains in our vast northwest, well protected from both unexpected and unnatural disruptions. But He did.

Knock, knock.

What most startled and equally disappointed Pam Walker was that the letter from God had no return address. In the upper left corner of the parchment envelope, there was no celestial township named, nor stamped crucifix, nor bush insignia – burning or otherwise. There were just three letters in heavily scripted black ink: GOD.