

“The Call on the Wind” **by Betsey Newenhuyse**

If you hear a snuffle or if I stumble over a few words this time, don't be surprised. This is our last visit together, and I'm going to miss it. I have loved sharing a bit of my life and my thoughts, for whatever they're worth, with you every week. You've been with me through our move to our new house, our daughter's marriage, our Sundays at church, and whatever important is going on in the world, from presidential elections to the first robin.

I thought about doing a Letterman-style “Top Ten,” but that seemed forced. So permit me to ramble a bit about what God has been showing me over the last several years while I've been chatting with you here.

Four years ago, right before I joined the Moody Radio team, Fritz and I – especially me – were thinking about moving into the city. It seemed exciting and different. We were empty nesters, tired of our little house in the burbs. I told people at church we were considering moving and they were all so sad . . . it kind of surprised me. Then we had dinner with friends who did live in the city and as we discussed the possible move I realized that my beloved, who isn't always as vocal as I am about what he wants, was notably unenthusiastic. I thought, This isn't worth it. He's more important than any of my crazy notions. I thought about leaving our church and felt sad. I thought about leaving the green spaces and felt sad. And one sparkly June morning I was walking our dog in the old neighborhood and it came to me, “You don't have to do this.”

It was a huge revelation. I know, it sounds funny . . . of course we didn't have to do it! But I'd gotten kind of fixated on this idea. So now we were free to explore whatever adventure God did have for us, because we were still restless, wanting something different . . . The thing is, looking back, I can see that the whole process of deciding forced me to declare what is really important to me. My husband. My church. Relationships. Nature. Not important: city dining, shopping, museums. Not important: an easy commute—if it meant giving up other things I love. Most important: a healthy balance between work and everything else.

Years ago I wrote a book called *The Woman with Two Heads*, about juggling work and family. Back then I thought there was an Answer to that issue. Now I know there isn't – you just cope the best you can, following Jesus the best you can.

So we were driving around in the summer of 2006 when we saw this lovely place on a hill, set back from the street, with a "For Sale by Owner" sign out in front. Months and dollars and many prayers and tears later, that home was ours, by God's provision. It really is an amazing story – for example, the sellers were believers who had sent children to MBI! Living in this beautiful house has taught me that surroundings do matter. We can give this short shrift, dismiss people's yearning for beauty and comfort as shallow. Not so! Beauty matters to God—who created it in the first place.

It struck me the other day that we've been in this neck of the woods for 25 years. All of our daughter's life. Much of our married life. We've changed houses and churches, but we've built some precious long-term friendships—including with some folks we've reconnected with –that we would have missed out on had we up and left. We've seen people's kids grow up. There's something to be said for rootedness.

But for me the tension always is between a kind of cozy, fireplace contentment and a bracing, leaning-into-the-wind adventurousness. Again, I would urge you to pay attention to those yearnings in your soul. As for me, I'm listening to the call on the wind – seeing where it, where He, will take me. Hope to see you there. For Prime Time America, this is Betsey Newenhuyse.