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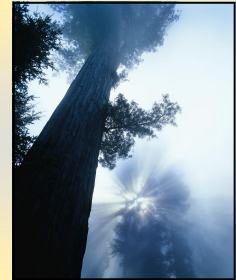
# “Day Dreamers” - a word from Chris Hill



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“... As we approached our landing point, I noticed that the valley was covered with a low hanging fog. A cloud had seemingly come out of nowhere and made it impossible for us to land. In a few seconds, the pilot came on the loud speaker and informed us that we would not be able to land and that the plane had been diverted to another airport about 200 miles away.”



## Diverted

I was flying to a small city in California, on the west coast of the United States, to speak for an exciting youth conference. Some three thousand students were waiting for me to close, what had been for them, a three day event. I was scheduled to only be there one day and to speak twice.

I was to fly into the little airport and speak once in the afternoon, have a fast meal with my host pastor, return to the convention center to speak at the evening meeting, and then fly out to England the next day.

I love flying over the Red Wood forest in California. My face plastered to the airplane window of the tiny little commercial plane, I looked down on trees that were old when my great-great-great grandfather was young; it's magical. I watched the mountains roll by as we headed for the airport.

But as we approached our landing point, I noticed that the valley was covered with a low hanging fog. A cloud had seemingly come out of nowhere and made it impossible for us to land.

In a few seconds, the pilot came on the

loud speaker and informed us that we would not be able to land and that the plane had been diverted to another airport about 200 miles away.

I whispered a prayer to the Father. "Hey Man," I said, "if you want me to preach today, you better do something about this because I am not going to worry about it."

The pilot turned the plane around and we flew for about 25 minutes. We then landed at an even smaller airport about 150 miles away from the city where I was to preach.

As soon as the plane landed, I pulled out my mobile phone and called the church to inform them that I had been diverted as the crew hustled us off the airplane.

While I was collecting my travel bag, I noticed that there was a little diner in the airport. Their special for the day was fresh caught fish and chips. I quickly left the other passengers, who were threatening to start a revolt at the ticket counter, and slipped into the diner for a fresh hot lunch.

Just about the time I finished my delicious lunch, a young man, who was

a college student, came into the diner. He informed me that the pastor had called him and that he was going to drive me through the twisting turning mountain roads so that I could get to the meeting on time.

And he did just that. This young man drove so quickly that we arrived with a few minutes to spare.

As I outlined my scriptures for the sermon, I heard the Father whisper in my spirit these words, "A diversion is not a denial."

Today, I don't know what blessing you have been expecting or what destiny or destination you might be waiting for, but I want to remind you that even if you have been diverted from your destiny do not worry because a diversion is not a denial.

Sit down, relax, and eat a good meal. Because if God has something for you to do, He will always make a way for you to do it. A diversion is not a denial.

Chris Hill  
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