

## **The Story of the Flattened Penny**

I was taking a walk along the road with a friend, and she looked down and saw a penny. At least it appeared to be a penny, although it was stamped flat by traffic into a thin copper disk with little trace of President Lincoln or the usual inscriptions. She picked it up and we pondered its fate, while finding its flattened shape interesting. And I reminded her about a story I had read about a rich man who always stopped to pick up pennies. Though the details of the story are now lost to me, I remember the point. The coins reminded him to trust in God.

"But look," I said. "The words are no longer there."

"In God we trust" had been stripped from that flattened coin. But that coin had not lost its power to remind me of God's faithfulness, even though the hard times it endured had robbed it of its message. Yes, it's easier to trust in God when we can see reminders around us, all bright and clear, like a shiny new penny with a clear message. But then there are those days when we feel smashed down or stomped on by life, like that poor penny in the road.

And sometimes it's hard to remember what our own present circumstances may have almost erased from view: "In God we trust".

But God is still here, and we can still trust God, even when the words don't come easily to mind or life's problems have worn us down. And sometimes even a flattened penny, stripped of its details, can remind us of this.