



**WE ARE AUNT HAGAR'S
CHILDREN**

*The angel of the Lord found Hagar near a spring in the desert;
it was the spring that is beside the road to Shur.*

Genesis 16:7 (New International Version)

Sometimes it's important to remind yourself you're made of pretty tough stuff. In those times, remember who you are...and Whose you are. You're the one who can see boundaries set all around you...but realize you have none.

We are some of Aunt Hagar's children. Resilient. Unbowed. Born of servant women. Descendants of those who were resilient despite relentless hardships. So many times, we've bounced back.

Now and again, you may find yourself sitting, bewildered, perplexed, exposed, and disoriented, on the side of the road. But you're a survivor! You've learned to sing thru glistening tears. Sing, even in a barren wilderness.

My grandmother, Florence Highwarden, was barely four feet ten inches tall. Her face was the color of deep, rich caramel and her hair was like soft, spun sugar. She regaled me with stories of her life as a young girl.

I marveled at how someone so tiny could be so remarkably fearless. Our family calls this the tradition of The Highwarden women. Whenever I want to recall that deep-dwelling inner strength, I remember who I am. A descendant of a remarkable woman who was durable, hardy and strong!

We're all powered by the momentum of our heritage. We are heirs of the King, children of the Great God of the universe. Simply claim the richness that is yours!

In Genesis, Hagar fled from the presence of Sarai because of ruthless and jealous treatment. Hagar's misery resulted from a bumbled plan to produce Abraham's heir, a scheme that usurped God's perfect plan. It was an immediate recipe for disaster.

Whenever we face desert experiences, like Hagar, thoughts become instant messages, transmitted to God. And God does notice them! He asks: Why are you filled with so much care? So much concern? Such confusion?

Hagar represents a long line of Black women who have been liberated in the heart, but wounded, deep in the soul. She is the essence of faithful, believing women rooted in the African Diaspora.

She is the original singer of the rhythmic, soulful gospel song—"If it had not been for the Lord on my side..."

I am Hagar! Hagar is my mother. She is my grandmother. She is a portrait of our ancestors, hanging not in a gilded frame, but a weathered one of tin and tatters.

She is a survivor, stretching every sinew to attain her liberation, even at great personal risk. Being Aunt Hagar's children means that we care so deeply that we're willing to put ourselves at risk, if necessary, to defend someone else.

Like, Hagar we are determined to change our circumstances. To be free of whatever is going on in life—poverty, motherhood without support, humiliation, challenges. Waiting for that breakthrough moment.

Hagar's story is one of hope and survival. In Genesis 16:10, 13, Hagar acknowledges that God saw her. How awestruck she was at the presence of the angel of the Lord.

Does God see you? You bet He does.

God sent His guardian-messenger angel to Hagar's side.

God's angels still make paths in deep waters and pave highways in the desert. The wilderness becomes a place where we meet the God of unconditional love.

She named the place of her miracle Beer-lahai-roi, meaning "well of the Living One who sees me."

Do you think God still speaks? He does. Maybe we're just not listening; the noise is drowning Him out. Do you think God still appears—right, smack in the middle of our circumstances? I know He does!

We are indeed, Aunt Hagar's children. Like Hagar, find your own spring in the desert; camp there. Wait for Heaven to speak instructions. Wait for your own divine encounter on the way to His great promise.

It is a promise that illuminates your doubts, authenticates your beliefs, comforts your sorrows and increases your faith.

The enemy is under your feet!

*We are living art,
Created to hang on, stand up,
Forbear, continue
And encourage others.*

—Maya Angelou

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