

# Special Gifts From God

## 1 Corinthians 12:31 & 14:1

*But earnestly desire the best gifts. Yet I show you a more excellent way. Follow the way of love and eagerly desire spiritual gifts, especially the gift of prophecy*

One of the things that bothered me in my teens was that I had no spiritual gift from God. Other friends could sing, play instruments, speak in public, and demonstrated different levels of giftedness, some natural talents and others special gifts for serving God. I had none. This was not just my perception; this was the opinion of others.

I sought the help of spiritual leaders such as Sunday School teachers, pastors, my favorite aunt, and even my mother. They looked at me and tried to evaluate where they saw giftedness. They all failed to point out anything special about Dick LaFountain. My mother, bless her heart, searched for something I did well. Finally she quipped, "Well, you made a wonderful little bird house." (That bird house was crooked and fell apart.)

I began to pray about this. How was I to serve God when I had no talent or spiritual gift? My brother Dave had a beautiful bass voice and was highlighted in church and high school productions. I had no voice. In fact, it was my reality that I sang in monotone. I sat next to a friend in our church and we sang together making joyful noises, but it was hardly singing in tune. It was more of the droning of one or two notes, then falling silent as we attempted to reach those high notes.

## A Dream Changed It All

One night before going to bed I told the Lord that I envied my brother's ability to sing and that if He would give me the gift of singing I would only use it for him. That night a wonderful thing happened. I dreamed of singing with a choir and for the first time in my life I could hear the different parts of the song. I heard melody and harmony. I had never been able to distinguish that before. I guess I was not only color blind, I was tone deaf.

Then I woke up. I went down to the kitchen for breakfast. Mom always had a Christian radio station playing music in the mornings. I was shocked I could hear the melody and harmony! I remember it was the golden voice of Solomon King who was singing. I could sing along with him and it didn't sound bad. Something happened in my brain, my ears, my voice, and my spirit. I could sing!

That changed everything. I started to enjoy singing at church. Listening to music took on a new dimension. It was like having no taste buds, then suddenly being

able to taste the different flavors. I didn't join the choir or sing solos or duets like my brother, but I began to really enjoy praising God in song.

In fact, God began putting songs in my heart to sing to him. Almost every day of my life the Lord gives me songs to sing. My wife will attest to the fact that I wake up with a song in my heart that echoes from my lips. That was a new thing and that was a wonderful gift from God.