

# The Closed Door.

by Gareth Evans

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*Gareth Evans shares his journey of faith and the unexpected blessings that followed a closed door in his career.*

**Scripture:** Psalm 37:23, Proverbs 3:5, Proverbs 16:9, Jeremiah 29:11, Ephesians 2:10

**Topics:** "God's Providence", "Divine Guidance"

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## Description

Gareth Evans shares a personal testimony of how God's redirection and divine timing led him to unexpected blessings and opportunities. Despite initial disappointments and setbacks, Gareth eventually found himself in the right place at the right time, encountering individuals who played crucial roles in his career advancement. Through this experience, he learned to trust in God's greater plans and providence, even when faced with challenges and uncertainties.

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## Transcript

In 1967 I had given in my notice to finish as a schoolteacher with the British Forces in Germany. I had enjoyed my time with them, but had now been offered a wonderful new position in Toronto, Canada. I was to be Head of Physics Dept. at Danforth Technical School, with a salary far higher than anything I had previously known. All my credentials had been sent to Toronto and a reply received with the comment 'eligible for Type A Specialist status'.

The next letter from Toronto was not so pleasing! It stated that a mistake had been made with three people appointed to two positions, and, regretfully, I was the one whose appointment was to be cancelled! I was embarrassed and angry. I had told so many people of God's goodness to me and now, He had let me down! Little did I understand that He had greater plans for me.

Those plans involved staying with the British Forces in the wonderful city of Hong Kong for the next two years before taking up another position back in Wales. Six years later, I did have the opportunity to go to Canada to teach at Toronto French School and, it was then I began to see why the Lord had closed that door so many years before.

The next two years in Canada were very difficult, as the school paid a very poor salary compared with provincial schools. I decided I needed to obtain the qualifications needed to transfer into the provincial system as soon as possible. The first step was to obtain a 'letter of standing' showing that my British credentials were acceptable in Canada. I remembered that, nine years earlier, I had sent my credentials to an office on Bloor Street, Toronto.

"Does anyone know of an Education office on Bloor Street?" I asked my colleagues. "Yes," one replied, "the university has an education department there." I decided that was where I would start my search.

I entered the darkened hallway of the university Education Department and saw just one office with a light on. It was at the end of a long corridor and, as I arrived at the door, it opened and a young man held it so that his elderly visitor could leave. They said their mutual farewells and the young man turned to me. "Can I help you?" he asked. On hearing of my desire to obtain a 'letter of standing' he directed me to other offices on Bay Street, half a mile away. Then he asked why I had come to his room so I told him of the Bloor Street office where my credentials had been sent nine years earlier.

His elderly visitor stayed nearby hearing my words, and it was he who next spoke. "Maybe you sent them to my office," he said. "Come, let us go and see." Taking my arm, he led me out of the University building, across five lanes of traffic into another building opposite. The commissar at the door touched his hat as we entered, we walked past several smaller offices and into the 'inner sanctum'.

I was invited to sit down in a plush chair and my companion disappeared into another room. He returned just a minute later, holding in his hand copies of my credentials and the reply I had received. I sat speechless. I discovered that he and the young man I had met, had no work relationship. However, it was their custom to meet for coffee quite often and I had happened to arrive just at the end of one of these times.

A minute later - or another office - and I would not have found the one man who had a record of my original applications and credentials! Coincidence? I think not!

He then directed me to same office on Bay Street, adding as he scribbled on a piece of paper, "Ask for Don Anderson and give him this." As I drove across the city, I tried to read his note. It read, "Dear Don, Please look after Mr Evans for me; it appears he is qualified to a Type A specialist status." It was signed, Professor Carlyle, Chief Education Officer, Toronto. I had met the top man in Toronto by being in the wrong building at the right time!

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