

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN!

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The weather had kicked in with a cold front on Saturday October 9, 1993. I had planned to go to a local craft show, but it was just too brisk.

"I don't think I want to get out in this weather," I said to my husband.

"Well, my appointment has been cancelled and I just talked with Brian and he said he could help me change the shocks on the Caddie. So I guess I'm not going out either!" replied by husband.

My son arrived with his wife and children. The kids plopped on the floor with their fast-food dinners. Brian's wife joined them by sitting on the couch. Brian and his Dad went out to our single car garage, where Brian would be getting under the car to replace the shocks. I headed downstairs to my workroom.

I was working at my sewing machine, half listening to the TV upstairs and to the kids chattering to each other, when my consciousness heard a scream of terror! My head whipped up from my work, thinking I was hearing the TV. Then I realized that the screaming was coming from the garage which abutted up to my south work room wall! I instantly knew that something terrible had just happened to either my husband or my son!

I quickly raced up the steps to the outer door. "Something terrible has happened in the garage!" I yelled to my family as I ran out through the door. My 13-year-old grandson, B.J., bless his wonderful heart, immediately grabbed the phone and dialed 911.

I remember that as I opened the door and ran outside, I prayed to God, calling His name out five distinct times, "O God! O God! O God! O God! O God!" In an instant, my heart, which had been racing uncontrollably, took on a peaceful calmness, a calmness that did not fit the situation I was about to encounter! I got to the garage door in two seconds, and realized that my son was trapped under the car! The axle of the five-thousand-pound vehicle had fallen on him!

My husband was at the rear bumper, screaming and trying to lift the vehicle. He reached to take hold of the jack to try to lift the car up. Brian, who had been screaming also, suddenly was very calm and yelled out "No, no Dad, no! Don't use the jack! I'm ok, I'm not hurting. **Don't use the jack!**"

I yelled to Larry, "Larry! Brian is not hurting! He **doesn't** want you to use the jack!"

So we both tried to lift the car, Larry on the back bumper, and me at the right fender. "How can we lift this car," I groaned. "O God, HELP us!" Very quickly, three of our neighbors came running over to our garage. B.J. had gone to their doors, pounding on them, yelling for help.

Now there were five of us trying to lift the car, but to no avail! At that moment, I saw a blue pick-up truck stop by our driveway. Then I saw a Man get out, he had a salt and pepper mustache and a baseball cap with "St. Luke's" written on it. As he approached the garage, I **immediately and automatically** stepped out of his way, and he took my place! (As I write this story, I don't even know how I *could even have seen* him and watch him walk over to me, because my right back side was to the driveway, and **all five** of us were still trying to lift the car!) But move I did, **automatically** backing up about 5 feet from the garage opening.

Then came the miracle!

The Man from the truck, after stepping into my position, **immediately** laid his hand on the fender, and **instantaneously** the five-thousand-pound vehicle's right side **lifted up** as if it had ten thousand helium balloons tied to it!

I saw it rise!

I saw my son roll out from under the vehicle! Suddenly, he was laying prone on the grass. The Man stood behind his head and said to me. "He will be alright. He needs a blanket."

I obeyed his instruction instinctively! I ran into the house, grabbed a blanket and brought it out and covered my son. Then I saw my husband also lying on the ground several feet away. The Man was now standing behind Larry's head!

Larry looked backwards at Him and asked Him, "Who are you? Where do you live?" I saw the Man point to the left and down the street.

Then the Man said to me, "He will need a blanket, too." **Again** I obeyed instinctively! I ran and got a second blanket, and as I was laying it over my husband, the Man said "He must go to the hospital."

Now this all had transpired **before** the Medics got there! Soon, the ambulance was racing around our corner. Then I saw the Man get back into His truck and start down the street. I glanced down at Larry to comfort him, then quickly looked up again, and the **truck was gone!** By now, the Medics were tending to my son and husband. They placed them both in the ambulance and we all followed to the hospital.

My son suffered only contusions and abrasions to his chest! What a miracle! My husband was being monitored for his high blood pressure, which became dangerously elevated during the stressful near-disaster. Brian told us in the ER, "Dad, if **you had** used jack, the whole car would have fallen on me and crushed me!"

Praise the Lord that Brian had received calm directions from God to give Larry the correct instructions!

My mind went back over the scene again and again. Who was the Man? And how did that car lift so effortlessly? Later, when my grandson said to me, "But Grandma! I was

standing right by the garage door, and I ***didn't seen anyone else*** except you and the neighbors!" I was convinced then, that this miracle was done with the help of our ***guardian angel*** who was sent to us in human form! He had saved my son's life and protected my family that day! God had sent His Messenger to touch us, and our lives were changed!

Nevertheless, even though we knew we had been in angelic hands, we did look for the "man who lived down the street", but we never found anyone fitting his description. No one owned a blue pick-up truck! We never even heard from anyone after I wrote a letter to the editor of our local paper asking "Who was the stranger who helped us? We want to thank you!"

Instead, we said "***thank you*** Heavenly Father" for the miracle of my son's life by blessing us with your angel's strong arms and loving heart on that unforgettable, brisk October day!

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