

Excerpt from Ripples of Faith – Door of Promise

Two years ago, Mike, now 13 years old, attended a youth camp. One night during the altar call as he went forth to pray, God gave him the answer. He felt God calling him to the mission field. What a time of rejoicing we shared as Mike came home and shared it with the family. I knew it was now time for me to start his practical training. I told him that I would be taking him as often as I could on my speaking and teaching engagements, and he could be my helper.

He visited different churches with me when I spoke, but His first opportunity to work with me came when I had a teaching/training prayer seminar in Albany, Oregon. I asked Mike if he would like to go with me, to take care of the book and tape table; he could also videotape the meeting. Mike could not say “yes” fast enough. He was so excited.

The next morning, Mike and I drove to Salem where we would spend the night with Tisha, my granddaughter, in preparation for the Saturday morning seminar in Albany.

As we were driving to the church Saturday morning, I told Mike to be sure and remind me to stop and get gas before we headed home because we were on empty. I have a long-standing reputation for running on empty and have ran out of gas a few times, which hasn't set well with my husband when he had to rescue me. Mike said, “Sure, Grandma. I won't forget!”

The seminar was a great success. We closed with intercessory prayer, and the Spirit of God moved powerfully. It was one of those meetings that you were reluctant to leave.

Mike packed and loaded the equipment in the car after the meeting; we were preparing to head back to Medford. We were still basking in the presence of God. We were laughing, praising the Lord and reviewing the high points of the meeting, as we left the church parking lot. It was also my birthday, and Mike was teasing me as he wished me “Happy Birthday.” We were still talking up a storm as we drove onto the freeway and headed for home.

The weather was beautiful, the roads were clear and as there was a minimal amount of traffic on the road, we were looking forward to making it home earlier than expected. Hey, we were on a roll!

Suddenly, the car missed a few times and Mike said, "What's wrong with the car, Grandma?" It missed, lunged again and started slowing down. I looked at the gas tank and said, "Oh no! Mike, we forgot to stop and get gas and we are out!" I pulled off to the side of the road; as the car died and we rolled to a stop.

We sat for a few moments in stunned silence staring straight ahead. Finally, Mike said, "Grandma, what are we going to do?"

I could not believe I had let this happen; I was fighting down the panic rising within me. "I don't know, Mike. Let me think for a second." I put my head on the steering wheel, as I felt the tears coming, and I said, "Mike, let's pray!"

We sat a little longer and Mike said, "Grandma, I have my track shoes in the back. I can put them on and run up the road and see if I can find a station." "No, Mike," I said. "We stay together." Mike knew that I had been having trouble with my feet and walking was very difficult for me. We both knew that after standing for half a day teaching, walking would be impossible.

"Oh God, what can we do?" I cried out, my mind in a fog. I knew that we were halfway between towns and it would be some distance to a gas station. We prayed again. I finally looked at Mike, took the keys out of the ignition and said, "We will have to walk. We don't have a choice. We have to find a station. It will be dark soon and we can't just sit here in the car."

We got out of the car, locked it, and started walking. Neither of us were talking; we were fervently praying for help, for someone to stop and pick us up. We walked about 50 yards and I knew that I couldn't walk any more. I was getting ready to tell Mike that we would have to go back to the car, when a car stopped ahead of us and a lady got out asking if she could help us.

She drove us to a gas station, which was 15 miles away, waited for us while we bought some gas, and drove us back to the car. She waited until Mike had poured the gas in and I tried to start the car. It started right up and before we could thank her, she was in her car and gone. In less than an hour, we had run out of gas, been picked up, driven 15 miles to a station, driven back and were back on the freeway heading home. It was unbelievable.

After she left, we sat in the car parked on the side the freeway trying to gather our thoughts together, still awed by what has happened. I bowed my head and cried tears of gratitude to an all-caring, ever present God. Truly, He sees His children's needs, provides help, and covers our unwise choices.

Then Mike whispered, "Grandma, do you think that woman was an angel?"

"I don't know, Mike," I softly answered.

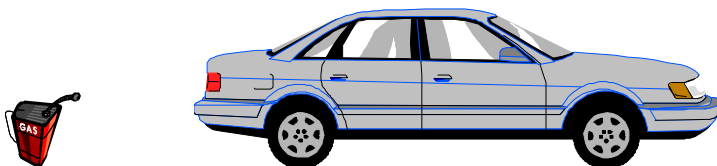
"I think maybe she was," he replied.

"Angel or human," I said, "God loves us and He is the One who sent help!"

We talked about our adventure and praised God for His intervention all the way home. It was a "first" in ministry for Mike, and how wonderfully God had shown His love and provision. He is faithful!

I tell my grandkids when we are in a stressful or difficult situation that *we are making memories* and the Lord will help us work through them.

Back on the road, we drove to Canyonville and stopped for dinner. As we left the restaurant, Mike looked at me and with a huge grin on his face and said, "*Grandma, we really made memories today, didn't we?*"



PRAYER

Thank You, Father, that You are the same yesterday, today, and forever. You change not. As we devote our whole hearts to obeying You and Your Word, we can trust You to do the things that You say You will do.

Thank You, Father, that as we tenaciously hold onto Your promises You build up our faith; we can draw near to You with confidence when in time of need.

As You were with the children of Israel, You will be with Your children today; You will never leave us nor forsake us. We will be strong and of good courage. We will not be afraid, nor dismayed, for You, Lord, go with us wherever we go. Amen.