

A Heated Warning

By Juanita Coleman

In the dark of night a fire raged; but its illumination may have saved my life.

As I lay my head to rest on this particular Friday night I had all but a peaceful sleep. The Sandman brought dreams, but not sweet dreams with the Angels. This was a hot dream.

In the dream I had a house built on the acreage where the old farmhouse stood in the land where I grew up. This was a bi-level house with the first story below ground. I was in the upper level tidying up the kitchen. I was gazing out the window as I washed the dishes. The steaming hot water was a little uncomfortable to my hands, but the beauty of the view outside made all things bearable.

Just then two men walked up who were friends of the family from years gone by. They were here to carry off the old woodstove, which would no longer be needed with the new heating system. Within minutes they had all the vent stacks and things disconnected and were headed down the road carrying the stove between them on two poles. I continued with the dishes, singing as I worked, and watching the butterflies dance from flower to flower in the meadow across the road.

What was that awful rumble and roar beneath my feet? My joy turned to fear as I realized that the men must have somehow turned the gas on in their carelessness. The roar was deafening and the whole house shook like it was about to explode. I ran to the phone to call 911; but it was too late. Here came the flames. I ran outside, and when I turned to look the whole house was ablaze.

I awoke scared out of my wits, but definitely glad to discover that it was only a dream. It was only a year and a half ago that I had been severely burned with scalding hot water. I had been in and out of the Burn Center for some time after that accident occurred. I now have a healthy respect and fear for fire and heat and am very careful for the most part. But carelessness is a part of life.

On Saturday, the day after the dream, I was in my room doing some sewing. I had something in my eye and I went to look in the mirror, but I couldn't see very well. I went into the bathroom to use the mirror where the lighting was better. I smelled gas and instantly remembered the dream. Glancing down at the bathroom heater I discovered that the gas valve was opened slightly. Gas had been filling the room, and it was only a few feet to the furnace across the hall.

Wow! I was overwhelmed with the feeling of having received God's help in my life as I realized that the dream had been a warning of what could have happened. God makes all things work together for good to those who love Him and are called according to His purpose. Romans 8:28