

God's Miracles Never Cease

Something amazing happened Wednesday night. God is always showing me His wonderful care. I wear a chain around my neck with a cross on it. You may have seen that. Now that I don't wear contacts, I carry my glasses hanging from that chain so I have them with me in case I can't see the fine print in dim light.

Wednesday night after church I was walking out to the parking lot. I had one of my hearing aids hanging from that chain along with my glasses. As I entered the parking lot a girl I knew was coming out of it. We greeted and hugged; and I heard a click. She heard it too and gave a start. She glanced at my glasses hanging there and must have decided, that's what I heard, and I did too. So thinking nothing of it we went our ways.

When I arrived home, later that evening, I noticed that the hearing aid was missing the battery and the battery compartment. Thinking back over the evening I decided, that was the click I heard. It must have got broken off the hearing aid when we hugged. Isn't it amazing that I heard that small sound?

I went back to the church Thursday afternoon. I checked the exact spot where we hugged and sure enough there was the hearing aid battery lying on the pavement. It was mangled a little because it got run over. Thus the plastic battery compartment would also be crushed. But something had already told me that I wouldn't find it there. It was necessary for the battery to be there to confirm that it happened according to my suspicions. It's not hard to figure out what crushed the hearing aid and glasses between us.



So not finding the battery compartment, and overjoyed that I didn't find it crushed like the battery, I called the girl. I told her, in a message, what happened and that I had indeed found the battery in the exact spot where we hugged. And I said, "I'm thinking that the broken piece dropped down into yourrrrr.... shirt pocket."

When she called back, she confirmed that it did indeed happen according to my suspicions; and that she had found the battery compartment of the hearing aidddd.... in her purse. I don't believe it! No woman can find something that smalllll.... in her purse. And how would she even know to look there? She had to say that; and it doesn't spoil the story. It was embarrassing, but very funny.

Anyway, she will return to me the battery compartment of my hearing aid on Sunday. That was not a coincidence. God saved the piece to my hearing aid for me, which may have been irreplaceable. He has performed many other miracles in my life. As for my dear female friend...I will always be grateful for herrrr.... shirt pocket.

Wes Allen, The Memory Specialist

Visit here to see the September 11th Memorial
www.PatrioticAmericanMemoryTraining.com/September11thMemorial.htm