



Significant Tens

by Wesley J. Allen

Significant Tens

Tuesday morning when I woke up there was a mighty electrical storm. It might have been the worst storm since I've been here in Keller. All the lights and everything were out for about 30 minutes. Afterwards, when I tried to get the computer going, it wouldn't. There was power to it because the fans were running, but the computer wouldn't boot up. No flicker was on the monitor after the first couple bursts of power. I say that it might have been the worst storm because no lightening ever knocked out my computer before, and I've been here eight years.

I thought for sure the storm had blasted that new motherboard out, and I'd have to get another. But searching over and scrutinizing all the little electrical components, I couldn't spot any bad ones, for appearance sake. Finally I gave up; and I said to myself, "No one needs to hear from me by email this week. Let them have a rest." And I talked to God about it. I said, "Father, I haven't done anything spectacular with all these websites anyway. In five years I haven't made anything fly. Sales trickle in here and there; but nothing exciting enough even to write about. It's just a lot of work for me answering people's inquiries and giving free information. I give up to you all there is about me that manages my websites and carries out all my online activities that you may use them as instruments of righteousness." "And even the Memory Techniques haven't made it off the ground yet. In all these years I have not even become well know, and Memory Courses aren't selling regularly. And I haven't been doing many presentations of memorized documents lately. A lot more can be done with that. I give all my memorizing and speaking abilities up to you that you may use them as instruments of righteousness in your Kingdom." I looked at the clock and it was 10 minutes to 10 Tuesday morning.

I worked all day installing hardwood flooring in the hallway. In the evening I went to Yoga, and afterwards out to eat at Logan's. On the way home I dropped off my computer at a friend's house for him to work on it. I looked at the clock and it was 10 minutes to 10 Tuesday night.

When I arrived home a friend called. While I was talking with her I checked the caller ID to see who all called while I was gone. Lo and behold, there was a call from Shirley Cunningham. The call was made at 9:50pm, exactly 10 minutes to 10. Shirley Cunningham is the wife of a Seventh Day Adventist preacher. When they had their church in Arlington, Texas they had me over there several times doing presentations of memorized scripture and talking about Memory Techniques. They moved to Arkansas about five years ago and I lost contact with them. Tuesday night she left a message on my machine asking me to call her.

I called back the next morning; and she said that they want me to come to their church in Arkansas and do some of my presentations and do some things with Memory Techniques. They want me to come in August. They will pay all my travel and lodging expenses and pay for my time doing presentations and working with their congregation teaching Memory Techniques. I glanced at the clock as I spoke with her and it was 10 minutes to 10 Wednesday morning.

This is only the first answer to that prayer. Wow! God gives same day service. I was amazed! God purposely gave me all those significant 10's; and they don't end here. They are significant to me only because of a 10-month saga of unemployment, disability, and adversity I endured beginning on September 29th of 2003 and ending on July 21st of 2004. Before that saga began I had a dream that set the stage for the significant 10's. And there were many of them during that saga. That story can be found at this link www.InternationalEbookLibrary.com/IntimacywithGodandmyWellwornBible.pdf. I tried to open it and it said the file is damaged. Maybe that storm did other damage to the computer.

I was on my way home from church Wednesday night. I was driving on Rufe Snow coming up on Bear Creek just three miles from home. Suddenly there came a horrific loud sound. It sounded like a million hail balls hitting on a tin roof. I couldn't tell where the sound was coming from because I had only one hearing aid in my left ear, so the sound came in one ear and out the other. I keep it that way so that nothing gets stuck in there at church.

My vehicle was slowing down and very quickly I determined that the sound was with me. It was coming from my van. I thought maybe I had a flat tire and it was riding on the rim. I pulled over into the center turn lane because there was no other place to get out of traffic. I jumped out and checked all four tires. Everything was okay there. I stooped to look under the rear of the van. I could only see by the lights of other traffic; but I noticed the trouble immediately. A bolt had snapped off and the air shock was hanging down and dragging the road. It was still full of air and fully extended at an angle toward the back of the vehicle. That angle wedged it under the rear axle and between the axle housing and the road. To leave it dragging would have worn the end off the shock and dug a trench in the pavement. This vehicle wasn't moving another inch.

Recently I had learned in my Sunday School class not to ever feel bad about anything but to rejoice in every situation. If we don't allow ourselves to feel bad then it has no power to affect us. So I was marveling that such an occurrence was possible. Bolts don't just snap off! I have never had that happen before. I do have Emergency Road Insurance; and I could have called that number if necessary. But with my hearing impairment I wouldn't be able to understand anyone over the phone. I called a friend to see if she would make the call for me; but she wasn't home. I decided I'd see what I could do to fix it first.

I opened the hood to get the jack out. I couldn't see in the dark, but I did remember seeing one under there before. I felt the logical spot and found the knob to turn and take the jack loose. A little more feeling around and I found the handle. By the lights of traffic I managed to get the vehicle jacked up. But I didn't have enough light to see what I could do with that shock.

I got back in the van and was searching for a flashlight. Just then I heard melodious voices all around me. I rolled down the window right quickly and looked out. There stood five beautiful, angelic women. I mean there wasn't a flaw in any of them. I couldn't see any. It was dark though. But in what little light we had, they were all significant tens. I thought, "Wow! Lord, was this an accident? Did I die and go to Heaven?"

I told the girls what the trouble was; and told them that I needed a flashlight and a chunk of wood to hold the vehicle up off the axle. I looked around, and didn't see any cars stopped. They could have come from neighboring houses. Two of them disappeared into the darkness and returned shortly with a flashlight and a two-foot piece of 2x4. As it turned out, I didn't need a chunk of wood; the vehicle stayed up level. But I needed that piece of 2x4 to use for leverage to get that air shock retracted. It was perfect for the application; but would have never worked for the chunk I thought I needed. Was that a coincidence?

One Angel held the flashlight for me; the others moved about doing useful things. I didn't even see what they were doing because of my concentration on the task at hand. At one point while trying to retract that shock using the 2x4 for leverage against the road, the vehicle kept trying to roll off the jack. When I looked up to see what I could do about that, the Angels already had the tire blocked with a small pneumatic tire and wheel they found in the van. A little while later one of the Angels showed me a big sanding block, which was almost the size of a short 2x4. She had found it in the van. I said, "Good, put that in front of the other tire." I noticed later that she had put it behind the tire. That was better; now the vehicle couldn't roll either way.

The Angels were keeping traffic away from me, and doing everything else that needed to be done. A man stopped behind my vehicle, left his lights on, and asked what he could do to help. Wow! The lights were so much needed and so was the help. I explained what had happened and that the task was to get the vehicle up high enough, and the shock retracted so it would go over the rear axle where it couldn't drag the road. I had already released the air from the shocks; but that stubborn thing wouldn't retract.

The man crawled under the vehicle and did most of the work. I worked the jack to get it up higher. And I ultimately got that stubborn shock retracted, for soon it gave in to the pressure I exerted on it with the 2x4. The male helper got it over the rear axle. Others had joined us. Police Officers had stopped. Lights were flashing everywhere. There were enough people for a wonderful get-together. But there was no cause for despair. God had sent his Angels, both male and female, whether from Heaven or Earth; and we did it!

As soon as the man got the shock over the axle, I let the jack down and began looking to see what parts and blocks I needed to gather up. But when I looked, everything was already put back in its place. I asked one of the Angels what happened to the little pneumatic tire I had seen blocking the front wheel. She didn't know; and when I looked, it was already in the van. They had moved about doing the needed things; and I didn't even see it happening.

I yelled, "Alright, it's drivable!" I turned to shake hands and thank people; but the man had already walked to his vehicle and disappeared behind the glare of the lights. The beautiful, angelic women were lined up along the left side of the road along with others. The Police Officers were walking about shining flashlights. No one was near me. I climbed into the van, started it, and rolled off slowly, waving and yelling, "Thank you!" Everyone was rejoicing and cheering like a runner was coming in to the finish line. I drove home praising God! When I walked into the house, I glanced at the clock. It was exactly 10 minutes to 10.

The van is now completely fixed. It cost a little over \$10.00 by the time I had a new bolt and a tap to clean out the threads after drilling out the old bolt. There were more significant 10's in the finding of parts I needed. The computer is fixed too. It was only the power supply. There are more significant 10's associated with that too. It was all a wonderful, faith-building experience for me.

by Wes Allen
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I think every man should consider his wife or girlfriend a beautiful, angelic woman. And those who gave me so much help are nothing but perfect. Some years ago I wrote a poem called "The Perfect Woman." I will include it here for your enjoyment.

It was an assignment for Creative Writing Class. I was told to take a myth or legend and retell the story in a poem. I love to put rhyming words together. Though this is a very satirical poem, I don't mean to criticize women or men. There is perfection in all of us. Let yours shine like a rising star.

The Perfect Woman

Women do have their faults,
but they are the ultimate creation,
as was Galatea,
before her incarnation.

Pygmalion, the woman hater,
with wantonness possessed,
created the ultimate woman,
untouched by all the rest.

He shaped her from sculpted stone
and passion filled his heart,
but he was stricken with deep sadness,
she was only a work of art.

He kissed her and held her,
her cold, passive form caressed.
He cried to the Goddess of Passionate Love
in his hopeless wretchedness.

Venus heard his plea and gave the word,
Galatea melted in his arms.
They were married and had a son,
but was theirs a life of charms?

Women have their faults, you know,
but then, so do men.
Not one is totally perfect, but
there's perfection in all of them.

Galatea had a heart of stone,
which was, of course, made flesh,
but every little corner???
What would be your guess???

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Based on the story,
Pygmalion and Galatea
by Edith Hamilton
in Legends of Long Ago
Crowell- Collier
Publishing Co. 1962