

Was He an Angel?

Today our preacher talked about the Good Samaritan. Here is a story of a time when God sent me the Good Samaritan I needed for the moment. God has often sent me a Good Samaritan, and has many times prompted me to be one to help someone else in distress.

It took place in September of 2004, back in the days while I was still searching for my twin sister in the Wisconsin and Minnesota areas. I had just pulled into Wisconsin Dells, a tourist town, parked, and went to visit Ripley's Believe it or Not. When I returned to my little pick up truck, it wouldn't start. Believe it or not, I had left the lights on, it was an overcast day, and the battery was dead.

I had parked at a meter, at an angle to the sidewalk, with the pavement sloping downward toward the curb. The truck had a standard transmission and any other time I might have gotten it rolling and started in that manner. But this time, after trying with all my might, I decided that there was no pushing that thing up the hill.

There were many people walking on the sidewalks for this was a tourist town, but they weren't on my street, and I couldn't get myself to bother anyone for help. It would have taken several people to push it up the incline. Can you picture me trying to get several people to follow me down a side street? So I prayed to God for Him to send me some help getting that thing started.

Then I had an inspiration. I got out the jumper cables, opened the hood, hooked them to the battery, and stood there holding the other end for someone to pull in beside me and we'd hook them up. But there was no traffic coming down my street. If someone did come, they would know immediately what I wanted. They could simply pull in beside me and jump it started. Then we wouldn't even know if God did it. I think my Father likes to stand out in a crowd. He likes His work and His favors to be seen and known by all. So this is what happened!

I looked up at the nearly barren sidewalk and a young chap my age came waltzing along. He was humming and fiddling with the knobs on a little red box he carried in his hands. He walked up to me and said, "Do you need a boost?"

I said, "Yes, I left the lights on and the battery is dead." So he hooked up his little red box to the battery, I jumped in, and it started immediately. Then I began to put away the cables, and I looked up to thank him and offer a reward. But he was gone! I looked up and down the street and the sidewalk, but I couldn't see him anywhere.

Now you know when you hear a story like that people will say, "Do you think it was an Angel?" Well, let me tell you this and you decide. **He was smoking a cigarette!!!**