



## **Yes, Son, I Remember...**

This past week, I was blessed to have my son and grandson visit. As is usual during visits, we reminisced about the past. My son asked me if I remembered two particular incidents that occurred, one when he was 10 years old, and another when he was eight.

Both stories cause me to hold my breath as the emotions return. I am reminded of how blessed we are that the LORD brings us through some very scary situations. Situations and events, whose final outcome, can only be explained by the divine intervention of a loving and kind GOD.

When my son was 10, he and his older brother had gone to Big Bear, California, along with 11 other children, for a week long church camp. On the return trip, the passenger van they were riding in blew a front tire on I-15 between Baker and Barstow. The van was doing about 80 mph, and the blow out caused the van to flip end over end and roll three times before coming to a stop in the dirt median between the lanes.

*I will remember the deeds of the LORD; yes, I will remember your miracles of long ago. I will meditate on all your works and consider all your mighty deeds. Psalm*


Meanwhile, back in Las Vegas, parents and siblings were waiting at the church for the kids to arrive. They were overdue, but at first it was no big deal. Anything could have delayed them. The parents spent the time chit chatting with one another. Soon an hour had passed, then an hour and a half, and still no children, Because there had been no word from them, parents became very concerned.

By the time the children were 2 hours overdue, the anxiety, worry and fear were practically dripping from the parents. Everyone wanted to know, "*Where are my kids?*"

The School Principal had been notified of the delay and was called in to find out what was going on. When she emerged from the church and announced, "The van has been in an accident.", the anxiety instantly escalated and most of the parents burst into to tears and began sobbing.

Although the Principal did her best to calm everyone, it was no use. The parents had questions, and she did not have answers. "*Is anyone hurt? Are They OK? What hospital are they at? Where did it happen?*"





When the van finally came to a stop, everyone was stunned. "What had just happened?" The vehicle was crushed down all around them; the windows were shattered; glass had flown in every direction; the roof had been crushed down to the tops of the seats. The van was demolished. Inside, the fate of 13 children and 1 driver was unknown.

***The miracle of God's divine intervention  
was about to be revealed.***

One of the children found a section of roof that had just enough space for them to wiggle out. As they emerged from the wreckage, they were surprised to have been met by a Highway patrolman who had been 1/4 mile away issuing a citation, when he witnessed the accident. They were also surprised to see a platoon of Army Medics from Ft. Irwin who had been travelling behind them, and also witnessed the accident. They pulled over to lend medical assistance. Then, an empty tour bus travelling to Salt Lake City pulled over and gave them all a ride to the church in Las Vegas. During the drive, the children took turns witnessing to the driver who was from Salt Lake.

As a precaution, the Highway patrolman had called in a Flight for Life helicopter to the scene, but there had only been two minor injuries! The child who ended up having a sprained wrist got a thrilling ride in a helicopter. Television crews were also on scene, and the incident was aired on the 6 pm news in both Southern California and Las Vegas that evening.

The images shown on the news were gut wrenching. It was nearly impossible to believe anyone had survived, let alone walked away uninjured! After I had seen the footage, I realized how horrific this could have been, and often is.

When the children eventually arrived at the church, parents could finally breathe. After the excitement of the children regaling their amazing story finally calmed down, everyone went their separate ways. We discovered my eldest son had a mild concussion and my youngest son had glass in his shoe, which he saved as a reminder of God's saving him and his brother.

Our family, as well as the other families, first responders and eye witnesses have an amazing story of God's miraculous and divine protection. What Satan meant for evil, God meant for good.