

# *God's Intervention*

## Shocking News

True Story

By: Ronald Willis

Before I graduated from high school, I was doing major renovation work for teachers that knew my work. So, fresh out of school, I got my contractor's licenses and started building homes. My first home was a two-bedroom home out in the country, with one bath, large kitchen, living room and a front porch. I built it for an even \$10,000.00.

After getting it finished, I started working building homes for a company made up of a father and two sons. The father and one of the sons ran a lumber company while the other son ran a bank in town. They furnished the lots and all the materials needed to build the homes and I and my crew furnished the labor. We did everything from digging the footings to gluing down the Formica tops in the kitchen.

We would build a three-bedroom home and have the people ready to move in in five weeks. I had a great crew that knew how to build a home. We worked hard and I paid them well. We were a well-oiled machine. Even though it was hard work, it was very rewarding.

This same group came to me, asking me to build a bridge over a large ditch that was approximately eighty feet long, eighty feet wide and twelve feet deep. Upon getting the engineer's plans we rented a backhoe to dam up the ditch on each end with a levee and cleaned out the bottom of the ditch where the bottom of the bridge was to become a concrete slab for water to flow over.

Upon setting up the three-quarter inch plywood forms we drilled holes to connect the inside walls to the outside wall of concrete. The walls were twelve inches apart and held together by cattails (wall ties), rods that would be placed between the plywood walls where the concrete was to be poured and vibrated to get all the air out of the concrete.

I was very concerned how everything was being placed, so I watched every sheet placement. We had marked all the plywood sheets where holes were to be drilled before being lowered into place. As we were placing the second section of the wall I realized that someone forgot to drill one hole in the plywood sheet. With a harsh scream I hollered that someone is not doing his job. So instead of pulling the plywood sheet back up so the hole could be drilled, I hollered, "Drop a drill down to me so that I can drill the hole myself."

Upon drilling the hole, I threw the drill back up to the men and at the same time I realized that I was standing in a puddle of water when I drilled the hole. I should be dead now, for using an electric drill standing in water means death.

A few months before we started this project, I had a home that we were building in a very nice subdivision for a golf pro. We were shorthanded the day when we needed to get the rafters up. I was cutting the rafters and I had two men setting and nailing them into place. I had two saw horses set up so that I could mark the two by sixes with my pattern and with a skill saw on both ends, I ran from one end to the other cutting the rafters.

Not thinking about the rain, the night before, I was running from one end of the rafter to the other, cutting and helping the two men on the wall of the house get the rafters up and in place.

After cutting several rafters, all at once I found myself standing in a puddle of water with my Skill saw a few feet from me. I was shocked so bad that I could not get up. It was a miracle that I did not cut my hand off or worse. I never told anyone of this story, for I never wanted anyone to know how stupid I was using a Skill saw standing in water.

I live today to tell the story because God has saved my life over and over again!

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It is my sincerest hope that everyone who reads this, will reflect back on his or her own life. See where God has touched them and given them the ability to serve in other's lives.

Let us know how God has intervened in your life!