

# *God's Intervention*

## Dairy Queen

True Story

By: Ronald Willis

About three years before graduating from high school, I worked for a contractor by the name of Mr. Gurley. We built some very nice homes in a very nice area of town. I was very proud of the work we did and I made enough money to take a young lady out every once in a while.

I started dating a young lady on a regular basis my last year of school. We were getting very close to planning a wedding when something happened. I can't remember exactly what it was, but I remember it stopped us dating. My dad never wanted me to get involved with her right from the start. He said that her family was no good. They did ungodly things!

That is when I started dating a young lady as beautiful as the other one that worked for the Dairy Queen. I also started doing some auto racing while still doing construction. Even though I was driving a heavy Buick, that thing was fast. It would leave two spoons full of rubber behind the back tires when I took off. A few of us guys would drive up to Newbern where the old abandoned World War II air base was turned into a racetrack to race for money.

I had a friend that had a beautiful Ford Mustang that was so fast, but hard to keep running in a straight line. It was so fast after it got a little way from the starting block that not many could beat it. One evening this friend came to me while I was helping this young lady close the Dairy Queen up. I was cleaning tables, putting things in their place and mopping the floor, when my friend came through the door telling me that this is the night we are going to clean up Newbern. He had several people that were willing to put their money where their mouths were.

I had seen them race before. They were fast, but I thought my friend with the Ford Mustang could beat them. The problem was I had already told my girl that I would help her close the Dairy Queen, help with the cleaning and take her home. She was smart and beautiful. She was not fat or thin. This could be the one I could love forever.

Now I had to decide to go race and make some money or do what I said I would do. I hated it, but I had to tell my friend that he would have to go without me. There would be no racing in my life that night. I hated to let my friend down, but I had to.

After getting the Dairy Queen like new, we locked the place up and I drove Miss Right home. Upon getting into the driveway she reached over to me, thanking me for helping her, and gave me a kiss. We sat there for some time talking and getting to know each other. Her mother came to the front door of the house, waved and went back into the house. I kissed her and walked her to her front door where she kissed me again and hugged me tight.

As I was driving home, I kept thinking this girl is everything any man would want.

The next morning, I wanted to see Miss Right as soon as possible, but that was not to be. I was getting calls from friends telling me that my friend with the Mustang died last night. Apparently, a company had rented part of the old air base in Newbern where they had stored huge metal pipes wired together so that the pipe would stay in place.

A friend told me that when my friend's Mustang hit the end of the of pipes the car disintegrated, along with my friend. In the dark of the night he never saw a thing!

That was the end of my racing and so many others also!

I didn't see or call Miss Right for some time after that. I was still in shock for my friend's death. That is when the girl that I had dated throughout high school came to me helping me overcome the hurt and pain I was going through losing my friend. We started dating again. After another month or so passed we went out to the drive-in theater to see a movie. After the movie we stopped to get something to eat at the Dairy Queen. I drove through the drive-through window and saw Miss Right. I cannot remember what my date or I ordered, but I know we did not order the same thing. We ate in the parking area and I started driving her home.

Before we got close to her home, my date started getting sick. By the time we got to her home, she had turned green. Upon getting to her house I stopped the car, ran to the house and dragged her mother out to the car. That is when I knew we were in the race. I drove as fast as the car could go. Getting to the hospital, they pumped her stomach out and saved her life. It was food poisoning.

The hospital called the Dairy Queen and sent someone out there to look things over. The Dairy Queen paid all the cost. I believed someone poisoned her on purpose or maybe the food was meant for me. I ended up marrying the girl that my dad told me to stay away from, and that was the worst thing I could do!

I wonder where the Dairy Queen lady is today.

Listen to your dad. He knows best!

It is my sincerest hope that everyone who reads this will reflect back on his or her own life, and see where God has touched them and given them the ability to serve in others' lives. Let us know how God has intervened in your life!

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