

# *God's Intervention*

## Life On The Farm

True Story

By: Ronald Willis

Growing up my family hardly ever had any dealings with my mother's family. Her mother was a little thing. She was a full-blooded Indian. I can't remember from what tribe. My mom's dad was a huge man. He was about six foot six and had huge hands and feet. They lived only a few miles from where we lived, but we only drove out to their place when there was an emergency.

My Mom had two brothers and four sisters. One of the sisters and one of the brothers became alcoholics. Every Christmas we would get together with Mom's family and that was about it.

On the other hand, I spent many a day with my dad's family which was about a two-hour drive from our house. I started staying with them a lot upon my turning twelve years old and whenever school was out. I was a lot of help on the farm. They lived in an old wood frame farm house that was made up of four rooms. They had one bedroom, where I slept with no air or heat, one front room where granddad and grandmother's bed was with the wood burning stove and granddad's rocker. The kitchen / dining room was where grandmother did her miracles with a wood burning stove, a very small refrigerator and a large kitchen table. The fourth room was where they also had a long table joining the kitchen that was for preparing food.

They had a smokehouse and a tool shed that did not join the house. They also had two huge barns and two large lakes on their two hundred acres of land they farmed by themselves. Granddad had a beautiful yellow lab that lived under the house. The dog never came into the house and when Granddad was outside, the dog never left his side. Grandmother was the only one that made sure the dog was fed every night.

Grandmother had a huge Bible that listed all the children's names, twelve total she birthed, their date of birth, when they got married, died and their children's information.

One time just before Christmas I stayed with Granddad and Grandmother for a couple weeks and the weather turned really cold. At night Grandmother would put a brick on the woodburning stove to get it hot. Then she would wrap it with a cloth, and put it in between sheets and blankets getting my bed warm for me. I slept with three huge blankets and two chicken-feather pillows. One morning I woke up with ice on the windows inside my room. I was freezing but I could hear Grandmother talking so I got up and headed to the stove.

Many a time we cut wood for heat and cooking. Granddad had an axe that was sharp enough to shave with if you were old enough to have whiskers. Granddad was not fat or thin. He was strong as a bull. He never showed any emotions but one time he left his old car window down and that night one of the cows got loose and ate the driver's seat. I thought that cow was dead, but I guess Granddad thought more of the cow than the car.

Another time someone brought Granddad a little dog and as soon as the dog touched the ground the dog attacked Granddad's proud chickens, killing two of them. The owner of the dog was sorry and wanted to pay for the chickens, but Granddad said nothing. The man and dog were never seen again.

One summer when I was around thirteen I was given the job to feed the hogs. Granddad had a huge barrel of corn that he wanted the hogs to have. The problem was I had to deal with getting the feed into the pig trough without having to deal with the biggest hog I had ever seen. This joker was fast and hungry for food and his eye was on eating me. Upon running from him for some time I got the rest of the pigs fed and watered, but Mr. Big was not happy. Out of the corner of my eyes I saw him coming for me, mad as a wet hen, ready to kill. That was it, I was trapped and if I did not do something I was going to be his dinner. So, I looked behind me, took one step and jumped over the barbed wire fence. Looking back, I could see part of my jeans hanging over the fence.

No problem. I had lots of jeans. The next day I saw my leg had a small cut from the barbed wire, but it was not hurting too much. Two days later grandmother saw that I was limping and made me sit down and take my pants off. Upon me seeing my leg I knew I was in trouble. Grandmother wanted to kill me! My leg was infected and was turning red. That is when Grandmother started mixing all kinds of medications up, but when she held my leg and rubbed the mixture into my leg I thought I was going to die.

Grandmother saved my life. I know that!

Neither Granddad nor my parents ever knew what had happened.

Granddad and Grandmother lived without a bathroom, shower or a washing machine until I got old enough to get some of the family together and put in a bathroom on their back porch. We got a man to put in a water pump and well that gave them wonderful fresh water, and a washing machine was given to them. Before then they drink from a cistern that caught water from the house roof and Grandmother washed clothes in a large bucket.

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 others' lives. Let us know how God has intervened in your life!

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