

God's Intervention

Seconds Can Make The Difference

Many years ago, while working for a construction company in Tennessee, I was given a project to remodel a beautiful home on Horseshoe Lake in Arkansas. I was given two men of my choice, all the materials needed and of course all the equipment needed to get the job done. Monday through Friday I drove the long trip with my team from our office in Memphis to the lake. Most of the ride was on a small two-lane road.

The first thing that needed to be done was to remove the old windows and install all new windows in the house. The problem was they were enormous and with having to move furniture out of the way and building scaffolding, it was a job I did not want. Before starting the job, I had all the equipment and materials delivered to the job site and picked the men I wanted to help me complete the job.

The lady that owned the home was so nice. She had a large fishing dock running from the house and out into the lake more than hundred and fifty feet. Her maid loved to cook fish so I told the men that we would take our fishing gear with us and do some fishing after work. We were able to catch a lot of fish that ended up in the maid's cooler. We enjoyed catching fish for her.

We took special care to get the house closed up before we left for home each day and made sure everything was cleaned inside and outside.

We all met at the office every day at the same time, for the long drive to the job site. We would arrive at the job site just about the same time every day, but most evenings we would stay an hour or so to get in some fishing in. This went on for weeks.

At the end of the job, one of the men had to get back home one evening as soon as possible for personal reasons, probably a doctor's appointment, so we left early that day. Actually, it was the time that we would normally leave, if we did not fish.

On the way home, I was driving maybe a little faster than normal, when I realized there was a car trying to pass us. He tried several times to go around us without any success for there was always another car coming the other way, or there was a curve, or something to keep them from passing. Finally, I could see a place where the car could get around us, so I slowed down a little to allow them to pass us. This car was going probably fifteen miles an hour over the speed limit as they disappeared from our sight.

All of sudden we looked up and saw a train across the road and it was slowing down. As we drove up to the train, we could not understand why the train was coming to a halt at that part of the world. There was nothing for miles and miles. Then I saw why! A half mile down the track was a car on its side. It had been hit by the train while crossing the track. The people that had passed us hit the train.

All three of us took off running. When we got to the car, there was a man lying on his stomach with only half a head. I immediately took a shirt that was on the ground and covered his head with it, for he was dead.

The car was on its side with a girl locked inside calling for help. Under the car was a lady pinned under the car. I told one of my men to go back to the truck and get some tools so we could get the car open and get the girl out. Then we could roll the car off the lady. Within a matter of minutes we got the girl out and got the car rolled off the lady. Blood was everywhere. The smell was of death was very strong.

The lady that was pinned under the car was bleeding from her ears, eyes, nose, mouth and from all kinds of cuts on her body. I set next to her and held her head while talking to her about the young girl. I prayed with her and cried for God to get us some help soon. An ambulance finally got there which had to park several yards from the crash site and then walk to us and go under the train to get to the injured.

The young girl looked to be in good shape, but later on that night I found out that all three lost their lives that day. It was just too far from any medical help.

I wonder to this day, if I had not slowed down to let them pass us, would we have been the three people to lose our lives that day? I know that I drive a little slower now, not because it is the law but because of what I saw, felt and heard that day!

I had nightmares all most every night for several months after that and I still think of the people that we met that day. We all did everything we could to help and yet they all still died. I hope and pray they were ready to meet God.

True Story

If you have a story that needs to be told, write me!

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