

# *God's Intervention*

## TIME IS IN GOD'S HANDS

### True Story

When my dad and brother were alive I tried to find some time every few months to get away from the ministry and go up to Tennessee to see them. Calling them is good, but face to face is so much better. Not only was it good for me, but dad always had a few jobs that he needed to get done, such as getting the truck fixed, a few trees cut down, fixing items in his work shed, getting his gutters cleaned out, putting up a ceiling fan in the house and so much more.

Every time I went to see them we always made at least one trip over to a special restaurant called the Lake View Restaurant, on Reelfoot Lake. It has the best food on earth, good home cooked food and a lot of it served home style.

Back in October 2014 we all got together for another trip to Reelfoot Lake for some good eating. That day had been planned out in my mind even before I left Florida. To be able to relax, enjoy family and good food is a blessing that we all need in our lives.

Betty, my father's wife after my mother died from leukemia, insisted on driving. She with my dad and brother picked me up from the hotel where I was staying. My dad and I sat in the back seat and my brother sat up front with Betty. Dad and I talked about old times when we went fishing, hunting and going on trips. I tried to bring my brother into the conversation, but it did not work. You see, I am six years older than him and many times my brother was not old enough to participate in our adventures.

Every time we ate at the Lake View Restaurant we each ordered our favorite thing. Dad always had hot coffee with fried catfish, cole slaw, hush puppies, home fries, green beans and cooked apples. Then every once in a while, he would get some of my red-eye gravy with hot rolls. My brother had the same with a Coke.

Betty had pork chops with the vegetable of the day and hot coffee, but I was the one that had a few more pounds on me when I left there. I drank a pitcher of ice tea, while eating all I could of onion rings, country ham, home fries, white beans, cooked apples along with hot rolls and red-eye gravy. Now that was a meal.

After eating all we could, I went to our waitress, thanking her for her service and giving her a big tip. Betty took dad and my brother out to the car as I got in line to pay our tab. It took some time to get to the front of the line, but the lady was glad to see that I was paying by credit card, not cash, and not having to deal with the waitress's tip.

Upon thanking everyone I preceded to walk to the car. It was getting warm outside and I knew everyone was waiting on me. As I opened the inner door to step into a glassed-in waiting area, a young girl liked to run me over. An elderly lady with a walker was right behind her so I held the door for her to enter the restaurant. That is when she said, "What can we do with all these young girls? They have no manners." That is when I said, "Pray for them." The elderly lady said, "Would you please pray for my granddaughter?"

As I looked out the outer glass door all I could see was Betty hanging out the car door window, mad as a wet hen. All I could think about was, "What should I ask God for that would help a teenager become a child of God?" So, I prayed that God would put Godly people in their path to help them see, hear and respond to our Lord and Savior. I also asked God to help the elderly reach the young in their time frame. Upon holding the door open again for the elderly lady, she hugged my neck and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

Getting into the car I could feel bitterness all around me. Betty would not start the car and let the air conditioner cool the car as they waited for me. No one said a word. It was like the world was mad at me. I could not understand why the elderly lady picked me to pray for her family. I was not overdressed or had any jewelry that would cause someone to presume that I was a minister.

Even though I had everyone mad at me I know I would do it again if asked. Like so many other times, I didn't know God was using me until much later. That day was one of those days!

Betty was mad and she showed it in her driving, but no one was going to say a word about it. That is when everything came into focus. A fourth of the way back to my hotel Betty had to stop the car on the side of the road. There were a few more cars ahead of us with people getting out of their cars. I opened up my side car door and said, "I will see what the problem is. Please put your flashers on."

Walking down the middle of the road I could see that an SUV had run head on into another car. That is when an unmarked sheriff's pickup truck, with lights and sirens blasting, came down the wrong side of the road. I could not see how anyone could survive a head-on crash as this was. There was no hospital or ambulance service for miles. The officer in the truck called for a helicopter and all law enforcement agents for miles. He radioed an officer, miles down the road to stop all traffic from coming down to us.

With tears in my eyes we took our turn, turning around to go back where we had been. After several hours we got back to the hotel where I was staying. All I could think about was if I had not prayed with that elderly lady we probably would have been the family that died that day in a head-on crash.

Later I found out that Pastor Larry Byassee and his wife Shirley died in the accident. Larry had just resigned his position as head pastor and preached his last sermon that day at Wynnburg Baptist Church, in Lake County, where he pastored for many years. He and his wife were moving to be closer to their daughter and son-in-law that day. The last I heard was that their son-in-law, who was driving, and Byassee's daughter survived the accident.

Now that my dad and brother have died, I no longer have the desire to eat at the Lake View Restaurant on Reelfoot Lake.

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

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