

Angel in Disguise?



Psalm 55:22 – Cast your burdens on the LORD and he will sustain you.
'Friends are God's way of taking care of us.'

I was driving home from a meeting about 5 o'clock, stuck in traffic, when the car started to choke and splutter and die. I barely managed to coast into a gas station, glad only that I would not be blocking traffic and would have a somewhat warm spot to wait for the tow truck. It wouldn't even turn over.

Before I could make the call, I saw a woman walking out of the Quickie Mart building. Suddenly she appeared to have slipped on some ice, falling onto a gas pump, so I went to see if she was okay.

When I got there, it looked more like she had been overcome by sobs than that she had fallen. She was a young woman who looked really haggard with dark circles under her eyes. She dropped something as I helped her up, and I picked it up to give it to her. It was a nickel.

At that moment, everything came into focus for me: the crying woman, the ancient car crammed full of stuff with three kids in the back (one in a car seat), and the gas pump reading \$4.95.

I asked her if she was okay and if she needed help, and she just kept saying,
'I don't want my kids to see me crying! So we stood on the other side of the pump from her car. She said she was driving to California and that things were very hard for her right now. So I asked, 'And you were praying?' That made her back away from me a little, but I assured her I was not a crazy person and said, 'He heard you, and He sent me.'

I took out my card and swiped it through the card reader on the pump so she could fill up her car completely, and while it was fuelling, walked to the next door McDonald's and bought two big bags of food, some gift certificates for more, and a big cup of coffee. She gave the food to the

kids in the car, who attacked it like wolves, and we stood by the pump eating fries and talking a little.

She told me her name, and that she lived in Kansas City. Her husband left her two months ago and she had not been able to make ends meet. She knew she wouldn't have money to pay rent after New Year's, so finally, in desperation, had called her parents, with whom she had not spoken in about five years. They lived in California and said she could come and live with them and try to get on her feet there.

So she packed up everything she owned in the car. She told the kids they were going to California for Christmas, but not that they were going to live there. I gave her my gloves, a little hug and said a quick prayer with her for safety on the road. As I was walking over to my car, she said, 'So, are you like an angel or something?' This made me cry. I said, 'Sweetie, at this time of year angels are really busy, so sometimes God uses regular people.'

It was so incredible to be a part of someone else's miracle. And of course, you guessed it, when I got in my car, it started right away and got me home with no problem. I'll put it in the shop tomorrow to check, but I suspect the mechanic won't find anything wrong.

Sometimes the angels fly close enough to you that you can almost hear the flutter of their wings....

Written by a Metro Denver Hospice physician – name not available