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If they are not available or cannot be reached, someone is at:

Calvary Chapel Meadows Mesa

If you have a testimony that glorifies God and can encourage, comfort, inspire or motivate others toward God let us help you do so. We will assist, edit and print your testimony tract at no cost to you. WAY 180 is a non-profit entity. We do not pay for testimonies or stories nor do we profit from the sale of these tracts. All proceeds go into the ministry to further promote and print more tracts. Should you wish to purchase them from WAY 180 they are sold in lots of 25 for the cost of printing plus shipping when applicable.

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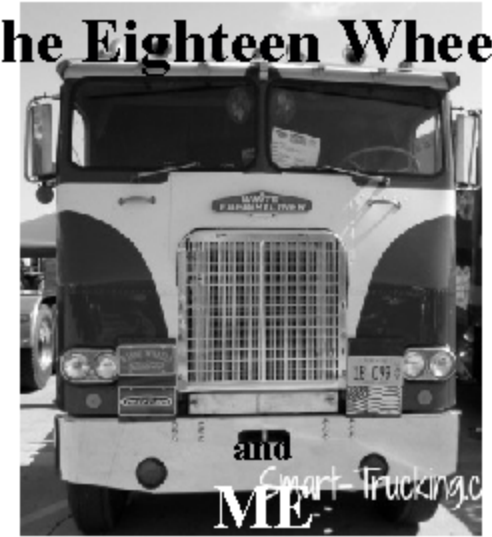
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The Eighteen Wheeler



Possibly the first really big miracle I ever experienced was on a quiet spring morning back in 1978. Bruce Ingle, Pete Wilcox and I set out on a bicycle ride of about 60 miles round trip from Rogers to Fayetteville and back. We were all in our late twenties and very experienced cyclists. It was between seven and eight a.m. and we were taking a back road up and back to avoid trucks and traffic. It was a small two lane highway that had been freshly asphalted the week before. Although it seemed smooth as glass to ride on I learned very quickly just how abrasive the surface really was.

We were only a couple miles into the ride and came upon a slight downgrade, maybe one or two percent. Pete decided to challenge us to a race. All was quiet and no traffic in sight before or behind as far as the eye could see. Bruce shrugged it off knowing there was a long way to go but I took the bait. Pete was in the center of our lane so I was coming up on his left side to pass him maybe 12-18 inches to the right of the center line. Pete nor I ever heard a thing, no whine of tires, no roaring motor, no air horn and we were too busy racing to look in our rear view mirrors.

We were probably doing 20-25 mph by this time with my front wheel just to the left of his rear wheel as I was overtaking him.