

Windel begged me to let him stop but I wouldn't let him and stuffed a washcloth in my mouth to muffle the noise. After the scrub down the pain went off the Richter scale as oxygen came into full contact with the now clean dry exposed flesh. Rubber from the tire had infused into my leg which took two weeks to cook out. During that time a large boil formed directly behind my left knee. I spent the first few days running from the pain of the healing by daily dressing all the wounds with fresh carbolated Vaseline. Again, I went to no hospital nor doctor for any of this. I was confident that the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would heal me. Three days after the accident I picked up my new British Viscount eighteen speed bicycle which the trucking company was tickled to buy me. They knew had we gone to court I'd have walked away a rich man; but would I have experienced the miracle had I gone for the money? Two weeks after that I was in route to IL in Bruce's pickup, with the bikes, to visit his friends and relatives. We put on another couple hundred miles that week.

How I became aware of the fractured pelvis is quite interesting to say the least. It was the evening of the fourth night after the accident that I chose to scrape all the Vaseline off the wounds with a straight razor for the last time and then it happened. I was lying on the bed in so much pain I was wrapping the entire pillow around my head my head to muffle the screaming. We lived in a trailer park and I didn't want to freak anyone out. Then an excruciating pain flared up at the top of my left pelvic bone, I thought I was going to pass out, I hoped I'd pass out. Then the thought came to me that Satan was trying to rob my joy. I screamed out between gasps, "Satan, you egg suckin dog, you ain't even robbin my joy" and I began singing Psalms 34: 1-4 that I had memorized from scripture. After several minutes a great peace came over me and I saw in my mind what looked to be a white hot rod slightly penetrating then moving across a flat plane, sort of like a welding rod fusing two pieces together. As I focused on

this vision it became clear that the rod was God's finger and the flat plane was my pelvic bone. He was fusing a fracture that happened in the accident. The pain was indescribable and greater than anything I had experienced up to that point in my life yet I was at total peace with no urge to cry out. I just laid there watching and smiling as God healed my fracture. For a second I had a very small momentary glimpse of how the martyrs of old could suffer what they did and actually forgive their tormentors and die peacefully. I then fell into a deep sleep and woke up the next morning with no burning pain anywhere and no pain in my pelvic area. The pain never came back during the healing process. The boil however had reach the size of a walnut and hurt tremendously. I still wasn't sure at this time what was causing it but knew it needed to be popped and drained. I sat on the edge of the couch, leaned over my leg and with both heels of my hands struck the boil between them bursting it open. That's when I saw the small metal piece on the floor along with a few ounces of green yellow goo. Popping it felt like a knife being driven into the back of my leg not to mention the kneading process necessary to drain all the infection, but it also was pain free by the next day. It took another week for the rubber to cook out of my skin and look normal. So two weeks after the incident I looked and felt as though nothing had ever happened but for a six inch tall three inch wide scar on the left side of my lower back where the skin had been totally replaced. At sixty two part of that scar is still visible to testify to the miracle that took place on that day. Most claim I was just lucky, NOT! Since then I've had three 750cc motorcycles totaled out from under me walking away from the first two and trimming palm trees three days after the third one at fifty five years old. Being physically fit was certainly to my advantage but even the doctors were baffled at the lack of damage done and speed of my recovery. The only thing I have used the medical profession for since meeting Jesus was to set my left collar bone broken while riding with my son and reset my right shoulder and left hip after

dislocating them, all motorcycle related. No drugs, no surgeries, no cures of any kind. I am grateful for what they did do but have not looked to them for anything else in over 40 years of being a believer. A living loving relationship with Jesus Christ has it's bennies, no doubt about it. But it also has it's trials, grief and suffering; but that's material for another tract called "An Angel goes Home."

God is the same yesterday, today and tomorrow so when someone says to you, "God no longer does this or that" run; for they have no clue as to what they're talking about. Their lack of spiritual experience and understanding of scriptural make them dangerous not only to themselves but to the faith of those around them. Miracles are as available today as they were in the first century church. It's only because of the grotesque volume of unbelief (Matthew 13:58) that we don't see today what the apostles saw in there day. I am living proof of this. Why me you ask? Because I dared to believe! Does it make me better than anyone else; emphatically NO. GOD has merely made me an example of what HE can do when we give HIM the opportunity.

Truth is Jesus Himself in John 14:12 stated that not only would we, as future believers, experience the miracles He did but even greater than what He did. You say you have faith, what is the evidence, what is your testimony. I don't say this condescendingly but out of genuine concern. Read James the second chapter and examine yourself as to whether you are really in the faith or not. Only you and God know, it is not my place to determine either way. But it is Biblical for you to examine yourself. II Corinthians 13:5.

I am not anti-medical profession, on the contrary. They have an important role for it is they who keep us alive until we come to know the true physician and then they assist Him in doing good things for mankind. I am grateful they are there, but I know their place and exalt Jesus instead of man.