

God intervenes in people's lives in many ways!

Shortly after my wife and I joined McGregor Baptist Church, we were asked to be part of a home Bible study at one of the member's home, right around the corner from the Church. So, one evening we joined a group of other members where we watched a Bible teaching video played from a VCR. We then were asked to elaborate on how God has used us.

There were about six or seven couples attending the meeting. Everyone seemed to get into the study and were participating in the questions after the video. As I was thinking about how God had used me, I could hear God say **the girl in white**, it is time to tell the story...so I spoke these words!

My father lived in a small town about one hundred miles from Memphis, Tennessee where I lived. I tried to get up to see him a few times each month. During one of these visits it became later than usual to get back on the road for home. Even though my dad asked me several times to spend the night and drive home the next day, I was determined to get home that night, even though the next day was a Saturday.

Driving along on a dark and almost deserted highway going home I came upon a small town, where there was a car dealership. I was in desperate need of a new truck and my eyes focused on a brand new solid black truck that really appealed to me. Even though it was dark I decided to stop and give this truck a closer look.

I pulled up next to this truck, got out and walked over to it. My plan was to look inside to see how it was equipped, but as soon as I got up to the truck I could see a reflection off the truck's side window of a lady standing on the side of a road wearing a white dress. She was cupping her hands together. Her hands were drenched with blood, which was seeping onto her dress and she was crying.

This scared me so bad, but yet I knew that I was needed. I immediately jumped into my truck and started driving as fast as possible down the road not knowing where I was going.

After only driving five or ten miles I came to a curve in the road. Suddenly my truck lights were shining on a young lady standing on the side of the road in a white dress! I knew in an instant that it was the same lady I had seen in the reflection of the truck at the dealership.

This section of the road had a dividing median between the north-and south-bound lanes. I found to my utter amazement that at this point, I was still driving very fast and I had to slam on the brakes so that I wouldn't run over the lady. Once I came to a halt, I quickly got out of the truck and ran to her. She was crying, and her hands were cupped together with blood on them. Not only was there blood on her dress, but it was muddy.

I asked the lady if she was okay. She could only reply, "I don't think so." She was able to walk, so I directed her to the truck to get her out of the cold night air and to see where her injuries were. The light from inside the truck was very dim, so I took her to the front of

the truck again, where the headlights were still shining. Then I could see that she was bleeding from her forehead. Evidently, she had put her hands there, getting blood on them.

I couldn't be sure where the blood was coming from that was on her dress, but I knew I had to get her back in my truck. Just as I was getting ready to drive her to the hospital I saw the lights of an ambulance on the other side of the median. The driver of the ambulance had taken someone to the hospital in Memphis and was on their way back home when they just happened by and saw this girl's vehicle that had gone off the road. They were looking for the driver when they saw my lights.

I never did see this lady's vehicle, because it was many yards from where I found her and it was in a ditch several feet deep. Evidently, she had lost control of her vehicle and ended up in the ditch. She had crawled out of the window and up the side of the ditch then walked across the long dirt and deserted field to my side of the road.

The lady was about eighteen or twenty years old. She said, "All I have been doing is praying that God would send someone to help me." I know that an angel of God or God Himself directed me to her that night.

The ambulance came around to us and took the lady to the hospital. I stayed at the scene waiting for the sheriff to come and make a report. That is when I totally fell apart. The total experience scared me so bad, I couldn't stop shaking or crying.

When the officers had gotten there I told them everything that happened, except for the vision. I knew that if I had told them of the vision I would have been admitted into the hospital that night also, except my hospital would have had bars or padded walls.

After they had made their report, I drove back to the hospital and went in to see if the lady was all right. At first the attendant would not let me in, until one of the ambulance drivers that transported her there told them that I was the one that found her. When they heard that, they let me see her.

As I was walking into the room where she was being checked out, she was looking straight at me. She curled her finger, signaling me to come closer. I bent down to listen to her say, "Thank you for stopping. All I could do was to ask God to help me and pray that someone would find me." I said, "You are welcome," and told her that she was going to be all right now.

After several weeks had passed, while at my father's place again, I told him of this story, at which time I broke down and cried and shook as if it had just happened again.

While telling the story to the people at the Bible study, I could hear God saying to me, look up, for my eyes were on the floor watching my tears falling to the floor. So, as I looked up I saw a lady setting on the couch across from me. She was curled up into the corner of the couch with her legs under her and her hands drawn under her feet. You could tell that she was scared as she tried to hide her identity.

She was trying to hide her hands and feet for I could see that they were becoming hooves like horses' feet. Immediately I felt some one behind me, huge in size holding an old clay vessel full of a liquid much heavier than water. As this substance was poured over my head it fell to the floor and splashed off the floor and back on me. I felt love as never before. It was as though the liquid was love.

Again, I broke down crying as never before and ran to their bathroom. I set on the floor, crying like a baby. After a friend came to check on me, I got myself together and drove my wife home without a sound from either of us.

Since then I have told this story to some of my close friends, only to feel as if it had just happened.

I never heard again from the girl in white. I never tried to find her or tell her my story. I know that she must be a special person, because God sent me to help her that night. It is my hope that she still lives and is able to read this someday. I know that God sent me to find her through His vision and guidance the night as she was praying that God would send some to help her in her time of need. I also know that I have been unwilling to tell of God's wonders!

How many of us have a story that needs to be told that would also glorify our Lord! As Christians I pray we all have the desire to serve our Lord as He sees fit and are willing to tell others of that journey!

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