

One Lucky Girl

by Frederick Wickert



September has come and school is again in session. It has only been open for a few days but major things have already begun to happen.

The girl is seventeen. She has her driver's license. Her dad is away and is not using his pick up truck with a cap on it. The girl knows where he keeps the keys. Driving to school is cool while riding to school on the bus is not.

The girl, knowing better, decided to take her fathers pick up to school. Dad might not like it when he finds out, but he probably won't be too angry. The worst that could happen is just a good bawling out.

The girl took the pick up. She began the trip to school. She suddenly came upon a school bus. She realized she was going to collide with the school bus. She could not allow that to happen. She swerved to miss hitting the school bus.

Her wild swerve to miss the school bus caused her to lose control of the vehicle and she went over a steep embankment. The truck rolled over several times before finally coming to rest at the bottom of the steep slope.

The truck was severely damaged. Anyone looking at the wreckage of the truck immediately asks, "Are there any survivors?"

The astonishing thing is that the girl who was alone in the truck, not only survived, but also, other than being shaken up a little was perfectly all right.

The truck was pulled up from where it lay, and taken to a body shop to await insurance adjusters. The girl was taken to school where she resumed her normal schedule.

When the father returned and learned about what had happened, after learning too that his daughter was okay, went to the body shop to see how bad his truck was. On the phone he said to the owner of the body shop, "When I get my hands on that girl I'm going to rip the hide off of her." Needless to say, he was both angry and upset.

The father arrived at the body shop. He saw his pick up truck and didn't even recognize it at first. The damage was so great that it bore no resemblance to the pick up he was accustomed to.

After seeing the pick up truck, the father became humbly thankful. He knew there had to have been some divine intervention for his daughter to survive that without being hurt. The school day was over, but his daughter had remained after school to play in a girl's soccer game against the team of another school.

The father said to the owner of the body shop, "I have to go to the school and give my daughter a hug. I'm not angry with her any more. I'm just so thankful she is alive and unhurt!"

It is my belief that no matter what happens, there is a time for each of us to go, and we will not go until the Lord is ready for us and our time has come. This is just one more of many incidents that reinforce my belief. I myself have experienced those times I should have been gone and was not. (See IN HIS HANDS, Ourecho story ID#1382.) The Lord has work for the girl to do here. As a start, both the girl and her father have learned lessons from this incident, and no one was hurt in the process.