

"What's that?", Brent asked me as I tucked the wrinkled old business card back into my bible. "Remember the lady we met on our trip to Connecticut..." "Yes," he nods his graying head. "That was so weird, and so long ago. Have you ever written to her?"

It was May 1988. My husband and I were traveling with our four small children. In our small Florida town construction work slowed down each spring when the northern people would head home. Brent had a job in Connecticut for the summer. The kids and I were along for the adventure.

We stopped as we crossed the New Jersey line for a bathroom break and to stretch our legs. I noticed a tall blonde leaning against the wall by the ladies restroom. She had a grace about her that spoke of strong heritage, and she smiled as she watched my son. The far away look in her eyes spoke volumes as she told me of her own son back in Poland. Even her thick accent could not hide the pain of family separation. Her smile wobbled with the mixture of that pain and the joy of seeing a hyperactive blonde haired boy so much like her own. My heart ached for her and I sent up a silent prayer for her and her family.

She turned to me and said "I saw you in a dream. Jesus told me to give you money for your car. You are having car trouble." "No", I assured her, our car was fine, she must have me confused with someone else.

She looked at me squarely then, and insisted I take the money "for the car." When I continued to refuse she said "ok, but surely I can buy chocolates for the children. They are so much like my own little ones back home."

How could I say no? My husband nodded his ok, and I accepted the small roll of bills she held out to me. After exchanging our "God bless you's we headed towards our separate destinations.

The money she had given me turned out to be \$60.00, too much for chocolates. But when my husband tried to find her she had disappeared in the crowd. We had no choice but to continue on.

A few miles down the road, our car, which had been running perfectly, began to sputter. The lights dimmed and went out. My husband, who is an amateur mechanic, did what he could. But it was evident our travels had ended for this day.

We found an inexpensive motel to rest for the night. As we tucked the kids into bed, they talked excitedly about how wonderful it is to be part of a real miracle. "Jesus is watching over us just like the disciples of the children of Israel. He knew our car was going to mess up and He sent that nice lady to help us."

After they had fallen asleep, Brent said "Kim this would be a real miracle if we were broke, but I have \$180.00 in my pocket.

Breakfast the next morning cost \$12.00, the new alternator cost \$50.00 and we spent \$18.00 on gas. As we traveled on towards Connecticut Brent said "this sure is a weird situation, but I wouldn't call it a miracle, I still have \$100.00 in my pocket."

Monday morning Brent was not allowed to work without steel toed boots, which cost him (you probably guessed) \$100.00.

Yes, it was a real miracle. Yes, Jesus still watches over His children. Yes, He still cares for our needs, and I will always praise Him.

But my mind goes to my beautiful Polish friend, I don't even know her name. Would I be as sensitive to Jesus voice? Would I give \$60.00 to a stranger even if she assured me she was fine. She didn't need a miracle?

My children are almost grown now. When they speak of events in their lives that have helped to shape their faith in God, they tell of a sweet Christian lady, at a rest area in New Jersey and her testimony, "I dreamed of you, Jesus told me to help you..." Her gift is worth so much more than \$60.00.

When our precious Jesus comes and all His children stand on the sea of glass, I want to stand and sing with her:

Great and marvelous are Thy works

Oh Lord God Almighty

Just and true and Thy ways

Oh King of the saints Rev 15:2-3