

Every so often we read or hear about some happening that so completely defies explanation that the people involved are convinced that they have been part of a miracle. For the rest of us, it takes faith to believe those accounts—faith that miracles are possible, and faith in those giving the accounts. But faith has its rewards. If we can believe that “impossible” things have happened to others, then perhaps we can believe that they can happen to us too.

The French philosopher and mathematician Blaise Pascal called miracles the “lightning strokes of God.” There’s no “perhaps” about a lightning strike, especially to one who is standing on the spot where it hits! Lightning is powerful, and it happens often—about 100 times per second in as many locations around the world. I’m sure that if every miracle were recorded they would far outnumber lightning strikes. What makes me so sure? I’ve yet to be struck by actual lightning, but I’ve experienced many “strokes of God.”

One such miracle that comes to mind happened when I was living in Uganda, East Africa, and it ties in with another one that happened to someone else there.

My son had been visiting from Japan, and his flight home left early the next morning. I lived quite some distance from the airport, which meant he needed to leave the house at 4 AM.

Realizing that it wasn’t going to be easy to find a taxi at that hour, we prayed for God to supply one and went to the main road, hoping to flag down a taxi driver who would agree to pick up my son the next morning and take him to the airport.

As we were standing by the side of the road, a jeep pulled up. “Can I help you?” the driver asked.

“Thank you, but I don’t think so,” I said. Then, without meaning to, I explained our situation.

“I’ll do it,” the man said.

iBELIEVE

By Curtis Peter
Van Gorder



He’s just trying to make some money on the side, I thought, but entering into a deal with a freelance taxi driver can be dicey. “Thank you, but we are looking for a regular taxi,” I said.

“I’m not a taxi driver. My name is George, and I’ll drive you for free.”

George seemed sincere, but why anyone would stop and offer to help in such a big way was curious. We invited him for coffee at our home to get to know him better. It was there that he told us his own miracle story.

Years earlier he had been working as an electrician for the city’s main power station. Huge amounts of electricity flowed through the lines he worked on, so one small mistake could be fatal. One day that “small” mistake happened. Someone else had failed to flip a certain switch, and thousands of volts of electricity coursed through George’s body. He should have been killed instantly, but for some inexplicable reason he wasn’t. Everyone said it had been a miracle.

This brush with death changed George’s priorities and perspective on life. “Since that accident,” he said, “I try not to make a move unless I hear from God. I was sitting in my room tonight, watching TV, when that inner voice that I’ve come to recognize as God’s spoke to me. *Get up, get in your car, and drive.*”

You’ll meet someone who needs your help. When I saw you by the side of the road, I knew you must be the ones He was sending me to.”

Now convinced of his sincerity, we thanked George profusely for his willingness to drive my son to the airport so early.

“God also told me to fill my gas tank,” he said. Full tanks are almost unheard of in Uganda because thieves routinely siphon gas from parked cars, but this time it made sense; no gas stations would be open at 4 AM, and we were far from the airport.

The next morning George arrived right on time and drove my son to the airport. He did not ask for money, but rather gave my son a generous donation for his volunteer work, which came as another answer to prayer. The amount happened to be exactly what my son needed for his next project.

Few people would question that God saved George’s life by a miracle, but what about our meeting him the way we did? Ours wasn’t a life-and-death situation, but does that make God’s intervention in answer to prayer any less miraculous? I believe that every time we have a need, it’s an opportunity for God to work on our behalf. Ask for, look for, and expect miracles, and you will get them!



What is a miracle? I know of nothing else but miracles. Every hour of the light and the dark is a miracle. Every cubic inch of space is a miracle. Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same; every foot underground swarms with the same. The sea is a continual miracle. The fishes that swim, the rocks, the motions of the waves, the ships with men in them. What stranger miracles are there?—*Walt Whitman*

R346 GP—June 2006

Topics: miracles

Reflections © 2006 The Family International

Visit our Web site at www.thefamily.org.

Curtis Peter Van Gorder is an active member of the Family International in the Middle East.

If you’d like more inspirational reading, subscribe to *Activated!*
Contact the address on this sheet or visit www.activated.org.