

### **Firestorm**

Joe was a Christian man was living in the bush. One day there was a thunderstorm and lightning behind his house. One lightning bolt started a brush fire. The brush fire was heading in the opposite direction and away from his house. But it was a very hot day, so as a precaution, he gathered a few of his possessions and put them in his car. He and his neighbour watched the fire.

Then just as things were looking good, the wind changed directions and the fire started heading for his house. What used to be a small brush fire turned in an inferno burning at an incredible speed. It jumped a 60 feet deep and 100 feet wide canyon, as if it wasn't there. The fire had almost reached his house when he jumped in the car. He screamed for his dog, who was nowhere to be seen. His neighbour jumped in his other car and off they went driving to the highway. The last thing he said as he fled the fiery scene was, "Lord, I put my house and everything in it into Your hands. And, Lord, no matter what happens, I thank You for it and praise You."

At the highway he stood out of his car and watched the raging fire for about 10 minutes. Just then a man said, "Hey, you in the white shirt, I hosed down your roof." The house owner was sure he was getting it wrong, but anyway, thanked him anyway. While the fire raged, Joe reminded himself to keep speaking words of praise and trust in the Lord, and this kept him at peace and acting like a Christian should do, who believes in a God that can take care of everything and turn even seemingly bad things for good in the end. The police told them to move up higher on the mountain, so they did.

That night when Joe got to his friend's house to stay for the night, he got in contact with his wife, who had just left that morning on a trip with their children. He talked with her and told her that their house had been burned down. All she said was, "Thank God you are all right!"

When this man got back to the house the next dawn he was very amazed at what he saw. He discovered that the fire had burned within 10 feet of the house and all around it, but no further. His house and all that was in it was untouched by the fire. However, since the fire had been so hot and intense, the utility lines coming to his house were melted including the telephone lines. The dogs and cats and chickens were unharmed!

After the experience, Joe said, I'll never be quite so smug or casual about my faith again. He felt God had said in a very clear way, "I'm here, I'm real, and I care."

Then there is the enigma of the man who claimed to have hosed off his roof. When he got to his house he discovered that the hose was on his roof, and three witnesses affirmed that they had seen a man on his roof. But how did he hose off the roof cannot be explained, for the power lines were melted so the electric lines that powered the water pump melted, so the hose would not have worked. Also there was no way to get on the roof—no ladder, and the over hang on the roof would have prevented climbing up there. When this man had escaped for his life as the fire was closing in on his property, there was no other way to his property, fire was everywhere, so no one could have come—unless they were a special someone sent from God; someone that fire could not harm. Could this helpful man have been an angelic helper? Perhaps he was sent to assist and answer the prayers of those who were praying for Joe, and to bless Joe, who was praising the Lord and trusting God to do what was best.

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### **Saved by a Psalm**

Once in Albuquerque there was a lady who was learning to fly a hot-air balloon. One day she and some of her friends went to a desert area to fly the balloon. She would take a solo flight, and her friends would help with the inflation of the balloon, as well as drive to where she was to land to assist her. After inflating the balloon she took off and floated gently into the air. This had been a girl-hood dream for her, to fly a balloon, and now it was really happening.

She floated up; all her earthly problems seemed less important now. Then, just as things were seeming so nice and peaceful, she spotted a miniature tornado swirling on the desert. She knew she had to get down; she had to land immediately. These miniature tornados are a balloonist worst fear. They can swirl balloons around and shoot them out thousands of feet, and at the end give them a fateful crash. She started descending quickly, but only heard the pick-up truck's horn and the hysterical screams of her friends too late, as they pointed to another miniature tornado.

She swirled around and saw a massive miniature tornado heading towards her, from behind. She pulled open the deflation panel at the top of the envelope (the "envelope" is the actual hot-air balloon). At the top of the envelope there is a hole that can be opened. This is not used in flight, but can be opened for a fast decent. Just as things were looking good, and nearly landed and safe, she was hurled and knocked down and pinned to the bottom of the basket with the force as the whirling wind took control of her balloon and its basket. She struggled to her feet as she found her balloon was being pulled up quickly into the air by the miniature tornado. Her balloon was being swung around and there was nothing she could do about it, or so she thought.

Then she remembered a Psalm she learned as a child: "And call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee" ([Psalm 50:15](#)). She clung onto that promise for dear life. Even if it had seemed problems down on earth didn't instantly all vanish the moment she prayed, she knew this was her only hope. She clung onto that verse, and cried "Help me, God! I don't know what to do!" Suddenly she felt an urge to open the burner valve to heat up the balloon. It didn't make much sense as she was all ready going up and up with the force of the swirling wind, and there wasn't anything she could do about it. But the urge was so strong she did it anyway.

She pulled the valve and inflated the balloon. Hot air had been leaking out of the top of the balloon at the time, as the deflation panel was partly open, and being pulled open more and more. This would put her at risk of falling all the way to the ground, as soon as she was free of the whirling wind, if something didn't happen. But as she followed that leading to inflate the balloon, the tightening of the walls of the balloon cause the valve at the top hold, as it was no longer stressed. Less air was coming out.

Just then, as she was holding her breath, things calmed down. She realised she was coming out of the top of the miniature tornado! She then was able to float away and then down, and had a bumpy but safe landing on the desert floor—much to the relief of her and her friends. She still flies the hot-air balloon, but she has a different attitude. It's not to get away from her troubles down on Earth, but to get a little bit closer to God.

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### **Guide in the Dark**

A mother and daughter and two St. Bernards dogs were travelling in a flooded area. They heard a news bulletin over the radio: "Due to extensive flooding in southern Tennessee & Missouri, the bridge in Crithersville, Missouri, has been washed out. We suggest you take the Brown's Ferry crossing instead."

But where was Brown's Ferry? They drove on and came to a gas station. The attendant at the station gave them directions. Were they correct? The mother and daughter drove on into the darkness. It was scary, they didn't know if they were going to get lost. When the daughter, Debbie started crying, mother said, "Perhaps we should pray?" so they did.

Then they came to a flooded area in the road. Mother got out of the car to see how deep the water was. It had a flowing current. Just then another set of headlights appeared. It was a man in a cream coloured car. They asked him if he knew the way, he did. With his car he led them through the watery area. They drove and followed him carefully. When they were safely across he gave them directions where to go next.

The mother extensively thanked the man and started driving. She looked back in her rear view mirror and there were no headlights, no car, not even houses in sight, and nowhere that he could hide or have gone. She shouted out, "Look, back there Debbie! There's no one there!"

“You’re right!” Debbie said. “It must have been an angel.”

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### **This Poor Man Cried**

Once there was a young man who needed food. He had none in the house and no money to buy any. He was deciding whether it was going to work for him to serve the Lord, and trust in God to supply for him, instead of just working to earn money and taking care of himself. If he took care of God’s work and told others about Jesus, would the Lord care for his needs? These were things he was considering. And today was a test for sure.

He set out a plate on the kitchen table, with no food to fill it. He remembered how the Lord had worked wonderfully in the life of a man called, “George Mueller”, and always supplied what was needed for the many orphans this man cared for. So today, this man, Kelly thought he would do the same. He wouldn’t ask anyone for money or food, but simply ask the Lord in prayer for the meal he needed that day. After he prayed and left his needs in the Lord’s hands, he went to help out at the church.

Mr. Mueller had trusted in God’s provision for all his and the children’s needs. Without asking people to donate to them, nor borrowing and going in to debt, they had what was needed. The Lord led people’s thoughts and hearts to give to them. For example at one breakfast time the orphans had no food to eat yet. But just after they prayed for God’s supply, there was a knock at the door—a baker had felt called to bake bread in the night for them and brought freshly baked bread for them just then. A moment or so later a milkman’s cart broke down right by the orphanage and he decided to donate the milk to the children. They had their breakfast—a breakfast with fresh food, too.

After Kelly finished the jobs at the church, the man he was working with, wondered if Kelly wanted any of the food from the church’s pantry. Kelly said he could do with a box of cereal. However, the man kept giving him more and more things, until the box could hardly hold what he had been given. He couldn’t carry it, so he got his car and brought it home. When he got home he found three bags full of groceries on his front step, with a tag attached that said: “From someone who cares.”

He brought the box inside and went out to pick up the bags. Just then a lady from the church drove up and said, “The Lord put a burden in my heart to give you some food.” She brought three bags full of groceries. When all the food was in the kitchen, it was enough to cover his table and kitchen counter, and still more was on the floor. It was enough food for eight weeks! Kelly had prayed a simple prayer for the supply of one meal, and the Lord had answered it immediately and abundantly.

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### **Summer Camp Supply**

In the summer one year there was a Christian camp that was running out of water. The water tanks were almost empty. There were 200 people staying there using the water that came into the tanks from a nearby mountain well. But without rain, the well could not continue to supply for them. They needed rain, right away, or the camp would have to close and send everyone home. They prayed a lot to ask God to help supply water.

Each day they prayed. They wondered if they should be more specific in prayer—asking for rain by a certain day or time—or if they should pray, but leave the method God chose to supply the water, up to Him. For that time they felt they should just leave it in the Lord’s hands, however He wanted to supply for them and get the tanks refilled. One of the days a few drops of rain fell, but not enough to do the job. One night, after their campfire, they gathered to pray, on their knees, for the supply of water, and for the Lord to do it in any way He pleased.

After prayer some of the campers went to say good night, some others ran to check the water tanks, as they had done every few hours that day. To their joyful surprise, all the tanks were full of water! They

shouted, "There's water in the tanks!" Some of the campers who were the last ones remaining praying, came quickly. As they came running they could still hear the sound of gushing water. The tanks were full and overflowing! It was such a wonderful miracle. It shows God cares.

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## **Explosion**

A security guard working for a large company would follow a certain route to check on all the buildings during his evening security rounds. He was used to always taking this route in the same way. He would walk along the dock to a compressor room, go through some huge double doors and exit through a pedestrian door on the opposite side of the room.

But one night was different. As he approached the double doors, which were made of heavy steel and twelve feet high, a strange feeling overcame him. Suddenly he felt afraid and had the feeling that there was extreme danger on the other side of that door. So he decided not to go in that way. Instead, he walked back and was going to enter via the door on the other end.

Just as he rounded the corner on the way to the other door, there was a tremendous explosion! Both of the huge metal doors had been blown down the dock. One of the three huge ammonia compressors in the storage room had exploded. Normally, he would go through those doors three times a night on his security rounds. Something told him not to go through those doors that particular time. And was he ever thankful!

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## **Miracle Landing**

*Elly Derr* was a missionary in Ecuador, serving with her husband, Dan. She told of a miracle that happened some years ago. Dan was a missionary pilot in Ecuador, he and his wife Elly lived at the foot of the Andes Mountains, and when he flew he kept in touch with his wife at the base camp by radio. One day Elly was logging Dan's position and altitude when he suddenly announced that his Cessna plane had engine trouble. He needed to make an emergency landing.

His wife looked at her map and saw nothing but steep hills dropping off into deep precipices. There was no flat space for miles around. From the sky, Dan searched for a road, a field, a meadow--any place he could possibly bring the plane down. He was losing altitude fast.

"Pray," he said to one of his passengers, a missionary travelling with her four children. "Pray," he said to his wife over the radio.

As the plane came through a pass, Dan saw a mountain village and a small green field. Down he came for a landing. He radioed his position to his wife, and she drove to meet him. When Elly arrived, Dan's plane was in a field surrounded by a crowd of Indians. Dan and his relieved passengers were unharmed. "*Es un milagro*," one farmer repeated over and over again. "It's a miracle."

They assumed he was talking about the plane's safe landing, but he had another *milagro* in mind. That small green field had been filled with cows grazing peacefully. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, they had all started moving to one side of the field, just before Dan's plane came into view.

--*Elly Derr*