

Jump Start

It was our first winter in Denver, Colorado: 1970-71. Early one morning, I was leaving for a major meeting. (At least, I thought it was major).

Since the house we were renting had no garage, our '65 Dodge Dart was parked outside. That night, the temperature had dropped to -15°F.

As I turned the ignition key, the chilled-to-the-core old battery made a feeble effort to start the motor. After two more pitiful tries, the battery died and my heart skipped a beat.

"Lord, you know I need to get to this important meeting. I don't know if anyone has ever asked you to help start a car, but I'm asking. I know you have more than enough power. Could you spare just a little for me right now?"

My request took only about fifteen seconds, but I experienced a supernatural surge of faith. Before I turned the key again, it was reassuring to "hear" God's Spirit say, "Yes, I would like to do that for you!"

The car started as though I had just installed a brand-new, fully-charged battery on a mild, spring morning.

"Thank you, Lord. I am impressed by your jump start abilities. ◇◇