



Angels in the Night

**For He will command His angels
concerning you to guard you in all
your ways.**

—Psalm 91:11

While living in Salmon Arm, BC, we were fortunate to raise our young family of two boys on the family property of 70 acres. Our drive each way from town was 13 miles on a winding road, the last being approximately a mile of an unmaintained forestry access road. We were responsible for grading the last mile as needed in the spring and plowing the snow in the winter. I was often by myself during the week while Ray was away logging Monday to Friday to provide for his family. This left me with the responsibility of driving the kids back and forth to town for school and myself to work.

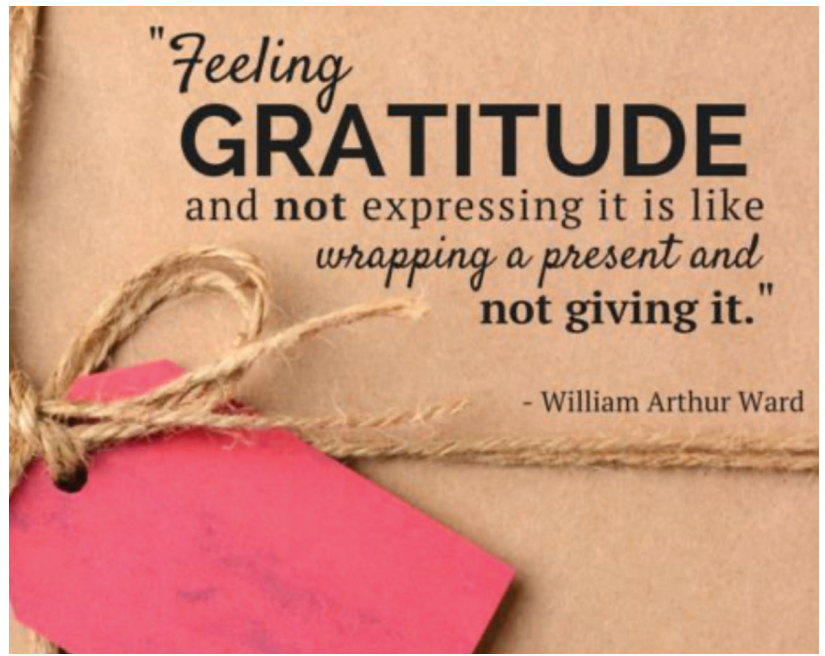
One late stormy evening that left 2-3 feet of fresh heavy snow on the road, the boys, ages 6 and 9, and I were heading home after school and getting groceries.

The drive had been slow already, and the car we had, a Ford Focus without 4-wheel drive, was at its limit in the high snow.

As we came to the last corner on our narrow road, the car just couldn't go any further. I tried backing up several times and "gunning it."

I finally turned and said to the boys we are stuck, and if we pray, perhaps with one more try, we will be able to go fast enough and push through to home. But, no way was the car going to budge.

We sat there staring at the fresh, untouched snow in front of us, preparing to get out and walk home carrying the five bags of groceries.



But just as we decided to leave the car, I could see a glow of headlights in the dark coming around the bend of the road toward us.

The vehicle stopped. Emerging from the vehicle in the glow of the headlights was a lady and 2 men. Even though we needed help, I was cautious. I told the boys to wait in the car as I stepped out.

They asked if they could help by pushing the car and thus clearing a path for them to get by.

I agreed, as getting home safely with two small boys was a high priority versus fearing a stranger in the dark.

They told me to go back in the car with the boys, and as they pushed the car, it inched forward, taking only a few pushes. Not wanting to lose momentum, I quickly rolled down my window, thanked them, and drove off. As I looked forward with the assumption that I would follow in their tracks ahead of me all the way home, THERE WERE NO TRACKS, but I was able to continue on...As I looked in my rearview mirror behind me, THERE WERE NO TRACKS or even a faint glow of a receding vehicle light. Chills ran up my spine as I understood that the help given to us was our heavenly Angels sent out in the storm to get us safely home.

As soon as we arrived home, we sent up a thankful prayer to the heavens above for sending His Angels, those precious beings who are always there to guard us, silently waiting for us to call out when we need assistance.

If I didn't believe in the power of Angels before, I certainly did after their help that evening. I was thankful that we made it home safe and sound.

Seasons Greetings,

Julie Young



**Your AWA Mission Family
at AWA Canada:
Ray and Julie Young**