

Saturday - March 26

I lift up my eyes to the hills from where will my help come? My help comes from the LORD, who made heaven and earth.

Psalm 121:1-2 (NRSV)

One dark snowy morning I left our home near Cleveland for the two-hour drive to the Methodist Theological School in Ohio. The familiar drive was uneventful until I hit a patch of unfamiliar black ice. As the car spun around, the headlights beamed onto the guard rail now in front of me. The thought of crashing into the deep ditch below flashed through my mind. Mercifully, the guard rail stopped the car. Shaken, I gave thanks for the guard rail's protection while also wondering what to do in this precarious predicament.

Just then two men emerged from the ditch beside the highway and knocked on my window. "Are you alright?" one asked. The men told me that they were working in the adjoining field, saw my headlights, and came to see if they could be of help. One man stepped onto the interstate highway and directed traffic into the left lane. The other guided me to turn the car around in the berm without going into the ditch and back onto the highway headed again toward MTSO. I was back on my way without even a moment to say, "Thank you!"

That dark morning God was with me in a protective guard rail, headlights that beamed a call of distress and two men who interrupted their work and took risks to be of help.

Sandy

Prayer: Merciful and Gracious God, creator of heaven and earth. You are present and work through ordinary things and ordinary people. Give us eyes to see and courage to act so that we represent You as Your helpers in both good times and precarious predicaments. Amen.