

# SAVED BY GRACE

By Who Drove The Car



Back in the day I owned a 1986 white Chevrolet Camaro and one time I had been up all night partying and only got a few hours sleep. I decided to go make my rounds and I stopped by to see my Pal Gordon. I did not have anything to eat that day which was a really bad thing to do. I did drink a chocolate milk shake though. When I arrived at Gordon's place in south Scottsdale off of McDowell Rd and Hayden his girlfriend Jennifer Steel who we nicknamed Vicious Steel because of her temper was at it again yelling at Gordon so I only stayed for a few because she got me so upset so I had to leave.

I proceeded to go westbound on McDowell Road and as I was driving over the buttes, The buttes are a group of small mountains with holes in them like Swiss cheese or giant sponges and right when I reached the point where these stone steps are in the mountain where Sunrise Church Services are held every year on Easter I started having chest pains, I honestly thought I was having a heart attack so I tried to pull over to the side of the road and as I did I began blowing the horn for help, but what happened next was something that to this day I thank God I wasn't injured or killed, just thinking about what happened reinforces and strengthens my faith in God. I mean at the end of the day we have to ask the question, WHO DROVE THE CAR?

McDowell Rd was being widened at the time and over the hill towards the bottom there was a dirt berm about 10 feet high on the side of the road. Now here's what happened, I thought I pulled over to the side of the road at the top of the hill but what happened was I passed out and had a seizure and went over the hill and down the other side crossing the centerline into oncoming traffic at 9pm. My car caught that dirt berm perfectly and then my car drove into the desert through a bunch of gullies where it finally came to a stop because the corner of my car got caught on a barbwire rod iron post about two inches thick. If that barbwire post was not there my car would have flipped over and fell about 50 feet and I would have been killed.

I woke up realizing I had had a seizure, I was not wearing a seatbelt and I was unharmed. I got out of my car and walked over to the National Guard Post across the street and called my Pal John who lived up the street to come help me. By this time a fire engine and an ambulance were coming up the street. I walked back across the street to greet them and to tell them what had happened they checked me out and then they proceeded to go look for my car and they could not find it that's how deep into the desert I drove with all those gullies. Back then the police Dept did not have as many helicopters as they do today so the police were not involved as far as I could remember, I did not get a ticket.

So now the real question becomes Who drove the car? I mean for me not to have been injured or killed this all had to go down absolutely perfectly and praise God that's exactly what happened on that faithful night.

Again we must pause and ask the question, "Who drove the Car?"

Hebrews 11:1 Now faith is the substance of things hoped for  
the evidence of things not seen....

Thank You Lord... LOVE PDV 193