

Story Time

by *Delores Campbell*

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Stuck on the Track

When Bill and I got married, we bought a brand new blue Ford Falcon. One day we started across a railroad track, and Bill got it stuck on the track. A young man tried to help him get it unstuck, but the car wouldn't budge. Almost in tears, the young man left us saying, "I don't know what to do."

A big truck was sitting across the highway. The driver was watching us. I told Bill that we would get out of the car and let the train have it, because I didn't know what else to do, though I didn't know when the train would come. Just then, the man with the big rig came driving up and helped us get off the track before the train came. Thank God we have angels unaware.

A Quick Answer/God Works in Mysterious Ways

We bought this second hand jeep from a man that lived several houses above us a few years back. It gave us all kinds of trouble. Whoever owned it before had jerked the four wheel drive out and the brakes were terrible. We spent quite a bit of money to keep it on the road.

Every morning when I started to come toward it, it would make a groaning sound. If Bill was anywhere, and had to back it up, it would practically scream! Everyone would stare at us.

I had to go to the doctor one day, and something fell off from underneath it and caught fire. We were in Dr. Guttler's parking lot when this happened. Then, the hood of the jeep started jumping up and down with smoke boiling out from under it. We called the fire department. It seemed like it took them forever to get there. I was afraid the thing was going to explode! That was when I said, "God help us." As soon as I said that, the firemen arrived and put out the fire.

We called Billy Wayne to come and get us. He arrived right after they had put out the fire. Billy Wayne and I walked to the drugstore to get my medicine. When we went inside, there was an awful smell. The people filling my prescription didn't seem to be paying the smell any attention. Billy Wayne smelled it and so did I. I was holding my nose and saying, "Oh, Lord." We returned to Dr. Guttler's parking lot where Bill was talking to the firemen. Billy Wayne took us home in his car and the next time we went to Dr. Guttler's, he said that smell had lasted three days. It made me wonder if a bunch of demons didn't get scorched.

We didn't have much money left to buy a new car, but Ebenezer Church stepped in and gave us three hundred dollars. We had seen a car sitting on the front yard of a house and thought about buying it before we had bought the jeep. I asked God to give us a sign of some kind if we should buy that car; even if it wasn't anything but a little bird flying over to let us know. Instead a beautiful yellow butterfly came and lit on the car. I had seen the movie *Patch Adams* and remembered he asked for a sign and a beautiful butterfly showed him not to kill himself. That day I had one thousand and three hundred dollars to buy the car. I asked the man what he was asking for the car.

He said, "Well, I have been asking one thousand and five hundred dollars for it, but today I will ask one thousand and three hundred."

God not only gave us one sign, but two. Our church is a "stone of help." Thank you, Ebenezer, and thank you, God, for this church and all that you do for us.

P.S. The movie *Patch Adams* is based on a true story about a doctor. I laughed and cried when I saw it.

The Rip-off Car

When Billy Wayne was old enough to drive, we bought a brand new Celebrity and gave him our Nova. Bill drove the thing up the hill to Pappy's, and it would make a "pudding, pudding" sound. You will have to ask John Cole about his because he bought one, too. Well, it made "pudding, pudding" sounds awhile and then it stopped running all together. I think John and Bill got ripped off bad. Am I right, John?

The Christmas Car

The blue Ford Falcon's heater gave out on us and everywhere we took it to get the heater fixed, they told us they couldn't fix it. Gary Paul was about two years old at the time and we needed a car with a heater. Billy Wayne was about ten years old, and since we had to get another car and didn't have enough money to buy Christmas, I sat down with him and told him that Christmas was not about Santa Claus, but that it was about the birthday of Christ.

I told a woman that I worked with what I had done and she asked me what Gary Paul liked in the toy line, but she asked in a way that I didn't realize what she was up to. I told her that he seemed to like Kermit the frog, because every time Kermit came on TV, he would hold out his hands trying to get a hold of him.

We looked for a car at one place, but couldn't decide about buying one there. Next, we went up to Lenoir and looked at the cars at Tom Brooks. There sat our new Nova. It was just the color we wanted and had just what we needed in a car at that time. We put a down payment on it and brought it home.

The woman that I worked with had gone out and bought Gary Paul a Kermit doll and she also bought Billy Wayne a toy. Billy Wayne told me if Gary Paul ever got to know about Christmas not to ever tell him there is no Santa Clause because that takes a lot out of a child to tell them that. I was sorry I told him, but I was not sorry to tell him the true meaning of Christmas. As long as the spirit of giving is around there is a Santa Claus.

