

Letter 929  
**Driving At 12**  
*The Voice of Encouragement*  
2024-11-18

Dear **Yeshua**,

**Monday, 5 February 2024, 4:52AM**

*A very remarkable thing happened...*

After my Dad's mother (Grandma) passed away, her widowed husband (Grandpa) came to live at our house. I liked that Grandpa was with us, because he knew a lot about gardening, and he had a little black dog who he taught to play tricks, like jump through a hoop he made using his arms. He could also put a chicken to sleep by lifting it off the ground, putting its head under one of its wings, moving it around in sort of figure eight circle a few times, and then putting it back on the ground on its two feet. The chicken would stay that way until it woke up.

Grandpa lived in a small camping trailer in the back yard. We had a one acre lot, so there was plenty of room. Next to his trailer he planted a garden, which yielded an abundance of cucumbers and zucchini, and other crops.

He had a Ford van that he made into sort of a camper. It was cool.

One day I went with him to town in his van. On the way back, about a half a mile from our driveway, he said he wanted to teach me how to drive. I said OK, and we traded seats.

I was able to successfully and safely operate the van all the way home. This was because I always watched how my mom and dad drove, and had already learned a great deal through simple observation.

But then something remarkable happened.

Shortly after I took over at the steering wheel, another vehicle came up behind ours, and very followed us all the way home to our house.

After we pulled into our driveway and got out of the van, a man got slowly out of the car, and approached Grandpa and me.

When he got close enough to exchange words, he began to tell Grandpa and me what a good driver he thought I was. And he made a bunch of other compliments about me in my hearing. Then he said "goodbye" and left.

Looking back, I wonder if that man was an angel, sent by Jesus in order to bring a special message of encouragement and blessing to me, so that later on I would excel in my drivings skills. Overall, this word really boosted my self-esteem and confidence.

Since then I have always been a good driver, especially on snow and ice. According to my own memory, (which may or may not be 100% accurate) to date, in the 50 years that I have been driving, I have had two verbal traffic warnings, and three moving violation traffic citations.

The first ticket was for failure to stop when I was 18. The second ticket was for cutting corners at around the same age, and the third was for speeding. The speeding ticket was sometime in the mid-1980's, on eastbound Interstate 90 during the national 55 MPH speed limit era. I think I was moving only about 5-6 MPH over the limit.

If memory serves me well, all three citations were either reduced or forgiven by each of the three different traffic court magistrates to whom I presented myself.

In any event, I am grateful to **King Jesus** for sending me this wonderful advantage which has been with me all the days of my life since then.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus