

Miracles of ARCHANGEL MICHAEL

5 + 1 Stories That Prove Miracles Actually Happen

Amanda Ross

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INTRODUCTION: WHAT ARE REAL MIRACLES?



This is the Age of Space and Computers. Science and logic hold sway over humanity, yet there seems to be a growing restlessness. More people are turning to spiritual topics, dissatisfied with ordinary religious dogma—scratching at the surface of a church tarnished by more than a thousand years since the Age of Miracles.

However, the Age of Miracles never truly ended. The truth in religion had become buried by the source of all mental and spiritual blindness—ego. All of the great religions had started with a Divine spark of Truth—a spark that lost its brilliance over time as more and more layers of selfishness were slathered upon it.

Secular humanists since the Age of Reason increasingly have questioned the validity of miracles, choosing instead to think of them merely as phenomena beyond our current understanding of nature through science. Indeed, there have been many awe inspiring events that were not driven by heavenly intervention. And yet, many events make us wonder, “Was a miracle included?” Some of them may very well have involved the angels of heaven. For the skeptic, there will be nothing that proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that there was anything supernatural related to each of those events.

In a recent article by Whitney Hopler for ThoughtCo.com, we are treated to five events which she wonders might be modern day miracles. Each incident about which she writes could contain the extraordinary kind of miracle. There is no doubt about that, but such extraordinary miracles are masked by the ordinary range of possibilities. Here, we'll talk about a couple of those events.

In the 1980, Lake Placid Winter Olympics, the American team beat the Russian team. Miracle? The American team had won points before when playing against the Russians, so scoring points was not a miracle. Sometimes, however, athletes find themselves in what they call "the zone" where suddenly everything becomes effortless. But how do you quantify such a thing? How does the skeptic ever know if a win was merely the result of a confluence of random events working in favor of the American team. They don't.

A young woman who had been kidnapped at age 11 was finally rescued at age 29—after spending most of her life as a captive. Was her rescue a miracle, or was it merely good detective work on the part of law enforcement? There is no way to know for certain. There are more believable miracles than this. For instance, in Elizabeth Clare Prophet's *I Am Your Guard: How Archangel Michael Can Protect You*, the author tells the story of a young woman frightened by the news of the infamous Night Stalker serial killer.

Mrs. Prophet wrote, "On August 31, 1985, Kendra got up at 5 a.m. Something came over her and she felt in her heart the intense determination that this was the day that the Night Stalker had to be caught. She felt prompted by Archangel Michael that now was the time."

Kendra continued her prayer, once an hour and was determined that she would do so until the killer had been caught. Later the same day, Richard Ramirez was caught in East Los Angeles while trying to steal a car. Ramirez was discovered to have the fingerprints of the Night Stalker killer. The prayer had worked.

Many a skeptic will declare such coinciding events to be a "coincidence," but as Rod Martin, Jr. points out in his book, *Proof of God*, there are two types of coincidence—accidental coincidence and cause-and-effect coincidence. The cause-and-effect variety are the type in which we remain interested. In fact, this is the type of coincidence for which science is always looking. This type of event is the basis of all scientific discovery. It's what makes the universe predictable.

In the story of the girl kidnapped at age 11, we see no specific event of intent leading to her rescue. But with the capture of the serial killer, we see the very specific prayer starting early in the morning of the killer's capture.

The miracles portrayed in this book contain far more compelling examples of extraordinary events that go beyond the laws of physical continuity. Something else is added to them—things that cannot be explained by ordinary, physical cause-and-effect occurrences. Not even close. The added details remain outside the range of ordinary, random phenomena.

REAL MIRACLES

Our English language was, like all human languages, built upon concepts of physical reality. The spiritual realm requires new words and concepts. Our word “miracle” has its own mundane definitions, including “an event which inspires awe.” An example might involve viewing a stunningly beautiful sunset, or a scientist making a monumental breakthrough in their laboratory. These would be ordinary “miracles” based on physical continuity—events which obey the laws of physical reality.

The realm of spirit, however, is discontinuous in nature. Spirit can break any and all laws of physical nature. Without spirit, we are merely cogs in a deterministic, action-reaction machine. As spirit, we can step outside of the machine to pull figurative levers and to throw non-physical switches that send things in an entirely new direction. These are the extraordinary kind of miracles.

Let’s look at one famous miracle from the Bible: walking on water.

Jesus had given a sermon to a host of people near the shores of the Sea of Galilee. After he was done speaking, he told his disciples to take a boat to the opposite shore. Then he dismissed the crowds and went up into the hills to pray. In the middle of the night, the disciples were sorely troubled by a storm which threatened to sink their small boat. They didn’t know if they would make it through the night alive. Suddenly, one of them spotted a light in the shape of a man walking across the storm-tossed waves of the sea. Immediately, they were all terrified at the prospect of being taken by this ghost—very possibly the spirit of death itself. But then the apparition spoke, telling them to be not afraid. It was Jesus speaking. Peter, out of his mind with fear, called out for the man to prove himself by asking Peter to join his master on the sea. And Jesus said, “Come.”

For a moment, Peter had lost all reason. He found no justification to deny his master’s command. He stepped out of the rocking boat and walked on the surface of that unsettled water. But then he became distracted by all the motion around him. He looked about and remembered what water was supposed to be like. Suddenly, reason and fear returned and he promptly sank into the water.

In this story, Jesus prays not only for the ability to walk on water, but also for the storm. And when he and Peter are on the boat, he has no more use for the storm, so it ends. So, there are four miracles in that one incident—the initial storm, called up for a specific purpose, Jesus walking on water for many miles to catch up with his disciples, Peter walking for a moment on those waves, and the dismissing of the storm.

To the unbeliever, there is no proof that the incident ever happen. But we have evidence of the event—the biblical testimony. Let us say for a moment that the event occurred very much as described. What's the likelihood of something like this happening naturally? What about a storm timed to start while the boat is crossing the sea and to end right when both men have entered the boat? If the water had cooperated with the walking miracle by having all molecules moving upward to support Jesus as he walked, this would've given him the surface he needed. But how likely is it that a sufficient number of molecules would do this and only under his feet? Trillions to one? Quadrillions? Decillions? On average, a small percentage of molecules in water are moving upward at any one moment. Many are moving sideways, diagonally and even downward. That's the nature of random, thermal movement.

When we take into account the fact that there are something like 1.5 sextillion water molecules in a standard drop of water, the number of molecules required would be beyond most people's understanding. This would include all the water molecules required to be moving upward to offset the downward force of a man's weight by gravity. How many drops of water are there in an adult body? If that quantity of them underneath Jesus's feet were moving upward with each stride, we would still need to have the molecules doing this for every stride. How many milliseconds had Jesus been walking on water in order to reach the boat in the middle of the sea? We would have to multiply 1.5 sextillion times the number of drops required to offset Christ's weight, and that times the number of milliseconds he had been walking in order to arrive at the number of miraculous molecular support moments involved.

And how many is 1.5 sextillion? It's 1.5 trillion times 1.0 billion.

1,500,000,000,000,000,000,000

Thus, walking on water would constitute a miracle. Jesus had no high-tech device for solidifying water underneath his feet, leaving the rest of the sea surface to remain unsettled by the force of the storm.

Storms themselves are not unusual. But a storm called into existence and then dismissed after the lesson had been completed is extraordinary. So, you see, there were four very complete miracles during that one lesson.

IN THIS BOOK

This book gives five prime examples of this extraordinary variety of miracle.

First, we look in on an event from the Korean War where Archangel Michael helped one faithful soldier survive what would otherwise have been a deadly encounter with the enemy.

In the second chapter, we zoom backward half a century and look in on one simple man who had little schooling, but ended up helping to heal countless others with the help of the angels. These were patients upon whom the doctors had entirely given up.

Chapter three brings us into the life of another simple man who loved God so much he was willing to help in World War 2, but only if he didn't have to carry a gun. He believed very strongly in the Ten Commandments—including the sixth which prohibits us from murdering our fellow man. Though he wouldn't use the weapons of war, he would help save the lives of his fellow soldiers. And the angels of heaven looked out for him while he did his work of God's mercy.

In the fourth chapter, we look at a prayer offered on one side of the planet which helped a loved one escape certain death from a terrorist bomb.

Chapter five tells the story of one man's spiritual quest to understand God's creation and how one fateful day in Los Angeles traffic turned into a triple-header miracle that changed his life forever.

I've also experienced miracles that are beyond belief. The final, bonus chapter touches on my experiences and provides an invitation for you to join me in this growing movement to reopen the Age of Miracles for all to participate.

WHO IS ARCHANGEL MICHAEL?

The name, Michael, has a special meaning: "Who is like God?" Michael is a protector. But Michael has also been seen as a healer. In God's war against evil, Michael is the one who leads God's forces against the armies of Satan. Indeed, vanquishing evil is the largest possible act of healing—curing the entire universe.

In Genesis, three angels visited Abraham after God had stopped by. Each archangel had their own mission to perform. Michael, their leader, was to inform Sarah about her impending birth of a son. Because of her own great age, she inwardly laughed at the news, but later denied having laughed. Here, Michael was living up to his purpose as a protector and healer by helping Sarah prepare for the birth in her old age that would usher in the start of the one nation most instrumental in the healing of all humanity—the nation of Israel.

We can call upon Michael whenever we need a good helping of protection or healing. The following stories give us clear examples of heavenly intervention because of faith and humility.

CHAPTER 1: A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

In 1951, a US Navy Chaplain, Father Walter Muldy, read a personal letter to a group of 5,000 Marines at the San Diego naval base in California. It wasn't his letter, but he had permission to disseminate the inspirational message it contained. That letter had been written by a young Marine in 1950 from his hospital bed after having been wounded in battle. Father Muldy had talked with the young Marine, with his mother, with the members of the patrol who accompanied the soldier during the battle and with the sergeant of the patrol.

THE YOUNG MARINE'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER

Here, verbatim, is the letter of the young Marine to his mother:

Dear Mom,

I am writing to you from a hospital bed. Don't worry, Mom, I am okay. I was wounded, but the doctor says that I will be up in no time.

But that's not what I have to tell you, Mom. Something happened to me that I don't dare tell anyone else for fear of their disbelief. But I have to tell you, the one person I can confide in, though even you may find it hard to believe.

You remember the prayer to Saint Michael that you taught me to pray when I was little: "Michael, Michael of the morning,..." Before I left home for Korea, you urged me to remember this prayer before any confrontation with the enemy. But you really didn't have to remind me, Mom. I have always prayed it, and when I got to Korea, I sometimes said it a couple of times a day while marching or resting.

Well, one day, we were told to move forward to scout for Commies. It was a really cold day. As I was walking along, I perceived another fellow walking beside me, and I looked to see who it was.

He was a big fellow, a Marine about 6'4" and built proportionally. Funny, but I didn't know him, and I thought I knew everyone in my unit. I was glad to have the company and broke the silence between us:

"Chilly today, isn't it?" Then I chuckled because suddenly it seemed absurd to talk about the weather when we were advancing to meet the enemy. He chuckled too, softly.

"I thought I knew everyone in my outfit," I continued, "but I have never seen you before."

"No," he agreed, "I have just joined. The name is Michael."

“Really?! That’s mine, too.”

“I know,” the Marine said, “Michael, Michael of the morning....”

Mom, I was really surprised that he knew about my prayer, but I had taught it to many of the other guys, so I supposed that the newcomer must have picked it up from someone else. As a matter of fact, it had gotten around to the extent that some of the fellows were calling me “Saint Michael.”

Then, out of the blue, Michael said, “There’s going to be trouble ahead.”

I wondered how he could know that. I was breathing hard from the march, and my breath hit the cold air like dense clouds of fog. Michael seemed to be in top shape because I couldn’t see his breath at all. Just then, it started to snow heavily, and soon it was so dense I could no longer hear or see the rest of my outfit. I got a little scared and yelled, “Michael!” Then I felt his strong hand on my shoulder and heard his voice in my ear, “It’s going to clear up soon.”

It did clear up, suddenly. And then, just a short distance ahead of us, like so many dreadful realities, were seven Commies, looking rather comical in their funny hats. But there was nothing funny about them now; their guns were steady and pointed straight in our direction.

“Down, Michael!!” I yelled as I dove for cover. Even as I was hitting the ground, I looked up and saw Michael still standing, as if paralyzed by fear, or so I thought at the time. Bullets were spurting all over the place, and Mom, there was no way those Commies could have missed at that short distance. I jumped up to pull him down, and then I was hit. The pain was like a hot fire in my chest, and as I fell, my head swooned and I remember thinking, “I must be dying...” Someone was laying me down, strong arms were holding me and laying me gently on the snow. Through the daze, I opened my eyes, and the sun seemed to blaze in my eyes. Michael was standing still, and there was a terrible splendor in his face. Suddenly, he seemed to grow, like the sun, the splendor increasing intensely around him like the wings of an angel. As I slipped into unconsciousness, I saw that Michael held a sword in his hand, and it flashed like a million lights.

Later on, when I woke up, the rest of the guys came to see me with the sergeant.

“How did you do it, son?” he asked me.

“Where’s Michael?” I asked in reply.

“Michael who?” The sergeant seemed puzzled.

“Michael, the big Marine walking with me, right up to the last moment. I saw him there as I fell.”

“Son,” the sergeant said gravely, “you’re the only Michael in my unit. I hand-picked all you fellows, and there’s only one Michael. You. And son, you weren’t walking with anyone. I was watching you because you were too far off from us, and I was worried.

Now tell me, son,” he repeated, “how did you do it?”

It was the second time he had asked me that, and I found it irritating.”

How did I do what?”

“How did you kill those seven Commies? There wasn’t a single bullet fired from your rifle.”

“What?”

“Come on, son. They were strewn all around you, each one killed by a swordstroke.”

And that, Mom, is the end of my story. It may have been the pain, or the blazing sun, or the chilling cold. I don’t know, Mom, but there is one thing I am sure about. It happened.

Love your son,

Michael

Some Thoughts About the Miracle

The seven enemy men had been killed by what looked like a sword—the weapon carried by Michael in all the artistic representations of the archangel. The young Marine had seen the angel, without wings, but wearing a uniform much as everyone else in the unit. He carried on a conversation with the angel. All of these are miracles.

This event has been verified by a US Navy chaplain who interviewed all of those involved. Could this have been an elaborate hoax—a conspiracy amongst the men and the chaplain? Sure, that’s possible, but to what purpose? It remains far more likely that each man told what he understood to be the truth. Such things tend to be rare, because too few possess the required faith to have such miracles happen.

CHAPTER 2: HEALING BY THE SLEEPING PROPHET



Two years before Edison invented the light bulb a boy was born to the Cayce (pronounced kay-see) family on a farm in western Kentucky, near the Tennessee border. As the boy grew, he displayed strange abilities that made him an oddity within this backwoods part of the country.

Edgar Cayce (1877–1945) was a devout Christian and his ability to see spirits were naturally considered to be unusual. About age 13, he saw an angel who told him that his prayers would be answered. When asked by the angel what he wanted most, he told her that he wanted to help people, especially sick children.

He found that he could know the contents of a book by sleeping on it. Teachers became amazed at his ability to recite the works studied in class. Young Cayce remarked that he could see the pages of each book in his mind, even though he had not read them.

At age 23, while working with his father as a salesman, Cayce fell ill with a severe case of laryngitis and was unable to speak for several months. That killed his job as a salesman and he stayed home, learning photography as a new trade.

About a year after his loss of speech, a traveling hypnotist took Cayce to the stage as one of his subjects and got him to speak while under hypnosis. Fascinated with this mode of temporary healing, Cayce asked a friend to help him go under hypnosis again, but this time to ask him how to cure his inability to speak. And the cure discovered while under hypnosis worked. That was on March 31, 1901—the beginning of a lifetime of healing and helping others.

Throughout his adult life, each year, Cayce would read the Bible from cover to cover. Early on, he recruited missionaries for the church and taught Sunday School. When he first started helping others with his clairvoyant abilities, he was deeply troubled whether or not his talents were coming from God on high. But he eventually found Divine justification for his works.

Soon, doctors were sending Cayce patients they couldn't themselves cure. On October 9, 1910, the *New York Times* published a story on Cayce's psychic abilities. That same year, Cayce began giving daily psychic readings on medical cases too tough for the healing professionals.

In 1911, Cayce's wife, Gertrude, contracted tuberculosis. His readings led to her full recovery. Three years later, Cayce's eldest son, Hugh Lynn Cayce, suffered an injury to his eyes from photographic flash powder. Cayce's reading helped his son restore his eyesight. And these were only small samples of the thousands he ended up helping.

By 1925, Cayce had developed a large enough following that he could devote all his time to his psychic readings, and decided at that time no longer to pursue his career in photography. And in 1931, Cayce's Association for Research and Enlightenment was incorporated and established in Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Throughout his life, he helped thousands of people with their illnesses, emotional difficulties and other problems. Many of his psychic readings included details of past lives that were impinging on their current life.

A few times, greedy entrepreneurs convinced Cayce to help them play the stock market, to locate buried treasure or to help with some other venture. The few times he tried such things, the results were entirely unsatisfactory and Cayce felt drained and miserable about each such venture. And it's easy to understand why. The purpose of those ventures was not pure; they did not match what Cayce had told his angel.

PROPHECY AND BIBLICAL CORROBORATION

Twenty-three years after Cayce's death, in early 1968, researchers discovered off the coast of Bimini Island in the Bahamas, the remains of a breakwater that had been constructed out of beach rock. The shape and size of the breakwater was very similar to breakwaters used in the Mediterranean. One of Cayce's readings had predicted that in 1968, evidence of the legendary empire of Atlantis would be found off the coast of Bimini Island.

Most of Cayce's entire life was one unending stream of miracles, healing those who doctors had said were beyond hope.

Two dates found in Cayce's readings which involved biblical passages were corroborated by Christian researcher and writer, Rod Martin, Jr. in his book, *The Bible's Hidden Wisdom: God's Reason for Noah's Flood*.

In one reading, Cayce stated that Noah's Flood occurred about 28,000 BC. In another, Cayce talked about one of the earliest meetings between tribes of humanity taking place about 10.5 million years ago—in the middle of the Miocene Epoch!

Martin's book details his research into scripture and how Genesis provided several clues which led to a biblical timeline compatible with those of secular science. That timeline pegged Noah's Flood at exactly 27,970 BC, well within one percent of Cayce's rough approximation. Scientists estimate that one species disappeared about 28,000 BC—a species that had started to mate with *Homo sapiens*. If we look closely at the wording in Genesis 6, we see that God did not like the corruption of flesh taking place at that time. God wanted to be rid of the “daughters of men” for their special kind of wickedness and violence—a kind which the world has not seen ever since.

Martin also found other clues which place the start of humanity (Adam) at 10,434,130 BC—again, well within one percent of Cayce's rough approximation.

And on Atlantis, Rod Martin, Jr. has also discovered three pieces of scientific evidence, each from a different discipline, which support the idea that an Atlantis-like event occurred 9620 BC—a virtual bullseye for Greek philosopher Plato's story of the lost island empire.

CHAPTER 3: RESCUED ON THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL

At the start of World War 2, Desmond Doss was working in a shipyard in Newport News, Virginia. His vital work would have conferred on him a deferment from military service, because the nation needed many ships for the war effort. But Doss was the kind of guy who wanted to do all he could to help.

Doss had been raised in the Seventh Day Adventist church to be nonviolent and to observe the Sabbath, always. Since the Sabbath is and always has been Saturday, he would take leave of work at sundown on Friday until sundown on Saturday. His mother had taught him to be humble to the needs of others.

Before the war, when he heard of an accident on the radio and that the victims needed blood, he walked three miles to the hospital in order to donate. Then he walked all the way back home—not recommended for those who have donated. Two days later, the radio announced that they needed even more blood. Doss walked another three miles to give another portion, and then walked three miles back home. This according to his sister, Audrey.

The movie, *Hacksaw Ridge*, changed a few things, but got most of it close to what actually happened. Desmond Doss had met his Dorothy in church and they did get married before he went on active duty.

Doss had tried his darnedest to let the army know that he wanted to do his part in the war, but wouldn't touch a weapon. For this reason, he wanted to be a medic. But some in the military didn't like recruits telling them what to do. The army threatened to send him to a camp for conscientious objectors, but Doss protested, because he didn't see himself as an objector; instead, he saw himself as a conscientious participator.

Other recruits abused Doss on numerous occasions. The army refused to give him the medic position he requested and sent him to a rifle company. Peer pressure wasn't enough to get him to change his mind. His heart and soul were too strong for that. He wouldn't touch a rifle. Even when one was shoved into his gut, he merely let it fall to the ground. Sometimes while praying, the other recruits would throw their shoes at him. After the war, Doss recalled, "One fella, he told me, 'I swear to God Doss, you go into combat, I gonna shoot you.'"

Finally, the army figured they would get much more out of Doss if they made him a medic. When Doss asked for Saturday's off to go into town for church, Captain Solomon Statman, medical corps, threatened him with court martial. Doss was not playing by their rules; he was playing by God's rules. Like Daniel so many centuries earlier in Babylon, Desmond Doss remained faithful to God, fearing no man.

When finally sent to active duty, Doss was assigned to the 2nd Platoon, Company B, 1st Battalion, 307th Infantry, 77th Infantry Division. Captain Jack Glover wanted Doss transferred out of his battalion, so much so, he went to the battalion commander, Colonel Gerald Cooney to make the request in person.

In 1944, Doss served in Guam and in the Philippines, and was awarded for his bravery, two Bronze Star Medals. Captain Glover came to regard Doss as one of the bravest people alive.

When his platoon was sent to Okinawa, they were tasked with helping to secure the Maeda Escarpment which had been given the nickname, "Hacksaw Ridge," because the Japanese had been brutal in defending it.

They took the ridge, but the next morning, the Japanese launched a massive counterattack forcing the American forces to retreat. Doss could hear several of his buddies calling for help. He stayed behind to assist them off of the ridge. To the Japanese, medics were prime targets. They knew that if they could kill all of the medics, it would demoralize the Americans. To keep from being a prime target, medics took off their medical insignia so they would appear to be like any other soldier.

Artillery, mortar and heavy machine gun fire kept Doss in a permanent state of danger. As he rescued one man after another, he started to pray, "Please, Lord, just one more. Just one more."

Doss later remarked, "They were my buddies, some of the men had families, and they trust me. I didn't feel like I should value my life above my buddy's, so I decided to stay with them and take care of as many of them as I could. I didn't know how I was gonna do it."

The ridge, which spanned nearly the entire width of the island was about 350 feet tall—roughly the height of a 35 story building. Doss had to lower each man down from the top of the ridge by hand, one-by-one. While focused on the task of sending each man down by rope to the lower level, Doss was vulnerable to enemy fire. One Japanese soldier remarked, after the war, that he had a clear shot of Doss, but each time he tried to shoot him, his gun jammed.

When Doss was done, he had rescued somewhere between 50 and 100 men single-handedly. For his trouble, he was wounded four times, including a left-arm fracture from a sniper bullet, and seventeen pieces of shrapnel.

After the war, he was awarded the Medal of Honor by President Harry S. Truman.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE MIRACLES

It's hard to call such bravery an "ordinary" miracle. This goes far beyond what any ordinary human would do. Desmond Doss repeatedly put himself in harm's way to save the lives of his buddies. But self-preservation was only ever a secondary concern. Even during one incident, while trying to get some sleep, Doss heard the voices of Japanese soldiers approaching and feared for the life of his buddy nearby. He noticed some hand grenades between him and his friend. He knew that he could knock off a few of the enemy and protect his buddy, but he refused the temptation.

Time and time again, Desmond Doss left such things in God's hands. He maintained a fearless confidence that the Heavenly Father knew best and remained humble to God's will.

CHAPTER 4: PRAYER FROM CALIFORNIA TO ISRAEL

Glendora, California is a small city nestled in the foothills of eastern Los Angeles County. Though the city has only 50,000+ inhabitants, the county is one of the most populous in the world. This small community is home to the Church of the Open Door. David Newkirk later became a youth pastor there. But our story takes place some time earlier, when David was in college.

One night, after a victorious and exhausting basketball game at college, David was catapulted from his deep sleep with an urgent need to pray for his brother, Dan.

Quite remarkably, both his sister and mother were similarly awakened. All three of them took the call to prayer seriously.

Dan Newkirk was visiting Israel, but had run low on funds. To keep what little money he had left, he decided to sleep outdoors, in the park. There, he found a bench which would have to do for the night. Long after midnight, Dan was awoken by a growling dog and a pesky, clucking chicken. The bird was directly underneath the bench on which he had slept. The dog kept trying to get at the chicken but couldn't quite reach it.

After several minutes trying to break up the fighting animals, he decided to take the easy way out and to find another bench. At least with a little distance from the noisy dog and chicken, he could get some much needed rest.

Dan was startled awake the next morning when a bomb ripped through the first bench, launching it into the air, leaving behind "a mess of tangled metal and concrete."



SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE MIRACLE

We are all connected. As spiritual beings, we can sense when danger is headed our way or when it threatens those we love. The problem is, many people in today's society aren't spiritual enough to know what their Holy Spirit is trying to tell them. They've walled themselves off from God and from their true selves.

The Newkirk family in California could sense that Dan was headed for a disaster and prayed for deliverance. They had the faith that such deliverance was possible, even though they knew not what form it would take. And wouldn't you know it? A dog and a chicken were available nearby to help make their prayers manifest.

CHAPTER 5: MIRACLE ON WILSHIRE BOULEVARD

In 1977, Rod Martin, Jr. had already experienced dozens of miracles. Each of them had left him in awe of the power of God and of our connection to the Heavenly Father. But sometimes, life happens and we tend to forget the lessons we've learned. Sometimes we need to be reminded.

Working in graphics and typographer was gratifying work for this California artist, but he didn't like the thick traffic found so often during rush hour. He had an agreement with his boss that he could leave work at 3:00 PM every afternoon to pick up his wife from her job in Century City, ten miles away from the downtown typography shop, Freedmen's Organization.

One afternoon, Rod received a phone call from his current client asking that the job be finished today instead of the following day. Valuing his client's satisfaction, Rod agreed to stay until the job was finished. He called his wife to let her know he would be late picking her up, and then proceeded to finish the client's work.

A little after 5:00 PM, Rod called his client to tell them that the job would be ready for pick-up by the time they arrived. He was gratified that the client was happy.

Getting into his car, he felt a sinking feeling overcome him as he realized the thick slog of traffic ahead of him. From Beverly Boulevard, he made his way down to Wilshire and entered the slow-moving river of cars.

He found the earliest opportunity to switch from the right lane into the center so as to avoid turning vehicles that could further delay his forward progress. Even right-turning vehicles could take a minute or two to complete their turn, depending on the number of pedestrians blocking the way.

Honking horns did not help make the traffic move any faster. It only served to heighten tensions. And any progress could have been measured in inches. Each car would regularly move forward five to ten feet and then stop again, waiting for anywhere from several seconds to a full minute for another opportunity.

Adding to the tension, the late afternoon sun was hovering right above the horizon, shining directly into each driver's eyes. Rod pulled down his visor to block the sun, but it also blocked most of the traffic ahead of him. He had only a thin sliver of visibility. Thankfully, traffic had been molasses slow, otherwise conditions would have proved far more dangerous.

After passing through the residential section, his car entered the "Miracle Mile" span of Wilshire Boulevard. And that's when it started.

Without signaling, a car on the right swerved sharply, jamming its left front bumper into the tiny space between Rod's car and the automobile ahead of his. Why had the driver thought it so important to get into the center lane so rudely?

Rod waited for traffic ahead to inch forward, giving enough room for the intruder to finish their turn. Not long afterward, a car on his left swerved sharply, without warning, to cut him off with their right front bumper. Again, he waited as the new intruder crept into the space ahead of his own car. More rudeness had only increased his frustration and anger.

After several seconds, traffic started to loosen up and speeds were approaching ten miles per hour. After the two intrusions, Rod was in no hurry to chase the bumper ahead of him. A space opened up even as he accelerated.

Suddenly, a car on the left swerved sharply, jamming their entire vehicle ahead of his, but then they promptly threw on their brakes. Traffic ahead of them had come to an abrupt halt.

But Rod had been accelerating. Just as suddenly, he threw on his brakes and leaned into them with every fiber of strength he could muster. Tires squealed. White smoke rose into the air around his car. Thankfully, his quick thinking and action avoided any collision, but the car ahead of his was so close, the trunk seemed near enough to touch. The space between their bumpers may have been measurable only in millimeters or fractions of an inch.

A few moments later, another car on the right swerved sharply, jamming its bumper into the small space between Rod's front bumper and that of the car ahead of his.

Then, another car swerved in front of his. And then a sixth car!

Rod felt slapped by the incessant assaults—six times in about two minutes.

So incredibly unbelievable had been these six assaults that Rod pictured in his mind the idea of hundreds of cars jamming ahead of his—so many that he would have to be going backwards to accommodate all of them.

The hilarity of the image shocked him awake, spiritually. In that moment, he went from dark rage to brilliant bliss. That was his first miracle that day.

In the next moment, he realized that he had been responsible for the emotions he had been feeling. But more than that, he realized that, by his focus on the feeling of frustration, he had created the events around him to justify feeling even more frustration.

The lessons of Christ came home to him. Suddenly, he realized the meaning of Christ's sacrifice on the cross—taking full responsibility for all the sins of the world. As a human being, we cannot do such things. But as immortal spirit—as a child of God—we were meant for such things.

And in that moment, Rod found it effortless to forgive each of the six drivers for their assaults against him. That was his second miracle that day.

Suddenly, Rod felt as though his destination was no longer important. The other drivers could all go ahead of him. He felt perfectly okay with the idea of letting each and every one of them get to their destinations ahead of him. All he could feel for them was unconditional love, for he needed nothing from them. In fact, they could have destroyed his car and his body in it and he would not have minded. So great was his love for them.

Then, Rod remembered the other miracles he had experienced. He wondered if he could proclaim the glory of God with yet another miracle. With pure serenity of beingness, he pictured wide open spaces and smooth sailing all the way to his destination. Then, with the faith that it was done, he handed the picture off to God and immediately turned his awareness to the beautiful architecture along Wilshire Boulevard, and to the sculpted shrubbery along its sidewalks.

Immediately, the car directly in front of his turned into the lane to the right, despite the bumper-to-bumper traffic. For the next five seconds, all of the cars ahead of his turned left and right into the side lanes until the center lane was entirely empty of cars ahead of his, all the way to the next bend in Wilshire Boulevard, two miles away.

Then, with humble gratitude in his heart, Rod accelerated his vehicle up to the speed limit and, for the next four minutes, traversed that traffic-choked gauntlet. Not once did another car enter that mammoth space ahead of his vehicle. And soon, he was in Century City feeling awed by the grace of God that had smiled on him that day.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE MIRACLES

Thirty-four years after that set of three miracles, Rod Martin realized that the first six cars to move out of the way were the very same six which had felt it so important to cut him off. So thorough was his forgiveness of them that he had forgotten their trespasses against him. This was not the forgetting of amnesia; this was the relegation of memories to unimportance. Those assaults were no longer important to him. He no longer felt compelled to remain attached to them.

In rush hour traffic, it's impossible to clear a lane for an emergency vehicle—ambulance, police or fire engine—even though the law requires cars and trucks to move to the right. Bumper-to-bumper traffic makes it impossible to squeeze cars in from the left. But here, it all happened within five seconds. And there was no siren.

In rush hour traffic, a large empty space does not persist for more than a few moments. But here, a two-mile space of empty center lane persisted for as long as it took for Rod Martin's car to cover that distance.

These are not the types of things we find from random occurrence, just as Jesus walking on water or Moses parting the sea were not random, accidental events. Each such incident involved someone asking for a very specific result and then receiving that gift from God.

The message is clear: God can do anything and all we need to do is to ask. It's all about learning how to change ourselves in order to move us closer to the Heavenly Father.

CHAPTER 6: MY OWN INTRODUCTION TO MIRACLES

I had started that fateful day in frustration about our family finances. I was angry about my husband's lack of wisdom in spending what little money we did have. And I blamed our circumstances for the problems we were experiencing.

Instead of loving and supporting my husband with my own quiet words of wisdom and questions to help him achieve his own wisdom, I lashed out, telling him that I didn't love him. The automobile accident that arose from those hateful words was the best thing that could ever have happened to me. I regret that my husband suffered from that, but his injury and my accompanying desperation were blessings in disguise.

I really did love the father of our three wonderful children. And with him in a coma from the accident, I felt humbled by everything that had happened. It felt as though a mountain had come crashing down on us and I was desperate to find that seemingly impossible solution.

A call from the landlord told me that we were nearly three months behind on our rent. I felt even more crushed by circumstances. And I felt even more driven to seek Divine help for my impossible problem.

Feeling overwhelmed, I left the hospital for some much needed air and space to think. Several minutes of aimless walking found me at an old, weather-worn building amongst structures of glass and metal.

Curious. I had never seen the place before—a book shop named Heaven on Earth.

The store didn't look like heaven—no pearly gates or streets paved with gold. Yet, I couldn't help but be drawn into the place. Reading was not my thing, at the time, but something about it overwhelmed me with curiosity.

Dark shelves of dusty books filled the small store. At the front counter stood a handsome young man with blond hair, brilliant blue eyes and dressed in an odd shade of cobalt blue. He looked up and smiled. "What's your name, dear?" His deep voice left me feeling a profound sense of peace as if I were talking to an old friend.

What happened next changed my life forever. The lessons learned from that encounter have the power to help every other person on this planet. The quiet wisdom I learned from that bookstore clerk has the potential to help you, too.

I invite you to learn more about what happened to me that day and how what I learned can be used by you and your loved ones to master your lives as God has always wanted us to.

[Simply click here](#), and may your life become the wonderful dream you've always wanted it to be.

APPENDIX

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