

Every Day Miracles  
Faith, Hope and a Broken Bike

Mom called Sr. Mary because Mom knew Sr. Mary would help her.

It had been several months since her daughter had stayed at Blessing House. But now Mom needed a ride and if she didn't get to her appointment, all of her plans would fall through. Mom had been planning for some time to move out of state so that she could be closer to her family because she needed their support. She had worked hard to get things ready for the move, but the meeting scheduled for that day would determine whether or not she would be able to follow through with her plans.

Miss Ethel took Mom to her appointment, but her meeting did not go well. Mom found out that there were some legal problems that were going to keep her from moving. Mom was so disappointed and wasn't sure what she was going to do. She told Sr. Mary, "I am not giving up. I have a house ready to move into and a job when I get there. I have already claimed God's Blessings."

The next morning, things began to fall into place. Mom finally learned in the afternoon that she would be able to leave after all, so "Project Move" began in earnest.

Mom told Sr. Mary that she was picking up a truck that afternoon. Sr. Mary asked her if she needed help loading the truck and Mom said that there was just one person that might be able to help, but he had asked for something in return. Mom said she was not going to do this. She said it had been a long time since she had compromised herself in this way and she was not about to do it again. Sr. Mary told Mom she would find some help.

So that night, Sr. Mary, Donna and Deacon Pat arrived to help. The moving van was backed up on to the lawn ready to load.

Beds were broken down, boxes dragged from the third floor. Appliances were brought up from the basement and hoisted onto the truck.

Mom's three boys were anxious to help. They eagerly followed instructions and carried boxes out to the van while Deacon Pat stacked them. Jeremiah reminded Deacon Pat, "Don't forget my bike!" Deacon Pat assured Jeremiah we wouldn't.

As the truck began to fill, we wondered if we would have enough room for all of the exercise equipment. Then Mom told Sr. Mary she really wanted to take as much as she could. She had been exercising and losing weight because she realized how important it was for her to stay healthy. She said if she didn't lose weight, she wouldn't be able to continue to work and provide for her kids. We found room for all of the equipment.

"Don't forget my bike!" Jeremiah reminded Deacon Pat for the umpteenth time. Finally, Deacon Pat told Jeremiah he was ready for it.

Jeremiah wheeled the bike onto the ramp. Both tires were flat and the chain was loose. Mom stood on the porch as she watched her son proudly hand over his bike to Deacon Pat and she told Sr. Mary, "I know it isn't much and he can't ride it right now. But we are hoping that once we get there someone will be able to fix it for him." I couldn't help but think how some people might look at a broken down bike and tell their child that there just wasn't enough room so they could get rid of it rather than taking up precious cargo space for a piece of "junk." But this mom knew how important this bike was to her child. He didn't have much, but what he did have was HIS. If the bike didn't go, his dream for a chance to ride it again would, and Mom was not going to take that from him.

In just a couple of hours, everything was loaded. Even though it was late, Mom still wanted to leave because of the arrangements she had made. We began to discuss where she was going, having directions to get there and how much gas it was going to take. As we talked, it was obvious Mom did not have everything she needed. So heads were put together and further plans were made.

We returned to Blessing House and printed maps and directions and put together a food basket of sandwiches and juice boxes for the trip. We dug through our wallets and cash donations and came up with enough money to make sure she could buy enough gas to get there. Then we headed back to her house.

Mom and her boys were in the yard making final arrangements and saying their final goodbyes. Jeremiah and Josiah were struggling as they were getting ready to leave their brother, Desmond, who would not be able to join them just yet. The three boys wrapped their arms around each other, and as they stood in a circle, they silently wept.

Then it was time to go. We wished them well and sent them with God's blessings, knowing that Mom's faith would carry them for the next 13 hours of their journey.

As we returned to Blessing House, we talked about the blessings we had received that evening. We talked about the strength of this mom as she dealt with one problem after another, never giving up on her goal. We talked about her blind faith and her humble acceptance of the gifts that God had provided to her.

"I have claimed God's blessings."

Mom called us the next day, exhausted, but safe. She had driven the truck with her children through the night and arrived at her destination. She was at her new house and her family was there to help her. Mom wanted to say thanks one more time and to let us know she never could have done it without us. Mom said she would be talking to us again soon, because even though she didn't live here anymore, she still wanted to stay in touch. She said, "I need you."

Mom's faith that God loved her enough to give her what she needed led her to Blessing House. She had recognized the blessings God had given her and she knew that if she continued to trust Him, she would get what she needed. And she did.

I picture Jeremiah's bike sitting on the porch of his new home as he bounds down the steps with his new friend. Someday, someone will fix that bike for him and he will get to ride it again, because,

He believes.

*With faith, comes hope.*