

# God Healed My Truck

## 1 Thessalonians 5:18

*In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you.*

Here's a story that I've told many times as I preach sermons and share what God has done in our lives. I have had men come up to me after telling this story and accuse me of being a liar, that God doesn't and can't heal cars. My answer to that is that he has healed mine on many occasions, but I'm sorry that He hasn't done it for you.

I was in Uniontown, Pennsylvania for a weekend conference. I spoke at the men's group on a Saturday morning. I was on my way back to my motel. I expected to have a free afternoon where I could focus on preparing my mind and heart for the next full day of preaching and teaching on prayer. Uniontown is in a hilly area with some very steep inclines. As I approached my motel on the top of a hill there was a traffic light. When the light changed I was to turn left to go into the parking lot of the motel. Suddenly my truck decided to stall right in the intersection. Of course, to make matters worse my truck was standard shift. I had to put my foot on the clutch pedal and the brake at the same time to keep from rolling backwards and try to start the truck. It wouldn't start.

My 1998 Chevy S-10 was a wonderful truck and had given me many years of service without any trouble whatsoever. So, I was a little confused when my truck suddenly wouldn't start. I spent a few moments there at the traffic light with horns honking as I tried to get the car started. It would turn over and just sputter but not quite start. I was finally able to get it started but it was running very rough. I got through the traffic light and into the parking lot.

Needless to say, I was very frustrated that my truck chose this inopportune moment to start acting up. I've often observed that when you're doing the work of God Satan will put all kinds of obstacles in your way. This is particularly true when you are preaching on prayer or on overcoming the devil. Things that normally would be quite easy become very difficult and things that don't normally go wrong will suddenly go very wrong.

I wasn't too concerned about the truck so I went into the motel and put my belongings down, had my lunch and took a nap. I thought I'd just rest and the truck would cool down and be fine in just a few hours. I thought maybe it just overheated from navigating the steep hills in Uniontown.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I got up from my nap and went out to the car and breathed a little prayer for the truck to start. I tried the truck again with the same results. It turned over "rev, rev, rev, rev, rev, rev, rev" but it wouldn't catch. It would cough and start to catch, but then it would quit.

I didn't know exactly what to do so I went back into the motel and called the pastor. I asked if he might have a mechanic or somebody that works in a gas station that might take a look at my car. He said unfortunately it was a holiday weekend and all the mechanics were away. I was left to try to figure out the problem by myself. I am not a mechanic. I certainly don't know anything about engines and how to get them started. So, I did what I normally do, I prayed. I asked the Lord if He would cause the truck to start to function normally to save me a frustrating afternoon. Well, that was not the way it was going to work.

To get the proper picture here you have to understand that I was at least two hours from my home in Grove City. If I had to leave my truck with a mechanic on Monday my wife would have to come pick me up then drive back to Grove City. Then when the truck was repaired we would have to drive back to Uniontown on Tuesday or Wednesday. That would be a lot of driving and the expense of getting the truck fixed.

In my mind I was anticipating all of these confusing events and the expense, which I couldn't afford, and realized life was going to be very difficult for a couple of days. I called my wife and told her what was going on. I asked her to pray and ask the Lord to allow the truck to somehow get started so I could get home.

During the afternoon I periodically went out to the truck and tried to start it. Of course I would pray beforehand asking the Lord to make it start. But it wouldn't. I saw a gas station across the street that had no garage but a convenience store. I went over and I looked at some of the car care products they had on their shelves. They had some gas additives that you put into your gas tank that was supposed to help your car run smoothly, so I thought maybe that would help.

I went back to the truck, put the gas treatment into the tank, waited a while, and I tried starting it. It still would not start. I thought I'll just let it rest awhile. Perhaps the additive needed time to cycle through the engine. I waited about an hour then went back to try it again. The truck still would not start, in fact the battery was dying and matters were getting worse.

Then I really started to worry and fret. How was I going to get back home and get this thing fixed without a lot of expense and trouble? I called my wife again and asked her to really pray that God would do something so I wouldn't be stuck here. It could cost us hundreds of dollars to get this thing fixed and if we had to

have it towed all the way back to Grove City that was really going to be very expensive.

I went back inside to try to meditate and think about my sermons and teaching lectures. While I was doing that the Lord reminded me of some of the things I was teaching.

I had been teaching about prayer and I was teaching about praise. I was teaching about being thankful in all circumstances and about worship. The Lord reminded me that I hadn't been thankful at all. I had been worrying and complaining about the truck and its inability to start. I had forgotten all the good times I had with this truck. I had forgotten that for at least eight years this truck had run beautifully without any problems. The Lord spoke to me that afternoon and said, "Why don't you try thanksgiving? Why don't you be thankful as you have been teaching others? *"In everything give thanks for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."*

Don't you hate it when God wants you to do something very practical when you're frustrated? I was being very grumpy and dissatisfied. It was really upsetting my Saturday afternoon which in turn would upset me for Sunday morning by not having my mind prepared for the messages that would follow the next day. After thinking about it for a while and being under conviction that it was true, I agreed. I was not thankful, not in the least.

After settling that I need to be thankful I told the Lord I was sorry and I would try to be thankful in everything. I went out to the truck again and I walked around it. I actually put my hands on it, walked around it, and talked out loud and said, "Truck I really love you. You've been a great truck. You've served me well." Then I reviewed in my mind some of the things that have happened with the truck and how God has enabled me to use it without any trouble. As I did that I was really starting to feel the praise and thanksgiving welling up in my heart. I found myself thankful for the good times that God had given me.

I probably spent 20 minutes to a half hour walking around the truck and being thankful. After that I sat in the truck for a while and just praised the Lord giving thanks for His goodness and faithfulness. Then as I leaned over the steering wheel I whispered a prayer. "Dear Lord I really am thankful and I thank you for this truck and I thank you for the blessings you've given me through it and I thank you that you're able to do immeasurably more than we ask or think and even though the truck doesn't start I am determined that I'm going to give you thanks anyway for you do all things well...but it would certainly be a wonderful gift of God that you allow this truck to start and allow me to get home without any trouble."

At that point I put the key in the ignition and low and behold the engine started. It was no longer running rough. It was not sputtering and it was not stalling. There was nothing wrong with the engine. It was as if nothing bad had ever happened.

I decided I would go out and drive around a little. I did some shopping, got my supper and came back to the motel. Still nothing was wrong with that truck whatsoever. God healed my truck!

Is God able to heal mechanical troubles? Does God heal Chevy S-10's? My answer to that is, yes he does. No, he doesn't always do it. And no, He doesn't always bail us out when we need a miracle. But there are times that God is working something in our hearts that needs to be done and He is willing and able to do immeasurably more than we ask or even imagine.