

# A Woman on the Turnpike

## Luke 10:30-34

*But a Samaritan, as he traveled, came where the man was; and when he saw him, he took pity on him. He went to him and bandaged his wounds, pouring on oil and wine. Then he put the man on his own donkey, brought him to an inn and took care of him.*

It was early in my ministry. I was serving in Clymer, Pennsylvania. We were traveling from Pennsylvania to New Jersey to visit Marilyn's parents. We were using the Pennsylvania Turnpike. The Pennsylvania Turnpike is a very busy toll road and I don't normally stop along a busy road to help stranded cars. There are phone stations every 100 yards or so for such emergencies. It was raining and I could see up ahead of me a car was parked on the side of the road with its trunk open. It obviously had a flat tire. Normally I would pass by and hope that they had called somebody to get help. As I passed by immediately I felt the Lord say I should stop and help the lady. The impression was strong that I needed to stop to help this lady. I did. I had passed her, so I pulled off the highway and backed up to where she was.

I got out of the car and offered my services and she was grateful. I began the process of changing her tire while she held an umbrella over me. As I changed the tire she asked me who I was. I told her who I was and that I was a pastor of a church in Clymer, Pennsylvania. That led to a conversation about her life. She shared with me many of the difficulties that she was facing. One of those difficulties was her marriage. Over a period of a half hour or so she shared with me all the troubles she was going through. I gave her my advice and showed her some Scriptures. She told me her name. I don't think I ever gave her my address, but when we finished I prayed with her and then I left.

I thought no more about that incident for more than 40 years. Then I received a letter in Grove City where we were living at the time. I thought it was a strange address and a name I did not recognize. I didn't know who was writing, but I opened the letter to find it was this woman that I helped on the turnpike some 43 years before. She had remembered me and that I had prayed and counseled her. She said she found my name and address somewhere and thought that she should write to me and let me know what happened. She shared with me how God worked in her heart and life and that the prayer that I offered was an encouragement to her. Eventually God resolved the issues of her marriage and she moved on to walk with the Lord.