

Whatever happened to

Godliness?



1 Timothy 2:2, 10; 3:16; 4:7, 8; 6:3,5,6,11; 2 Timothy 3:5; Titus 1:1; 2 Peter 1:3.

Subject: News of my Death is greatly over exaggerated

From: Joe

Date: Fri, 05 Jun 2009 15:59:11 -0400

To: evan@pomerado.com,

Today when I went to work, the folks at O&T were apparently under the belief that I was dead. To explain this, let me back up to 1600 (4:00 PM for non-military types) yesterday.

I was departing work (Camp Pendleton) on my motorcycle (Great day for ride back to the house). Things had gone great all day.

As I was accelerating (about 65 mph) and merging onto the I-5 just outside of Oceanside, I was suddenly hit from behind by a pick-up truck. I caught the truck out of the corner of my left eye as it climb up my exhaust and smashed into the left rear of my bike. As I was separating from my bike, I began to talk to God. I asked him "Is this it? Am I coming Home?" He answered, "No, it is not time, just relax." So I did just that, I relaxed my body and started to roll with the energy being expended as I tumbled with my bike down and across traffic. First I bounced off the truck that hit me, then was grazed by another truck in the number 4 lane, then I hit the asphalt and tumbled about 200 feet where I came to rest on my knees bent over. As I turned my head and looked at the on coming traffic and I noticed a third truck (as well all the other traffic coming south, heading towards me). I straighten my upper body just before that truck came passing by missing me by about 6 inches. At this point I figured it would be prudent to get out off the middle lane and work my way to the shoulder. I dodged cars across the freeway until I reached the shoulder and fell to my knees praising God.

As I was giving thanks to our Lord, I heard two voices (one Marine and a Corpsman) saying "Sir you need to lay down on the ground." I looked up and saw the Lieutenant and the Doc (Both in uniform) and had to smile. God knew that I would need to see familiar faces (no I did not know them, but I know them if you know what I mean - Brothers in Arms). I then took inventory of my body to see if anything was damaged. My left arm was sore, my hand hurt and I felt a hot spot under my helmet on my left forehead – that's it.

I then asked where the truck was that hit me, the diver was walking toward me and said "I'm the guy that hit you." I asked him if he's was ok and if anyone else was in his vehicle. He said he was fine and that he was alone. I finally looked out to where my bike came to rest. Parts of it were strewn across I-5 for the 200+ feet it tumbled. Besides my bike being totaled, my cell phone bit the dust as well. I was able to borrow someone's cell phone and call my wife to let her know what happened and that I was ok, but would need a new bike.

After the accident and all the police & paramedic stuff was over (no I did not go to the hospital – I'm a Marine for goodness sake) and while I was waiting for the tow truck, I walked over to Mike (the guy who hit me) to check on him (he was more impacted by this than I was, he had thought he had killed me). He was saying how sorry he was and how his wife was going to kill him for getting into an accident. I asked him if he was a believer, he said yes, so I took him in my arms and began praying. I thanked God for the blessings of the day. I thanked Him for the fellowship with Mike and asked Him to be with our families to help them be at peace with it all. After we finished praying, I told Mike I was sorry. He said "you have nothing to be sorry about, it was my fault." I told him I loved him and forgave him and that I was sorry he had troubles on his heart. I reminded him that Jesus went through more at Calvary than any thing we would go through here on earth.

Yesterday was a blessing, from start to finish. Sure I am out a bike. But it is just a material thing that God provided to me in the first place. Our Father God did not cause the accident, but He used it for His glory and the honor of His Son. All those around it, all that witnessed it were all involved in His plan. God gave me peace during and after to show the world how a Christian man lives. Just as he gave us Jack & Ray to see how Christian men die. I pray that I was able to honor our Father by my actions yesterday. I pray that if there was someone who witnessed that accident, and has never seen Jesus, saw Him living in me.

Back to my opening sentence. By the time that the word of my accident reached the Assistance Chief of Staff O&T, I was killed yesterday. I was glad to tell them that News of my Death is greatly over exaggerated.

I was dead before I invited Jesus to live in me. From that day on I was born again to live forever. Some day I will go home. Yesterday was not that day. Some day my Mom will meet me at the gate and walk me to see Jesus face-to-face. I still do not know my mission that God has for me here on earth. But I came closer to meeting the purpose we all have in life; to get to Know God better. To grow closer to Him. To truly be "Made in His Image."

Please pray for Mike. He is forgiven as we are all forgiven by Jesus' blood. Praise God for His love and protection.

SDG - IHS,

Joe

