Touching the Invisible 3 – the Angel

I was headed for San Diego, on a business trip, driving down I-5 on a clear summer day. The shimmering ocean below the cliffs was resplendent in its aqua colors, waves crashing onto the beach, and clear blue sky silently framing the picturesque setting. The drive was nice, but my spirit was troubled. Situation beyond my control tore at my soul and left me without peace.

As I drove alone, contemplating things that troubled me and things that I had no control over, I saw a man walking along the freeway ahead, with a gas can. As I neared, I observed that he was a black man, nicely dressed, and was not waiting for a ride or holding out his thumb, he was just walking.

So, I stopped, rolled down the window on the passenger’s side and asked if he needed a ride. I never pick up hitchhikers but I have also been caught in situations where I needed help. He thanked me for stopping and said that he did need a ride, so I invited him in and away we went.

I introduced myself and he also gave his first name but offered no other explanation for his plight. As we rode along, he asked me to tell him about myself, and I gave a brief overview, that I was married, had three children and was headed for some business appointments in San Diego. When I concluded, I left a pregnant pause, supposing that he would then tell me about himself and his life.

He did not respond in kind, but asked, “Tell me about the pressures you are facing. You are very troubled, aren’t you? Tell me what is bothering you.”

Not wanting to share details of my pressures with a total stranger, I avoided the invitation and just said that, yes, I was facing sone serious issues, but that they would all work out. At this he shifted in his seat to better face me and said, “God want you to know that He love you and that He is working on it. Everything is going to be OK.”

At this I responded, “And how do you know that?” I sensed something else happening as the presence of the Lord seemed to fill the car, and when he spoke, it was firm, but kind and authoritative. He said, “You are making some very serious decisions that will affect the rest of your life and God want you to know that He is with you and will show you what decisions to make and will intervein in your circumstances. Things are going to happen that you cannot control but you need to know that God knows about it all and He is in control. He is working on it and it will come together and you will see His hand in the solutions.”

At this point I was driving through a flood of tears. Somehow, I had picked up, not just a man but some kind of prophet. After a short time of silence, he said, there is a rest area ahead. Would you be so kind as to pull in and allow me to relieve myself?” I acknowledge his request with a simple “No problem!”

A pulled into the rest stop, pulled to the restrooms and he got out, taking his gas can with him. I observed that the can did not smell of gas and appeared to be new. It was quizzical that he would take it with him. He set it down by the door to the men’s room and went inside. I sat and watched for him to return, but as time passed, I grew concerned.

Finally, I decided to check on him and walked over to the men’s room and went inside. No one was there. I stooped to look for feet under the dividers, but there were none. It was empty. Thinking I had not paid as good of attention as I thought, I walked around the outside to se if he had exited while I had a lapse of attention. There was no one around.

Finally, I walked to the rear of the property, a short distance but there was nothing but the cliffs, some fencing and the ocean below. He was gone. I then walked down the walkway, looking about in the rest of the rest area, but he was not there. I thought back through the steps of this stop No other cars had left while we were there and gas can, which he seemed to keep with him was still outside the front door of the men’s room. He was gone.

After a brief last look around, I drove off resuming my trip. I was still questioning what had happened when a scripture came to mind: “Hebrews 13:2 - Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.”

I pondered his words as I drove and decided that possibly he just might have been a messenger from God, sent for my benefit. And yes, things did change and God was certainly working on my behalf. Over the next 6 months everything that was of concern had changed and miracles of circumstance brought a totally new dimension to our lives.