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THE HITCHHIKER

In 1983 the Hudson Bay went corporate and they quit shipping by rail into Edmonton and it went to Calgary instead. And the Bay Northern warehouse closed down.

So the retail warehouse in Edmonton wanted a truck to pull their triple A train trailers back and forth to Calgary five nights a week, Sunday after midnight thru to Thursday night. Triples were not allowed on the highway from midnight Friday till midnight Sunday. Anyway I took a years contract to do this.

It was a friday afternoon and I pulled out of the North Edmonton Bay warehouse.

It was a beautiful summer day, nice blue sky so it would still be just dusk by the time I returned from Calgary at around 11 pm.

By the time I got to the Calgary trail on the south side of Edmonton, the afternoon traffic rush was starting into full swing.

Now I very seldom picked up hitch hikers, but there was what looked like a university student with a huge back pack on. I had the strongest feeling that I should pick her up, so I pulled over and put on the binders. While I was waiting for her to catch up to the truck, I crawled over and opened the passenger door. As Mother Nature was a cab over Kenworth, it was a long ways over the center console to the door. When she got up to the door, I told her I was only going to Calgary (which was about 200 miles) and she said that would sure help as she was

headed for Banff. She threw up the pack and I threw it in the sleeper, and man was it heavy. I learned later it contained a tent, cooking utensils, cloths and whatever else a university student takes when they are taking the loop from Edmonton to Calgary then through the mountains from Banff up to Jasper and then back to Edmonton before University started in a couple of months.

Once she got settled and we were motoring down the road, I found out she was from Ontario and was taking her University at the U of A in Edmonton. Now she had never been out West, so before classes started she wanted to see and experience the Rocky Mountains that she had only seen in pictures and heard some stories of. The loop she was determined to make, was approximately a 900 mile trip.

We were chin wagging when the old CB came alive with, „how are you tonight Bushburner? It was another trucker that I met almost every night each heading in opposite directions. We yakked for a bit until I lost him and then the young lady ask me how I got the handle of Bushburner, so I related how that came about I also told her that some of the Christian truckers took to calling me The Burning Bush.

By this time we were at Red Deer, which was half way and I always stopped for supper and coffee on the way back. I offered to buy her supper, which she didn't refuse and boy could she eat. We had a good meal and were back on the highway in less then an hour.

Once we were trucking down the highway again, she said, „why do some call you the Burning Bush? I said to her, „boy your going to wish you never ask me. So I related how I'm always sharing how Jesus is always blessing and directing my life. I shared with her, how we came to know and except Jesus as our Lord and Savior. And of the many miracles he done in our life and of the guardian angels that go with us. I told her about my sons miracle and having childlike faith, I shared that talking to God was no different then her and I talking and that as we read the bible, God will teach and direct our lives for our good and His glory. 1John 2:27 says we don,t need man to teach us, that is the job of the Holy Spirit. The Lord uses man to share His word, but it is the word that teaches. A child can understand, but an adult makes it complicated and burdensome.

Before this I had never felt the urgency, to share with someone like I had shared with her. When we got to the Trans Canada highway at Calgary where I dropped her off. I felt such a compelling urgency to pray for her and ask Gods protection upon her.

I ask her if it was OK if I prayed for her before she left, she said yes. So I held her hand and started to pray with such earnestness and boldness that I knew it was the Holy Spirit. I rebuked and bound the powers of Satan that could or would be used against her, I claimed Gods presence and protection upon her and that she would experience His love and protection the full time of the journey and that her eyes would be opened to see the protecting and guiding hand of God upon her this journey. I loosed the ministering angels of God to go before her and prepare the rides she got, places to camp

and the activity of the animals. (human ones too)
When I finished praying for her, I had total peace and she had tears running down her cheeks and the sweetest smile. She thanked me and I have never seen her since, nor do I know her name as I never did ask.

I have no doubt that all this was planned by God, as usually I was talking on the CB most of the way there and back. Now except for that one call for Bushburner, the old CB was quite until the return trip. I often wonder if that little lady wasn't actually an angel, as the bible does say that some times we entertain angels unawares. Hebrews 13:2 The anointing and presence of the Lord was so strong and there were many questions that I normally ask, like: do you go to church, what is your name, do you believe in Jesus and are you saved etc. They never even entered into my mind. (strange).

A little about bro. Ken is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken