

1970 Chev Station Wagon

In June 1971 we moved to the Sandy Lake Bible Camp. (explained in previous memoir Mobile Home) The Fellowship that owned the Bible camp gave me \$400.00 a month plus our utilities. This was way less then what I had been making, but we believed that this is where the Lord wanted us
Our boy was 6 and our daughter was 8 and we celebrated our 10th wedding anniversary that summer.

We had a blue 2 door hardtop 1967 Pontiac, which was in good shape and low mileage. This was my pride and joy and I kept it clean and polished and it was also paid for.

That summer and fall was truly a blessed one for us, as we had the free time to pursue our first love which was to read and study the Bible and any other Christian book God would bring our way. We did not hook up the TV set and nobody seemed to miss it, as we had purchased a complete set of Bible story books, which we would read to the kids every night after supper. I don't know who was more excited or enthusiastic about our family devotion time? Us or the kids!

We would drive into Edmonton 45 miles away and attend church on Sunday's and Wednesday night. It was on one of these trips, that my wife shared with me that she had had a dream that we were going to get a yellow station wagon. Well..... all I could see was more \$\$\$ signs. I told her in no uncertain terms that if it weren't for God putting money in our bank acct. that we didn't know where it came from, we would have missed a couple of trailer payments. And there was no way we could afford a new car, plus there was nothing wrong with the one we had.

She brought this up to me several times over the next couple of months and I always had the same argument.

We were having financial shortages, so my wife went back to work part time where she had worked before moving to Sandy Lake.

One day in late November I drove her to work in Edmonton, when the wife very timidly said, "I know you will probably get mad, but God said to tell you again about the yellow station wagon". (I had a very short memory, as I didn't remember what transpired with the Mobile Home.)

Being the loving husband I was, I come unglued and ranted and raved as to IF God wanted us to get a new vehicle, HE would have to show ME and not her!!

At that time, we were just starting down the hill into St. Albert when all the warning lights in the dash board came on. So I shut the motor off and coasted down to the Service Station at the bottom of the hill. I opened the hood and checked the oil and water levels, (I am a licensed mechanic) and everything checked out OK. I started the car up and all seemed normal.

Well I'm no dummy you know, God don't have to drop a truck on me!!! So I said OK Lord I'll go and look for a Yellow Station Wagon today.

As I went I was asking God, how much do I pay? There was a figure that ran through my head which by the way, I thought was pretty low, but I said OK Lord that is what the offer will be.

When I was Service Manager, I had been in contact with a lot of dealerships. So after I had dropped the wife off at work, I started at the nearest dealer. When I got there, we did

a little reminiscing and then I asked. Do you have any Yellow Station Wagons? He looked at me sorta funny and said, I have a Red one and a Blue one but no Yellow ones. I said thank you, but I'll keep looking. This same scenario was repeated at about 8 dealers and there was only one left and it was way across Edmonton.

The fellow I knew was the Sales Manager at a Chev dealership. We did our reminiscing for a while, then he asked, how can I help you Ken. Well I asked if he had any yellow station wagons, he thought for a while and said no, I have a few but nothing yellow. Tell me why does it have to be yellow?

I told him about my wifes dream and of my arguments, of the lights coming on and how I felt the peace and presence of the Lord after I said OK Lord I'll go look and how this was the last place I knew anybody. He sat there quietly for what seemed a long time, then he said I have a Gold 1970 Chev. S.W. sitting just below the window. I looked out and the minute I seen it, everything in my being said YES that's it. So I told him that's it, that's the one. But he said, it's not yellow it's gold. I turned to him and said have you never heard the expression "Yellow Gold".

He said lets take it for a drive then and I said no we don't have to, that's the one God has picked out and He don't give anything that is not good. I then told him I would trade in my 1967 and pay the figure that I believe the Lord gave me. He looked at me, shook his head and said, "you'll never get it for that price". I just said "we'll see".

This was a Friday and he said if you're sure, take it home and come back Monday and sign the papers. By then I'll have your car appraised and if this is of God, all the financing will go through.

("Boy" I thought you sure learn fast.)

By this time it was time to pick up my wife across town. When I pulled up in front of her work place, she come running out and said "That's it, That's the one"

We got snowed in on the weekend so I phoned my friend to explain and didn't get back to the dealership until Wednesday. When I went into his office, he stared at me, shook his head and said,

"I don't believe it, all that you said has to be of God because they accepted your offer and all you have to do is sign the papers".

We started to travel shortly after, ministering in preaching and family music. A lot of our ministering was done in the evenings and with the station wagon, The kids could sleep in the back and be rested for school the next day. So you see, it didn't take long for us to understand why the Lord had a station wagon for us. We evangelized across Alberta and north western Saskatchewan for five years and 250,000 miles later. All we ever had to do to the car was regular servicing.

The Lord led us to Pastoring a church in Fort Saskatchewan and our traveling was minimal. It was then the car had very little compression and didn't want to start to good. So I would bow my head and ask God if He would start it for us. Now there are some that will call this sacrilegious, but we drove that car for another year that way. The kids would want to take their turn asking God to start the car. You may think this is dumb, but if you didn't pray, that car would just not start. When you prayed, it started like a new car.

The Lord opened the door for us to get a 12 passenger van, so we retired the old station wagon. We were approached by a Christian couple that needed a vehicle for a short while and ask if they could use the old wagon. I explained to them that the only way it

would start was to pray for it as the motor was just plain wore out. But if they wanted it under those circumstances, I would gladly make them a gift of it.

Well Praise the Lord, they didn't do anything to it except pray and drove it for yet another year.

GOD NEVER GIVES ANYTHING BUT THE BEST, BUT REMEMBER WITHOUT FAITH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO PLEASE GO

He also blessed us with a lawnmower

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken