

Memoir #25 The Warning vision

This is an encounter I had with the Lord when I was ten years old, the summer of 1952.

We moved into town and my dad took a job with the Railroad as a night watchman at the CPR Roundhouse, a place where the steam locomotives were parked until they were called out again. It was his job to make sure the locomotives were always ready to go out on a trip. He also had to contact the engineer and fireman to let them know what time they were scheduled to go out.

We lived in the CPR Section house, which was an old two story building owned by the railroad. It had no water, gas or sewer, all it had was electricity. We had to haul our water from a local community water well about two blocks away with a hand pump. Dad got us a 45 gallon galvanized barrel which was my job to keep full, as well as keep the woodbox filled. We would haul the firewood from our farm which was about 25 miles west of town, where dad had a huge pile of wood sawed into blocks that only had to be split once we got it home. There was always enough wood hauled home to last the year but it had to be split, on his day off, dad would split wood a while and the rest of the time I had the honors. I took great pride in staking the split wood so it looked nice and would shed the rain. Of course my dad taught me the basics but I had what I thought, was, perfecting it.

Now the lot the house was on was about 200 by 400 feet with huge Elm trees and a series of huge caragana trees, along with some white popular trees. About half was open area with quack grass that grew about three feet high, then dad would take a scythe and cut it down then once it dried he would burn it.

It was this burnt out grass that the Lord used to speak to me.

There was a three wheel tricycle that somebody had forgotten to take home left sitting beside the woodpile, I had been splitting wood for a while and decided to take a break. It was then I noticed the tricycle and the blackened area where the grass had been burnt. Even though I was way to big for the tricycle, it was fun peddling it

over the burned out area as where ever I peddled I left Wheel tracks. I peddled all over that area and made something like a maze out of the tracks. After zig zagging back and forth I decided to go to the beginning without crossing or getting off the track. I knew the exit was there but I was just wandering back and forth, lost. Then I spotted the way I thought was right, and it was. I went out and took the ring trail right back to the start, I remember being so happy.

Then God spoke to my spirit just as plain as he had before and still does. He said your future is going to be just like that, I have called you from the womb and have set the way before you, even though you know I am with you, you will lose your way for a while. Be not afraid for I will show you the straight and narrow and I am the way.

Well I ran in the house and told my mother what I had done and what God said. Instead of her being excited about it, she new I wasn't lying, but she figured my imagination was over zealous again.

Three years later I was 13 and got deeply hurt and disillusioned by some so called Christian leaders in a church and until I was nineteen I wouldn't set my foot in a church except for weddings and funerals. Then I met my wife, and her family was very churchy, I partied with a lot of there congregation and didn't even know they called themselves Christians until I seen them on Sunday. In 1970 the Lord showed me the way back to him and the straight and narrow and his fellowship has been so sweet ever since.

When I was lost and wandering around, I never denied the Lord and always new he was with me even though I didn't deserve it. This memoir has crossed my mind different times, but today He said write it down.

Bro. Ken

<http://burningbushcrusades.com/>