

## Buckle up – it's the law!

Amy Cook

It was dark and it was cold. Daddy was driving home from work one night. An ice storm was in action and the roads were slippery. The 30 minute drive home is nerve-racking during an ice or snow storm. It can also be interesting. That was the case with this one. In Cedar Rapids, all was fine. Interstate, fine. Once he reached Urbana though, not all was fine. With worn tires, and a shaking hand he took the exit and thus got off the interstate. Slipping and sliding he made it to town. By now it had been about an hour since he left. At home, we were all wondering what was taking so long. Back on the road he made it safely through town and out onto the road that in six miles would have him home. In town he saw people not even making it up their driveways, and he began to wonder about our's. Slowly and carefully he drove, on and on through the dark night, not sure of what would happen ahead. Little did he know what God had planned for that evening. He remembered the ditches around here. In some places they are almost a quarter mile straight down. On he went, thinking of how glad he'd be when he got home.

That's when it happened. His tires no longer gripped the road, he no longer had any steering, and he was sliding, sliding, sliding. Towards what, you may ask. Towards the ditch, I reply. Yes the ditch. It was now not far away. Closer it came, and now he realized he was not going home. Dear Lord, he began, but never finished. Off he went, down.....wait, he wasn't going down. He heard the bottom of the car catch on something and he twisted about 170 degrees. A flip was imminent every step of the way. But it never came, praise the Lord! There he sat, the car almost standing on it's head, but never flipping.

Now he had to go somewhere, but where? He had two options, back to Urbana to some friends there, or on to some friends ahead. He didn't know which was closer. So he set out for Urbana. Walking was slow, slipping was frequent. Forty minutes later he made it to our friends' house. Back at home we were praying and wondering what was taking so long. Mommy was pretty sure he was in a ditch. He had left at 4:30 and he still wasn't here at 6:30. Then we got the call. He said he was alright but the car was in the ditch. Would he get home? We weren't sure. Our friends have a four wheel drive pickup though and they drove him home. Safe at last. The only damage done was to his nerves, none to the car. We praise God for keeping Daddy safe!

Until next time I'm reporter Amy Cook here to bring you up to date on the latest news. ☺