

Angel sightings in Bancroft

To the Editor,

As children around Christmas, and often as a result at this time of year of practising for school concerts and church functions, the concept of angels became more prominent and in our minds. Many things would trigger this awareness.

Well, I wish to report my experience with a number of Angels who came into my life recently at a moment when I seriously needed. It seems that often we are somewhat remiss in communicating with them until we are in trouble or faced with an impossible situation.

To give a background for this report, I will try to be short with the story and long on the gratefulness and appreciation for the angels. They are the focus of this little story.

Coming up to my 70th birthday in a couple of days, having a stroke in the past year and a couple of surgeries, one gets used to running to the doctor, clinic, hospital, drug store and labs for something to keep the old 'engine running?'. Just another day. I woke early, got ready and headed for Bancroft from south on Highway 62 on a nice mild day as we are experiencing all this fall. Grateful for bare roads and not having to wear four layers of clothing to be comfortable.

About six or seven kilometres south of the Town, I hit a small bump in the road and immediately my right front wheel started to shake and rattle. Not travelling too fast anyway, I started to allow the car to slow down so I might pull over and see what was going on. Within a few seconds, there was a severe bang and I knew I had no front right wheel and needed to be prudent about stopping without creating a serious situation of danger. Slowed to a point and got the right front over into the gravel and the car off the road. I got out of the car and the reality of the situation was overwhelming. Since the stroke, when a number of challenges face me, I become 'foggy' in my decisions and ability to solve issues and problems. I did have the ability to understand that I did not have a cell phone, no one was around, I had no credit cards and the only way to even start toward solutions would be a tow truck. I did what I have done all my life since a child. I acknowledged my helplessness to a higher power; God, the universe or any other name you wish to this beautiful source of goodness.

In less than a minute, one of these northern (red) four-wheel drive half-ton trucks with big tires and strong country men came roaring south on the highway. The driver looked my way and immediately made a quick turn and was back at the car. A young, strong man got out and came to me. 'Are you OK?' was the first question. Indeed I was disoriented and the brain fuzzy and this angel took over? gently but with strength and commitment. He said, 'My wife knows the tow-truck people, I will call her?'. Probably less than half a minute and a tow truck was on the way. A company that I had seen in town a few times and in fact stopped in their little garage to talk about tires some months back up the street from the TD Bank.

The first angel did everything he could to find the wheel in the ditch, swamp and rocky area next to the car yet constantly asking if I was fine. We found nothing at all. I wanted this young man to get to work as he was planning but he would not leave until I was safely in the hands of other angels. He refused to leave until the tow truck arrived. In minutes Brinklows big truck backed up to the car. First words out of their mouth: 'Are you OK?'. I explained my situation and the event and was told to relax and they would take care of everything. Two young clear minded and compassionate angels who had everything under control.

I asked to stop at a garage on the south side of town to speak to a friend for a ride home in the afternoon. A young man that cuts my wood works at the tire shop. The tow-truck drivers/owners knew the people and suggested that they had mechanics that could fix the car. Done deal! I rode into town with the drivers to get some errands completed and visit the health lab and walked back to the garage. I expected a bill the size of buying a jetliner and at least three days of waiting. Done! Simple repairs and all complete! When told of the moderate bill, I asked the amount three times, somewhat in shock at the small amount. Just had to wait until I brought another wheel and the snow tires from home. The young employee (angel) offered to come get them at my home. The next day the car was ready and the young man at the garage arranged for his friend from high school who lives near me to pick me up and take me to the garage. A series of angel encounters which made what could have been a disastrous difficult situation into a few easy steps with zero stress. The entire event was orchestrated by angels and I just had to listen to the music.

One would have to be very convincing and have a very good rational story to ever lead me to a place in my heart and mind that Bancroft does not have angels roaming around helping and caring for the people. I know it! I experienced it? and am grateful. This Christmas season, just watch, be aware and open to their goodness. As a little tip, they sometimes come in work clothes, drive trucks and have rough and sometimes dirty hands as they are not afraid to take chances or go out of their way to make sure someone is OK and safe.

I don't even know their names! But I think they are fine with that. This was not about-them. It was about selfless caring and

commitment to bringing safety and peace on earth to another being in need.

Bless them all. I highly respect and honour these angels who might otherwise go unrecognized. Merry Christmas to all, including my angels!

Dan Davison