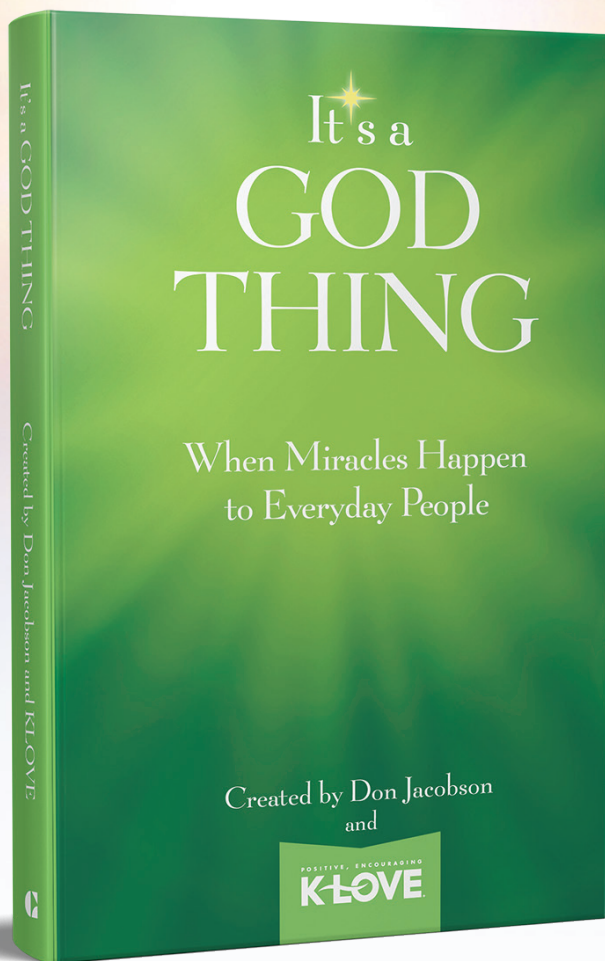


A GUIDEPOSTS EXCLUSIVE



Thrill to true stories of **ANGEL** encounters,
messages from **HEAVEN**, and
more modern-day **MIRACLES**.

READ ON FOR YOUR FREE EXCERPT ►►►

The Unlikely Ballerina

Lauri Khodabandehloo

Years before the professionals would diagnose her child with classic autism, Lauri had already figured it out.

Hugs did not last long from her daughter Farema, and shows of physical affection were rare and precious jewels.

Farema had to be moving from morning to bedtime. And so, on a windy October morning, Lauri suggested, “Let’s get dressed and go for a drive.”

Driving toward downtown, Lauri asked, “Hey, Freem, there’s the ice rink! Want to go watch the skaters just for fun?” A girl of few words, she just smiled back. That was enough.

The second Farema’s blades hit the ice, she was gone. Her mom was perched on a wooden bench behind huge plateglass windows when she saw it happen.

Within minutes Farema let go of the wall, carefully entering the flow of skaters who swept their way around the rink. Some were big, others small, but the size did not seem to determine whether they wobbled or glided, staggered or soared. Some other gravity was at work on them, and by the time she had finished one full circle of the rink, Farema sped up and moved in toward the center of the huge rink, where the more advanced skaters were practicing jumps and spins.

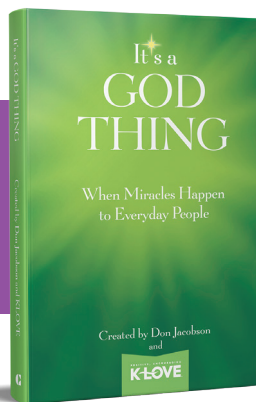
“I held my breath, transfixed by what I was seeing. The woman sitting behind me leaned forward to ask me whether

that young girl with the flowing hair was mine, and how long had she been skating to get that good,” said Lauri.

With tears falling down her cheeks, Lauri found it difficult to answer her, but eventually the words came out: “She just started.”

She felt a mysterious presence. The more Lauri watched, the more she could feel a presence, something mysterious yet tangible around her that she hadn’t felt when she first sat down. “I felt an overwhelming peace that filled my heart and soul with the knowledge that God could see this, too, that He was watching and protecting this child of mine—and His.”

From that day forward Farema became a fixture at the rink. She went on to compete and perform and make friends she would never forget. You’ll be delighted by the happiness and hope God gave Farema and her mother on that one spontaneous, dangerous, and unexpected Saturday morning.



Relive the entire heart-
warming story on page 35
of *It's a God Thing*.

The Man in the Suit

Jamie Schull

I was upside down in my car, which—after I had lost control of it on the road above—had come down the bank and was now lying on its roof in a river runoff area. The car had quickly filled with cold March water. As far as I could tell, I was trapped. I felt my heartbeat slowing down, and that's when I remember praying, **Jesus, either save me or take me now.**

Even though the water was painfully cold, I felt a sense of warmth and peace come over me after I prayed. I suddenly heard someone talking, felt some of the water escape, and saw light come in as the door opened. I saw a young man and an older man in a black suit. The young man stood on the bottom of my overturned car, reached down and in through the door, and pulled me up and out.

I felt someone next to me, wrapping a blanket around my shoulders. People asked whether I was hurt. I looked around again for the two men, but the old man in the suit was gone.

In the hospital, where I was treated for hypothermia, I found out later what had happened. The young guy who pulled me out convinced his dad to stop, made his way downhill, and climbed onto the bottom of my car to see if anyone was alive inside. He could not swim, but he managed to get the door open and pull me out. I asked the police officers, who had come to the scene, about the other man, the one in the suit. Who was he? Nobody else had seen the man, and I was left thankful but a little mystified.

The mystery got only deeper when I went to the impound lot to see if there was anything I could retrieve from the car. My doors were stuck, locked, and buried halfway up in silt and mud from the river bottom. The people at the lot had no idea how anyone could have opened the door by hand.

A year later I was visiting with my grandmother when she decided to get out some old photographs. For some reason I don't think I had ever seen a photo of my grandfather.

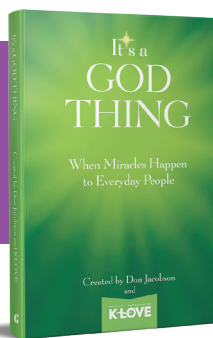
All I knew was that he had died of a heart attack when my father was fourteen years old. He was only thirty-eight when he died, and my dad had talked to me about him occasionally when I was a little girl. My grandmother pulled out a photo and handed it to me.

“Here he is in his army uniform when he was a young man.”

I was in shock. I did not remember ever having seen this—or any other pictures of my grandfather—but I recognized him instantly. He was the man in the suit who had been there on the day of my accident. There was no doubt about it in my mind.

I know that God showed Anthony my wreck and gave him the courage to save my life. I know he sent my grandpa to help. And I know that God kept me here because He was not done with me. Today, as a mother of five beautiful children, I know beyond any doubt the truth that lies within these wonderful words of Scripture:

“We know that God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to *His* purpose.” (Rom. 8:28 NASB)



You'll be delighted by Jamie's happy ending on page 190 in *It's a God Thing*.

ORDER TODAY!

Safely Home

—Joan Wester Anderson—

It was just past midnight on December 24, 1983. The Midwest was shivering through a record-breaking cold spell, complete with gale-force winds and frozen water pipes.

At that moment, Tim and his roommate Jim were driving home for Christmas. “Don’t worry, Mom, we’ll be fine!” Restlessly I paced and prayed in the familiar shorthand all mothers know:

God, send someone to help them. They had been traveling for only a few miles on a rural access road, when they noticed that the car’s engine seemed sluggish, lurching erratically. On the car radio, the announcer intoned, “*Do not venture outside tonight, friends. There’s a record wind chill of eighty below zero.*”

About a mile later, at the top of a small incline, the car crawled to a frozen stop.

There was no traffic, no refuge ahead, not even a farmhouse light blinking in the distance.

Tim and Jim were young and strong, but even if shelter were only a short distance away, they couldn’t survive.

The temperature would kill them in a matter of minutes. Tim tried starting the engine again, but the ignition key clicked hopelessly in the silence. Bone-chilling cold penetrated the car’s interior, and his feet were already growing numb.

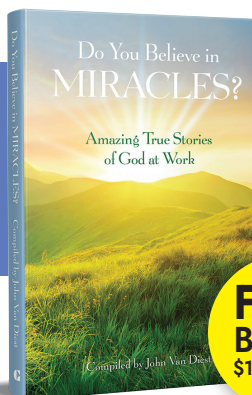
Well, God, he prayed, You’re the only one who can help us now. Then, as if they had already slipped into a dream,

they saw headlights flashing at the car's rear. But that was impossible. For they had seen no twin pinpricks of light in the distance, no hopeful approach. Where had the vehicle come from? Had they already died?

But no. For, miraculously, someone was knocking on the driver's side window. "Need to be pulled?" In disbelief they heard the muffled shout. But it was true. Their rescuer was driving a tow truck.

"Yes! Oh, yes, thanks!" Quickly, the two conferred as the driver, saying nothing more, drove around to the front of the car and attached chains. Before they knew it, they were being towed back through the familiar Fort Wayne neighborhood. As they pulled up to the most welcoming house they had ever encountered, Tim and Jim raced into the blessedly warm kitchen, safe at last.

The tow truck appeared out of nowhere to rescue Tim and his roommate, then it mysteriously vanished. But how?



Read the full story on
page 77 in your **FREE** book,
Do You Believe in Miracles?

**FREE
BOOK!**

**\$15.99 retail
value**