

Nose to Nose with a Bulldozer

Dale Crawshaw

It was a windy summer day on Miami Beach. On the ocean side of the fifteenth floor of a condominium under construction, a painter was singing merrily as he worked high above the glistening beach. Without warning, the plywood “base” of the multi-storied scaffold he stood on was lifted into the air by an unusually strong gust of wind.

Panic mode set in. Air-born, the terrified guy’s singing came to a screeching halt. **“Oh, Lordy!”** he shouted, frantically collapsing to his knees and grabbing on to each side of the board.

No question, he needed the Lord. The turbulent wind flipped the sheet of the plywood upside down with the petrified worker now dangling underneath his soaring platform. Holding on with a grip of iron he was in for the adventure of his lifetime.

The swirling wind, pushing its way around the condominium, propelled the “upside down genie” around the building in a matter of seconds. Spellbound, onlookers gathered on the sidewalks below to look and listen as the man sailed across six lanes of traffic toward the Intercoastal Waterway.

His shouts could be heard a quarter of a mile away. The stunned crowd was certain the flying plywood would soon plummet - sending the infrequent flyer to a gruesome death. The “Oh, Lordy” cries became even more urgent when the plywood took a turn downward, angling precariously toward the ground.

To onlookers’ astonishment, it never hit the ground! It landed smack in the middle of the Intercoastal Waterway, narrowly missing a large yacht cruising south.

A policeman friend was the first to arrive on the scene. “The guy was totally unharmed,” he told me, “except for bruised hands and fingers which had made actual impressions in the plywood. When I pulled him out of the water, he was grinning from ear to ear.

“I took him to the hospital for observation,” my officer friend continued. “All the way there he talked non-stop, saying, ‘The Lord saved me. The Lord saved me. It was His hand that saved me!’”

In this fallen, crazy world there are going to be plenty of opportunities for us to carefully think through our faith and react as Scripture instructs. There will be other times, though, when “the roof caves in” so quickly we can only plead, **“Oh, Lordy. Oh, Lordy. Save me!”**

In those times of the totally unexpected, it is imperative that we have a game plan. When we are nose-to-nose with a bulldozer-*an impossibility so impossible that even a miracle seems impossible*-we need to have **already** decided, “The Lord is my refuge and strength. I will not fear.”

The story of our infrequent flyer isn’t quite finished. My cop buddy was a committed Christian. He felt God have given him a ministry of encouragement to the man the newspapers called *“The Miracle Flyer.”*

“I checked in on the fellow regularly for several months,” the policeman recalled. “He knew Christ as his Savior but had drifted far out of fellowship with His Heavenly Father. That ordeal really jolted him. He rededicated his life to God and began working to save his marriage. Last I heard, he had enrolled in a Bible college to study for the ministry!”

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