

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY: MIRACLES DO STILL HAPPEN ~ To hear this story in Randy's own words, go to: <http://www.oasischristianchurch.com/medias/singlesermon/10191>; when opened, then click on Celebration Sunday. His testimony concerning this event was recorded in his home church, Oasis Christian Church in Las Vegas, shortly after the event described below. The following story is his mother's view of this miracle!

THE WILD RIDE; ANGEL IN CONTROL!

Date: Tuesday, April 10, 2012 -- **Time:** 7:30am. **Place:** Las Vegas, NV

Sitting in my recliner, coffee in hand, enjoying the sunlight streaming through the window, and reflecting on my family as I pray for God to watch over them, the phone suddenly rings; breaking the tranquility of the moment. I am jerked back to the reality of life by the second ring. Reaching for the phone; the third ring is cut short with my *Hello*.

Hi Mom, the voice replies.

I quickly shift into *alert mode* upon hearing my son's voice. Randy doesn't usually call me at this time of day and his voice sounds different—almost a subdued whisper, as he went on to say, *God is good mom. He is really good*; a long pause follows.

Yes, son, I answer. *He certainly is!* Meanwhile my mother's intuition kicks in—red flags are flying, and I quickly ask, *what's wrong? Is everybody okay? How's David?* I knew something was amiss; this was not the average phone call to say hi and catch up on family events.

Another pause, then Randy said, *Well, I just wanted to call and tell you what happened to me this morning driving to work before somebody else breaks the news. I know God talks to you all the time Mom and I thought I had better call and tell you myself about my accident before He did; knowing that you would be calling to find out what was going on.*

Momentarily a little giggle slips out at his train of thought regarding my relationship with God, then the shift back to reality. Heart in throat, pulse racing and questions coming to mind a mile a minute, I listen as Randy went on to say, *Mom, riding to work this morning on my motorcycle I was rear ended by a hit and run driver doing 65; I was doing 40.*

Tears fill my eyes, panic grips my heart as I choke out the words *are you okay son, are you all right? Oh Lord, what happened? Are you home? Are you in the hospital? Where are you? Where's Denise* (his wife)?

Here is the story of Randy's wild ride, the vision I saw, and the miracle we are still thanking God for—my son's life:

Randy was riding his motorcycle to work at 7:30 that Tuesday morning when he came to an intersection. The way was clear, so he rode through thinking, *wow, this is strange, I'm the only one on the road here—not one car in front, next or directly behind me, and this is usually a busy intersection.* Looking in the rear view mirror Randy did notice a car fast approaching from behind, but he didn't think too much about it. Checking the road ahead making sure all was clear, he started to check his rear mirror again when he was suddenly rear-ended. Whereupon the hit and run driver immediately fled the scene!

Randy was doing 40; the car that hit him was doing 65 miles an hour. Upon impact, Randy and his 1500 Gold wing took flight and flew in the air for 75 feet, before crashing back to the ground. They bounced, turned over several times, and Randy was violently thrown from his bike. He started flying face first down the road for the total length of a football field.

All I could say Mom when I went airborne was "God help me, God help me!" Upon the bike crashing back to the ground and in the midst of their tumbling end over end, Randy saw broken parts of his bike sail past him as they were both went sliding down the highway. Randy slid over 235 feet. Finally coming to a stop, realizing that he was still alive with seemingly minor injuries, Randy found himself saying over and over, *Thank You Jesus, Thank You Jesus, Thank You Jesus.*

Randy said he was thankful for having on his full mask as he slid a large distance on his face—belly down. Then mom got a quick lecture on how she needed to ride her motorcycle with a full face helmet and not the half one she used. Funny how our minds work in times like these isn't it?

Just before the impact, the driver of the car had been driving in such a radical manner that other drivers had been honking at him and trying to get him to pull over, so fortunately, someone had thought to write down his license plate and a policeman was soon on the scene. It was not known if the driver was drunk, on drugs or whatever, but all agreed that he was a danger on the streets. As Randy was the only vehicle on the highway at that point—one can only guess whether it was an accident or a deliberate hit and run?

The policeman raced to Randy's side. From the scene he has witnessed, he did not expect to find a survivor, but another automobile statistic. Imagine his surprise as he bent down to check Randy's pulse, to hear Randy ask if he would please call his boss and wife and was given their numbers. Randy was not moving as he didn't know the full extent of his injuries, but he was fully conscious and waiting for the ambulance to arrive.

Several witnesses were questioned later and they all came to the same conclusion as the policeman; they expected the rider to be dead. After the scene they had witnessed, it was hard to imagine that the rider could survive that kind of accident and still be alive. They too expected that he would be another automobile fatality, or have critical injuries; his life hanging in the balance.

Now I know that you are waiting to find out the extent of his injuries, but here comes the *vision part*—in the process of Randy telling me about the accident, I was silently thanking the Lord that my son and his wife, Denise, were actively serving the Lord and they both had a good relationship with Jesus. I was thanking God that he heard my daily prayers for protection over my family and his faithfulness to answer. As Randy finished the part about him sliding that distance, I caught my breath and said, *Oh my, oh my Randy, you weren't alone!*

What do you mean Mom that I wasn't alone? What did you see?

Oh son, I said, the Lord just showed me that you weren't alone, and he gave me this vision. I saw you flying in the air on your bike. I saw you fall to the ground still on the bike. I saw you bounce and I saw you violently flung from the bike. Then I saw an angel on his back sliding along on the ground below you. He had his arms out stretched and was reaching for you. You came down face first onto the full length of his body and he closed his arms around you and held you tight. The angel was taking the brunt of the ride and protecting you Randy. Although you still bounced off of him every so often; an arm here—a leg there—I knew the angel was in control and you would be kept safe in his care.

Twice I nearly crashed my motorcycle while riding with friends. They couldn't believe how I rode it through; and all they could do was watch and pray, but I knew it was Joe guiding the bike to safety, not me. Joe had taught us both to ride, so I asked Randy if he had sensed his Daddy's presence with him (Joe passed away in 2000). I felt that Joe had been with him from start to finish. Randy said at the time he wasn't sure. He just knew when he finally came to a stop and was still alive; he knew God had given him a miracle. When Becky, his older sister, shared his story with a friend, she said that his guardian angel was watching out for him. When I told Lorrie, Randy's younger sister, about it she thought the same thing; and that daddy was with him, but she didn't share it with me until later.

I love that we serve a God with a sense of humor for then I told Randy that I flashed back to the times as a small child; I'd seen him ride his sled down a snowy hill in Chemult, Oregon at Grandma's house. I giggled as the thought came that Randy wasn't snow sledding, but he was "*Angel sledding!*"

Oh Wow, mom, I can totally relate to that. I could have been so chewed up with sliding on the highway for that distance. In fact, I shouldn't be alive! Neither of us could deny that fact, nor could we deny that He was a walking miracle. We were both awed by the vision and by what had taken place. And

this is why I am sharing the story of *The Wild Ride; Angel in Control* on my web site. For to God belongs all the glory.

Oh yes, I didn't forget! You want to know about his injuries right? Are you ready to hear the miracle in its entirety? Here we go, hang on, for God is a faithful God and full of surprises.

When Randy got to the hospital, Denise, his wife, was there to meet him and upon examination of his body, the sum total of damages were: road rash on the lower part of his legs, a small hole in his calf that they glued back together and a broken right wrist—clean break and no surgery required. The doctor told him that for the next several days he would be very sore and he would discover aches, pains and various bruises throughout his body, but all in all, he was a *walking miracle*! Randy was sent home from the hospital three hours later along with his bottle of pain pills to keep him company.

Randy has suffered body pain from multiple bruises from head to legs and is still slowing healing, but he is alive and a walking miracle to the glory of His God and The Lord Jesus Christ. A mom's thanks to his guardian angel too!! Randy is healing nicely, but still discovering new sore spots from the bruises. He was able to go back to work Monday. His leg still swells if he is on it too much, but all in all, praises to the Lord, he is healing.

Without God's intervention that phone call could have broken this mother's heart. Instead it became a reason for worship and praise. Even though I know that God in his infinitely love, mercy, and grace gave my family a miracle, I still shake my head when I think back on that Tuesday phone call and what it could have been. I've marked it on my calendar—April 10, 2012—the Kee family miracle.

I am so thankful for the Lord we serve and for his heart of love toward his children. I am thankful that He does hear and answers our prayer in laying out protection for our children. Let's us not ever stop praying for our children and for each other. May Randy's story bless and encourage you, dear readers. We are a blessed people!

Update:

They did catch the man that hit Randy, but unfortunately it was several days later, so the police couldn't prove he had been drinking at the time of the accident. He filed a stolen car report, claiming that it was the car thief and not himself that rear-ended Randy. Did he forget that witnesses had seen him, followed him as they tried to pull him over? Therefore, that lie was quickly exposed. He is in jail now awaiting trial. He has several DUIs pending at this moment, so they believe he was under the influence when he hit Randy. We haven't heard if he was insured yet, but doubtful, but that is in God's hands. Please keep this young man in prayer. He needs the Lord Jesus Christ!

Yes, my son took the wildest ride of his life, B U T, his angel was in control!