

Letter 02b
Unseen Agencies
2012-02-26

Dear Dan,

Around the same time that I learned to pray, there were two incidents which occurred that, looking back, seems to have been failed attempts by the Enemy to take my life, or at least to really frighten me. I was about five, maybe six when these things happened.

The first thing I remember was this. I was with my mom while she was swimming at the Si View Park pool. We had gotten out of the pool, and after she dried and dressed me I went outside to play while she was changing.

The south fork of the Snoqualmie River bordered the park grounds. I went over to the sloping bank to look down at the river, which was about twenty feet below. Another kid walked up and stood by me and asked me if I wanted to go down the bank to the water's edge to see some coal. I said, "yes" and scrambled after him down close to the waters edge.

Then the other boy said "look here," and pointed at the ground a few feet in front of me. So I looked very intently to where he was pointing. While my attention was drawn to what I thought he was showing me, the boy shoved me from behind into the water.

Now, the water was very cold, since it was the fall, and the river was flowing not too slowly, but thankfully I had landed in water that was surrounded by big rocks and not too deep, otherwise I could have been swept downstream and over Snoqualmie Falls.

But I got up and out of the water, soaking wet, really cold and really mad, and scrambled up the bank as fast as I could so I could chase down and beat up the kid that lied to me and pushed me into the water. But he had too much of a head start, so by the time I got up some speed he was half way across the playing field, laughing as he ran. I made my way back to the warmth and safety of the Pool building and my mom.

The second attempt on my life was a little more effective. I was in the back seat of the four-door sedan my mom was driving going home from the store or something. It was my custom to stand up in the back floor well and look out over the back of the front seat on the passenger side. This was before mandatory seat belts and car seats. These days what I am about to describe could not have occurred so easily with the current safety rules.

My mom slowed down to make the right-hand turn onto the road to our house. Now, as most drivers should be aware, the centrifugal forces that happen during a turn shift from one side of the car to the opposite side just after the turn is made and the car begins moving in a straight line again. So it was that just as the g-forces had momentarily transferred to pushing the car to the right, or passenger's side, that the back door next to where I was standing flew open, and at the same time I flew out onto the pavement.

While the event was traumatic for mom and me, I was only scraped up in the face with some road rash. I was taken to the local hospital, cleaned and bandaged, and sent home.

But I remember my folks speculating how this could have occurred, and they thought it was because the door was not fully latched and that mom took the turn a little too fast. I knew differently because even at that young age I paid attention to detail and would have noticed if the door was ajar even a little. The door was fully closed. It was opened and I was lofted out by **some unseen agency**. But **another unseen agency** was there to make sure I did not suffer greater injury. Only enough to tell this true story.

Blessings...