

## Seven Fifteen '95



*The Author astride new 1994 Honda MAGNA  
Spring 1995*

Fifteen days into Seven,  
I wish I'd died and gone to Heaven.  
MAGNAfying the Lord that Day,  
God's sovereignty was coming my way.

Four wheels sent from Above.  
All the better to show God's Love  
And Power over the Evil one,  
And to glorify God's own Son.

The Jeep decided to cross the road  
To beat the on-coming traffic load.  
My bike and I were in the lead  
But to my presence he paid no heed.

Two wheels made the attempt  
At stopping short of getting bent.  
Failing that I head for the front  
Of the Wagon rig that bore no brunt.

A quick and agile move to the right  
Gave a chance of safe clearance in sight.  
Alas, NO! Front wheel met bumper,  
Giving this biker quite a thumper.

On the ground I laid not alone,  
But surrounded by God's very own  
Angelic hosts of warring might,  
Which demons flee at that awesome sight.

Sound of sirens marked the arrival  
Of Police and EMT's. Their tools of survival  
Brought to my side for their assistance.  
"Don't cut my jacket"! They disregarded my insistence.

Hoisted up on the Medic's tram  
I was carried into the Emergency Van.  
Two Med-techs prepared for the racing ride.  
I was strapped in; with them at my side.

My spirit sensed God's presence near,  
His Spirit put my faith in gear.  
With eyes closed and right hand raised  
Unto Heaven, God's glory praised;

"This Day is Blessed", I prayed aloud,  
Then resigned myself to the Medical crowd.  
I lowered my arm and went to sleep  
Praying the Lord "My soul to keep".

The first stop was at Overlake,  
Various X-ray pictures there to take,  
Determining the injury's full extent  
To my left leg, from hip to toe it went.

A pelvic fracture fix they could not do  
So I was sent to the Experts at Harborview.  
My good and faithful Wife waited in the lobby  
Of the emergency room for her injured Hubby.

With screws, steel plates and titanium pins  
My lower leg and knee were repaired therein.  
Six days later during surgery number three  
They performed the rest of the repairs above the knee.

In addition to all the broken bone  
Many nerves were severed, reducing muscle tone.  
Thus affecting the quality of walking stride,  
Not to mention my ability to ride.

Certain areas of my skin were also affected,  
The neuro-signals from input being rejected  
And no longer transmitted to the brain.  
Feelings such as hot, cold, pleasure or pain.

Then there's the issue of my body's regeneration  
And healing by means of muscle calcification.  
For this strange tissue turned to bone  
Surgery number four was supposed to atone.

But now... A Word from the **Great Physician**.  
He is the **Son of God**, not some two-bit magician.  
He created Heaven above and Earth below,  
His Kingdom and Body continue to grow.

Now, Hear what the **Lord God** has to say..  
His Glory and Power revealed tHis Way:

**"I will** remove the screws, metal rods and plates.  
**I will** mend the bones and do whatever it takes  
To make your body as good as new,"  
(An even better job than performed at Harborview).

**"I will** heal the damaged nerves in a flash,  
And replace the muscle removed by the slash  
Of the scalpel used in surgery four,  
The calcified tissue will appear no more."

**"I will** erase the scars for a living testimony  
Of My Love for God's Medical Community.  
By this means I will reveal the Son of God,  
As a Witness for those that walk Earth's sod."

"And not to mention moving loads of cash  
Into My servant's private stash  
From the offending party's insurance loot,  
Just another way to show God's Son Absolute."

"Oh, and just in case you think I'm gonna wait  
To perform this miracle on the Resurrection Date,  
You can rest; assured that I'm in the mood  
Now! To fully heal this biker dude."

"And one more thing I have to say.  
Before My Father this I pray.  
A promise I Here and Now sustain.  
My servant shall ride, and never be hit again."

"Amen."

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