

# MIRACLES

**“Originally, the Miracle stories were going to be included on the Prayer Request Page. But, we see such a great opportunity to receive a large number of your Miracles that we felt the subject deserved its own page. Send us your personal Miracles and we will publish them here, for others to share and enjoy! They must meet our standards – which includes no last names or invasion of anyone’s privacy. We have no way of verifying the truth to your stories; we must depend on you to be honest. God Bless – and always remember, Miracles Happen Every Day!”**

**Send your Miracles to: [miracles@realestateagentsarepeople2.com](mailto:miracles@realestateagentsarepeople2.com)**

## **I DO BELIEVE IN MIRACLES!**

I have personally witnessed several Miracles in my life. At the time, I did not think of them as Miracles, simply fate. I now know otherwise – there is too much of a coincidence to just have been fate. Writing about one such incident, now, brings it all back vividly.

When I was in my latter teen years, I was on a family vacation in Delaware. We decided to spend the day at the beach, so we headed to the coast for swimming and relaxing. Unknown to any of us, there was a storm off shore causing the ocean to swell and the undercurrents to become very dangerous. Having grown up on the Gulf Coast, my family loved riding the waves – body surfing with enthusiasm. So, we were undaunted by the big waves that day and all of my siblings and I played in the water for a long time. I’d finally had enough and was headed back to our blanket on the beach when my mother came to the water’s edge and stopped me. She wanted to swim but didn’t want to go in alone. I was exhausted, but agreed to go back out into the water with her. One minute I was standing in calf deep water, the next I was floating out so far from the beach that

everyone looked incredibly small. I saw my mother running up and down the shoreline searching frantically for me and I saw my father standing at the edge of the water shading his eyes and looking out towards me. I was extremely frightened and tried to swim to shore, but the current (what we now know as a riptide) was pushing me towards an outcropping of jagged rocks further down the beach. I knew I was going to be smashed against them, if I didn't drown first! I could see the Lifeguard standing on his platform, waving his red flag at me and blowing his whistle. I tried to tread water, but after struggling with the riptide, I was exhausted. Just at the point where I was about to give up and just sink, I heard a voice beside me asking if I needed help! I looked at this young man who had come out of nowhere and told him bluntly that I thought I was drowning! This stranger smiled at me, told me he would get me back into shore, grabbed my arm and started towing me back to the beach. He was incredibly strong – he had a short military style haircut (unusual in those days of long haired men) and he made it seem easy, towing me back to shore. My rescuer handed me over to my frightened parents once we hit the beach and with a smile to us all, he walked towards an older couple that had been sitting behind my family's beach blanket. My father carried me to our blanket and he and my mother checked me over thoroughly to be sure I was alright. Satisfying themselves that I hadn't swallowed most of the ocean, my mother told my father to go thank the young man who had saved me. Dad turned towards the place where the young man and the older couple had been just minutes before, but there was no one there! You must understand, the parking lot for this section of the beach was very visible from where we sat – and quite a walk away across the sand. There was no way the older couple could have walked that far in just a few minutes. And there was no sign of anyone having sat on the sand behind us. My father looked at my mother with a question in his eyes and she said, "That must have been Deborah's Angel!" I can remember every detail of my struggle in the water, the feeling of total defeat as I was about to give up and just sink, and the calm of the young man who appeared and saved me. So you see, I have reason to believe in Miracles!

Please send your Miracles to me at: [miracles@realestateagentsarepeople2.com](mailto:miracles@realestateagentsarepeople2.com)