

ADVENTIST Review

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AnchorPoints

Churches Observed

What do people see when they visit *your* church?

Inside: KidsView

Guardian Angels in 3Com Park

A few years ago my twin brother and I decided to celebrate our birthday by attending a San Francisco 49ers football game in 3Com Park in San Francisco. However, there was one problem: getting tickets. Forty-niners games are sold out well in advance. Then I remembered that the parents of a student I had tutored in algebra bought four season tickets every year. Fortunately, I was able to purchase two of them for that day.

We set out early Sunday morning from Sacramento for the 100-mile drive in my 1998 Chevrolet Metro, and arrived at the park at approximately 9:00 a.m. This gave us plenty of time to find a parking space and relax before the game.

It was a beautiful, warm autumn day with a bright cloudless sky and little wind. We enjoyed watching all the people arrive, visiting with our neighbors, and generally entering into the ambience of the festive occasion along with some 60,000 other fans. After we finished our lunch, we entered the stadium.

It was an exciting game, and the outcome was uncertain up to the last moment, when the 49ers scored to win the game with only seconds left. It's quite an emotional—and weird!—experience to be yelling at the top of your voice, yet because of the tremendous roar of the crowd not to be able to hear your own voice.

We knew there would be a mad rush of people to the exits, and we wanted to get a head start, so we left our seats before the last play and headed down the ramps and into the parking lot. But our hopes of an early exit were dashed.

When we returned to the car after the game and I turned the ignition key to start the car, there was no response. I was sure that the trouble wasn't a dead battery. I guessed from previous experience that the ignition wire under the dash was probably loose again. Sure enough, when I checked with a flashlight, there was a dangling wire. We tried our best to find the proper connection but were unsuccessful. What were we to do? It was Sunday afternoon, and all the garages were

closed. Even if we called AAA, where could they tow us?

I started looking around for help, and to my surprise I saw a tow truck nearby. As it turned out, this was one of several tow trucks stationed around the parking lot for emergencies

such as dead batteries or keys locked in cars. I walked over to the truck and spoke to the driver about my problem. He told me that he had limited mechanical ability, but he was willing to try and help. I returned to my car, and soon the tow truck arrived and parked in front of my car. The driver proceeded to look under my dash, but couldn't find where the wire connected.

While we were talking, one of the 60,000 persons in the parking lot approached and informed the truck driver that he had a dead bat-

ttery and needed help. I happened to mention to the stranger that I had a loose ignition wire and didn't know where it connected. To my great surprise and joy he responded quickly with, "Hey, I think I can fix that." He came over to my car, dived under the dash, and in about two seconds emerged with a smile. I turned the key, and the engine roared to life. Wow! What a relief. No more visions of calling AAA and facing the prospect of closed garages and a long night in a sleazy hotel room. Naturally I was curious as to how he knew where to connect the wire, so I asked him, "How did you know where to connect that wire?"

"Oh," he said. "I ought to know. I own a Chevrolet garage."

Imagine! Out of 60,000 strangers the one person who could help me had a dead battery and came right to my car. Perfect timing like that convinces me that my guardian angel was on duty that day at 3Com Park.

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John McConnell, a retired academy science teacher, writes from Citrus Heights, California.

