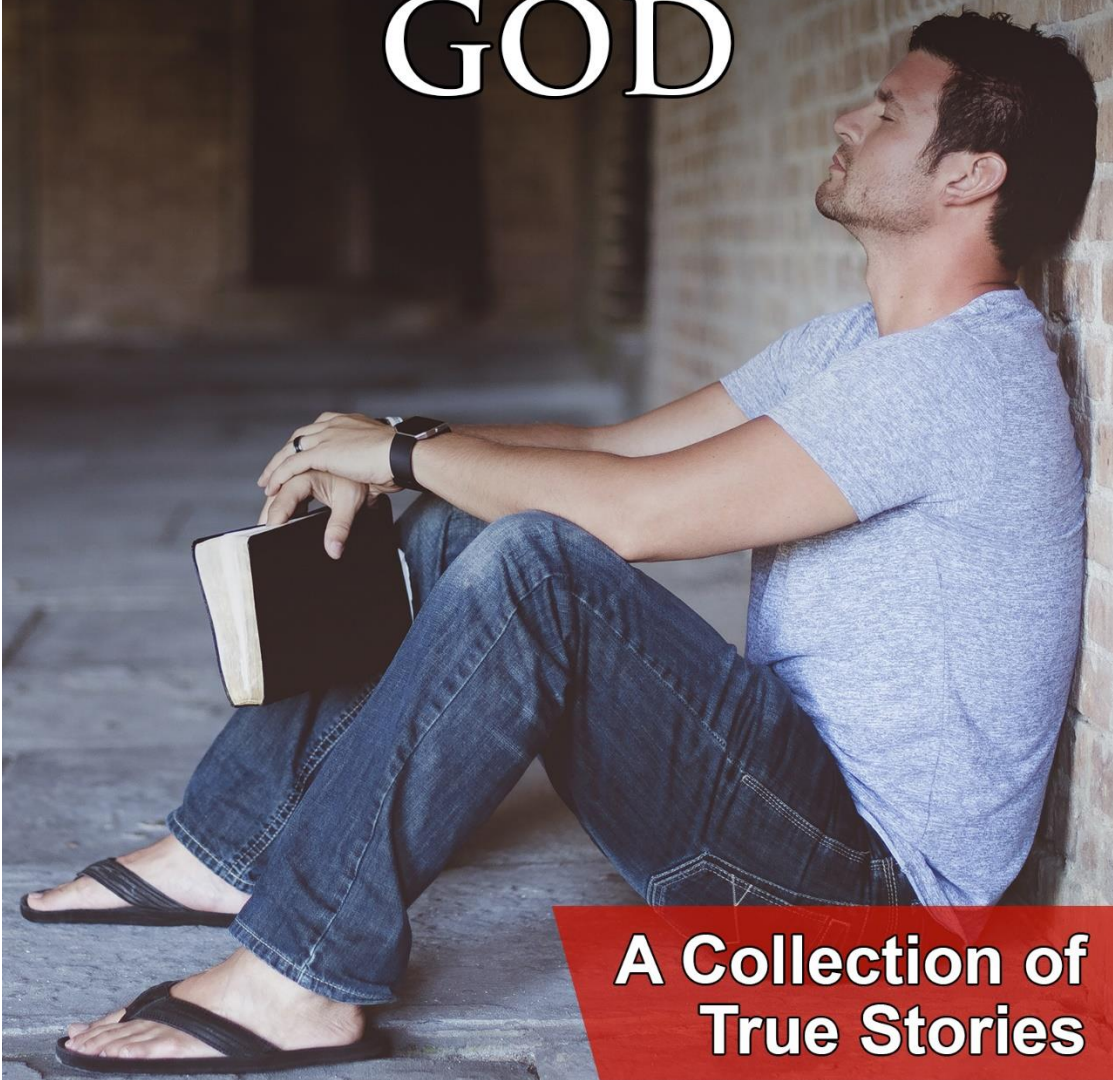


YOU CAN'T GO WRONG TRUSTING GOD



**A Collection of
True Stories**

NICK NICHOLS

Free Promotional Copy

You Can't Go Wrong Trusting God

by Nick Nichols

(This is an Amazon Kindle Short Read Book.)

Link to Nick's Author Page:

[Author Page](#)

Contact Nick: [Contact Form](#)

If you've been blessed by these stories, then please pass this PDF on to friends and relatives to bless them too. :) God bless you! --Nick

Dedication

I dedicate this book to the Lord Jesus Christ who makes all things new!...and who made my life profoundly new on February 7, 1971. Without Jesus there would be absolutely no stories to tell.

“For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.”--John 3:16 (NIV)

I also dedicate this book to our adult children Holly, Heather, Christian, Brittany and our three unborn children in heaven, Jonathan, Jessie, and Jordan.

Lastly, this book is dedicated to Barb, my lovely wife of forty-four years, without whom the reader would have a more difficult time understanding what I wrote. God knew best and married me to a live-in grammarian who rescued me from dangling participles, split infinitives, comma splices and the dreaded squinting modifiers!

Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Do Angels Drive Mercedes?](#)

[The Hitchhiker and Two Eggs](#)

[One Attack Dog, One Prayer, One Harmonica](#)

[Toilet Paper from Heaven](#)

[Donuts and Auto Parts](#)

[Parking-Pit in Mexico](#)

[Brakes & Grace](#)

[New Bride—New “Hamster”](#)

['Twas the Night Before Christmas—And No Presents](#)

[Phil-Bill’s Hungry Prayer](#)

[Sold Our Home on the R-A-D-I-O](#)

[Do You Have a Book in You? | Resources](#)

[Sign up for Nick Nichols' Mailing List](#)

[Also, by Nick Nichols](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Copyright](#)

Do Angels Drive Mercedes?



Sitting in my car in the trashy alley by the river in Pittsburgh, I was completely lost. I had driven through so much new construction that my map was worthless. The waning rays of day cast shadows through the large bridge I was sitting under making the area look even more hostile and not a place to be caught alone in the dark. Sighing, I thought, “I’ll never make it to the seminar. At least not on time, and I hate being late!”

It started the week before when I heard about a seminar on the struggling church in China being held at a church in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Everything seemed to be at the last minute: discovering the seminar, calling the last day of enrolment and getting permission to leave work early on short notice. But the Lord had placed China in my heart, and I really wanted to attend that seminar. Time wise, getting there was going to be tight since I was driving from Columbus, Ohio.

Now there I sat at 6:45 p.m. with the seminar starting in fifteen minutes. I prayed, “Lord, I am lost, and I really don’t want to be late. Please help me to find my way to the church. In the name of Jesus, Amen.” Just then a Mercedes pulled out of a side street right in front of me, and I had this sudden strong urge to follow the car. It turned left out of the alley, and I turned left following. We went down the road, turned right, cut through another alley, turning left onto the main road. We passed through a four-way stop, turned right and followed a short detour of orange signs. We made more turns through some construction and came to a traffic light turning yellow.

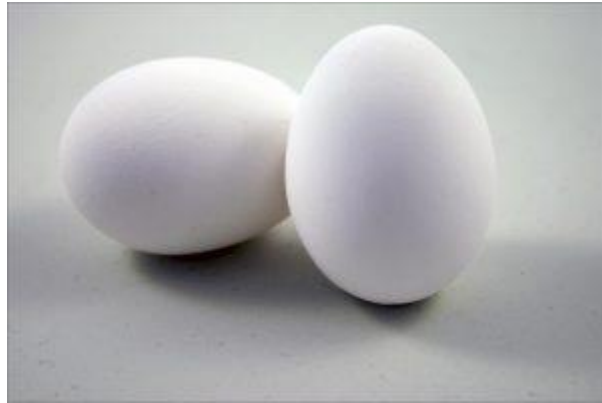
We slowed to a stop, but just before the light turned red, the Mercedes took off straight through the intersection leaving me stuck at the red light. As I watched it disappear into the traffic, I looked at my watch . . . Three minutes to go. I thought, “Have I been stupid?” The light turned green, and as I was passing through the intersection, I noticed a church on my right. It was THE church with the entrance to the parking lot right in front of me! I parked, went in, sat down, looked at my watch, one minute till seven! The speaker stood up and said, “Let’s get started.”

To be honest, I didn't hear the first few minutes of his talk. I was sitting there marveling at what had transpired in the last fifteen minutes. I wondered, "Do angels drive Mercedes?" Then my mind passed from that thought to a Scripture I had read long ago. In Psalms 22:5 it says, "*They called to You and escaped from danger; they trusted You and were not disappointed.*" (GNT)

I trusted, and I was not disappointed.

You can't go wrong trusting God!

The Hitchhiker and Two Eggs



The only food we had was a dozen eggs. The hungry hitchhiker ate ten of the eggs, leaving us with two. That left my wife and me with one egg each. Earlier that week on Thursday evening, we'd received a call from a friend who lived several hours away saying she and her husband were having some terrible marriage problems! She wanted to know if we could come down and spend time talking with them.

My wife and I had just returned from living in Canada, purchased our first mobile home, I had enrolled in our local state university, and my wife had gotten a job all in our first week back from Canada. All that activity left us with zero dollars!! So when our friend called, we wanted to help but had no money for gas to go see them. I prayed, "Lord, if you want us to go help them, then you'll need to provide some money for gas."

Friday, the next day, to my surprise I received a check in the mail for ten dollars from the IRS. It had been sent to my previous New York college address; they eventually forwarded it to my parents, who sent it to my college address in Canada, where it got lost by the school, and didn't get found until I was long gone from Canada, and I received it at our new address eight months later! The money was late, but right on time to go help our friends! Back then, ten dollars bought enough gas to drive down to our friends and back with no problem.

With a tank full of gas, we drove down that evening, spending the night with our friends and discussing their problem. We spent Friday evening and most of Saturday listening and praying with them and then on Saturday evening we said our goodbyes. On our way back to our home, we picked up three hitchhikers since, in our old Ford van, we had plenty of room. Later, I saw another hitchhiker and told him to jump in as well. After an hour, the first three had gotten to where they wanted to go, so I dropped them off on the side of the road, leaving us with the lone hitchhiker.

In answer to the question of where the hitchhiker was planning to go, he said, "I'm headed out West and thought I would find a place to sleep in the weeds off the road on the west side of town." I told him we lived on the west side of town, and he could stay overnight with us, and then in the morning on my way to school, I could drop him off at the highway. He said, "That sounds great to me if you don't mind, and it sure beats the weeds!!" As we drove in the dark, we shared with him about the Lord and His work in our lives and how Jesus had set us free and given us peace in our hearts. We got home very late, and we all went straight to bed—his bed being a weed-free couch in our little living room.

My wife left early in the morning for work. When the hitchhiker and I got moving, I asked him if he'd like some eggs for breakfast. (Since that was the only food we had!) "Sounds GREAT!" he said. He was a hungry dude and ate ten of our twelve eggs, unknowingly leaving my wife and me with two eggs to share for a later meal. Our current food supply had been a continual urgent matter of prayer. We would continue to trust the Lord for our food even though we only had two eggs. I started thinking of ways to enjoy our last two eggs. I was thinking about hard boiling them, cutting them in half and laying the two halves yolk-side down on each plate. On the one half, I was going to push in a birthday-type candle and on the second half paint a smiley face with food coloring. I planned on surrounding them with wildflowers from out back by the railroad tracks behind our mobile home and enjoy our two remaining eggs by candlelight.

Later that day, my wife came home all excited saying, "I got my first check!! I got my first check!!" We went to the grocery store and had a nice supper. But part of me thought that the university where she was now working would have held back her first two weeks' of pay and so she wouldn't be paid till the end of her fourth week. No matter, we were happy to have the money and some food to eat. While eating, though, she said, "I think they made a mistake on my check and overpaid me."

The next day she went in and spoke with the payroll department about her check error. The lady there said, "There is no error on the check, but **HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET YOUR CHECK??**" She continued, "You're a new instructor, and we hold back your first two weeks' of pay. I'll have to look into this." Turns out, that my wife's check had somehow accidentally gotten mixed up with the janitor's checks and was handed out to her two weeks ahead of time! When we had no money and only two eggs, the Lord blessed us with an early payday . . . Knowing our needs and going before us to provide exactly what we needed exactly when we needed it!

"So don't worry about these things, saying, 'What will we eat? What will we drink? What will we wear?' These things dominate the thoughts of unbelievers, but your heavenly Father already knows all your needs. Seek the Kingdom of God above all else, and live righteously, and he will give you everything you need." -Matthew 6:31-33 (NLT)

One Attack Dog, One Prayer, One Harmonica



Cutting through a wooded alley on the way home from high school, I saw a German Shepard about fifty feet away. He was half grown and was watching me. I love critters of all kinds--dogs, cats, raccoons, snakes--you name it, and I liked them. Not being sure if the dog was friendly, I thought I would use the nice guy approach, so stooping a bit and patting my knees, I said, "Come here boy!!" He put his head down and came straight to me.

As I reached out to pet him, he suddenly growled and grabbed my leg just above the knee. He didn't just bite and run like most dogs; he stayed there gnawing on my leg. By the time I beat him off, he had torn my pants, and I was pretty bloody! I had been chewed on before by a lot of animals trying to catch them for fun, but this time it was pretty painful. I remember thinking that I was glad he wasn't a full-grown adult, or things could have been much worse!

Now fast forward about twenty years later, and my wife and I and three little kids are in the early stages of our three-month, three-country, and 15,100-mile road trip in an old VW camper van. During that trip, one of the things we enjoyed was showing up on the steps of old friends and surprising them. On this stop, we were around Albany, New York, and were stopping in to see the parents of a college friend.

We pulled onto their property, parking under an ancient old tree for shade. Their place used to be part of a large farm but now consisted of only a house and barn. Not seeing any other cars around, I told my wife I would go and see if anyone was home. Jumping out of the van, I walked over to the back door and knocked. That's when I heard a familiar sound, the growling of a German Shepard! He was a full-grown adult about a hundred feet away. He looked and acted like a trained attack dog! I pounded on the door more, and he put his ears back and started growling, barking, baring his teeth, and moving in closer. Memories flooded my mind of being attacked in the alley as a kid.

I looked back at the van and my wife and figured a plump guy like me couldn't run fast enough back to the van before he would get me. There was a lawn chair near me but fighting him off with that while trying to get back to the van didn't seem promising. And there was nothing near me to climb up. I had the keys, so my wife couldn't drive the van to me. I started praying, "Lord, I'm in trouble, please help me in Jesus name, Amen!!"

As soon as I said, "Amen," this thought from the Holy Spirit entered my mind, "Quick, take the harmonica out of your shirt pocket and play it!" The attack dog started moving in; I jammed the harmonica in my mouth and started banging out a loud rendition of, "When the Roll is Called up Yonder." The Shepard stopped, dropped his ears, turned, and sauntered back into the barn. I didn't know if someone in the family there played the harmonica, and he thought I was that person or that my playing was so bad he couldn't take it and went back into the barn!

Either way, I played my harmonica all the way back to the van, jumped in, and shouted, "Thank you, Jesus!!" And I meant it with all my heart! Later, I spoke with our college friend about stopping by to see her parents.

The first thing she asked was, "How did you get past the retired police dog!?" I chuckled, told her the story, and while she shook her head in amazement, I once again thanked Jesus for rescuing me!

"Trust in the LORD with all your heart, and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will make your paths straight." -Proverbs 3:5,6 (BSB)

Toilet Paper from Heaven



My wife stood in the store debating. Should she buy the white tissue paper she used for stuffing gift bag presents or not? With nearly all of our money now going to our twin daughter's college education, even little money decisions had become a big deal. She prayed about it and decided that she could get by without it for now. A few days later, she was going through a bag my uncle had given us of things he didn't want to take with him when he moved to Florida. In the bottom of the bag, she found two brand new, unopened packages of white tissue paper used for stuffing gift bag presents. She thought to herself, "God has provided again!"

While telling me about the tissue paper, my wife started to get real quiet, and with a smile and a tear in her eye, she said, "Remember the toilet paper prayer?" My mind thought back; how could I ever forget the toilet paper prayer. Many years ago I had a business go under, and I was forced against my will into bankruptcy. We lost everything except for some basic necessities and an old car. Life for our four children and us had become very difficult. But the Lord was faithful despite my business error and provided us with food, clothing, and a place to live while I was trying to find a job.

Incredibly, soon after, I received a job offer from my former boss who had employed me six years earlier, but I would have to start at an entry-level salary, which was about half of what I was making when I left the job. Now that we again had an income, and since we had lost our house, we needed to find a place that would rent to a family of six. My wife called more than 150 apartments in our large city and only found two apartments that we could afford that would accept a family of six. We rented a townhouse and moved in. The rent was high, and money was extremely tight. As we were adjusting to our new budget, there was one thing that constantly gnawed at my wife—just a little thing, and a little bit private.

She was bothered about how much toilet paper the six of us were using and the cost of buying it. So, one evening, not having a clue how in the world God could answer this, she prayed. "Lord, I know this is a little thing, but could you please provide us with a cheap source of toilet paper?"

Unbelievably, a short time later my father called and asked if we wanted some extra toilet paper! My wife couldn't believe her ears, and barely managed to say, "Of course!" The school where he was working as head custodian had decided to switch from using the little squares of toilet paper to the giant rolls that are now found in most public restrooms. He had to change all the toilet paper dispensers in the whole school. The administrator told him to get rid of the toilet paper squares.

He thought it would be a real shame to throw them in the recycling bin, so he decided to use them and give us a case of toilet paper whenever we needed one. Well, we used those squares for about four years! By the time he ran out of the cases at the school, my income had improved sufficiently that buying toilet paper was no longer an issue. My wife had prayed, and the Lord had provided! To us, it was indeed toilet paper from heaven!

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you." -I Peter 5:7 (KJV)

Donuts and Auto Parts



"May I help you," the young man said as he walked toward us with his elderly Grandmother in tow on his arm. Our VW Camper Bus was sitting in a small grocery store parking lot on the outskirts Bakersfield, California. The motor's generator had died, and our last battery jump had gotten us to this place. We had been standing beside the van praying about what to do next.

My wife and I with three toddlers had just driven 12,000 miles through the United States and Mexico with 3,000 miles to go through Canada back to home in Columbus, Ohio. The young man continued, "Do you need to have that thing fixed? If so, you're in luck, right around the corner is the best VW shop in town." After finishing the directions, the van barely started, and we limped our way around the corner to the repair shop.

The van had developed two problems during the trip, the generator dying and our master brake cylinder had started leaking pretty badly. I had to pour brake fluid in every time we stopped, and I was very concerned that we could lose our brakes in the mountains and not be able to stop.

It was Saturday, and the shop was only going to be open about three more hours. That should have been plenty of time to install a generator and rebuild a master brake cylinder. But there was a problem. Our VW Camper Van was nearly 20 years old, and they had a hard time locating a generator. Finally, they found the only parts shop in town that carried that old of a generator. They only had one left. That was the good news; the bad news was for our master brake cylinder, nobody in town had a new one, or a used one, or even a rebuild-it kit!

By this time it was an hour until the shop closed and we decided to take a walk and pray about the problem while they installed the generator. As my wife and I walked hand in hand, with our kids trailing, I prayed, "Dear Lord, I'm really worried about our brakes. If they would go out on the highway or in the mountains, we could be killed. Please solve this problem for us. In Jesus name, Amen."

About that time we were walking past a little donut shop. It looked like a house that someone had converted into a store. The kids were hungry, so we went in to buy some donuts and head back to the repair shop. While the kids were pointing and wanting every donut in the house, I noticed some old glass cases off to the side.

Out of curiosity, I walked over and looked into a dusty old case. Apparently, they used to sell auto parts as well as donuts! Then my eyes landed on something familiar. It looked like a gasket kit with the word VW in small print. The rest of the package was too dirty to read. I called the owner over, and she unlocked the case and handed it to me. I cleaned off the dirt, and it was a master brake cylinder rebuild-it kit for the exact same make, model and year as our van! I was amazed!

Heading back to the repair shop with our brake parts we were praising the Lord for hearing and answering our prayer.

We were all happy.

My wife and I were full of joy, and the kids were full of donuts.

“For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways,” declares the Lord.

“You will go out in joy and be led forth in peace...” -Isaiah 55:8,12 (NIV)

Parking-Pit in Mexico



That evening I learned that God not only had parted the Red Sea, but He could also part a crowd of people. Nobody had been run over, and I was safe on the other side. I was so grateful to the Lord. But I didn't understand the shocked look on my wife's face!!

Our day had started in Mexico City. My wife and I learned about a small town southwest of the city called Taxco, which was famous for its silver artisans. Since we would be driving south to Oaxaca, with Taxco being somewhat on the way, we decided to stop and do some shopping.

After arriving in this quaint little village situated on the side of a mountain, we discovered Taxco was so crowded with tourists and locals that it was difficult to find a place to park. Eventually, we found a rather unusual location. It was a square pit about fifty feet deep with one single steep lane to get in and out of the parking-pit. Other cars were parked down there, so I cautiously drove our van down.

Our van was packed inside and loaded on top. My wife and I with our three kids were on a three-month road trip in a twenty-year-old VW camper van. We had so much luggage on top of the van that back in the States at Niagara Falls, I had managed to get our van sandwiched between the ceiling and floor in a parking garage. We couldn't budge until I unloaded some folding chairs off the top. Being so loaded had me pretty concerned about our brakes giving out as I drove us down the steep drive into the parking-pit.

After I got the van parked and secured, we went shopping. Taxco was a beautiful town with narrow, twisting cobblestone streets and homes with white stucco walls and red tiled roofs. The old colonial town's main plaza had multiple silver shops in any direction one looked. There were people everywhere, and the atmosphere was one of gala-enterprise. We had a great time! The locals were very friendly, and the silver work was excellent and cheap! We were enjoying ourselves so much that we stayed a little longer than we should have, and it was beginning to get dark.

Surprisingly, as dusk set in, the activity in the plaza increased. Even more people began to come out after dinner to enjoy the evening. It was so hard to leave, but we had business in Oaxaca the following day and had to go. We worked our way through the crowds in the plaza back to our van. While walking down the steep drive, I didn't say anything to my wife, but I began having doubts about our van being able to make it back up out of the parking-pit.

After paying the parking attendant, we all piled into the van, and I started the old engine. Sometimes it took a few tries, but this time the engine turned right over, coughed, belched some blue smoke and then we started up the steep drive. About a third of the way up, the strain was too much; the engine died, and we rolled backward down the drive to where I had started. This time I gave it more gas and hit the drive faster. That took us about two-thirds of the way up before the engine conked out. We again rolled back to start.

I had my wife and kids get out to lighten the load, then I revved up the engine and hit the steep drive going as fast as I could. The van sounded like it was going to blow. Just as I made it to the top of the drive, I slammed on my brakes; there were too many people in the way, and I knew I couldn't drive up onto the level street without hitting someone. Then the van died, and I rolled back down to where my family was standing.

Now, my wife was looking worried. Our three young children thought it was great fun watching their Poppy drive up and down, and up and down. I told my wife that she would have to go up on the street and stop the people at the top of the drive so I could get out without running over anybody. By this time it was dark, and the street lights threw an eerie cast of dancing shadows over us and the pit. Reluctantly, my wife said she would try to stop the crowd, and when it was clear, she would signal me with a wave of her hand.

I prayed, "Lord, somehow please help me get out of this pit without killing anyone." It was a simple prayer from the bottom of my heart; then up went my wife with the kids in tow. I sat at the bottom of the drive revving my engine and waiting. It seemed like it was taking her forever--then I saw it, her signal. I hit the gas. The engine was straining, but I was flying up that drive like a speeding bullet! With one big bump, I crested the drive and stopped right in the middle of the level street.

Praise the Lord! I hadn't run over anybody! My wife came running over with an awful look on her face and yelled, "Why did you come up!!?? I didn't signal you!!!" Stunned, I said in disbelief, "But I saw you signal me!" Then I noticed standing behind her was a large crowd of people about twenty feet from the van looking at us. I turned and looked out the opposite window and saw another large crowd of people about twenty feet from the van also staring at us. There was an empty zone, void of people on both sides of the van.

I suddenly realized the Lord had just performed a miracle!! For Moses, God had parted the waters; for us, He had parted the people! No one was hurt. I was profoundly amazed. My wife was relieved. And the kids wanted to see Poppy do it again!

“Then Moses stretched out his hand over the sea, and all that night the LORD drove the sea back with a strong east wind and turned it into dry land. The waters were divided, and the Israelites went through the sea on dry ground, with a wall of water on their right and on their left.” --Exodus 14:21,22 (NIV)

PS: This is my wife’s comment after editing this story: “Yep!!! Truly amazing to this very day!! Some things can ONLY be explained by God.”

Brakes & Grace



“Poppy,” my youngest daughter said, “my brakes make this terrible grinding sound when I step on them!” She was calling from her college in Nyack, New York, and I was in Columbus, Ohio. There wasn’t much I could do but tell her to take her car to the nearest car repair shop as soon as possible. A bit later she called, “Poppy, I made it to the repair shop, but now I can’t even get my car to move forward or backward . . . and neither can the repair guy!”

After looking at the brakes, the repair guy told me, “Your daughter is very, very, lucky this didn’t happen while she was driving. The brake pad backing had somehow turned and dug into the caliper and rotor and jammed the wheel to keep it from turning. The wheel has mechanically frozen in place. Had that happened while she was driving, she could have had a very serious accident!”

Grateful the Lord had kept her safe brought back vivid memories of the Lord keeping me safe one time when my brakes went out at 55 mph! I was getting ready to head off for my second year of college and had been praying for a car. Not having much money as a college student, it needed to be cheap! One day my uncle stopped by and said he was buying a new car, and I could have his old one. Well, FREE trumps cheap! I said, “Thank you very much!!” Another Praise the Lord, and I had a car for college. Now, this was a long time ago, and the car was a 1963 Mercury Comet, a big heavy boat of a car with tail fins over the tail lights.

About a month after I got up to my college in Nyack, New York, located near the Hudson River, I noticed my front brakes making some noise. One morning I jacked my car up in the school parking lot and pulled off the wheel and drum to look at the drum brakes. (Cars didn’t have disk brakes back then.) The two curved brake shoes had ground down to the metal, which explained all the noise I heard when I hit my brakes. Being somewhat new to working on cars, I had never changed my brakes before, and drum brakes had springs and clips that made them more difficult to replace.

Again as a poor student, I couldn't afford to pay for a brake job, but I could afford brake shoes, and I figured there was no better time than the present to learn how to change them! So, after putting my wheel back together, I drove downtown and purchased some new brake shoes, drove back to the school parking lot, jacked my car up again and proceeded to change my brakes. When I had the new brake shoes in place, a professor walked by, stopped, looked down, studied my brakes, and said, "You have the brake shoes in backwards!" I saw what he was talking about and immediately proceeded to reverse them! After changing the other brakes on the other wheel, I got in the car and carefully drove around the parking lot, testing the brakes. Everything was good! My first brake job was a success!

Later that day, I decided to drive downtown. After merging onto the highway, I was doing about 55 mph when the traffic started to slow, and I stepped on my brakes--THUD! They went right to the floor!! I had NO BRAKES!! With a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach, I saw there were about twenty cars in front of me. The first car had stopped at a traffic light. I yanked the column shifter on my automatic transmission into low. That made a nasty racket but slowed me way down. There was a huge ditch on my right and lots of oncoming traffic on my left on the two-lane highway.

The first car's red brake lights flashed on, and then the red brake lights of the car behind it, and the red lights of the car behind that one lit up as well. All these red brake lights in front of me looked like a row of dominoes that had been tipped in my direction and were rushing at me fast! "Lord, what do I do?!?" To my right, I saw a small gravel driveway with bushes on each side, obscuring where it led. So, my options were to either smash into the car in front of me or flip my car over in the huge steep ditch on my right or hit an oncoming car on my left or try for that gravel drive.

I went for the drive--I made a sharp right turn with the backend of my car fishtailing throwing loose gravel and dust everywhere. Finally, I got the car under control and discovered I was heading straight for a mammoth carryout window with a bright yellow "Cold Beer" neon sign flashing in my face. That big old heavy car had a foot style emergency brake, and I stomped on that brake for all I was worth! The car went skidding forward in the gravel and slid to a stop six inches from the window! The people inside were staring at me, and I was staring right back at them, thinking, "Whew! Maybe I should check my shorts! That was close!! Thank you, Jesus!!!"

After taking a moment to recover, I got out and noticed brake fluid puddled on the ground by my right front tire but no brake fluid around the left front tire. I felt a little stupid as the people in the beer checkout line watched me as I jacked up the right front tire to work on my brakes. Getting down to the brakes, I saw they had smashed into a little metal unit with rubber covers on each end. Brake fluid was coming out of the unit and was everywhere. I didn't know what that unit was, but took it off and hitchhiked several miles back into town to the auto parts store.

Laying the messy thing on the counter, I told the parts, guy, I needed one of these for a '63 Mercury Comet. The parts guy glances at it and says, "Ok, you need a rebuild-it kit for a slave brake cylinder." At least now I knew the name of the unit. He brings me back a small box with a bunch of little parts in it and no instructions!! "Lord," I prayed to myself, "what do I do with these parts?" At that very moment, a guy walks up beside me at the counter and says, "I need a slave brake cylinder rebuild-it kit for a '64 Mercury Comet." My mouth dropped open. He looked at me staring at him and said, "Hi!" as the parts guy handed him a box identical to mine!

Since he was friendly, I explained my situation and lack of car knowledge. Right there at the counter, we opened up our boxes, and he showed me how to rebuild my brake cylinder with the parts and made some other useful suggestions about reinstalling the cylinder and bleeding the brakes. He then offered to drive me back to my car!

After the ordeal when I finally pulled back into my college parking lot as the sun settled beyond the Hudson River, I sat there in the purple twilight of evening amazed, thinking about my brakes and God's provision and grace keeping me safe . . . Once again.

"But let all those rejoice who put their trust in You; Let them ever shout for joy, because You defend them; Let those also who love Your name Be joyful in You. For You, O Lord, will bless the righteous; With favor You will surround him as with a shield." --Psalm 5:11,12 (NKJV)

New Bride—New “Hamster”



Married August 17, 1974, and then just one week later, we packed our wedding gifts and luggage into my old blue and white Ford van and headed north for Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, where I was attending Canadian Bible College. When we reached the U.S./Canadian border, I pulled into the parking lot and took out my driver's license as my lovely new bride searched for hers. Back then, you only needed a picture ID to cross the Canadian border.

Looking at the roadmap as my new bride continued to search for her purse, I heard a GASP coming from the back of the van followed by, “Oh NO! I think I left my purse at home!” “Home” was Wheeling, West Virginia, on the other side of the country where her purse was most likely safely sitting...with her driver's license neatly tucked in a slot inside her wallet at the bottom of the purse!!

So, there we sat, a thousand miles away from her purse and ID and two hundred feet from the small border office on the North Dakota/Canadian border. We didn't have the money to stay in a hotel to wait for the driver's license to be mailed to us. Plus, we were in a time crunch to get to the school, so my now distressed new bride and I joined hands and prayed, “Father, in the name of Jesus, can you somehow get Barby across the border without a photo ID?” As we were getting out of the van, I decided to take in a small photo album of our wedding to at least help prove we were married.

We went into the small office and approached the desk where the border guard was standing. After a brief greeting, I laid out my driver's license and then when my wife didn't lay out her driver's license, I sheepishly said, “Uh... we have a problem—we just discovered my wife left her ID way back on the other side of the U.S. in West Virginia. However, these are pictures from our wedding—we just got married!” I said with a proud grin. Opening the album, I showed him the basic wedding spread of photos, and soon we were joined by another guard and the secretary looking at the pictures with my new bride and me.

The ferret had been a wedding present from my best man, Norm; it was an albino, all white, pink-eyed ferret that we called Goofus, a fitting name since he seemed really goofy to us—but a lot of fun! One time with some friends, I put him high up on an empty fireplace mantel to see how he might try to get down. He wobbled along on his short stubby legs to one end and looked over the edge—“Nope!” He decided that was too far of a drop to the ground for him! Wobbling to the other end of the mantel, he looked over that edge and seemed to draw the same conclusion. Then, he did what I least expected—he turned around and started backing his little furry white rear-end over the side of the mantle. He must have figured if he couldn’t see where he was going to hit the ground—he’d be okay. I caught him when he dropped, and we all had a good laugh.

Now, at the border crossing, Goofus was a problem because I didn’t have any papers from the States to prove that he had been born and raised in captivity and that I had not taken him from the wild. This meant the border guards would likely seize and keep him. “Lord,” I prayed, “I really like Goofus; can you please get us through this so that I can take Goofus back with us? In Jesus’ name, Amen.” The big tall, burly guard had me open the sliding door at the side of my van. The first thing he saw was my guitar case lying on top of the pile. “Please remove your guitar case, hold it at arm’s length, and open it slowly.” Feeling a bit intimidated, I followed his instructions exactly as given.

At the same time, the short border guard started rummaging through our stuff when I hear him loudly shout, “What’s this??!” He pulled up the cage from its hiding place to get a better view; hearing the shout, the big tall guard leaned into the van to see what his partner had found. Focused on the exposed cage, both guards saw our furry white Goofus staring back at them with his little beady pink eyes. The short guard said to the big guard, “What is it?” to which the big guard replied, “I think it’s a hamster.”

Now a hamster is usually about five-inches long from head to stubby tail, and a ferret is about twenty inches long and four times the size. Dumbfounded by their confusion the first thing that popped out of my mouth was, “Wow, you really know your animals!!” To that, the big guard grew a large, self-satisfied smile, and I smiled right back at him because I knew it was “OK” to take a hamster across the border!

As we crossed the border into New York, I was reflecting on our two border predicaments—both going in and coming out of Canada and prayed, “Father, thank you so much for rescuing us both times at the border—for getting my new bride across the border with no ID, and this time, for turning my ferret into a hamster! (*wink, wink*) A-men!!”

“If you then, imperfect as you are, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father in Heaven give good things to those who ask Him!” --Matthew 7:11 (WNT)

'Twas the Night Before Christmas – And No Presents



Over the years my mother told me this story multiple times. Even after sixty plus years, that Christmas morning remained a vivid and special memory for my mother. During the Great Depression, my mother's family was very poor. My grandfather had a heart attack at age twenty-five; that left him in a weakened condition for years. And as the Great Depression settled in, there were few jobs for someone in his condition and those he did get . . . Paid little. They had four children at the time, and life was hard.

They trusted the Lord and survived on the generosity of family and friends, most of whom lived on farms, so during the summers Grandma would can a lot of produce for the winter months. Grandpa's brother had a good job and always supplied the family with milk. Beans were the main staple since meat was hard to get and very expensive.

A pot of beans was always on the stove, and my witty aunt jokingly said they ate so many beans that she understood why we are called, "human-beans!" Staying warm in the winter was not easy, but they lived near a railroad track not far from a rail yard. All the jerking of the cars as a train started rolling would cause loose coal to fly off the open coal cars. Grandma would send the kids to go collect what coal they could find on the tracks for heating their home.

The Christmas of my mother's memory had been an especially difficult year financially for the family. The kids had their church play and received their little bags of candy, each with its one chocolate drop--the only chocolate they'd have for the entire year, so it was very special. My mom was about six years old, and that Christmas had her little heart set on getting a stand-up dolly with real hair she could comb. However, she and her sister and brothers had no idea how bleak Christmas was going to be. Grandma and Grandpa felt terrible that Christmas Eve as they gathered together their children for bedtime prayers.

Grandma was always focused on the Lord and the practical things of life, so she never spoke too much about Santa and all that business. The kids huddled around their mother as she said, "This has been a difficult year. The Lord has provided, and we still have a home and food to eat. And for this, we are grateful! Your father and I have not been able to buy you the Christmas presents you would like for this Christmas. Truthfully it's worse . . . We haven't been able to buy you any presents this Christmas. So, let's try not to think about ourselves tomorrow morning on Christmas Day but remember the gift of the little baby Jesus that God has given to us. He gave us the Greatest Gift of all!"

With that, they said their prayers and climbed into bed. Grandma walked down the winding stairs gliding her hand along the old, worn wood banister as she descended, praying in her heart, "Oh Father, if there is some way, by some miracle you could give the kids presents for Christmas morning, I would be so grateful." And with tears, she stepped down into the living room to read her Bible for the night and pray for relatives and other struggling families.

SQUEAL, thump, BAM! Penetrated the house as metal hit the ground outside! A large truck had pulled up to the front of the house. Grandma and Grandpa heard it, the kids heard it, and then they heard the pounding at the door. On the dark porch, stood a smiling man holding a box.

Stunned, my grandparents watched as this stranger carried in the box and put it under their empty Christmas tree. Grandma saw the kids peering through the upstairs banister and told them to stay up there. Then the man brought in another box, and another, and more boxes, and then even more boxes!!

He was a local businessman who every Christmas would pick out some poor families and give them the toys he had left over from his Christmas sales. He brought in so many toys that Grandma filled a closet with them for future birthdays and the following Christmas! The kids were beside themselves with excitement, but Grandma made them go back to bed. She profusely thanked the man, and then in her heart said, "Thank you, Jesus, thank you, thank you so very much!"

Christmas morning came, and Grandma and Grandpa made the kids, wide-eyed with excitement, stand together around the gifts holding hands. Grandma prayed, "Thank you again, dear Jesus, for providing Christmas presents for our children, and may they always see your hand in their lives. In Jesus name, Amen!"

The kids dove into the pile with giggles and glee, and my mom climbed out with a long box. She opened the box, and her little heart nearly burst . . . Inside was a stand-up dolly with real hair she could comb.

“Delight yourself in the LORD, and he will give you the desires of your heart.” --Psalms 37:4
(NIV)

“But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well.”
--Matthew 6:33 (NIV)

Phil-Bill's Hungry Prayer



Friends and family called him Phil; business associates called him Bill. He was a brilliant older gentleman, highly esteemed in the world of metallurgy. He had helped NASA with a rocket welding problem and made the final welds at the top of the famous Saint Louis Gateway Arch. I had the honor of being both his friend and business associate...so I called him Phil-Bill.

On long business trips together he shared stories with me about his life. He was a survivor of multiple car crashes and other tragedies. In every instance, he would always point out how God had protected him because, in the natural realm, he really should have been killed. One of his stories has stayed with me over the years—perhaps because it illustrates the simplicity of his faith.

As a young salesman getting established, Phil-Bill traveled a lot. Occasionally, he barely had enough money to get from one place to the next, hoping for a sale. Such was the case one lonely afternoon. He had only enough to pay for his stay at the hotel but not enough to buy food. He sat there on his bed, lonely, hungry and a bit despairing.

These were times long ago, and the hotel room had a rickety old bed, noisy springs, hardwood flooring, and a large vent above the door frame that slanted into the room. Turning to the Lord, Phil-Bill got on his knees beside the bed.

“Dear Father, in the name of Jesus, I thank you that I’m yours, but Father, I am out of money, and I’m really hungry. And ...” THUMP!

His prayer broke off at a loud thump right beside his head! He opened his eyes, and just a few inches away lay a brown paper bag.

Phil-Bill, leaning forward, opened the bag to find a sandwich with an apple. Dumbstruck, he stared at the food. Closing his eyes, and with a smile, he said, “Thank you, Father, for so quickly answering my prayer!”

I remember him telling me it was an excellent sandwich! Later, he found out what happened. Three gentlemen were standing near his door discussing their lunch plans. One had a bag lunch; the other two didn't. After deciding to go to a restaurant, the man with the lunch just tossed it up through the open vent above Phil-Bill's door.

Once again, God had taken care of him. He was always telling me that God was faithful, that He was reliable, and could be trusted completely. Phil-Bill lived that simple faith in his life, which was so clearly illustrated by his simple hungry prayer that was answered with a **THUMP** on his bed by his head.

"...for your Father knows exactly what you need even before you ask him!" --Matthew 6:8
(NLT)

Sold Our Home on the R-A-D-I-O



With my first real job after graduating from college, my wife and I purchased an old farmhouse in a low-income neighborhood—a great buy, or so I thought at the time. I figured it would go up in value...it never did. It was an original homestead in the area and was over a hundred years old with two floors and a huge attic that made it three stories tall. It had a very large yard with a century-worn old red barn in the back.

The first house on the street corner beside our driveway was painted a bright fluorescent green—so bright, in fact, it almost hurt your eyes to look at it. New to the neighborhood, I wanted to find out what kind of “nut” would paint their house that color. It seemed capable of glowing in the dark!

The sound of the doorbell brought my new neighbor into view. He was a tall and very elderly dignified looking gentleman with a cane and was wearing large dark sunglasses. Introducing himself as Ernest, he invited me in and in short order was telling me all kinds of stories about the area, especially about the great flood that hit Columbus, Ohio, way back in the year "nineteen-O-and-six." Later I learned the flood was actually in 1913, but at his age, being seven years off didn't mean much. Anyway, we quickly became friends. Then the question.

"Hey, Ernest, why is your house painted such a bright green color?"

"Well-I," he drawled, "I'm legally blind, but I can still see some. As my eyes got worse, I started having trouble finding my house when I got off the bus. Then I got the green idea, and I haven't had a problem finding it since!" he said with a grin.

Soon after, I discovered that Ernest loved Jesus like myself, and during the five years we lived there; we had some good talks about the Lord. In fact, Ernest had such a passionate desire that others come to know his Savior too that he gave my three toddlers each a little green Gideon New Testament—he certainly had a thing about green!

His bright green garage bordered our driveway with just a few inches between the two; our drive went up a little hill, which put the drive on a diagonal about three feet high from the bottom of Ernest's garage. One day while working out in the backyard, I heard a loud "BOOM!" with a crunching metal sound following. Running around to the source of the sound, I saw this big old bronze-colored Buick half in our driveway, and half stuck into the side of Ernest's empty garage. The front end was suspended in midair, filling the emptiness of his garage. Bright green concrete blocks were laying everywhere.

Running over, I yanked open the door and shouted over the motor, "Are you okay??"

Reaching across the elderly woman, I turned off her car's engine.

With her voice quivering she said, "Yes, I'm fine—just a little rattled; I have a cast on my right foot, and when I went to hit the brake, my foot slipped off and hit the gas, and I guess my cast got stuck under the brake pedal!" And that's when she shot up our little driveway hill and through the side of Ernest's garage.

The squad came, checked her out and took her home. By this time, Ernest was standing by me beside his garage. Knowing he couldn't see, I said, "Hey, Ernest, you got a big ole hole in the side of your garage!"

Smiling, he said, "One of the good things about being blind is--the garage looks fine to me!"

When we bought the old farmhouse, we bought it on a land contract that ballooned in five years. That meant in five years we would have to pay the old German man who we bought the house from the balance we owed on it. Being young, that seemed far, far away; I had no idea how quickly time would pass and land us in a financial mess.

During those five years, sadly the cool old man passed away, and the house went to his wife. Soon after, she, too, passed away, and the house went to their two daughters. One was nice; one was nasty. There was such a fuss between the two sisters about our mortgage payment that we had to send two checks with half the amount to each sister separately—neither sister trusted the other to handle the money as a single account.

Reaching the end of our land contract after five years, the two sisters understandably wanted their money for the farmhouse. For many months prior, we had been trying to sell the house; however, there were two major strikes against the property. First, it was "atypical" of the area because nobody else had a barn, so the FHA (Federal Housing Administration) would not approve a loan on the house.

And second, it was considered a fixer-upper...being over a hundred years old; it still needed a lot of work. We even brought back the original realtor who sold it to us to help us try to sell the place again. Those that were in the market for buying a house didn't want a fixer-upper that old, and those that were looking for affordable housing couldn't get an FHA loan because it was atypical.

We were stuck, and things looked mighty grim!

On Wednesday before the last week when the balance on the farmhouse was due, the nasty sister called and said, "If you don't get me my money by next week Friday at noon, I will sue you for all you've got!!" That's when I got out my big old rickety wooden ladder, climbed to the top of our three-story roof, laid hands on the house and prayed that the Lord would make-a-way for us to be able to sell our old farmhouse.

Saturday morning before that final painful week, my wife and I prayed, "Lord, we certainly don't want to be sued, but we don't know what to do. We need Your help!"

Sitting on the bed watching our twin daughters play with their baby brother in our large farmhouse bedroom on that summer Saturday afternoon, my wife had the radio tuned to a Christian station. A program called, "Trade-E-Ola," was airing at the time. Folks would sell or trade things like used vacuum cleaners, cookware, toys, bicycles, etc. My wife suddenly looks up at me as I walk into the room and says, "I wonder if they would accept a house for sale on Trade-E-Ola?"

She calls the show. "Lady, we've never sold a house over the radio before, but we'll give it a try!"

We prayed and waited, listening for my wife's recorded message about the house. She had called near the end of the show, so we weren't sure if it'd even make it on the air or not, but we prayed it would since the show broadcast only on Saturdays. As we saw it, this was our last hope. Then, like music to our ears, we heard her recorded message loud and clear on the good ole R-A-D-I-O! In reality, it seemed pretty crazy to us that we were resorting to trying to sell a house on an old pots and pans radio show, but we certainly were!

The weekend passed, and the clock started ticking down to Friday when the money was due in full.

On Monday a lady called; she was looking for a house with some storage area for her son's drywall business and had heard my wife's message on Trade-E-Ola about the house with a barn on the property.

Tuesday, nothing.

Wednesday morning the nasty sister calls again with a vivid reminder, "If you don't have my money or a buyer by 12 o'clock noon Friday, then you can plan on seeing me in court!!"

On Wednesday afternoon, the lady that called on Monday calls again and wants to look at the property. That evening she comes over.

Soon after opening up the conversation about the house, my wife finds herself saying to this complete stranger, "I believe in 'zaps' from the Lord, and we are trusting Him about the sale of the farmhouse." To my wife's complete surprise, the lady echoed, "I believe in 'zaps' from the Lord, too."

A nice chat continued briefly about the Lord and their families. Then, my wife explained the difficulty of getting a loan on the house, to which the lady replied, "I don't think that'll be a problem; when my husband died, he left me a large tract of land (in a wealthy section of town we found out later). I can use that for collateral with the bank if I decide to buy." (In actuality, her "collateral" was such that buying our property was like her buying a loaf of bread!)

Thursday, nothing. Friday's coming.

Friday arrives. This is it. We feel like it's our D-Day or rather Dread Day in our "Oh ye of little faith" moment. We didn't know what this Friday would bring. We had prayed and had done what we could. I was at work and continued to pray while waiting and doing my job.

At home, my wife went about her morning duties with our three small children...8 o'clock...9....10 o'clock. The clock seems to be in slow motion racing towards 12-noon, our deadline when the nasty sister was going to pounce on us. My wife remembers the deafening silence of that morning well.

Then, at 11 AM the silence was broken by the sound of the ringing phone. With anxiety and excitement, my wife says, "Hello" and doesn't remember much else except the words, "I'll buy your house." ZAP! God rescues us!

We call the nasty sister and tell her we have a buyer.

We give loud praises and thanks to the God of the Bible who heard our cry for deliverance, chuckling a bit that He could even use a Trade-E-Ola R-A-D-I-O show!

There was no mistaking it; LITERALLY, at the 11th hour, the Lord rescued us!

We would have preferred more of a time buffer, but it seems like it was our turn to experience the old saying, "God is rarely early, but never late."

And so it was.

"Wait for the LORD; be strong and take heart and wait for the LORD." --Psalms 27:14 (NIV)

PS: I recently found a similar quote and thought it was worth sharing. "God is never late and rarely early. He is always exactly right on time--His time." --Dillon Burroughs

~~ The End ~~

How to Know Jesus

[Click Here](#)

Do You Have a Book in You?

Resources

You probably do! "According to a recent survey, 81 percent of Americans feel they have a book in them--and that they should write it." --Joseph Epstein

Everyone has something to contribute to the world--a novel, a memoir, humorous stories, poetry, a cookbook...and the list goes on. Why not get yours out there? What's stopping you? Too many hoops to jump through to get it from your mind to the published page? Well....

Now it's easier than ever!!

Oh, and don't buy into the myth that your book has to be hundreds of pages long because that's no longer true in this digital age. Amazon Kindle is proof; take a look at its "Short Reads" categories:

- 15 minutes (1-11 pages)
- 30 minutes (12-21 pages)
- 45 minutes (22-32 pages)
- 60 minutes (33-43 pages)
- 90 minutes (44-64 pages)
- 120 minutes or more (65-100 pages)

The links to the programs below are mostly programs I currently use and find to be very helpful with my writing and publishing. The few I don't currently use come from well-respected sources.

~~ Your Story Resources ~~

Please Note: *Some of the links below are free resources, and some of them are paid. The reality is that for most of the really good content you have to pay for, but it's well worth the money!*

--Are you new to independent publishing?

These links are good for beginners through intermediate-level writers who want to learn how to get their books published or how to become a better publisher.

[Publisher #1](#)

[Publisher #2](#)

[Publisher #3](#)

--Writing Software

[Software #1](#)

[Software #2](#)

[Software #3](#)

--Useful Writing Tools

Tools that will make your writing life easier and better.

[Tool #1](#)

[Tool #2](#)

--Online Tools

[Online #1](#)

[Online #2](#)

[Online #3](#)

[Online #4](#)

(Continued)

[Online #5](#)

--Book Marketing

Getting your book into the right hands for sales.

[Promotion #1](#)

[Promotion #2](#)

--Get your book published for FREE!

Do you already have a book or finished manuscript? This link will show you how to get your book published for FREE on multiple platforms like Amazon Kindle, Apple iBooks, Barnes & Noble Nook, Kobo, etc.

[Publish #1 FREE](#)

--Ebook Cover Related

[Cover #1](#)

[Cover #2](#)

[Cover #3](#)

--Human Editors

[Editor #1](#)

[Editor #2](#)

--Illustrate Your Book

[Illustrate #1](#)

(Continued)

--Additional resources

Though not directly related to publishing, you might find the following links useful and helpful.

Top Internet business training programs from some of the brightest minds in the business:

[Marketing #1](#)

[Marketing #2](#)

[Marketing #3](#)

[Marketing #4](#)

[Marketing #5](#)

A top-rated web design site:

[Design #1](#)

Reliable and affordable web hosting:

[Host #1](#)

Miscellaneous Stuff

[Stuff #1](#)

[Stuff #2](#)

[Stuff #3](#)

[Stuff #4](#)

[Stuff #5](#)

[Stuff #6](#)

[Stuff #7](#)

And remember, "**Readers make writers and writers make readers.**" --Carl McKeever

Note: The links to the programs above are mostly programs I currently use. The few I don't use come from well-respected sources. Also, I may receive a commission from some of the links above; however, the products won't cost you more, but it helps us keep the lights on. --Thank you!



THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR READING MY BOOK!

As you probably know, many people look at the book reviews before they decide to purchase a book.

If you enjoyed our little book and would recommend it to others, could you please take a moment to leave a short review?

Just a line or two would be great, and it would help a lot with the book's ranking.

Thank you so much!!

All the best,

Nick Nichols

Like Nick Nichols?

Don't miss out on a single new release!

Sign up and we'll make sure you hear about every new book Nick Nichols publishes as soon as it hits the stores. There is no charge and no obligation.

[Sign Me Up!](#)

Also, by Nick Nichols: [Nick's Author Page](#)

About the Author



During my 30-year career I was a water quality chemist, environmental scientist, consultant, and technical writer. In my spare time I worked on projects in aquaculture, hydroponics, aquaponics, bioremediation, and renewable energy. In addition, I have also been an adjunct professor at two colleges teaching Cellular Biology and Business Math.

Now I am retired and writing this from an island in South East Asia where I live. My lovely wife has been with me for forty-four years and we have four awesome adult children who are spread around the globe.

Blessings! --Nick Nichols

Copyright

While every precaution has been taken in the preparation of this book, the publisher assumes no responsibility for errors or omissions, or for damages resulting from the use of the information contained herein.

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG TRUSTING GOD

First edition. October 16, 2018.

Copyright © 2018 Nick Nichols.

Written by Nick Nichols.

Attribution of Images

Public domain Images were provided by the following web sites:

MorgueFile.com, PixaBay.com, sxc.hu