

The Bus, The Ice and the Angel

It was a routine October day at Ponus Ridge Junior High School, except for an extremely sudden change: we encountered an unpredicted “freak” ice storm and had early dismissal.

We all scrambled to our lockers, humming with glee to be leaving early. When I looked around, I was the last one in the halls. I ran down the two flights of stairs and out to the lineup of buses, which I noticed the first one was already starting to pull out.

As I ran along the sidewalk craning my neck to locate the right bus I was to take home, (*back then, the numbers were on the windshields, not on the sides by the doors*). I was unaware of the slippery ice that was coating the walk. In the next few seconds I slid, my feet went out from under me and I fell, suddenly finding myself flat under a bus, having the wind knocked out of me.

My back hurt so much, I wanted to cry out, but I couldn't speak or yell, gasping for breath. And that's when I saw it: the bus began to move! I was three inches in front of the huge back wheel and it was perfectly lined up with my torso.

At one point, I felt and saw the wheel touch the side of my body, then roll back a few inches. It rolled back-and-forth in readiness to pull out. All I could imagine was getting crushed in the next few seconds, and I couldn't move or communicate my dilemma or fear to anyone but God, thinking, “Oh God, help me!”

Suddenly, I was aware of two strong fingers under my armpits, pulling me out and lifting me up, up, up in the air. I was above the flat roof of the school, nearing the tops of the surrounding trees. As I was being lifted up, the pain left my back; as I was coming back down, my breath was fully restored.

Then, as “he” set me back down on the sidewalk, I realized I was eye-level with his belt. I raised my eyes up at the nearly nine-foot man standing before me.

He was thin, but had a strong build. He wore a white buttoned-down shirt opened at the neck, a woven leather brown belt and tan pants. His hair was a bright shock of golden blonde and he had a broad smile that simply illuminated his face.

I stuttered an amazed “Th-thank you,” to which he nodded, motioned with his head and replied melodically, “*Your bus...*”

When I looked over my left shoulder, I saw my best friend standing at the window yelling to the Driver, “Wait! Barbara needs to get on!” And I realized in that instant, the bus I’d been under a moment ago had indeed moved 10 feet ahead of where it had just been!

I turned back again to my Rescuer-Angel to thank him with more clarity and meaning, only to see he had passed by my right side, and as I watched, he took a few gentle strides and disappeared into thin air a few feet away! The bus driver honked the horn and I ran the few yards, much more sure-footed this time, and jumped on.

My friend asked me why I was standing alone staring at the school; “Did you forget something?” she asked.

“I wasn’t alone; didn’t you see that handsome man standing there with me?”

“There was nobody with you. Everyone was already on the buses.”

At dinner that night, I told my parents what had happened. Dad dropped his fork and Mom held hers in midair. There was no earthly explanation.

But Mom was certain it had to be one of my teachers and told me to be sure and thank him the next day. Of course, when I did, he looked at me in amazement and said, “I did not lift you out from under any bus; I have no idea what you’re talking about, Barbara.”

I smiled, turned away, knowing the Truth: God sent an Angel to save my life that day.

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