

I think we can all relate, in part, to this next story - not so much about the folks involved, but the situation where help sometimes comes in an unexpected way.

When God Sends You Help, You Don't Ask Questions

After hurrying to the pharmacy to get medication for her sick daughter, a frantic woman got back to her car and found that she had locked her keys inside.

She found an old rusty coat hanger left on the ground, she looked at it and said: "I don't know how to use this." She bowed her head and asked God to send her some help. A few minutes later a scruffy bearded man driving a beat-up old motorcycle pulled up beside her.

He got off his motorcycle and noticed the woman was in a state of distress and asked if he could help. She said, "Yes, my daughter is sick and I've locked my keys in my car and I must get home. Please, can you use this hanger to unlock my car?" He said, "Sure." He walked over to the car, and in less than a minute, the car was open. She hugged the

man and through tears said, "Thank you, God, for sending me such a very nice man."

The man heard her little prayer and replied, "Lady, I am not a nice man. I just got out of prison yesterday; I was in prison for car theft."

The woman hugged the man again, sobbing, "Oh, thank you, God! You even sent me a professional!"