

# Everyday Miracles

by

**Karen McIver**

Released posthumously by Donald McIver

Formatted and edited by Kathleen Peters



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***Dear Reader,***

*I grew up hearing my mother say that ‘one day she’d like to write a book.’ I never really heard her say what kind of book she wanted it to be, yet I knew that it was one of her oldest and earliest desires... I think that’s why she majored in English in college.*

*The years went by, and still the book went unwritten as she devoted herself to raising five children and helping any and all that came along and needed help that she could give. Her writing skills didn’t go unused, but they more often took the form of flyers and Christmas letters and emails.*

*When she died in the fall of 2005, just days before her 53<sup>rd</sup> birthday, we thought that she had never fulfilled her desire and written the book she dreamed of writing. But then, while we were preparing for her memorial service, friends of hers starting saying, “Are you going to share that book she wrote?”*

*All six of us... my Dad, my sister, my three brothers, and I... looked at each other in surprise. Those friends showed us the simple ring-bound copy of a little book called Everyday Miracles that she'd given them. We found the master copy of it in her computer. And then, when we read it, we recognized it. Not the book because for some reason, she never mentioned to her immediate family that she had typed these testimonies out and pulled them together into a little book. We recognized the contents.*

*You see, we grew up listening to my mother tell most of these stories, among many others. She told them to us, her children, to remind us of God's goodness and faithfulness. She told them to others to encourage them. And sometimes I think she told them just because she loved telling stories!*

*These are by no means the only miracles that happened in our family. She could have probably made her little book ten times longer if she wanted. I'm not even sure why she chose the fifteen*

*testimonies that fill these pages. Perhaps because of the lessons they taught her. Perhaps because they are simply a sampling of stories throughout the years. But most likely, she chose them because they touched her the most. For these little stories not only tell how wonderful God is, but they also show a little bit of who she was.*

*Maybe this isn't the book that she dreamed of writing all those years. But she wrote it just the same, and it is our desire to publish it for her. We want to share it with her friends, her family, and all those who want to read some examples of how God cares for His own through Everyday Miracles.*

*With love in Christ,*

*Kathleen Peters,*

*(otherwise known as "Katie")*

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# Introduction

A *miracle*, according to the New Webster's Dictionary, is "a wonder, a supernatural event." The Bible talks about miracles well over one hundred times.

In Acts 4:16, Luke notes that "...a *noteworthy miracle* has taken place..." and later in Acts 19:11, he tells us that "...God was performing *extraordinary miracles* by the hands of Paul..." If some miracles can be called "noteworthy" and "extraordinary", can there then be such things as an "everyday miracles?" I believe so, because I have seen them over and over in my life!

I endeavor here to share some everyday ... and extraordinary ... miracles with you. May you be blessed, and may God be glorified, as you read.

-Karen



# 1

## **Sinus Infection Healed (c. 1977)**

We were new believers, and hadn't been going to the Manna Church for very long. New Testament worship services were so different from my Methodist and Don's Catholic backgrounds. There always seemed to be something new.

Most of the congregation in the little church of a couple hundred were young

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military families or singles from the Army post. One elderly gentleman had the unusual (to me) gift of being able to feel the ailments of others present, and offer healing from the Lord. This blessing seemed to be offered on a fairly regular basis, and seemed to be the real thing.

This particular week had been quite trying for me. I had come down with a bad sinus cold that turned into a full-blown infection, making it nearly impossible for me to do much of anything, let alone take care of our infant daughter. I had finally gone to the emergency room at the Army Hospital on Saturday.

The ENT doctor there took x-rays of my sinuses, and was aghast at how badly all four sinuses were infected. In

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fact, he stated, mine was the worst case of sinus infection that he'd seen all year. (It is one of the largest hospitals in the Army.) He prescribed an antibiotic, and told me that, if I was not improved by my next appointment on Monday, he might have to clean them out surgically.

I was more miserable than I can remember before or since. Every movement hurt, and the least inclination forward caused a severe pounding in my head. Laying down was impossible due to the pain, so I tried to sleep Saturday night propped up in the corner of the couch.

I was too sick to get to church Sunday morning, but by Sunday night, I was desperate to be there in the presence of the Lord and my church family. I loved the free-flowing worship, and

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always felt closer to Jesus there. Somehow I pulled myself together and went to the evening service with Don.

All I could do is sit in the back as immobile as possible. I heard the worship through a fog of pain, but still preferred to be there instead of home, suffering alone. As worship ended, I once again heard the elderly gentleman speak words of healing for some there. At one point I heard him say, “Someone here has pain in their head and face. The Lord has healing for you.”

I claimed it in my heart for me! For me! But nothing happened. What did I need to do? I was on unfamiliar ground. I decided to ask him about it after the service.

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When Don helped me over to him later, I told him, “That word was for me, but I don’t feel any different. What should I do?”

He said, “Just go home and go to bed. You’ll be better before morning.”

Once home, I propped myself once again into the corner of the couch, and finally fell asleep about midnight. I suddenly awoke about an hour later. At first I wasn’t sure where I was, then remembered the older man’s words. It was then I realized that my head didn’t hurt anymore!

I sat up. I hung my head over. I stood up. I danced around the room. Except for a slight feeling that something had once been going on in my head, I felt fine! Overwhelmed and

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thankful, I laid back down on the couch and went back to sleep.

The next morning I drove myself to my appointment. There, more x-rays were ordered. When the doctor looked at them, he seemed puzzled. He looked at me and asked, “Does your head hurt?” “Does it hurt to lean over?” “Do you have a bad taste in your mouth?” He asked question after question. Each time my answer was “No.”

“I don’t understand it,” he said. “These x-rays not only show no sign of any infection in any of your sinuses, but there at least should be scarring left. There isn’t even any scarring. Your sinuses look like they’ve never had a problem!”

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Not knowing what to say, I just said, “Well, bless the Lord!” Inside I was rejoicing. Jesus said in His Word that miracles are a sign. It was a very loud sign to me that said, “I AM!”

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# 2

## **Melted Keys (1980)**

Four-year-old Katie loved keys. Already she could correctly figure out which key on a key ring went into a certain lock. But one day she decided to try inserting a key in a different type of hole.

It was obvious to us later what happened. As Katie stuck the house key into the wall socket, the garage key

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swung forward and touched the screw in the center of the wall plate, grounding the circuit. The keys were blackened and partially melted, but Katie's fingers were just shocked enough to make her drop the keys. There was no doubt in our minds that the Lord protected her.

# 3

## **No More Fear (1980)**

As I learned more about the ways of the Lord, several revelations came to me that have been a major part of my spiritual foundation. One was the need for an active, proactive faith in God and the power of His Word. Another was to treat whatever Satan and the world try to throw at us as you would a fly in your home... you work to keep it out, and if it gets in, you kill it.

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From the earliest ages of our children, I allowed very little TV and then only educational shows or clean (usually old) movies. We went to the library and read all manner of wonderful books and Bible stories. I treated the latest toy craze as something that wasn't worth our time, energy and money. I encouraged good old-fashioned play. And I learned to use God's Word as the first line of defense or healing when anyone got hurt or sick or had trouble sleeping.

We also threw out and ignored Halloween. I could see nothing in it that was good, and the Lord specifically said in Deuteronomy not to have anything to do with the things that were the major part of it... witches, superstitions, the things of death. Needing a time to dress

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up and eat candy was no reason to note the day. I made sure my children had the chance to dress up and eat candy (moderately) at other times during the year, so they had no reason to feel deprived of anything.

Our church home group usually planned a time of fellowship and prayer on whichever night was designated by the local authorities for Trick or Treating. This night we had the porch light turned off to discourage anyone from coming to the door. We were preparing to leave for the church gathering, when there was a knock at the door. Four-year-old Katie ran to the door as usual to see who it was, and opened the door. There stood five teenagers, or at least the feeling of their presence. They were dressed totally in

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black and had blackened their faces, so they were more sensed than seen.

Katie jumped back, startled. Tiny two-year-old Annie stood in the middle of the room, hiding her eyes with her hands and screaming hysterically. It was obvious that she was quite frightened, and it took a while to get her to calm down.

From that day, and for at least a year or so, Annie screamed at anything dark and anyone dressed in dark clothes... dogs and cats, and even one of her uncles when he dressed up in the London bobby costume he was wearing in a play.

I always comforted Annie when she reacted like this, but I also tackled the situation with the Word of God. As I

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would speak peace to her, I would also say, “Annie, God has not given you a spirit of fear, but of love, and power, and a sound mind.” (2 Tim. 1:7) I comforted her emotions, but I spoke the Word to her spirit.

I don't know exactly when the fear left Annie, but I remember quite clearly when I knew it was gone forever. A few years later our family went to the Heritage Village resort then run by PTL, and one night attended their fabulous passion play. It was wonderful, and the actors were excellent.

I noticed during the play that the Satan character didn't seem to bother Annie at all. He was dressed head-to-toe in threatening black and face makeup. I was even more astounded yet pleased to see her approach him

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specifically out in the lobby afterward, when all the actors mingled with the audience.

When she was done talking with ‘Satan’, I asked her, “Annie, did it bother you at all to talk with that character?”

She looked at me with no hint of understanding. “Of course not, Mom... why?”

I explained to her what had tormented her, and she looked quite surprised. She had no recollection of it at all! God’s Word had completely set her free!

# 4

## **Caught by an Angel (c. 1981)**

We were visiting my mother in Pennsylvania. Mom lives in a large split-level home, with wrought-iron railings along the stairs that lead to the bedrooms. Our daughter, Annie, was quite a tiny little thing as a child, and always looked like she would break easily.

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One afternoon, as I walked through the living room toward the stairs, little Annie came running down the upstairs hallway. She turned at the landing safely, but tripped and fell headlong down the stairs. Time seemed frozen to me as I watched her somersault head-over-heels, expecting her to be badly hurt. But as she neared the bottom of the stairs, her speed of fall dramatically slowed, and she landed gently on the carpeted floor. I know without a doubt that she was caught by an angel.

# 5

## **The Falling Bed Frame (1982)**

Don and I finally replaced our home-made double bed frame, so it sat leaning against the back of the house. It was just a big box made of 2"x6" wood.

I was outside one summer day with the kids, pulling weeds and doing yard clean-up while they played. I hadn't noticed that little four-year-old Annie had been playing on the frame. I looked

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up just in time to see the heavy frame tip away from the house and crash down on her tiny shoulder near her neck.

She screamed and we all went running to her. Katie helped me lift it off of her, then I knelt next to her to see if she was hurt. She wasn't. I considered it another miraculous protection of one of my children.

# 6

## **Only The Clock Died (1983)**

Our four young children were playing in the basement while I worked in the kitchen. Suddenly I heard excited voices, so I hurried to find out what caused the commotion.

They were all gathered in a corner area near a workbench. The older girls were pointing and chattering excitedly, with little David nearby. Three-year-old

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Michael stood quietly with blackened wire cutters in his chubby hand. The cord of the electric wall clock hung limply, severed from the plug. There was no trace of fear in the room.

“Michael cut the clock cord, Mommy,” Katie stated matter-of-factly. “A big light jumped out at us... but it stopped.”

Again I knew that God had intervened for my children. I inwardly acknowledged that somewhere there was a charred angel, and thanked the Lord.

# 7

**My GOD Shall Supply  
(1983)  
(originally written soon after)**

It finally happened. As I emptied the last crumbs of cereal into my daughter's bowl, I knew that there was nothing left for our next meal.

My four youngsters knew nothing of our current plight. They had noticed that a few meals recently were somewhat odd -- we had never had

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pancakes for supper -- and they had commented on the plain white bread that had replaced the usual whole wheat. But I usually explained that I needed to go to the store, or a neighbor had extra. I never lied to them, but I refused to share with them a burden they were too young to handle. We were out of money.

After breakfast, I hurried the children into their coats. Carol, a lovely older woman, was coming by to take us to the church for the weekly ladies' meeting. I put my six-year-old, Katie, in charge of collecting books for the children to read in the nursery, sat Annie and Michael (ages four and almost three) on the step, and tried to zip little David's coat as he toddled around the entry way.

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A long sigh escaped me as I sat down heavily on the stairs. The business we had become involved in was floundering, and we hadn't received our last few weekly paychecks. We had moved to the Eastern Shore from Central Maryland just a few months ago, with high expectations of riding the crest of a technological brainstorm.

Don and his dad had engineered the idea into reality, and we joined the business full-time to help make it go. Only it wasn't going. Soon after we settled in Salisbury, we came face-to-face with the stark reality that we had entered a battle with disaster.

And now Don was gone. He had returned to Dad's home earlier in the week "just for a night" to iron out a hardware problem. It was taking longer

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than they expected, as usual. Don knew he was leaving me with four kids, no money, and no car, but he had no choice. He hoped to return with some answers -- and supplies.

I suppressed a wave of fear, and glanced out the window in time to see Carol pull up out front. "Let's go, kids!" I commanded, and we piled out into the brisk winter air, loaded with books, the diaper bag, and my big Bible.

The children climbed and fell into Carol's back seat, our paraphernalia landed at their feet, and I settled at last into the passenger seat.

Carol and I made light conversation during the trip to the church, but I wasn't being much company.

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Carol glanced over at the open Bible on my lap. "Looking for anything in particular, Karen?" she asked gently.

"Not really." I shrugged. "Just getting myself ready for the meeting, I suppose."

I thumbed through the book I was getting to know so well. The gay colors from highlighting pens spoke their quiet messages to me. I was scanning the passages in pink, the color I used to mark the character and promises of God and His Son, Jesus Christ. I desperately needed His promises now.

As I flipped through the familiar pages, verse after verse floated up from the storehouse in my memory:

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"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or His seed begging bread."  
"My God shall supply all your need according to His glorious riches through Christ Jesus." "I have not forsaken you..."



At the church, we hustled inside, got the children settled in the nursery, and joined the dozen or so women already gathered in the small sanctuary. I looked around the room. These were precious ladies, and some were becoming my friends. They knew the business was struggling, but no one really knew the extent of our plight. Should I tell them? I wasn't sure; now, anyway.

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The pastor's wife opened the meeting with prayer, but I had great difficulty concentrating. Fear and faith were locked in combat within me.

"I have NEVER seen the righteous forsaken..."

"So what's that supposed to mean?"

"My God shall supply ALL my need..."

"But how will that put food on the table? HOW is He going to do it?"

"My God SHALL supply..."

The battle raged until I could sit still no longer. Faith had to win! I hurried from the sanctuary and slipped into an unoccupied classroom. Then I let the devil have it.

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"In the name of Jesus, Satan, shut up! You're a liar and a deceiver. You come only to kill, steal and destroy, and we will NOT be destroyed!" I shook my fist as though he stood before me. "My God WILL supply what we need, and we WON'T go hungry, and whatever happens will be a testimony to the love and faithfulness of God. You leave me NOW, in the name of Jesus! I'll not listen to you again!"

I closed my eyes, exhaled slowly, and quietly prayed in my prayer language. Peace covered me like a warm blanket, and the battle was over. Faith had won.

I returned to the meeting in time to join in the closing songs of praise and worship. Once again I knew my trust was well-placed.

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On the way home, Carol mentioned that she was going to the store on her way home. At a red light, she turned to me suddenly and asked, "How are you fixed for food?"

I took a deep breath and quietly replied, "There's nothing left, Carol."

My friend nodded as though expecting that answer, then continued. "How would thirty dollars help?"

There had been times when that was a small amount, but my heart now rejoiced. "That would be wonderful, Carol," I answered.

We headed straight for the store. With two children per cart, we scurried up and down the aisles. I wasn't

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keeping a running total of the items I placed in the basket, but silently trusted God to guide my every choice.

At the checkout counter, Carol handed me the money and waited for my purchase to be rung up.

"That will be \$29.14," the cashier announced.

*The Lord is so good*, I thought. I grinned at Carol.

She laughed. "There's change left. What did you forget?"



The next morning we awoke to find the heater running. Outside, the world was transformed by a fast-falling snow, already filling the streets and hiding the

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curbs. It was the edge of a blizzard that was to last two days, stranding Don at his dad's for the weekend, and bringing the whole of Maryland to a standstill.

I gazed out the window in awe as the realization hit me: had God not provided food for us precisely when He did, we would be in serious trouble right now.

As I opened the refrigerator later to prepare breakfast, I was filled with the wonder of God. He had been true to His Word and met our needs. Little did I realize then that this was just the beginning of a several-month adventure in living on God's grace. Time after time I would see that God never forgets His promises.

Just then, I noticed something: I had forgotten the eggs.

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# 8

## **His Eye was Healed (1984)**

Our season of living in Salisbury, Maryland was one of great trials and greater provisions by the Lord. We had moved there to join a business venture, little knowing (or checking) that it was already going bankrupt.

Don was gone, again, back to the Baltimore area to job-hunt and do some part-time engineering for a firm in

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Columbia. I was left to care for our four young children, with no car and practically no money. Friends of ours had an opportunity to go away overnight, and I offered to watch *their* four little ones. We turned it into a big sleepover, with sleeping bags lined up on the living room floor.

All eight children were playing in the basement, and I'd gone down to check on them. As I arrived, I saw two preschoolers arguing over a pencil. My friend's child had a firm grip on the pointed end of the pencil, and my Michael had just as firm a grip on the eraser end. I hurried over to them, calling out to them to stop the struggle and put the pencil down. Before I could get to them, the other child let go, and

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the pencil, still in Michael's hand, flew up and jabbed him sharply in the eye.

Michael dropped the pencil, and held his eye, screaming frantically. The other children started yelling, and the whole basement was in an uproar. I saw that the pencil's eraser had been chewed off, and all that was left was the jagged metal rim. I knew the situation could be very bad. I also knew the faithfulness and power of the Lord.

I hollered to the children to be quiet, then knelt to check on Michael's eye. He didn't want me to take his hand away, but I was finally able to assess the situation. There was definitely a cut in his eyeball. It had the look of Jell-O which had been cut. I laid my hand over Michael's and began to pray loudly to the heavens.

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“Oh, Lord! I thank You for Your love for Michael, and Your great mercy. I thank You that You are able to do far and above all I can ask or think.”

Michael continued to wail. “Lord, You know that I have no car available, and even if I did, I couldn’t take all these kids with me. I can only trust You to have mercy on me, and on Michael, and heal his eye.”

I continued on, thanking the Lord and declaring His mercies. As I did, Michael settled down, and eventually pushed my hand away. He wanted to go and play.

“How about your eye, Michael?” I asked. “Does it hurt?”

He shook his head and acted like he didn’t want to hear any more about it.

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And that was the end of that. Jesus had healed again.

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# 9

## **The Lost Lamb That Was Found (1985)**

Don and I and our children had joined my sister's family and my parents for Scottish Highland Days at an old mansion in Virginia. Besides tours of the old homestead, there were sheep dog trials, bagpipes and dancing, food and lots of booths with crafts for sale. We split up to wander around the grounds,

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arranging to get back together later to tour the mansion.

Before the appointed time, we all saw each other and decided to take the tour right away. But looking around, we saw that five-year-old Michael was gone. We split up again to look for him, arranging once again to meet at the mansion. In my heart, I was thanking the Lord that Michael was not alone; that He was with him. I asked for peace for us all and for us to be reunited soon.

We searched for a while, and no one found him. As we stood near the old front porch comparing notes, Michael came walking up.

“Michael!” we cried, “where have you been?”

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He didn't seem the least bit flustered as he answered. "You walked away from me, and I couldn't find you. I went to the car to see if you were there. You weren't there. I heard you say we were going to see the big house, so I came here."

Another case of God watching over my child. The car was parked far from the mansion, along a long, tree-lined drive that was jammed with cars and lots of people coming and going. It was a confusing and hazardous situation for almost anyone walking alone, let alone a small boy not tall enough to be seen between the cars. I had taught my children that Jesus and angels were with them always, and never tried to impart fear to them for any situation. I was

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shown again that indeed, they are never alone.

# 10

## **An Argument Just for Me (c. 1996)**

I had been suffering from severe depression for about a year and a half. I had some ideas why, but really had no idea what was the root cause. Counseling was helping to some extent... it was good to have a professional counselor to talk to, and hear that what I was feeling wasn't so uncommon. But I felt like my emotions were being battered by hurricane-force

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winds, and I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. I knew deep inside, in a place I couldn't even reach, that my feet were firmly on the rock of Jesus, but it was only the soles of my feet. And they didn't seem to have any connection to the rest of me through all this.

Little by little the Lord showed me a glimpse of an answer and the mustard seed of hope within me began to sprout. As the Lord often works, the glimpses came from many directions... a bit from the counselor, some from words by friends, chunks from the precious people on the *Family Life Today* and *Focus on the Family* radio programs, and chunks from the Word of God that resided in my heart. By the time I had a psychiatric evaluation, which

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recommended medication, I had begun to see a light at the end of the tunnel, and didn't want anything to confuse the healing now. I refused to take it.

The autumn Women's Retreat from Immanuel's Church was to be held that year at the Best Western motel across the highway from our home. The theme was "The Bride of Christ", and I was *not* interested in going. I was having a bad attitude. All those other ladies might feel like lovely brides, but I did not. And yet, when Sandy invited me to room with her, I accepted. Despite the black cloud that seemed to cover my days, I still wanted to be wherever the Lord was. I knew that healing was from Jesus, and He was in the midst of His people. I often sat in worship services and cried the whole way through, but I

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willed myself to continue going. I now willed myself to the Ladies' Retreat.

I actually began to look forward to going, and had my plans. I was going to go early and soak in the hot tub and eat a leisurely dinner. I even bought a dozen roses to put in our room... from Jesus.

But nothing seemed to go right that Friday. Things I had asked my family to do for me didn't get done, and I ended up doing them myself. I got angrier and angrier as the afternoon wore on, and by the time I *had* to leave, I was raging. I threw my things into the car and got in. It was even more infuriating that I didn't even have a long drive or a friend to drive with to help me cool down. I arrived minutes later, red-

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faced and puffy-eyed. I couldn't hide my condition, and didn't try to... much.

Sandy was only partially sympathetic, but was thrilled with the roses. I put my bags in our room, and told the Lord I was in no mood to be there, but I knew He was there, and I knew He knew how I felt. I also knew that He had done healing and restoration in me at every previous Ladies' Retreat, and He probably would this time, too. I can't really use the word 'anticipation' to describe my feelings, but somewhere inside there was a flicker of expectancy. Jesus didn't disappoint me.

The skit that was presented that evening was the first operation on my heart. After a wonderful depiction of Satan's accusation of the saints and Jesus' offer of Himself for us, "Jesus the

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Groom” stood before us. A long white paper crash lined the center isle of the room. Maidens from the “wedding party” began to select one woman at a time from the congregation, leading her to the back of the room. There she received a lovely hand-made flower tiara to match her outfit. She was then escorted down the isle, to be presented to Jesus, who hugged her tenderly.

My heart was overwhelmed. I saw and understood the truth so clearly, as never before. When the woman who portrayed Jesus hugged me, it was as Jesus Himself, and I wept. And healing began.

After a wonderful time of prayer and sharing with Betty at the end of the evening, I went to bed, reveling in the release I had received.

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I awoke suddenly in the middle of the night at the sound of loud voices in the hallway outside our door. A couple was arguing passionately, and I could hear every word through the thin walls of the motel.

The woman was raging. “You should have!” “You didn’t!” “You failed me!”

The man pleaded with her between explosions of accusations. “I love you!” “*I love you!*”

The woman raged on.

Finally the man declared, “I love you! I’d **DIE** for you!!” And they spoke no more.

My head was buzzing as I lay in my bed, contemplating all I had heard. *Oh, Jesus, that was You! That was me!* My

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heart was pierced. In the depths of my depression, all my rage against others had been raging against Jesus Himself as He took the brunt of it all. I was broken. I was loved as I had never known love before, and now I *knew* it! I wept for joy. And I fell back asleep.

In the morning, I eagerly asked my roommate if she had heard the argument. No, she hadn't. At breakfast, I asked other women whose rooms were next to ours. No, they hadn't either. It was becoming quite clear.

Angels had staged it all just for me. It was the end of my depression, and the beginning of renewal in my life that continues to grow to this day. How great is the love and mercy of God!

# 11

## **A Sliding Car (c. 1997)**

How many times has the Lord spared me while I've been driving my car! One rainy night is an example.

My tires were in pretty good shape, but my Grand Caravan was heavy enough to cause me to slide on wet pavement if I wasn't careful. This night I was coming home alone from a friend's house. Traffic was a bit heavy,

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and I was anxious to get home. My eyes don't handle the glare on the wet roads well at night, and I don't see as well as I would like. I thanked the Lord for being with me, and for His angels which I know always surround my car. (I asked for them years ago.)

As I drove down a hill, I realized I was going too fast, and the light was changing to yellow. I applied the brakes, but my van wasn't responding. I found myself sliding to the right, toward a car stopped at the intersection. I cried out to the Lord, and suddenly but safely stopped a hair's breadth from the car.

My first thought was "Thank you, Jesus... another squished angel!"

# 12

## **Heaven Waited -- Only a Moment (1997)**

David has always been unique. He would have been quite at home in the old frontier... hunting for food, skinning game, making deerskin clothes, wrestling bears. I've had to walk a fine line as his mom, trying to hold back his desires for the more dangerous implements until wisdom caught up with his imagination.

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He's always loved knives and guns. Not from a destructive or evil streak, but because of what they can do. He's always liked to know how things worked, and appreciated the workings of tools and weapons. He has become quite knowledgeable and adept with them, and has impressed even my wary uncle with his handling of them.

But his current wisdom and carefulness were developed through many hard lessons. He has shot a finger or two with his BB gun, forgetting he still had a pellet in it. He's smashed his thumb more than once, between the hammer and the nail. He's hack sawed through his thumbnail, and cut himself more times than we can count. He's broken a few bones while jumping into a sandpit, and again while

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skateboarding. He's even helped create a few explosions, one of which sent his friend to the emergency room with facial burns. But he just didn't seem to get the idea that forethought was important. Until the Lord allowed him to experience his greatest lesson.

David went to his friend Chris's house to hang out for the day. As he left, I warned him that he couldn't get a ride home from us until dinner time. I had a long morning of computer work to do, allowed myself an hour for lunch, shower and getting dressed, then had plans to take two sight-impaired friends out for a rare shopping trip. I was *not* to be interrupted.

I had just finished the computer work, and was preparing to head for the shower when the phone rang.

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“Uh, hello Mrs. McIver. Uh, this is Chris. Uh, can you come and get David?”

I answered with the familiarity of having known him for years. “No, Chris; you know I said I’m not available until dinner time.”

“Uh, can you talk to my mom? ... Hello, Karen? This is Wanda. David’s cut himself.”

*He’s done it again.* I’d been through so much with David, I rarely got excited. It didn’t help anyway, and God was always faithful to take care of everything. Instead, I was irritated.

“How bad is it?” Wanda was a nurse, so I valued her opinion.

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“It’s pretty bad. He’s definitely going to need stitches.”

*I’m going to get him. He’s ruined my day again.* I know it’s a horrible way to think of your child, but I have to be honest. “Do you need to call 911?”

“Well, yes, I think it would be best.”

*And we’ll spend all afternoon in the ER, waiting for a few stitches.* “OK, have them call me. I’ve still got to get dressed, but I should still be able to meet them at the hospital, depending on where they take him.”

They called a little while later, saying they’d take him to the hospital nearest us. That gave me the time I needed to cancel the shopping trip with my friends, get dressed, and get over there.

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I had to take eight-year-old Jonathan with me.

We arrived as the ambulance crew was leaving the hospital, and were shown into a little room in the ER. David sat on the gurney, splattered with now-dried blood and grinning sheepishly. His right hand had a high-tech clamp around it.

“Hi, Mom.”

“David, I’m going to get you.” *Tongue-in-cheek, but not happy. Some compassionate mother here.* “You ruined my day!” A bit of compassion takes over. “What happened?”

He told his tale (it’s always a tale). He and Chris got bored so they took some big Bowie knives out behind

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Chris's house and were taking turns hacking at a dead tree. At one point, Chris hacked before David's hand was clear, and the knife sliced through the back of David's hand, bouncing off the bone on the pinky finger side. David was able to clamp it shut with his hand as they raced to the house, trailing blood. The kitchen table was swimming in blood when Wanda got there. In the midst of their efforts to stop the bleeding, none of them got a really good look at how badly he was cut. The emergency team clamped it closed, and there he was.

The enormity of the situation was beginning to dawn on me. Soon someone came to give him temporary stitches until the on-call hand surgeon

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arrived. I headed to the phone and started covering the insurance bases.

The hand surgeon appeared quickly, patiently answered my mainly-insurance questions, then began to work on David's hand right there in the Emergency Room. He invited me to watch. I divided my time between reading a Hardy Boys book to Jonathan and watching the surgery. I was able to detach myself from my mother's concern to become fascinated at the inner workings of the hand and the skill of the surgeon. Chris had arrived to be a presence, and watched a bit of the proceedings, too.

When he was almost finished, the surgeon had David look at the stitches inside his hand. Most of the back of his hand was open, raw meat. In the

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opening of the flesh were tiny white tendons, looking no bigger than little rubber bands, held together by even tinier black stitches.

“It’s going to be a while before these can take any force at all. You will be fitted with a special splint that will protect these tendons while you exercise the others. If you don’t keep the other tendons moving, they will become trapped in your flesh. If you snap any of these stitches, the tendons will disappear up into your arm and it will be major surgery to try to find and reattach them, *if at all*. **You must not use this hand before you’re told to!** Do you understand?”

David said later that he was petrified. Never before had he felt so vulnerable and fragile. He said he felt like God had

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been trying to get his attention, and He finally had it.

God in His wisdom is so good! He protected David from worse injury, and provided every need, beyond our expectations. The surgeon was excellent, we were out of the ER in 1½ hours (a miracle in itself!), and the hand therapist we found was the best. I honestly believe that God protects my children at all times, but, in order to get through to David, He stopped his angels in their duties for that brief moment only. All that remains from the lesson is a large scar, a pinky finger that can't contract the whole way, a huge dose of wisdom that should last a lifetime, and a greater realization for David that God indeed is involved in every day of his life. Blessed be the Lord!

# 13

## **Afflicted But Not Crushed (1997)**

My youngest sister, June, her husband George, and their good friends, Scott and Megan, went the hour's drive to Pittsburgh to go out to dinner. It was the night of September 12, 1997. They were riding in Scott's Subaru *Imprezza*.

They took one of the main thoroughways out of Pittsburgh on their way home. About 9:15pm they passed a

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minor accident scene on the opposite side of the highway. The night was dark and clear. Behind them was a 40-ton, fully-loaded, flat-nosed tractor trailer.

The truck pulled into the left-hand lane to pass their car, and, maybe distracted by the accident they'd passed, clipped the left rear of Scott's car and sent it fishtailing out of control. Somehow, the car ended up in front of the truck and was hit broadside on the left side, where Scott was at the wheel, with June sitting behind him.

Their car did not rebound off into traffic, nor was it crushed by the truck. Instead, it was caught against the wide front bumper, being pushed along -- sideways -- at interstate speed, *the driver of the truck unaware they were there!*

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The impact shattered the windows on the left side of the car, covering them with glass, and leaving no buffer between the deafening roar of the truck's engine and the occupants of the car. The truck's headlights flooded the car's interior, one of them inches from June's head. Scott threw the car into neutral and turned the front wheels as far right as possible. As they hurtled along the highway, the tires screamed against the pavement, sending smoke pouring into the car. Three tires exploded.

Miraculously, the rest of the traffic in front of them was a distance ahead. Traffic on the right was graciously being held back by someone in a Ford Explorer, who must have realized the potential for disaster ahead of them. Those in the opposing traffic must have

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seen the horrifying scene, for one woman stopped at the other accident and directed emergency crews after them.

Inside the car, no one spoke, except for June, who was desperately, persistently crying out the name of Jesus over them. Later they learned they were all thinking the same thing... that they would surely be crushed any moment by the truck. But the little car miraculously held together, June declares, by angels.

After about a quarter of a mile, the road began a gentle left turn, and the driver noticed his truck was not responding well. He had heard a noise earlier, but had thought one of his many tires had blown. He now raised himself from the seat to see in front of his vehicle, and saw the car! He began to downshift and eased straight ahead,

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which on the curve took them all to the right side of the highway.

Inside the car, June and the others realized what he was doing, but looked ahead to see, to their horror, that the side of the road had become the low concrete wall edging a bridge! Now they began to think that they would either be crushed against the concrete wall or hurtled over the edge, to fall hundreds of feet below!

Just as the rear bumper of the car began to scrape the concrete wall, the truck slowed to a stop. Everyone in the car hollered, "Get out! Get out!" ... sure that the car would burst into flames from the heat of the burning tires. They leaped out -- *unhurt* -- except for some bruising and minor cuts from the glass.

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June was so relieved that she searched through the growing crowd of people and emergency workers nearby, asking for the truck driver. She found him, threw her arms around him, and cried, "Thank you for stopping! Thank you for stopping!" He pulled back, shaken himself, and, I'm sure, bewildered that someone he almost killed would thank him for anything.

June was overcome by her awe of their salvation from so terrifying an ordeal. As she held Megan and prayed for her to comfort her, she asked each one who came to help them if they realized what a miracle this was, if they knew the Lord Jesus, and if they were born again!

Finally, they were all taken to a hospital for x-rays and observation.

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They left about 3am to go home (with Megan's sister), convinced that, after their ordeal, they would *never again* doubt the ability of the Lord to save them from *any* situation.

# Karen McIver

# 14

## **The Box in the Truck (1999)**

My son, David, worked for a local hardware store. He had recently been assigned to make deliveries for them. He was 18, with a fairly new driver's license, and no training in towing a trailer. He did the best he could, his instincts helping a lot.

One day he was sent north to the Baltimore area to pick up a wood stove.

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It had a heavy cardboard box covering it, but not extending to the underside of the stove. No instructions were given to David regarding how to best transport the stove.

After getting the stove onto the trailer pulled by the store pick-up truck, David headed for the store. Enroute back, he needed to go through the Fort McHenry tunnel.

As he approached the tunnel, he noticed (in his rear view mirror) that the box was lifting surely but steadily off the stove due to the wind circulating under it. David knew that if it came off, it was big enough to cause a serious accident, especially in the tunnel. Once in the tunnel, vehicles had no emergency pull-over, and were required to maintain interstate speeds. David had

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no choice but to press on, but he prayed for the Lord to take care of the situation.

All through the tunnel, David kept an eye on the rear view mirror. He could see that the box shifted and threatened to depart, but never did. Just as he exited the tunnel, the box flew off -- and landed in the only safe place possible: a small area just outside the tunnel, between the highway and the guardrail... not much bigger than the box. David praised the Lord once again for His grace, mercy and provision. And so did we!

# Karen McIver

# 15

## **A Walking Miracle Today! (as written c. 2001)**

I haven't even mentioned my own physical miracle of life.

When I was eighteen months old (in 1954), my mother found a swelling at my waist, and rushed me to the doctor. I was diagnosed with Wilms' tumor, a fast-growing cancer that only attacks the kidneys of young children. My right kidney was removed at the Pittsburgh

Children's Hospital, and I received 45 radiation treatments. After five years I was considered 'cured'. But that was only the beginning.

It was the grace of God that I lived. Medical science was only beginning to understand this cancer, and I was one of the first to live through it. It was usually not detected until it had burst through the kidney and quickly destroyed many internal organs, causing death. Not knowing how to handle it, the assumed course of post-operative treatment at the time was the radiation.

I led a fairly average life, growing up with an older brother and three younger sisters. I had no idea that my mother had been told I'd probably never have children. She wisely chose to keep it in her heart and trust God.

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It wasn't until I was pregnant with our first child that my mother told me of the doctor's prognosis. What a miracle! I went on to bear four more children. My pregnancies were hard on me, but each one of our children is unusually healthy and blessed! And the Lord's grace has extended to another generation; we now have three beautiful, healthy grandchildren! The Lord once showed me Isaiah 8:18: "***Behold, I and the children whom the LORD has given me are for signs and wonders*** in Israel from the LORD of hosts, who dwells on Mount Zion." I have treasured that in my heart, have held it before the Lord, and have seen it coming to pass.

After the birth of our fifth child, however, my own health deteriorated. I

had no energy, and began to have back spasms that would reduce me to crawling if I could move at all. And the area where I'd had the radiation seemed to be getting more deformed and hollow. A chiropractic radiologist diagnosed it as radiation-induced spinal degeneration and muscle atrophy. The long-term effects of the radiation therapy were catching up with me.

But again God provided. Just before the diagnosis, I had learned of whole-food supplements that were assimilated easily. Because radiation damage inhibits the assimilation of nutrients, I believed them to be an answer for me. As I took the supplements, the spasms went away, my energy returned, and life became more normal again. I have also since found an excellent chiropractor who keeps my spine from locking up as

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it can sometimes do, a physical therapist who calms occasional muscle disorders, a massage therapist who calms areas of stress, and twice-weekly workouts in the pool for safe exercise. I see these all as God's provision for me.

I have seen healing and provision in the scriptures. Psalm 107:19-20 says, "...they cried out to the LORD in their trouble; He saved them out of their distresses. He sent His word and healed them, And delivered them from their destructions." So I have used the Word as a medicine for all our family. Our children grew up listening to a dramatized version of the New Testament on tape whenever they were sick, injured, or having trouble sleeping. Healing was always swift and the sleep peaceful. The Word is my sword,

putting me on the offensive against the Destroyer, and not on the defensive. As a result, my physical difficulties have taken a lesser role in my days.

I have also seen that rejoicing before the Lord is not a choice. There are places that tie rejoicing with being in need. (Psalm 40:16-17) I have seen that blessing the Lord is a matter of my will. (Psalm 34:1) So I have often willed myself to worship when I have not felt like it, and have rejoiced and danced in worship when I have been in physical or emotional need... rejoicing not in the affliction, but in the Savior Who loves me and sets me free. And I have seen healing in those times. I have often worshipped through tears, and have seen peace and deliverance come. I cannot dance as often as I used to, but the Lord grants me times of grace, for

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which I am thankful. He has also shown me that I will dance before Him forever, which gives me peace when I can't now. Thankfulness and service are foremost, and there is such joy and healing in that!

Life every day is a miracle to me now. I am humbled that the Lord of Hosts has granted almost 50 years to me, and brought me to this place of joy, freedom and service before Him. I trust Him that I will live life to the fullest, serving Him daily for as long as He desires. And should He call me home tomorrow or in 50 more years, I want it known that it's OK. I know now what Paul meant when he said, "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." I know that He is preparing a place for me, and that I will worship and praise Him forever.

I am a living testimony to the unfathomable grace and love of God. Bless His holy name!

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*And That's Not THE END! ☺*



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