

The Golden Chariot

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This story starts on an average day for me. Oh! I should introduce myself. My name is Seth and I live in a large Asian country, constantly going up and down the mountains between our two homes. One is in a large city, the other is in a small town high on the plateau, eight hours away. I should say that we are the first foreigners *ever* to live in our small town and there are no believers there at all. Many people have never even heard of Jesus.

Anyway, we always pray before we drive, and as I was praying I definitely saw a golden chariot with two golden horses and a golden rider. Well, as you would probably expect, I thought my imagination was going haywire, so I didn't mention it.

After lunch, four hours into the journey, the golden chariot was still there, racing before us and I finally told Mum and Dad about it. Well, because they are good parents, we all whooped and praised God, and they encouraged me to always keep listening to God. I felt much better that I had told someone.

The Golden Chariot

About two hours from our small town, we had a toilet break, and I forgot, like a silly person, to put my seat belt back on! Soon came the highest mountain pass on the route, which on this day was sunny on one side and had snowed on the other. You can see where this is going...

As my dad was coming out of the sunny side, the road became very slightly icy. We skidded. Dad said, 'Oh no, we're going, WE'RE GOING!!!' and he was right, we really did go. After that it was a blur.

There were some tiny little red-and-white posts in the way. We smashed through them like a cannon against wood at point-blank range. Then there was a steep slope straight down the mountain side. We rolled twice like a washing machine. The boot door was ripped off and all our stuff rolled away.

It was very frightening, but miraculously we landed back on our wheels a long way from the road. Although we were really shaken up, we were alive! The whole family loudly praised God again.

Some windows had imploded, leaving Dad with a nasty cut. Our car was battered and crushed all over. My little brother's second-hand chair had kept him safe (we'd always thought it was a piece of junk but it worked!).

As for me, this is a bit of a mystery, but it felt as if I had a seat belt on! There was tons of stuff flying about from the boot, but none of it hit anyone in the car. I had a bump on my head, my back hurt a bit, and I couldn't breathe very well for a few moments, but apart from that I was unhurt.

True stories of God at work

It was freezing on the mountainside, but while we were gathering up our stuff, I said weakly, 'The Golden Chariot protected us.' It was amazing.

Some friendly truck drivers took Mum, me and my brother home. Dad managed to stuff all our things in the car and put some ropes over the boot. There was a small dirt track that came onto the road about a mile away cross country, and Dad went along that, even crossing a river to get there. Then he drove back to the city through blizzards, winds and rain. He said it was, 'bloomin' cold'!

We have been back there since, on our way to our small town home. We've even gathered up some more stuff we missed the first time, like some of Mum's make-up!

God has given me an experience I will never forget, and I am very grateful. From then on my prayer before a long drive has been: 'God please send the golden chariot to protect us.'

Seth – aged 10

The Bible says that God has ordered his angels to protect us wherever we go.¹ Seth and his family always thank God for his protection when they travel! They have lived in China for six years. Seth enjoys designing buildings and hopes to run a falconry centre one day.

¹ Psalm 91:11

