

God Whispers To Me - It Started One Morning...

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God whispers to me. It started one morning not long ago as I lay in bed. It never happened before, but that morning I clearly heard a voice whispering to me as I was waking up, or maybe it was the voice itself that woke me up. It said, "Don't be afraid, Tanya. I'm always with you."

I opened my eyes and looked around the bedroom. Nobody was there. I looked at my brown Teddy lying next to me. "Did you say something?" I asked in my mind. He stared back at me blankly. Interesting.

I got up and dressed myself. Downstairs I could hear my mom moving about the kitchen preparing breakfast. The smell of bacon and eggs was already wafting through the house and up to my room.

"Tanya, dear! Is that you? Better get a move on. It's a quarter to eight already."

It was Monday morning and the week was off to a running start. I knew that already my father and two older brothers were out the door. Being still just a sixth-grader, I got to sleep in a little longer and was the last to leave the house.

I was about to come down the stairs when I heard the voice again. "Be careful today," it whispered. My right foot hung over the top step. My eyes darted from left to right. Then, slowly, I turned my head around. An empty hallway. Weird.

I walked quietly down the stairs and came into the kitchen. Everything looked normal. My mom, at the stove with her back to me, was in her usual place. Bowzer, our family dog, a grey cocker spaniel, was in his corner spot, head on his front paws. Upon seeing me, he lifted himself up and came over for his morning pet.

"Hiya doin', Bowz," I said absent-mindedly. Everything looked normal, but I sure didn't feel normal.

"Mom?"

"Yes, dear," came the reply through the back of her head.

I was about to tell her about the voice but then thought better of it. No sense getting her all worked up over something that probably didn't mean anything. You see, at that point, I still didn't know it was God.

The rest of the morning was pretty normal: wolfing down the eggs and bacon, grabbing my backpack and lunch, kissing my mom on the cheek, picking up my bike and pedaling furiously to school, and finding myself in first period math class straining to keep my eyes open.

I was sitting in my very normal fifth period geography class, the one right after lunch, doing what I normally do: daydreaming about my favorite after-school activity - riding bikes with my best friend, Norma, when suddenly I heard my name: "Tanya!"

Well, by now, I bet you know it wasn't Mr. Winkler, my geography teacher, who was calling me, although I did immediately sit up straight and was about to say "Mississippi River" in response to a question I thought he was asking before I caught myself when I saw him speaking to Miranda Peters in the front row.

No, it was that voice again. It was whispering something. I listened closely: "Don't worry. Everything will be all right. I'm with you."

Now I was worrying. What was going on? Why was I hearing this voice?

Well, for the rest of the day I couldn't pay attention to my teachers nor daydream either. I just wanted to be ready to hear what the voice would say next, but it had again fallen silent.

Three o'clock came. Norma and I met at our usual spot near the bike racks. The whole fall since school started, we had been biking buddies. We had a set route: first to her place to drop off her backpack and books, then to my house to do the same and pick up a snack, finally over to Winsbury Park to hang out till dark.

By now, I had forgotten about the voice. We chatted a bit before we got our bikes, then set off.

Usually Norma led the way, I right behind. Today, for some reason, I was out in front. Norma was a good leader. She had a good sense about how fast to go and to watch out for traffic. I could trust her completely. Now I was the one who had to set the pace and watch out.

We were just turning onto Elm Street, Norma's street, when it happened. It was a sharp right-hand turn into oncoming one-way traffic. I allowed myself to veer too far into the middle of the road. The last thing I saw was a white garbage truck. I didn't feel a thing. Everything went blank.

"Tanya, I'm right here with you. You had an accident, but everything will be fine. I'm seeing to it." I don't really know how long I was unconscious. I never asked and it doesn't really matter. I just know the whole time I felt I was being cradled in someone's giant arms. I felt warm and safe and not at all worried about anything.

When I awoke, I was in a bright white hospital room. At first, I thought I was in heaven. Then, I saw my mom's big blue moist eyes staring down at me. Her hand was stroking my cheek. "Oh, Tanya!" she cried. She bent over and hugged me tight.

Norma was standing on the other side of the bed. I was still a bit dazed. She was saying something to me excitedly.

"It's a miracle, Tanya! A real miracle!"

"Miracle?" I murmured. "What do you mean? What happened?" I tried to recall what I was doing that landed me in this hospital bed. Oh, yes...the truck; the white truck.

"You were heading straight into that garbage truck. I thought you were a goner when..." Norma's voice trailed off. Tears began to well up in her eyes. She started to choke.

I waited unemotionally until she could continue.

"Well, suddenly you fell, like somebody just pushed you down and, that truck, it just rolled right over you without hitting you. Instead, you fell between the front wheels and went unconscious when your head hit the road. Somebody up there is watching out for you, Tan."

I know for a fact it's true. He told me He would take care of me and was true to His word. Since that day, God and I have become something like good buddies. He's always whispering stuff into my ear now. His is the first voice I hear every morning. All day He's telling me things - teaching me, comforting me, challenging me. It's no mystery to me anymore.

Yes, God whispers to me - all the time.