

No Other Explanation

By Marilyn Reeves

I no longer adhere to any form of conventional religion, but I do believe in something called Universal Mind or Universal Consciousness. And from time to time I am reminded that something far greater than I am is in control, because things happen for which there is no other explanation.

During the years I spent with Jim, I would drive out to his house in Arvada on Friday night and stay with him until it was time to return to work on Monday morning.

Although we were happily compatible the majority of the time, like all couples, we had our moments of discontent. I remember one particular occasion when we'd gone to bed angry following some sort of spat. I don't remember what it was we had been arguing about, but I do clearly remember what followed.

Too upset to sleep, I got up at some point during the night and went out into the living room to try to sort out my thoughts. I sat in a small chair looking toward the big picture window facing west. The heavy drapes had been left open, but the sheers were closed. They were dense enough to allow for privacy, but transparent enough to admit whatever light there was to come in from outside.

As I sat there staring at nothing, suddenly I found myself curiously drawn to a very bright light coming from the roof of the neighbors' house across the street. Funny, I had never noticed that light before. I stood and walked over to the window, parting the sheers for a better look. That bright light wasn't a light at all – it was fire! The neighbors' roof was on fire!

I ran into the bedroom and woke Jim, shouting, 'Phil and Jolene's house is on fire! Come look!' When he saw the sight for himself, the fire now spreading to the tall evergreen trees above the roof, he ran to the phone. First he called 9-1-1. Then he called Phil and Jolene, who were apparently still sound asleep, completely unaware of their peril.

We grabbed our robes and ran across the street, where we stood with them out on the sidewalk watching the firemen as they put out the flames. After all the excitement was over, they thanked us profusely, then Jim and I headed back home to his place to try to salvage a bit of sleep.

I don't think either of us remembered what it was we had been quarreling about, because something far more important had just happened. And I felt as if I had been used as an instrument of Divine Intervention. Nothing else could explain why I happened to be looking out that window on that particular night.