

## Nothing Comes from Nothing

*By Sharon Buchan*

I once asked a friend of mine who was a physicist to explain his belief system to me as a scientist. I love his answer which he gave to me as we were standing on our deck looking out at the Pacific Ocean. In his B.B.C. English accent, he said, "We have a saying that goes like this: "Nothing comes from nothing. This ..." he said as he looked around, "ain't NOTHING." I myself find this world all too great to be an accident.

I can think of two times in my life when I recognized Divine Intervention immediately.

We were living in Arvada and I had a basketful of six-week-old puppies I was taking to our veterinarian. I pulled in next to about six motorcycles. I assumed their riders were Hell's Angels.

They were dressed all in black leather. Long hair or heads shaven bald. One of them had a chain he was twirling in the air. They began making wolf whistles and eyeing me up and down. I glared at them, stuck my nose in the air and proceeded into the vet's office. When I came out I found these six men had surrounded my car. One was sitting on the hood of my new car and I could clearly see it was permanently dented. I silently prayed, "God help me." I literally felt a peace come over me. I hopped on the hood of my car next to one of the men. I could not help but notice that his arm was bigger than my thigh and covered with a tattoo of a skull with a rattlesnake crawling through its empty eye sockets. Out of my mouth I heard these words, "I have always wanted to ask someone why your bikes have such little wheels in the front."

One would have thought that I had told them they had just won the lottery. I honestly cannot remember one word that they said. The man on my hood hopped off while lending me a hand down and then opened the car door for me. He asked me to pop the hood and with his bare hand and thigh-sized biceps pushed my hood back into shape. I know it never would have occurred to me to hop upon the hood of my car next to what I considered a very frightening man. Nor did I wonder then or now why they had little wheels on the front of their bikes.

My second Divine Intervention was when my son was three years old. We had no seat belts then and I was driving on 1-70 when he decided to hop into the back seat. Hitting me in the head with one cowboy boot and then the other. I looked around to see him opening the back door. I yelled "No, God help me!" When I pulled over to the side of the road I found him standing upright without a mark on him. I then noticed another car had pulled up behind him. An elderly couple were running toward us. They had witnessed the whole ordeal and said they had never seen anything like it. He seemed to float up out of the car instead of falling down and then landed on his feet. To this day I get chills running up and down my spine when I think about what could have happened and what did happen.

Nothing comes from nothing, and this sure isn't NOTHING!