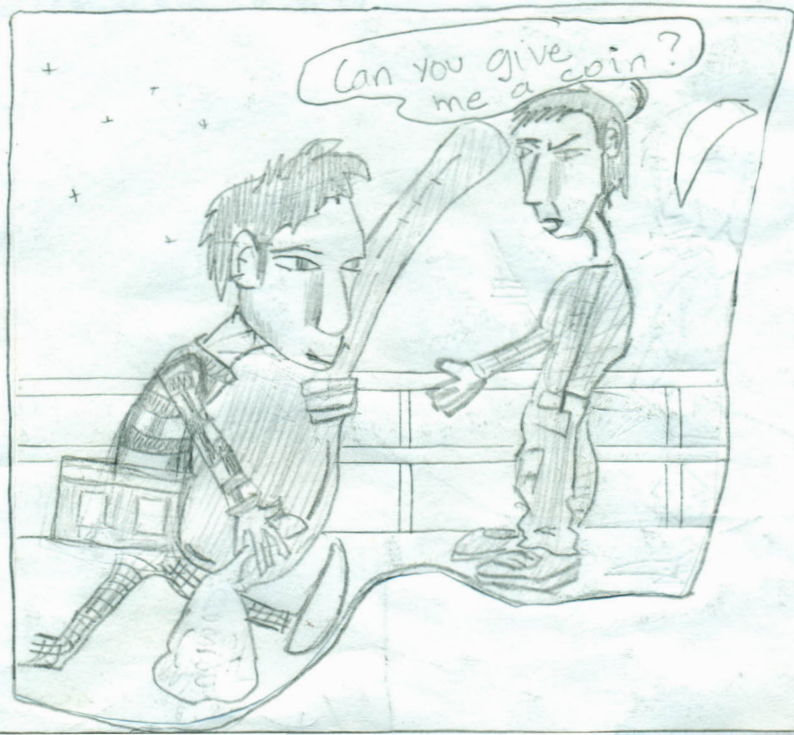


# "Jesus!!! Help me!!!" Bridge

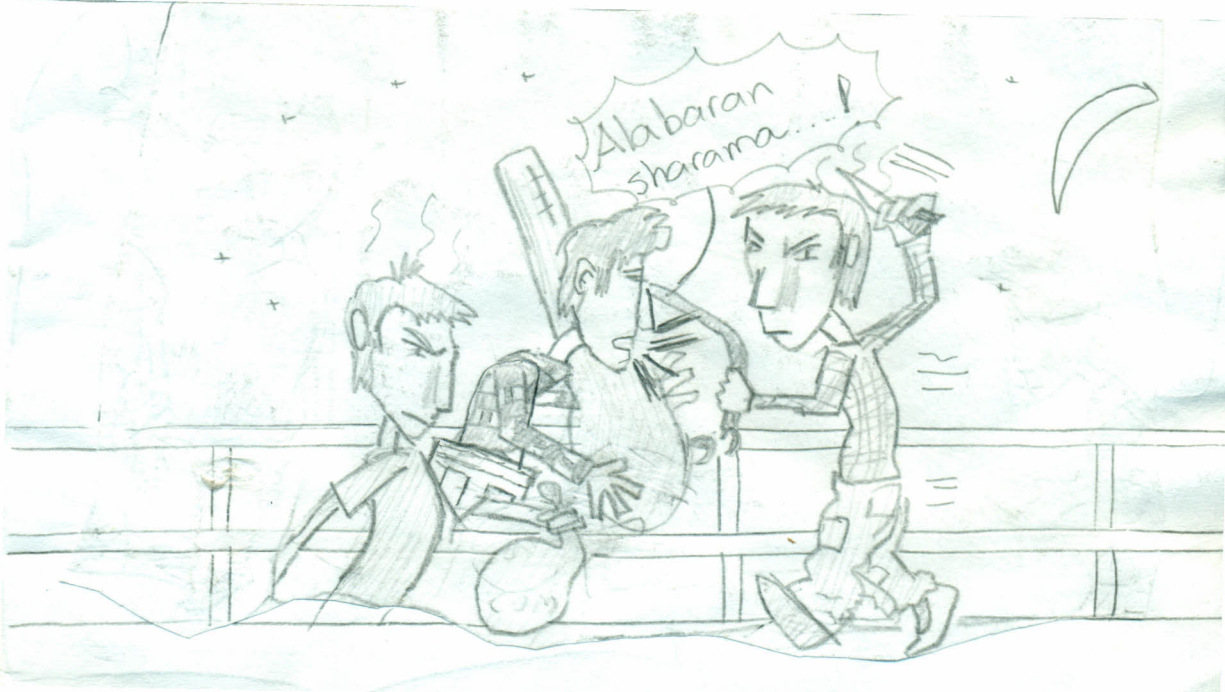


Testimony of a  
missionary

By Andrés  
Nueva Vida  
Colombia

ART By  
Ireland

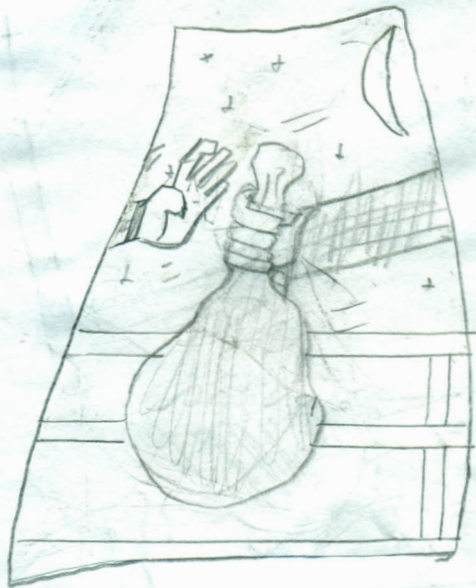
Alabaran  
sharama....!

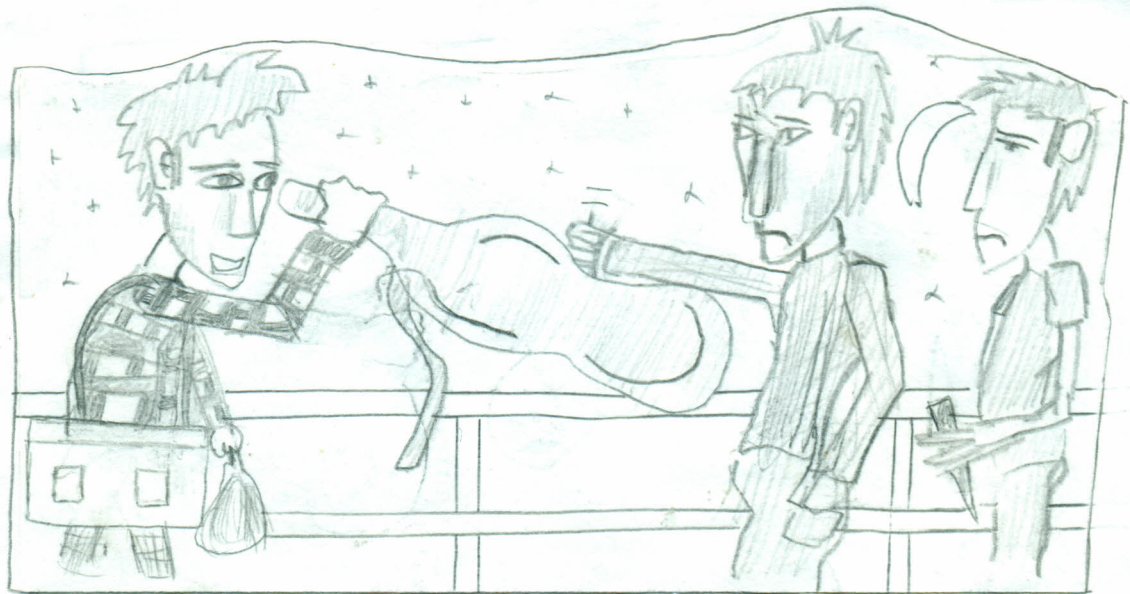
















## HE ROSE ME ABOVE ON THE BRIDGE!

It was a cold Friday evening of August 2, 2001 at 9:45 p.m., and I was on my way back home walking half way through the pedestrian bridge that connects the other way of the highway to the side of my neighborhood. It had been an exhausting and straining day, and I had been able to make it after a long struggle to get the breakfast and the protein for our next day. Thank God the Lord as always, had seen me through this other day also, and after asking the Lord to accompany me to go over the bridge, I was right there carrying my daughter's guitar on my right shoulder, my briefcase hanging from my left shoulder, and the powder milk with the breakfast bread in the other hand.

There was a guy from the other end of the bridge walking towards me and begging me to give him a coin. This made me stop and see if I still had some small change, when suddenly another guy behind the "beggar" jumped over me to cut me with a knife in a real devilish attitude. My only first reaction was to dodge the swing of the guy and start rebuking the enemy praying loudly in tongues and keep on trying to avoid their intents to harm me as I would claim at the top of my voice to the Lord "JESUS, HELP ME!", "HELP ME JESUS!" "JESUS, HELP ME!", "PLEASE, HELP ME".

They could knock my face a little against the rail of the bridge, and spoil me from the guitar and the breakfast bag - right after claiming the help of the Lord and seeing "no response" for 20 long seconds I started thinking that for a special and divine purpose I would end up in a hospital- When suddenly, the guy who had pretended to beg said to his mate, "Leave him!, leave him!" and then they proceeded to leave me and keep on their way.

When I saw them going away in a sheepish way, I dared to ask them on the spot (Thank God the Lord had kept me peaceful within) "Hey guys, that's the breakfast for my family, and the guitar's from my daughter! They do need them!" An the most incredible thing happened: **both of them turned around and handed me back the guitar along with the breakfast bag they had just grabbed from me 1 minute ago!** -kind of showing they were apologizing for what they had done!- and kept on going their way sort of ashamed of having tried to smug me!!!!

I then took back my daughter's guitar and our breakfast bag and kept on my way also still wondering if I didn't have any wound at all and praising my Jesus for having spared me once more!!

There was a family who was on my neighborhood's side of the bridge, waitin for a bus or a taxi, staring in awe at what had happened, and trying to get how the thing had ended up, and as I passed by them what only came to me to share to them was saying "One little miracle!!" and kept on my way!

Once more HE HAD RISEN ME ABOVE, This time on a bridge!  
His mercy is it!