

## *Vehicular Homicide*

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No matter what time she awoke, Jeanie always ended up rushing to get her children to the bus stop on time. She ran into the kitchen to pack lunches for her husband, David, and daughters, who sat at the table eating breakfast. She rummaged through the drawers in search of a sandwich baggie.

“Babe, don’t forget to take the girls to ballet practice,” she said to her husband, as she slapped jelly on the bread. “I’ve got a late meeting today.”

“Got it in my PDA,” David said, as he put peaches in the girls’ *Dora the Explorer* lunch totes. “So I’ll see you around six?”

“Yeah. I’ll pick up dinner.” Jeanie bobbed her head in the direction of the garage.

David grabbed his briefcase and chuckled. “I know. A two-car garage and I’m parking in the driveway. I’ll clean it this weekend.” He kissed his wife, hugged his girls and then left out the front door.

Jeanie wiped the sweat from her brow. She turned to her twin daughters who slurped the milk from their bowl of cereal. “Come on girls. Time to go.” The trio jogged to the corner and arrived as the last child stepped onto the bus. “Okay, ladies,” she sighed, “have a good day. Protection in the name of Jesus.”

“Bye, Mommy. We love you.” Jeanie kissed the girls and then trotted home.

Already behind schedule, she grabbed her keys and ran into the garage. She jumped in the car and popped *Christopher’s* newest release, *The Journey*, into the CD player. She skipped to her favorite track, *Yes*. With the hectic start to her day, she needed to usher in the Lord’s presence fast.

“Father, I thank You for another day.” She petitioned her Daddy for His will as she drove to work. Deep in prayer, and inattentive to her surroundings, she failed to navigate a hair-pin turn. She overcompensated and crossed to the opposite side of the isolated two-lane highway. The tires spun without restraint in the loose gravel and the 2005 Impala skid out of control. “The blood of Jesus!” Jeanie threw up her hands to shield herself as the vehicle bounded down the steep ravine. The dense foliage shrouded the car as it came to rest in a shadowed gully.

An hour later, still delirious from the impact, Jeanie opened her eyes. She leaned back on the headrest and waved away the imaginary birds that fluttered around her. As she ran her hands over her body to check for broken bones, a bolt of pain seared through her chest. She struggled to unfasten the seatbelt. The clasp had jammed.

“Oh, my God!” Frantic, she reached for her cell phone. “Still on the charger. Jesus!” Tears raced down her cheeks. She grabbed a travel pack of tissue from the console and dabbed at her face. “Okay, get yourself together.” She tried to open the door, but tree branches pressed against the car and sealed it shut. Trapped. Her heart pounded as she realized no one would look for her in the secluded place.

“Lord, I know that You have given me the spirit of power, love and a sound mind, but right now, I am scared. I don’t know how I got in this place and I don’t know how I’m going to get

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out.” With her breathing labored, she continued. “I’m trapped in this pit with no way to call for help. Why are You doing this to me?” She slammed her fists against the dashboard. “This is not fair!” She clutched her chest in an attempt to alleviate the pain and then passed out.

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We walk where we watch so look to Jesus!

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