

MIRACLE AFTER MIRACLE

Little did I know as I selected the song “Forgettable” for my new album, Grace That Chose Me, I would be headed for a journey where I would personally experience the lyrics to this song and learn first hand God’s miraculous mercy, grace and love through a very difficult accident? Nor did I realize that the wonderful events of the new album, the new music video, and the increasing of a following in my ministry would all play an important roll in giving me strength and increasing my faith in dealing with what was about to happen.

In mid November my husband, myself and our 2 year old son set out that day driving behind my parents traveling to NC to work on the rental houses and then my mom and I would travel to Nashville to complete some recording necessary for the radio release of 2 of my songs January or February. My husband and I and our son had



stopped for gas so we were separated from my parents by about 10 miles. We were in SC on I-95 when traffic began to slow down. As we approached the mishap, my husband recognized that the vehicle involved in the terrible wreck was my parent’s. He pulled over and I immediately ran towards the scene where my dad was standing over my mom’s body lying on the ground outside their vehicle. I couldn’t believe my eyes! My worst nightmare had come true! Was my mom even alive? What should I do? What could I do? My first thought was, “I must get the prayers going and fast!” Paramedics had arrived and I began to pray asking God to give me strength and help me know what to do. I called my home church in Lakeland and then my parent’s church, then their former church and friends and family asking for prayer. The wreckage was incredible. Their vehicle, and a trailer they were pulling, had spun, flipped and finally landed against a tree. How could things ever be the same with them? If they survived, the injuries would have to be permanent. No one could escape a wreck like that without great physical injury. Minutes seemed like hours and as they rushed my

parents to the local hospital I cried out for God to spare them and allow us more time together. I soon learned they would airlift my mom by helicopter to a trauma hospital in Charleston an hour and a half away. We would drive to meet her and believe me, that was a LONG drive!!

My dad's injuries were not life threatening but he was very distraught as you can imagine and he had multiple bruising with scrapes and scratches. What would we find when we arrived in Charleston? A trauma hospital.....I prayed....please God, hear our prayers. When we arrived the testing had begun and soon we had word that mom had sustained a brain hemorrhage, fractured vertebrae in her neck, broken collarbone and clavicle bone, 2 small fractures of her pelvic bones and multiple scrapes and bruises. How could I be strong for them? Only through God! This day would surely change our lives forever. God was already working miracles and blessing us with mercy. Within several hours the doctors told us mom was doing very good and would need to be monitored for 48 hours regarding the head injury and if all went well, she would be fine!! PRAISE GOD! OH MY! MIRACLE AFTER MIRACLE!!



Here are some of the lyrics to that song. Miracle, miracle, after miracle, fill up my heart and soul, with you 'til it overflows. I can see, I can see, You in everything and everything else is so forgettable. The first verse says "I was only looking for a river, but You gave me an ocean wide. I was only looking at this moment, but You gave me love for a lifetime. I was only looking for a candle, but You gave me a fire blazing. I was only giving You the simple and the easy, but it never fails You give me more than amazing." And God did. Not only were my mom and dad going to be ok, they were GREAT. Mom was in great spirits, happy, thankful to be alive, joking with the

nurses, loving the hospital food and making friends with everyone she met. Dad was so grateful his injuries were minimal and very thankful no one else was involved in the accident. Although it has been a slowing down period for us as they heal and mend, it has given us all much time to reflect and concentrate on God and who He is and how He protects, shows mercy and grace, heals and blesses. Christ has truly been our Rock through these difficult days. Prayer makes a difference. A big difference!

Our miracle has reminded us too of the miracle of Jesus, His birth, death, resurrection and how He gives us a second chance at life. How can we not honor and worship, bow down and praise the miracle of all miracles....Christ and His Love for us. Our family is so grateful for all the prayers and acts of kindness that have been offered up but especially for what Christ has done to protect us and give us more time together. I thank God that good has come through this in my ministry too. Of course, my goal and prayer for the new album was for it to minister to others not realizing that I would be blessed and ministered by the songs first hand through this miracle!

Joyfully Singing,
Eva Kroon Pike