

Angel at the Bus Stop

Author unknown

This story is possibly fictional but is still a great inspiration -- a "modern day" parable that restores one's faith in God's love.

There was still a steady rain when Aimee trudged into the shelter at the bus stop that evening. Sitting heavily on the bench, she stared at a muddy gutter, and wondered when things would ever change. So much had been wrong; she felt she was slowly being crushed inside. The physical therapy after the auto accident was only supposed to be for a couple weeks. The weeks had stretched to months, and although she could walk now, she still fought for balance on her steps, and the numbing ache still robbed her of sleep most nights. Her broken collarbone still ached too, when it rained, like today. Her stomach growled, and she grimaced at the thought of food. All the medications were ruining her appetite. She was so tired of being sick. So tired of being tired. Aimee sat lost in thought, as the rain dripped steadily off the awning.

Suddenly, Aimee was aware of white service shoes in front of her line of vision. Startled, she followed the sturdy uniform-clad legs up to see pudgy tan hands clasped around an ample waist within a bright blue scrub shirt. She looked up into a pair of crinkled-rimmed kind brown eyes, and realized a woman was speaking to her.

"Ya all right, honey?" she was saying. Without warning, Aimee burst into tears. In seconds, the woman had stepped close, and pulled Aimee's head to her ample bosom, and held her quietly close. The moment passed, and Aimee straightened up, apologizing profusely through her tears.

"Stop Aimee," said the soft voice. "God knows when we're drowning, and need His touch. The sun will come out again for you." Gently she kissed Aimee's forehead, and turned to walk away.

"Wait!" cried Aimee, "How did you know my name?!"

"God knows all His children by name, child."

As Aimee blinked in astonishment, the bus arrived, blocking her view. As she stood up, shaking her head, the voice came again. At the same moment as the breaking sunbeams. In the mist steaming off the pavement, Aimee distinctly heard, "He knows you needed to be held in His arms, for just a moment. To hear His heartbeat. He sent me to wrap you in it today."