

My Truckdriver Angel

By Lorelei Pepe

When I was working at a telemarketing job near Miami Airport I used to “buzz” back and forth in my little green, Toyota Tercel, which I adored. It was great on gas mileage and also parking in tight spaces. I prided myself in taking great care of this car. My father had taught me as a little girl the one thing I had to check in the car was the engine oil. He used to say. “never let it get empty” and you will have the car a long time, so I used to check it periodically and then refill it myself, if necessary.

One day, being in a hurry to get to work, I filled the engine oil spout and put back the oil cap. I then proceeded to work which was about 10-15 miles away. I wanted to beat the early morning “rush hour” here in Miami, so I didn’t double check the cap as I normally do. Everything was fine with the car until I took it out at lunchtime. I had to do errands and go to the bank nearby, but still had to drive on the parkway, and since time was tight, went pretty fast. When I arrived at the bank, all the parking spaces were taken, so I had to cross over to a mall parking lot and left the car there. It seemed like a pretty isolated spot, but I had quite a distance to walk and in a business suit with high heels and stockings the heat can be quite suffocating. I was relieved once inside the bank and cooled off. I finished quickly and hurried back to the car. As I approached the front of the car, I looked at the engine hood very puzzled. As I got closer, I realized it had dark streaks of black gunk all over the front hood. The hot sun was blazing down on it also, and this liquid was dripping down onto the front bumper. Touching it I realized it was Oil!

Trying not to freak out and panic, I popped the hood button and opened it to inspect the engine. Much to my shock and surprise, there were pools of oil splattered all over the engine. Everything was covered with this black, greenish oil. I immediately got some paper towels from the trunk and tried to clean some of this mess up. When I got to the oil spout I realized the cap was missing and nowhere to be found. Apparently, the oil had exploded out into the engine area the entire time I was driving!

While I was muttering under my breath and swearing and holding back tears, I looked around to see if anyone was around. It was then I noticed a man in a huge trailer truck that was parked not far from me. Our eyes met and he immediately got out of the truck and came over to help and just took charge. He did not say much, took a look, silently went back to his truck and came back with rags to clean up this mess. I was still in a state of shock. Not saying much and he then went back again and returned with lots of newspapers and brown bags... (probably from his lunch I thought). He then twisted all together and made a temporary cover for the oil spout. Otherwise, what little I had left would flow out when I drove. I bent down to clean up some oil from the bumper and before I could even put the hood back down, and turn around to thank him, he was gone! Silently I said a prayer to God for sending him to me in my time of distress, as no one else came over.

I drove back to my office a complete mess, with oil stains all over my suit and I was a nervous wreck. When I explained the situation to my boss, he was sympathetic and let me call the Toyota dealership to get another cap and then I left the office to pick it up. I had to drive another 15 miles or so to the nearest dealership with this twisted wad of paper in the oil spout opening. I prayed silently all along the way to get there safely.

When I arrived at the dealership, the mechanic inspected the mess and told me "I was a very lucky woman". He said a fire could have occurred between the heat, the distance I drove and the wads of paper, although it kept the rest of the oil intact. I told him I guess my guardian angels were looking over my shoulder, as they had many times before and had gotten me there safely. He just smiled back at me while I went to pay the bill. But I thank the Lord above and a big debt of gratitude for my truck driver! I know for sure he was my angel sent to me.... in disguise!

"He shall give His angels charge over you." – Matthew 4:6