

God Makes the Impossible Possible

By Bob and Lisa Hoffman

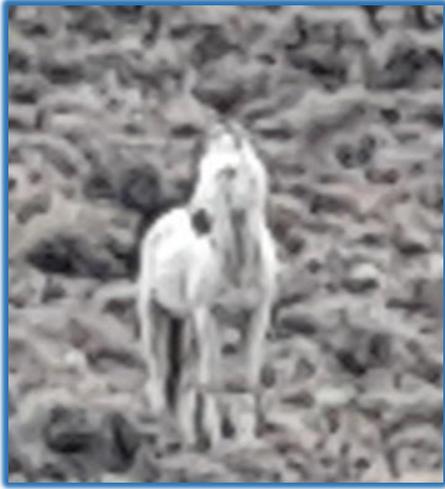
It was a road trip we'd put off for 2 years. Going back to the Midwest to see Dad and how 89 years had taken the whistle out of his step, was a long 3,000 miles away. But when he called us to come back, we left right away. Found out when we got there that he just wanted us to fix his remote control for the TV. He needed the guide channel so he could watch his favorite baseball. In Dad's world, he wanted control over something. Anything! Bob told Dad he didn't need the TV guide. He didn't need TV. Jesus was his guide. Dad had the guide in his heart and mind already. We prayed



with him. We started with 2 words—Our Father—to prompt him. It only took a moment for Dad to continue with us. Some things a person doesn't forget. Every word meant something to us. We prayed the rosary with him. We had little moments of joys and smiles with Dad for several days. He sang a favorite Frank Sinatra song. “New York, New York”, letting us know if he could make it there, he could make it anywhere! “To heaven,” we told him! And then we drove back to Oregon, knowing the Lord was in control, guiding each of us every day.

We talked to strangers along the way and shared our story with souls that the Lord put in our path. These life parables become topics of conversation for Bob and me as we drive across the country, mile after mile, hour after hour. There are no chance meetings in this life. God calls us to touch one another through these interactions with other souls by sharing our faith and encouraging others to look to Jesus in all things.

We were back in Oregon for 7 days when we got the call from Bob's sister that Dad had taken his last peaceful breath on Oct 15th. Memorial services were set for Friday Oct 22nd. We spent those 2 days after we heard in deep prayer and contemplation. Could we make it back in time for the memorial? Should we? How could we afford the cost of another trip? Bob is the oldest of 4. He should be there for the town and the extended family memorial. It was Bob's duty. No matter that we'd just driven over 6,000 miles, the expense and the drive time, the risk to health and car. It was impossible to get back in time! We prayed for the Lord's will to be done and waited for a sign.



We left on Monday afternoon, as the bank released funds from the trust. That was our first confirmation from God. We filled the gas tank and took off on the wings of the Lord. We drove 3,000 miles in 3.5 days. It amazes us every time we think of how God makes things happen. I drove 850 miles in one day! Impossible? Not for God! We had brief moments to share God's love with Eduardo at a rest stop in Utah, another guy at a gas station that seemed hungry for conversation, a visitor to a shrine we stopped at to pray. We drove by a wild horse, a white stallion, out in the middle of the desert, on both trips. That was a sign from God that we were on his path! We drove around storms that took us on roads through towns off the main highways like St. Johns in Arizona. All these encounters were arranged by the Lord. Prayer directed us each day as Bob wrote in his journal that Dad's passing could be instrumental in the salvation of others.

The memorial service was at the local funeral home. Probably 100 people went through the open casket viewing line. Bob's sister had asked us to lead the service for the family as the scheduled minister had cancelled mid-week. The Lord gave Bob the scripture to read in a hotel room to his brother and sisters, aunts and uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews, close friends of Bob's parents. Most of them hadn't seen Bob and me in 10-15 years. Bob read from 1 Corinthians 13:11-13 that no matter what, Faith, Hope, and Love abides, but the greatest of these is LOVE. That's what gathered all of us together that day, our love for Guy Hoffman and to support the family. At the graveside we read John 20:29 Blessed are those who have not seen and yet believe. Dad was given a 21-gun salute for his service in the 82nd Airborne Division.

God made it possible for us to fulfill the fifth commandment, to honor Bob's Dad. Living our life for God brings blessings and joys beyond our understanding. When we pray, we wait and look for God's will in every answer. We see the signposts along the way and are thankful. Not my will, but Thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven. God brings us through our tough times, our sorrows, our tests of faith.

We had to reroute on our way back to Oregon several times to avoid mud slides and long delays on road construction along the California coast. God sent us on a desert road that passed by a remote Monastery where we could pause and thank the Lord for our safe



travels. We arrived 5 minutes before the noon service and prayed with 10 Vietnamese monks. We were greeted by a monk with open arms saying, "We are One." That's Divine providence!

We completed the second 6,000-mile journey back to our humble home on the Oregon coast with the Lord's blessings all along the way. Mission accomplished!

Thank you, my Lord, my loving and compassionate Father, for leading us in our daily journey toward your Kingdom. May the trust and faith we have in You overflow to others always.

