

**Companions on the Journey**

February 16, 2020

Dear Friends,

Do you remember last year when I told you the story about my escapades in New Jersey where I was hit by a car while in the parking area of the Rest Stop on the Atlantic City Expressway? I had pulled in to make a pit stop on my way to the seashore. If you remember I spent a great deal of time in the cab of the Tow Truck which was owned by a gentleman named Boris who liked to be called Lou. Eventually he drove the car and me back to Ambler and I ended up putting him and his family on my prayer list. I pray for them all each week.

Well, there I was Thursday morning of last week on my way to the seashore to take an overnight when I was rear-ended on Route 206 heading south. There was a slight rise in the roadway and as I crested it there were 6 or 7 cars stopped and the car immediately in front of me swerved onto the shoulder of the road on the right. Traffic was moving at 60 mph. I pulled off to the left. There was no traffic coming toward me. I was able to stop quickly but the Ford Mini-van behind me was not and so I got rear-ended. I am okay but was shaken. It was a pretty good bump. I had just glanced up at my rear view mirror in time to realize I was going to be plowed into.

The fellow who hit me was in a company vehicle and was very apologetic. It was a rainy morning and he had tried to stop as hard as he could but just did not have enough time. One amazing thing was that the BMW Roadside Assistant was on the sound system in the car within fifteen seconds of the accident. The woman on the other end said that their monitoring indicated I had been in an accident. She asked if I was okay. Yes. Did I need an ambulance? No. Did I smell and gasoline? No. Just something like burning rubber. Were other cars involved? No. Did I need her to notify the police? Yes. She asked if the car was drivable. I thought it was not and it was not. Did I want her to call a tow truck? Yes. Would I need an Uber to take me somewhere? Probably. To my destination? Probably not. Back to my home? Probably.

It was really amazing. The police came and we gave them our information and phone numbers. Interesting fact. The north bound side of Route 206 is under the jurisdiction of the Pemberton Police department. The south bound side under the jurisdiction of Eastampton Police. Both arrived on the scene and were very helpful. They stayed until the tow truck driver arrived and was able to winch the car onto his flatbed tow truck. This man's name was Keith. He has been doing this for over twenty years. He was helpful and knowledgeable. I and the car were transported to Holman Collision in Maple Shade.

That is where I said goodbye to Keith and hello to Sadhip my Uber driver back to Ambler. He was driving a big BMW. I asked him how long he had been driving for Uber. He said about four months. He looked to be a man in his mid 60's and of Indian descent. I was rather surprised because he was anything but a typical Uber driver if there is such a thing. Sadhip told me that he had just sold his business and that very night was going to accept a bid on his house to sell it. He was then going to move back to India. I asked what kind of company he operated and he replied that it was international shipping. He had four offices in the USA and three in India. His mother still lived in India, in New Delhi but he was going to live in the mountain area and open a less involved small business that would occupy less of his time.

All of his children were CPA's but none of them wanted to follow him in his business. They each had their own careers. And He wished them well but felt it was time to return to India. He said "God willing I will be able to return to my country." I replied that I would pray to the Lord for his safe travel. He told me that he had had an encounter with the Lord recently. How so? I asked. He had one of his passengers engage him in conversation before he had sold his company or put his house up. He said that the man told him that he was not to worry and that he was to trust and that the Lord would take care of everything. Shortly afterwards he received a generous offer for his business and then for his home. Then he said to me. The man in my car was a Catholic priest. I said. I am a Catholic priest. He said: I know. I do not know how he knew but perhaps the information he received from the BMW Roadside Assistance.

I told Sadhip that I would pray for his safe return to his native country and that he would find just the right business to start and that the Lord would help it to prosper. I have since placed his name on my prayer list. He told me that his name in Hindu meant a ray of sunshine. He was that to me on an otherwise rainy and eventful day. Now I am getting a little weary of these accidents on the way to the seashore. It's not like I go there a lot. However, I do end up with some great stories. And more names for my Prayer List.

Peace,

Msgr. McHenry