Several years ago I was involved in an auto accident. Traveling from sale barn to my home in Bosque Farms, New Mexico. Traveling with me was my Australian shepherd and one horse to work cattle. Rain was coming down hard as I traveled on I40 when I looked in rearview mirror and noticed trailer was whipping back and forth. Hit the brakes a little to hard and lost control of truck. Truck hit some sort of Interstate light then rapidly lost control and truck flipped over and we went flying down a steep hill and I was thrown around in the truck (I remember this clearly) and I flew out of the rear window of truck. Then lost consciousness and when I came to it was dark and I felt something heavy on me. Couldn't see anything due to rain. Rain pelted me very hard and I could not move at all. Looked around and a gentle voice said, "lay still so we can help you" I felt my head being gently lifted and gentle voice again, said, "I have got you and I am going to help you but you need to trust me." AS he placed my head in his lap he spoke to someone and said, "grab the sheet so I can shield her from rain." As he was talking he was gently wiping rain from my face and stroking my hair. He placed the sheet over me and said, "Now I need to leave you for a minute and move your truck"

I heard him shout to his friend to help move the truck and at that moment I realized truck was on top of me. Fear crept in and than I started moving my head as I was trying to find my horse and dog. Then in a split second I felt the pressure was not heavy anymore. My friend was back holding my head and as he spoke to his friend to hold my hand. In that moment I was asking them to get me up so I could find my horse and dog. He said, No no, your animals are safe and you cannot move because you have injuries and bones that are going to cause you some discomfort. Both guys were talking and praying over me. I saw the guy and he had a round face with light brown hair and round glasses. I did not see the other guy. They continued to pray over me until paramedics arrived. I heard the paramedics state that the interstate was closed down. After the paramedics started working on me I heard a terrible scream and it was my husband Brett who came upon the wreck. He was in a carpool when they approached wreck as he recognized our horse trailer and many people were trying to catch my horse as he was running wild on the interstate. Because of the heavy downpour, paramedics made the decision to transport and proceeded to switch the sheet to something dryer. As my husband approached he was crying hysterically as he thought I was dead since my entire body was covered. I remember paramedics talking to my husband and telling him that I was alive but in bad shape. When Brett came to my side I asked him if my horse and dog was ok. Then, I asked Brett to thank the boys who helped me and I was trying to tell him they got the truck off of me and I could see truck was on all four wheels but no horse trailer and fear hit me again. Brett said to me, "there are no guys here that he could see other than paramedics." He told me to stay still as they were getting ready to transport. I remember asking the paramedics about my friends who were praying over me and comforting me. They told me that there were no men when they arrived.

To make a long testimony short-Upon arriving hospital, I do not remember much of the ER part as the doctors started sedating me. I had a crushed pelvis, crushed hips and the bones were sticking out of my back along with major internal bleeding and lacerated liver and lung abrasions. So the decision was made to place me in some type of harness with hopes bones would fall into place rather than stick out my back. So to keep me in the harness, pain meds and morphine were given to keep me still. I believe to this day the doctors hung me in the harness from the ceiling. (I am not kidding, that's what it looked like to me). Eventually, my Dad arrived and I remember him telling me at some point they had to find a special orthopedic surgeon to put me back together.

After many surgeries, all failed except one. Surgeon had an "apparatus" made which looked like a TV tray. Three pins on each side of pelvis and two long bars attached to these metal pins and the tray part stuck out about a foot from pelvis. It was very weird looking.

I was finally moved from ICU to my own room. Doctors kept me heavily sedated with Morphine. Brett stayed at my side entire time. One particular day, he said he had to meet with another surgeon and would be back in an hour or so.

I went back to sleep as they had just given me my hourly dose of morphine. I woke up as I felt someone stroking my hair and my friend was back. He took my hand and spoke in a gentle voice to trust God and I would get through this.

I woke up and Brett was sitting next to me. I asked him if he met my friend and I wanted to know his name and more about him. Brett said no one was in room with me. I started to get irritated and asked Brett to ask the nurses if they had seen him. I wanted my friend to come back. Next thing I remember happening was a doctor entered my room and aggressively pulled all the curtains/drapes open and bright light everywhere. He introduced himself, Dr. Psychiatrist. I was boiling mad and told him to leave my room. Dr. P said he needed to talk to me about my friends and depression. Brett came in and I was screaming at him for calling in a psychiatrist.

Few months go by and surgeons came in and told me my spinal chord was crushed and they did not know if I would walk again. Well, depression did set in and I was discharged to a wheelchair and possibly some rehab to work on legs.

I went home with an array of drugs, primarily morphine that I abused to sleep and not face the bad news of wheelchair rest of life.

One year goes by and I am a mess. Hooked on morphine and Demerol. Brett takes me to our church to chat with Pastors.

My Pastors and Brett lay hands on me and their prayer was to break the chains of addiction to drugs and restoration of legs. They laid hands on my hips and they strongly touched my legs from top to bottom. As we were driving home, I really felt this euphoric peace and calm state of mind. Soon as we arrived home, I took all my pill bottles and gave them to Brett. We went to bed and I had no fear or desire to take anything to help me sleep. Woke up next morning and the weight of everything I was facing was gone. I prayed and I knew God had something planned for me. Few months go by and Brett returns to work. I decided it was time to work on my legs and stop the self pity. Few months later, I feel tingling in my toes. Pretty excited but made the decision to keep it quiet and work hard at rehab.

Then one day I wheeled out to my horse, he placed his head in my lap and I had his halter and placed on him. Wheeled my horse next to a stack of baled hay. Drug myself up the stack and horse was next to stack waiting patiently for me to get on. Scrambled up his back, got my legs over and off we went. I think I rode him for hours. Tingling has moved up to my legs I climbed off and tried to stand but was not successful. So with determination I did this everyday for a few months. Everyday there was some sign of improvement. Finally gave it another attempt and when I slid off this 16 hand horse, all the tingly feeling was strong. When I slipped off his side, I was able to stand. In the previous, everyday attempts, to stand I would collapse and roll around on the ground at my horses feet. He always waited patiently and never moved a step until I reached wheelchair.

Everyday I thanked God and always thought of my friends who stayed with me. I finally felt comfortable talking to my Pastor about them without the fear that I would be committed to a mental institution. My Pastor sat me down and we talked about angels and it was so exciting to talk to someone who understood.

To this day, I see the face of the angel. One day I will meet him and I cannot wait.

One last thought which is important to know-Brett and I were very young Believers and we did not know much about angels and healings.

Melody Chapman