

The Road to Anderson

By Sam Weaver



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Unless otherwise indicated, all Scripture quotations in this book are
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The Road to Anderson

I don't think you should speak doom and gloom in a testimony unless you can testify how light overcomes darkness in the end; and that God will restore all things back to you if you let him. The proof of my restoration is here in this church. (My wife Judy).

This testimony is not so much about me as much as about the beautiful people Jesus put in my path to light up my way through the darkest time of my life.

It was November 30th in 1995 that my testimony begins. Twenty-one years ago, my wife Alberta and I were going to Shreveport La. for my mother's birthday and Thanksgiving. We always took our little dogs with us as they were like our children.

We got there and celebrated as planned; and found time to visit some prison minister friends Bertie and I went to prisons with. On a Thursday with our dog Angel at Bertie's feet and Little Bitt in her lap, we got a late start and started back to Anderson. It was dark when we got to the mountains. We came to a sharp curve and saw headlight reflections. When we made the curve, we saw a truck out of control. It hit us head on, and my life changed forever. The car folded around us like an accordion. Then an eerie silence followed. I didn't know if I was alive or dead, but all I could think of was one word, and I said it. "Jesus"!!! Not long after I heard voices around me and the car. I heard glass breaking and a man telling a woman to hold my head in case my neck was broken. I remember the woman telling me to stay still. Then the man came back and said to the woman, let me hold his head now. They must not of known I could hear, but it was then others said, "she's gone, let's try to get him out. Before I knew it, I tried to raise up. It was then I realized how badly hurt I was. The stirring wheel was buried into my chest. I was hurt bad enough to give up the ghost. I would simply leave out and follow Bertie. But the fingers holding my head started to tighten and I heard a language I didn't understand coming from this man. The harder I tried to get out of my body the louder he spoke those words I couldn't understand. Then I began to realize I was speaking words I didn't understand. The man won. I couldn't get out. But I heard them say if we don't get him out, he'll bleed to death right here. They got me out, but it tore into my chest and leg to separate me from the wreckage.

I went out for a while. When I woke up, I saw a lady lean over me and say Jesus isn't ready for you yet. I went out again and I swear to you I saw Bertie in the spirit. She had an all-knowing smile and what peace I felt. It didn't last long however and I woke up on an operating table with nurses and doctors working on me to revive me. They were as surprised as me when I came to and said I hurt, please give me a shot. A nurse's head disappeared from my view and came back and gave me a shot. I thanked her and went out yet again. This time when I woke up, I was very weak, but the pain was gone. They had done surgery on my chest and leg. I had tubes in my lungs and pins in my leg, but I was alive. I didn't know how long I was out, but people began arriving.

I was at St Edwards Hospital in Fort Smith Arkansas. My brother and sister in law both now in heaven came in to see me in the ICU. Many others came including my prison ministry friends Chet and Tom. Tom leaned over and said he was sorry, but Bertie didn't make it. He could not have known that I knew it because I saw her in the spirit.

But then Tom told me Bertie had been taken to a funeral home in the nearest town to the accident scene and was being taken back to Shreveport. It was then that I found out that both of our little dogs were killed in the car wreck.

Later my niece Lori Lee came from a long way and gave me much comfort. From that time on I was obsessed on getting back to Shreveport to make Bertie's funeral. Chet then bowed down and told me if I could make it to Shreveport, I could stay with him and Dori as he knew my parents were not prepared to nurse me back to health. It would be months later that I would go to my parents and my sister's home.

When the head doctor told me, I couldn't go back yet and to hold a memorial for her later, I told him I was going to be there for her funeral if I had to get up and walk out. It was a monumental bluff and he knew it, I couldn't even raise my head off the pillow. But he humored me and said the next day he would send the lung doctor to check out the improvement on my lungs and the leg doctor to see how my leg looked. If they gave approval he would let me go, if I let him call for an ambulance from Shreveport.

While I was waiting some good friends of Bertie and me came to the ICU. Ray and Mary Sue Gordon. I was telling them what I knew of the car wreck, which was very little. When I got to the point where I knew no more to say, a lady came through the curtain and told us what happened. Her name was Wanda Rose and she was the lady that held my head. She said they were having their weekly prayer meeting at a place called "The Mountain Inn" when the crash happened. They were Catholic. They ran out to where we were. Some went to check on the man in the truck and some to our car. The man that wouldn't let me out of my body was named John and he was the owner of "The Mountain Inn."

She said John spoke to me in Hebrew and I answered him in Hebrew. Mary Sue, Ray and I were speechless as she spoke. She said she followed me to the first hospital where they were trying to stabilize me and leaned over me and said Jesus isn't ready for me yet, and afterward followed me to the Fort Smith hospital and kept praying for me during all my surgery. She said she would talk with me again and as she left, I thanked her.

The lung doctor checked my lung and said it was to a point where it should heal on its own. He said hold your breath and he jerked the tube out. The leg doctor checked my leg and said the swelling had gone down enough for me to make the trip by ambulance to Shreveport.

The next day the ambulance came for me. The two young men driver and attendant were told not to stop until arriving in Shreveport. After we were in route, I studied the young man sitting with me. I asked him if he would help me set up. He smiled and said of course.

After sitting awhile, I asked him if he knew where the "Mountain Inn" was. He said he thought so. I asked him if we could stop there briefly. He looked at me a while and knocked on the cab front part and asked the driver to stop at "The Mountain Inn". A little later I felt the ambulance tum and stop. The driver got out and after a short while the ambulance door opened and a man came in and said. How are you Sam. I didn't know what else to say so before I knew it, I was asking him if his name was John. He nodded his head yes. And after studying him a while I said, "You're the man that wouldn't let me die". He said yes Sam I don't know if it's for one person or many, but God has more for you to do.

The ambulance attendant said we needed to get back on the road. John gave me a card with the Mountain Inn phone number on it. I would be calling the prayer group during my recovery. I hugged him and, on his way out of the ambulance he looked back and said, "sorry about your wife." We went straight to Chet and Dori's home in Shreveport.

They took me in on a stretcher from the ambulance; Chet was a man of war turned man of God. He fought many battles in world war 11. And now God had him and his wife Dori there for me. They got a wheelchair for me and took me to Bertie's funeral. Later they took me to a church of about 3000 people. While there a lawyer's wife came to me and said she thought her husband Carl, who had known Bertie and me could help me. and Carl came to Chet's home and started helping me. When he came in Chet's door, he had a long note pad and pencil. I thought sitting in my wheelchair that I would have to relive the accident all over again.

Carl came up to the wheelchair, looked down at me, shoved the pencil and tablet at me and said. "Don't stop writing, no matter what. Through your darkest hours keep expressing yourself and using what God gave you. I took the pencil and notepad; I didn't say much, but I kept writing.

Tom and Chet suggested that I start putting poems on bookmarks. Later Tom got me with a printer and the bookmark ministry started and it started with the prison ministry.

The big Assembly of God church had a huge puppet ministry. The lady in charge was called the puppet lady, she had puppets going all over the world. She found good use for me, I stuffed puppets. But eventually I wrote several poems to match up with the characters of her puppets. I got to use my gift.

Later I started going back to prisons with Tom and Chet. Including Angola's death row. Only pastors went but they found good use for me, I baby sitted back at the motel. But the pastors took my bookmarks to death row. I got to use my gift.

My leg was growing crooked and I needed therapy as an outpatient at a local hospital. Different people took me during a four-month period. My sister Joan took me at first. Towards the last I came out and the driver door was open. My very good friend and World War 11 Veteran Fred Roberts said you need to drive Sam, get in. I haven't driven since the

accident. Not just because of my leg, But because of fear. The hospital was on the edge of town, and Fred had me drive on the country roads.

He helped me get my courage back. When I got strong enough, I went to stay with my parents and sister. A lady's prayer group was meeting next door and came over to pray with us. Later these ladies took me to Jeanne Fentress an old friend that was having a prayer meeting in West Shreveport. For the first time I gave my testimony when Jeanne asked me to. It was a milestone in giving my testimony. No doubt Jesus used these ladies mightily.

During all this time God was blessing me, but I began to realize I was still pining for Alberta, and on several occasions, I could hear her say. Get to Anderson babe. I didn't know at the time, but I am convinced that Bertie knew Jesus would get Judy and me together once I got back to Anderson.

I put it off for a while. Until I started getting phone calls from Anderson and my thoughts were beginning to be channeled in that direction. I asked my mother if she thought I could make the trip back by myself to check on the house and to see what I needed to do with it. Mother said if you think you're ready son, I think you can. I took the step of faith and prayed myself past the car wreck site and made it back to Anderson.

This is the greatest example in my life of how fast God will move when you get in His perfect will.

I got with Judy and in one week we were engaged. I talked it over with Judy and we agreed I would give Bertie's wedding ring that had not been off my finger and give it to the church. I didn't want to know where it went or how much they got for it. I knew Bertie would be pleased for it to go to the church where she had been secretary.

Haskell Martin the church pastor married Judy and me within six weeks after I came back to Anderson. Jesus restored my life and used Judy to get me back on track.

Judy's piano playing is growing in anointing like wild flowers: And the bookmarks and poem books are getting out all over the world. We all know whose doing it, our Lord Jesus. To God be the glory.

Just a Little Antidote. . .

Very close to the same time of year several years after Judy and I were married, we passed by The Mountain Inn and Judy said there was a man in front working on Christmas decorations. Judy said do you think it's John? I stopped to see and left the car by the bluff where the wreck was. The man's back was to me, and I said John. He turned around, smiled, and said how are you Sam. I looked at him for a while, then said I have given many testimonies because of you. He said and I have given many testimonies about you. We began talking and during the conversation I asked him what language he was speaking to me that night. He said others around him said Hebrew, and he said I answered him in Hebrew. I said John, I don't know Hebrew. John said Sam, neither do I.

Then John told me that our little dog Angel was found by the wrecker driver. He buried her there at the Mountain Inn wreck scene. Little Bitt was hurt bad but a young couple from Eureka Springs took him and he did live for a while as John was told. Finally, I said come meet my wife Judy. I took him to the car and introduced him to her. While I was getting John a book of poems John said I don't know how he lived that night. John took the book, we embraced. John went back to his decorations and Judy and I got back on the road to Anderson.

A Final Comment: I have found my lawyer Carl Rice's advice to be true. And I would like to pass it on to you. Whatever your gift is! Even in your darkest hours keep using that gift. Keep faithful to the gift God has given you, and it will bring you back to the light.

That Cross

At the hospital
It seemed like a dream
A cross was on
The T. V. screen

The programs were shut
Down and it was quite
And a cross was on
The screen for the night

How it sustained me
I would like to share
How I would open my eyes
And it would still be there

I looked at that cross
To make my thoughts clear
As I asked Jesus
Where do I go from here

Then two phone calls from
My cousins Tip and Jim
Came to encourage me
Not to give in

There encouraging words
In my heart I kept
And it encouraged me
To wait for the next step

I prayed all through that night
And though the night was long
Jesus used that cross and two phone calls
To help me carry on



and Two Phone Calls

1 Corinthians 2-2.
Let us keep our eyes
on the cross.

On This Day That We Wed



A haunting emptiness
Had drained me of my will
Death had been so close
The grave was calling still

I thought no prayer
That could ever be said
Could have broken me free
From the living dead

But a blessing was waiting
For me all the time
I just didn't know
It could ever be mine

Judy your love brought me
Back from the dead
And I want all to know it
On this day that we wed

The Candle Lighting

Judy's description
Of twenty years ago
Of a candle lighting
Really blessed my soul

The church while I
Was fighting for my life
With Judy lit candles
For Bertie my wife

They marched through the church
With their candles lit
Lord that's an image
I'll never forget

The song go light your world
Echoed through the night
As Bertie's spirit
Reflected through candle light

Judy knew Bertie
Through our church years
And Jesus used Judy
To wipe away my tears

How mysterious
Indeed are God's ways
For Judy's my wife now
To God be the praise

Judy's description
Of twenty years ago
Of a candle lighting
Really blessed my soul



A Thought Journey

Inspired by Judy and Sam's
first visit to Bertie's grave.

Spiritual Radar

We looked at her grave
My eyes were transfixed
I went back in time
Emotions were mixed

Judy knew my thoughts
She could plainly see
They had drifted back
To Bertie and me

I felt an embrace
And came back again
I looked into eyes
That knew where I'd been

With grace undying
I cannot explain
Judy's act of love
Opened heaven's plain

Alberta came in
Through Jesus God's Son
And in the spirit
We all became one

Spiritual radar
That's what Jesus gave
Through love that reaches
Out beyond the grave

Judy, My Piece of Grace

A tribute to my wife Judy for her steadfast, unselfish love. From a grateful husband.

On that misty night
The death spirit came
I lost God's vision
Direction and aim

Then Jesus sent grace
Predestantly planned
Fashioned in mercy
Through His loving hand

My piece of grace
Is God's steadfast arm
An answer to prayer
My piece in the storm

When I look upon
My wife's loving face
I know I'm looking At
God's piece of grace

Standing equally
With strength at my side
Till we can finish
Our earth journey ride

My piece of grace
Is loved and adored
Because with Judy
My vision's restored

My times are in Your hand;
Deliver me from the hand of my enemies,
And from those who persecute me.
Psalm 31:15

just as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world,
that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love,
having predestined us to adoption as sons by Jesus Christ to
Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will,
Ephesians 1:4-5

Oh, send out Your light and Your truth! Let them lead me;
Let them bring me to Your holy hill And to Your tabernacle.
Psalm 43:3

The spirit of a man is the lamp of the Lord,
Searching all the inner depths of his heart.
Proverbs 20:27

and by Him to reconcile all things to Himself, by Him,
whether things on earth or things in heaven,
having made peace through the blood of His cross.
Colossians 1:20



A Tale Of Two Car Wrecks

By Sam Weaver

A tale of two car wrecks
I would like to relate
To prove Jesus Christ
Can alter our fate

A tale of two car wrecks
Twenty nine years apart
That two people survived
To become one heart

Judy and I
Almost died
And the surgeon that
Worked on Judy cried

It could be seen
Plainly on this man's face
That Judy was alive
Only through God's grace



And being close to death
I saw Bertie my late wife
In the spirit before
Jesus restored my life

Why we both lived I
Now reflect in this rhyme
Jesus was saving us
For another time

A tale of two car wrecks
I would like to relate
To prove Jesus Christ
Can alter our fate

Psalm 31-15.

Our times are in Thy hands.
Ephesians Chapter 1. Verses 4-5.
Jesus predestines His people.

Lord Bring Our Testimony Home

Isaiah 43-10.

You are My witnesses; and
My servants who I have chosen.

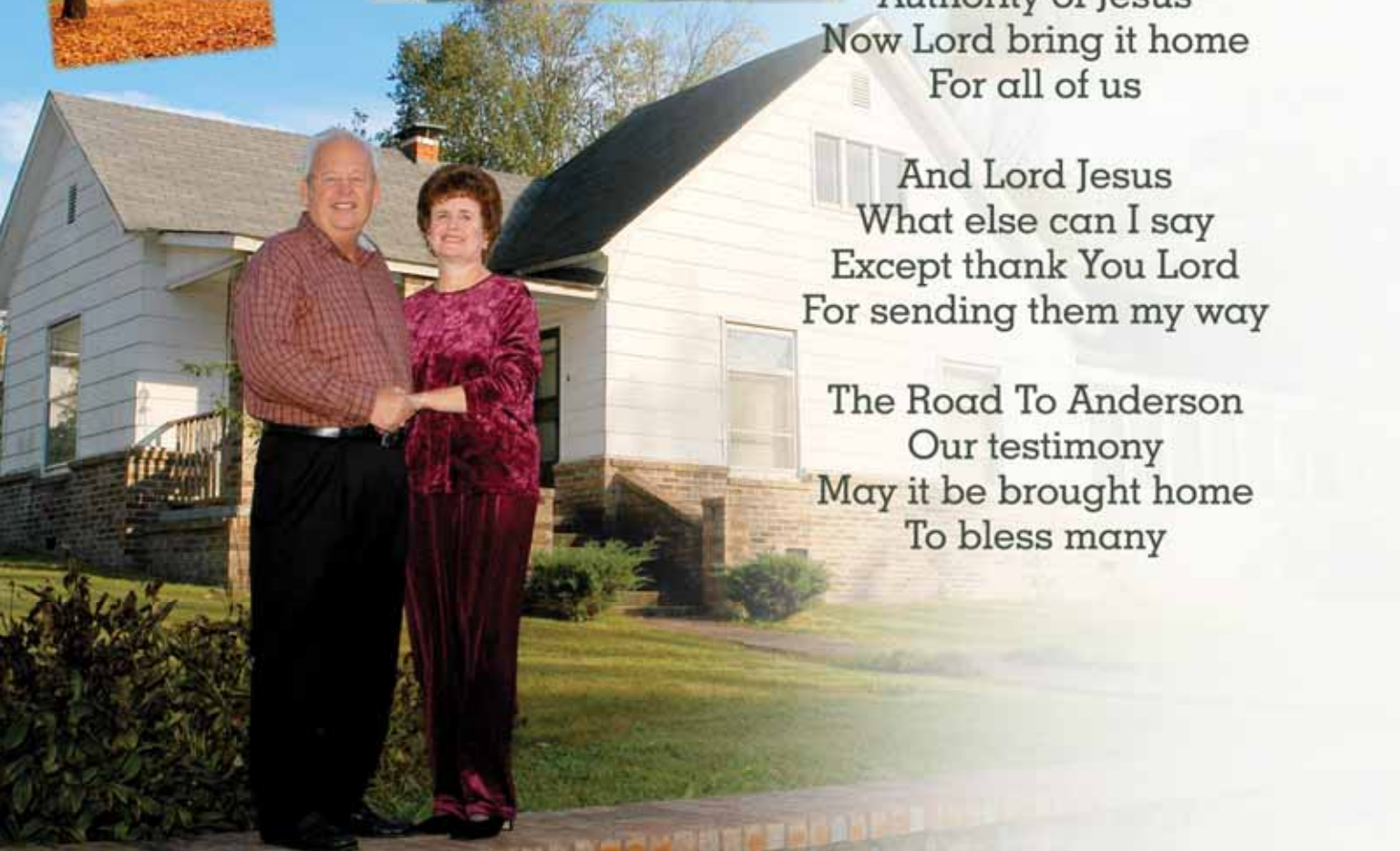
The Road To Anderson
Our testimony
May it be brought home
To bless many

Every one of those
That played a part
Are eternally
Sealed within my heart

For they were used by the
Authority of Jesus
Now Lord bring it home
For all of us

And Lord Jesus
What else can I say
Except thank You Lord
For sending them my way

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Our testimony
May it be brought home
To bless many



Christian Poet



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