

Safety Belts and the Small Still Voice.

"What! Do you plan to roll it over," teased father Luther Lunnell as his son Walter went about installing seat belts in his Volkswagen Sedan?

Walter took it good naturedly & continued until he had the installation complete. Then for a long time he drove his V.W. without a mishap and it appeared as if the good looking straps & buckles were better for ornaments about ones middle than for practical use.

When school was out for summer vacation 1963, Walter secured a summer seasonal job at the popular Sun Valley Resort in Idaho and consistent with his previous driving record his faithful V.W. took him to the job without mishap.

One summer afternoon father Luther Gunnell was comfortably riding along, herding the faithful family car, a 1957 Cadillac, back from a visit to relatives in Cash Valley. He passed west of Ogden on his way to home in Salt Lake City. He passed the service stations, stores & business houses fronting Highway 90 in Roy, Utah and continued along the highway between towns whose crowded civilization never came to an end. ~~There~~ for horse upon house, town upon town, lay side by side here with side streets ever running into the main highway posing an ever potential problem of traffic trying to enter or leave the highway from one of them.

Suddenly a car in front came braked to a near stop! Perhaps he suddenly upon his turn off! It was too sudden for Luther to stop. He had two choices, 1st, ram the car from behind or dart around to his left. A quick glance indicated the way was clear & he darted around the left and there, to his alarm was another car, hidden by the

first, hurtling towards him in the opposite direction.

There was no time to think; both cars climbed against each other like two wild mustangs rearing up & pawing at each other, & bounced apart and came to rest as twisted steel.

The hour came and went when Luther was expected home and pick up his lunch & leave for work and Elizabeth, his wife, was concerned but said to her self "Oh, well, I guess Luther was a little late for work and has gone straight to his job at the Railroad and will call me when he gets a chance and is near a phone". This ^{is} reasonable because he had often done it before.

However, he did not call a long time after his shift start & Elizabeth became really concerned

Her anxiety mounted and her woman's intuition told her something was wrong; but what to do about. How could she locate him, where could she call.

The anxiety climaxed when the phone rang. It was Luther's brother who lived in Layton, providentially close to the scene. He repeated to her what she somehow expected.

"Elizabeth, Luther has been in an accident, he has lost a lot of blood. Everything that can be done is being done. I think he will be alright but he will be sick a long time."

After Elizabeth had made all arrangements such as getting ^{him} situated in the L. O. S. Hospital near home she returned home because the Doctors had advised her that Luther would get all the care he needed and she should get some rest. At home she talked with her son John who was older than Walter.

"Should we call Walter", they asked themselves?

"This ^{is} Thursday", they reasoned.

"Perhaps we should wait until Friday evening & then call him. This way he could get in a week's work and he could get off Saturday & Sunday."

as Elizabeth & son John prepared to retire it was near midnite and silence reigned in their home which now seemed empty, somehow, as they went their separate ways to their individual bed rooms.

Suddenly, the phone rang and Elizabeth made her way apprehensively toward it because it had brought mostly bad news today.

"I wonder who it could be? The Doctor? The Hospital? I wonder if Luther is worse?"

"Hello Mom", ^{answered} the voice in the phone ~~said~~ as she pressed it to her ear & spoke. "Is everything alright at home? I can't sleep."

Walter's heart was in his home & with his family there & so regardless of the time he might lose on the job, early the next morning he was on his way home. After his arrival home and after Luther had recovered enough to see his family Walter walked in to the hospital room to greet his father.

"Hi Dad, what do you think about seat belts now," Walter chided good naturedly just to break ice.

"Oh they're ok, I guess," Luther replied from his bed and they greeted each other warmly as father & son.

This was a lesson, and it was also good news to us his neighbors who thought Walter wasn't very spiritual because he lost interest in church work when he was an ordained Teacher of 14 years.

It demonstrated that the Lord loves all his children regardless of what we think of them and gives them promptings from the Holy Ghost whenever they need it according to their faith in Him. It also shows that Walter has a deep inner faith that may not be apparent to others and that loves & honors his home & parents.

! We should all increase our faith in God, our charity toward all and keep our seat belts buckled, that is, our ear ever ready to listen to the promptings of the small still voice that it may keep us held safely in the kingdom of God.