Out of the mud
From Uncle Arthur's Bedtime stories

One night this week on our family call we were remembering this story from Uncle Arthur's Bedtime Stories book that we used to read when my kids were little.
It's called: Out of the mud.
It is the story that a little boy who was 4 years old told Uncle Arthur. We will call him Johnny. Johnny's Daddy had a trailer that they would pull behind their car. They went on a family vacation. They were having a very happy time until one day Daddy decided to turn off the main road and explore an area where they had never been before. It was fun until the clouds got dark and it started to rain and rain and the road turned into a sea of mud! The car and the trailer sank into the mud and it was impossible to move.
Johnny's Daddy got out of the car to see whether he could do anything, but the mud covered his boots and the rain soaked him to the skin. 'It's pretty bad' he said as he got back in the car again. I'm afraid we will be stuck here for some time. Gradually the daylight began to fade as night came on. Poor Johnny began to get frightened. His Mommy and Daddy tried to comfort him. They said that there was nothing serious to worry about, that they could sleep all night in the trailer. But little Johnny he didn't like the idea of staying out there on that narrow desolate road where somebody might come along in the dark and run into them.
He wanted to be safe. So he began to pray a simple little prayer, but he was so earnest. He just said 'please Jesus push us out of the mud'
In a little while the rain stopped and father got out of the car again with his shovel. He tried to dig the soft oozy mud away from the tires and meanwhile little Johnny kept repeating his prayer over and over again: please Jesus push us out of the mud. Please Jesus push us out of the mud. And in between praying he would watch father out of the window. After a while, when father had almost finished cleaning the mud from around the tires, a farmer came by and he towed the car and the trailer out onto the harder ground. Little Johnny was overjoyed. He felt sure this was an answer to his prayer. And from that day on he never once failed to thank Jesus for coming to the rescue. Not only would little Johnny mention it in his nightly prayers, but every time he gave thanks for his meals. Three times a day. He would say the same thing: Amen, God, please bless this food. Jesus pushed us out of the mud. What beautiful faith of a little child.

We remembered this story because when the Pathfinder camporee was over there was a tractor that helped pull out all the vehicles that were stuck in the mud. And when Kaleb and Anna and their family got into to their car to leave, the car wouldn't start! They tried calling Esther and me and we didn't answer. So their whole family prayed. They called again and I answered and Brother David Mike had a device that Carlos took to them and they got the car started quickly. So God still answers prayers.
Now Esther is going to share a few photos from the Pathfinder camporee.