

119 Montague, MI



We coasted to a stop at the end of the exit ramp. The truck's engine had stumbled, then died. It wouldn't restart. I killed the battery trying.

So here we sat.

All fifty-five feet of us.

Blocking traffic.

Needing a tow truck.

Scratch that.

Needing two tow trucks.

One to get the truck to a shop. And another to get the RV somewhere more appropriate than a right-hand turn lane.

MsBoyink used her cell phone to call our insurance agency.

I used my phone to start researching campgrounds.

It didn't go well for either of us.

On MsBoyink's call, the insurance agency couldn't find us. They said the exit didn't exist. She felt she had a reasonably good argument, being able to see the exit sign from where she stood.

On my part, the nearest open campsites were 20 miles away.

We were in a bind.

Then the first road angel showed up. His name was John.

John parked behind us, then walked up to the truck to see if we needed a jump. I told him I didn't think it would help, but we tried anyway.

The truck didn't start, but John had a tow chain. He pulled us out of the busy intersection, around the corner, and onto the shoulder. He unhooked and went on his way.

I found a street sign. MsBoyink passed the street name to the insurance company and suddenly we existed again. One tow truck was finally on the way.

Then the second road angel showed up. His name was Mike.

Mike lived in the house that we were now parked in front of. He walked

out carrying ice-cold water bottles and offered to let us park the RV in his yard.

That solved the campground issue. We took him up on the offer - provided we could somehow get the RV moved there.

Then the third road angel showed up. His name was Chad.

Chad drove a bright red diesel dually pickup. He asked if we had help on the way. We said yes - at least for the truck.

Chad got a funny look. "I wonder if that's my buddy?" A quick cell call confirmed that it was.

He asked his buddy if he had a fifth-wheel hitch on the tow truck. He didn't.

"That's OK," Chad said. "I'll run home and get mine." And he was off in a cloud of diesel smoke.



Then the fourth road angel showed up. His name was Dan.

Dan was the tow truck driver. He hooked onto our truck and headed for a repair shop.

Chad came back, hitched up to our RV, and parked it in Mike's yard.

We chatted a bit, then Chad headed for home.

We had just fallen into bed for a nap.

"WHO SAID YOU COULD PARK THERE!?"

Our fifth road angel had shown up. His name was Jim.

Jim wasn't angelic at first. He had a business behind Mike's house. People had often abandoned dead vehicles in his way.

I introduced myself and outlined the situation. Jim calmed down, and by the end of the conversation had offered us power and water from his business.

We spent the night in Mike's yard. The truck was repaired the next day. The repair shop was close enough to walk to. We paid, hitched up, and went on our way.

Fear is a funny thing. The fear of getting stranded on the side of the road had been on our minds ever since hitting the road.

God sent five road angels to help us that day. And, in the Bible, what's the first thing angels usually say?

"Fear not."

Montague, MI sits on the Lake Michigan shoreline. Learn more at cityofmontague.org.

Photos:

1. John pulled us out of traffic to the shoulder.
2. Dan tows our truck after a fuel pump failure in Montague, MI.
3. Chad placed our RV in the shade of a tree in Mike's yard. We spent the night there while the truck was repaired.



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