

*The*

*Guardian*



*By Myrna Roberts*

*A Demonstration  
of How God  
Reaches Out  
to ALL His  
Children...*

*Even  
the  
Rowdy  
Ones!*

*Forward by Emmett R. Roberts, Jr.*



The Guardian

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## Dedications

This book is dedicated to my husband, Emmett, who puts up with me everyday; to my daughter, Ashley, who is a shining light and to the children in the Drill Team at Emmanuel Baptist Church. Our plan is to use the initial proceeds of this book to sponsor a trip to Montego Bay, Jamaica, for the Drill Team. It was this thought that prompted me to complete this book.

## Prayer

Dear Heavenly Father, thank you for molding and using me. Thank you for responding when I said, "Here I am Lord, send me!" I humbly ask that you anoint this writing and use it to the glory of your kingdom. I bow down to you and receive your blessings. I can and I will bless you Lord. Amen.

## Forward

The following pages will place you on a journey of a young woman's worst nightmare and her search for healing which continues to this day. I believe that Hagar put it best in Genesis 16:13 when she said, "You are the God who sees me," for she said, "I have now seen the One who sees me."

After you read the following pages, you will understand.

Emmett R. Roberts, Jr.

## THERAPY

9:55 P.M.

The Sunday After Thanksgiving, 1986

I looked at my watch for the thousandth time as two vehicles from the Louisiana Department of Transportation and Development appeared on the scene of the accident. Two ambulances were already there. The atmosphere itself was enough to scare the average person into insanity; dark, cold, foggy and misty, the dampness of the night was beginning to take its toll on me. The swamp on both the right and left sides of the two-lane highway set off a certain glare, even in the thick fog. I got the impression that *The Creature of the Black Lagoon* or *Hattie, The Voodoo Queen* would come screaming out of the swamp at any time. The place had definitely earned the name “The Black Bayou.”

I saw one of the ambulance attendants point in my direction and sensed she was informing the trooper that I was with the girl in the blue car. The officer approached me with a friendly smile – considering the circumstances. He placed a hand on my shoulder as he questioned me as to my identity. I already knew that I would have to ex-

plain the fact that we were traveling in separate cars because everyone that appeared on the scene had stopped me in the middle of my nervous breakdown for an explanation as to how on earth I got out of the mangled wreckage. I explained to him that my name was Myrna Rochelle Jones and that my sister and I were traveling in separate cars when the accident occurred.

*“Ma’am, that’s yo sista, isn’t it?” he asked. I said, “Yes, when will they get her out?!” She’s been in there a long time. Please help her out !” “We will Ma’am, could you pleaz’ sit inside this unit,” indicating his car, “juss relax, eve-rythang’s gonna be all right.”*

I turned to my right and said, “Thank you mister,” to the man that had helped me. He had been cradling me in his arms. It gave me an eerie feeling to realize he had disappeared just as quickly as he appeared. I stared into the thick fog, he was nowhere in sight and I wondered where on earth he had gone. The man must have moved like lightening to get away so swiftly. I wondered why he left me so mysteriously.

The state trooper must have thought me

mad because he said, “*Ma’am, are you all right?*” He saw that I was speaking to the air, because no one was there. I felt ashamed but I knew I was not crazy, the unknown man had been the first person on the scene of the accident and had been with me for hours, comforting me, holding me, allowing me to beat him, running with me up and down the highway, and praying for me. He had a golden touch and I thought he was an angel. I never really saw his face, only shadows and outlines. Somehow, in all that time, I never got a chance to look to him or even ask his name.

The officer held the door open and I got into the passenger side of the police car. As he stepped around the front of the car, he stopped to give instructions to the other troopers and I instinctively knew he was the highest ranking person on the job. He then got in on the driver’s side. “*Ma’am...,nauw, Ah know this iz gonna be haard..., but ya’ gotta tell me what happened and Au’ll just riit it down on thiz repote fo’ ya’ an’ you kin sign it if ya thank itz riit.*” I could see he was accustomed to being more authoritative, especially to the darker race, but for some reason, maybe sympathy, he had more patience with me and for that I was eternally grateful because my



militant senses were tuned to their highest degree and I was ready to win any war to get my little sister out of this situation. I also was aware that I was at their mercy and if I wanted her out, I needed to be less militant and more appreciative. I was surprised at how in-tune my instincts were and how sharp my mind was, especially in this situation. It seemed that everything I had ever learned in life was coming into play right here on this highway; every instinct, every skill, every little speck of knowledge. I was amazed at my total comprehension of the situation.

I covered my face with my hands, closed my eyes tight and tried to replay the story of the accident to him without thinking of what happened, which proved to be impossible. He scribbled as I talked and when he accepted my half-hearted attempt at describing the event, I thought he was a saint. This feeling opened me up to ask a favor of him that I would not have asked otherwise. "Please sir, can I get a cigarette, I left mine in my car?" His response was that he didn't have any which I knew was a lie because I saw them in his shirt pocket when he leaned forward to open the car door for me. I accepted his answer without even blinking as I had experienced this and ex-

pected it from some, especially older, southern, white gentlemen. “Well, I have some in my car, can I go get them?” He then questioned me as to where my car was and promptly told me to wait. I was getting mad at this man but since my patience had already been tested far worse in the past few hours, I could wait.

He proceeded to radio in my driver’s license number that he had confiscated earlier to see if I had a record. I couldn’t find the heart to be angry with him because I knew I was clean. When he found out as much, he again questioned me as to the whereabouts of my car. I pointed in the direction where I left my car, my hazard lights could barely be seen blinking through the thick fog. I was getting aggravated, but I held my patience until he released me, ten minutes later, to go get a cigarette.

I slowly strolled in the direction of my car, passing several emergency vehicles and busy ambulance attendants as I went. I was walking past one of the cop cars that had just arrived when I heard on the radio in the vehicle, “*We need a hurst dawn he’a on Highway Sebney-one.*” I turned around to face the car I just left and saw

the trooper with the radio microphone in his hand and knew it was he that I heard ordering a hurst, I recognized his voice. I turned on my heels and said a little prayer as I hurried to get that cigarette because I knew I was going to need it.

I retrieved the cigarettes, struggling not to cry, for the cigarettes belonged to Karen and I had just bought the carton for her minutes before the accident. I had quit smoking two years previous and this was my first cigarette since that time.

Re-approaching the scene, I saw the attendants put two people in the ambulance. I could tell by their feet that neither one was Karen. Before I could get that thought flowing in my mind good, one of the attendants grabbed my arm to shove me into the ambulance. She said, "Let's go to the hospital!" and my response was, "Hell no, how many times do I have to tell you people that I was not in the accident." We argued back and forth until she decided to fight another battle with me. "Well, just get inside the ambulance and rest for a while," and I argued with her on that issue also but finally relented only after she allowed me to finished my cigarette.

She wanted me to take a pillow and I ar-

gued that issue too. All I could think was *I'm not filing an insurance claim on any of this mess, not even a pillow.* I wanted that pillow badly, but I would not accept it. I asked, "She's dead ain't she?" The lady had the saddest look in her eyes but said, "I can't tell you anything." I repeated my question over and over and each time she refused to tell me anything. Finally, I told her, "That's okay, I understand, but I know she is dead because of that sad look in your eyes." I felt so sorry for her because she did this for a living and there she was crying and my eyes were bone dry. I had already used every tear I would ever need in life. I also realized that the cop was not being mean to me on the cigarette issue, he was just trying to position me so they could get to Karen's body without me seeing anything and timing was everything to him.....he was absolutely right.

The chainsaw started immediately after I got into the ambulance and I knew they were cutting the car apart to get her body out. For over twenty minutes the chainsaws groaned, screamed and made more noise than I wanted to hear. When the noise stopped, there was a five minute pause and then the ambulance door swung open and a tall gentleman, wearing John Lennon glasses,

stood there with the officer that questioned me earlier. The man in the glasses introduced himself as Dr. Landry. He proceeded to ask me questions about Karen, such as her full name, Karen Yvonne Jones, whether she had children no, if she was married, no, her age ,19. As I answered, the officer was back and up to his old tricks, scribbling away, recording everything I said.

When the doctor concluded his questioning, he looked me straight in the eyes and said, “Ms. Jones, I just have to tell you that Karen did not make it.” I nodded my head, for I had come to that conclusion at least forty-five minutes prior to his announcement. I noticed the look in his and the officer’s eyes as they looked at each other and then looked at me. *Why are they looking at me so strangely*, I wondered. A second later the officer took charge and I soon found out the answer to my own question.

*“Miz Jones, we have ta’ make sho ya un-da’stand what’z gauin’ on he’a. Yo’ sista’ iz no longa with us.”* They were freaking because I wasn’t freaking. They weren’t there while I freaked out, so to them, I was too calm. I wondered if they were thinking of putting me in the

hospital without my consent, judging their faces, I assumed the idea had crossed their minds.

I nodded my head again, “Yes sir, I realize that.” I knew if I said it in a harsher way they’d know I understood. “My sister is dead,” I said, and with that statement came an overwhelming feeling of finality. I almost could not stand the misery of it all. Throughout the evening I kept reminding myself that this terrible thing had not happened to me, it happened to Karen, that was a way of keeping my sanity, so I forced this thought back to consciousness at this time to try and get a grip on myself.

The officer, doctor and the ambulance attendant all looked at each other as though they were trying to communicate without my hearing, but I understood and figured they knew I was not crazy after all, but they still did not know what to do with me. “Rochelle,” I had told the attendant she could call me by that name, “it could be worse, she could be alive with her body parts spread all over this road. I hate to sound harsh, but that would be a lot worse than this.”

“*Miz Jones, can ya drive?*” the officer

asked. “No sir, I don’t believe I can.” I looked at my hands and they were nervously shaking. “*Miz Jones, ya’ gonna have ta’ do somethin, ya’ can’t leave ya cau out he’a. Can ya’ pay fo’ a tow?*” He questioned. “No sir,” I said, “Let’s get started! Where are we going?”

The officer informed me that he would allow me to follow him to the trooper station to call my parents. First, he would have to make sure the accident was cleaned up. That meant I had to sit at the scene of the accident until every emergency vehicle was gone, every car was towed away and every last piece of glass was off the highway. I literally watched the crew sweep the glass off the highway, laughing and joking about the fact that there weren’t any skid marks which obviously meant no one even tried to slow their speed to avoid the fatal head-on collision.

During the cleanup operation, I inspected the inside of Karen’s car, the place where she sat. Even though I didn’t want to look, my eyes made me see. The interior of the car was covered with broken glass, the steering wheel was mangled and pushed to within a few inches of the seat. My stomach knotted when I saw that the seatbelt had

been cut away. The two people in the other car would have been in good condition if they had worn their seatbelts. Karen had her seatbelt on and still met her death. I choked on the irony of it all.

The lady ambulance attendant asked me if I wanted Karen's purse and I told her "yes," I knew she had over two hundred dollars in her possession. Karen and I had made an agreement that if we needed to stop and get a hotel room or something she would pay for the expenses and I would pay for the expenses and I would reimburse her once we reached our final destination. [While I was on Thanksgiving vacation with my family, I had spent all the cash I brought with me.]

I wasn't surprised when I opened her Louis Vuitton hand bag, searching for the money, that was not there. I had lectured her constantly, the prior week, telling her that when she was carrying more than fifty dollars on her person, she should split the money up into separate pockets, sort of like not putting all your eggs in one basket. However, I found myself in quite a predicament, all the money was in her pockets, her body had been taken away and I needed a hotel room. I decided



not to think about that problem overly hard right now, my mind was already in pain, this thought made it ache more – I didn't have a solution yet.

After everything was cleaned off the highway, the officer approached me once more to inform me that he was ready to go. He was going to drive very slowly so I could follow in my car. He understood that I was a bit shaky and would drive especially careful in order to be sure that I would arrive safely at the trooper station. He also explained that it was about twenty miles to the station and the nearest town, Opelousas, and it would be a long drive at our slow rate of speed.

I got behind the steering wheel of my own car and started the engine. I quickly turned the volume of the radio off, the music was blaring and I realized that I had been *jamming* to the music when the accident occurred. A hot sensation started at the top of my head and spread through my entire body until every nerve ending tingled, disgustingly, with guilt, *maybe if I had not been jammin' so hard, I could have prevented the wreck.* A sob caught in my throat and I was overcome with grief.

The cop was right, it was a long ride to the station. He stood true to his word, driving twenty-five to thirty miles per hour on the bleak, swampy route. While I was driving my mind wandered, not stopping long in one place but moving more sporadically throughout my past. I thought about another irony, (this whole thing was ironic): just as my twenty-fifth birthday was coming to an end, my sister's life on earth had come to an end also. I went even further with this thought, a week from now would have been her twentieth birthday, we had made plans to go to Florida for the weekend. "Since we are traveling on my birthday, we should go to the beach in Jacksonville for yours and celebrate them both," I told her not more than two hours before she died. I let my mind wander to other things, aware that I was controlling my own thoughts more that very minute than I had ever done in my entire life. This was remarkable, I was never a person who controlled my thoughts, they control me!

I wondered why I had not been killed, it was a very close call. In all reality, I should have died. *Statistically*, it should have been more likely to happen to me before Karen, I was wilder and more flamboyant than Karen, I was a risk taker

and she wasn't. I had been told several times by close friends that I was like a cat, I had nine lives and I always landed on my feet. I felt as though I had just used my eighth life and had crushed all my leg bones, even though I landed on my feet. When I was a child growing up, I always thought I would die before I was an adult; this idea made me grab a hold on life with a passion and run to the very edges of the earth. I savored each second of life's rich, sweet reality. Karen's death, to me, had that same rich flavor as all other eras of my life, it was bitter sweet; I was grateful to be alive; even though I had just lost my baby sister!

I also wondered what I would say to my mother. I spent a portion of the long ride creating an elaborate speech for my mother, to break it to her gently. A gentle smile came to my heart; I was remembering that when we were children, one way we had of making the other sibling behave was to jokingly say something like, "*I sho' would hate to be the one to tell mamma you broke yo' neck from fallin' out o' that tree, you betta' get you' butt down fool.*" Then the other child would laugh, offer a few choice comment, and then get their butt out o' that tree, or whatever he or she was doing that might cause injury. I never

dreamed I would ever deliver such a drastic message, this was no joke, I would really have to be the one!

We finally reached the highway patrol station. I got out of my car, straightened my wide-brimmed hat on my head, and approached the door of the building with as much determination as I could muster. Even though it was night, I could see the building was oblong in shape; narrow in width and extremely long in length, better known in Louisiana as a shotgun building.

The door of the station was open and the yellowy light from within spilled softly into the night. As soon as the officer and I walked inside, it became apparent by the stifling heat that the door had been opened out of necessity, obviously the radiator was out of control. I was prepared for the “military look” of the room. First, there was a small, dingy foyer area that smelled profusely of dust. Immediately after that came what is known in military jargon as the *orderly room*, which usually is, and was this time, anything but orderly. The desks were crammed in to assure that every individual had a desk, and there was a coffee pot in one corner, complete with cup stains and burnt

coffee. To the right were offices and to the extreme back of the building was the dispatch room, evidenced by the squelching sound of radios. The static from the radios, dusty desks with papers scattered over the tops, burnt coffee...the whole room brought back memories from another time, and for the first time in my entire life I wished to turn around, I wanted to go back in time. I wasn't prepared to continue.

The troopers seemed to have expected our arrival because five or six of them stood on the far side of the room with worried, concerned looks. They all watched me as though they were trying to see what state of mind I was in. Again, I found myself feeling sorry for people in this line of business, *wonder how often they go through this kind of trauma?*

I was quickly shown to one of the desks and told that I could call my folks from the telephone but first someone would have to get me an outside, long distance line. By this time I was sure exactly what I was going to say to my mother. I would say, "*Mother, is Dad home?*" I would say that to assure she wasn't alone... "*Well mom, there has been an accident, Karen was injured*

*very badly. Mom, she just couldn't make it out of the accident mom.*" That would be that, I would break it to her just like that. I realized there would be no easy way to say it but I felt confident that I could deliver it in a pretty easy speech.

The officer cleared the phone lines for me and I proceeded to dial that dreaded phone number, each digit with slow, deliberate determination. My hands and fingers were very steady, all the shaking had gone and the fact that I wasn't nervous made me very nervous. I was still thinking about my speech when I heard my mother's voice on the other end of the phone.

"Hello," she said this with a clear, happy voice. She was expecting me to call her when we reached New Orleans which explained why she was still awake at this late hour. "Did y'all make the trip safely?" She was so happy and I could hear the pride in her voice. She was very proud of both of us because we were being very grown up in this little adventure of ours.

"No mother," I said, "Karen is dead." *What happened to my speech*, I thought. I couldn't even remember remnants of it. All I could say

was that Karen was dead.

Then, “Oh my God...C.J., this is Myrna, she says Karen is dead...Honey, are you all right? Where are you? Are you alone? Who is there with you?...Oh my God, oh Lord...” I could hear other, undistinguishable, noises in the background. I heard my dad cry. *Funny, I never had a chance to think of how he would take this tragedy, I just thought of Mom.*

“Yes Mom, I’m fine, my car wasn’t involved in the wreck, I tried the best I could Mom, but it wasn’t good enough! Oh Mom,” I moaned, “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to hurt her, I’m so sorry, I did it. She’s dead and it’s all my fault. Momma, you just have to believe me, I tried to save her, it happened so fast, I couldn’t save her, I tried! Oh Lord, I tried the best I could!” All the nervousness returned with the sound of her voice, I cried and begged my mom to forgive me for killing her baby. I really thought I could take care of her, I had no idea this would happen so soon after leaving home.

My mom quickly regained her composure and yelled into the phone, “You didn’t kill her!”

Just stop talking like that, you loved your sister and I know you didn't kill her! Now, where are you?"

"I'm in a place called Opelousas, Louisiana, and yes, I'm as well as can be expected. I'm a little shaky, but I'm okay, I wasn't injured." I led my mother to believe that I had everything under control, allowing her to think that the highway patrolmen were going to make sure I was tucked in safely in a nice cozy hotel room. I assured her that I would call her as soon as I was in my room. We would talk funeral arrangements when I got to the hotel.

While I was discussing these crucial things with my mom, one of the patrolmen found it necessary to explain to me the direction to the nearest hotel, which highways and roads to take. I found this particularly stressful because I was trying to discuss my sister's death with my mom. I thought it interesting that he chose this time, wondering at his motives for not waiting until I finished my conversation, which is why I told my mother that we could discuss the particulars when I got to a hotel room.



I hung up the phone already trying to think of a solution for the situation I was in, listing things in priority as I went along: *I have no money!* Which brought back to mind the fact that there was no money in Karen's purse. I paced the floor in front of the desk, I had to think of a plan to get out of this mess. I thought of all my friends in New Orleans and one by one I canceled them out as possible aids to my cause for various reasons. After I thought of every person imaginable, I came up with only one name that might be able to get me back to New Orleans or if not that, I needed someone to advise me of the fastest and easiest way to New Orleans. I didn't really expect anyone to come and get me but I felt as though I needed someone to console me and help me get my thoughts together. Again, the officer asked me, "Do you understand the directions to the hotel?" I never had a chance to answer him because I was preoccupied with my troubles and knowing I had no money made me choose to ignore the question.

Instead of answering his question, I requested that he get me another outside line for long distance calling, I would call James! That's it, I'll call him, he will get me safely to New Or-

leans.

I dialed the number and was surprised at how long the phone rang, James usually answers on the first or second ring regardless of the time, day or night. *Come on, answer...I need you now James, don't let me down.* Just as I was about to hang up, James answered, he was out of breath and answered “Yea” with an annoyed sound in his voice.

“James! I’m glad I caught you.” *Calm down, don't scare him to death, it is late at night* I told myself.

“Did you and your sister make it safe?” he didn’t wait for an answer, “Good, I was gettin’ pretty worried about y’all.”

“James, wait,” it seemed as though he was going to hang up on me. “Listen, there has been an accident, my sister is dead.”

James didn’t wait for me to finish or allow me to deliver the same speech to him that I had prepared for my mother. I don’t know what I was going to ask of him, but I needed to hear a

friendly voice that could help me sort out this mess.

“Well, what do you expect me to do about it?” he asked.

“What?” I was sure I had not heard him right, this couldn’t be.

“You know I go to work at midnight, I’m running late now. What do you want?”

Sure enough, I checked my watch for the time, it was 12:02 a.m. I was utterly shocked, I was not prepared for this conversation. I stuttered, “well, I guess I don’t want anything” and miraculously the phone receiver found its cradle. I sat there for an instant, my first thought was, “*boy is he ever off my list of people to see!*” I instantly remembered that I had received a payroll check in my bank account in New Orleans by way of direct deposit during my vacation, *I have money!*, what was I waiting for, I only thought of cash, The thought of a check never even occurred to me...*you dummy, you have credit cards too.* My second thought was *well old girl, you’ve handled yourself in other tough situations, get a grip and*

*get out of here.*

The officer chose to repeat himself for the fiftieth time, “Do you understand the directions to the hotel?” At that point I answered him, “Yes!” Someone was kind enough to draw me an explicit map that will take me straight to the front door.” Even with all my sarcasm, he did not detect that I was fed up with him. He had such a simple smile on his young face, he was obviously very pleased with himself for helping me. “*Thank you ma’am, I was the one that drew the map for you.*” I could have kicked myself for being so mean to the officer, he was only trying to help, in his urgency to aide me his timing was just a little off. I should have been trying to enlist his aid instead of James’. I smiled as best I could and sincerely thanked him for his help. I placed my hat back on my head, straightened my clothes and brushed some of the dust off my jeans and headed for the door.

As I moved for the door, I felt like three people in one: strong and determined like the soldier I had once been with a mind of steel and a brain that ticked like a clock; beautiful and prideful because I was aware that my grace and poise

was ever so striking and I was sure that the troopers noticed that I never lost my composure (they didn't see me lose it); and thirdly, I was the mournful, injured soul that had just lost her baby sister in an automobile accident only a few hours before.

## Part II

Ode to Pastor Carroll

August 29, 1993

Once upon a time, 7 years ago, there were two sisters who embarked on a long adventure. Their purpose? Have fun, lives void of debenture. Happily they went, excited energy unspent. They drove and laughed, future tragedy - no hint. Into darkness, through fog and marsh terrain when suddenly, without warning the end of life came.

One sister lie dead, so young and tender.

No more smiles or tears, end of life's splendor.

The other one cried "blame the rain! blame the fog!

She screamed and tantrummed, Sister still as a log.

"Dear God please hear, send divine intervention".

Then came the Angel, insanity prevention.

Praying and pacing, cry! fight! Run!

Holy angel protector's job just begun.

He held her during agony, and prayed for strength.

Philippines 4:13, the sword fought with.

At the end of the scene, sister cold, wet, bleak.

She called her mother, bad news she would speak.

Call 2 was a friend, she elicited his aid,

"I must go to work." she hung up more afraid.

Call 3 young pastor, his wife unfriendly,

"Its late, call back, my husband's too busy!"

The sister sighed then cried but soldier-like she fought.

On shield - helmet - breast plate, Satan's onslaught.

She found a hotel, my God this phone rings.  
Hold tight congregation, time for good things.  
First ring, "Mom loves you, God's plan is this!"  
Sister, broken - disturbed, heard none - words missed.  
Rings 2, 3 and 4 the mortician wants cash for service.  
Uncaring tactics made her more nervous.

Just when Sister gave up, no more arrows,  
The fifth ring answered, it was Pastor Carroll.  
Who knows what he said, for sure the Word.  
But listen real closely, for this is what I heard.

"Myrna," he said softly, "You're not alone.  
Our Savior's forever with you, you must be strong."  
We prayed, he talked and reached my heart.  
"Your folks don't blame you, satan's lie is a dart.  
Think child, now listen, you're covered with the blood.  
Remember that fountain, you've plunged beneath the  
flood."

The conversation ended, surprise, surprise! I slept.  
Guess what? While dozing, up the sun crept.  
Thank you Pastor Carroll, you got me through  
No matter what next, I'll always remember you.

One moral of the message, no matter how dark the bind  
Tomorrow, yes tomorrow, the sun is gonna shine.

By Myrna Rochelle Jones  
Specifically for Pastor Carroll on his church anniversary

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## RETROSPECT

Thanksgiving, 1997

Mortality issues are never easy and facing one's own or loved one's is a particularly trying affair to say the least. The first chapter, "Therapy," was written shortly after the accident it describes. This second chapter, "Retrospect," is a backward glance at the spiritual occurrences of that night.

The reason I decided to complete this writing is because so many people have asked me how I made it through, how I kept my sanity. Whenever someone asks that question, I show them my "Therapy," which perpetuate more questions. "Retrospect" is my attempt to answer the questions prompted by "Therapy."

So, fixing my heart on Jesus, and giving praise to the Father, I look forward to telling my testimony about the most difficult time in my life, a time that continues to haunt me every year at Thanksgiving...and my birthday...and Karen's birthday (which we still quietly celebrate)...Christmas and New Years.



Let me start by letting you know up front that I am embarrassed to share how carelessly I chose to live and to what extent I have gone to have “a good time”; but, if my imposition will help someone else, I am committed to telling the truth about what happened to my sister.

I invite you to come, reminisce with me. Let’s go back together on a journey; the trip that changed who I am forever; a testimony of how powerful God’s Word really is.

At one point in my life I lived in a quaint little apartment, which happened to be part of a triplex on the very tip of the *Viex Carre* or *French Quarter* in the heart of New Orleans. At twenty-four years old I had learned a secret to enjoying life: live it! I was very busy. Living in the *French Quarter* was the most enchanting experience I could have ever encountered.

New Orleans’ sultry, lazy climate; the trumpeting echoes of parades exclusive to African decedents, mixed with a culture filled with the strange spells of death, all race together for a blend of frenzied excitement which is ironically so slow that at times you feel you’re in a rut.

For six months I worked three jobs; two of them full time. My first job was an administrative assistant for the Louisiana Attorney General's office; the second, a night word processor at a law firm; and my third job was as a JAG Sargent in the US Army Reserve. I got so much experience in such a short period of time that my mother once told me that I had packed 50 years of living into 25 years. Exhaustion finally won and I quit the State job.

Working the swing shift offered the best of all worlds to me. I would wake up around 9:00 a.m., go to the gym for a rigorous workout, or go to karate, or jog through the French Quarter, or go to the park and write in my journal, or go to the French Market, or visit Louis Armstrong's statute. My options were limitless and I enjoyed every maniacal second of it.

I remember that time to be a permanent springtime. Reporting to work at 3:00 p.m., I checked in two hours before all of my coworkers went home. I loved my job and my boss, Janine, who turned out to be a lifelong friend. Janine taught me much about computer word processing. Working in that department helped prepare me for

the world. It's because of that experience that I have the skills to publish this book today.

I would leave work at 11:00 p.m. and sometimes go to a night club and dance until 2:00 a.m. I was a good carnal Christian. Oh, back to the subject, party until two, three or four or until I got tired and then I'd go home to sleep, to wake up at 9:00 a.m. and start the cycle all over again.

I had a new divorce, new car, new apartment, new job, and all new friends when the phone rang that October morning and it was Karen. Through gritted teeth she declared, "I'm so sick of this place, I hate it here! I am ready to leave!"

I chuckled and like a child dangling a piece of candy to another child, I sang, "I know where a job is here in New Orleans and it's just your speed, do ya' want it?" To which Karen timidly responded, "How could I interview for a job in New Orleans when I'm in Oklahoma? That job would be long gone by the time I got to New Orleans."

Still singing, "I don't know-ow, it's been

vacant for a while.” Jokingly, I said, “it takes *special qualifications*.”

“Tell me about the job, girl, and stop playing,” said Karen, and so I proceeded to tell her that my church had just received a grant of sorts and there were funds for a full-time secretary to help administer the church-run, government-funded project. The position had never been filled because it only paid \$5.00 per hour and anyone who had the skills already had a job paying more and anyone who wanted \$5.00 per hour did not have the skills.

The program was so hard-up for a secretary that they agreed to interview Karen via telephone. She had just completed many clerical hours at her local vocational school and was able to articulate, somewhat haltingly, her resume’ and future plans over the phone. The interviewers knew me well and thought her voice sounded like mine only not as confident. I promised them that I would help her and they gave Karen the job on my word starting Monday, December 1<sup>st</sup>.

Over the course of the next few weeks we worked out the plans. I would leave New Orleans

on Wednesday before Thanksgiving and drive to Oklahoma City, arriving that night. The celebration would start then and continue on through March 31, the date we'd chosen to move from New Orleans to Dallas. The aim was to get closer to Oklahoma City but stay far enough away to remain independent.

During that planning process I started having dreams. I could never quite grasp the meat of these dreams and every morning I would find myself biting my bottom lip trying to remember what, exact, the dream was. One morning I sprang straight upright in the bed 'cause I remembered a bit of the dream: *I'm getting married! I distinctly remember a veil in that dream.*

As the time of the trip grew nearer and my excitement heightened, I caught another glimpse of that reoccurring dream and I realized that the veil I wore was black. I pondered the vision of seeing through the inside of a black veil. It made life dark. I dismissed the vision thinking that the only way I'd buy a black veil was if someone close to me died. I wore hats all the time but none had a black veil.

The feeling of death penetrated my senses so I made an entry in my diary indicating that if I died, whoever read this should please tell everyone that I lived an action-packed life and understood the very essence of living. The secret was to always make good memories because otherwise you would have none.

A couple of days before departure, while *hangin'* at the *Bottom Line Night Club*, an associate, James, asked what my intended route would be to Oklahoma City. I told him I would take the long route, I-10 west to Houston, I-45 north to Dallas, and then I-35 to Oklahoma City.

James was a handsome 47-year old, dirty old...oh, what am I saying?...I mean handsome gentleman whose hang-out was the bar at that club. He worked graveyard at the Louisiana Department of Transportation and Development and was an authority on the highways and byways of Louisiana. We occasionally saw one another during that 30 minutes between the time I arrived at the club from work and the time he left the club to go to work. I knew him to be soft spoken and an exceptional dance partner.

James suggested softly, that I consider taking an alternate route which was a shortcut to Dallas from New Orleans. "If you take the secondary roads between Baton Rouge and Shreveport you'll shave a whole hundred miles off your trip," James offered.

"Yea, I know, I've been that way before but I'm afraid I'll get lost. There's too many secondary roads." To which James acknowledged, "I'll help you. I have an atlas in my car." James brought the map in from his car and together we studied the roads carefully. As I studied the map, I traced the snatches and patches with my finger and the route became permanently registered in my brain. The terrain frequently alternated between bayou, swamp, and dry land, as well as from 4 lanes to 2 lanes along the route. As I examined the map I remembered having gone through the towns and bayous.

So, here I go. This was my first attempt to drive such a long distance alone. The trip was an estimated 700 miles and I was up to it. I knew the hardest part would be conquering Louisiana terrain and not the actual miles traveled.

My trek through Baton Rouge and Alexandria and on to Shreveport was not uneventful. There was this particularly hairy incident which occurred while on a small stretch of two lane highway. Of course, everyone know the danger with traveling on two- laners and that is PASSING. Because of only one lane of travel for each direction if passing becomes necessary, you must go into the oncoming traffic's path. Well, as I was in the midst of passing the car in front of me, that car's driver decided to pick that very second to pass the car in front of her. The scene played itself out interestingly enough. While I was in the midst of passing her, suddenly I found myself being forced into the ditch on the far side of the small highway at a high rate of speed. It all happened so fast. It ended with me blowing my horn real hard and scaring the lady back into her lane allowing me to negotiate out of the ditch, back across the oncoming traffic's lane of passage and back into my own lane. My life flashed before my eyes and the lump in my throat was the gum I had swallowed.

When I got to Dallas I knew I was home free so I stopped to visit my cousin, Tanja, in Carrollton, Texas. That brief stopover proved fruitful



since I walked away from Tanja's promising to come back in three days if Karen was agreeable.

Looking back, I now know that that permanent springtime I told you about ended right there. The sleet started right about the same time I left Dallas. The precipitation persisted throughout the entire holiday weekend in all three states: Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma.

It sure was good being home with the family. Momma cooked the best Thanksgiving dinner I ever remember having. Fellowship with the family was uncommonly joyous for me. However, the weather was pervasive and all three siblings, Wayne, my older brother, Karen and myself all managed to *catch* low grade fevers while participating in holiday festivities. We were young, so even though we felt slightly ill and a little warm, we were so excited we couldn't slow down. After all, I was home for the holidays and had a million people to see and Karen had a million people to say good-bye to since she was moving to Louisiana. The entire trip was one big hodgepodge of excitement with plans, plans, plans.

That Friday, before leaving, we decided

that Karen really needed her own car because someone, I wonder who, was too selfish to let Karen drive her new car all the time. So then there was the added pressure of getting her car road-ready quickly.

Getting down to the last minute stuff, we had a family portrait to take at Emmanuel Baptist Church, which is the church my siblings and I grew up in and where my family attends worship services. Of course, I belonged to the No Named Baptist Church in New Orleans under watch-care. Karen was so late getting to Emmanuel that the family was forced to start the photo session without her because other families were waiting. Just as we were about to wrap things up, in she floats. “Sorry I’m late everybody. Okay, take my picture too-oo,” she begged.. To which we all laughed and poked fun at her for her lateness. The photographer was very understanding and so we actually had two photo sessions; one with Karen and one without. The photographer also took a picture of Karen alone; which in retrospect, was pretty odd. The photo was the one used on her funeral program.

Before leaving town, the family sat around

the kitchen table making merry and telling jokes; smiling, touching and embracing; having real quality time when Momma noticed that I was toying with a butterfly knife that I carried for protection. I was pretty good with twirling it around and my hands were especially fast. I had incorporated this sort of play with the blade into my martial arts training and just knew I was the most lethal person this side of Pluto. Momma warned that the knife was not a good object for a young lady to carry, and it should be put away immediately. I put the blade into my front pocket where it belonged and assured Momma, as I patted my pocket, that between me and the blade, one of us was perfectly capable of handling any trouble that might come our way.

All hugs and byes given, the family circled in the kitchen for the final prayer and Daddy asked God to bless our travel and watch over his two little girls.

Engines start, she in her car and I in mine, both in the driveway of our parent's home. Momma yells at me to take *care 'o her baby*" and I screamed "Okay." through the partially rolled-down window. Daddy walked over to Karen's car

and placed a Bible on the console between the two front seats. The car was jammed with every imaginable possession she had and to complete the whole picture, Karen placed a giant teddy bear beside her to ride shotgun for the journey.

She grinned at me and I grinned at her. She motioned for me to go first and I delegated that right back to her. I saw her look up into her right brain and then make her mind up to go boldly onward to a new life.

We drove to Dallas and spent the night with our cousins, Allen and Tanja, and left Dallas for Shreveport the following morning. We got kind of a late start because neither one of us really felt well and it was cold and rainy outside.

As the day swept by so did the miles. Before we knew it we were in Shreveport. We stopped and had lunch and discuss in detail, our travel plans. It became crucial now because after Shreveport, we would leave interstate highway travel and start to use some secondary roads. I told Karen about my brush with death on the way to Oklahoma and assured her that I would never leave her or put her life in jeopardy. We both had

extensive training in long-distance driving; our parents raised us on cross-country driving. We both mastered the rules of the road skillfully and we reviewed those rules...right there...in Grandy's...in Shreveport.

At some little town between there and Alexandria, Karen's car began to overheat. I don't remember what we did but we stopped at a gas station and handled it. Then we stopped at Mickey D's in Alexandria. I had coffee, Karen had fries and a coke.

Our last conversation was in that McDonald's in Alexandria and we discussed some very intimate, personal things. We discussed spending the night there as opposed to going on. We went on. It was just getting dark.

As we continued through the boggy landscape, it became obvious that one particular gentleman in front of us was either drunk or bored because he kept slowing down to 35 mph and then speeding up to 70 mph. I really wanted to pass this guy because he made me nervous; speed up, slow down; speed up, slow down. I pulled into the lane of oncoming traffic to pass him saw -

way in the distance - an oncoming vehicle. So I pulled back behind Mr. Brand New Lincoln. It seemed the oncoming car took forever to come.

Slow down, speed up; slow down, speed up. I pulled into the oncoming lane to pass Mr. Lincoln once more and again I saw lights of an oncoming vehicle way in the distance so I pulled back into my lane. Again, the oncoming car took forever to pass. Slow down, speed up; Slow down, speed up.

Third time. It's a charm. Mr. Lincoln was slowing down again and I decided to pass. I pulled into the oncoming lane to pass and the next few seconds claimed my sister's life. I saw an oncoming car but, again, it was a long way in the distance so I continued my pass.

As I pulled up beside Mr. Lincoln, he started to speed up. At first I didn't know if he was just following his same *ole* cycle or if he was really trying to keep me from passing. I sped up to complete the pass. Mr Lincoln increased his speed to match mine. I looked toward what I thought would be a long distance for the oncoming vehicle and IT WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF

ME.

I decided to hit my brakes and get back behind Mr. Lincoln - looked in my rearview mirror AND KAREN WAS RIGHT BEHIND ME.

I WAS SANDWICHED IN! Mr. Lincoln was playing games to my right and would not let me pass him; an oncoming vehicle was bearing down in front and Karen was behind. All speeds were up topping 70 mph. If I hit my breaks, with no where to go, I would surely perish. I decided to run Mr. Lincoln off the road. That was my only recourse; I realized that the oncoming vehicle did not know that Karen was behind me and she did not know there was a car coming!

Just then I gunned the engine of my brand new 1986 Ford Mustang and swerved to my right to run Mr. Lincoln off the road. I must have missed his front bumper by a hair because I pulled directly in front of Mr. Lincoln just in time to miss the oncoming car. When I moved out of the oncoming lane, I expected to hear the big crash instantly but for some reason there was a fraction of an instant between the time I thought they should crash and the time of the actual colli-

sion. It wasn't a big bang at all; it sounded like smashing a soda can.

Skillfully, I slowed my car and pulled over onto the shoulder of the highway. Since speeds were so high, getting the car stopped took longer than expected and Mr. Lincoln drove on past into the night.

I got out and instantly realized that not only was it dark and foggy; but it was raining, ever so fine, drops of sleet. As I started to run in the direction of the accident, I yelled, not from panic but hoping she would answer, "Kaaareennnn!" No answer, I knew the fog would carry my voice a long way and if she was awake, she would hear me. "Kaaareennn!" No answer again.

Nice even pace; 1 - 2 - 3- 4. I jogged; careful not to tire myself out. 1 - 2 - 3 - 4. I timed my breathing to match my steps. Running through fog. Looking down, my only guides were my thighs and feet. That's all I could see through the dense fog. "Kaaaaareennn!" Still no answer. I ran exactly one mile.

Psssss. I heard the radiator noises...and



then, there it was. Amazing how the fog lifted around the accident only. It was like entering a room. What a horrible sight. There she was. It seemed like she was wearing the small blue compact car. The whole front end of the small car was smashed in on her.

The cars were not facing one another head-on as I would have supposed; instead they formed a sort of V-shape. The base of the V being the front ends of both vehicles. The rear of the Delta 88 was off the road and Karen's car was on the shoulder of the road; parallel with the white highway line. In other words, the accident occurred off the highway and out of Karen's zone of right-of-way. She had made the mistake of veering left when she should have veered right. This error accounted for the split second between the time I guessed the accident should have occurred and the time it actually did occur. In other words, both vehicles veered into the same space. Karen probably had not possessed the confidence to try running Mr. Lincoln off the road!

The machines were steaming so I was afraid to approach; therefore, I made circles around the wreckage like a predator screaming,

“Kaaareennnn,” in her ears. With each rotation I got closer and closer to my sister.

By the time I approached Karen’s door I had already surveyed and determined that the car would have to be cut away. Karen held a tight grip on the steering wheel, hands at 10:00 O’clock and 2:00 O’clock just like daddy taught us. Her forehead rested at 12:00.O’clock.

“Karen,” I whimpered as I reached out and touched her arm. My throat was already raw from yelling. Broken glass was all over her, the car, the ground. The glass crumbled under my feet and when I touched her arm she gave out a deep sigh. That would have been a sign to me that she was still alive, however, as I pulled her hand away from her hand the glass that had penetrated her skin cut my finger. This was significant because I had learned in the army that a dead body doesn’t bleed. She had glass shards all in her arms and head but yet there was no blood. Her sigh was the last bit of air in her body and I knew it. She gave up the ghost. I was in denial and told myself, *“She’s breathing, she’s still alive!”*

Just then, the light on the inside of the other

car came on and the lady driver raised her head from the steering wheel. Her forehead appeared to be cut from temple to temple and blood was everywhere. I timidly approached the passenger side of their car. The passenger, whose feet went through the windshield, was blood-covered. I could not go on. I stopped in my tracks. I backed away, crying loudly.

I threw up both my hands and looked toward heaven. I called out “OH LORD. WE NEED YOU RIGHT NOW. JESUS, PLEASE SEND DIVINE INTERVENTION!” I lifted my voice and wailed out to heaven the song that only agony knows. “Right now, Lord! Please, Lord, don’t let me be selfish in my prayer! Lord, I pray that these two lives be saved! Lord, anoint this ROOM! Lord, send us a sense of peace! Lord, help my sister! RIGHT NOW IN THE NAME OF JESUS, Lord, stay with this situation and anoint my prayers, Lord! I need you right now!”

I prayed the most unselfish prayer of my entire life. Not before nor since has my need for God been so pronounced.

With my face pointed toward heaven I cov-

ered my eyes with my hands. “THEY NEED YOU RIGHT NOW, LORD, IN THE NAME OF JESUS! PLEASE GET THEM OUT!” I stomped my feet in tantrum. I could only think of one scripture at this juncture. It was the Perfect Word of God. This one scripture saved my life. I sang it over and over like a B.B. King song. “I can do all things through Christ who gives me strength.”  
Philippines 4:13.

Starting at the top of my head and slowly spreading downward through my body an envelope of golden peace washed over me and as I slowly brought my hands and head down I came to the realization that I was not alone and that I was within the embrace of someone who was blessed-of-God.

His first words to me were so soft. I almost didn't hear him. I was still in his embrace when he gently spoke, “Myrna, I have come to help you. Tell me what you want me to do. I will do all that I can to help you.” He was so familiar to me. I felt as though I had known him my entire life. It was like he was my twin or someone very close. For what seemed an eternity I tried to remember where I'd met this familiar personality or when

I'd first encountered Him. Remnant thoughts of me as a small girl with pigtails sitting on my old front porch with Grandpa Matt came straight to the forefront of my brain. We sat on that porch for hours and I'd hold Grandpa's hand whether he wanted me to or not. I'd sit in his lap and be cuddled by this gruff old man. Yeah...this felt like the envelope that was Grandpa Matt. Grandpa Matt died when I was five years old. This is crazy. I shook my head to ward off these familiar feelings as I screamed, "No!"

He held me and I sobbed openly. In the cradle of his arms I had dropped my ever-present guard. Just for a little history about Myrna: I prided myself in the fact that I could not be approached on any forum without my knowing about it. You could not sneak up on me. I thought I had eyes in the back of my head. I thought of myself as secretly tough. My idea of being perfect was looking like a pretty little kitten while actually being the predatory panther. There I was, under cover of the one who had been sent to care of me.

I left his embrace to turn toward Karen to check on her, and The Guardian used his body to

shield me from the accident. Softly, he chided me not to go near the cars. “There is nothing you can do,” he said, and he matched me waiver for waiver so I could not go around his huge body.

I looked up at his face only to realize that this was a giant. Why, I’m practically six foot with heels on and when I laid my head in his embrace, my ear rested above his belly button. This man was really big. Of his face, all I could see was that he had a really attractive, thick, bushy moustache with matching eyebrows and bangs. He had a peacefully reassuring voice and his very presence calmed me.

I started to beat him as he held me and kept me from bolting to the still-steaming cars. He allowed me to beat him and he cried with me. “I understand, this is really hard,” he said.

“Yes,” I said, and pulled away screaming. I started to run around him and couldn’t get through so I started to run in the other direction and he ran with me. After running half a mile up the road I dropped down to my knees and he lifted me off the ground. “You must stay off the ground” he said. “Stay on your feet no matter

what happens.” My legs automatically listened and unfolded to a stand.

As we walked back to the scene and I moaned he asked me if I wanted to pray and I said, “yes”. We stopped and I said, “You pray.” He stammered...”Lord, only you know what’s best. Here is your child, Lord, and I know you love her , Lord. Give her a sense of yourself, Lord, so that she will receive the peace that only comes from you. Help us to stand on our feet, Lord, and...”

“Pray for them not me,” I said , pointing to the accident , like he was stupid or something and he stumbled into a prayer for them...”We know that you are ever present, Lord, and your mercy endures forever. Have mercy on these and save them. Heal them.”

As he prayed I became aware of another presence and I looked around. There was no one there. I could hear the hissing sound of the car radiators in the distance. Still, I felt a familiar presence and I looked around again. No one was there but I felt it! It was Karen! I felt her presence in the air! Her essence was there! Invisible but obvi-

ous. I embraced myself and made myself remained very still and quiet for a long, long time and the presence lingered in the air and slowly ascended into the foggy atmosphere.

As I stood there, on the highway's shoulder embracing myself, a car passed and slowed. The father rolled his window down and I reported to him, "It's a horrible wreck, please, go call an ambulance - HURRY!" "Okay," he agreed, and the sleepy children peered wide-eyed at me from the back seat. The dad sped away. I stood perfectly still and the spirit of the Lord ministered to me. I enjoyed the familiar spirit that had been Karen.

The second car was someone who brought blankets to cover me and all the injured and the third car contained a couple of *soul brothers* who thought I was a *good lookin mamma* and wanted to know, "*Can I get your phone number baby?*" To which I had no reply.

The fourth car had a fair-haired nurse who checked pulses. My heart races, hoping she'd find one in Karen. I knew better though.

All this time I was reluctant to interact with



others because I was enamored by all the spiritual presences. God was ministering to me by cleansing my heart. He put his shine on me and claimed me. During that session, God fixed it so that only clean words could leave my mouth. For every evil thought that entered my mind, a more excellent and positive WORD sprang from my lips.

People were starting to rush around and it seemed that the human activity broadened the walls of the fog room. Visibility was about fifty feet.

The next car contained a group of “*good ole boys*” who apparently wanted Karen’s television. They busted the rear window of Karen’s car and then I had a super fit. The giant responded rapidly, “I’ll watch and fight - you pray,” he said, pointing in my direction as he leaped into the opposite direction with take-charge distinction. I have no idea what he said but everybody stayed away from the cars after that.

I prayed and prayed and the giant watched and fought. He was very busy; doing what, I cannot remember but he would always return to my

side. He guarded me, Karen, and the Delta 88 and the entire ROOM. It was obvious to me, as a soldier myself, that HE had done a lot of guard duty in his time; he was thorough, expedient and commanding; and at the same time, ever-present at my side.

Ambulances came next and The Guardian instructed those attendants. Soon afterwards came the Louisiana Department of Transportation and Development.

The ambulance attendant stopped her administrations long enough to say something to the head trooper and point in my direction. ENTERS STAGE LEFT: the State Troopers. I say to myself, *now everything's going to get official.*

The officers start to clear the scene of all bystanders and you would not believe how quickly the blanket man snatched his blankets from me and the injured. I offered to buy the blankets and then remembered that I had no money; Karen had all the money. The man said “no way” anyway, snatched his blankets and instead of swearing out of anger at him, I heard my voice croak out “thank you sir, God Bless you for helping us.” I

thought, *where did that come from surely not from me!*

Officer Head-Man-In-Charge was heading in our direction. The Guardian and I were still standing in the position where I last felt my sister's presence. He stood to my right with his big brother arm around me for protection when the trooper asked his first question, "*Ma'am, that's you sista, isn't it?*" I said, "yes."

Then, I realized it. I was alone. The Guardian was gone. Disappeared into thin air. As quickly as he had appeared he disappeared. Thank you, God, for allowing me to be crazy enough to tell my mother about The Guardian that very night for if I had not told her, I would have forgotten Him and this story would have never been told. I scarcely mentioned any details of Him until now. I have forgotten most of our period together. What I remember of it was tucked away in the far recesses of my mind. I have been afraid to speak of him. I didn't want to be branded insane. What remains, coupled with what my mother recalled of my report, is what you see here.

After that, my morale went downhill all the

way. The good news is my mouth stayed in check. When all the dust settled and the fog lifted, I stood on the shoulder of the highway a beat up, wounded small child.

As I made my way to my car my head was low, in the defeated position and I saw my thighs. Those were the same thighs that had skillfully known an exact mile when they ran a mile. Together those thighs and I had run as many as ten miles at one time on many occasions. We had been all around the world together and yet I did not recognize them any more, so I looked at my arms and my hands and didn't recognize them either. I looked down at my whole self in wonderment because all my body looked foreign to me. To keep from crying out I shoved my fist into my pockets and there it was, in my right pocket, the butterfly knife that I had put so much faith in. I had promised my mother that the knife and I could take care of anything. I had been such a fool. Anxiety flooded my soul and practically drove me to my knees. Instead of going down to the ground, I used that momentum to go forward. I got in my car and followed Officer Head Man (who probably wore mirrored glasses in the daytime and called everybody boy, while he chewed

huge wads of bubble gum).

So now you have a vivid demonstration of how God reaches out to all his children, even the rowdy ones.

## About the Author

Myrna Roberts is a native of Oklahoma City, OK, and has traveled extensively throughout the US, Europe and the Caribbean.

Mrs. Roberts has a love for young people which is demonstrated in her participation with the youth drill team of her church and as a mentor for gang members and ACT Preparatory instructor in various high schools in Oklahoma City.

Mrs. Roberts is married to Emmett Roberts, has one daughter, Ashley, and is a business owner in Oklahoma City.

## Note From the Author

When I wrote this book I had never heard of the TV series "Touched By An Angel", starring Della Reese. I thank God for that show because the death angel "Andrew" has given me peace. I believe that *The Guardian* in this book and Andrew of Touched By An Angel have very similar job descriptions. Selah.

The Guardian

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# A True Story

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## *The Guardian*

A Demonstration of How God Reaches Out to All His  
Children  
Even The Rowdy Ones

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By Myrna Roberts

*This INTRIGUING book is a true account of my most horrid experience. It explains the fatal car accident of my sister, Karen Jones, and God's immediate divine intervention. The Guardian is God's gift, sent to you from that highway tragedy.*

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*A myriad of thoughts came to me when I read this book. This is a story of how tangible God can be as a father just when you need him most.*

*Michael Alexander  
President, First Star, Inc.*

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*Praise God for His unspeakable gifts to man! This manuscript definitely fits that description. Myrna Roberts is a remarkable woman of God and one of His gifts to her is certainly displayed here. We would all do well to read this book and watch as God uses this servant.*

*Lois H. Martin  
Music Minister*

For other Myrna Roberts writings, go to  
[www.MyrnaRoberts.com](http://www.MyrnaRoberts.com)

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