



Go Another Mile!

By Edwina Neely

The Lord says, I will guide you and watch over you. Psalm 32:8 (NCV)

The spinning wheels of his road bike hissed against the pavement as cars whizzed by. My husband Bill feels maximum exhilaration when he is on a bike. His goal was to ride 20 miles weekdays and 50 miles on the weekend. The sensation of riding brought him joy, a time to meditate, and kept his legs strong.

He was in his stride. On this Sunday he made his 50 miles. Sweat from his face flew back into the chilled air. Suddenly, his serenity was interrupted. Like words floating mysteriously through the air he heard, “Go another mile!”

Startled by those words his weary body screamed, NO! Bill began to talk to himself, “No, I’ve done enough! I’m tired. I just need to go home!”

Stronger than before the echo of those words penetrated his doubting mind: “Go another mile!”

He yielded, came up the hill and turned on Bonnet Street. Bonnet ended abruptly in a dead end. Bill’s only choice was to turn left on Mimosa Lane. Cruising down Mimosa his eyes spotted a house for sale. Unsure as to what made him stop, he retrieved a brochure from the sales display and headed home.

At home he laid the brochure on the table. Our daughter Lakisha picked it up and exclaimed, “This is our house!”

That hadn’t occurred to Bill. Now Lakisha’s exclamation piqued his curiosity. Bill had been wanting to buy a house for a long time. Our family of six had been living in a rental home for 14 years. He had offered several times to buy our rental house from the landlord but was denied.

Bill knew we didn’t have enough money for a down payment on the house for sale, yet we were all excited about the prospect of living in that house. We uttered a unanimous chime, “Let’s go see it!!” Bill reluctantly agreed to go view the house.

During the tour of the house, each room had a serene beauty that captured the hearts of the family. Although we were informed that another couple wanted the house and had \$50,000 in the bank, we were given an opportunity to apply. A few days later we were told that the owners were interested in our offer and would hold off on all other offers until our application was processed. This was a first-time home-buyers program and the application process specifically stated that no money could be borrowed for the purchase of the home.

That night, as Bill was about to retire for the evening, he remembered he had an IRA and promptly went through the house repeatedly saying “We have the money.” The whole family excitedly followed

him to the basement office where he opened a file cabinet. Our six year old curiously asked, “Dad keeps that kind of money in the basement in a file cabinet?” Bill found the IRA papers and assured us that there was enough money in the account to buy the house.

The application and qualification process unfolded slowly. The owners faced a conundrum. They wanted to give us enough time to qualify but they were getting pressure from the family from whom they were buying their new home. The owners of their future home in an effort to sell more quickly suggested a profound proposal: “We will drop our price to you by \$10,000, if you will drop the price for the same amount to your buyers. That should enable them to qualify.”

It did just that. The paper-work went smoothly until the day our lawyer called with a sad tone and said, “Bill you need \$9,000 more. Bill was in shock knowing that amount was nowhere in sight.

A few hours later the lawyer called again excitedly notifying Bill that we would indeed have the closing. Everything was ok. Bill had to ask, “What happened?” After a pause the lawyer said, “I made a mistake, I forgot to subtract \$9,000 on the closing documents.” Relieved and grateful, Bill ended the call and informed us of the good news.

We’ve lived in that beautiful home on Mimosa Lane for over 25 years.

So, how did we manage to buy the house when there was someone interested with \$50,000 cash? Later the realtor said the owners wanted Bill’s family to have the house because he was a pastor.

We were all astonished by what resulted from those words to, “Go another mile!”