**HOPE INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY**

**COURSE:** Relational Evangelism

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**I KNOW WHY IT HAPPENED**

Jaanz is a gypsy. He was a hit man when I met him visiting a prison in South America. In the prison he was known as the Angel of Death. He accepted Christ. That is another story. A couple years later he was surprised to be released from jail. No one would hire him due to his past. So he got a little van, fixed it up and got it running. His plan was to be self-employed and go door-to-door selling fruits and vegetables.

The day came that he finally got the van running and he and a friend came to the house to show it off. I wasn’t there to see it so they left. His friend was driving because he didn’t have a license. They hadn’t gotten more than a few miles from our house when they were rear-ended by a huge yellow city bus. The little van he had poured his life into for six months was totaled. They were taken to a poor man’s hospital. After getting a call telling me what happened, I headed to the hospital and found him in the emergency room. Jaanz should have been admitted but he had no insurance and due to his past police record he couldn’t receive any social/public health benefits. So I bought him a neck brace and I took him home in my car. He sat with the passenger seat leaning back. He was basically lying down.

As we were driving back to the room where he was living he said to me “I don’t understand. Why did this happen? I’m really trying to do the right thing for God and look what happens! I don’t get it.” My answer was something like this, “I don’t know that there is anything I can tell you right now that is going to satisfy you. All I can do is suggest that you trust God and give it some time and maybe someday down the road God will give you some insight.” That was it. I got him home and they helped him in and laid him in his bed. I went home.

The next morning I got a call from Jaanz. He HAD to see me. I asked if something was really wrong. I was in a meeting but would leave if it was an emergency. It wasn’t but he insisted I get there as soon as possible. I did.

I got to the house and went back to his little room. I went in. It was dark. There he was in the old twin bed. Alongside it was an old beaten up chair. I greeted him and sat down and asked him what was so urgent.

He answered by saying, “I know why.”

And I responded with “You know why what?”

And then Jaanz said, “I know why the accident happened!”

I was surprised. “You know why the accident happened?’

“Yes.”

“Okay, tell me. I was thinking you might get an insight in a couple years not the next day. Okay, so WHY?”

“It’s because God loves me!”

That is not what I expected to hear.

“Ah … Okay, I’m all ears. Explain that one to me.”

He said, “Well the past few weeks I’ve been tempted to go back to some of my old ways to earn some quick money (that would have been robbing, assaulting, etc.). God knows the kind of guy I am. I’ve lived a hard life. I’m a hard guy. God knew that he couldn’t just tap me on the shoulder (He tried reaching over and tapping me on the shoulder) and whisper, ‘Jaanz, Jaanz, we need to talk’. He had to smack me to get my attention. He loves me and didn’t want me to go back to the old ways even for a day or two. So he got my attention. He smacked me. It was because he loved me and he saved me from a disaster.”

I just sat there amazed with the depth of this man, a new Christian who had come out of the depths of bitterness and a vicious lost life.