

A miraculous Sign

“Unless you people see signs and wonders,” Jesus told him, “you will never believe.” (John 4, 48 International Bible)

Do you remember my friend Juergen from my dramatic story “In the Spell of Evil”? He played there, without knowing about it, a main role. The annunciation of his upcoming death had been the begin of a big crisis, during which I had converted to **christian faith**. Well, the “annunciation” was wrong and Jürgen lived on. But, perhaps you should read yourself!

He was a close friend of mine and, as you may remember, a confessing atheist. So now, after my conversion, I used every opportunity to convince him of the truth of my new faith. I gave many good arguments and told him almost every detail of my conversion, except that one from the wrong “annunciation” of his death

But all my efforts to convince him seemed to be without any effect. He always listened patiently, gave his own arguments, and at the end of a long discussion or a narration he often laughed and said: “Well, you cannot convince me! There exists no god. He exists only in your imagination! ... We are only nature, and when we are dead we are gone forever!”

Slowly I began to understand, that it was really not in my power to convince him! *But God can do!*, I thought. *If God will let him see a miracle he surely will believe, and perhaps convert!*

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One Saturday afternoon Juergen dropped in, because we had agreed a walk in a nearby park. But it was raining cats and dogs, and so he greeted me with following words: “Well, I think that we can forget about our park walk!” I answered: “OK, let`s wait and see!” Meanwhile I made a coffee for both of us and we sat down in my living-room and chatted for a while.

After a quarter of an hour he stood up looked through the window: “Ah, shit, it is still raining!” He lifted his eyes to the sky: “And only dark clouds! Well, I think we can forget our park walk.”

When he had sat down again I said to him: “Well, you know that I

believe in a god, who can do **miracles**. If you agree, I would like to pray for better weather.” For a moment he stared surprised at me, then he burst out into laughter: “You never give up, eh?” Then he added: “OK, do as you like! But it won’t help. You shall see!” I smiled and answered: “OK, we shall see!”

And so I started to pray loudly to god, that he should sent better weather and finished with “..., so that we can take our walk and Juergen will see, that you are a living God! Amen!” I felt really confidence, that the miracle would happen. And so I said to Juergen: “OK, let`s go!”

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We rode in Juergen`s car to the park. The whole tour it kept on raining. Heavy, dark clouds accompanied us from above. We sat side by side without talking. Inside I felt now a slight tension. There was no hint for an upcoming miracle. Had I gone too far? Would I be proved as a **bigmouth**?

Suddenly, when we turned into the park road, the sky broke open and the sun was shining. It really looked somehow bizarre. As if in the sky had opened a small window directly above the park and the sun was looking through it. I smiled and said to Juergen, “Do you see it? The sun directly above the park! What do you say now?” He parked the car and we got out, starting immediately our park walk.

In the park I asked him , “So, do you now believe in God?” He looked surprised at me. “Why should I do?” Now it was my turn to look perplexed at him. “Why you should do? But, you saw a miracle. We prayed for good weather, and here it is!” He laughed, “Ah, you mean God has done it? No, it is only a **coincidence**!”

I stared at him in disbelieve. He really hadn`t got it, or hadn`t wanted. *But it is such a **clear sign***, I thought by myself. And for the first time I had the feeling, that he perhaps never would become a believer. I smiled disappointed, “OK, let`s enjoy the walk!” And so we walked two hours through that wonderful park under the small "sky window" with the shining sun. God had given a **miraculous Sign**!

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Soon after this we lost that regular contact. I went to a bible school and he settled down in Norway. He lived there in a small village,

together with a nice woman and her son. And from that woman I got one day, some years after our last park walk, a letter. She told me that Jürgen had died through a heart attack. I could almost feel her shock and pain!

So, I think that he really had some good years there in Norway, but as far as I know he had never become a believer. Remembering that he had seen that miraculous **sign** from heaven, but hadn't been able to recognize it, I feel regret.

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