

# An Enlightening Miracle

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We were prepared for my birthday party.  
Or so we thought.

A sudden snowstorm blew in, blowing out all of the lights, as if it were a person blowing out a candle. We awoke the next morning, finding that the light switches were on the on side, yet all of the lights off. It was only a few days until my birthday party. . . things were **not** looking good.

A single day had gone by and I was sitting at the table, finishing my breakfast.  
My mother came over and sat down next to me. “ Do you want to try praying to God?” She asked me. I thought for a moment. I believe in God, however, would he turn the lights back on? I decided to try. “ Sure.”

As I lay down in my bed that night, I worried both about my party, and my sleep schedule.  
Why, you ask? Well, if the lights turned on while me and my family were trying to sleep, we would get a face full of sudden light.

The next day the lights were still off. And I was beginning to lose hope. My mother and I did more praying. . . but the next day, still nothing. Now I had almost lost all hope, and I did **not** believe in miracles.

On the third day of the blackout, I was showing Ezra, the oldest brother, a picture I had drawn. I gave it to him to give him a better angle of it, and he dropped it on the floor, jokingly.  
While I bent down to pick up the picture, I noticed that the room was brighter than before.  
I looked up to see my overhead light on. Then I heard the beeping in the hallway that signaled the end of a blackout. Now, reader, I told you I didn't believe in miracles, but now? I type the words on this page chuckling. Yes, I do.