

Starting a car with a weak battery on a freezing morning.

A friend had lent us his mountain cabin for the weekend, and after a day of play in a winter wonderland, and a delightful evening in front of a cozy fire, it was time to get up and drive back down the hill. It was early morning as my wife and I packed our weekend stuff and two small children into the car. When I went to start the car it groaned as the engine barely turned over twice, before refusing to do anything but click in response to further attempts. A battery that had no problem in seventy degree weather, had serious issues at a temperature of about twelve degrees.

We were stuck. The nearest gas station was little more than a convenience store, was at least a snow-packed mile away, and probably wouldn't be open for at least another hour anyway. The only option we had was to pray – and that we did.

As I considered the issue of having to compress a sequence of six cylinders on a frost-weakened battery, and then of trying to muster enough strength to fire a good spark at the peak of each effort, an idea was given to me: I pulled five of the spark plugs.

This allowed the rotation of the engine to gain momentum during the low resistance of the five unloaded cylinders, and the now lightly loaded battery was able to muster an adequate spark when the sixth cylinder was compressed and fired. The car now began to chug on the single cylinder, adding lubrication and warmth with each rotation. After almost a minute I added another spark plug, and the chugging began to gather enthusiasm. Soon the car was running normally, and we were on our way.

The *real* lesson in all this is not to limit yourself to your own intelligence, but to humbly call upon the God who created your brain.