

Sunday May 3, was a beautiful spring day so I went for a bike ride to visit my daughter Jamie in Amherst. My wife Pam drove her car and I was going to meet her there (6 feet separation on the back porch). The route I picked was South on Memorial Hwy in NT to Colvin Ave, to Eggert to Sheridan to Harlem.

As I rode, I was thinking about the 33 day consecration to St. Joseph by Fr. Donald Callaway that I was doing. I was meditating on Callaway's belief that St Joseph was a young man around the age of Our Blessed Mother and not the old man that he is typically portrayed as in art and literature.

God selected him to be the protector of Mary and Jesus in dangerous times and difficult places. First off, he was a carpenter. In those days this was especially strenuous hard labor. To be a construction worker required strong physical abilities and stature. Also, he had to travel long distances on foot with a pregnant mother from Nazareth to Bethlehem and a new born baby through the desert to Egypt while fleeing Herod's troops. He was their protector from soldiers, robbers, wild animals and the like. No frail old man could have handled that task.

This really made a great impression on me. Picturing a buff young stud taking care of his wife and child in hazardous places pumped me up as I was riding along at a pretty good clip. I love and admire this new image of a man I have many ties to in my life.

Just then a car blew by me at a high speed and I realized I better get my mind back on the road and my surroundings. I was approaching a big intersection where Eggert splits off of Colvin. Then I would face crossing Sheridan and Niagara Falls Blvd. So, I said a prayer to St Joseph. I asked him to intercede with God on my behalf to get me their safely.

I got across Sheridan and Niagara Falls Blvd without issue. I was peddling hard, close to 20 mph, when I approached the Bailey intersection. The light was red and there were two cars stopped in the right lane. As I approached, I saw the light was going to turn green and I had plenty of room to pass the cars on their right so I didn't bother to slow down. When the light turned green the second car turned right onto Bailey, right in front of me. He did not have his turn signal on. I couldn't stop fast enough and crashed into his passenger

side rear door. I hit the pavement and my bike flipped over me. Luckily, I wasn't riding with my clip-on pedals. That would have been a real disaster.

The car I ran into without the blinkers fled the scene down Bailey and did not stop.

There were 6 or 7 cars on Bailey waiting to turn left onto Sheridan. They all saw the accident. One of them pulled over to help me. He said he was a paramedic. He kept asking if I hit my head or was dizzy, could I move my fingers, etc. After I assured him that I was ok he said I was very lucky not to be seriously injured. I told him it wasn't luck, that I had just said a prayer a couple mile down the road to St. Joseph to protect me. He said hey, my name is Joseph.

Well as he cleaned me up and bandaged my bleeding elbow, I proceeded to tell him about the consecration I was doing to St Joseph. His wife heard me and got out of the truck and joined the conversation. We talked for 10 minutes and I relayed all the virtues of St Joseph that I was learning about. How he was brave and courageous and dedicated and loyal and loving as he performed a very important role given him by God in the lives of Jesus and Mary.

Both of them were engaged in the discussion. He said he always felt close to his name sake. They waited until I checked out my bike, straighten my handle bars, put the chain back on (no idea how that came off) and checked out the carbon frame, breaks, derailleurs, and alloy wheels. A few dings but no seriously damaged that would make it un-rideable.

I blessed both of them and told them I would pray for them. I probably should pray for the hit & run guy too.

As I rode the rest of the way I smiled from ear to ear. I felt God put me there to say some of the things that I said. I know it had a positive effect on them spiritually. I thanked St Joseph for the protection and getting me through it. Of course, if I had gotten more banged up or my very expensive bike got damaged, I would not have considered it a "fun thrill-seeking adventure".

That night as I laid in bed I chuckled when I contemplated that a paramedic showed up to help me within a minute of the accident and his name was Joseph.