

A Christmas True story

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December 15, 2022



It was the end of the year 1976 in New York City. I had just come from France a few months earlier and was adapting to the American life, away from my hometown in the French Alps. and Paris where I had lived.

My job at that time was in a showroom in a French jewelry company on Fifth Avenue. That day I had an appointment with a chiropractor, but I never arrived there. In fact something happened that would change my life and destiny.

I was a bit late, and like all New Yorkers, I started rushing, in the streets. As the street light was changing from red to green, I was the first one

running to cross the street. I never made it to the other side.

One car had the same idea to dash through the changing light. It hit me in the back, which projected me on to the ground and I saw the four wheels passing over me. I heard people screaming at the horrible scene. In this split second I screamed to God "Heavenly Father my life is for you." I was surprised at this audacious sentence to my Heavenly Father.

In a dream state I felt the car was lifted over my body in order not to crush me. A band of angels were by my side; a heavenly presence surrounding me.

As I was laying on the ground, trying to figure out what had happened, the car driver came out of his car screamed at me and left.

Another young guy said he called an ambulance and one lady and other passersby stayed with me till the ambulance arrived. The lady said "I saw Jesus, and he saved your life." These were words of love and comfort.

I did not see Jesus, but I felt a Heavenly presence, I felt the angels dispatched in New York City. That day I was giving my life for God and he gave it back to me.

Besides a serious broken arm injury and a few days at the hospital I was fine. I spent Christmas that year in a cast and was so grateful to be alive.

I always felt I had a life mission. In fact, a few months later, I met my true, forever love. It was a snowy day with snowflakes all around in the beautiful Belvedere estate in Tarrytown, where in the spring the four-leaf clovers grow. There was to be a marriage blessing, and I was there with my new husband to be.

This was my Christmas miracle. Thank you that I could share it with you.

Your friend, Elisabeth Seidel