

# The Stolen Motor Vehicle Returns

## The Set Up

Early one Sunday morning (I remember it was carnival Sunday parade day) during devotions while praying, I received an urgent call from my mother who was in the midst of a crisis. She had locked her car key in error in her car at her house (which she had recently bought) which was running and wanted to go to her home to get her spare car key. I immediately left my devotions, got ready and went to meet her. When I arrived, I immediately sized up the situation – my mother was standing beside her car looking up at a wire which was dangling and the car was on the curb in front of her house on the corner. She said to me “I need to find a stick to move this wire out of harms way as I don’t know if it is an electric wire”. She then went to find a stick, found one and was in the process of moving the wire when I was about to say to her to leave it and let’s go when a white car drove up with three men in it – two in the front and one in the back. The man in the front passenger seat said to me “Do you know where I can find ..... drive?” - and he asked me three times and I kept answering him wondering why he was asking directions to a place way across town when it struck me – “they are coming to rob us!” Within a few seconds, both passenger doors opened and two men approached me (I was still

sitting in the driver’s seat with the engine idling). I felt so afraid and it were as if I separated – one part of me scared out of my wits and the other brave to the core. The two men divided with one on either side of the car each with a gun wrapped in his shirt with the nozzle pointing at me. The one on my side of the car barked at me “Get out and leave the engine running!” I then looked each gun man in the eye (what emotion-less eyes they had!) and got out of the car bravely. They then reversed the car off, each with his gun aimed at me.

## The Report

I was in shock but thankfully neither my mother nor I was hurt. I immediately went in the house and called police emergency to report the crime, and for my brother to come for us. While waiting, I told my mum that I knew the men were coming to rob us and she asked me why I had not driven off. So I said “I could not leave you alone here mum, besides, the thought never entered my mind”. It’s a good thing as knowing my mother, she would have fasty herself (Jamaican colloquialism for “being rude”) with the gun men and



**“Get out and leave the engine running!”**

they may have shot her.

Later, I called my pastor and apologized for not attending church and gave him the reason. He then said that looking the gunmen in the eye was in effect taking authority over the evil spirits operating through them. A friend called me later and I again relayed the holdup incident and she said thank God for the Holy Spirit had her praying in the spirit all night (the night before the incident) for me as there was a spirit of death/ murder over me! Although I was dumbfounded, this type of testimony wasn’t new to me.

## The Stolen Motor Vehicle



**“Lady, we believe we have a motor vehicle here which fits the description of your motor vehicle which was stolen.”**

### The Stolen Motor Vehicle Returns

I went to work the following day and told my story a number of times, always ending with – the motor vehicle is coming back. Someone said to me –“What if the car is cut up?” I replied “Any thieves lazy enough to come out in the day, will not cut up my car.” One month went by, two months.....ten months.....fifteen months then I found information concerning the car and the spare car key and thought this to be a sign that the car had been returned. So I called the Constant Spring police station where stolen motor vehicles are kept and described the motor vehicle to the policeman answering the call. After a discussion, he finally asked me “Lady, when was this motor vehicle stolen?” I replied “about twelve months ago” The policeman went silent.

..... Eighteen months later, I received a call from the police “Lady, we believe we have a motor vehicle here which fits the description of your motor vehicle which was stolen.” Alleluiah!, alleluiah!, alleluiah!, jubilation, celebration, happiness, excitement – What a God! so I told Deika, a co-worker, to whom I had said that the motor vehicle was coming back and she asked “Jackie pray for my brother for he is ill.

### The Trial

The week the trial commenced – the driver caught in the stolen car was being charged for receipt of stolen goods – I visited my friend Paul. He asked me if I was not afraid that I would meet up the gunman at the trial. I replied “I asked my Father to bring back the vehicle, I have to attend court.” Thankfully, it wasn’t the gunman and after the first session, the accused caught up with me after the trial to apologize for his involvement. The case lasted about four months and during that time, I found out how the stolen car was recovered. The month before recovery, the Stolen Motor Vehicle Unit received an anonymous phone call that they were to look out for such and such motor car with such and such license plate as it was stolen. The month following, a car matching the description was seen on the road by the detective, who ran down the motor car and caught it – the man caught driving the motor vehicle was charged with receipt of stolen goods.



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During the trial, I learned much as I sat in the court room of a wise judge – whom I met shortly after under different circumstances (she became my designated advisor/mentor by the pastor of the church I attended then). I recall when persons came in the court room (happened on more than one occasion) each with different stories, she sent them to the back of the courtroom to think their testimonies over until both sides came up with the same story.

### The Sentencing

The judge sentenced the accused to forty hours of community service because this was his first conviction. My company lawyer, who attended court with me to give me support, remarked at the sentencing to the judge – “Please send him to the company where I work to do his community service.”

### Epilogue

A friend whom I relayed the story to, who knew that I had been asking God for the gift of faith, said to me: “What else do you expect, you have been asking God for the gift of faith”. So expect trials as you pursue your goals and the more lofty the goal, the harder the trials will be. But the Bible says, lift up the shield of faith with which to ward off the fiery darts of the enemy, Ephesians 6:16. The fiery darts are not all

bad darts, they maybe something good like for instance being busy doing good when you should be praying.

### *Jacqueline M. Cameron*

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