

Epilogue



THE SECRET REVEALED

All things are linked together

Through cause and effect

There is no such thing

As an accident

~ Swami Prajnanpad

April 1996....

As time passes shaping our future or memory creates
our present.

One past occurrence shaped and created writer Lewis Philips.

His story is told through anecdotes in his books - *Past Present*

Future and Image of the Past. These books tell stories of what has happened or will happen in the future.

One event not mentioned in his books is the description of a journey that was to unbelievable to mention until now.

One day in April 1996, a strange incident, a phone call, set off a chain reaction, when a young lad got involved in a car accident. He was riding his friend's push bike when the brakes failed and the bike went hurtling down the steep hill even as a van swerved into Pakenham Street, Aroona, causing a high speed impact, sending Jay smashing into the windscreen. Sirens could be heard from my home one street away as ambulance, police and emergency services began to arrived.

He was rushed to Nambour Hospital, and moved quickly to intensive care and placed on life support. His injuries were critical, and his parents were informed that his chances of survival were slim and dependent on the outcome

of emergency surgery, but unfortunately, there was no surgeon capable of performing this surgery at Nambour Hospital.

To make matters worse, the boy's injuries were such that he could not be moved to Brisbane's major hospital, Royal Brisbane.

That day, while I was staying overnight on a business trip in Toowoomba, I continued to be updated on Jay's condition. Tossing on my bed I remained positive that a strong young lad like Jay would eventually beat the odds. He must know he was in good hands with doctors doing all they could for him.

Next morning, a phone call informed me that Jay would undergo a major operation, and, if successful, it would save his life.

That day, I, known as 'Phil the calendar man' in my circle of friends, finished seeing my business clients in Toowoomba, and would then drive two and half hours to the

Sunshine Coast north of Brisbane past the Glass House mountains. By late afternoon, I was ready to drive back home, first heading West, and then North West followed by a sharp right-hand turn at Yarraman... That was a shortcut route to the coast.

Toowoomba happens to be the largest inland city in Queensland, perched high on a mountain range of red soil, which is an extinct volcanic crater. From the suburb Highfields, one can spot the road cutting Eastwards to the coast, the route most travellers followed to the West or East.

That day, I headed West and turning right to Kingsthorpe on to Goombungee, and from there turning left to Quinalow, Maclagan and Cooyar, I continued along the long and winding road that sharply descended leaving behind The Great Dividing Range.

My thoughts were still focussed on Jay, who I hoped would recover fast, while, trying to concentrate on my driving. One more dip in the road, then it was almost a straight drive to Yarraman. The only intersection coming up was one minute away, and with thoughts of Jay, tears welled up in my eyes.

My thoughts flew back to my school days, when we were taught that God is omnipotent, omnipresent and something else. I recalled a poem from the past "May the healing spirit of God rest upon you."

At that very moment something unexpected happened at the intersection that I had crossed several times before. Seemingly, from nowhere a red sedan appeared, speeding into the junction from left field. Drivers on the main road had right of way. There was also a Give Way sign to remove any confusion. I braked once again, allowing the speeding sedan to just brush past me without crashing.

A wordy duel followed, when suddenly my eyes fell on the sedan's number plate - JAY16. My first thoughts were – “Oh my God, this could be an omen. If I overtake and leave this sign behind, I would be abandoning Jay.”

From that moment on, I followed but tried not to shoot past the red sedan. Then when we started approaching the town of Yarraman the vehicle continued into town as I turned right to the coast. However that was not the last time I got a sign.

On arriving home, I shared this incident with my wife, Betty. I then asked her, “How old is Jay?” Betty answered. “Fifteen.” “Well”, I said, “He'll make it to his 16th birthday”. Lying down, I explained to her what had happened, and that's when an image flashed before my eyes.

From these unexplained events a mantra evolved, and I settled on the final words based on number 23; twenty three letters in the first line, twenty three words in total delivering what is now called “The Scroll”

We called in on Jay at the hospital a few days later. We found him in good spirits, sitting up in bed and he greeted us with a cheerful smile. As with everyone who has had an operation, Jay showed us his battle scar. His wound looked almost healed.

Reflecting back on the chain of events that led to Jay's recovery – how paramedics arrived first on the scene, and a top surgeon could be flown in on a helicopter from Royal Brisbane to Nambour Hospital – it seemed no less than a miracle.