

A Baby on the Track

On May 12, 1998, a Norfolk Southern train was rolling down the rails of Indiana at 24 miles per hour. Suddenly, the conductor, Robert Mohr, spotted an object on the tracks roughly a city block away. Initially, the engineer, Rod Lindley, thought it was a dog on the tracks.

Then Mohr screamed, "That's a baby!"

The baby was 19-month-old Emily Marshall, who had wandered away from home while her mother planted flowers in her yard.

Lindley hit the brakes. Mohr bolted out the door and raced along a ledge to the front of the engine. He realized there was no time to jump ahead of the train and grab the baby, so he ran down a set of steps, squatted at the bottom of the grill, and hung on.

As the train drew close to Emily, she rolled off the rail onto the roadbed, but she was still in danger of being hit by the train. So Mohr stretched out his leg and pushed her out of harm's way. Mohr then jumped off the train, picked up the little girl and cradled her in his arms. Little Emily ended up with just a cut on her head and a swollen lip.

Has God ever given you a kick in the seat of the pants? Sometimes, like this train conductor, God must hurt us in order to save us.

--Beecher Hunter