



**MIRACLE ZONE:
God At Work**

Lois J. Gallo

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By Lois J. Gallo

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Introduction

Perhaps you have heard the saying: “Please be patient. God is not finished with me yet!”

One day as I came across a sign that read: “Construction Zone: Men at Work,” I made the connection with how God is always at work in our lives with his own blueprint for the work to be done in us, though we may not even realize it. The title of this book came to me from that parallel thought.

In the construction zones of life, God shows up and does miracles. It is in those defining moments and crossroads of our lives, where God’s kisses to us become heavenly intersections. It is in these uncertain times God places his guideposts along the way to keep us on track and to draw us closer to his love.

His signs show up all over the place. It can be a literal sign that answers a question you had about your life direction, or something out of the ordinary that happens just to get your attention. And I assure you, he will confirm what he is speaking to you if you don’t get it the first time!

It is out of my writings over the years about all the ways I saw God working in my life that I have come up with these chosen stories to share with you. These seem to be the most important and relevant ones in reviewing the places where God spoke to me the loudest.

Whether the miracle is large or small, there are so many daily miracles that pass us by without another thought. It is in the intersections of these Miracle Zones with our everyday life that we can get our clearest most urgent messages. They are messages from the heart of our Father-God who longs to draw us near to him and lavish on us his extravagant love.

It is my hope that through these miracle stories you will not see me, but the hands of the Carpenter at work, using his most appropriate tools to carve his love on your heart. Even through vulnerable and hurting times, as I share with you in some of these stories, he is moving in miraculous ways to transform life and deliver his love to the hurting places.

You will even read the miracle story of how this book came to be released...

We are his workmanship. Truly this loving Carpenter is at work in us and will continue to be as he brings us to perfection in maturity. His work in you is for his good pleasure, as he delights in you, even as you are right now. (*Ephesians 2:10*)

So, rejoice and read on!

Chapter Six: Whispers of Infinite Love

Skipping through time and many experiences after college, I found employment, got married and had a couple of children. That whole time is a bit of a blur, and another story altogether. I struggled with who I was and how to relate to a man that was not on the same level intellectually, spiritually or any other way that I was. In my naivete and not wanting to hurt this nice “teddy bear” man’s feelings, I agreed to marry him even after some revelations by his family that he was not who I thought he could be. But things quickly swirled into a downward spiral, where at the end of ten years, I did not like or even recognize the girl I had once been happy to be. After much soul-searching and reaching out for help, I felt I had no choice but to save myself and my children from this awful place and leave my husband.

Along the way, I tried everything I knew to save the marriage – including having a second child, then moving to Virginia Beach near my parents who had newly retired. Anything to change the environment with the hopes of bringing some sanity into my life! All to no avail.

During this time in Virginia, I met a leader in the community who was trying to help my husband find employment and get his life together. We became friends, as he would bring clothes by for my boys, and picked up my husband to take him to meetings to introduce him to some good people and business leaders, and to just be a friend when he needed one. He even had occasion to help my one-year-old in the high chair be enticed to eat his baby food. He resorted to playing airplane with the food-laden spoon till my son would open his mouth in glee as the food drove into the hangar and parked! It was a help when we were having difficulty with lots of little (and big) things in those troubled times.

Later, when my husband and I finally separated, this leader and I became closer friends and over the years as things resolved for both of us, we fell in love and eventually got married. I was finally liking myself and the life I had. It was much more the normal kind of life I expected and desired, with a solid dependable husband who loved me and was very relatable on all levels. It was so wonderful to be able to have intelligent adult conversations with a man who treated me well. We had a great life together: advancing in both our careers, traveling for fun, and taking time to enjoy life and smell the roses along the way.

We were both active in our church. Besides each teaching different Sunday School classes, he was a deacon and I was involved in the

music ministry. I felt free and alive! I was happy and singing around the house, writing in my journal every day, and starting to write a lot of songs that kept pouring out of me. I even completed the manuscript for a book I planned to publish.

Although I was plugged into church and creatively able to express the love for God I felt and share my beliefs to help and encourage others, I still felt there was something missing. I knew God was calling me higher, to step up in faith to do something more. I wanted to use my gifts to make more of a difference in people's lives and had some inner stirrings as to some possible paths I could take but was unsure. As I prayed and asked God what he had for me, and shared this with my husband, we both felt the same thing and were looking for his answers for us.

That Sunday at church the message hit home to me. The essence of it was the Nike slogan: "Just do it!" I felt that was the final confirmation I needed and I committed to the minister of music that I would start the Ladies' Ensemble group I had a vision for, as we had been discussing. I was excited about it and we set a date for the first meeting and auditions to begin in two weeks.

In the meantime, my husband and I busily took care of getting the house ready for the winter, checking off everything on our list. We talked over plans for the future and some upcoming decisions we needed to make together. Then we got things packed and ready for an exciting trip we had planned for the weekend.

As a reward for my business performance in the insurance industry, we had been given an all-expenses paid trip to the Homestead resort in western Virginia. It was a beautiful Fall in the mountains. My husband and I were looking forward to playing some golf, enjoying some wonderful food, checking out the spa and just relaxing in a luxurious setting for a long weekend.

The night before we were to leave, we dropped my son off at my parents' house, packed up everything and got it ready to load into the car, had a nice dinner out, and went to bed.

About an hour later, my husband got up complaining of pains in his shoulders and arms and said he was going to take a pain pill and see if it would help. He had had ongoing problems in one shoulder over the years from a torn rotator cuff that would flare up from time to time, so I thought nothing of it. I was half awake and dreaming of our upcoming trip when I heard an awful gurgling sound coming from the next room.

I called out to him as I ran in to see what was going on. He was sitting in the recliner in the office with his head back unconscious. I quickly called 9-1-1 when I couldn't get a response from him. As those 5 minutes waiting for the ambulance seemed interminable, I prayed for

my husband and for God's angels to be with us and do what needed to be done.

One of the first EMT professionals to arrive happened to be our neighbor from across the street. It was comforting to have someone I knew there, as they labored to try to get a pulse and breathing going again. Apparently, he had had a heart attack and they were able to restart his heart with a shock through the paddles. However, the bigger problem was that they could not get a clear air passageway for a long time, so they were very concerned about brain damage.

They took him off to the nearby hospital and I followed in my car. I was so grateful that my son was not home at the time to witness this or for me to have to make arrangements for his care in the midst of all the commotion.

What a blessing, I realized, as I continued to look to God for his answers and strength through this situation. God gave me his peace and calm during this entire time. It was uncanny and amazing, but he promised us "peace beyond understanding" and I received that, for sure. I trusted that whatever happened, God was in control and would all work out for the best.

The doctors and staff did all they could for my husband, but because of the prolonged time without oxygen, he was in a coma and needed to be put on a life support machine. When he was finally settled in a private room, I was able to stay there and be with him, even as I continued to pray for what looked like a bleak situation.

An hour later, a friend of mine who happened to be a doctor on that shift, came in to check on us, as he had heard about my husband's incident. It was another breath of God's love and peace on me! Just being comforted by a friend who understood what was going on and was there for me was another answer and demonstration of God's loving whispers to me during this ordeal.

As I began to understand the prognosis of the situation and see there was nothing anyone could do but wait, I went home to get some rest, called my family and friends and assessed the financial situation to assure myself we would be alright if he didn't make it back, as it appeared he would not.

Through all of the three days that my husband was on life support until finally it was time to let him go, I had the perfect peace of God. Those three days were a gift to have the time to process things and be calm and supportive when his family arrived in the week that followed.

Even as I stood by my husband's bedside listening to the steady ventilator rhythm of the life support system, God was breathing his own

life support into me. Life and hope he breathed into me, showing me his love through friends reaching out to do kind things for me, along with God's loving whispers and funny little messages that only I would understand from him.

First of all, God assured me that this was not a surprise to him, that he knew this would happen and that it was alright and would work out for my good along with God's good purposes.

He brought back to my remembrance the night earlier in the week that I had given my husband a tight hug for a moment and the words came out, "You look so... healthy!" I was a bit taken aback when I said that, as I had meant to say, "You look so handsome!" So, this phrase stuck in my mind. What this said to me later was that God knew about his health and what was coming. He used my own mouth to bring me a message and the foreshadowing from God that would mean something to me after the fact. It did indeed!

When you go through something like this, you begin to question yourself and wonder if there was something else you could have or should have done or something you should have known or been aware of – that somehow you could have prevented this from happening.

To me, this gift and another one I will reveal took away any of this guilt or doubt and reassured me that God was in control and that since he knew about this already, that he also knew and cared about the rest of my life – and the next steps I was to take.

The next revelation happened as I went to the library. The day before we were to go on our trip, we were out running some last-minute errands. I asked my husband if he wanted to come into the library with me, as I wanted to pick up a book or two for some fun reading by the pool at the resort. He said he didn't need anything, but would come in with me anyway. As I chose my books and checked out, he found three books that he decided to check out after all.

We had left the books on the floor in the back seat of the car so they'd be there on our trip if we wanted them. As I reached over to pick them up to return, I was stunned with the titles of them. They were: "End Game," "Final Call," and some other title I can't quite recall like "The Last Vestige" or something referring to the end or a final scenario.

Wow! I felt that God had already placed that message into my husband's spirit somehow, just as a message to comfort me this day! That is how I received it, as only you yourself can get these little love messages from God in a way that speaks uniquely and deeply to your heart. That is the beauty of the intimacy of this love walk with God! He knows exactly what you need when you need it – and how you need it! He speaks your special language!

Then another bolt out of the blue hit me, as I realized that just twelve days before this all started, my husband had come home unexpectedly with a new leased luxury vehicle. This was an Infiniti Q45t that I was pulling these books out of!

Okay, God – driving him into infinity, knowing his health and life would end, with the end and final games going on? Wow, God! If I didn't get your message the first time, I sure got it now!

My tears overflowed with so many mixed emotions: Gratitude for who God was to me, drawing me close in his arms, stepping in to love and keep me close to his heart, even confirming his plans for me and my late husband were in his hands and it was all okay... yet missing my husband and all that his death meant that I now had to do – and would not be doing.

*For your Maker is your husband— the Lord Almighty is his name— the Holy One of Israel is your Redeemer; he is called the God of all the earth. -
Isaiah 54:5, NIV*

In the following chapter, I'd like to share a story I had published in the book "Rekindling the Human Spirit" to which I hold all rights. Please pardon any of the redundancies already presented in the current chapter. I've placed it here pretty much as is, with a slightly different perspective.

For those of you struggling with transitions from any kind of a loss in your life, I've included it here to help you address what you may be feeling. I trust it will inspire you as you move through this to get the help you need and be gentle with yourself.

Even though I did not specifically say so in the story that follows, I give all glory to God for giving me his power through this incident, even as he sparked what was already in me that needed a little more juice. It is a joint effort and it sure is great to have a strong and loving partner in the Almighty God, even as he meets your needs as your Father, your Husband, your Provider and Protector. Whatever else you need him to be on this road of life with you, he will always be leading, guiding, and loving you through it all.

Chapter Seven: Ski Power

Completely bundled from head to toe with only my eyes and nose exposed to the frigid mountain air, I poised at the summit of the ski slope. My senses came alive as I drank in the glorious view of the resort and beyond. Suddenly, I was overwhelmed with a sense of power, freedom, and well-being.

“Yes, I really can do this!” I was beginning to believe.

I looked down at the skis on my feet and glanced at my 11-year-old son zigzagging halfway down the slope ahead of me.

It was the third time I'd been down the beginner's slope since I had completed my first ski lesson that day at the Homestead resort in the western part of Virginia. I had come this far and had been successful in taking some risks and facing my fear of skiing from many years ago. Well, maybe it was really just the fear of risking the unknown... But anyway, I had faced my fear head-on and I was winning! It felt wonderful!

Go back with me just a couple of months earlier. It was October of 1992. My husband and I were both rising toward the peaks of our professional careers. We lived in our dream house and were involved in our community and church. This night we were preparing to go away for four days on a Fall getaway to the Homestead resort.

All the arrangements had been made. The night before we were to leave, everything was packed. My mother had taken my son over to her place so we could get an early start on the drive to the mountains. This was a trip to a fabulous resort that we had eagerly been looking forward to!

At 2:30 a.m. my husband got out of bed complaining about the pain in his shoulders and arms. He thought his bursitis was acting up again, so he went off to the bathroom to take some strong pain reliever. I dozed back off to sleep, only to be startled from my repose by some strange noises in the next room. I called out to my husband as I stumbled sleepily down the hall to see what was happening. Through the door I saw my strong 49-year-old man slumped unconscious in the recliner. Quickly I called 9-1-1 for an ambulance. I just knew he must be having a heart attack and felt helpless to do anything for him.

Three days later, as he drew his last breath, I kissed my husband goodbye. But I was still in shock at the fact that I couldn't ask him anything again – and that all our dreams together were gone.

I vacillated between numbness and feeling so lost, interspersed with waves of sadness that would sweep over me without warning, triggered by a scent, a mannerism like one of his, a sudden remembrance of times we'd had or words we'd shared, seeing a loving couple together, or having a scenario pop into my mind that could no longer come true.

What was I going to do now? I had to start rebuilding and refocusing the direction of my life as a single mom. Already there were men I had thought of only as friends who now wanted to take me out to dinner, and who were viewing me in an entirely different way. I felt uncomfortable and wasn't sure how I should be relating to them. It all seemed so strange and difficult. Didn't they understand how much in love with my husband I had been? In my mind, I was still married. No one's friendship could measure up to the years we'd been together and all that we had shared.

I finally realized I needed time to figure out who I was as a woman alone – without the identity of a man beside me – before I would be ready to relate to a man again in that way. Only then, I seemed to know, would I be ready to pick up the pieces of my life and move forward in a purposeful direction.

Until that time of healing and refocus would come, I tried to reach out to my son. I had to be mother and father to him now. We clung to each other to keep the memory of our past happy life together as strong as possible. But every day it seemed to slip further away. Although we cried together and then tried to accept it and go on, there was still a huge gaping hole in our lives. Our big house seemed so empty.

Finally, I knew I had had enough. Things would never be the same so something had to change in the way I looked at life. It particularly wasn't helping my son. So, I did something bold. I made arrangements for the two of us to take the trip to the Homestead for Christmas, the one my husband and I had planned to take. We were going to initiate some new experiences and make some different memories for ourselves!

This Christmas was the first one without my husband and I knew it wouldn't be easy, so a change in place and venue was my way of not having to face a lonely Christmas at home with reminders of him at every turn. However, Christmas at the Homestead, as glorious and beautiful as the resort was, was probably even harder.

We were surrounded by mostly families, with all their relatives coming in from everywhere to meet them for holiday reunions. And there were only the two of us – mother and son – knowing none of the other guests. That normally wouldn't have daunted me, as I easily make friends, but all the families were hanging out together and not looking to meet other people.

My son soon got over feeling that he had to hang out with Mom – in fact, I encouraged him to join the other kids in some special resort-sponsored activities so he could have a great time. Now I was on my own to explore the resort. I decided to do something good for myself by experiencing the spa and its delights on the body. Then I went off on a photography walk to capture the wintry beauty on film. Soon I was acquainted with every area of the resort, but was still feeling lost and alone and very blue. Maybe this hadn't been such a good idea after all.

Well, there was one more thing we hadn't tried yet. With the gorgeous mountain range surrounding us, the resort had its own ski hills to master. They even offered lessons with Swiss ski instructors, plus a ski shop with rental equipment and all the warm clothes one would need.

Again, I reminded myself that this whole trip was a new adventure: that my life had been given a twist, a turn, and that my vista had changed. I could never go where I had been heading just two short months before, and must now choose and be responsible for the choice I made for this day and the future days to come.

All right! So why not finally face my fear and do something I would never ordinarily do – stretch myself and master a new skill I had feared for years? Why not be an example to my son – and empower him as well in the process of learning how to ski?

Yes, it was true that when I was a teenager I had visited some kids on their farm. They enjoyed skiing and asked if I wanted to try it. I thought if these younger kids could do it, so should I be able to. As they slid over a couple of skis to me at the top of a small hill, I reached down to put one on. As I tightened it on my boot, the other ski began the trek down the hill without me. It soon crashed into a tree near the bottom. I thought "That could have been me on those skis crashing into that tree. Uh-no! Not going to be me!" So, I had taken on a fear of skiing from that incident.

Today was different. It was an amazing experience! We had a terrific instructor with a wonderful accent who made us feel we were getting ready to ski in the Swiss Alps. And, best of all, he gave us the confidence, with one tiny technique after the other, that we could indeed gain control of that slippery slope and those two slender boards under our feet! And indeed, we did!

After an hour lesson and practicing a few moves together on our own, we were zigging and zagging down the bunny slope, being helped and even helping other struggling beginners up from spills along the way.

So here I was on top of a much bigger mountain in reality – and feeling powerful for having faced my fear and won! Would I go on to become an Olympic skiing champion? Probably not, and I may never even choose

to go skiing again. But I celebrated mastery over the attitudes in my mind that had rendered me powerless in some physical sense. This physical empowerment then led me to a freedom in my soul and spirit. I released my fears and embraced the opportunities of the future.

I was finally free to walk forward on my new ski legs into the future, knowing even if I stumbled and fell, that there would be help around. God was always with me and he would send his angels to watch over me, as he had proven so many times in the past. And I too could be a helper and a comfort to someone else who might slip and need a hand up on the slippery slope of life.

Chapter Eight: Morning Joy

Walking ahead on shaky but stronger legs now, I had time to see what good things had come from this experience already. I could look ahead to more amazing things in store, as I let go and unleashed my creative spirit. I chose to continue trusting God with everything and let mourning turn into joy.

As I further processed the events that had unfolded, I realized my husband and I had prayed for God's directions for the next steps in our life, wanting to be open to more ministry, to be more effective in reaching people with his message of love and salvation. And God had chosen me to stay and move forward. I had that answer and responsibility. Most of all, I had his reassurance that he had me in the palm of his hand and that it would all work out.

I began to understand that and see some of the purposes he had through these observations.

Harry's death was not in vain. Not only did it change the trajectory of my life, but it impacted those who knew and loved him. Some of his family came into a saving relationship with Jesus that totally changed their whole family over time, and got them through some difficult days in their future where they witnessed miracle after miracle emerge. I believe it impacted many others too, as it strengthened their faith. Even through the memorial service, they could see and learn more about his faith and belief and see the ministry he was in, as a man who had transformed into more of a loving, giving man, stronger in his faith through the short six years of our marriage together.

As I had looked forward to starting the Ladies' Ensemble group, I still knew this was something I wanted to proceed with. I spoke with the music minister and we delayed the start a couple of weeks, but this opportunity too was to be a blessing and comfort I could not have anticipated.

Not only was this about the gift of music and releasing emotions through it. It was about leadership with vulnerability and transparency. I found I was able to reach and minister to the particular hurts and challenges those special women also shared as I got to know them personally. It was pointed out that now I was more approachable, as I had an experience that showed my vulnerability. Now I related to them with greater compassion.

As God knit our hearts together through song and support of each other, we could minister with another level of effectiveness to those who heard us. Through this group I received the gift of the ready-made support group God had prepared for me beforehand, even as I received the answer to the next level of ministry I had been aching for in my spirit. How amazing are the ways of God to bless us and answer our prayers in his own ways!

That year I was so juiced and feeling alive and creative that I also published my first book. A publisher showed up at just the right time who loved it and helped me edit it and get it published and distributed.

As my heart kept pouring out in songs of love to God, I was also able to record an album singing a dozen of the songs I had written. I was fortunate enough to have met a wonderful arranger who did a great job on them. I'll never forget hearing the first song he arranged for me. It was so beautiful I cried. I couldn't believe I had been the one who had written this song. But the song had come to me as an outpouring of my love and expression for all God had been in my life up to that point. It even came in as a finalist in the contest at the CBN (Christian Broadcasting Network) Songwriter's Conference I participated in that year. I received this gift as a "thank you" back from God. He was the one who had put the song in my heart to begin with. And now it was coming back to speak to me.

How blessed I was! God was indeed turning my mourning into joy.

*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. –
Psalm 30:5b, KJV*

About The Author – Lois J. Gallo



As a creative entrepreneur and leader, Lois has been involved in various areas of life throughout the years. She is an author, speaker, coach, artist, and songwriter, as well as a mother of two grown sons, and a grandmother of a teenage girl.

Growing up a minister's daughter, the oldest of five children, she lived in various places in and around Toronto, Canada and Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Through the tears and joys of life, her passion has become teaching and leading others along paths she has forged through pain, loss, self-discovery and ultimately God-discovery. She lives to teach, inspire, and encourage others on their journeys as well.

Lois is retired from a career in Financial Services, has served as president of various professional and civic organizations, ministered through music and teaching in church and community, and enjoys painting and teaching art. She loves to stay engaged in life as she continues to point others to a loving and involved God they can know personally.

Her current passion project involves helping others share their story to make a difference and help more people. For information and insights to encourage the aspiring transformational messenger, visit her site at: www.MessengersHeart.com.

More information about her published books and speaking can be found at: www.LoisGallo.com as well as at www.EverydayFaithLessons.com.

Lois is available for speaking engagements, retreats, conferences, keynotes, and media shows and interviews.

Resources – Want More?!

Study Guide questions for *Miracle Zone: God At Work* are available online as a free download – either for your small group or your personal use. *Coming soon!*

Check out Lois's course on Living in Victory, Power and Love Every Day at: www.EverydayFaithLessons.com/programs/victory-power-love-everyday/ (currently under revision as of this excerpt)

Upcoming Books – See what's coming out next and connect with us to get on the [New Releases List](#) for News and Special Offers at: www.EverydayFaithLessons.com/mzbook/

Write YOUR Story!

Been longing to write your own brag book about God and share your stories with the world? What a great evangelistic tool to give to your neighbors! Once people know your real story and where you're coming from, they can see your heart – and the Father's heart in you. You can be a catalyst for them to see and receive the love of God and healing for their heart and life in the days ahead.

I encourage you to get yours done! Speak it, transcribe it, edit, and just get it done and shared! It does no good locked up inside you. You can also speak your story, giving talks to inspire others. Start a movement, a cause, a foundation to support your mission or a passionate cause that may have come out of your story. Whatever it is, your story can be a huge clue to your purposes in this season of your life.

If you'd like more help with this or to learn how to get your stories or message written and a book done, or a talk ready to share your message, I would be happy to steer you in the right direction.

Contact me at: www.MessengersHeart.com

MORE LOVE!

If you've found your life transformed in some way through this book, or would like to have a clearer picture of this Father who loves you, I urge you to reach out and connect with me. You can email me at: Lois@EverydayFaithlessons.com or visit my website to connect further with me and with the Father's heart for you.

Are you living in the Miracle Zone? Is God speaking to you through the God-incidences happening all around you?

Miracle Zone reveals stories from Lois Gallo's life through challenging times when she needed answers fast! As you read through the dramas, you can't help but see the fingerprints of God, as a testimony to how He is always there when you need Him. Time after time you will see demonstrations of God moving in different ways through divine intersections. From this helicopter view, you can't help but see how God is working everything out for His good purposes, and how that translates even to your own life.

Witness the times where God showed up in miraculous ways, demonstrating His love, teaching and preparing Lois for what life would bring. Through this you will gain more God glimpses and faith insights that can supercharge your own spiritual life as well.

These vignettes testify to the fact that God knows you, sees you, and loves you, no matter what life brings your way. He speaks your language and knows how to get your attention. He may even send his angels to rescue you or comfort you as you deal with the hurts and heartaches that life can bring. Through it all, the Father's heart is revealed with His arms of love beckoning you to draw closer.

"A real page-turner! I could not put it down! This is an awesome testimony of God's love." - Donna Astern, Pastor & Apostle, Destiny Spirit, Apostolic Network

"What a remarkable journey Lois shared here! She demonstrates how to connect with miracles and blessings through the principles in God's Word." - Pastor JoAnne Ramsay, Speak the Word Ministry, Pastor, Author, Radio Show Host



LOIS JOY GALLO, The Dream Connector, is a coach, speaker, author, artist, and entrepreneur. Through her Transformational Life & Business Coaching practice and creative ventures, her mission is to connect people with the Father's heart. She shares kingdom principles for victorious living from her home base in Virginia Beach, Virginia.

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