

The day I saw God!

Gabriel's memory

When I was 11 years old, I went with my mom for the first time to her city of birth in a province of Peru, the city's name is Tocache (yeah for me this name is funny).

So... one day I went to the river's shore and when I was sitting on the shore, out of nowhere, I felt as if the ground where I was sitting, was moving - I realized that the shore land was not stable, but too late! I fell down into the river and the stream took me crawling into the middle of the river.

Fortunately, there was a fisherman with his boat more ahead, he saw me and grabbed me from the shirt with just one hand and saved me. I always thank God for that good man!

