

Testimony Series #7

The **Miracle** of



answered prayer

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'And expounded unto him the way of God more perfectly.' Acts 18:26.

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Cover illustration by Waldryano from Pixabay. This is not an illustration from the testimonies given here, but it illustrates the theme very well.

1.

The miracle of the Presence of God

‘That which we have seen and heard declare we unto thee.’ (1 John 1:1). When we declare the things which we have seen and heard, we are testifying that we were witnesses to them when they happened. That’s what this book is about, it’s a testimony of some of the things which I have seen and heard the Lord Jesus do in my presence, during my times of need. Some of these events have previously been related in other publications.

Hebrews 11:1 tells us, *‘Faith is the evidence of things not seen.’* Faith is the evidence that our prayer has been answered, not because it might happen, but Faith knows it *will* happen, because faith has the evidence that God’s Word is truth. It is such a shame to hear people (supposedly Christians) begging the Lord for something. “Please God, please, please, heal him?” Why beg? Because they don’t have any evidence of their healing. They don’t have faith, they only have hope, and hope is something which may or may not happen.

Remember the Lord Jesus said, *“If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?”* (Matthew 7:11).

He also promised, *“And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”* (Matthew 21:22).

It is a miracle that Almighty God, the maker of heaven and earth, would create a being in His own image and likeness, give to him His own name (Christian), and fellowship personally with him. *‘Truly our fellowship is with the father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ’.* (1 John 5). Every answered prayer truly is a miracle in itself, because we didn’t earn it, we don’t deserve it, and yet Almighty God has listened to the voice of one whom He has created, and sovereignly chosen to act upon it. That *is* miraculous.

2.

The miracle of the all-knowing God

I was with my oldest son Noah, and we were following a ridge through the bush, up to the plateau on the top of the mountain range, where we would hunt. Because it was so high and we were going to camp just below the top, I decided not to carry anything that I would not be using, and as the weather was supposed to be fine, I had left my raincoat behind. We set up camp, and as we had an hour until dark, we were on our way up to the top, for a quick hunt; but as we did so, black clouds rolled toward us, from horizon to horizon. Obviously, there was heavy rain coming, and I was not prepared for it; so I prayed quietly, “Lord, it’s going to rain heavily, and I don’t have a raincoat, what can I do?”

Shortly after this, we came to a small clearing, where we could see into the valley that lay below us. Noah stopped to scan the clearings for game with his binoculars. I waited for about five minutes, then became bored with waiting, so I looked around the clearing where we were, and behind me, under a bush, there was a raincoat. I took it out, shook it off, and tried it on; it was my size. “Hey look!” Noah exclaimed, “It’s the same camo pattern as your clothes!” Yes, it was the same brand as the clothes I was wearing, and it was my size. It did rain heavily, but I didn’t care, because the Lord gave me a raincoat, and it kept me dry.

In Matthew 6:8, the Lord Jesus said, “***...your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him.***” Do we believe that? The Lord had someone put that raincoat under that bush months before, because He knew I would need it on that day. Among all the thousands of acres of bush in that reserve, the Lord led us, and stopped us, at the one bush where He had a raincoat stashed for me, and He patiently waited, until I turned around and noticed it.

You could be thinking, “Maybe it was just a coincidence?” No, the Lord Jesus doesn’t do coincidences, He plans everything to perfection.

On another occasion, I was invited to speak at a Church, but my pair of winkle-picker boots, which were at least 20 years old, had both recently split along the sides by my little toes. I had sewn them up once before, but the enlarged splits would be too hard to camouflage. Believing we should always be specific in what we ask for, I prayed, “Lord Jesus, I need a new pair of shoes. I would like a pair of brown shoes, size 8, wide please.”

3.

I had to visit a friend about 100 kilometres away soon after this, to take him shopping, and keep him company for the day. When I arrived at his house, he told me he had been downtown a few days earlier, and a shoe store had a sale on. He said there was an expensive pair of shoes which were marked down so much, that he just had to buy them, even though they weren't his size. He looked at my feet and remarked, "They may fit you?" Of course they did, because they were brown shoes, size 8, wide. It seems the Lord had sent my friend shopping for my shoes before I prayed for them. As the Lord Jesus said, *"Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him."*

3.

The miracle of the spoken Word

Sometimes the Lord will put His Word on our lips, so He can respond to it when we speak it.

I went outside for prayer early one morning. The sky was inky black, and it felt as though it was going to pour with rain. I contemplated what to do, and decided to pray *until* it began to rain. I had been in prayer for several hours, expecting rain all the time, but it never eventuated, and I finally decided to go inside and try to get another hour's sleep before my day began. I stepped under the eaves to go inside, then turned, pointed to the sky and stated, "Let it rain!" Before I finished the sentence, the rain was drumming on the ground, as though it had been poised just above me. I was confused. "What just happened?" I asked myself, "and why did I say that?" The only satisfactory explanation that I could come up with was, that the Lord had been holding the rain back while I was in prayer, and He put His Word in my mouth, to let it fall when I had finished.

I was travelling north, and as it was a very hot sultry day, I stopped at a rest area, by a wide fast-flowing river to have my lunch. I stood under a tree, looked up and down the river and stated out loud, "If there's a trout in this river today, it will be right there," looking at a spot where the fast water slowed at a back-current. Immediately, two small fish jumped over that spot, from right to left, followed by a trout of about 3 pounds. Then, the two fish jumped back over it from left to right, again followed by the trout, then all was still. I was dumbfounded, because none of the fish could have turned

quickly enough to change direction like that. Then I realised it was the Lord, letting me know He knew where I was, and that he was with me. Praise Him!

It had been raining all day on the farm, and I had to leave early, to get to an appointment in Tauranga, 75 kms away. I went to leave, but couldn't find my farm keys anywhere, and as there were three locked gates to go through, I couldn't leave without them. I searched the pockets of my raincoat, and my clothing, then the Hilux I had been using, then the sheds, then searched them all again.

I went around and around in circles searching, then began searching in places where I hadn't even been that day. "This is ridiculous," I thought. Then I remembered, William Branham had taught, "If something isn't where it should be, faith will put it back there." I asked myself, "Where should they be?" In the right-hand pocket of my raincoat was where I always kept them. "That's where they are!" I exclaimed, and checked my raincoat pocket, even though I had already checked it at least seven times. There was a lump in the pocket, and it was the keys. Can you tell me how they got there, if faith didn't put them there?

Some time after this, I had been severely sick for ten days. I had violent bouts of shivering, followed by profuse sweating, as I passed in and out of consciousness, not even aware of who I was, or where I was most of the time. I could neither eat nor drink, and after ten days I had lost twelve kilos. I was told by a nurse that I had malaria, though I couldn't understand how?

When it subsided, I went back to the farm to work, but over the next few weeks it kept recurring at random moments. Finally, I decided I had to go to my yacht, and relax there in my hammock for two weeks, doing nothing until I was back to normal.

When I got to Barnacle, I went to set up my hammock but found that the ropes which I used to tie it to the masts with, were missing. I searched everywhere, but couldn't find them, then remembered I had given away all that type of rope to a friend who needed some. I had inadvertently given away my hammock ropes as well. I desperately needed those ropes to recuperate, so I said out loud, "In the morning those ropes will be hanging on the masts, where they belong!" I never doubted what I said, but I did hope my friend didn't use them to tie up anything important.

When I opened the hatch in the morning, the ropes were hanging there. Bless the Lord!

On another occasion, when I was managing the Deer farm, I was out in a paddock one day, thinking about my stepfather Dave, and about the times when I had unsuccessfully tried to talk with him about his soul. He was in an old folk's home by that time, and out loud I said, "Lord, don't let Dave die, until I have a chance to share the Gospel with him!"

My mother phoned me early the next morning, to tell me that Dave had a massive stroke during the night, and he wouldn't live very long. I knew at that moment, that the Lord had put those words in my mouth, to keep Dave alive, until I had a chance to share the Gospel with him.

I travelled the 400 kilometres to Dargaville two days later and found Dave unconscious. He made so much noise when he breathed, that he wouldn't be able hear me, when I spoke. So, I prayed, "Lord, please clear Dave's throat so he can hear me, and let him be conscious, so he can respond to what I tell him.

I imagined the Lord would perform a miracle, to clear Dave's throat, instead He sent a doctor with a suction device, to do the job. I sat holding Dave's hand for some time after this, and when I let go of it to scratch my face, his hand was waving around, searching for mine, so I knew he was conscious.

I told him he was going to meet the Lord soon and explained how to be right with the Him before that time and be ready to meet him. He passed into unconsciousness again after that and went to be with the Lord the next day. I have always thanked the Lord, for putting those words into my mouth.

4.

The miracle of Divine comfort

I was walking around my Prayer Walk early one morning, when I remembered something very cruel which I had done to a small bird as a boy, and had always regretted doing. Out loud I said, "I'm really sorry I did that Lord." A voice on my left asked, "Did what?" A voice on my right said, "There's nothing in the Book!" The first voice asked, "Is there another Book?" The other replied, "No, there's only this one, and there's nothing in here!" I realised then, that I was forgiven for it the first time I repented of it, and when it was forgiven it was forgotten, and there is no record kept of it in heaven, as the voice said, "There's nothing in the Book!" That is so for all sin. When it is forgiven by the Lord it is forgotten, as if it never happened, so not even the Lord Himself knows about it now.

5.

The miracle of the Lord's provision

There is an old Hymn which reminds us,

'In some way or other the Lord will provide,
It may not be my way, it may not be thy way,
And yet in His own way, the Lord will provide.'

There are times when the Lord provides the answer to an impossible situation in the most unimagined way.

The Lord Jesus divided the night into four watches in Mark 13:35, ***"at even(ing), or at midnight, or at the cockcrowing, or in the morning,"*** and I always took one of these times to be on watch in prayer. For years it was from 3 a.m. to 6 a.m.

I was camped at a farm one night, and some people were going to come in to go night shooting. I normally went to sleep about 7 p.m. but decided I should wait up and see these people as they went past my camp. They never arrived until after 10 p.m. and I didn't get to sleep until 11.

The Lord woke me at 3 a.m. as usual, but I was so groggy from lack of sleep that as much as I fought against it, I drifted back to sleep. He woke me at 4, and again I battled to keep my eyes open, but lost the battle and fell asleep again. Then He woke me at 5 a.m. and I managed to drag myself from bed at 5:10, feeling very repentant. I had made a promise to the Lord that as long as He woke me, I would always be on watch between 3 a.m. and 6 a.m. and now I had let Him down.

I stepped onto my Prayer Walk at 5:15 and began to pray as I walked. I said, "Lord, I am so sorry I have let you down, I really want to pray through my 3-hour watch and now I've missed my chance this morning." I was heartbroken at having failed the Lord, but I carried on in prayer. About 30 minutes later I looked at my watch, and it seemed to say 5:15, I thought I had misread it and carried on in prayer. I looked again another 30 minutes later and saw it did read 5:15. I then realised the Lord had stopped my watch at 5:15, so I could pray through my 3-hour watch in His Service, and it would not be 6 a.m.

I have that watch hanging on my wall, it still reads 5:15, and I will never start it again, as it reminds me, 'It may not be my way, it may not be thy way, and yet in His own way the Lord will provide.'

I had an urgent call to come to someone's aid one weekend. This was in the days before the 'hole-in-the-wall' and cash being available 24/7. At that time, we only had cash or cheques, and if you didn't have cash on the weekend, you weren't going anywhere, and as I didn't have cash, I wasn't.

I went to my prayer place in the pines, and prayed that the lord would provide the money for petrol somehow. When I said it, I began to get a headache straight away, which was unusual as I never got headaches. I went down home and looked in the bathroom cabinet for disprins, but there were none. Then I remembered I had some in the emergency kit I took hunting, so I opened the kit, and found a \$20 note in the top. Then I remembered I didn't want to take my wallet with me, the last time I went hunting, but I took that \$20, in case I got a puncture. So now I had the petrol money, as at that time (in the 1980's) petrol was still very cheap. But, I still had the headache, so I had to take the disprins.

I left home at Whangamata before dawn, on a New Years morning, on my way to Auckland, to help an elderly Aunt who lived alone. I hadn't gone far before I looked at the fuel gauge and realised I didn't have enough petrol to get me the 200 kms there. So, I prayed, "Lord, shall I go on, or should I go back home?" He replied, "Go on." So, I said, "Okay I will, but you will have to give me the money for petrol along the way, or make this petrol last until I get there."

When I got to the edge of town I could see a guy hitch hiking, so I pulled over to pick him up, and as I did so, he let out a big sigh of relief. I thought to myself, "At least I've done something right in my life!" We carried on and he told me his story.

He had come from Auckland to camp at Coroglen with his girlfriend, for New Years eve. The six guys in the tent next to theirs took an immediate dislike to him, and later that night, after they had been drinking, they attacked him and tied him up, then called the Police. They told the Police he had attacked the six of them and the Police believed them, so they arrested him and took him to Whitianga.

All the cells there were full of drunks, so they took him down to Whangamata, and after 4 hours in a cell, the door was opened, and he was let go. "Which way is Coroglen," he asked, not knowing where he was. "Go to the edge of town and turn right," he was

told, which is where I met him.

He hadn't slept at all overnight and asked, "Could you take me to Coroglen please, I'll give you a hundred bucks." Coroglen was about forty kilometres out of my way, but I said, "Yes sure, but I don't want your money." I thought he had already been through enough.

We arrived at the campsite to find the tent, the car, and his girlfriend gone. Not knowing what to do, I drove out to the main road and parked at a rest area. Shortly after this, his girlfriend drove up. "Wait here," he said, going over to the car. He returned, and said, "I know you said you wouldn't take my money, but here's fifty, please take it!" I accepted it, thanked him, and drove off. It wasn't until twenty minutes later that I realised I now had the money to safely get me to Auckland. In some way or other the Lord will *always* provide.

6.

The miracle of Divine protection

There are times when the Lord acts sovereignly in our lives, to protect us, because we are the temple which houses the Holy God on earth. ***"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"*** (1 Corinthians 3:16).

I owned a Holden station wagon, and the windscreen wipers stopped working, but it was summertime, so I thought I would wait until the autumn to get them repaired. I lived on metal roads, so the exterior of the car was continually covered in a fine layer of dust.

I was driving to work early one morning, as the sun was coming up before me, singing away merrily. I could only see the road when I turned a corner, as the film of dust on the windscreen blocked my vision with the sun on it. I was driving up one section of road which I thought was straight, when it felt as though a bucket of ice water had been poured over me. A voice from the back seat screamed, "Turn! Turn!" I jammed on the brakes, and slid up the road, stopping across it.

I got out shaking, and when I looked at the road it wasn't straight, but it had quite a sharp curve, and if I had carried on straight, I would have gone over the edge to the swamp, 100 metres below. I can only surmise that the voice from the back seat was an Angel, protecting me.

I owned a Hillman Avenger station wagon at another time. The spare wheel was in a cradle under the chassis at the rear of the vehicle. I had owned the car for about 2 years, and had never had a flat tyre, so I had never had to touch the spare. I was on my way home from work one evening, when the Lord said, "Check your spare wheel!" I recognised His Voice, but thought about it, and as I was only about 2 minutes from home I replied, "I will, as soon as I get home." There was a loud bang, a grating noise, and when I looked in the rear-view mirror, I could see my spare wheel bouncing across the road. It hit the kerb, jumped over a hedge, and came to rest in a garden. As I retrieved my wheel, I knew I should have obeyed immediately, and was so pleased it did not happen on the congested main road that I had just turned off.

I was driving west on Gladstone Road in Gisborne, and had just left the shops, when the Lord said, "Watch out for a car coming out of a driveway on your left." I recognised it was the Lord, and I was doing 50 kph so I slowed to 30. When I did so, a car sped out of a drive on my left and shot straight out in front of me. I jammed on my brakes and skidded to a halt, stopping just short of it. If I was doing 50, I would have smashed into it. I was so thankful for the Lord's warning.

7.

The miracle of wisdom

Sometimes the Lord will put His Word in our mouth, specifically so He can give a Word of wisdom to another.

I had loaned a book to a couple from the Fellowship that I attended, and needed it back, so I went to their home after Fellowship one Sunday to ask about it. When I arrived the lady said, "Good, you're here! We're not going back there again. Why should *he* speak every Sunday?" I thought to myself, "Well, he is the Pastor!" She said again, "We're not going back there!"

I said, "Either the Lord is in charge of the Fellowship, or He isn't. If He's in charge then He can change anything, but if He isn't then we're wasting our time going there. Why don't we pray about it and give God a chance to be God and change things?" The sister angrily said, "Alright, you pray!" So, I prayed, "Lord, if you're in charge of the Fellowship then you can change anything. I pray that you will get someone else to speak next

Sunday, then we will know that you are in charge. Amen.”

The following Sunday, after worship, the Pastor stood up and said, “I was prepared to speak today, but on Thursday night Brother Cranston phoned me and said he would like to speak today, so here he is.” He sat down, and Brother Cranston got up and spoke. I turned to look at the other couple, and they both beamed big smiles at me. Afterwards, they came to me and said, “Thankyou so much for what you said last Sunday, we would have made a big mistake.” It wasn’t me, it was the Lord, showing His grace and love to them.

8.

The miracle of Divine Guidance

In Romans 8:14, we are told, *‘For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.’* Every committed Christian knows the Lord personally, and is Divinely led by His Spirit as we serve and live for Him.

When I lived at Whangamata, I did a 22-kilometre mountain bike ride through the forest each morning, between 5 a.m. and 7:30 a.m. There was a part of the ride which I called, ‘The Cathedral,’ because the mature pines on each side met high above, and gazing ahead between them looked like the inside of a huge cathedral. One morning I arrived there earlier than usual, and decided to walk my bike through the cathedral and enjoy the atmosphere, because it had an almost sacred atmosphere that was different than any other part of the forest.

As I walked along, the Lord spoke to me. He said, “Come with me, I want to show you something...and bring your bike.” My first thought was, “What does He care about my bike?” I looked up at a spur coming down from the ridge above, and there was a pine tree there with 2 large bushes at its base, and I *knew* I had to go that way. So, I zig-zagged my bike up to the tree, and thought, “This is a good place to leave my bike, because no-one could see it from the track below.” So, I lay it down there, and noticing an old logging track going up the spur, I *knew* I had to follow that.

I followed the track for maybe 50 metres, when I came to a mound at the top of the spur, and knew that was my destination. I climbed to the top of the mound, sat down and looked through the trees to the eastern horizon, where the sun was just coming up. The sky was beginning to be splashed with the brilliant reds, oranges, and pinks of

the sunrise, and I thought, “Maybe the Lord is going to paint a beautiful sunrise, and that’s what He wants to show me, because He wants someone to appreciate it?”

But that wasn’t it, because the Lord spoke to me then. He told me about some of the others whom I fellowshiped with at the local Baptist Church, and how they had studied hard and struggled to learn what they know about the Scriptures. As He mentioned them, they were standing before me, so I knew who he was talking about, because I knew them well. Then He continued, “But it wasn’t so with you.” He stated, “I raised you as a calf of the stall.” I did not know what a ‘calf of the stall’ was at that time, but I did find out later. A stall is a pen where an animal is kept, and the animal doesn’t have to go searching for its food, its food is all brought to it, and placed before it, so all it has to do is eat it. That’s what I believe about Scriptural truths, we don’t have to study hard and struggle to learn them, we receive truth by Spiritual revelation.

Next the Lord told me *why* he brought me to Whangamata, and He told me to come to that place when I prayed for ‘Wanga.’ While He was speaking to me, I realised *why* He had told me to, “bring my bike.” Because if I had left it lying back on the track, I would be fretting about it then, thinking someone may steal it.

The next morning on my ride, I came back to that place, and when I went around the back of the mound, I found there was a cave there. So that cave was where I went to pray, and if I was in town and the Lord wanted to speak to me, He would say, “Go to the cave,” and He would meet with me there, and speak to me.

I had a nephew who had medication which he took daily for a problem he had. His younger brother, who was two years old, always wanted them too, but of course he wasn’t allowed any. One day my sister-in-law was outside gardening, when Tony climbed up on a chair and found the pills.

When she came back inside, Tony had eaten all the pills, and he was lying on the floor, convulsing. He was rushed to hospital, and a blood sample was taken. The Doctor told her matter-of-factly, that 200 milligrams per litre of blood was the fatal dose, and Tony had 400 milligrams, so there was nothing they could do, he was going to die. She phoned my mother, who phoned me, told me what the doctor had said, and asked me to pray for Tony.

I went up to my place of prayer in the pines, to seek the mind of the Lord. As I was praying, He said, “They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.” I thought it was just in my mind, so I shrugged it off. I heard it a second time, and then a third, and recognising the Voice of God, I went back home and told my wife we had to go to the

hospital, and lay hands on Tony.

The waiting room at the hospital was filled with my relations, and my sister-in-law was in Intensive Care with Tony. She came out a short while later and asked if anyone else would like to go in, to which I replied that we would.

Tony was on a dialysis machine, and had been put on a drip with medication to stop him convulsing. He had a tube in a nostril to supply oxygen to him, and wires to machines monitoring his bodily functions. I looked at his tiny helpless form and inside I cried, "Lord, he's only a little baby!" It just broke my heart.

Tony was under an oxygen tent and I was sure the two nurses in the room wouldn't let me lift it to pray, because of the wires and tubes. So, I prayed inside, "Lord, if you want me to lay hands on Tony, you will have to take the nurses from the room." I turned to look at them, and they both turned to look at me. "I think I'll go to another Ward for a while," one said. The other one looked at the clock and said, "I will too." Together, they both said, "You can stay as long as you like," and left.

I knew then that Tony was as good as healed, and I felt that I could even call him back from the dead, knowing the Lord was in control. We laid our hands on him and I prayed, "Lord, let Tony completely recover from this." That was what I had just come 100 kms to pray, but then, out of my mouth came the words, "And don't let him have any brain damage." I wondered why I said that, because I didn't intend to, but the Lord put words in the mouth of Balaam's ass many centuries ago, and He had just put words into the mouth of another ass.

We went back to the Waiting Room, and sometime later the Doctor came in and said they had taken another blood sample, and the chemical was below 200 milligrams per litre, and Tony was still alive. He said it was obvious Tony would live, and he added because he has had so much of the chemical, he will have really bad brain damage. I realised that was why I had said, "And don't let him have any brain damage," and I thought, "Praise the Lord, He knows all things."

The Doctor said Tony could stay in hospital for a few days, then told my sister-in-law she would have to take him home and look after him herself. He presumed Tony would be a vegetable. Two days later, the hospital phoned my sister-in-law and said, "Will you come and get this baby please, we can't control him." He was completely normal. Bless the Lord.

9.

The miracle of answered prayer

The majority of answered prayers are the garden variety ones, where the Lord answers prayer for a specific need at a particular time. In all probability 99.99% of all prayers would come under this category. They may be common in cause and common in need, but each one is the result of a desperate plea from a child of God, and each one is important to Him.

During one very wet winter, I had not been able to work a lot, but the bills still came in regardless. I was desperate and prayed, "Lord, I need some money so I can pay my bills on time." A neighbour had sold some cattle, and the buyer had to use the cattle yards on my land, to load them onto his truck. He noticed I had three cows there and asked if I would sell them. "I'll give you four hundred each for them," he offered. Of course I would, so he left with my cattle which he wanted, and I was left with a cheque for \$1200, which I wanted. It isn't always the answer to prayer, which is miraculous, but the timing is what makes it a miracle.

During family devotions one night, I read my daughters a story about a grandma and her grand daughter who were out of food. The Lord told her to go and bang three times on her meal barrel, with the ladle she scooped the meal out with. She did that, and looked inside, and there was enough meal for a day's food for them. She did that day after day, and each time she did it, there was a day's meal in there.

The next day was cold, and during the day the gas heater spluttered and went out. I thought, "Oh, No!" because I didn't have the money to refill it, and it would be so cold for the girls. Then the Lord asked, "Are those stories just entertainment for you, or are they examples?" I thought about it and replied, "Examples." Then I knew what I had to do, I went to the heater, thumped three times on the top with my fist, and lit it.

It burned all that day, and that night I told the girls what the Lord had done for us. Over the next few weeks, each time the heater went out, my daughter Cassia, who was a little girl with big faith, would thump on it and say, "There's more gas in there now," and there was. After 3 or 4 weeks, I had the money to refill it, and when it went out, I knew it was my time to fill it.

About 10 years later, I gave my testimony at an Assembly of God Church, and

mentioned the 'gas bottle,' as we called it. When I got home, I lit the gas heater, but after a while it spluttered and went out. "Oh no," I exclaimed. But then I thought, "Come on buddy, you testified today about how the Lord refilled your gas bottle!" So, I banged on the top of it, and lit it, and it burned that day, and the next, and the next, and on. ***"According to your faith be it unto you,"*** was the Lord's cry. (Matthew 9:29).

Are all of our prayers answered? No, they aren't, and that is another miracle. Timing is one of the most important requirements for answered prayer. If it isn't the Lord's time for something to happen, then it won't happen, no matter how long, or how sincerely, we pray. There is also the important matter of the Will of God as John reminds us, ***"And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us."*** (1 John 5:14).

As much as we love others and may agonise in prayer night and day for them, love does not always save those whom we desire to be saved. We must comfort ourselves with the wise verse which reveals, ***'For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways.'*** (Isaiah 55:9).

I prayed about something which was important to me and waited quietly in prayer for an answer each night, from October 1977 until April 1978, when the Lord answered me. At another time I was in prayer nightly for 2 years, about something in the Bible which I couldn't understand, until I woke one morning and I could see it clearly.

St Paul exhorts us to, ***'Pray without ceasing,'*** in 1 Thessalonians 5:17. And in Luke 18:1 it reads, ***'And he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.'*** That is good advice.

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Ed.D.