

"THE PRAYER REQUEST"

As the Sunday evening service began in the little country church, the pastor asked his congregation to gather around the altar for a word of prayer. "Church, lets pray for a miracle," he went on to say. "and pray that God would touch the heart of a lost soul.

As the prayer requests were being made, a little girl of about five or six years old, holding her teddy bear, made her way to the front of the church. With a tremble in her voice, she asked, "Sir, would it be alright if I made a prayer request too?" The pastor was touched by the innocence of the child. He replied, "It certainly would be alright little girl, and would you like for us to pray for your teddy bear too?" he asked.

"No thank you," she said and began to make her request. "Would you please pray for my daddy? He doesn't know Jesus and he's never been saved. He doesn't know Jesus the way mommy and I do and how much love he has for us all. We tried to get him to go to church with us every Sunday, but he always had something else to do.

We told him how much Jesus loved and cared for him, but it didn't seem to matter. He was always to busy. You see, mommy and I don't live with daddy anymore. He lives all alone now. He stays angry most of the time and says awful things to Jesus and blames him because we aren't together anymore.

I miss my daddy so much and want us to be together again. I know he doesn't mean all those bad things he says, and I know Jesus will forgive him if he will only ask. Would you pray for him please.

When the little girl finished her request, the church was silent. Not a word was spoken. The pastor, fighting hard to hold back his tears, said, "Let us all now go to the Lord in prayer." When the prayer was finished, and the congregation was walking back to their seats, the pastor looked for the little girl, but she was already gone.

When the service was over, he asked about her, but no one seemed to know who she was or who the lady was that sat with her. All during the next week, the pastor couldn't get the little girl out of his mind. No matter how hard he tried, he kept thinking about her and her request she had made.

The next Sunday evening, he started the service off much the same way as he had the week before by asking the congregation to gather at the altar for a word of prayer. A man, sitting at the back of the church, rose from his seat, made his way down the isle to the altar, fell on his knees and began crying to Jesus for forgiveness. The congregation knelt down and prayed with him. When the prayer was finished the man stood to his feet. The pastor couldn't help but notice the man was holding a wrinkled photograph of a woman and child in his hand.

When the pastor asked to see it, a smile came over his face. He said, "Sir, is this your wife and daughter?" The man, unable to speak, simply nodded his head. "This truly is a prayer answered," the pastor said. "You see, in our last Sunday evening service, your daughter was here requesting prayer for you that Jesus would touch your heart and save your soul. Her prayers have been answered."

The man spoke in a tear filled voice. "Pastor, you must surely be mistaken. It couldn't have been my little girl. For, you see, my wife and daughter died in an auto accident three months ago, and I've been blaming Jesus for it ever since. My little girl would have been six years old today. I laid her to rest beside her mother along with a little stuffed toy she loved so dearly."

The church again fell silent. No one spoke a word. It was then the pastor realized that the miracle he prayed for had been granted, and the church had been blessed with a visit from one of God's heavenly angels,

"Holding her teddy bear..."

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01/13/05