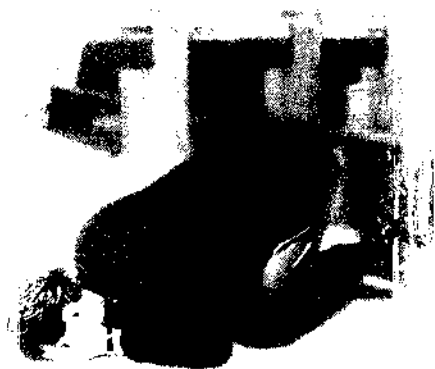


GOD answers PRAYER

GREAT TESTIMONIES TO BUILD YOUR FAITH



COMPILED BY
MARY H. WALLACE

God Answers Prayer

compiled by Mary Wallace

©1986 Word Aflame® Press
Hazelwood, MO 63042-2299
Printing History: 1986, 1996, 1997, 1998, 2002

Cover Design and Photography by Paul Povolni

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Printed in United States of America.

Printed by



Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Main entry under title:

God answers prayer.

1. Prayer. 2. Christian biography. 3. Christian life—Pentecostal authors.
I. Wallace, Mary H.
BV220.G59 1986 248.3'2 85-22484
ISBN 0-912315-90-3

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CHAPTER ONE

Night Of Miracles

by Frances Vaughan

The night of April 26, 1984, is indelibly written in my memory. It affected each person in our community—for at 11:30 p.m. a tornado ripped through Morris, Oklahoma, leaving tons of rubble in its wake. It was over in two minutes. Seventy-five percent of our town was destroyed, seven people were killed, dozens were injured and hundreds were left homeless.

I was never afraid of storms. First of all, according to an old Indian legend, a tornado never touches down in this area because of the “lay of the land.” Then the house we live in was built in 1904. When my husband, Dwaine, remodeled it, we pulled up mop-boards with the words MORRIS, INDIAN TERRITORY stenciled on the back. In tearing out partitions, we found two-by-fours without a single knothole and wood so hard we couldn’t remove the nails. The old house had withstood many storms, so why should I worry?

Reasoning thus, I couldn't understand my anxiety as I lay in bed that night, listening to the rising wind. The air was so oppressive that I felt I would suffocate. I sat up, swinging my feet to the floor.

"What's the matter?" Dwaine asked, sleepily.

"It's so stuffy I can't breathe. I think I'll check the weather station," I answered, reaching for my robe.

Dwaine was instantly alert.

"I doubt if there is anything to be alarmed about," he said, grabbing his clothes. His quick actions belied his words.

Spinning the dial on the radio I found only the regular broadcasts.

Dwaine opened the front door, but the wind was so strong he quickly closed it.

The weather station on the scanner was still broadcasting a weather report recorded several hours earlier.

Restlessly I paced the floor, beads of perspiration popped out on my forehead. Still feeling a strange sense of smothering I opened the door that Dwaine had closed moments before. The door burst open when I touched the handle, knocking me back. Pictures were blasted off the wall and out of their frames. (Weeks later I found them behind the couch in the next room.) Dwaine strained to help me close the door and it had to be locked to keep it shut.

"Do you think we should go to the cellar?" I asked.

"I don't know. There's still no warning on the scanner, but maybe we should go to the hallway where there's some protection."

Remembering a tornado precaution, I ran to raise a window an inch in the southwest bedroom.

I looked out the window. Through the blackness I could barely see the cedar tree in our front yard. It was thrashing its branches wildly. I pressed my hot cheek against the window pane and savored the feel of cool glass. "Oh, God, protect us this night. Protect my children, too, in their little mobile home."

Rising panic subsided into a quiet peace. I marveled that this could be.

On my way back to the hall the electric power failed, but Dwaine switched on the flashlights he keeps for emergencies. "Ah! My levelheaded husband—what would I do without him!" I thought.

We began to feel pressure build in our ears. Dwaine said, "We've waited too late to go to the storm cellar. We'll have to stay put."

"Whop-a-whop-a-whop-a," it crescendoed until I thought my head or the house would explode.

Time was suspended. The house shuddered. We heard a crash. The pressure receded and was gone. Our porch and part of the roofing was blown away, but the old house stood solid.

Dwaine and I looked at each other reading each other's thoughts. "The kids! What's happened to the kids?" Our son Larry, his wife and two children lived in a mobile home at the back of our property.

As if in answer to our unspoken question, we heard someone banging on our back door. It was Larry and his family. They were frightened, wet and cold and only half dressed. We warmed them with dry blankets while they breathlessly told us what happened.

Four-year-old Brenda had awakened Larry and Jan at 11:25. She had wet her bed and needed attention. Jan