



ETERNAL WALL
OF ANSWERED PRAYER

Make hope visible

A collection of inspiring stories of **Protection through Answered Prayers.**

Sailing through the storm on God's guidance

#3692

My wife and I were sailing a chartered 27-foot yacht from the Isles of Scilly to Falmouth. The wind was against us, blowing force 6, and we had two seasick crew. In strong winds, steering is hard work. She was expecting, so she stayed down below and I helmed from 11pm, when the seasick crew handed over and went to their bunks.

It was before the days of GPS, and the conditions – strong tide, headwind,

indeterminate leeway the boat was making, and lack of help – made it impossible to plot our position on the chart and work out an accurate course to steer.

It was a very prayerful night. At times, as the wind rose and I worried that something might break, I prayed for the wind to fall and it did. Then, as the wind died to the extent that it was not driving us through the large waves, I prayed for more wind. This happened several times.

I knew we were going to have to tack through the wind and sail northwards to Falmouth at some stage, but I could not be sure that we had cleared the notorious Manacle Reef. The only answer was to carry on until I was sure we were safe. That meant hours of extra sailing, missing the tide at Falmouth, and being late handing over our yacht.

I had resigned myself to this, but at 1.30am I had an overwhelming feeling that we should tack round and steer a course of zero degrees magnetic, due north. I have never navigated on impulse, but was absolutely certain that this was God's guidance. I tacked onto the new course.

At 5am, my wife emerged from the cabin with hot chocolate and ginger biscuits, and noticed the yellow outer Manacles marker buoy behind us. We had sailed just a few hundred metres outside it. Then we spotted the Falmouth lighthouse dead ahead.

For the first time ever, I did not need to adjust

course as we approached land. We were still steering zero degrees at 6.45am when we sailed through the middle of the Falmouth harbour entrance.

We moored at about 7.15am. A man caught our mooring line and said, 'You're cutting it a bit fine!' If we had been just a few minutes later we would have run aground, and we would have had to wait several hours for the tide to come in again!

Delivering my son to safety from gunpoint

#12899

I woke up at midnight one night, sensing my son was in danger, and the Lord prompting me to pray. I got up to pray intensely and passionately, with the Spirit leading me for at least half an hour. I prayed until the urgency seemed to go and I felt at peace.

My son had gone out in my car earlier to see friends across town, some distance away. When he finally arrived home, he told me that he had been on his way home sometime after midnight on a dark, deserted section of the motorway. As he rounded a corner of the road there ahead of him were large drums and a huge tree trunk with branches, completely blocking the road. There were vehicles beyond the drums, it was an ambush set up across the road, there was no way to get through.

He had slowed down but suddenly realised there was a minivan coming up on the right-hand side, as he looked, he saw a man pointing a gun at him. He knew there was no way through or around it, and that they intended to hijack the car. He would be shot if he stopped, so he put his foot flat down on the accelerator and headed straight toward the blockade. Miraculously he drove straight through and he went some distance at speed before he could stop safely. He was shaken but completely unharmed, and there was not even a scratch on the car!

Unharmed after falling down the stairs

#13477

It may have been the shortest prayer ever, but it happened one day after I had picked my baby up from his cot where he had just woken from a nap, and went to carry him downstairs. At the top of the stairs I tripped over one of his brother's toys and was hurtling head-first down a full flight of stairs towards a 7ft floor-to-ceiling glass window at the bottom of the stairs.

As my head went past my feet I knew only Jesus could save us, but I never made it past the first syllable of His Name: "Je..."

Suddenly I found myself sitting at the bottom of the stairs, baby still in my arms, both completely unharmed, the window

intact, and not a scratch or a bruise on either of us.

Thank You Jesus!

Miraculous protection despite car crash

#14707

The Lord woke me up at 2am and I felt a strong urgency to pray for my eldest son. I prayed fervently for 30 minutes or so until I felt released. At 3am my son knocked on our bedroom door. He had fallen asleep on the motorway. His car was a write off as he hit the central reservation but he and his passengers were unharmed. Praise God.

Angelic protection during hazardous situation

#15895

I was working in a residential setting for young people with challenging behaviour. It was quite common for these young people to be aggressive and for this reason all staff wore protective equipment and an emergency alarm in order to summon assistance quickly if needed.

One evening I found myself accidentally locked in a corridor in an isolated part of the building, with a young man who was about to “kick off.” I pressed my alarm and it didn’t work. I was frightened as it would typically

take 6 staff members to physically restrain this young person. He was known to aim his assaults at people's heads. I prayed silently but desperately.

The first thing that happened was a member of staff happened to return to the corridor, on his way home, to collect an item he had forgotten earlier in the day. He had no alarm but stayed with me as we gently persuaded the young man to walk down the corridor in the direction of the seclusion room. I was praying the whole time, fearing we would both be badly injured and no one would know.

At the door of seclusion the young man suddenly flew at me, going, as expected, for my head. In a flash, however, we were somehow able to manoeuvre him into the safe space and shut the door. We were both astounded that we had achieved this alone and were unhurt. The young man had grabbed my protective baseball cap in the scuffle and I observed him, through the toughened glass window, ripping it to shreds whilst my colleague went to get help. I quietly praised God for his intervention.

However, it was the next day when my eyes were opened to the extent of the miracle. I was sitting with the same young man, who was now calm and engaging. Out of the blue he asked me, "Who were the statues?" I was puzzled, "Which statues?" I asked. He responded with some frustration, "You know! The statues! Last night! The ones standing all

around you in the corridor!” It was then that I realised that I had never been alone; nor did my colleague and I handle the young man between the two of us. God had commanded his angels concerning me, just as he promised in Psalm 91. He kept me and my colleague from all harm, against all odds! Praise his name!



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