



ETERNAL WALL
OF ANSWERED PRAYER

Make hope visible

A collection of inspiring stories of **God's Sovereignty through Answered Prayers.**

All Seeing

#16044

One morning I decided to walk down the mountain into town. I scraped together the last of my money, one euro and fifty cents, and put it in my pocket. "Lord," I said, "That's all I have after blessing that poor man, so if I need anything along the way, you'll have to provide it." I didn't trek down the mountain often because it was hard work returning in the blazing midday sun, but I knew I could purchase a chicken wrap for one-euro-fifty. That would give me the energy to make the climb.

As I was walking through the town, the Lord caused me to look up and I saw something glinting, a small flash of something falling. The timing of it was so precise, a second either side and I would have missed it. Whatever was reflecting the light, it was so high, that it appeared like a speck of gold dust, but the closer it got to earth, the bigger it looked. It was dropping at speed so I couldn't tell what it was, but I focused on it until it hit the ground. I was sure it sounded like money hitting concrete. Landing on target, it was an inch away from the toe of my shoe. When I looked down, I saw a two-euro coin.

I picked it up, looked up toward heaven and said, "Thank you Father, I don't know what this is for, but you obviously do" slipping it into my pocket, I continued towards home. As I neared the little Greek restaurant, I was ready for my chicken sandwich, so I went in and ordered a mini-wrap.

The Greek language can be tricky if the accent is off and you can end up ordering something else. My eyes widened when I saw the chef wrapping a sandwich, which I knew was mine because I was the only customer at that time. It wasn't a mini-wrap, nor a regular, but a king sized sandwich. I guessed the Lord didn't want me to have a mini-wrap, instead, He wanted me to have chicken in abundance. The sandwich was large enough to feed a family and for a moment, I wondered how on earth I would pay for it.

I said silently to the Lord, “What should I do?”

“Don’t say anything, but trust that I have already taken care of it.”

So the man handed me the bag, and said, “That’ll be three-euro and fifty-cents.”

“Oh, Lord, that’s what that two euro coin was for, to make up the difference.”

He really is an all seeing, all knowing, all powerful God that wants to take care of us. It’s one thing to know God loves you, but another thing to actually let Him be a loving Father and receive all that He has for you.

He that has a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he gives of his bread to the poor.

Proverbs 22:9

God’s healing powers

A year ago I had my first bowel obstruction. A nurse, a tech and family and friends all prayed for me as I dramatically improved. I have been hospitalised several times in the last year for the same reason. The last 2 times were less than 3 weeks apart, despite my being on a soft food/liquid diet for 8 weeks. The Lord kept impressing on me to contend for healing, so we did. At a prayer and worship event, my pain subsided, God healed some deep emotional wounds, and things passed. A while later at church, I received prayer and things improved again. Then, for about 3 weeks, my husband and I had recurring dreams about me undergoing

emergency surgery to remove a mass which was contained and redeemed. We agreed not to say anything about it to anyone. We were on a conference call with our supervisor and she started to pray over us. She hadn't been told anything by us, yet began to pray that "God would stitch (me) up in a new way". The day after my supervisor prayed, I was driving when I felt like there was a needle and thread pulling at my abdomen. I was weeping because it felt strange, but I kept telling God to give me more of Him.

A week ago I went into the hospital and the doctor felt I needed emergency surgery. My husband and I didn't hesitate to agree. In exploratory surgery, the surgeon discovered that my small bowel was literally tied up into a knot around the obstruction. He tried to snip it loose and straighten it out, but it WAS STITCHED UP and wouldn't cut open!! Instead, he removed the knotted piece and resectioned everything back together. After returning to my room, I was able to tell the story of the dreams and prayers to many workers, doctors and nurses! My tech from the original stay was there, and we thanked God together for HIS goodness! We were both walking the hall, separately praying for the patients and singing, and half of the floor was sent home for inexplicable healing!

This past weekend, a young woman we disciple was at our house for a gathering, she heard my story and asked who the surgeons were. I told her and she stared

at me. Her uncle is a partner with them and over the weekend at a family event, he mentioned how amazed they were that a woman's bowel was tied into a literally sewed up knot! He and his colleagues were searching over medical journals and articles, and were not able to find anything like it. The pathology report was great, the entire mass was completely contained and sewn up in the knot!!! Just when I think I understand God, He wrecks me all over again with His tender mercies and largess!!!!

Jehovah Rapha for a 21 week old foetus

#22997

Our son and daughter in law were told at 21 weeks pregnant that their baby would likely die. The placenta was failing. The medics said if the baby was born, they would have brain issues and be blind by the age of two.

In Jesus name we broke off those word curses, fasted regularly and took communion regularly. Before the due date my daughter in law had an emergency Cesarean.

The baby came out screaming, weighing 2.1/2 lbs. The medic said, 'this placenta is shot, this umbilical cord is like a piece of string, this baby must have had guardian angels'. The baby was only in NICU for a month... a miracle in itself.

They have just celebrated their 6th birthday.

A Child's Prayer and a Father's Answer

#23583

When my sister and I were children we asked our mother for money to buy a drink, to share, at the supermarket. She said we could have any of the change we could find in the ashtray of the car. Overjoyed, we rushed to the car and counted the change we found in the ashtray. With disappointment we realized we were 4p short, so instead of giving up we searched the car floor areas around and ashtray again. We did not find any change and were so sad.

Our mother has always said to us to ask God if we were ever in need. Remembering this we both closed our eyes and asked God for 4p. We both remember hearing a tinny sound (metal hitting metal sound) after we said our short 10 seconds prayer. We looked at each other and then the ashtray. Three pence was in the ashtray, we were gobsmacked and then immensely happy. We thanked God.

As a precaution we decided to recount our change before rushing into the shop. We had miscounted our change (which included our 4p) and were a further 2p short. We recounted the change twice, as we could not believe our reality. We closed our eyes again and told God our situation and pleaded for a further 2p. Again, we heard the same tinny sound and another 2p had appeared in the ashtray. We were so thankful and praised God for this

provision. We joyfully shared this miracle with our family as we shared our drink.

Saved from a storm

#16495

My story starts thousands of miles away in the middle of Africa. I want you to picture two small boys.

They are standing on the edge of a huge African lake so wide you could not see the other side. They are staring into a boat and wondering if it will ever float at all, because it is built from two Hudson sedan car bonnets joined together with small gutter bolts and sealed up with tar and brown paper. The oars are made from metal pipe with flat bits of tin.

These boys, unphased by the fact they were launching possibly the most unseaworthy craft into a crocodile infested lake, paddled gingerly out about a mile into the lake and without rocking the unstable craft too much, chucked their lines over the side to fish...

It was a few minutes later that it started. First it was a long swell that lifted the craft suddenly on the glass like surface of the lake. Then the wind started to blow in strong gusts. With an oar each we turned for home but it was at this point that my friend, fearful for his life dropped his oar. He was aware that storms had killed many on this part of the lake.

Soon we were in the midst of huge 3 metre high waves cascading over the side of the

boat, I bailed out the water furiously with an old bean tin used for worms. My friend lay in the bottom whimpering whilst I yelled and begged him to please help. He did not move.

At this point I shouted to God. "Please, please God, save us. I will do anything, if you will save us, I will follow you for the rest of my life."

Then a miracle happened, the storm suddenly stopped. The waters calmed and weeping softly I used the remaining oar to make it to the shore. Until that point I had never considered God exists. Now I know otherwise...



Donate



Get Involved



Share

eternalwall.org.uk



Eternal Wall of Answered Prayer. Registered in England and Wales. Registered Charity Number 1173708, Company Number 10519554. Limited by Guarantee.

**Registered Office: Courtyard 4, Coleshill Manor Office
Campus, South Drive, Coleshill B46 1DL**