

Jeannie St. John Taylor

AUTHOR OF *PRAYERS FOR TROUBLED TIMES*

101 *Stories of*
ANSWERED
PRAYERS

*Stories of Healing, Nurturing, Overcoming,
and Provision...All in God's Perfect Timing*

Dedication

To our husbands, Ray Taylor and Don Prater

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Foreword

 Six weeks ago, I bought a shiny new bike. Since then I've been riding regularly, training to ride from Seattle to Portland—a ride of two hundred miles. It should take two days.

When I first started riding, five miles felt like riding from San Francisco to Boston. I came home, soaked in the bathtub, and collapsed in bed. Lately, I'm making progress.

Riding with friends has pushed my pace. Together we've learned a skill called drafting. When two riders ride together, one directly in front of the other, both riders gain. On long distances, the rear rider gets tremendous benefit.

If you struggle to keep up, you should learn to draft. The same is true for prayer. I struggle with prayer. I want to pray, but my mind wanders. Intercession feels like praying the same old requests over and over. Does God get as bored with me as I do?

For the past two and a half years, I've been drafting in prayer. Riding behind Jeannie St. John Taylor, I've learned what perseverance means. I've watched her struggle and overcome. More than anything, Jeannie pushes my pace. As I've listened to her pray and waited with her for answers, my desire to pray has grown.

Now you can grow, too. In this story collection, you'll glimpse God's pleasure in answering prayers. You'll find



courage to ask again and again for your needs. You'll gain patience to wait for his answers.


Though the Bible was written nearly two thousand years ago, the story of God's work in people will continue until he comes again. He works through prayer. On these pages, you'll rejoice in his faithfulness. And you too can draft with a woman who knows prayer.

Bette Nordberg

Author: *Serenity Bay, Pacific Hope,*
Thin Air, Bethany House Publishers



Introduction

 In times of trouble, God's name springs almost involuntarily to the lips of Christians and non-Christians alike. Nothing seems more natural, probably because God himself placed a yearning for him in each of our hearts, whether we recognize it or not.

Every time we call out to God, every time we pray, he answers. Usually, he grants our requests, and those yes answers strengthen our faith. Sometimes the answers are very different than we expect. We don't like it when he says no or wait, but if we respond correctly to those answers, God uses them to develop godly character in us.

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Most times, God answers our prayers almost immediately. I imagine him leaning forward, listening intently to our requests, and meticulously crafting perfect answers. He wraps them in gold-foil paper, ties them with wide ribbon, and sets them right where we can't possibly miss them. Then he sits back, eyes dancing, waiting with baited breath for our exclamations of joy when we stumble across them unexpectedly. After all, he's the one who said it's more fun to give than to receive (see Acts 20:35).

But often we don't see the answer-gifts, even though they are sitting out in plain view. Or we don't recognize them as God's answer. We give someone else credit for sending them,

or worse, we think we accomplished them through our own efforts. So we never thank him. I wonder how that makes him feel?

This book recounts a few of the times God's children's eyes were opened and they recognized his answer-to-prayer gifts. Some stories are quite ordinary; others are miraculous. They are all true.

As you read the stories and your faith grows, thank him for his goodness. When the stories nudge your memory, bringing to mind long-forgotten gifts he hid along your path, let your gratitude pour heavenward. Thank him with your entire being. It will delight him.

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Note: All these stories are true. We have used the actual names of some people who shared their stories with us. However, at the request of others, we changed their names. Each story written in first person relates an event from the life of the author whose initials appear at the end of it.

Publisher's Note: The stories in this book were written by a number of authors. At the end of each story, you will find the author's initials.

JST: Jeannie St. John Taylor


PP: Petey Prater

BM: Barbara Martin

BN: Bette Nordberg

BPF: Blanche Perry Fuhrman

1. End the Massacre

 The Chattanooga Women's Clinic Inc. loomed across the street and catty-corner to the strip mall where the tiny AAA Women's Services—a crisis pregnancy center, kept an office. Unregulated and unkempt and yet lucrative, the Chattanooga Women's Clinic had stood unchallenged since 1975. No one monitored the health and safety of the girls who exited its doors empty and bleeding.

The sight of this abomination dominating a city known for its churches sickened many Christians. Nevertheless, an eerie helplessness hung over the people like smog. They endured Chattanooga's disgrace in silence . . . until 1989 when the Pro-Life Coalition of Chattanooga took a public stand.

In recognition of the sixteenth anniversary of the Roe v. Wade decision, the Coalition organized a public funeral procession to grieve the thousands of babies murdered at the clinic. They feared that only the handful that helped set up the rally would turn out on the appointed day. Instead, borrowed hearses led three hundred packed cars and a thousand people along the nine-mile route to the clinic. On the street in front of the clinic, college students held up a banner declaring the procession "In Memory of the Babies Who Died In This Place." Local florists donated flowers to



lay on the line that had been painted to prevent concerned citizens from approaching the building.

The fight was engaged. In homes all over the city, believers began to pray.

A few months into the battle, at six o'clock on a Sunday morning, a handful of grieving men and women from diverse denominations—Catholic, Presbyterian, Evangelical, Charismatic—formed a circle in the parking lot of the abortion clinic. Joining hands and voices, they lifted cries to God, begging him to end abortion in Chattanooga. *Lord, change the hearts of the owners and operators of the clinic or remove them from the scene*, they prayed.

2

Sunday after Sunday the community of believers gathered in the parking lot to pray. And behind the scenes, the King of heaven wove events on earth.

Within six months, the fifty-three-year-old owner of the abortion business was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. She died six months later. Her financial partner took over operation of the clinic. Shortly afterward, doctors diagnosed the partner, at age fifty-one, with another type of cancer. She, too, died within months.

Still, the abortions continued. Earlier, the two women had signed a five-year lease with the wealthy realtor who owned the building. This lease allowed the abortionist to continue slaughtering babies for profit.

Sunday morning parking-lot-prayers intensified.

On a Thursday evening in April 1993, the Pro-Life Coalition held their quarterly meeting. Patricia Lindley, the

Coalition president, had received word of a remarkable turn of events.

At the meeting, Dr. Dennis Bizzoco informed the other Board members, “The owner of the clinic building is in bankruptcy! A doctor-friend called to tell me about it. He has to sell the building, and guess who’s buying it?”

Without hesitation, someone answered, “The abortionist.”

“My friend learned about it because the owner of the clinic owes him \$128.00,” said Dr. Bizzoco. “That gives him standing in bankruptcy court. And because of that, he can take a bid in for us.”

“It’s true,” responded attorney Richard Crotteau. “They may have wanted to keep it a secret, but a Christian realtor I know confirmed the information. It’s pretty much a done deal right now. The abortionist already bid \$254,000. All that’s left is the paperwork. The sale will be final at 5 P.M. Monday. And we have somewhere around \$1,600 in our treasury. That wouldn’t even buy the sidewalk.”


“Even if we could come up with the money, they’d just find another facility,” someone said.

Dr. Bizzoco’s next statement put the discussion in a new context. “If the Lord is giving us the opportunity to engage the enemy in battle, we dare not shrink back.”

“Then the question for us becomes clear,” said Pastor Bob Borger. “If we ask Him for the funds and that amount of money becomes available, we’ll know that this is what the Lord wants us to do.”



Murmurs of agreement spread through the group. They joined hands in prayer around the conference table. After prayer, every person in the group felt assured that they should call as many people as possible, asking for donations. They left that night needing to raise over a quarter of a million dollars by Monday—slightly more than seventy-two hours away! Everyone knew that only the Lord could accomplish such an impossible task.

4  God spoke to Chattanooga's community of believers, and they responded. Money poured in. One young couple contributed a check for over seven thousand dollars—money they had saved for a new car. An elderly woman unfolded a lace handkerchief filled with crumpled bills and a few coins, giving the Coalition everything she had—fourteen dollars and twenty-three cents.

Large and small, the funds came in. By noon on Monday the Coalition had \$241,000 toward the purchase. Attorneys Michael Jennings and Richard Crotteau prepared the legal documents offering \$264,000 for the structure. They arrived at the Federal Courthouse just fifteen minutes before the sale of the building to the abortionist would have been final. The sale was halted; a higher bid had come in. The proceedings would now be handled in a bidding war in the courtroom. On Friday morning, members of the Pro-Life Coalition arrived in court with their attorneys. The abortionist's lawyers shuffled through papers on the other side of the courtroom. Tension sizzled in the air. The judge announced that the building would be auctioned off. Court

would recess temporarily, then meet again at 1 P.M. to give the abortionist time to show up in person. On the way out of the courthouse, attorneys who had been in the courtroom listening to the proceedings contributed money to the Coalition. It was clear that what was at stake was far more than just a piece of property. Patricia felt as though they were living a Peretti novel where the presence of good and evil are so clearly defined. The prayer rising from the city to God's throne room was opening the way for God to work. All they could do was watch.

Money continued to flood in to the attorney's office. By one o'clock, members of the Coalition and their attorneys carried \$301,000 in pledges, cash, and bank deposit slips into the courtroom. The abortionist glowered at them from across the aisle. The bids would be in five-thousand-dollar increments. He would bid against them in person.

"My clients will deal in cash," the Coalition's attorney informed the judge. She tapped a thick stack of money and deposit slips in her palm.

The abortionist started the bidding. "\$269,000."

Staring straight ahead, the Coalition attorney countered with, "\$274,000."

"\$279,000." The abortionist spoke deliberately, glaring at them through narrowed, malevolent eyes.

"\$284,000," said the Coalition attorney.

"\$289,000." The abortionist spit out the words.

"\$294,000." The Coalition attorney spoke confidently, forcefully, but those with the Coalition knew it was the




Coalition's last bid. They had determined not to go beyond what the Lord had provided.

Silence.

The attorney shifted from one foot to the other. The judge looked at the abortionist expectantly. "To h— with it!" muttered the abortionist.

Nothing could be heard but the sound of breathing.

The judge banged his gavel. Bam! "Sold to the Pro-Life Coalition!"

6  Outside the courtroom, cameras flashed as reporters thrust microphones toward Patricia Lindley. "Wasn't that a waste of the Coalition's money?" asked one reporter. "Did you know that the appraised value of the building was only \$189,000?"

"You can never put a price tag on the value of even one human life," Patricia responded.

"Where did you come up with cash to buy the clinic?" another reporter asked.

"We had absolutely unlimited resources, because everything belongs to the God of heaven and earth," Patricia answered. "We prayed and the Lord answered."

Two weeks later, on May 15th, the abortionist's lease ran out and he performed his last abortion. On May 17, 1993 the Coalition closed the clinic. After gutting and remodeling it, they reopened the building—half of it as the new home of AAA Women's Services. For many years, "Sanctity of Human Life Sunday" was observed with a prayer vigil outside the building. On that Sunday in 1994, there was a

celebration in prayer as the building was dedicated to the Lord for His glory!

Because they viewed the clinic as holy ground, much as a Civil War battlefield is holy because of the lives lost there, they transformed the other side of the building into The National Memorial for the Unborn. More than 35,000 unborn babies had died in that place. It now stands as a testimony to the value of human life. It is a place where women and men from all over the nation can honor the children lost to abortion and seek the Lord's forgiveness.


Against all human logic, the abortionist never opened another facility. To this day, there is no abortion clinic in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

(JST)


“Rescue those who are unjustly sentenced to death.” (Prov. 24:11 NLT)



2. Hi Mom

 I didn't notice anything unusual about the top of the caps when I squeezed through the crowd to hug my daughter and her friends before her college graduation ceremony. But later, from my seat high in the stands, as strains of *Pomp and Circumstance* floated upward and the line of graduates snaked to their metal folding chairs on the gym floor, I looked down on the graduates' caps.

8

 Scattered among the five hundred or so graduates, five sported decorated tops, as though calling for attention from someone hovering near the gym's ceiling. One quoted a phrase from a Bob Dylan song, another glittered with sequins, I couldn't make out the words on two others, but the fifth drew my attention. In easy-to-read white tape on the flat, black top, the words "Hi Mom" screamed up at me.

I couldn't see the faces of the graduates; I couldn't spot any of my daughter's friends, even though I had spent four years praying for a couple of them. I couldn't even locate my own daughter's long, thick hair. So I glanced often to the "Hi Mom" yelling up at the ceiling from halfway down the third row from the back.

I have to admit to a slight sense of irritation as the time crawled past. I'm not sure why. Maybe it was the heat. Maybe it was because my back ached from three hours in the backless bleachers. I remember thinking, oh, come on,

everyone here has a mom. How come that one gets all the attention?

The speaker finished. The college president stepped forward to hand out diplomas and shake hands. I listened for the names of my daughter's friends as the rows stood one after another and marched forward. Though I couldn't make out faces, I felt a rush of pride every time I heard the name of someone I knew.

Finally, the third row from the back stood and "Hi Mom" rose. I watched the hat bob to the front then forgot about it as I again focused my attention on the names being announced. My gaze wandered to the band. Everyone looked bored.

"Dave Killian." My attention jerked back to the stage. Dave was my daughter's friend! Shortly after I met him during my daughter's freshmen year, he had shared with me how difficult life had been since junior high—when his mother died. He still missed her. I had prayed often, during the next four years, for the Lord to help Dave through college.

Which one was Dave?

I glanced to the edge of the stage just in time to see "Hi Mom" step up and bounce across. That's when I noticed the carefully formed cross, just under the word Mom. Dave was wearing the hat. The words spoke love to his mother who watched from heaven. A lump formed in my throat, tears sprang to my eyes, and I breathed one more prayer of blessing for my daughter's friend.



Dave shook the president's hand and received his diploma. But before he left the stage, he lifted it high to show his mom.

(JST)

“The helpless put their trust in you. You are the defender of orphans.” (Ps. 10:14 NLT)

