

YOUTH PRAYS-GOD ANSWERS!

Glen A. Coon

Name: _____

Date: _____

Lesson 04

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPOSSIBLE—YET IT HAPPENED!

I COULD have rated the newspaper headlines," began Peter Graham, a teenage student at La Sierra College, "had I not learned the prayer of reception last week".

La Sierra College is a liberal arts college, now a part of Loma Linda University, and both situated in an area that is surrounded by beautiful mountains near Riverside and San Bernardino, California.

You will remember that it was from La Sierra College that Hugh James and his group of young people came to bring the inspiration and instruction on the prayer of reception to The Mountain School.

Now back to Peter. "I had made arrangements with some friends of mine to go hiking in the high Sierras," Peter went on, "but the weather turned bad. It rained, froze and then snowed. So my friends changed their minds and told me they were not going. But I went anyway.

"I know I was foolish to go by myself, especially when the weather conditions were so bad", he said to the prayer class; "but I claimed a promise before I set out, and I guess that is what saved me."

The Bible promise that Peter claimed was one that the class had used a few nights before in behalf of a backslider. This promise impressed Peter so much that he decided to use it before going on his hazardous journey. It was the promise of I John 5:16. Peter claimed the sentence that reads, ". . . he shall ask, and he shall give him life . . ."

"After I had reached the top, I was walking along a narrow, icy ledge when all of a sudden a gust of wind unbalanced me and I started sliding down a two thousand foot precipice"!

The class sat in rapt attention as Peter continued his story. In an instant I slammed against a huge rock some fifty feet down the mountain. Had there not been a cushion of snow against that rock, I would have surely broken my neck or back. I had hit that rock with a terrific blow.

"When I realized that I was still alive, I thanked God. Then I began to evaluate my position. I peered around the snow-bank and realized that there was a sheer drop of about two thousand feet on either side of me. It frightened me for a moment, and I just sat there, too scared to move. I realized that, barring a miracle, there was not a chance that I would get out of that spot alive.

There was no one around to hear my cry for help, except God. It was then I realized what my need was, and I claimed a Bible Promise to fill that need. I remembered James 1:5, 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . and it shall be given him'. If there was one thing above another that I needed just then, it was wisdom. So I ASKED, and I BELIEVED that God would give me wisdom. I CLAIMED that promise and then THANKED Him for having given me wisdom to know how to get out of that predicament.

Youth Prays . . . God Answers

"But now what to do? Presently I was impressed to use my fingernails to dig through the thin layer of ice to make steps on which I could safely plant my feet and so get to safety

"But my vision was very poor and I could very easily be digging steps in the wrong direction. But I prayed and believed that God would help me, and so I began to work cautiously, but diligently. My fingers became raw from chipping away the ice, but I kept on, believing that God was leading me in the right direction.

"Presently I realized that the terrain was much more level, and I ventured to stand up. It was only then that I realized that I was back on safe ground. I looked back to where I had come from and was impressed how God had answered my prayer. Had I come up any other way than the way I had come, I would have worked my fingers raw in vain. This was the only route that could possibly lead to safety. And God led me in that path. I stood there and offered a prayer of thanks to God for His willingness to help me out of a predicament I would not have gotten into if I had used good common sense and stayed home."

A sigh of relief came over the class as Peter finished his story. They all agreed that his conclusions were justified, and rejoiced in God's love and mercy.

As soon as Peter sat down, Dick Weaver, a college senior, stood to his feet to share his experience of only a few days earlier.

"Semester exams have always been a headache to me," Dick began. This time I felt I was not as well prepared for them as I should like to have been. I had studied faithfully during the semester, but due to circumstances beyond my control, I was unable to review for the exams I was to take the next day.

"I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I rolled, tossed, and tumbled, but sleep not come. Now I was faced with the realization that if I could not sleep, I would not have the alertness I so desperately needed in the morning. Just then I remembered the challenge that had been given in the class on The Prayer of Reception. We had been told to take our Bibles, place our finger on a promise, and then Ask, Believe and Claim that promise, and God would answer that kind of prayer.

"So I claimed the promise of Matthew 11:28-30, which says: 'Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest'. That is exactly what I needed. Then I thanked God that He had given me the promised rest.

"With that I turned out the light, climbed back in bed, and the next thing I knew it was morning. I got up and felt refreshed, unusually refreshed. I wrote my exams and made the best marks I believe I have ever made. There is no question in my mind that the Prayer of Reception is the greatest thing I have ever come across," Dick said in conclusion.

Dick had grasped the promise of Matthew 11:28 like a drowning man reaches at a straw; but he discovered it was, not a straw, but an anchor. (See Hebrews 6:13-19.)

When Dick was through, other students testified to the God "that cannot lie" (Titus 1:2), because it is impossible for God to lie' (Hebrews 6:18), for "hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good" (Numbers 23:19)?

Alice Black was attending her first class that night Peter and Dick related their experiences. As they, along with other young people, told how God was answering prayer, Alice sat spellbound.

"Could this be the answer to my problem?" thought Alice. She wanted so much to believe that it was, because she realized that she so desperately needed help. For, you see, Alice was a barbiturate addict. Her problem had been hounding her steps for years, and like a clever spider it had fastened its web around her until there seemed no way out.

Youth Prays . . . God Answers

Unless one has gone through the experience, or had a loved one involved with this, it is very difficult to imagine the torment that it brings to the heart. The bodily and mental suffering, the feelings of remorse and frustration, combine to make life a weary and vicious circle, without hope, without freedom, and without the sweet-fellowship of our Lord. In vain one cries out, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

To point up the seriousness of Alice's situation, I might tell you that her father is a medical doctor, and with all of his medical understanding of the problem, he had been unable to bring her release from the habit. He recognized what it was doing to her and, try as he might, pray as he did, and plead with her as he did, nothing changed the picture. Alice was "hooked"—and "hooked" good.

I do not know whether Alice ever confided in a minister. Perhaps, knowing as she did the hopelessness of her condition, she was ashamed to tell anyone, for fear that her confidence would be betrayed. She preferred to suffer in quiet desperation, alone.

As Alice sat, listening to the students relate real answers to prayer—answers to real problems—her heart became strangely warm. Confidence was once again awakened—a confidence that had lain dormant for such a long time. She compared herself and her condition with the vibrant youth and their marvelous encounters with a real God, and His response to their prayers. She allowed herself, very cautiously, to ponder the possibility that she, too, might have this kind of an experience. But just as hope began to rise in her heart, a voice seemed to say, Alice, your case is hopeless. You have tried before—over and over again—and you have failed each time. You will never be able to give it up. You're hooked for life."

But then as these young people, with faces radiant with victory, spoke, it seemed the possibility of personal victory might be hers too. Her heart beat wildly within her breast as she contemplated how different life would be—how happy she could be if only . . .

The moderator of the class announced that it was now time for them to divide into small groups, about 6 to a group, and put the lesson of the evening in to practical use. Each group was led by a panelist. Alice found herself in one of these small groups.

"Now we are going to select the name of one individual, a backslider. Then, conforming to the seven great laws of soul-winning, we will work together with the Lord to reclaim that particular backslider", he said.

Alice watched and listened carefully as they were instructed to take their Bibles and place their fingers on a specific promise and claim it for that specific person. The panelist quoted from "Education", page 258, "For any gift He has promised, we may ask; then we are to believe that we receive, and return thanks to God that we have received."

A specific name was chosen for whom prayer was to be offered. Oh, the confidence the panelist displayed that this individual would return, regardless of his waywardness, his utter abandon of the way of right. Just to hear that kind of faith expressed was a real balm to Alice's heart.

"Now we will open our Bibles and turn to I John 5:16 and place our finger on the text and then put into practice the A, B, C's of Bible prayer. We'll Ask, Believe, and Claim the promise for the individual mentioned. Then before we rise from our knees, we will thank God that we have received, in embryo form, our request", the panelist instructed.

Alice felt a surge of faith as she, with six other young people, knelt to pray with open Bibles. How wonderful it was to be in the presence of the God of heaven!

Alice would not permit herself to burst into tears before the group. She wanted to give vent to her feelings, but wisdom restrained her. It might provoke some questions, and she did not want to have to

explain to anyone. She kept her face as serene as possible throughout the entire ordeal. After the prayer season was over, the classes dismissed and Alice made her way to her car as quickly as possible.

"This will work for me"! she said, once in her car and away from the ears of others. "It's going to work for me. I know it is. God is no respecter of persons and I am going to take Him at His word," she mused, more excited than she had been in a long time.

When she arrived home, she lost no time in opening her Bible to Matthew 11:28. Oh, how sweet that promise sounded, "come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That means me," thought Alice. "I'm included in that verse. I need rest—rest without drugs."

Falling on her knees with the Bible open before her, Alice asked—she asked God to fulfill the promise. Here was One to whom she could open her soul. He would not break her confidence; neither would He break His word. Jesus had promised, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away" (Matthew 24:35).

As Alice prayed, she found herself breathing a prayer of confident faith, "Lord, I do believe. Now I claim the promise You have given. Thank You, Lord, for having given me victory. It was so very simple. Yet it had worked for others. It must work for her too.

Three weeks later I heard Alice relate what had happened. "After I prayed, I climbed into bed and turned out the light. I fell into a sweet sleep and the next thing I knew, the sun was shining through my window! It was morning, and I hadn't had a single barbiturate! I could hardly believe it! I went all day without any help from drugs. That night I repeated the procedure. Once again I knelt down and claimed the promise. Again I slept soundly and woke up refreshed. I have done this now for the past three weeks, and I have had the most marvelous three weeks I have spent in the past number of years! It's marvelous! The greatest experience I have ever had!"

She could hardly contain herself as she related her victorious experience. "God has not only given me physical rest; I now have spiritual rest, as well as that peace of mind that He alone can give. I love Him so much for what He has done for me," she concluded.

After hearing the students tell their experiences of answered prayer, and thrilling to the experience Alice had just gone through, I decided to record these in this little book for the help they might be to others who are struggling with habits, or doubt, or fear, or whatever the problem may be. But I wanted to be absolutely sure that my facts were right. It is easy to over-extend the facts sometimes when the stories involve the supernatural. So I called Alice on the phone to double check again on the facts, and to see how she was doing.

"Would you permit me to tell your story in a book, Alice?" I asked. Alice readily agreed and thought this kind of a book would be a blessing to many. Then I asked the question that was really uppermost in my mind. "Now Alice," I said, "Have you taken even one barbiturate since the night you found deliverance?"

Without a moment's hesitation, and with a burst of enthusiasm, she said, "No, not one!"

One day later, as we were visiting with a doctor friend of ours, we related the story I have just told you. He listened very attentively, and when we were through he said, "That's wonderful! Amazing! Do you know that medical science still has not affected a cure for drug addiction? Yes, they have ways of helping a person, but this kind of a cure is foreign to medical science. In fact, it's impossible. Only God can give that kind of a cure!" he exclaimed.

I was not sure that what our doctor friend had told us was really just the way he said. I was curious to know whether other medical men felt the same as he. So I talked to another medical doctor friend of

mine. I told him the same story we had told the first doctor. This doctor said, "No medical doctor would ever prescribe that procedure for a cure. The patient is liable to go into shock that could kill him. Only the intervention of a divine power could cause it to be otherwise."

God did intervene in Alice's case, and wonderful have been the results of His blessings. Alice has now found a new life and has been sharing it with many of her friends. Her enthusiasm has been infectious, and now her father has joined her in attending the classes at which the Prayer of Reception is taught. His soul has caught the fire and in turn he is leading others to this new experience.

How marvelous and wonderful is our God! With David we can say, "Marvelous things did He in the sight of their fathers. . . ." Psalm 78:12.

This same God is still willing and able to do marvelous things for us today if we ask Him, and fulfill the simple conditions outlined in His holy Word.

Our Lord Jesus is waiting to give us all rest if we will only be responsive to His Holy Spirit.

Quiz 04

1. Thought question: (The answer, in so many words, is not in the book.) Why do you think God answered Peter's prayer to get him off that mountain safely when he had not used common sense in the first place?

2. Dick had discovered the promise of Matthew 11:28 was not a straw, but an _____.

3. What promise did Alice claim for freedom from barbiturates?

_____.

4. Complete: "Lord, I do _____. Now I _____ the promise You have given. Thank you, Lord, for _____ me victory.

5. How did the Lord answer Alice's prayer for deliverance from barbiturates? _____

_____.