
A prayer and a story for you...

Posted by jadedwoman - 2005/06/29 18:33

I wanted to share this...

Blessed Lord, open our ears to hear what Thou speakest and our eyes to see as Thou seest. Give us hearts to beat in sympathy with Thine at the sight of every little child; and above all, our Lord, to understand and experience how surely and how blessedly Thou fulfilllest Thy promise, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."
~Andrew Murray~

(True Story)

The Price Of A Miracle

Sally was eight years old when she heard Mommy and Daddy talking about her little brother, Georgi. He was very sick and they had done everything they could afford to save his life. Only a very expensive surgery could help him now and that was out the financial question. She heard Daddy say with a whispered desperation, "Only a miracle can save him now."

Sally went to her bedroom and pulled her piggy bank from its hiding place in the closet. She shook all the change out on the floor and counted it carefully. Three times... The total had to be exactly perfect... No chance here for mistakes... Tying the coins up in a kerchief, she slipped out of the apartment and made her way to the corner drug store.

She waited patiently for the pharmacist to give her attention, but he was too busy talking to another man to be bothered by an eight year old. Sally twisted her feet to make a scuffing noise... She cleared her throat... No good... Finally she took a quarter from its hiding place and banged it on the glass counter. That did it!!

"And what do you want?", the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone of voice. "I was talking to my brother." "Well, I want to talk to you about my brother," Sally answered back in the same annoyed tone. "HE'S SICK.... AND I WANT TO BUY A MIRACLE." "I beg your pardon," said the pharmacist. My Daddy says only a

miracle can save him now. How much does a miracle cost?" "We don't sell miracles here, little girl. I can't help you." Sally replied "Listen, I have the money to pay for it... Just tell me how much it costs." The other man, a well-dressed man, stooped down and asked, "What kind of a miracle does your brother need?" "I don't know," Sally

answered... A tear started down her cheek... "I just know he's really sick, and Mommy says he needs an operation. But my folks can't pay for it, so I have my money." "How much money do you have?" asked the well-dressed man. "A dollar and eleven cents," Sally answered proudly... "And it's all the money I have in the world..."

"Well, what a coincidence," smiled the well-dressed man. A dollar and eleven cents... The exact price of a miracle to save a little brother. He took her money in one hand and with the other hand he grasped her mitten and said, "Take me to where you live." "I want to see your brother and meet your parents." That well-dressed man was

Dr. Carlton Armstrong, renowned surgeon, specializing in solving Georgi's Malady. The operation was completed without charge and it wasn't long until Georgi was home again and doing well... Mommy and Daddy

were happily talking about the chain of events that had led them to this place. "That surgery...", "Mommy whispered, "It's like a miracle.

I wonder how much it would have cost? "Sally smiled to herself... She knew exactly how much a miracle cost... One dollar and eleven cents... Plus the faith of a little child.

Re:A prayer and a story for you...

Posted by hsmom - 2005/06/29 18:39

Wonderful story, jaded. I think I have read it before, but nice to see it here, and to read it. Very touching.

Re:A prayer and a story for you...

Posted by sweetpeach - 2005/06/29 18:46

Wow how touching. I had such feeling while reading this

Re:A prayer and a story for you...

Posted by momof2gg24 - 2005/06/29 19:40

I have seen it before and mailed to before I love it it is very tuching and having an ill child it helps everyone understand what is going on. If only we could buy miracles for every sick child.

Heather

Re:A prayer and a story for you...

Posted by hsmom - 2005/09/20 22:54

Such a touching story.

Re:A prayer and a story for you...

Posted by jorja - 2006/03/29 08:44

THIS WILL GIVE YOU CHILLS

AFTER A FEW OF THE USUAL SUNDAY EVENING HYMNS, THE CHURCH'S PASTOR SLOWLY STOOD UP, WALKED OVER TO THE PULPIT AND BEFORE HE GAVE HIS SERMON FOR THE EVENING BRIEFLY INTRODUCED A GUEST MINISTER WHO WAS IN THE SERVICE THAT EVENING IN THE INTRODUCTION THE PASTOR TOLD THE CONGREGATION THAT THE GUEST MINISTER WAS ONE OF HIS DEAREST CHILDHOOD FRIENDS AND THAT HE WANTED HIM TO HAVE FEW MOMENTS TO GREET THE CHURCH AND SHARE WHATEVER HE FELT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR THE SERVICE.

WITH THAT, AN ELDERLY MAN STEPPED UP TO THE PULPIT AND BEGAN TO SPEAK.

"A FATHER, HIS SON, AND A FRIEND OF HIS SON'S WERE SAILING OFF THE PACIFIC COAST," HE BEGAN.

"WHEN A FAST APPROACHING STORM BLOCKED ANY ATTEMPT TO GET BACK TO THE SHORE. THE WAVES WERE SO HIGH, THAT EVEN THOUGH THE FATHER WAS AN EXPERIENCED SAILOR, HE COULD NOT KEEP THE BOAT UPRIGHT AND THE THREE WERE SWEEPED INTO THE OCEAN AS THE BOAT CAPSIZED."

THE OLD MAN HESITATED FOR A MOMENT,
MAKING EYE CONTACT WITH TWO TEENAGERS WHO WERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE SERVICE
BEGAN,
LOOKING SOMEWHAT INTERESTED IN HIS STORY.

THE AGED MINISTER CONTINUED WITH HIS STORY,
"GRABBING A RESCUE LINE, THE FATHER HAD TO MAKE THE MOST EXCRUCIATING DECISION OF HIS LIFE:
TO WHICH BOY WOULD HE THROW THE OTHER END OF THE LIFE LINE.

HE ONLY HAD SECONDS TO MAKE THE DECISION.

THE FATHER KNEW THAT HIS SON WAS A CHRISTIAN AND HE, ALSO, KNEW THAT HIS SON'S FRIEND WAS
NOT.

THE AGONY OF HIS DECISION COULD NOT BE MATCHED BY THE TORRENT OF WAVES.

AS THE FATHER YELLED OUT, 'I LOVE YOU, SON!' HE THREW OUT THE LIFE LINE TO HIS SON'S FRIEND.
BY THE TIME THE FATHER HAD PULLED THE FRIEND BACK TO THE CAPSIZED BOAT, HIS SON HAD
DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE RAGING SWELLS INTO THE BLACK OF NIGHT.

HIS BODY WAS NEVER RECOVERED.

BY THIS TIME, THE TWO TEENAGERS WERE SITTING UP
STRAIGHT IN THE PEW, ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR THE NEXT WORDS TO COME OUT OF THE OLD MINISTER'S
MOUTH.

"THE FATHER," HE CONTINUED, "KNEW HIS SON WOULD STEP INTO ETERNITY WITH JESUS AND HE COULD
NOT BEAR THE THOUGHT OF HIS SON'S FRIEND STEPPING INTO AN ETERNITY WITHOUT JESUS..
THEREFORE, HE SACRIFICED HIS SON TO SAVE THE SON'S FRIEND. "

HOW GREAT IS THE LOVE OF GOD THAT HE SHOULD DO THE SAME FOR US. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER
SACRIFICED HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON THAT WE COULD BE SAVED. I URGE YOU TO ACCEPT HIS OFFER TO
RESCUE YOU AND TAKE A HOLD OF THE LIFE LINE HE IS THROWING OUT TO YOU IN THIS SERVICE."

WITH THAT, THE OLD MAN TURNED AND SAT BACK DOWN IN HIS CHAIR AS SILENCE FILLED THE ROOM.

THE PASTOR AGAIN WALKED SLOWLY TO THE PULPIT AND DELIVERED A BRIEF SERMON WITH AN
INVITATION AT THE END. HOWEVER, NO ONE RESPONDED TO THE APPEAL.

WITHIN MINUTES AFTER THE SERVICE ENDED, THE TWO TEENAGERS WERE AT THE OLD MAN'S SIDE.

"THAT WAS A NICE STORY," POLITELY STATED ONE OF THEM, "BUT I DON'T THINK IT WAS VERY REALISTIC
FOR A FATHER TO GIVE UP HIS ONLY SON'S LIFE IN HOPES THAT THE OTHER BOY WOULD BECOME A
CHRISTIAN."

"WELL, YOU'VE GOT A POINT THERE," THE OLD MAN REPLIED GLANCING DOWN AT HIS WORN BIBLE. A BIG
SMILE BROADENED HIS NARROW FACE. HE ONCE AGAIN LOOKED UP AT THE BOYS

AND SAID, "IT SURE ISN'T VERY REALISTIC, IS IT?"

BUT I'M STANDING HERE TODAY TO TELL YOU THAT STORY GIVES ME A GLIMPSE OF WHAT IT MUST HAVE BEEN LIKE FOR GOD TO GIVE UP HIS SON FOR ME.

YOU SEE...

I WAS THAT FATHER AND YOUR PASTOR IS MY SON'S FRIEND."

:kiss:
jorja

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