

MIRACLES BECAUSE SOMEBODY PRAYED

By Jerry R. Roberts

MIRACLE NUMBER ONE

After much prayer and waiting on God Mamie and I knew back in 1987 that God had called us to missionary service. We had not informed our church but we had settled the matter in our hearts. Then, on November 10, 1987 I was involved in a terrible automobile accident that broke both of my legs and ankles, and my right ankle was crushed. Before surgery the doctor told Mamie he didn't think I would ever walk again. I found out later that the night before the car wreck one of the men of the church felt an intense burden of prayer for me. His wife said he rolled out of bed in deep agony of soul telling her I was in danger and he had to pray. I'm not sure I would've survived the wreck without his prayers. I believe because he prayed God spared my life, and two years later Mamie and I were able to launch out into full-time missionary service. *"No harm will befall you, no disaster will come near your tent. For he will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways; they will lift you up in their hands."* Psalm 91:10-12 (NIV)

MIRACLE NUMBER TWO

It was early on a Monday morning and I was on my way to Puntarenas (Costa Rica) for a minister's meeting. Two days earlier, Mamie and I were in the United States sitting in the Olive Garden restaurant with our daughter Stefanie and her husband Keith. We were only minutes away from going to the airport to return to Costa Rica. While we were in the restaurant Stefanie had a seizure. It was a devastating experience for Mamie and me. And two days later that experience in the restaurant was what I was thinking about on my way to Puntarenas. I remember telling the Lord in the car that morning that although I loved being a missionary I simply could not make it through that day. This father's heart was so heavy I felt like it would break. I remember driving by the airport on the outskirts of San Jose, and suddenly I felt the presence of God in a powerful way. Something changed at that very moment! I went on to my meeting and had a great pastor's seminar. I know somebody, perhaps a large number of people were praying. *"In my distress I called to the Lord; I cried to my God for help. From his temple he heard my voice; my cry came before him, into his ears."* Psalm 18:6 (NIV)

MIRACLE NUMBER THREE

Recently on a Saturday night we were getting ready for bed. I turned the light off and laid my head on the pillow. Almost immediately I felt a stinging sensation on my right jaw, then on my shoulder, and then on my forearm. As my discomfort increased I got up, turned the light on, pulled the covers back, and discovered the culprit—a scorpion. We disposed of the vicious little creature and then called the toll-free number for poison control. They assured me I would survive but also told me what to expect in terms of symptoms. Within an hour my hands and fingers were tingling. My vision became blurred, and my feet felt strange. The next morning my feet and toes along with my knees were numb, and I could hardly walk. I had a lump in my throat and a terrible taste in my mouth. So, Sunday morning was not a good time for me. I was concerned because we had a service that night, and I was in bad shape. As the day wore on I improved, and even though my feet were numb and my fingers were tingling I was able to go to church that night and preach. And that was a miracle! I know people pray for us on a regular basis and that makes the difference. And whether we battle scorpions or other things God always meets the need. *"I have given you authority to trample on snakes and scorpions and to overcome all the power of the enemy."* Luke 10:19 (NIV)

MIRACLE NUMBER FOUR

It was a dark rainy night in Costa Rica and I was on my way to a speaking engagement in the southern part of the country. The rain was coming down in torrents. It was what *Ticos* (Costa Ricans) call an "*aguacero*" (down pour). I hit a huge hole in the pavement that deflated the right front tire and bent the rim. I prayed and then walked to the back of the car. I was standing before the open trunk of my car wondering if the sheets of rain would allow me to change the tire. I struggled to get the jack out of the trunk when suddenly two men appeared out of nowhere. This seemed strange since I had looked in all four directions on this pitch-black night and could see nothing. These men insisted on changing the tire and refused to let me pay them. Then, as suddenly as they appeared they slipped away into the darkness of the night. Were they angels or messengers from another world? I believe they were. *"The angel of the Lord encamps around those who fear him, and he delivers them."* Psalm 34:7(NIV)