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The first miracle, and the first tragedy



Wally, my second child, approached my desk and asked me for an envelope. Like all curious mothers, I asked him: “for what?” “Last night, as I was reading the Bible and praying, I felt that God told me to stop asking for money and to stop asking for a job. And instead give money,” he replied. It turned out that he wanted an envelope so that he could put all the cash he had at the time inside and made presentable package to give to the church. It wasn’t a small amount of cash either; he had just sold his car a few days earlier. `

Hearing the usual sounds of a car leaving the house, Wally rushed out of the house with his wad of cash, and I savoured the multitude of emotions that converged on me. There was a mixture of joy, gratitude, and even pride. But also satisfaction that my constant preaching – telling him that if he wanted to live prosperously for God – he would have to give generously; and it was finally sinking in.

Wally was always the child who instilled the most worry in me. He grew up just as his siblings did, going to church, participating in the ministry work that my husband and I were involved in. But he never seemed to have any particular interest in the Lord. He was never a bad kid, but his spirituality was, as they say, “neither here, nor there.” But when I began the commitment of praying for my children, as part of WakeUp Deborah, his name was always on my lips. And the results didn’t take long to come.

Within the last few months my husband and I began to notice a change: Wally began to wake eagerly to go to church on Sunday mornings. He joined bible study groups and read Christian books. Could this have been the fruit of my prayers? Why not? It seemed that all the prayers deposited in God’s accounting books were beginning to pay tangible dividends.

Just after my husband came home from work I was telling him about Wally’s strange request for an envelope. when Wally stormed into the house carrying a black canvas bag and huge grin on his face. “I just experienced my first miracle!” he said. “I went to the church to drop off my envelope, and as I was leaving I noticed I had just received a new email on my mobile phone.” A month earlier, Wally had forgotten his expensive digital SLR camera underneath his seat at a sporting event. Despite all efforts to report the loss, and urge the arena staff to search for it, it could not be found. He gave up all hope of finding it. The email’s subject simply said: “Found!!!” It turned out that an employee put it away for safe keeping just before going on vacation. He only now returned and handed it in to the office.” Upon hearing this we immediately calculated the numbers. It was clear that by recuperating the camera Wally had received more money than he had given to the Lord. God is no man’s debtor! Sometimes he replies faster than “instant cash” machines.

Unfortunately though, Wally’s euphoria didn’t last long. The very next day, he was at home alone when the telephone rang. My husband’s sister was trying to contact us to give us the most tragic and devastating news our family has ever had to bear. Wally was the first to hear that her son, Joel, had just died in an airplane crash. Joel and Wally were the two cousins who, due to their similar ages and similar tastes, had grown close together. Joel, a passionate and talented pilot, was collecting the required amount of hours to get his commercial pilot’s license, and was doing mountainous terrain training when the accident happened. The small two-seater airplane in which he and his instructor were flying was found on the side of a mountain near Vancouver. The location was only accessible by helicopter.

We visited our loved ones several times before and after the funeral. On our way to the funeral, we delved into the typical questions regarding death, such as: Why? What purpose? What role could this possibly play in God’s great plan? Every question lacked the possibility of a valid human response. We were only left with a certainty

that everything was in the hands of a loving and merciful God. During that ride, Wally spoke of how God had given him the gift of that first little miracle so that his faith may be strengthened for the tragedy to come. For this reason I continue to pray for my children, knowing that God loves them and will care for them better than I ever could.



New website:
www.wakeupdeborah.net
New Telephone:
 1-888-406-1810

Next month, news about spreading WuD into Mandarin and Persian!

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