

755 Words

Does God Answer My Prayers?

by

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Jimmy let the screen door bang, dropped his ball glove in the corner, and flopped onto a kitchen chair.

“I am never praying again! God does not answer me!”

He put his elbows on the table and covered his face with his hands.

Mom turned from the stove where she was preparing spaghetti for supper.

“That’s a very big decision, Jimmy. Do you want to talk about it?”

“Mrs. Thompson taught us about prayer in Kid’s Club and how God always answers. I wrote a list, and I’ve been praying, but I haven’t heard any answers.”

“How do you know God hasn’t answered?”

“I left the radio on and tuned it to a blank spot. I listened to the crackles for a long time waiting for God to break in with an announcement, but he didn’t.

“And I watched a fuzzy channel on the television for an hour, but there was no answer there either.

“I check the mailbox before I leave for school and when I come home. Nothing has

shown up in the mail, and it has been over a week.

“I even prayed my email address to God. He could send a reply that way, but he hasn’t.”

Mom sat beside Jimmy and patted his back.

“Jimmy, would you share your list with me?”

Jimmy ran to get his list. Mom nodded as she read the items.

“Money for summer camp. God to love me. My daily bread (donuts would be good, too!). Help to make good choices.”

She pulled Jimmy close for a hug.

“That’s a good list, Jimmy. Would you keep praying a while longer, and I will pray too? Let’s see what God can do.”

Jimmy agreed, but inside he was certain there was nothing to this prayer thing. Before he turned out his light at bedtime Jimmy prayed, “Dear God, Mom says I need to keep praying, so I will. I’m waiting for you to answer.”

The next morning Jimmy scooted into his place at the table and waited while Mom asked the blessing. Mom’s buttermilk pancakes were stacked high on a platter beside a plate of crisp bacon, and his mouth watered as he thought how good the food would taste.

“Mom, this is the best breakfast ever.”

“Thank you, Jimmy. Do you think this food is part of God showing his love for us?”

“I never thought of that. Hey, that’s one of my prayers.”

The yellow phone attached to the wall rang, and Mom pulled the curly cord into the hallway to talk. Jimmy noted her smile as she returned to her chair.

“Jimmy, I believe God is answering your prayers. That was Mrs. Davis calling for some help. She will be traveling next month and wanted to know if you would mow her lawn while

she is away. She will pay you for the work before she leaves. Wasn't there something on that list about money for summer camp?"

"Wow, Mom, God is on a roll!"

After he helped clean up the kitchen, Jimmy pedaled his bike to the store to buy a few items Mom needed. He planned to return home by riding down the steep hill at the edge of town. Reaching the top was hard work, but Jimmy loved the wind on his face as he coasted to the bottom. As Jimmy started down the hill Mr. Jackson ran to the end of his driveway waving. Jimmy stopped to chat.

"Jimmy, men are replacing a pipe around the curve at the bottom of the hill, so be very careful riding home today."

Jimmy thought about his prayer asking for help making good decisions. Was Mr. Jackson part of the answer? Mr. Jackson's next words confirmed that God does answer prayer.

"By the way, Jimmy, I heard you were planning to go camping this summer. I have a backpack hanging on my garage wall. It is used, but it is still in good condition. It is yours if you want it. That will be a lot cheaper than buying a new one."

"Thanks, Mr. Jackson. I would love to have your backpack."

Jimmy coasted down the hill with his backpack strapped to his shoulders. The sunshine mixed with the cool breeze made it a perfect day for riding. He stopped and watched the workers install the new pipe then continued his ride. Jimmy ran through the door, excited to share with Mom all that had happened.

"Mom, God does answer my prayers. I've just been looking for answers in the wrong places."