

Lord Protect Me From Mama's Prayers

by Deborah Sistare



Heaven help us all when Mama starts to pray. I've learned the hard way that not only does God hear her prayers, He answers them ... in the strangest ways. Thank goodness Mama also prays for our safety daily because, thanks to her prayers, our guardian angels need combat pay.

Mama was all set to go on a mission trip to Africa. She was packed and had her itinerary printed out when she started having doubts.

Mama prayed, "Lord, if you don't want me to go I won't. But, I will sure be embarrassed because of all the people that are supporting me. If I'm not to go couldn't I have a little surgery or something?"

Have you ever heard of a spigelian hernia? Well neither had her family physician. After three different physicians examined her, Mama had emergency surgery for an incarcerated spigelian hernia. She was out of work for the exact time she was to be in Africa. Mama learned never to ask God for surgery.

Mama prayed, "Lord, we need brick underpinning for our home." Yep, you guessed it. We got that new brick underpinning within a few months. However, Mama said she wished she had just asked God to send the money.

I was home with her when we heard a loud noise that sounded like a train running right through our home. Mama hollered for us to get in her closet. While our double wide was being picked up by a tornado and moved, she was thanking Jesus, and praising His name. Mama said she saw an angel holding us down and we were safe. She had us praying for our neighbors and their homes. One end of our home was moved eight feet off its foundation and dropped, causing the pilings to come up through the floor. The side we were in barely shifted.

We had \$32,000 worth of damage just two days after Papa Cliff increased our coverage. Our home was repaired and with adjustments for things we did not need to replace, we added brick underpinning. None of the homes we prayed for were destroyed. Two homes that we missed in our prayers were completely demolished. No one was injured.

Papa Cliff put a small dent in the back sliding door of Mama's van and didn't want to use the car insurance to fix it. Mama didn't like the dent and prayed, "Lord, can't someone hit it there and let their insurance fix it. But, I don't want anyone to get hurt. Maybe let them hit it while it's parked." Well, someone did hit it while it was parked in a church parking lot. Hit it right in the opened dented door just as baby Frankie ran away from that door and Mama chased him. The van was totaled. Mama had the option of getting a brand new van but decided she didn't want one.

Mama prayed: "Lord, Jeannie needs a new car." Two weeks later I had a new car. However, Mama said she wished she had just prayed for an extra car. The steering column broke in the old car I was driving and it went over a fifty foot cliff. There was nothing left of the car to be salvaged. I walked away with a cut on my knee from climbing out through the broken window. Mama used the insurance money to buy me a new car.

Papa Cliff wasn't surprised. He simply said. "Mama, whatever you do, don't pray for me a new truck."

"Please, Lord, don't let Mama pray for me a husband."