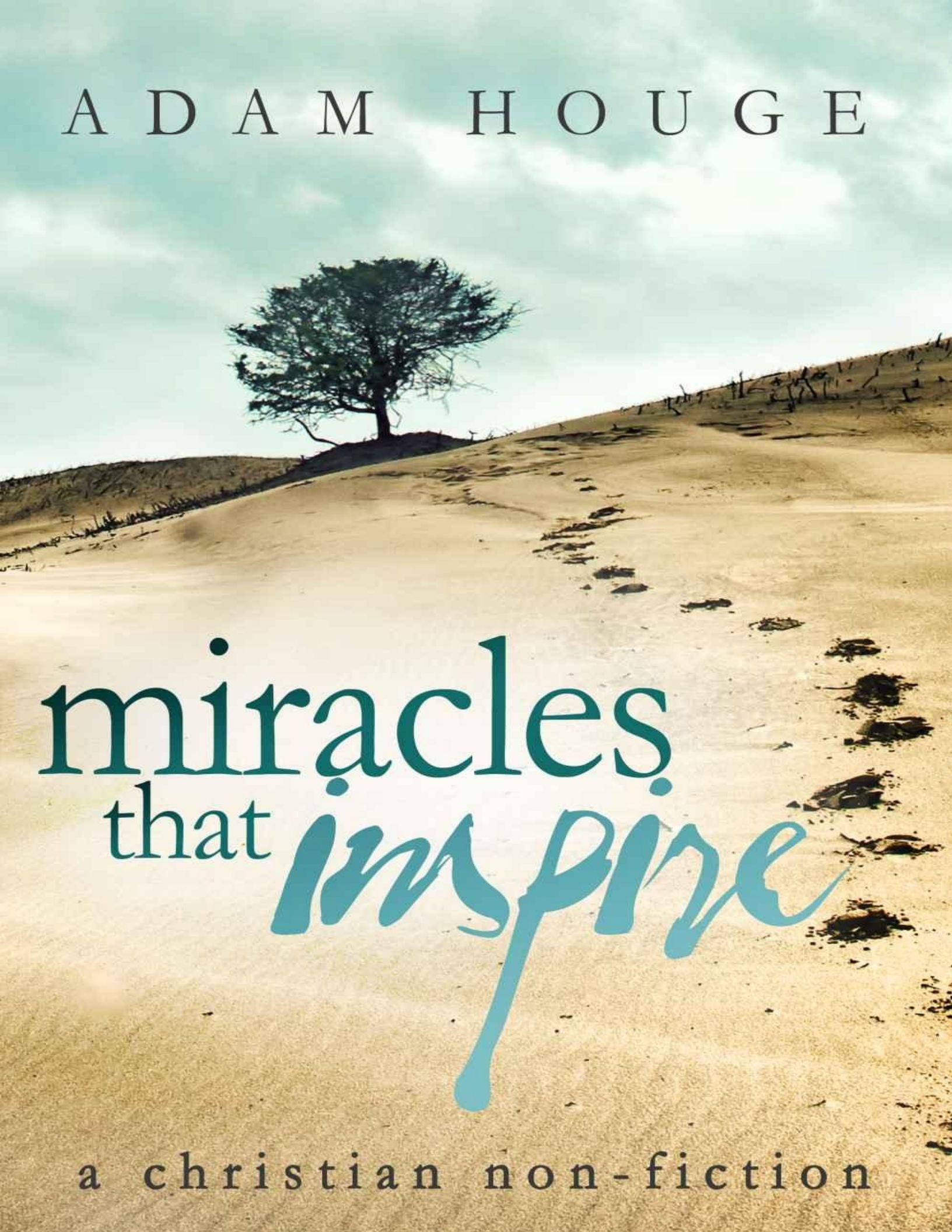
ADAM HOUGE
miracles
that inspire
a christian non-fiction

Miracles That Inspire™

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Life-Saving Persecution

Sometimes when we're persecuted we're tempted to question God and why He lets it happen to us. But the 400 Christians of the city of Meulaboh, Indonesia, had no doubt in their minds that God uses it all for a greater good.

It was a hot December day in Aceh province of Indonesia in 2004. The Christians were making their appeal before the Muslim authorities for Christmas Day to be celebrated in the city.

"This is now the fourth time we've made our appeal! Why do you refuse to consider us?" said the church leader to the city official.

"Because this is a city of Allah under the hand of Muhammad! We will no longer grant your appeals for this request. If you want to celebrate your Christmas, then you'll have to do so outside the city! Your celebrations are not tolerated here!"

With that, the meeting ended, and the Christian group was forced out from before the council.

"We have no choice. We have to gather in the mountains," the leader said to the congregation.

The city of Meulaboh in Aceh province of North Sumatera sat near a mountainous terrain. While the city itself was on the flats next to the Indian Ocean, the city officials designated an area for Christians in the mountains far away from the city for them to practice and celebrate the Christian faith. As inconvenient as it was, the believers weren't shaken by it. They determined to make Christmas a joyous event for every member. Each family agreed to come to the event, feeling compelled by the Holy Spirit to celebrate that day together as one family in Christ.

No one was bothered during the celebration. They enjoyed being together quietly in the wilderness, away from the persecuting hands of the Muslims. They were often treated horribly for their faith. But now God granted them an opportunity to seek Him in peace, and this brought them great joy. The event lasted until late in the night, so every family decided to sleep in the mountains together.

Very early in the morning on December 26, 2004, they were awakened by a tremendous earthquake. The area was prone to earthquakes, but this was the largest that any of them had ever experienced. The Christians continued to stay

in the mountains while they watched the city over the edge of the hills. Shortly after the event, a massive tsunami swept away the entire city, killing a majority of the inhabitants.

But because of their persecution, they were forced up into the mountains where the tsunami couldn't touch them. All 400 Christians from the city were spared; not a soul of them was lost. But the Muslims experienced great casualties.

Some of the Muslims who were rescued from the disaster even said, "The God of the Christians has punished us because we have been rude and not kind to them." Others were astonished and said, "Why did so many of our people die but none of the Christians died?"

The Lord spared those who put their trust in Him because He knew what He would do on that fateful day.

Because I Have a Use for It

David was back in America at his headquarters for international relief. His crew had just finished loading the 40-foot shipping container with relief supplies and a little over 5,000 vaccines.

He had everything planned out. The container was going to a particular country in Africa, and its recipients were waiting for it. Just before calling the semi to haul it away, he prayed over it, as was his custom.

“Lord, I just ask that you’d bless this container to those who’ll receive it. I pray that it would reach the hands of those whom you want to have it. I ask that your perfect will would guide it and that your protective hand would be upon it that Your children may have what they need.”

In Africa, relief containers are often stolen by the governing authorities. This is almost never publicized as the non-profits who send aid there fear losing the much needed donations. If people knew this fact, they wouldn’t want to send anything more. So Dave would pray for God’s protection over the container’s goods. God always did protect, without fail.

Dave was about to call the semi. He had his phone in hand when the call came. Not a phone call but a call from God. The Lord spoke to his heart.

“Do you really want My will to be done with this container?”

“Yes, Lord,” David answered.

“Then do not send it to Africa. Send it to Sri Lanka.”

This made no sense to him as he had absolutely no ties with that country.

“God, why do you want me to send it there?” he asked.

“Because I have a use for it.”

David decided to obey the Lord and called a particular port somewhere between India and Sri Lanka. He was able to get ahold of an official there who agreed to hold the container for an unspecified amount of time until it would be sent where needed. The official kindly agreed to watch after the container and keep it guarded.

Several months had gone by, and God hadn’t said anything. Dave’s ministry sends relief containers constantly throughout the year, but this one really stuck

out in his mind. He had begun questioning whether he heard rightly from the Lord or not. A long time had passed, and it seemed that no one had a use for the vaccines in the container. It almost seemed like a waste. He considered bringing it back up to Africa, but then the Lord spoke.

“Leave the container; don’t move it.”

Now, without a doubt, Dave knew he heard God. So he left it alone even though it didn’t make any sense to him.

December had now come. It was a beautiful tropical day in Sri Lanka when it happened. It was a 9.3 earthquake. After shaking for a good period of time, the epicenter threw out a massive tsunami headed directly for Sri Lanka and India. The devastation was horrible, and news of it came to Dave.

Now not only was he concerned for the great loss of human life, but he considered the well-being of the container that could help the survivors.

The day after the tsunami, he received a phone call. It was the official who was watching over his container. It survived the tsunami, and now there were about 5,000 Christian missionaries on the border waiting to enter to share the gospel and relieve the suffering among the survivors. The problem was that an epidemic of a particular disease could break out from all the sitting water. The missionaries by law were not allowed to enter the border unless they were vaccinated. But the vaccine they needed was the EXACT vaccine that the Lord told Dave to send months prior to the disaster. The container was also stationed in the exact port that the 5,000 missionaries were waiting to enter at. God set up the perfect circumstances, and now Sri Lanka and India could receive the Gospel message and the aid they needed immediately. All the vaccines were used, and every single missionary was able to enter.

The Miracle Girls

Darren was at work when he got the call. His wife had been sick, and she was pregnant with twins. Their due date was late September, but his wife had gone into labor two and a half months too early.

“Are they going to make it?” Darren asked the doctor.

“We have had babies born this early before. I can’t guarantee anything, but with a lot of medical attention, they can survive.”

Darren started crying.

“I’m sure…” the doctor started. “I’m sure that God has a plan for this and these will be your miracle girls,” he said, trying to comfort him.

Before long, his twin girls had grown and survived after the extremely premature birth. He finished out his six weeks of paternal leave and was now back on the job.

“Darren!” said Julie, Darren’s wife.

“What?! I’m running late for work!”

“Honey, you need to get me those diapers for the girls. They’re completely gone, and I need to change them both now.”

“I can’t; I don’t have time! I’m going to be late!”

“How can you expect me to walk several miles to the store with these two girls?!” said his now angry wife.

Darren sighed. He knew he was going to get written up for being this late. Not only was he 15 minutes late, but now he needed to make the trek through the New York City traffic down to the local grocer, wait in line forever, then come back. It was going to take at least 45 minutes. He was going to be more than an hour late.

“Fine. I’ll do it. I hope I don’t lose my job,” he said. Then he hurried out the door.

After helping his wife take care of his twin girls, he bolted off to work. He couldn’t get ahold of his supervisor to let him know he was going to be late. No one was answering the phones. It was very strange. The office was always full at this time.

But without a second thought, he sped off to work. But when he got closer to work, traffic was stopped. Here he was in the middle of lower Manhattan, and everyone was parked on the street, standing outside their vehicles. They were looking up in awe at the smoke.

Darren decided to walk around the corner, and then he saw it. The World Trade Center had been hit by a passenger jet. He sat in awe as he realized that the impact site was exactly where his office was. Had he been on time, and if God hadn't hindered him, he would have died.

Had his girls been born on time, he would have been sitting at his desk when the plane hit. But because his girls were early, he was late. God used Darren's horrible trial to save his life. His little twin miracle girls saved him from the 9/11 tragedy.

Saved by the Birth

Megan was pregnant. Her husband had a medical condition that kept him from working, and money was tight. She needed the money badly, but her job was horrible.

She worked in a stressful call center environment and was constantly persecuted for her faith. Her coworkers hated her quiet and gentle spirit. They especially couldn't stand her amazing marriage. Every break, Megan would call her husband.

Rather than sitting and talking idly with the girls at work, she chose to seek the Lord and talk with her man. But her coworkers hated it. They were fed up with her goody two shoes Christianity, and they wanted her out. For months they sought to get her fired, all while Megan waited for God to save her.

Each passing day at that job was worse than the day prior. It seemed like torture.

"God, why won't you save me? I've been waiting so long and suffering horribly. I need this job. Please, God, provide something better," she prayed.

But little did she know that her trial would end that day.

She was sitting on the recliner fellowshipping with her husband.

"Don't worry, hon; the Lord will take care of us. He always has, and His timing is always perfect," he said to comfort her.

He turned on the radio and sat next to her so they could worship the Lord together. After a few songs, she felt very refreshed. Then they prayed.

"Lord, we're waiting for your timing. When will you save me from this horrible job?"

As soon as they finished praying, the Lincoln Brewster song came on the radio:

"Today is the day that He has made, I will rejoice and be glad in it. I won't worry about tomorrow. I'm giving you all my fears and sorrows, and I'm trusting in what you say! Today is the day!"

Immediately she went into labor and had the baby. Upon finishing her six weeks, she was transferred to a higher position with her own office away from that department. God saved her!

Always Listen to the Still, Small Voice

It was a stormy day. Greg was stuck inside and bored out of his mind. He wanted something to do, but rather than pursuing the Lord, he chose to play his games—until God demanded his attention.

“Mom!” said 16-year-old Greg. “Can I use your computer? Mine’s not working.”

“Sure, but leave my document up. I need to get that invoice out!” his mother said.

She ran a business out of her home, and her office was in the basement. She had installed a few games for her leisure when the stress of her work would get to her.

Greg sat down happily at the computer. He finally found something to do. He was quickly getting sucked into the game and wasn’t aware of his surroundings. Little did he realize that the storm outside was raging and water had come into the basement.

“Move your foot,” said a voice.

Greg shook his head. He thought he was hearing things.

“I said move your foot!”

Greg looked down at his feet; one was sitting in a puddle of water that had collected from the storm.

“I’m not going to hold this back much longer. Move your foot.”

Greg wasn’t sure if it was God, but at the last moment, he decided to listen. As soon as he picked up his foot, a lightning bolt struck the house and came down to the electrical and into the puddle where his foot was.

He was very distracted in idleness with his videogame. Had he not listened to God’s still, small voice, he would’ve died. Idleness keeps us from hearing the Lord’s voice. It makes us question whether God is speaking. We must listen to God always. If we aren’t listening, we won’t always know when his words are a life or death situation. Remember that the word of God is always life. So if you listen to it, it will always bring you life and save you. Beloved brethren, abstain from an idle mind, and meditate on the Holy Spirit that you may obey Him.

God Knows When

It was Friday after class. Mr. Johnson had been sick lately. He was pale and running a fever and couldn't stop coughing. He was ignoring God and trusting his family doctor. Because he wasn't listening, God informed others. Had he not ignored the Lord, things would have turned out differently for him.

Michael was late that morning, and Mr. Johnson wanted to talk to him after class. Michael didn't pay attention all morning and wasn't acting like himself. Something appeared to be bothering him.

"Michael, what's your issue today, and how come you're never on time?" inquired a demanding Mr. Johnson.

"I don't know."

"Why haven't you been paying attention? What's wrong with you?"

"I don't know…I'm about worried about your health, I guess."

Mr. Johnson laughed.

"Since when were you so concerned about me?"

"I feel like I'm supposed to tell you that you need to see the doctor," Michael replied.

"Michael. I've already seen the doctor, and he says I'll be fine."

"I just feel like I'm supposed to tell you that there is something wrong with your lungs."

"Of course I have something wrong with my lungs!" Mr. Johnson said with a smirk. "I have whooping cough! I'll be fine, Michael; stop your worrying."

"Have you considered seeing a different doctor?" Michael continued.

"Why should I? Mine is educated enough."

"I just don't want you to die."

Mr. Johnson let out a hearty laugh.

"Okay, Michael, I'll see you on Monday."

Then Michael heard a spiritual voice say to him, "I doubt it. He's going to die."

Michael was late for class again Monday morning. He always was. He sat down just after the bell rang. But Mr. Johnson was nowhere in sight. The class sat there for about 10 minutes with no sign of the teacher. Then someone came in from the office.

“We have terrible news about Mr. Johnson. He passed away on Saturday after his lungs collapsed.”

Apparently, Mr. Johnson had a blood clot forming in both lungs from all the coughing he was doing. God tried to warn him through Michael, but he didn’t listen.

The Lord knows our time and how long each of us will be on this earth. We need to be circumspect to the voice of God around us, whether through His Spirit inwardly or through a brother or sister in the Lord. Each of us must discern God’s voice that we can understand His will and live according to it. He has appointed our days, and if we listen to him, we will always find deliverance from the harshest of circumstances. If we obey the Lord, whether we live or die, we know that we have a living hope in Jesus.

Shall I Not Cause Delivery?

Beth was pregnant and struggling with homelessness. She came from a very small town, and the shelter was full. Her husband managed to land a job. Eventually they were able afford a few nights in the hotel. But it wouldn't last for long, as they didn't have very much money. They were afraid they were going to have a baby with nowhere to live.

"How will we take care of a newborn living out of a car?" Beth asked her husband.

"We won't. God will do something, and He'll save us. You'll see!"

It had now been three months since they lost their home. Every day seemed like an eternity as they waited for God to save them.

"God, please! Deliver us from our homelessness," her husband started praying. "Lord, we have nowhere to live, and soon we're going to have the baby!"

Then the Lord cut him off in midsentence and spoke to him regarding the baby. "Isn't it wonderful?!" God said joyfully.

"What's so wonderful about having a baby when you're living out of your car?" her husband thought.

It was several weeks before the baby would be born. Beth and her husband held hands on the hotel bed. She was grateful she didn't have to sleep in the car.

"Lord, please, if You're willing, from this time forward, will You always give us a bed? Please have mercy and give me a home for my baby." After praying, she and her husband went to sleep.

Very early the next morning she was awakened by pain in her abdomen. She was very uncomfortable and had a hard time sleeping. After trying to resituate her big belly, her pain grew worse.

"What's wrong?" said her very groggy husband.

"I'm in pain, and I think I have to pee."

After she used the restroom, the water wouldn't stop coming out.

"What's wrong with me?" she asked her husband with deep concern.

"I think you broke your water."

Beth was terrified. They were still homeless, and now she was having a baby. She was terrified of what would happen.

“Isn’t it illegal to live in a car with a baby? Won’t social services take our child away? What are we going to do?” she said in horror to her husband.

“I don’t know,” he said with fear, “but God knows.”

She sat down to open her Bible for encouragement and prayed.

“Lord, please speak to me through Your word. Please talk to me and encourage me. Am I going to be stuck like this? When am I going to get out of this? Is my baby going to live in a car? Please save my family!”

Then she opened up her Bible at random. The first verse her eyes met was Isaiah 66:9, which says,

“‘Shall I bring to the time of birth, and not cause delivery?’ says the LORD. ‘Shall I who cause delivery shut up the womb?’ says your God.”

After reading that, she felt the Spirit of God. She was rushed immediately to the hospital. After having the child, social services was called. Beth was terrified, thinking that they would take her baby away. But instead, the government managed to move her ahead of the 19 families at a homeless shelter about 45 miles away. So rather than being on a waiting list, she was able to have a home.

God used the delivery of her baby to deliver her from her trial. Indeed, He made it very wonderful as He said He would.

Daddy, Don’t Go

Ricky was getting off his recliner when the trouble began.

“Please, Daddy, don’t go outside!” his four-year-old daughter begged.

“I’m just taking the trash out; I’ll be fine.”

Things seemed rather quiet outside. It was an unusually still night. Ricky walked over to the window to feel the fresh Puerto Rican sea breeze. It was a beautiful night in San Juan, and all seemed calm.

Ricky turned around to grab his shoes, but his daughter snatched one and ran away with it.

“Zoe! Come back here with that right now!”

“NO DADDY! DON’T GO OUTSIDE!” she started yelling. Ricky caught his daughter and pried his shoe from her hands.

“What has gotten into you, little girl?!” he said, rather heated now.

He sat back down in a rage to put his shoes on, but she crawled on his lap.

“Zoe! Do you want a spank?!”

“No, Daddy,” she said as she crawled off his lap.

“I’m taking the garbage out, and I’ll be right back. I’m not going anywhere, I promise.”

“Daddy, don’t go,” Zoe whispered with hysterical eyes.

“Why? Why shouldn’t I go?”

“Because I don’t want you to die.”

Ricky laughed. “It’s okay, Zoe; it’s just the garbage.”

“But I don’t think God wants you to take it out,” she argued.

Ricky was getting tired of her little game. “Since when do you know what God wants for me? You sit down on that couch, and don’t you get off!”

She sat down and put her hands in her lap. She gave her daddy a very sad look as he walked out the door. He lived in a two-story apartment building. A hallway leading to downstairs was always a little chilled because the walls were made of

cement.

Just as he was about to descend the stairs, his daughter came running out and clung to his heels.

“Daddy, please don’t go! I said don’t go!” insisted the girl hysterically.

Ricky had garbage in both hands and couldn’t pry her off his leg. So he threw the garbage to the side and bent down to spank her, but just then a car came pealing around the corner.

The man was driving in a rage, and all the passengers were screaming out cuss words at Ricky’s building. The vehicle stopped, and the men pulled out their automatic weapons and destroyed the apartment beneath his house. The garbage can Ricky was walking to was in front of the apartment they had just shot up. Had his little girl not clung to his heels, he would be dead. But God used his four-year-old to save his life.

God’s Beautiful Foreknowledge

Jenny prayed that morning that God would help her understand the concept of predestination and His foreknowledge. She wanted to see the evidence of it in her life.

Later that day she decided to donate her children’s clothes.

“I wish I had a girl,” she said to her husband.

“God gives us what he gives us!” he replied.

“I know. But after three boys, I’d sure like a girl. Maybe we’ll have one next time!” Her heart was set on it. She had three boys, and the next one just had to be a girl. Jenny looked at her husband with a smile as she put the finishing touches on the box.

“I really am going to miss these baby blue newborn onesies.”

She held her youngest son’s blue onesie as if reminiscing. Then with a sigh, she packed it away along with the others.

“Maybe you’re right!” her husband said. “Maybe we will have a girl. Besides, I think she’d look cute with little pink bows in her curly hair,” he said, daydreaming with his bride.

“I’d like it. I want someone to share girly things with,” Jenny replied.

“We’ll have her next! She’ll be just as pretty as her mommy!” he said, flirting a little with his wife.

He packed the last box in the van then piled the family in the vehicle. At the donation counter, Jenny’s husband felt resisted by God.

“Jenny, I don’t think God wants us to donate these baby clothes.”

“Why? We have no need of them! Are you sure you’re hearing God?”

“Yes! He is very adamant that we need to keep these,” he replied.

“Well, maybe there’s another family that we can give these to, and God wants them to have it,” Jenny suggested. “I’m kind of glad that I can keep these memories a little while longer,” she continued.

A few months went by, and that family Jenny was waiting for never came. Then after five full months, she became pregnant. It was a boy! AGAIN!

God knew months in advance that Jenny would have another boy. Those clothes suited her young child well and saved her family money. But most importantly, it was an answer to her prayer. God showed her husband months in advance that they were in fact going to get pregnant and have another boy—even though they were certain the next one would be a girl. It was a true reminder of God's perfect foreknowledge that even before the child was made, God knew its gender.

Tested but Blessed

Tom and Kelly had been struggling financially for some time. They had a baby boy and no way to provide for him or themselves. The bills kept coming in, but neither of them could find employment. Yet somehow God still worked it all out for them.

“Lord, please encourage us,” Tom started praying. “Please show us that You’re taking care of us and will work this all together for good.”

They had been struggling and hadn’t seen the Lord’s hand working in a long time.

It was lunchtime, and Kelly didn’t have what they needed for dinner.

“Honey, we need to go to the store!”

“With what money?!” her husband shot back.

“We have a few dollars in that old jar, and we need to eat.”

“That’s all the money that’s left! After that, we won’t have any!”

It was going to be their last meal for a very long time—not until they could find help. But they needed lunch now, so they headed out to the store.

While they were there, they grabbed a couple necessities. They prayed that God would provide, but the price was too high. They were embarrassed at the register when they were $20 over and needed to take the humiliating trek back to the shelves.

“God will take care of us,” Tom said to Kelly.

“Why can’t I see any evidence of it now?” Kelly said, weeping.

As they were putting the single, half-empty bag of groceries in their car, an old woman came up behind them.

“I think you need this right now,” said the old lady as she stuffed a $20 bill in Tom’s hand. It was exactly what he needed for the groceries!

But they still had a deep need, and there seemed to be no way out. As they were walking back to their house, an old man in very beat up clothes stopped them. “Please help me!” said the sick old man. “I don’t have anything to eat. I’m starving!” His bones were sticking out everywhere, and he had no socks. “I don’t

have a home or any money for socks," he continued.

Kelly and Tom were heartbroken for the man. They considered what they should do and prayed. Then the Lord answered, "Give him the $20."

"But, Lord, then I won't have any food!" Tom argued.

"Didn't I say in my Word not to withhold from those who ask of you? His need is greater than yours. Only have faith."

So Tom did as the Lord told him. Then he and his wife went home sullen. They sat on the couch together crying.

"God, please provide us with food. I don't have anything! That man took my last dollar! Let me go hungry but not my wife and baby!" Tom said, weeping with his wife on the couch.

Right after he finished praying, the phone rang. It was social services. They had rejected them earlier for food stamps but realized it was a clerical error. God required Tom and Kelly to trust Him with their last dollar then after giving away that $20 in obedience to the Lord, He gave them $560 dollars a month in food stamps. God provided for his wife and baby! Then very soon after that, Tom landed a factory job, and the Lord restored them.

With Doors Wide Open

Chuck had been driving a tractor trailer for nearly 15 years. He'd seen everything on the road but somehow missed God.

Chuck invited Tim for a ride along. He was hauling a load from Michigan to Missouri.

"I don't know how you can't believe in God!" Tim said to Chuck.

"How can I believe? I've never seen any evidence of Him my entire life," Chuck replied.

"That's impossible!" insisted Tim. "I bet you have seen Him, but you've just blinded yourself to it. How old are you now, Chuck?"

"Thirty-five."

"You can't tell me that in thirty-five years of life you've never even seen a miracle."

"Nope, I haven't."

"I bet you have, and you just need God to send you somebody to point one out to you," Tim said, teasing Chuck.

As the two of them were arguing, Chuck rounded a corner then made his way up a steep slope.

"I have never seen any evidence of God, and I have never seen a miracle, because there is no God," Chuck said with confidence.

Then Chuck started the steep decent on the other side of the hill. Looking up, the two of them saw a horrible accident just a football field ahead of them. Two vehicles pulled over to help the victims, one on the left and one on the right. There was only a single car width between the two cars, and to make matters worse, they had their doors wide open. Chuck was going over 70 miles an hour and had no way of stopping. They were going to hit the cars or tear their doors off.

"GOD, SAVE US!" screamed Tim while Chuck just screamed.

Then the truck slipped right through the two cars, but even with the doors wide open, somehow by a miracle they never touched the vehicles on either side. God answered Tim's cry for help!

Chuck pulled over the semi and stood there dismayed. It was impossible. The doors were wide open and should have ripped off, but not any of the three vehicles had a scratch. It didn't make any sense to him!

Then Tim looked at Chuck and smiled, "Do you believe in God now?"

Cheat Me Not

Ever since Holly had received Jesus, her marriage had gone downhill. Matt couldn't stand her or her religion.

A couple years ago Matt took up a new job as a business executive. It was a great opportunity, but it meant that he'd be on the road a lot. Holly didn't like it. He seemed distanced from her already, and the time away only seemed to make matters worse. Whenever he came home, he wasn't excited to see her anymore. In fact, he stopped announcing that he was home. She'd find him in his bed or the kitchen sometimes hours after he arrived. His stonewall attitude led her to believe that he could have been cheating.

It was 10:30 in the morning when Matt got the call. He had an emergency meeting with a client in Texas by 4 p.m. that night. He was scheduled to be there settling negotiations for a week. The plane was prepared, and he had to leave immediately. His wife dropped him off then returned home.

The meetings were going poorly for the first two days. Matt was stressed and needed some comfort. He was lying on the bed when he heard the voice at the motel door.

"Matt, how come you didn't drop by?" said the woman.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Tracy! I've been dealing with this stupid client. It's really been stressing me out!"

"Sounds like you need someone to help loosen you up," Tracy said with a flirty smile and longing eyes.

She slipped inside, closed the door behind her, then laid down next to him.

"I've been really lonely for you," she said, stroking her finger on his chest with seductive eyes. Haven't you missed me?" Tracy inquired with a cute pouty lip.

"Terribly!" Matt said with excitement.

The two laid together carnally, and afterward they held each other for a long time. After a while, Tracy looked deep into Matt's eyes. "Honey, I have a few things I need to take care of; I'll be back later tonight. Okay, babe?"

"All right, hon. I'm looking forward to our date tonight!" he said with a smile

She smiled back as she slipped out, leaving the door of the motel room open

behind her. Matt's lustful eyes followed her all the way out as he lay there on the bed.

A few minutes after she left, he put his hands behind his head and looked up at the ceiling with joy.

"Thank you, God!" he said with a big grin regarding the intimacy he had just had with Tracy.

Then God replied out loud angrily, "Don't thank me! I'll show you whom you should thank!"

Immediately, the front door slammed shut and bolted itself of its own accord. Matt suddenly felt pinned down onto his bed by some invisible force. He felt the unseen body slowly make its way up the bed, up his legs, then up his chest as it pressed him down. The demon stared him in the eyes, and Matt could feel its breath on his face. It smelled horribly of burning sulfur. Pins and needles were running up and down his spine as he sat there in horror of the creature.

"JESUS, SAVE ME!" he cried out. Immediately, the demon leapt off him, and the door reopened of its own accord.

Matt started weeping because of his sin then as he looked up, his wife Holly was standing at the door.

"Holly!?" Matt said, quivering. "What…What are you doing here?"

"I came to tell you that we're over! I know you've been cheating on me!"

Matt fell down on his knees and sobbed uncontrollably.

"Holly, I'm so sorry! I need Jesus! I need Jesus! Please tell me how I can get Him!"

Holly considered leaving but decided to sit down on the bed. Then she witnessed to her husband, and he received Jesus as his Savior on the spot. He confessed everything to her and begged her not to leave him. She decided to forgive him, and Matt quit his job and immediately started a new life in Christ.

The Forgotten Shoes

Todd and Carol were struggling to provide for their children. They were suffering for a long time, but they constantly experienced the hand of God providing for them. They were praying for the Lord's hand to protect them and begging Him for encouragement. Little did they realize all that God was doing to protect them—until one particular afternoon.

It was an early afternoon. The kids were hungry, and Carol was too busy to cook lunch.

"Todd honey, can we feed the kids some McDonalds for lunch?" said Carol from another room.

"With what money?" Todd yelled so she could hear him.

"With the $30 God gave us."

They were struggling financially, but God continued to bless them and provide. When their children needed clothes, God would bless them through another family. Their one-year-old son, James, had needed shoes for a long time then God gave them a $25 pair of very stylish infant shoes.

After eating at the restaurant, they were in a hurry to get home. But they didn't get much more than a few blocks when God grabbed hold of Todd.

"Go back to the restaurant," the Lord said clearly to Todd.

"Carol honey, I think God is telling me to go back to the restaurant."

"We can't go back. I have so many things to do!"

"But when the Lord speaks, should we ignore Him?"

"No…"

Todd felt compelled. He felt the Spirit tell him to pull over on the side of the road then get out of his car.

"Where are you going?!" said Carol, now thinking her husband was acting weird.

"I don't know. God is telling me to get out of the car and stand over there."

Then Carol noticed it.

“TODD! It’s James’ shoes! They’re in the street!” Carol was pointing frantically next to where Todd was standing. Cars were passing by, narrowly missing the shoes every time.

“Hurry, Todd!” she screamed “A car is gonna run them over!”

He darted across the lanes and found them in time. They were too poor to afford another pair of shoes of that quality, and God just gave that pair to them. Todd didn’t realize that he had put the shoes on top of the car when he strapped James in his car seat. But God knew and made him turn around to get them. They were praying for encouragement, and God showed them that He was looking out for them even in the little things of life.

Greater Is the Name of Jesus

Chris woke up in a sweat. He had a horrible dream that night that a tornado killed his family. He watched as his children were ripped from his arms one by one. It seemed so real that he couldn't stop thinking about it all day. But everything seemed to be going fine until his dream started to come true.

He was driving with his wife and kids from Denver, Colorado, to Kansas City when the storm rolled in. God called Chris to preach at a particular place in Kansas City, so he obeyed even though the weather didn't approve

"Those clouds don't look good," Kaitlyn, his wife, said while observing the sky.

There was a massive, towering black cloud in the distance, and they were about to drive straight into it.

Chris started praying, "Lord, I know you called me to go to Kansas. I pray your hand would be with me and that you'd protect me the whole way there."

They were on the border of Colorado and Kansas on Highway 70 when the rain started. The torrent quickly made all hopes of travel vain. The roads were so saturated with water that every vehicle was hydroplaning.

"God, please protect me! Make my tires cling to the road in the name of Jesus!" Chris cried out as his vehicle was veering out of control.

Suddenly the lane he was driving in was bone dry, while the other lane next to him was wet. Every time he changed lanes, the lane he was in was dry and his tires clung to the road.

"Thank you, Lord!" said a relieved Chris, but he wasn't out of danger yet.

After a few minutes, Kaitlyn let out a scream. Then Chris saw it. A tornado was in the field, and it was heading their way. The images of his dream came back to him.

Kaitlyn was frantic. "Chris, what are we going to do?"

"God made the road dry, so I trust He'll protect us again," Chris said. Then he had faith, and he felt the Holy Spirit come upon him. Looking at the tornado, he said, "I command you in the name of Jesus to dissipate and leave!"

Immediately the tornado dissipated and vanished. Greater is the name of Jesus than any force on earth.

Conceived by Surrender

Tiffany was devastated. She was trying to get pregnant with her husband for an exceedingly long time but couldn't no matter how hard she tried. She did everything the doctors said, but nothing was working—until she came to the Lord in prayer.

"Lord, I commit my womb to you. Please give me a child. I'm sorry that I never asked You what Your will was or even cared. I'm sorry that I haven't surrendered this to You. God, if You are willing to give me a baby, I surrender it to You. This child will be Your child. As Hannah gave Samuel to You, so I give You this baby and every child you would give me."

Tiffany got pregnant that week. Then over the next six years of her marriage, she had four more children. God opened her womb and poured children on her like a waterfall! Now, if all of us would surrender our children to the Lord that God would love them and raise them through us for their salvation.

Arachnophobia

Mitchel was praying for a miracle. It wasn't that he needed one, but he wanted to be encouraged by the hand of God. He prayed for an opportunity to see God's miraculous healing, but he never thought he'd be the one who ended up needing it.

Mitchel was tight on money. He lost his job and his insurance and could hardly afford gas.

He was sitting on the sofa when he felt a tiny prick on his middle toe.

"OUCH!" Mitchel screamed, startling his wife.

"What's wrong with you?" said Lori, his wife.

"Feels like I got bit by something!"

Mitchel looked down and saw the brown recluse spider skitter away. The next day his toe swelled up as big around as a quarter.

"Lord, please have mercy on me! I can't afford to see a doctor. Please heal me!" He looked down at his toe, and it was swollen like a fifty cent piece. Still, he didn't go to the doctor, because he had no money.

Then on the third day his swelling went down, and by the third night he was healed. God had encouraged him like he had prayed. But after that, he stopped praying to see someone get healed if no one was sick.

Seeing the Light

Megan was discouraged. For several days, it had been dark, cloudy, and dismal. But all that changed in an instant.

She was going through a hard time in life and needed some encouragement.

“Lord, I know this may be a silly request, but it’s been cloudy for a week, and the weather says it will be cloudy for several more days. I need Your encouragement. Nothing has been working out for me, and my own family is persecuting me. Please remind me that You love me. If You’re willing, will You part the clouds today sometime that I can be encouraged? Will You remind me that You’re with me? I believe You can do this if You’re willing!”

Immediately after praying, the clouds parted in half like a garment being unzipped. After an hour, there wasn’t a single cloud in sight.

Have Faith and Do Not Doubt

Jenny was angry. That darn tree in her yard kept growing branches that overtook her driveway. She didn't have a way to cut it down, being three feet around at the trunk, and didn't have any money to hire a removal service. But all that changed when she remembered the word of God.

She was reading her Bible in her living room when she came across the scripture:

"Now in the morning, as He returned to the city, He was hungry. And seeing a fig tree by the road, He came to it and found nothing on it but leaves, and said to it, 'Let no fruit grow on you ever again.' Immediately the fig tree withered away. And when the disciples saw it, they marveled, saying, 'How did the fig tree wither away so soon?' So Jesus answered and said to them, 'Assuredly, I say to you, if you have faith and do not doubt, you will not only do what was done to the fig tree, but also if you say to this mountain, "Be removed and be cast into the sea," it will be done. And whatever things you ask in prayer, believing, you will receive.'" (Matthew 21:18–22, NKJV)

Jenny thought about this for a while. Then she looked out the window. "God, maybe if you're willing, move that out of the way of my driveway. I'm sorry that I never thought to ask You for help."

Then she felt the boldness of the Holy Spirit come upon her, and in front of several witnesses, she said to the tree, "I command you in the name of Jesus to move out of the way of my driveway!" She sat there for a minute, but nothing happened. One person even teased her. But then the next day when she woke up, much to everyone's surprise, the tree fell down in the opposite direction of the driveway! There was nothing wrong with it; it was a strong, three-foot-wide tree. A majority of the weight was hanging over the driveway, but by a miracle, it uprooted and tipped out of the way against gravity.

I’d Love To Hear From You

As an author I regard the feedback of my readers highly. When considering a book many people weigh reviews in the balance.

If you enjoyed this book please consider helping others make an informed decision. Leaving a review can help spread the message of the gospel, increase other’s faith through these books, and would be a great way to support this ministry for free!

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About The Author

Adam is a preacher, teacher and Christian author. He is a devoted husband and father of 3 boys. Through his travels he’s seen the need for a new awakening and a new revival: A revival of the heart. Come join Adam on this journey of redemption and experience God like never before!

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