

[Lord, Send the Angels](#) (A prayer)

All I can do is pray. Ever feel like that? I do, often. That's the way I felt the day of the big crash on the curve near my home. Car wrecks there had become common. I'd prayed for crying passengers and tended cuts, bruises and called police.

This time the sound shook the kitchen, and I went running. A car load of high school students on their way home—the long way. A young driver, trying out his mom's new car failed to negotiate the curve. He over-corrected himself on the wet pavement and slammed into a tree.

The young driver wandered around the road, dazed. Five girls screamed in pain, jammed into the car. Back to the phone I ran, called 911, called the church prayer chain. "**Lord, send the angels,**" I cried as I ran.

Cars had stopped. Someone helped one of the girls out of the vehicle. A lady comforted the crying girls. Another prayed for the one behind the driver who seemed hurt worst. Moments seemed like hours as we awaited the ambulances. Since others were around the car, I stood back and prayed. I prayed for their lives and for their salvation. And I kept praying, "Lord, send the angels."

Days passed before I realized the Lord had answered my cry. Angels had come in the form of people—those who prayed with and comforted the girls, those who brought blankets, and eventually the emergency medical people. Not enough could be done, though, and one girl died, a Christian.

Shaken by the tragedy, I took around a petition for neighbors to sign asking the roads department to lower the speed limit, put in a speed bump, give better warning. I asked the high school to limit students driving to school. Not much happened, though the roads department did put up an arrow, indicating the curve in the road. I'd done everything I could. Disappointment set in. What else could I do?

A girl lost her life. A family mourned. I didn't want it ever to happen again. So this time I prayed, "Lord, send an angel. Station him on that curve. Prevent further accidents there."

And, you know, that was many years ago, and there hasn't been a serious accident there since, to my knowledge.

Praying brings the best results of anything I can do.

A Prayer by Howard Grose

O Thou who art the Way, the Truth, and the Life,
We lift our hearts to Thee.

Guide us in the Way this day,
Enlighten us with the Truth,
And grant us the more abundant Life
Which Thou alone canst give.

This we ask,

Not that we may selfishly get good
Or glory for ourselves,
But that we may do good unto others
And so glorify Thy name.



**LINDEN LODGE
WORSHIP SERVICE**

July 18, 2010

9:30 a.m. – 10:30 a.m.

Linden Lodge Worship Service

July 18, 2010

Thought for the Week:

Prayer moves the Hand which moves the world.

(John A Wallace)

Key Verse: "This is how you should pray..."

Matthew 6: 9a

Opening and Prayer: Robert

Songs:

Have Thine Own Way, Lord 374

Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah 89

Scripture Reading:

Matthew 6: 5-13

Psalms 138

Message : Allan Andres: *The Lord's Prayer*

Closing Hymn: Channels Only

Benediction: Hardy

Postlude: Jean Thiessen

Read the following story that was sent to me and may it change the way that you may think about prayer and also the way you pray. You will be blessed by this one. It is said that a missionary on furlough told this true story while visiting his home church in Michigan.

Upon arrival in the city, I observed two men fighting, one of whom had been seriously injured. I treated him for his injuries and at the same time talked to him about the Lord Jesus Christ. I then traveled two days, camping overnight, and arrived home without incident. Two weeks later I repeated my journey. Upon arriving in the city, I was approached by the

young man I had treated.

He told me that he had known I carried money and medicines. He said, "Some friends and I followed you into the jungle, knowing you would camp overnight. We planned to kill you and take your money and drugs. But, just as we were about to move into your camp, we saw that you were surrounded by 26 armed guards."

At this I laughed and said that I was certainly all alone out in that jungle campsite. The young man pressed the point, however, and said "No sir, I was not the only person to see the guards. My five friends also saw them and we all counted them. It was because of those guards that we were afraid and left you alone."

At this point in the sermon, one of the men in the congregation jumped to his feet and interrupted the missionary and asked if he could tell him the exact day that this happened. The missionary told the congregation the date, and the man who interrupted told him this story:

"On the night of your incident in Africa, it was morning here and I was preparing to go play golf. I was about to putt when I felt the urge to pray for you. In fact, the urging of the Lord was so strong, I called men in this church to meet with me here in the sanctuary to pray for you. Would all of those men who met with me on that day stand up?"

The men who had met together to pray that day stood up. The missionary wasn't concerned with who they were - he was too busy counting how many men he saw. There were 26.

This story is an incredible example of how the Spirit of the Lord moves in mysterious ways. If you ever hear such prodding, go along with it.

--- Author Unknown --- Sent in by Patricia T. Love ---
California