

Serving God, Serving You . . . A Priority of Love

My Mother's "God Answered Prayer..."

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Donor Relations



I just hung up the phone after having an interesting conversation with a dear friend of World Radio, and I must share this story with you! I took a moment to call Ann to find out how her husband was doing since he has Alzheimer's disease and she had asked me to pray for them.

In our conversation about prayer,

she mentioned that at nine years of age she heard her mother pray, "Father, please take me home." It scared her so badly that she couldn't breathe.

Ann knew that when her mother prayed, she got answers. So, even as a nine-year-old, Ann was not surprised when her mother died within two weeks of that prayer. While standing at her mother's grave, all she could see was the shovel throwing the dirt on her mom's casket. Then she told God, "God, you took my mother home, so now You will have to take care of me."

Through the years, God has taken care of Ann and she is a strong Christian to this day. In the face of adversity, Ann depends totally on God because of her mother's prayer life and subsequent death. She knows that we need to share the Gospel of Christ every day in our own part of the world as well as across the globe.

It is evident in the world today that there are still many people that need to hear the Gospel; World Radio could be the answer to a mother's prayer for salvation for her family. Just as God answered this nine-year-old little girl's prayer for help, God will answer your prayers for your own personal needs.

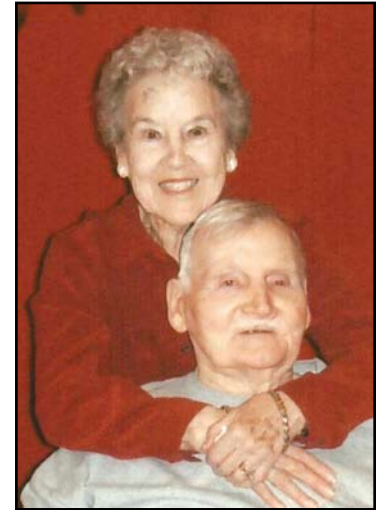
Please continue to pray for World Radio and, if you have a prayer need that you'd like to share, please feel free to contact me. I am happy to join you in prayer about your concerns and needs. It is my prayer that the Lord blesses you and uses you in His Kingdom today.

"Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, faithful in prayer." Romans 12:12

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**Ann and Bruce
Gilbreth**

Together Apart

By Mrs. Ann Gilbreth

I show him our wedding picture
Among others that abound,
But, he stares at all those strangers
And none of his kin is found.

Some days he thinks I'm his mother
Or his sister who was dear;
There can be no conversation
Nor does he know I am here.

I often wonder what he thinks
When I am sitting nearby
Struggling to keep him from knowing
That all I want is to cry.

I wonder if inside his heart
He sometimes remembers me;
I wonder too, deep in his mind,
If he prays to be set free.