

## An Answer Was Given

by Rebekah Martin



We were moving. We packed our two small children in the car and headed west. Our few worldly possessions fit in a small U-Haul trailer we were pulling behind the old '68 Chevy II clunker we owned. My husband, Joe, and I lived in Louisiana, and we were headed to Tempe, Arizona where he was going to finish his degree at ASU. July was hot, and we had no air conditioning in the car.

Like many young couples, we didn't have much money, so we drove as far as we could before being so tired it wasn't safe to drive any more. The children were fast asleep in the back seat when we pulled into a Motel 6 in El Paso to get some rest. We carried them in and put them to bed, then sank gratefully into bed ourselves and went to sleep.

Let me back up in time a little here. Back in December of the previous year, as I was reaching toward the back of the Christmas tree to take off an ornament, a dry pine needle stuck deep in the white part (sclera) of my left eye. The pain was so intense! As soon as I pulled the needle out, liquid started pouring out of my eye. I can't stress enough how much it hurt!

Joe wasn't home, but his parents lived next door, so I asked his mom to take me to the hospital. After being examined, the E.R. doctor said that nothing could be done; the eye had to heal on its own. He said that it would heal from the inside – out.

The pain was excruciating! And, day and night my eye watered. I had to keep a Kleenex in my hand to keep blotting my eye. The pain didn't let up. I was in agony and absolutely miserable. I started praying for God to heal my eye.

As the months passed, the pain finally lessened, as did the amount of fluid coming out of my eye. By the last of May, the pain was almost gone, and a small scab formed, that felt like a piece of sand in my eye. When I blinked, at first the scab would rub off, and my eye would water again until a new one formed. But, after a few weeks my eye seemed healed. I was so thankful, and gave God the glory! For most of the month of June my eye was pain-free and leak-free. The first part of July came, and we were excited about the upcoming move to Arizona.

Now...back to the night we stopped in El Paso. We were exhausted and went to sleep immediately when our heads hit the pillow. A short time later, I was awakened by *excruciating* pain in my left eye, and there was a large area on my pillow that was wet from fluid that poured out of my eye. I was so discouraged and in anguish! I couldn't

live with this pain any longer! My plan was to wake up my husband, have him take me to the emergency room, and have them remove my eye.

But before waking him up, I started praying. I cried out to the LORD God and told him I couldn't live with this pain any more! I reminded him he had promised to be with us and not to let us be tempted beyond what we could bear. I fervently prayed for him to heal my eye, weeping in anguish.

Before I even finished praying, the pain was gone and the fluid stopped pouring out of my eye! God heard my prayer and answered instantly! It reminds me of Daniel 9:23, "As soon as you began to pray, an answer was given..." It was so exciting, and exhilarating! No more pain! No more leaky eye! God's presence was palpable! I immediately woke up my husband, and told him what had happened. Praise God! We give Him glory and praise for this miraculous healing! That was thirty-five years ago, and I continue to have no more problems with that eye to this day!