The Power of Prayer

January 6, 2012, began as any other ordinary day in my dull life. I went to school as usual and mentioned “Happy Birthday” to my friend Erin. Classes that day were boring and I received homework that I would eventually do later that weekend. At lunch, I ate my usual peanut free, almond butter sandwich. The eventful portion of my day began in the evening at a youth gathering for the kids at my church.

Chad, our youth pastor, preached a short sermon and was about to close the service when Nathan asked for prayer for a personal issue. As a group, we joined together in prayer. After his request had been laid at Jesus’ feet, the floor was open to anyone that wanted prayer. A few others had requests on their hearts that we would pray for. While many others were getting their burdens lifted, I continued to labor with mine for a while longer.

My burden has always been my health. I grew up with my fair share of food allergies. My list of items that triggered symptoms was enormous. I couldn’t eat chocolate without a rash as my reaction. Peanut ingredients made me feel faint and lightheaded. MSG, Sodium Nitrate, Pork, and Sodium Nitrite gave me a terrible upset stomach. For ten years, I had carefully watched what went into my mouth, and had grown accustomed to this way of living. Reading the list of ingredients was a ritual before tasting the food in question. Even though I was able to manage with this stumbling block, I was sick of being sick. All of this came to mind when prayer was mentioned.

There was definitely a battle going on in my mind. In what seemed like forever but was really about two minutes, I struggled with making a decision. One thought was to ask for prayer and be rid of my problem. Instantly, I thought about how sick I would feel if I did eat something my body couldn’t tolerate. Back and forth these ideas went. One of the topics
that came to mind of why not to step out in faith was the reminder that in the morning and all the next day I had to attend a District Honors Choir rehearsal. I wavered between the possible outcomes until it seemed as if my fear of the unknown would be greater than the benefits of health that God could give me.

These fears of worst case scenarios almost prevented me from asking for prayer. When I told the others at the youth meeting how I felt, they all encouraged me by stating that faith is always the best mindset to have when facing this kind of difficulty. After I took this leap in faith, I was completely convinced that I was healed. After all the others that wanted prayer were done, the order of the service changed to a time of eating.

This was the time the real test was going to take place. My friend, Melody, had made a batch of brownies to share with the youth. At the beginning of the service, she had apologized that they were chocolate. Now, however, she eagerly waited for me to grab one so I could finally enjoy the deliciousness that chocolate grants the partaker. I was a little hesitant at first, thinking about whether or not this was what I really wanted. I decided to go for it.

By the time I was leaving for home, I had eaten a good number of brownies and a couple pieces of peanut butter fudge. Let me just say that all the other times of eating food paled in comparison to those first few bites of what I consider Heaven to be like. But, just because I had eaten the food didn’t mean the war was totally over.

When I arrived at home I informed my mom on the events that occurred that evening. She didn’t agree with me in my belief that I had been healed and could now eat all of the foods that I had once been denied. Mom was determined that I was still going to get sick because of the food I’d eaten. In the morning, I felt fine other than it being too early for a Saturday. I went to the rehearsal and told my friends what had happened. There was a myriad of reactions. Some of them considered it amazing and believed me. Others thought it was ridiculous or absurd. There were even some that thought I had merely outgrown the food allergies. The many different reactions unveiled the mystery of God’s power.

My life has been completely changed by this experience. One of the many benefits this has given me is the opportunity to attend camps during the summer without worrying
about food, whereas before my healing, that was a common concern. People may underestimate the power of prayer, but I can personally attest to its power to transform the ordinary to the extra-ordinary.