

# “The foreigner’s God” hears!

I was shocked as I walked into the very simple hospital room. It was overflowing with women dressed in black, crying. A pit formed in my stomach as I took in the scene and assumed that we had arrived too late.



Emma\*, a MECO worker, recalls one instance that God used her faith in Him and willingness to pray for others to demonstrate His power over life and death.

My friend’s sister had suddenly become ill and was diagnosed with a brain tumour. She was devastated and had asked me to visit. I saw Louise\*, lying motionless and white on a mattress on the floor - her breathing was very shallow. She reminded me so much of Jairus’ daughter from Luke 8, and was about the same age. The atmosphere was heavy and full of despair.

I really felt challenged to take Louise’s hand and tell her to get up just as Jesus had done. I didn’t have enough faith, so asked the brother if I could pray for her instead. As I tried to pray, every local

word seemed to fall out my head so I prayed in English. It didn’t seem to matter, the atmosphere was suddenly electric and I could sense God was there!

The next day I went to visit again and the mother met me outside in the car park and grabbed me around the neck making some kind of demand. I only knew it was positive because she was also kissing me! Once I fathomed what

*“I could sense God was there!”*

she was saying, I realised she was telling me to pray again.

As I went into the room, the customary greetings seemed to be pushed aside as I was literally grabbed and ordered to pray again.

So I did. It turned out that the previous day, 10 minutes after I had left, Louise had sat up, spoken and eaten something ... the first time for several days! The family were attributing this to “the foreigner’s God”. There was no other possible explanation!

### Miraculous recovery


I, along with others on the MECO team, promised the family that we would continue to pray for her. A few days later, Louise went to a neighbouring country and

had a brain tumour removed. The doctor reported that it was not as bad as he had feared when he had seen the original scans. She continued with treatment and over the next few months the family watched as each complication was overcome, and Louise made a full recovery and finally returned to school.

However, as is so often the case, the intensity of a situation fades and seems less pertinent over time.

The family are still thankful to God for Louise’s healing and health. Every now and again I remind them that it

*“My heart longs for them to know Jesus.”*

was through Jesus’ name she was healed. Louise’s father is an influential official just as Jairus was. My heart longs for them to come to know Jesus, “the foreigner’s God”. So, I am still praying that Jesus will complete the work He started and this family will turn to Him and be saved! I will not give up praying. Will you pray with me? 



God’s healing brings joy and a recognition of His power



\* Picture disguised and names changed for security.

**Luke 8:41-42, 51-56 (Jairus’ Daughter)**  
<sup>41</sup> Then a man named Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, came and fell at Jesus’ feet, pleading with him to come to his house <sup>42</sup> because his only daughter, a girl of about twelve, was dying.  
<sup>51</sup> When he arrived at the house of Jairus, he did not let anyone go in with him except Peter, John and James, and the child’s father and mother. <sup>52</sup> Meanwhile, all the people were wailing and mourning for her. “Stop wailing,” Jesus said. “She is not dead but asleep.”  
<sup>53</sup> They laughed at him, knowing that she was dead. <sup>54</sup> But he took her by the hand and said, “My child, get up!” <sup>55</sup> Her spirit returned, and at once she stood up. Then Jesus told them to give her something to eat. <sup>56</sup> Her parents were astonished, but he ordered them not to tell anyone what had happened.