

God's Enduring Presence

by Mon Parker

When a miracle unfolds before you, seeming to exactly answer your prayer, faith is easy. When things go sideways - well, it's harder to believe; yet no less true, that God is present.

Late one evening at Jungle School of Medicine (JSMK), a mother hurried in with her 14 month-old son who was unconscious. The story was simple: her son had had Diarrhea and she had been sold a new "miracle" medicine from a salesman peddling medicines from inside Burma. Unfortunately this medicine is not miraculous in infants and children and the result was not simple: it had effectively shut down his bowel and this in turn was poisoning his body.

Over the next three days, our team pled with God and fought hard for this little man's life. We clung to the knowledge that God never leaves us, and we had story after story to lean on where God had shown His might and power and healed. Surely this would be no different.



After two long days he woke up, a lively and clearly mischievous young man. He didn't understand why his head wouldn't stay up on its own, and why his legs wouldn't hold him. We laughed at his feeble yet persistent attempts to be independent, and took them as a sign of hope. Yet his body continued to struggle and after four days he couldn't fight the incredibly high fevers any longer. My heart wanted to break as I reluctantly and almost shamefully told his Mama that we had done all we could. I had nothing else to say. Words felt empty.

As we struggled to understand why, a second case came in, a three-year-old girl this time. She was spunky and clearly dad was her best friend. Her story was almost exactly the same as the boy we had just lost, except this time the medicine had been sold to her parents as the latest and greatest worm treatment. She too was in a bad way and I became fearful of losing another life - needlessly.



As before, it seemed that there was improvement, and then everything fell apart. Again we had pled with God and, like with our little boy, her body could not withstand the assault on it. As this reality set in, her mother and father sat in shock, weeping and rocking back and forth in grief. One tablet had caused immense sorrow. I gulped back sobs as we sat with the family.

Later, in frustration and fatigue, I demanded encouragement from God. And He delivered. It took me by surprise, as it was not related to this little girl, it was something uniquely encouraging to me. Not unlike His message to Job, He simply communicated that He is there, acting in all parts of life. He didn't address my specific complaint, but did let me know that He is in control. Throughout life there are many situations that hurt, and are 100% unfair, but, rather than there being an absence of God's presence at this time, He is there and available to cling to. He is our strength. We are not left to endure on our own.

Taken from the Global Day of Prayer for Burma 2014 Prayer Guide

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