

Power of a Praying Child

Written by Matt Wagner

Monday, 13 April 2009 09:40 - Last Updated Saturday, 21 August 2010 22:08

Driving to Port Huron to visit with my Dad for Father's Day (2007), about 3/4 of the way there, I started to feel something happening with the van. So I began to pull over. As I was already slowed down, because something felt loose in the rear not much happened to the vehicle. But the tire fell off, and the rotor in the back fell into the freeway. I looked quickly and no cars were immediately near, so I jumped into the road and tossed the rotor to the shoulder and jumped to the shoulder myself.

I was very stressed and disheartened and angry. I called my dad and he said he'd come pick us up. In the meantime, the tire had continued to roll, in the grassy knoll about 1/4 mile down the road. So I began to walk toward the tire. As I walked, one couple stopped and asked if I needed help. I didn't think there was much they could do. So I told them my dad said he'd come, but not with tools as he didn't have any in the vehicle he was driving, and I didn't have a jack or tools in mine. My dad was just going to come and take us to the restaurant. So they left.

As I walked, I was cursing under my breath, and grumbling, and complaining and just about every choice word came to mind. I carefully crossed the freeway, picked up the tire, and crossed back to the shoulder. As I carried the tire back, it dawned on me that if the tire could roll that far, it could certainly be rolled back. So I put the tire down and began to roll it.

Almost immediately after putting the tire down, I felt a change inside of me. Suddenly I wasn't complaining, grumbling, or angry. I was suddenly filled with joy. My heart felt light, and I began to sing. I walked back to the car, and double checked that everyone was ok, for my daughter and wife were with me.

About 5 minutes later, a truck pulled up. And a gentleman asked how bad it was. Which, since I had already been in the process of stopping, wasn't real bad. He looked and said the same, that merely a pin was missing. But upon looking at it, he said the pin was there. He said he didn't have his tools with him. He said that he was only a few miles from home, and that he'd go home and get the tools and return.

About 15 minutes had passed, and my dad showed up. About 10 minutes after that, the gentleman returned, with a jack, lug nuts, and tools in hand. And proceeded to repair my van at the side of the road. About 15 minutes later, the tire was on the van, and the gentleman said that I could keep the lug wrench. My dad had asked if he needed or wanted anything from us. And he continued on as he didn't hear my dad. He got in his truck and left. I got in my van and drove it to the restaurant, we ate and enjoyed each others' company.

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Later on, My wife had told me that Michaela (2 years old at this time) was very sad as I was walking away and began to cry. Then Michaela began to insist on praying for daddy. My wife kept informing her that I was okay and was just going to get the tire. But Michaela still insisted on praying. My wife said that about the same time I put the tire down was when Michaela started to pray.

I don't know the words that Michaela used, or even if the words mattered. But I can see the hand of God at work in this. I didn't even tell my wife what I was doing, or that my outlook had changed, but she knew that I had changed.

I don't know what prompted Kim to tell me that Michaela prayed for me, but I am glad she did. It allowed me to see that my daughter loves me very much. It also let me see that the prayer of a child is very powerful. I see that God has given me such an amazing gift in Michaela. God is real, he hears the prayers of the little one.

--Matt