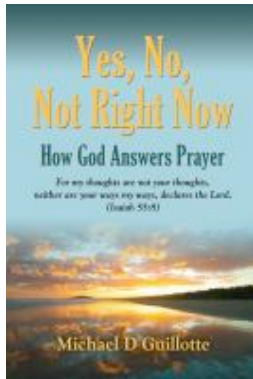


Yes, No, Not Right Now

How God Answers Prayer

*For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
neither are your ways my ways, declares the Lord.
(Isaiah 55:8)*

Michael D Guillotte



Prayer is communication with God. For many people, it's a one way conversation, but it's not God's fault! How many are the ways in which God has answered your prayer? When we pray, we should be as open and alert as we can to recognize and discern God's voice! Come and discover the colorful and interesting variety of ways in which God has faithfully answered this author's prayers.

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All bible verses quoted in this book are taken from the ESV, unless
otherwise noted.

3.

Hey God, Can You Spare A Dime?

The following story of answered prayer is one for the record books. It is at once funny, serious, and amazing.

I was in my 20's when this took place. I was having some legal problems concerning an auto crash I experienced due to alcohol. At that time I was actually chumming around with a priest friend who was about 12 years my senior. Father Frank procured an attorney friend of his to represent me, for a very nominal fee.

Part of the outcome of my case was that I had to meet with a human service agency in the next town over from me, some 5 miles away. On the appointment date, I was hitchhiking there since my car was out of action for a while. I obtained a ride easily enough on the way there; however, folks weren't stopping for me on the way back. I had to go home, eat, and return to the city later in the day for phase 2 of my appointment.

As I continued hitchhiking I continued to ask God to provide a ride for me. I walked further and further towards home, but He wasn't doing so. This made me angry with Him.

Now, I knew better than to get angry with God. First of all He was God and it was kind of like arguing with an umpire. I wasn't going to win. As I made my way over the bridge and closer to my town I decided to stay stubborn and be angry with Him. After all, He knew I had to go home and eat and still make it back for another meeting, yet He had not provided me with a ride. Finally as I approached a sub shop I looked skywards and in total sarcasm, said: "Okay God, if you really want me to go back there this afternoon let me find a \$10 bill on the ground. I will stop and get a sub and then take a cab back, ha!" I had given up on the idea of going back and like Pontius Pilate; I was washing my hands of the responsibility. I was actually daring God to do the impossible.

However, I didn't take five more steps when, there on the ground in front of my disbelieving face was a \$10 bill!

I cannot adequately describe my feelings at that point. To say shock would be the understatement of my life. I was trying to grasp the magnitude, the reality, the humor, and God's faithfulness of the whole situation all at once and all in a second or two.

It had to be that fast, because the day was extremely windy and that \$10 bill could have been anywhere else on this earth instead of staring me in the face, so I put all astonishment and bewilderment aside for the time being and just grabbed it.

Afterwards, I had trouble separating my laughter from my joyous utterances of thanks and amazement. I was like a little child on Christmas morning, grabbing a glimpse of Santa Claus. A prayer was answered in minutes, and God had turned on His sense of humor to provide it.

It was as if He had said: Okay bud, so you doubt me huh, you stubborn little brat? Well here, take a look at this \$10! When I own all the money in the world, it's a piece of cake; doubt me no more!

Well, I kept my part of the bargain with God and got a sub sandwich and then took a cab back to the city for my afternoon appointment. I have never forgotten this incredible interaction with my Creator. God had shown me in a most unusual and convincing fashion that He is all-powerful and all faithful! Glory to God!

9.

Innocence

In 2001 my wife's aunt took seriously ill at the age of 76. My four children then were 6, 9, 10, and 11. She'd been sick for a short while. Now, my side of the family is huge and it was rather impossible for my children to know great aunts or uncles. But my wife's family is the opposite, very small and close-knit, and Aunt Shirley was probably one or two that she associated with on a regular basis. She was always included in family get-togethers, holidays, and even casual visits. So my children were very close, fond, and familiar with Aunt Shirley.

One morning I discovered a prayer written by my ten year old daughter Kristen. It explained to God how Shirley was very special and too young to die, and that she and her family loved her very much, and could He please help her to get better soon. I still have that prayer today. Here it is:

Dear God up in heaven: Please look upon my Great Aunt Shirley and please help her to get better soon. And please help her to live. I love my Aunt Shirley more than anything in the world. I don't want to say goodbye now. It's much too early to say goodbye. I hope she will stay alive for a long more time. She is in the hospital right now and she isn't doing too well. But the doctors taking care of her are the best ones in the world. I won't give up on trying to save my Aunt Shirley with prayers, so please help her to be all right. Thank you God, Amen."

I was instantly brought to tears. The prayer was so many things... pure innocence, sad, simple, trusting, and profound.

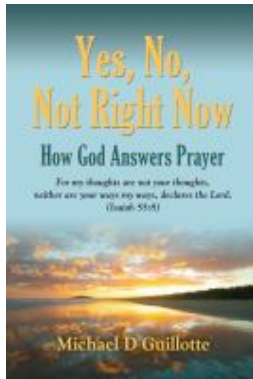
Sometimes we live our lives and fail to see the things that are right under our noses. I had always known that my daughter Kristen had a special affection for God, but I didn't have any inkling of how great her faith actually was. She just totally believed and trusted the Lord.

I cried also because her great Aunt Shirley had passed away the night before and now I hoped her faith was not damaged and that she wouldn't be hurt by God allowing Shirley to pass and not "answering" her prayer. I cried in humility. I was so struck by this gift of faith Kristen had, I thanked God for that through my tears.

My fear was confirmed when my wife told me that upon hearing of her aunt's death, she crumpled the prayer up and said in anger: "Well, I guess *this* didn't work!" I had a giant hole in my heart. I knew I had a job to do to protect Kristen from being heartbroken by God, and listening to the evil one trying to tell her God doesn't answer prayer. Oh, yes, the devil is no respecter of age.

So, my wife and I in bed that evening, I called the always late-to-sleep Kristen by my bedside and explained. We told her God *always* answers our prayers, but not always in the way we would like Him to.

Mentioning that her faith was a gift from God, she listened attentively. We said God had indeed heard her prayer, but since He gave us Aunt Shirley for 76 years, maybe now He wanted to have her forever. I explained that God is always faithful to us and to never, ever doubt that. She gave several nods of approval, and uh-hums during our talk and smiled, saying: "OK" and again it seemed that her simple faith was allowing her to understand. She kissed us goodnight and went to bed, and I thanked the Lord for my precious little gift.



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