

Pray the Answer
Not the Problem

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Chapter One

When You Need a Miracle

The specialist seated across from me raised his eyebrows, “Ovarian cancer is serious,” he said with no emotion, “you have two choices, hysterectomy or death.”

That’s it? Those two horrible choices? Years of pain and a desperate search for the best doctor had brought me to this renowned specialist. And this was his solution?

How could he be so insensitive? Anger started to build in me. But his words did not intimidate me.

Swallowing hard, I said, “I do not accept those choices.”

His frown framed the fire in his eyes. Had I challenged him? Rising from his chair, he leaned over his desk. He pointed his finger inches from my face.

“Then, lady, go home. Suffer. And die.” His spit splattered my cheek when he spoke.

I clutched the armrests of the wooden chair, my heart beat fast and my face grew hot as I stood up and leaned toward him. In a loud voice, enunciating each syllable clearly, I said through gritted teeth, “I will walk in here pregnant one day.” I spun around and marched out the door.

Once out of his office, I took a deep breath. What did I just do? My hands shook, tears welled up and remorse attacked me. Why did I say that?

That specialist was my last hope. Or was he?

My anger in the doctor's office brought on worry and anxious thoughts.

Will this disease kill me? How can I face another diagnosis of this magnitude?

Years earlier another specialist said, "There is one chance in a million of getting pregnant because of damage due to your previous illnesses." It seemed hopeless.

I had a sister who died at the age of twelve from rheumatic fever four years before I was born. My parents prayed for another child and God granted their request – me.

However, I was a sickly child and when I was only nine months old, I stopped breathing for twenty minutes and lay lifeless in my crib. My parents knew God had gifted me to them and their faith was not going to allow another child to be taken.

They chose to believe in God for a miracle and not allow this to overtake them.

The same faith my parents had for my healing as a baby began to build up inside me and confirmed I would be victorious in this conflict. God had to have an answer for me; I was determined to find it.

But was my sheer determination enough? At times belief seemed to fade. What did not fade was the weight of the cancer diagnosis which hung over me.

In those anxious moments of fear, I was sure my only hope for survival was the One I knew well. My Healer. My Source of confidence. Doctors had no answers. But God did.

Knowing that God had the answers helped strengthen me on the days when believing was difficult. But I needed to maintain my faith and trust God was true to His Word. Standing on that truth, I repeated to God over and over again, "I know You'll never fail me. I know your promises are true." His answer would come. And I vowed to find it no matter what.

Embracing the truth my father instilled in me, I knew I would triumph: Whatever I would feed would grow and whatever I would starve eventually would fade and die. I could feed my fears or feed my faith. The choice was mine. I kept that truth in front of me, remembering in the dark what I had learned in the light.

My faith was unwavering. I leaned on God's wisdom to guide me while I waited for the manifestation of my healing. After the visit to the doctor and contrary to my friends' warnings, I weaned myself from all medications.

Though a risky step to take, I took it because the medications made me feel worse and did not appear to be working. The medical profession did not have answers and gave me no hope. Hysterectomy, out of the question. Death – it was not yet my time.

God's timing was perfect and while I waited, I prayed. I searched the Bible. I looked for answers. One thread that would be mine and mine alone. A light I could cling to in the dark days.

After days of lying on the sofa in extreme pain begging God for an answer, that light came on. God spoke to my heart. His voice was so loud it seemed audible. He gave me a simple, yet profound, promise. I chose to believe it.

This specific, unique verse changed the direction of my life: "Blessed is she who believed: for there will be a fulfillment of those things which were told her from the Lord." Luke 1:45

My heart skipped a beat. Joy welled up inside of me. A new expectation was born. My campaign began with this truth to receive the fulfillment of that promise of healing and a baby.

No matter how severe the pain got, I would praise God for that scripture verse. I put it on post-it notes throughout the house. Every time I saw it, I read it out loud because God's Word claims, "Faith comes by hearing and hearing by the Word of God" Romans 10:17. The more I repeated it, the stronger my faith became.

I knew this was God's promise. My focus had to remain on two things: healing and His promise.

Years earlier, the doctors told my husband: "Clayton, you have had two surgeries, and we have tried every medication available to help you produce mature sperm. I'm sorry but it is a hopeless situation. You will never father a child."

Never? God cannot lie. He is incapable of it. God knew the end of my story. All I had to do was to trust Him at His Word and He would bring it to pass. He gave me a promise. His Word is true. My job was to believe Him.

Three weeks after my doctor's visit, a neighbor called. She knew I had been extremely ill and wondered if I would be interested in attending a food supplement demonstration in her home.

It did not interest me in the least, but, as a good neighbor, I agreed to attend.

That evening became the turning point. It changed the way I thought about food and convinced me I needed to supplement my diet to improve my health.

It was part of the answer I had been searching for. God had orchestrated this event.

I had always assumed we received all the nutrition we needed from our food. At the meeting, I learned how our food is processed and how our soil is depleted of nutrients.

I began taking courses on nutrition and learned the importance of destroying the toxins in my home, especially from household cleaners.

Although that meeting changed my lifestyle I wondered if it would be enough to destroy cancer.

However, my health started to improve dramatically after starting food supplements.

My energy level was rising. My skin cleared and my attitude grew cheerful. Before the cancer diagnosis, it was confirmed that I had rheumatoid arthritis throughout my body. A few months after I changed my diet, the arthritic pain and inflammation decreased.

I had better mobility, which was an outward sign of how my body was changing on the inside. Taking various pain medications for years, I had developed ulcers. But now I could eat anything I desired without a painful reaction.

Something major was happening. I was no longer suffering from medication side effects including dizziness, depression, and headaches.

I understood nutrition would fight the monster in my body, but I needed a miracle to get pregnant. Not just a miracle in my own body but my husband's as well. I knew only God could create life.

My husband walked with me through each step. Our faith replaced all traces of bleakness. That was how our story began. We refused to stop believing and we supported each other.

The path was long and learning-rich.

On the days I leaned toward questioning if we would ever be parents, my life partner would not accept any negative talk. He quoted the scripture God had given me and believed with me for our mutual healing.

The diagnosis of his sterility did not affect him. He stood strong in the face of what would seem a hopeless situation.

Fourteen years of perseverance dragged on, but I knew that one day there would be a fulfillment of that scripture the Lord promised in His Word, years earlier. “Blessed is she who believed: for there will be a fulfillment of those things which were told her from the Lord” Luke 1:45.

I realized that recent positive changes in my body were undeniable and I assumed I was pregnant. I waited two months before seeing my current physician to confirm it.

“Carol, you are going to have a baby.” My doctor glowed as she told me.

Tears were instant as I jumped up to hug my doctor. I had waited for more than fourteen years to hear those words. My husband was in the waiting room, but I didn't have to utter one word when I approached him. We hugged. We cried.

“You realize you need to see the specialist who told you it would never happen,” Clayton stated cautiously.

“Realize? I can’t wait. He needs to hear about this miracle. I promised him I would return to his office pregnant.”

I nervously dialed the specialist’s office. The receptionist questioned me, so I had to think quickly.

“It’s been years since you have seen this doctor. Why are you making an appointment now?”

“I need to schedule a complete physical. The doctor told me to see him if my condition changed.” I was stretching the truth a bit.

A week later I waited in that doctor’s office for the blood and urine test results.

“I’ll be back in a moment,” the nurse said.

She had no idea about the impact her words had on me. I had waited over a decade; I could wait a few more minutes.

Those few minutes felt like time stood still. I watched the clock. Each minute seemed like an eternity.

My muscles tightened and my stomach churned. I could barely contain the anticipation. After 27 endless minutes, the door opened.

Instead of the nurse, the doctor walked in, his face cold as his words stumbled out. He did not make eye contact.

“Carol, I am sorry to inform you, but you are very pregnant.”

“Yes doctor,” my words came out quickly, “I am fully aware that you are sorry to inform me.”

Deep inside I assumed he would be happy for me as I wanted to share my miracle with him.

But I assume he remembered the words he shouted over a decade ago which made this encounter uncomfortable for him.

There was nothing more to say. I smiled as I prepared to leave his office, but his question startled me. “Who’s the father?”

Of course, he could ask that question. My husband who was diagnosed as sterile fathered our child. I chose not to answer. The negativity in the room did not allow me to share my belief in miracles. I walked out, my head held high, thanking God for answered prayer.

For this doctor and most, miracles, healing, and restoration are common impossibilities. This mindset becomes the barrier to believing prayer is effective.

In this book, I will show you how to remove those barriers. You will learn the vital difference between praying and believing.

You might have experienced discouragement when your prayers were not answered. Like many, you wonder if prayer even works.

For that reason, it is important to know that there are keys to receiving answers when we pray. We will go through the steps together and learn those prayer secrets.

1 – What does it mean to stand on the Word?

Standing on the Word of God means that you understand God's Word is the final authority. Circumstances that bring doubt have no place here. It means to refuse to doubt or to believe what you see but to meditate on what Scripture God has promised you.

2 – Where does faith come from? Can you pray for more faith?

What does it mean to stand on the Word?

A – Faith comes by hearing and hearing by the Word of God. Our faith builds as we 'say' the scripture – hear it, repeat it until it is deep in our hearts (our spirit). Romans 10:17

B – God gives each of us a measure of faith. It is given to us. We do not need to pray for more.

3 – Do you struggle with doubt or find a solution from the Bible when faced with a crisis?

Start a journal of your prayer requests, what scriptures you applied each time, and how God answered your prayers.