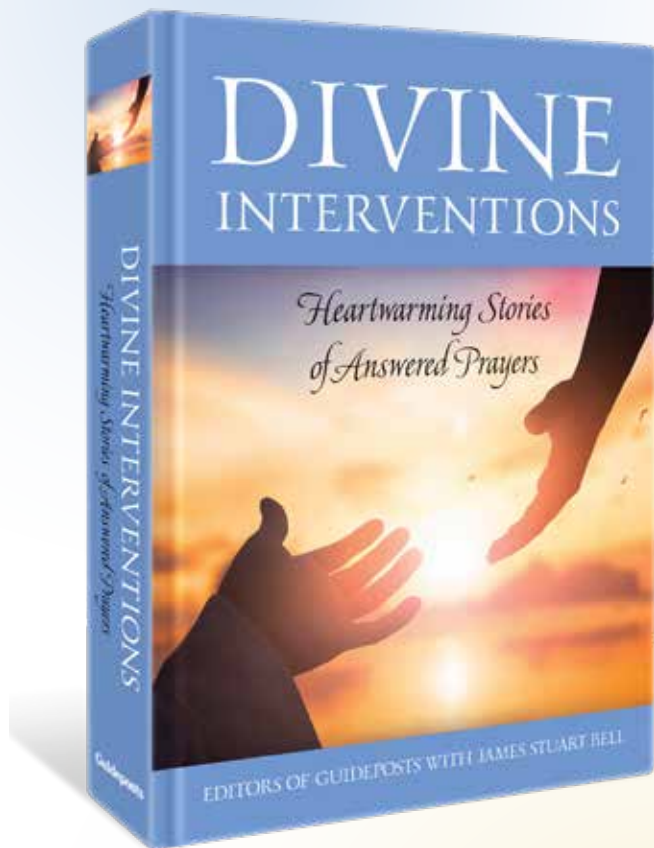


SNEAK PREVIEW



Proof that God hears
your prayers and cares about
every detail of your life!

Read on for 5 inspiring excerpts



“God, help me! Please don’t let me die. I’m not ready!”

– By David Hatcher, as told to Lori Hatcher –

Lying on my bed, shaking with fear, I knew I was dying. And if I died, I knew I’d go to hell. Earlier that night, I’d swallowed drugs I’d never taken before, added alcohol, and plunged myself into a living nightmare.

For weeks, I’d been discontented with my life. Only seventeen years old, I’d tried much of what the world said would fulfill me. But it never did. Every high had a low, and every low just got lower.

I had enough of a religious background to know I needed God. I tried to change. But when I visited my childhood church, I came away feeling emptier than ever.

As the drugs and alcohol took effect, I became sleepier and sleepier. Somehow I knew if I fell asleep, I would never wake up. I’d lost several friends to drug overdoses, so I knew it could happen.

“It’s not fair, God,” I said. “I want to quit. I want to change, but I can’t do it by myself. Please change me.”

Read what happened next...how God turned David’s life around from what would have been a senseless tragedy.

See page 63 of your copy of *Divine Interventions*. And receive 3 FREE Gifts when you order!



“Who put that envelope in Keith’s Bible? It had to be the work of our loving God.”

– By Pam Zollman –

“**M**om,” said Keith, my older son, over the phone. “I have bad news.” His voice sounded so sad, so crushed. Defeated.

I clutched the phone to my ear. No, not more bad news. I wasn’t sure how much more I could handle.

It was March 2002, and my divorce had just been finalized. My family was scattered across the country. I was living alone in Honesdale, Pennsylvania, working for a magazine. My older son, Keith, was living alone in Houston, Texas. My sons and I were grieving the loss of our family because Bill—my husband and their father—had walked out of our lives.

In Texas, where our divorce took place, I didn’t qualify for alimony, and our sons were too old for child support. I was struggling to make ends meet, and I was lonely too.

“What’s wrong, sweetie?” I asked, trying to stay calm.

“My apartment was robbed while I was at work today. They took everything. Is there any way you can send some money?”

I hesitated. I got paid every two weeks, and I’d just gotten my paycheck. But I had no money. Every bit of this paycheck went to bills.

“I can send you some in two weeks, when I get paid again.”

“Thanks.” Then he said, “I’m not sure what I’m going to do about food.”

“Let’s pray about it,” I suggested. So over the phone, over that long distance between Texas and Pennsylvania, we joined in prayer.

Two days later, Keith called me, excited. “You’ll never guess what happened!”

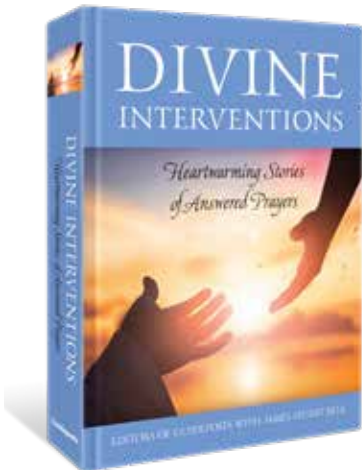
“Did God answer your prayer?”

“Oh yes, He did!” Keith laughed. “But it was really strange. Today, when I turned the page in Exodus, I found a thin, yellowed envelope that I had never seen before. And I’ve read the Bible all the way through, from Genesis to Revelation. I’m telling you, that envelope wasn’t in there before.” His voice was full of wonder.

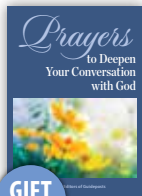
What was inside the mysterious envelope that Keith discovered? Find out on page 125 of your copy of *Divine Interventions*!

**Uncover God’s miracles
in your life, too, with guidance
from *Divine Interventions*.**

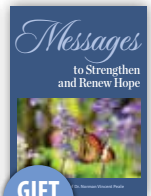
**Order today and
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**GIFT
#1**



**GIFT
#2**



**GIFT
#3**



“We did not know how or when we could dig ourselves out of this financial hole.”

– By Barbara Todd –

Timing can be so important in life. My emergency surgery came about a month after my husband started a new job, which meant no insurance until he was employed for ninety days.

I worked part time as a preschool teacher, so I had no insurance, nor did I receive any wages while out of work for the month, recuperating.

Our cupboards were bare, which our three young teenagers didn't appreciate but understood. The situation bordered on desperate. We continued to pray and trust in God.

My husband did not get paid for another week, and our bank accounts were squeezed dry. He decided to talk to his parents who lived next door to us. They lent us fifty dollars. We made our list of the most needed items and decided to go grocery shopping after church the next day.

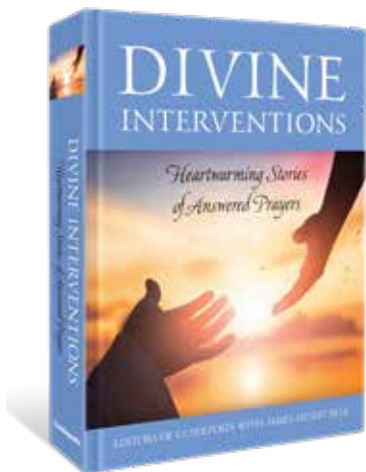
On that Sunday, a children's choir from Africa sang at church, and the children told their heartbreaking stories of losing parents and siblings. They were touring the United States to raise funds for their education and for more orphanages.

In the middle of the choral program, my husband leaned over and whispered that he felt had to donate twenty of the fifty dollars we had just borrowed from his parents. I agreed so I scratched some grocery items off our list.

The following day, I received the first of many medical bills. I dreaded even opening it to see the cost of the surgery. I remembered God's faithfulness to us. I knew we could trust Him during this financial issue, too.

As I opened the doctor's bill, I gasped. Stamped on the front of the bill from surgery were the words PAID IN FULL.

Turn to page 242 of your copy of *Divine Interventions* to see how the Lord provided for Barbara's family in ways she never could have predicted!



**What have you
prayed for today?
A divine intervention
may be waiting!**

**Order your copy of
Divine Interventions and
receive 3 FREE Gifts!**



“Their prayers were like invisible love letters because we all cared so much about this newborn baby.”

– By Peggy Eastman –

The newborn was full term and beautifully formed, with a sweet face. But his skin was yellow, and he was listless and unresponsive.

Little Jack was severely jaundiced, and the doctor said that for this serious a case, the phototherapy with a special lamp which was often used on jaundiced newborns would not work. *The baby would need a liver transplant.*

The baby was whisked away to the neonatal intensive care unit (NICU), where the doctors put him on a special formula designed to lower his bilirubin level. My niece, Alice, could no longer hold him, let alone nurse him.

Our extended family had convened in Dallas, Texas, for Christmas to celebrate this little boy’s birth. We had experienced many losses of adults, including the death of Alice’s father, Jack, whom the baby was named after, but we were looking to this newborn to bring us the hope of a brand-new generation.

I believe strongly in the lifesaving potential of donated organs. But I could not pray for little Jack to get a liver transplant from another baby;

I just couldn't. Surely, this was not the right prayer, and God would never want one infant's life to end to heal another's.

"Lord, You gave this baby life and sent him into our family as a precious gift when we were still grieving the losses of adults we loved," I prayed. "Please surround little Jack with Your love, bring his bilirubin level down, cure his jaundice, and give his liver the power to heal itself."

I asked my pastor and my women's Bible study group back home in Maryland to pray for little Jack's total healing, nearly breaking into tears when I let them know about a possible liver transplant. I felt better knowing an army of prayer warriors, including our extended family members, was praying constantly that this baby's liver would heal completely on its own.

What happened next even baffled the doctors! Turn to page 283 of your copy of *Divine Interventions* to see why!



PRAISE FOR DIVINE INTERVENTIONS

"God doesn't get tired of listening to us— He wants to know our needs and desires. He is always there, ready to lend a hand. As you read through *Divine Interventions*, you'll see how God answers all prayers in His own way...and be inspired by the astonishing signs of His grace."

— Rick Hamlin,
Executive Editor, *Guideposts* magazine



“God cares about your smallest needs, too.”

– By Karen Wingate –

Each week, our paycheck stretched thin. Determined to be a stay-at-home mom, so I could care for our baby’s special needs, I decided the best way I could contribute to the family finances was to save as much as I could.

That wasn’t easy. Many times, it came down to only shopping sales, buying generic brands, and learning to do without our preferred foods.

Innocent about our financial woes, Katherine, my four-year-old, waltzed into the kitchen one morning. “Mommy, I want Kraft mac and cheese. Can we have Kraft mac and cheese for supper?” She emphasized the brand name.

The time had come, I determined, to pass on my frugal habits to my children. “Kraft costs too much,” I told her. “We need to buy the store brand or wait till Kraft goes on sale, and I haven’t seen a good sale price in a long time,” I replied.

Her next question shocked me. “Why don’t you pray for a sale?”

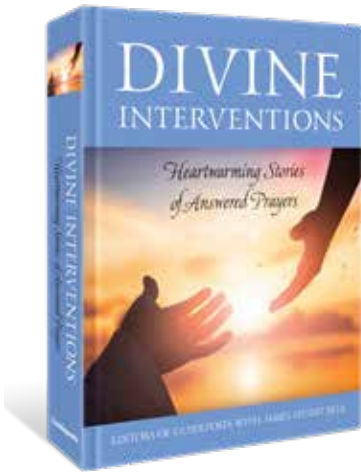
Where did Katherine get that idea? Had my prayer habits been as obvious as my spending behaviors?

I believed in prayer. I believed in praying for specific things. I had taught my girls that God cares about the smallest needs. But this

crossed the line. I could not bring myself to pray for something that sounded so trite and, to my penny-pinching state of mind, lavish and selfish.

O God, my spirit pleaded. I would never dream of asking You for something so insignificant. Surely, You want Your children to ask for things that have more spiritual value than a box of macaroni and cheese. But I beg You. For the sake of this child's faith, would You do something?

Witness Karen's "Mac and Cheese Miracle" on page 26 of your copy of *Divine Interventions*. And receive 3 FREE GIFTS when you order!



Be inspired by true stories of God's hand in our everyday lives. Order your copy of *Divine Interventions* and get 3 FREE Gifts!

