

What to Do When God Isn't Answering Your Prayer

God doesn't normally tell me "no."

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Such a bold statement, I know, but it's true. Most of the time, I ask for God's will to be done without being too specific on the request or how the request is to be fulfilled. Many times the answer is "yes" or "wait," and I like to let God take the lead on how He works things out in my life.

I fully trust the verse that says God works for the good of those who love Him. I also learned from a sermon heard long ago that said when we align our will to God's, the "yeses" come more often.

However, there is one specific request that I made to God twice in my life. Twice, I prayed a specific prayer, asked for a specific way for my prayer to be answered.

God said no.

Both times.

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Not wait. Not later, although I mistook the first "no" for a "wait."

Just no.

With no explanation. *Like I'm worthy of an explanation anyway.*

I dealt with the "no" a long time ago, and rarely do I feel the same sadness that I used to felt.

Until today.

My eldest niece is visiting, and I had the privilege to take her shopping. We browsed nail polish, necklaces, hair detanglers, and head bands. We made our purchases, and on the way home, I started to cry.

I would have been a really good Mommy to a little girl.

I would never trade my boys for a million girls, and over the last eight years, I've learned to be a pretty good mom of boys. Super awesome, in fact.  But the sadness I experienced when our third child's sonogram revealed God's "no" to me came back today.

Not sadness for what I have. The selfish sadness of what I won't, and the guilt of feeling any type of sadness when I have friends who are unable to have children and I have three healthy boys. Mix all that up with a bundle of hormones and it's a pretty ugly little pity party.

Today was the first day I realized I would have made a good mom to a little girl, but that's not God's plan for me. Maybe we'll adopt someday, but even then, I wouldn't mind a little boy. They seem to have claimed my heart.

So I'll stop the tears, thank God for His wisdom, and kiss three brown-headed, cute-as-a-button little "no's."

Question: Has God ever told you "no"? How badly did it bother you?

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