

The Life-Saving Power of Spirit-Prompted Prayer

It was about 10 o'clock at night and I was zipping along the dark, deserted two-lane country road, FM 197, at about 65 mph. As I approached the Sanders Creek Bridge, about one mile from where I was living with my parents, terror gripped my heart.

In the darkness I suddenly remembered that the bridge was closed for repairs. A narrow, temporary, one-lane wooden bridge had been built with steep inclines at each end. The speed limit across the bridge was 15 mph.

I instinctively braked but there was gravel on the road, and I felt my car slide sideways. I immediately removed my foot from the brake knowing that it could be fatal if I slid sideways into the bridge. I then gripped the steering wheel, braced myself and hit the little wooden bridge head-on at about 60 mph.

I was 22 years old at the time and had just returned home after serving three years in the U.S. Army during the Vietnam era. I was living with my parents who pastored a small country church—Assemblies of God—in Chicota, Texas, an unincorporated village in the northeast corner of the state. Even though I had given my heart to the Lord when I was 8 years old, I had drifted away from my commitment and was living an ungodly lifestyle at the time. But God was about to get my attention.

As I hit the bridge I felt my car leave the ground and go airborne. It was like the *Dukes of Hazzard*. While in the air I could feel my head being pressed against the roof of the car. My car came down on the other side of the bridge, hit the ground and went airborne again. It finally came to a bouncing halt, and I guided it to the side of the road. I tried to start the engine, but it was dead.

It was only about one-half mile to home, so I walked the remaining distance. As I opened the door and walked in, I was surprised to see my parents down on their knees in prayer. I would expect them to be in bed at this time. They lifted their heads as I walked in and my mother, with much emotion in her voice, asked, "What happened?" She went on to say, "About 15 minutes ago I said to your Daddy, 'we have to pray for Eddie.'" "

Blessed is the son or daughter who has praying parents and/or grandparents! I have no question that this Spirit-prompted prayer by my parents saved me from serious injury and possibly death that night. It was not long after this incident, that I renewed my commitment to Jesus Christ.

I could share numerous examples of how Spirit-prompted prayer has brought about deliverance from danger and produced incredible results in lives. Listen to and obey those promptings of the Holy Spirit in your heart. Much is at stake.

Romans 8:26 says, "Likewise the Spirit helps us in our weakness; for we do not know how to pray as we ought, but that very Spirit intercedes *with sighs too deep for words*" (NRSV, emphasis added). Respond to the Spirit! You never know what life may be hanging in the balance, and your response to those promptings of the Holy Spirit could be the difference between life and death for some precious soul.