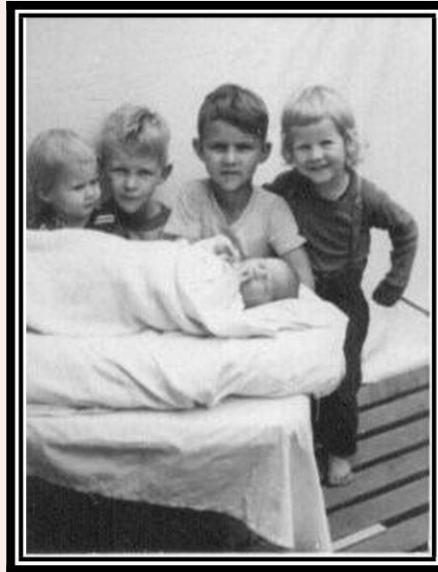


**“Dear Mom,  
Pray for Us!”**



**“Dear Kids,  
Am doing!”**



**By Lois E Callaway - 1988**

NOTE:

My mom, Lois Callaway wrote this in 1988. She started it July 18 and updated it on Oct 10 of that year. I found it on my computer and sent it to family members in 2003 to build our faith and inspire us in our praying for my brother who had Hepatitis C, his wife suffering with Crohn's disease, and their adopted twin sons born with fetal alcohol syndrome which required very patient care. Their adopted daughter had just been involved in an accident where the car she was in was struck by a drunk driver.

I pray this letter will be an inspiration to you as you pray for your loved ones and as Mom says, "So I try to pray not 'how I want to', but 'how He wants it'.

... Joyce Callaway Nicholson

P.S. Three of us kids were baptized in the river pond my Mom is sitting next to in the photo on the front page.

**“Dear Mom, Pray for us!”**

***“Dear Kids, Am doing!”***

The phone rings and Cinda answers my, “Hello, Callaway’s” with “Lelan said to phone you and tell you to pray for us, Mom”

Praying for my kids is an activity I have had quite a lot of experience in during my 45 years of mothering. What’s a mother to do if she can’t pray for her kids?

I prayed for each of you before you were born – even before you were conceived, that God would choose the genes that would become you –each of you individually. God has answered my prayers and each of you is you, just what we ordered. God makes no mistakes!

You were dedicated to God before your birth with the request not that you would become a missionary as I had, but that your life would be a light that would shine in the increasing world of darkness and make people say, “I, too, want Jesus in my life. He obviously has power to make life all it can be.” He is currently working out that prayer.

I prayed you through the perils of childhood as He taught me a new level of trust. Imagine raising five lively kids in the boonies of North Thailand B.R. (before roads!) and never a broken bone! There was, of course, a malignant malaria that often put Lelan in a delirium of terrifying imaginings and turned Jeni near royal blue when the parasites clogging her blood stream impaired her oxygen supply.

In a land of no doctors God used those experiences to teach new levels of prayer and trust. I sat one day native fashion, cross-legged, on the floor cradling one year old Jeni in my sarong formed lap, trying to muster a mustard seed of faith. Suddenly the village headman poked his head in the door and saw the look on my face. “Excuse me,” he said as he withdrew.

I knew I had given a very negative witness to a man I had been telling, “My God is sufficient for all things.” He had seen my lack of trust.

“Forgive me, Lord, and give me faith to believe for my child’s life! Let her live to show the headman that you truly are able! My fear was unfounded. The lack was in me and not in You.”

I at least had faith to believe that He could increase my faith, and save my child in spite of my fears and lack of trust. Jeni survived, through the mercy of God and is now on her way back to that world to share her faith with the children and grandchildren of that headman.

Five years later we were rushing Jeni down a mountain a thirty minute drive from our vacation cabin for a shot to counteract a severe allergic reaction to a bee sting on the head. Again she survived, but left me fearful that another sting might not be reversible!

God spoke in the quiet of my heart and said, “Can’t you trust me with even a little bee?”

“Of course, Lord, the bees are Yours. Help me to trust You with them.” That trust later had to cover larger things— like monstrous motor cycles owned by one son after another. Three sons have survived motor cycles of various degrees of monstrosity, though Mark had a near miss when his cycle was knocked from under him down a steep embankment on a lonely road in North Thailand. The hit and run driver drove on, leaving him stunned and alone on the edge of the pavement.

That hadn’t been the first time that Mark had brushed with death. At the age of ten he had been thirty minutes from the shock of dehydration from a virulent tummy bug when I sat on the edge of his bed pleading with God for his life. I felt so alone for four of my five children were stricken and my husband was also in a

serious condition. I had run out of medicine, and we were a full day each way from our nearest mission clinic, staffed by our nurse, Dorothy. It would be 36 hours before the carrier could possibly arrive with more medicine.

As I prayed I recalled an article I had read recently about treating dehydration from burns with a salt and soda solution. But salt and soda in diarrhea. That was still an unknown remedy, but because I thought of it while praying I tried it, and within thirty minutes of sipping salt and soda, Mark was well on the way to recovery. C.W. took a bit of persuading to take such an unlikely remedy, but he, too, was soon recovering, as were the other three children. Fifteen years later I read that salt and soda were becoming the treatment of choice in India during cholera epidemics. God shared that fact with me fifteen years before its time!

As a young man, Mark, instead of military service during the Vietnam War, served as a language and cultural expert with American Aid, setting up community development programs to help secure tribal villages in guerrilla territory in North Thailand. Those years gave ample opportunity of covering him constantly with protective prayer. One night he slept in a shack in a tribal village that was being visited by a contingent of Thai border police. The next morning he was air-lifted out of that operation to serve one day as an interpreter for some higher American official. That night half the contingent of border police was massacred in their sleep and the mattress Mark had slept on the night before was riddled with machine gun fire. Each night, and throughout the days Mom was praying!

I've prayed for all of you and with you. Many of the times I have prayed for you, you probably have not been aware of my prayers. I trust that you do remember the times I have prayed with you. The times we've prayed together that God would help you overcome a quick temper you inherited from me. I well knew that

only God could bring that under control. Remember, Jeni, the tears we shed together, and now the tears of joy flow as I watch you deal patiently with your children, and see you ministering along with John to hurting people in your church. Thank you Jesus!

There were times we prayed that God would heal a broken heart and soon “bring just the right mate along.” And He did! Right? Right!

How often, Joyce, I have laid my hand on your sleeping head, and prayed God would protect my gentle sensitive child from the fears that were so real in the rough and ready tribal world in which we lived. You may not have known when I prayed, but you were protected.

Each night I would put the couch cushions around each of your beds, between you and the single shell wall which I feared could be so easily penetrated by bullets from a battle between the Mien tribal people and the Chinese that seemed so imminent for several weeks.

How perfect His protection of the mind and thoughts of a gentle child! And how well He is using that protected gentleness in your home and in the church, and through your ministry of music and worship. A gentle sensitive soul is also sensitive to the Heavenly Father and to hurting people around, but that soul needs special protection in childhood.

Gentle, loving, lovable David, did you know that God used your rheumatic fever pains to teach me first of all to release you to God either for healing or for disciplining me in a year or more of bed-care and then to brush away my religious prejudice when He told me to lay my hands on your pain-racked knees and pray. Reluctantly I laid my hands on your knees, eagerly I prayed, and saw the pain stop immediately and you drift off into painless sleep. The pain never returned after that night and the doctor who had

previously diagnosed your rheumatic heart confirmed the complete healing.

Then there were those five years when your loving heart reached out for love and peace in a world riddled by war. How I prayed that you would find that love in the heart of Jesus and be able to minister His love through your loving heart to others.

Those were the prayers of the years, David, that you now know He carried you when there was only one set of footprints. You know that He carried you at times away from dangers and always away from disillusionment.

Now I pray with and for you and Cathy as you build your family with children who need your love and His so much. What joy in the spiritual maturity that has made this possible.

I began to experience God's unsurpassable television- telex service when Lelan was twelve. I awakened about 1 a.m. with a picture of Lelan's grinning face, framed by an oval frame. I well knew that grin. Adventure! Mischief! "Here I go, Mom!"

I prayed God's protection for him a one day's journey by bicycle and on foot from where I lay praying. He was in our mountain home, Cabin in the Clouds, and I was down country for ten days helping in a literacy and Bible school for leprosy patients.

At 2 a.m. I awakened again with that exact same picture – Lelan's grinning face framed in the oval frame. I was aware then that God was signaling me for prayer, and I prayed an hour or so and slept again.

At 5 a.m. I again awakened, thoroughly alarmed, to see that same oval frame, framing Lelan's grinning face. I called Imogene and we knelt and prayed together. Then it was time for breakfast and the half hour bicycle ride across the fields to the leprosy village and our morning classes. We both prayed intermittently throughout the morning. About 2 p.m. we both agreed all must be

well for neither of us any longer felt an urgency to prayer.

Ten days later, having traversed the mail-less, telegram-less road to Cabin in the Clouds, I asked my husband, “What happened to Lelan on that day ten days ago?” C.W. thought a moment and replied, “Oh, that was the day Lelan tried a tightrope walk across the bamboo trapeze bar (built for “learning to chin like Daddy does”) and fell off on his head. He was unconscious for about 10 minutes, and then dazed for about three hours. By 2 p.m. he seemed to be o.k.” I had had to wait ten days to hear the rest of the story God had alerted me to 10 hours before it happened.

That experience was a tremendous comfort to me a couple of years later when I had to send fifteen year old Lelan and twelve year old Mark off to school in North India. I knew that man-made telegrams would take seven days to reach me from that school. I also knew that God had a special prayer alert that could arrive 12 hours before anything happened.

Now Lelan, still the adventurer, has a job that often has him flying in the mid-east to hi-jack-plagued airports. “I’m glad God is your travel agent, Lelan.” I tell him. So when he or Cinda phone to say, “Pray for us?”, I reply “Where to now?” Often it is a request about a projected move to some other middle-eastern city.

Cinda said, “Lelan told me to call Mom and ask her to pray, I said, ‘What shall I ask her to pray?’ and Lelan replied, ‘You know my Mom! She will pray for whatever she wants to.’”

Often I really didn’t know how to pray, but I do know such decisions about moves that vitally affect my grandchildren can be taken out of the company board room and put in the hands of Almighty God by a mother’s prayers. We’ve seen that happen, and decisions that seemed final reversed at the last minute. Then joyfully watched the wonderful reasons for the change unfold, proving that the reversed decision was right! right! right! So I try to



pray not “how I want to”, but “how He wants it”.

I’ve prayed with and for my sons and daughters-in-love ever since you kids brought them into our lives. It has been a special relationship that has now doubled our children.

We prayed with John before we knew you and before your spiritual rebirth. Since then we have been praising God for you and for your ministry to our daughter, our grandchildren, and in His church. With each of you there has been a special relationship that has been very close as we have prayed not only for but with each of you.

And then you gave us the best gift of all-- the crown of age -- Sixteen of them so far with the joy of praying with and for them. I have crocheted and am still crocheting and knitting love and blessing prayers into gifts for them. And in this modern world I am often in spiritual warfare for grandchildren growing up in a New Age world.

Sometimes prayer takes an unexpected turn. Sometimes when my kids say, “Pray for me!” I hear the Lord saying, “Don’t pray! \* Don’t pray for what they have asked. I will not give scorpions and stones!” And then He adds, “But do pray that they will pay attention to Me. That they will get their eyes on Me, their priorities in line with My priorities, and then we will talk about jobs, financial problems, marriage restructuring.”

\*God does sometimes say, “Don’t pray!” Read for example Jeremiah 11:6-14; 14:7-12 and Joshua 7:6-13.

That is harder sometimes. It might be easier to say, “Lord, please find them jobs; help them patch up a wounded marriage; solve their financial problems. But I know, and you must, too, that eternal values and treasure in heaven are far more important – and lasting. And our David reminds me of a lesson God is teaching him – that even here on earth the eternal values are valid and lasting, for as he says, “if I were to die tomorrow, within a week or so they

would have replaced me on the job and I would not be missed there, but my wife and family will know for a long time whether I have been a good husband and father.” The priorities of family life are of great and lasting earthly and heavenly value.

So send me your prayer lists, kids! I pray, as I have always tried to – in accordance with His will and His instructions, and in proportion to the faith He has to give me day by day. One special verse God has given me for this prayer task is: “Blessed is she who has believed that what the Lord has said to her will be accomplished.” (Luke 1:45) Because of that promise “Morning by morning I lay my requests before You and wait in expectation.” (Psalm 5:3)

With my love and prayers,                      Mother