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He Knows...

BY TONI CRUMLEY

“Slowly, sister, slowly.” At the words of warning, I looked down to see a rather substantive pile of manure in the middle of the road. I skirted it, careful not to go too far to the side of the road and step in the open sewer. The kids holding my hands hurried me along, and we caught up with the two Bible workers and about 15 more kids who had stopped at the next house we were going to.

Nine of us from the Cicero Church in Indiana had come to Kurnool, India, to hold 15 nights of evangelistic meetings. The large group of nine was split into three teams, and each team conducted sermons, health talks and visited in the villages that were attending the meetings. About 250–300 people came to each site every night after working all day in 110–120 degree heat, eager to hear the good news of Jesus.

As I continued on through the village, I took in the women preparing supper over smoky cooking fires, the men and cattle coming back from the fields, the children running out of their houses to see the visitors from the U.S. The Bible workers who accompanied me spoke only a few English words, but at each house I went in the request was for me to “pray.” The women covered their heads as I said an English prayer to the God who hears and understands all languages. I prayed for a blind woman, for a lady who had troubles in her throat, for an old man who was reduced to skin stretched over his bones who lay on a cot in the yard. I prayed for newly-married couples and new babies, and for mischievous kids. With every “amen” that I spoke, the people gave grateful smiles and pressed their hands to-



gether to signify their thanks.

After visiting the village, we drove a few kilometers to our meeting site. At the close of the meeting, we were, as usual, thronged with people asking for us to lay our hands on them and pray. Needless to say, it is humbling and sobering when many people are lining up for you to pray for them, even though it is in a language

they do not understand. What they do understand is that prayer is powerful.

I lay in bed that night, thinking about all the people I had prayed for—the blind woman, the malnourished man, the chubby babies—concerned that nothing would come of the prayers I had prayed. In the midst of my selfish worrying, God reminded me that He is still the same God with all the power who parted the Red Sea and turned water into wine. He knows what each person needs, and He doesn't need me to know what His Indian children's problems are. The Indian people, with their simple yet earnest faith, reminded me that God hears and answers all prayers—no matter who prays them, no matter the language.

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