

No is Sometimes the Answer

By Shirley M. Haws

The Lord always answers your prayers, but sometimes He answers no. He is omniscient and since he can see into the future and into our hearts, he knows what's best for us, and sometimes He doesn't answer us in the way we think He should. To accept this isn't easy to do, and it takes a lot of faith. If we cling to our faith in God and trust in Him, in time we will come to the knowledge that His ways are mine and just, and they always turn out to be for our benefit.

Isaac was a good example of the difference in man's will and God's. After a life of complete dedication to the Lord, He closed his ears to the promptings of the spirit, and in order that the son the Lord chose should receive the birthright, Isaac's wife, Rebekah, was forced to deceive him.

Even Christ, before His crucifixion, and with all His knowledge of the necessity of His suffering, asked His Father if He had to drink of the bitter cup. For just a brief moment, the mortal part of Him weakened, and the pain and suffering He knew He must go through seemed more than He could bear.

Each one of us have had our own experiences of feeling that the Lord had forsaken us, and things could never be right again, only to find how wrong we were. One such experience in my life started December 14, 1959. I remember every detail. It's engraved in my heart to stay forever.

I was housecleaning, getting ready for Christmas. I had taken my blue eyed, red haired, three year old Kristine for an examination the very day before. The Doctor had told me her blood was low, given her some medicine, and told us to come back in a month. I was on a stepladder, wishing the wall of our television room My darling came to ask me a question. I looked down, and a trickle of blood was running from her ear. Horrified, I ran to the phone and called the Doctor! I wasn't talking understandably, but finally dear Doctor Larsen could tell

something was wrong with Kristine and told me to come right up.

My baby had leukemia! She was going to die! But she couldn't! I couldn't stand it! The Lord wouldn't let this happen, he just couldn't! I had read so many times about miracles which happened to those who had enough faith. I would have more faith than anyone ever had! If a person should have faith to move a mountain, I would have faith to heal my child!

I won't go into the heartbreak of the following year. No one could put into words, the pain, the grief, the helplessness. But behind all this was still the determination that if I had enough faith, she would live.

On December 24th of the following year, my little girl died. The morning she died I was at the American Fork hospital with Hepatitis, she was at a hospital in Salt Lake City. Doctor Larsen, understanding as he was, was letting me come home to have Christmas with my family. Kristine was being released for a few days also, and Knollin, my husband was bringing her home, where our two boys were waiting. She never got there.

Bitter! Yes, I was bitter. Doubts? Yes, I had doubts. I can even remember going as far as to wondering if there really were a God. Everything I had ever been taught must be wrong. I had had faith, but it didn't work.

A year and a half went by, and the hurt hadn't eased. The grief was there always, like a toothache, only so much worse. One day I was impressed to pick up a hymn book, and the page fell open to the song, "Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded." The last verse must have been written just for me!

***"In life's furnace, God will burn thee,
Thence to bring thee out more bright,
But he'll never cease to love thee,
Thou are precious in his sight.
God is with thee, God is with thee.
Thou shalt triumph in thy might."***

These words hit me like a thunderbolt. God did love me after all! This was why he had given me pain, to rise above it. This was part of the process of learning here on this earth! This was in preparation for what's to come! A feeling of peace and calm drifted over me, and I knew the battle was won.

Seven years have gone by. Not easy years. There has been such adjusting. Heartbreak isn't easy, but I can truthfully say, without a doubt, that I have progressed farther and learned more from this sorrow, that all the joys in my life put together. Just because God was wise enough to say no. It takes more faith to accept something sometimes, than to change it.