

# Aimee's Asthma

## 2 Corinthians 12:8-10

*I asked the Lord three times to take it away from me. He answered me, "I am all you need. I give you my loving-favor. My power works best in weak people." I am happy to be weak and have troubles so I can have Christ's power in me. I receive joy when I am weak. I receive joy when people talk against me and make it hard for me and try to hurt me and make trouble for me. I receive joy when all these things come to me because of Christ. For when I am weak, then I am strong.*

I don't claim to know all the mysteries of God. William Cowper, a famous hymn writer penned, "God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform." There are times when God answers prayer immediately in dramatic ways, and there are times when it feels like He does not hear our cries at all. It is a great mystery.

I had just begun pastoral ministry in 1972 as pastor of a little church with about 30 people. One of the topics I preached on was the healing that comes in Christ and how we can trust Him for healing of our bodies. At the time our little daughter, Aimee, had chronic asthma. She would often have asthma attacks and not be able to breathe. It would come on suddenly. We'd often have to rush to the hospital with her, not knowing if she'd make it, and really fearing that she was going to stop breathing before we got there. It was not a pleasant situation. It was life-threatening. It was terrifying. She battled these asthma attacks frequently.

We taught Aimee to pray and trust the Lord for her body. We had trusted the Lord for healing many of our sicknesses. I remember one particular night. I had preached on prayer and healing. We went home and as we went to bed, I knelt beside Aimee's bed to pray with her. I reminded her to pray for Grandma and Pop-pop and then I said, "Remember to pray for your asthma too. Let's ask God to heal you." I bowed my head and I said, "You pray first." There was silence. I thought perhaps she didn't hear me, so I said it again, "Aimee, you go ahead and pray. I'll pray afterwards."

Again there was silence. That seemed strange. I opened my eyes and looked at her. My little girl was lying in her bed with tears streaming down her face. I said, "What's the matter?" She said, "Daddy, I don't think Jesus is going to heal my asthma. I don't think God hears me."

Even as I tell this story after all these years my heart breaks. My little Aimee had this terrible disease. She loved the Lord with all her heart and she had cried to Him, but He didn't answer. We had anointed and prayed for her in church and

God had not healed her. There she lay in bed despairing of hope saying, "I don't think God hears me because He didn't answer prayer."

After praying with Aimee I went back to our bedroom and shared with Marilyn what Aimee had said. We just wept and prayed. After this I stopped preaching on healing. I was wrestling with the Lord about this whole matter of healing because He hadn't answered our prayer for Aimee.