

# God Still Answers Prayer

The account of a young girl's  
miraculous healing of malaria  
contracted in Malawi, Africa.



Irma Sallee



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## **God Still Answers Prayer**

This account is a personal testimony of how God manifested Himself to our family in miraculous ways during the summer of 1997. In Malawi, Central Africa, while sitting on the steps outside our motel room, I promised God if He would heal Karen, our daughter, of malaria, I would be faithful to give Him all the glory. I would not allow this healing to be forgotten like so many other healings we have experienced in the past. By sharing this testimony I am endeavoring to keep my promise.

In 1996 Bob and our son-in-law, Michael Smith, went on a missionary trip to Malawi, Central Africa. After their trip our family shared a heavy burden for the people there. Their calls for the gospel had been ringing in our hearts, resulting in our entire family obtaining passports. Now we realize that even then God had a plan that we could not see. Had we not acquired those passports, I would have been unable to go to Karen and Bob on such a short notice when Karen became ill.

On July 3rd Bob and Karen flew out of Oklahoma City for Malawi. Although it wasn't feasible for the whole family to go, God had given Karen a special burden for the people and the work there. She quit her job and prepared to go with her father while I stayed at home with the rest of our children.

The Lord had given me a calm assurance that this was His trip and that He would take care of my family while they were away. Unlike the first trip to Malawi in '96, I did not worry this time.

Because of the unavailability of phones, we did not hear from Bob and Karen for two weeks after they went down into the "bush country." Finally, very early on Tuesday morning during the Monark Springs Camp meeting, we received a call from them. They

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

had ridden bicycles two hours to the nearest Post Office to let us know, “We are well, we are fine. The Lord has been really blessing our trip.” Karen said with feeling, “Mom, I’m SO glad I came. The people have won my heart.”



*Bob and Karen with “our people” in Malawi, Africa, July 1997*

We rejoiced with the saints at Monark in service that morning for the good report. Little did we know that before their two hour trip back to the village was completed, Karen would start feeling the initial effects of malaria in her body. She spent a miserable night of chills and fever. When she went outside to use the restroom during the night, she passed out. She awoke sometime later on the ground and made her way back inside to her bed. The following morning they began to realize the magnitude of her illness. The most prominent symptoms of malaria are extreme fatigue, with intermittent chills, followed by high fever, which causes severe

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

headaches. When medically untreated, the predominant strain of malaria in Africa often leads to death.

On the first day, God miraculously healed her severe headache which never returned! Praise God! Although He didn't see fit to completely heal her, He revealed His presence in the battle many times. By the end of the second day, Bob realized he must get her to the city of Blantyre where it would be easier to care for her. Although the intensity of her illness made relocating her seem impossible, by faith Bob started making preparations to leave.

Bob's exhaustion from fasting and sleepless nights made decisions more difficult. Again God confirmed His presence. Within five minutes after leaving the village, Karen's fever broke and the Lord renewed her strength. Had He not done that, she never could have made the tiring trip that was ahead of her. The hired pickup broke down six times and they had to hire two other vehicles before finally reaching their destination. Once, they were left sitting beside the road until another vehicle came. A trip that was only 75 miles took them seven hours. When they finally arrived at the motel, Karen was actually able to walk into the lobby with her Dad to arrange for the room. Bro. Failos and his son Kanyoza, who had traveled with them, witnessed a divine miracle that day. After being sure Bob and Karen were settled, the brethren returned to the village.



## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

That evening Karen felt strong enough to get a bath before going to bed. The next morning the chills and fever returned with more force than before. Friday they were able to call us at Monark and report the seriousness of Karen's condition. I knew the saints were all very burdened and it meant so much to us, but I had no idea the intensity of the burden they were carrying. When we got home from Monark Friday night and established contact with Bob and Karen, her condition had worsened. In one conversation with them, Karen said weakly, "Mom, I wish you were here." How that plea pulled at my bleeding heart, but going seemed impossible. Upon talking with Michael, he encouraged me to try to go and even agreed to go with me. I had done very little flying, none outside of the United States, so words cannot express my gratitude that he would go along to help in the battle.

After being on the phones all day Saturday, Michael & Rene finally found one flight to Johannesburg, South Africa. There were no available flights continuing to Malawi. I told Michael, "Let's go as far as we can and ask God to open up the doors from there." Within two hours we were leaving out of Oklahoma City, headed for Malawi.

Our hearts were very heavy. Even though flying is one of the fastest means of travel, time still seemed to go slowly. About 20 hours later, we arrived in Johannesburg. In spite of everything we could do, we were unable to get a flight out of there that day. There is only one flight to Malawi each day and the plane was booked full. After exhausting every avenue we could think of to get to Malawi that day, we finally had to admit it couldn't be done; we would have to wait until the next day.

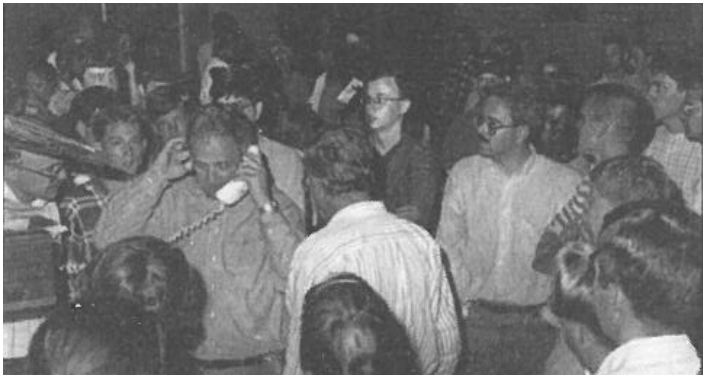
I have never made a more difficult phone call in my life than I did that day when I had to call Bob and tell him we would not be on



## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

the flight arriving in Malawi that afternoon. His voice reflected extreme exhaustion and almost unbearable concern for Karen's condition as he told me, "We almost lost her last night." The disappointment in their voices sent us to our rooms that night in tears and with a very heavy burden that we get a flight to Malawi the next day.

That night, I re-consecrated Karen to the Lord's will. I have to admit, it was very difficult. I could place her on the altar, but it seemed I could not take my hands off. I wanted the Lord to assure me He would give her back. He didn't give me that assurance, nor was I able to feel that divine peace inside until I was able to surrender my desires, my dreams and plans into His hands. I did not receive a shouting peace—it was just an exhausted feeling of



*The saints' calls to us from Monark meant so much.*

comfort and assurance—she could be in no better hands than God's. He assured me that He loved her even more than I could and He was aware of the mission she was on. "After all, wasn't it my mission all along?" He asked.

I went to sleep, at peace, but very burdened. About 1:00 in the morning I received a call from my sister, Sandy. She told me about

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

the burden the saints were all carrying, the many prayers that were going up in our behalf, the prayer chains, prayer meetings, etc. I lay there crying from deeper within than I had ever cried before. I suddenly felt like Elisha's servant standing on that mountain with the Syrian army advancing. He felt so alone and helpless until Elisha said, "Lord, open his eyes." He then saw that the mountain was full



of horses and chariots of fire surrounding them. That night in Johannesburg, God opened my eyes. I saw the angels all around our mountain. It was

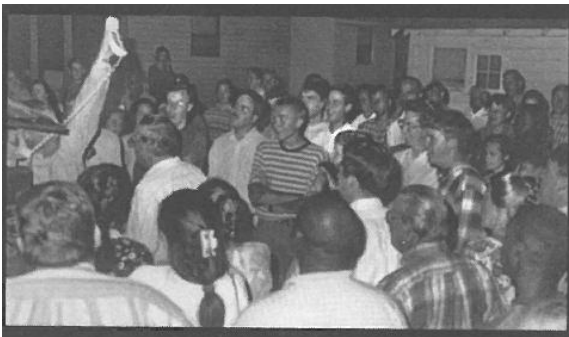
no longer Bob, Karen, Michael and me on the mountain alone. We were surrounded by a host of angels. They were the saints on their knees bearing us up in prayer. That is when God gave me shouting victory. The battle was still on—we still didn't have a ticket to Malawi—but my confidence was strong in the scripture, "The battle is the Lord's." If we can trust Him with confidence, He will not only fight for us, but win! The next morning I was so anxious to share with Michael all the Lord had done for me through the night. The Lord had been visiting him also with calm assurance. The victory the Lord gave us in our spirits prepared us to go on to Blantyre and join in the battle there.

Through contacts with people to whom we were strangers, God helped us both get boarding passes Sunday morning enabling us to make the final connection to Blantyre, Malawi. Although our hearts were still much burdened, we were praising God for the miracle of getting us on that plane.

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

Upon arriving in Blantyre, we needed to find a taxi to take us to the motel where Bob and Karen were staying. Michael stepped up to a security guard and was inquiring about a taxi when a man walking by overheard their conversation. He offered to take us in his car since he was going that way. As we introduced ourselves, we learned that his name was Kingsley. He had lived in Oklahoma City for four years while attending college in Norman, OK. He was also familiar with Edmond, Guthrie, and Shawnee!!! How GREAT our God is! During the rest of our stay in Blantyre, Kingsley kept in contact with us, offering whatever assistance he could provide. We believe he was another part of God's divine plan for us at that time.

Words cannot express the ecstatic joy we all shared as Michael and I entered that little motel room. Karen felt well enough with assistance to get a quick bath and wash her hair that afternoon, which she had longed for so much. She visited a little before lapsing back into the daily chills and fever cycle. How can I tell you how much



the saints' prayers meant? When in the heat of the battle, God would cause someone to call. Often, within a very short time, the fever would completely break and her

temperature would stabilize. She would get some rest, gain strength, and then it would start all over again. We felt like Moses when Aaron and Hur held up his hands so Israel could prevail in the battle. The saints did that for us with their prayers.

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

Since we were unable to find the kind of foods in Blantyre that we had in the U.S. for nutritional maintenance during illness, we really desired to bring Karen home, but she was unable to travel. Bob and Karen's original return flight, that had been scheduled months in advance, was to depart the following Saturday, August 2nd. We sought the Lord earnestly for guidance. We asked the ticket agent if Michael and I could also get on their flight. They told us in no uncertain terms that the flight was overbooked and it was impossible. We knew at the time that Karen was really unable to fly, or even leave the motel room. Our fleece before the Lord was that He would help us all get on the same flight out of Blantyre. When Kingsley heard about the problem, he went to the travel agency and returned later with four confirmed seats on that plane. I'm not sure what all was in his conversation with the agents, but we know that God miraculously worked in our behalf.

The next major miracle we needed was to get a wheel chair at the airport. In Malawi, wheel chair service on the airlines can only be obtained through a doctor's documented request. We could not comfortably seek that aid, so we sought God for another miracle. God provided the wheel chair, not only in Blantyre, but also at each stop all the way home. We were met by airline personnel who enabled us to bypass the long, slow lines and go straight to the planes—some of which we would have missed otherwise due to tight scheduling. In Johannesburg, our paths separated. Michael and I had to fly through Amsterdam, while Bob and Karen flew to Cape Town, then straight to Miami on a different airline. Want to hear another miracle? On the plane leaving Johannesburg, where normally all flights are overbooked, the Lord kept a seat empty beside Bob and Karen on that long fifteen hour flight to Miami. This made it possible for Karen to lie down all the way! What a Mighty God!! When they arrived in Miami, Sis. Grace McMillan was there

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

to meet them. She was able to see to Karen's needs on the rest of the trip.

When Michael and I landed in Amsterdam, we found that our flight to Memphis had been canceled—we would have to wait another day!!! After explaining our situation repeatedly, sometimes in tears, an airline agent was able to change us to another airline, getting us home the night before Bob, Karen, and Sis. Grace arrived. This enabled us to be at the airport in Oklahoma City when their plane came in. How good is God??!!

Many saints met them at the airport with banners, balloons, flowers, gifts, big smiles and a song of praise. Someone getting off the plane ahead of them looked around and said, “Wow, must be somebody important!!”

Our hearts were overflowing with praise to God who had so miraculously brought us home. God broke the intensity of Karen's chills and fever and gave her strength beyond our comprehension. We soon realized, however, that getting her home was only half the battle.

The battle seemed to intensify and there were some very dark days. Karen grew worse and became weaker every day. At times, she was unable to communicate and was in a semi-comatose condition. During the worst part of the fever cycle, she would be burning hot. Karen was near death's door on more than one occasion. We appreciate all our prayerful supporters who were on call day or night. Sometimes the fever would break immediately after calling for prayer.

Saints were staying in our home around the clock fasting, laboring in prayer, bringing food and flowers. When we felt there were no more words to say in prayer to express our petitions to the

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

Lord, from another part of the house we would hear saints bearing our needs to God. Tears flow even now when we reflect on their love and concern. God answered those prayers time and time again.

Karen had planned for months to participate in the wedding of her friend, Rhonda Corteway. As the day approached, I especially hoped God would grant this desire. I had no doubt that He was able and I fully expected it. When the day arrived, August 16, we all realized that there was no way Karen could go. We petitioned the Lord to please do something special for us that day. While everyone was gone to the wedding, several ministers came to be with us. Karen had been anointed several times and God had given immediate relief; but this time in particular, God's presence came down and filled the room. I do not know who all was there—I don't even remember who all prayed—I just remember the power of God we felt.

God divinely healed Karen that day. The chills and fever cycle stopped. Once, that afternoon, she started having a low grade fever but God took it away. It was as though we could hear God saying, "This is a test, this is only a test."

After the chills and fever stopped, Karen was still extremely weak and had very little appetite. We went back to the Lord and asked Him to give her an appetite and divine strength. She had taken very little nourishment for thirty days and back to her cheeks, and with it, strength. Her smile returned, and she started asking for food. What a mighty God we serve!! All glory goes to Him.

Karen was eventually able to return to her job at the bank. So many of her co-workers and customers have expressed their thanksgiving for God answering prayer for her. We don't fully understand the Lord's purpose in this trial. Frankly, while at Monark, hearing the seriousness of the situation, I was asking the

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

Lord—"Why?" He spoke clearly to me that day saying, "My thoughts are higher than your thoughts, and my ways than your ways." He assured me we were not victims of a mosquito, but that this was all part of the mission we were sent on. God was with us in the furnace. He did not put out the flames as soon as we desired, but we definitely felt His presence in the furnace.



## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

This is a lengthy account, but the many miracles God worked for us could not go untold. The question during the battle was, “Can we trust God too far??” NO!!! He is still working miracles. My heart’s desire is to always be as prompt and faithful to answer the Lord’s call as He was to answer us!

We appreciate those who carried a burden and prayed for us. We want to enter into the burden and requests for others as earnestly as they did for us. Prayer changes things!!

We still carry a heavy burden for the people in Malawi. They are very dear people who seem to be open to truth and desire teaching. The country is a very harsh land to labor in by American standards due to sickness, disease and poverty. Please pray that the Word and the Spirit will have free course among them, bringing souls to Christ.





## **God Still Answers Prayer**

The Lord is not too busy  
That He can't reach down  
And mend a broken heart.  
And my burden is not too heavy  
That He can't hear a plea of faith.  
God still answers prayer!

### **Chorus**

God still answers prayer  
In His time He'll work a miracle,  
He will never fail.  
Satan has lost the battle  
When to the Lord you humbly bow.  
God still answers prayer!

If you feel that life is hopeless  
And the night has no end.  
There is hope for your hurting heart.  
For He'll be there with you.  
No matter what you're going through.  
God still answers prayer!

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

This poem was written in the heat of the battle and was an encouragement to us.

### **Take Courage, Little Christian**

Take Courage, Little Christian, though the battle rage on.  
The victory is yours, through the gift of God's Son.  
He was bruised and battered, by His stripes we are healed.  
My cup runneth over, it wasn't just filled.

The saints in one spirit, lift their voice to the sky  
For one sweet soul suffering, how it makes our hearts cry.  
Oh, but God can work wonders, if to Him we "hold fast."  
The day of miracles is NOT a thing of the past.

The gift has been granted, the deed has been done.  
Rest in Christ, Little Christian, for we've just begun  
To rebuke Satan's armies and the darkness about  
FOR THIS VICTORY IS YOURS, without a  
shadow of a doubt.

Take courage, Little Christian, you've fought a good fight.  
Claim victory through Jesus, and in His great might,  
He will strengthen and bless you, 'tis His sweet delight.  
Rest well, Little Christian, all through the night.

The battle is now over, the victory's been won.  
Let's praise God in the highest, for the work He has done.  
Now Satan's not happy, he's a sore loser, you see.  
He'd rather keep fighting, than to just let you be.

## GOD STILL ANSWERS PRAYER

We will keep praying for you, and Satan will see,  
He hasn't a chance and he might as well flee.  
For in the name of Jesus, we rebuke him once more.  
And we'll do it again, if he returns to our door.

Let this victory be written on the tables of your heart.  
So from God's sweet presence, you shall never depart.  
And when Satan tempts you, you can stop him dead still,  
For you have faith to move mountains, so just trust in  
God's will.

I thank you for trusting in the Lord through this fight.  
I've received such a blessing from your faith in the night.  
If you're ever in the battle and need backup support,  
Reach out to the Saints—on their knees they'll report.

—Michael L. Anderson

## Afterword

As I look back at the extended life the Lord has blessed me with, I'm struck with profound gratitude. The Lord heard the earnest prayers going up from so many of His people and chose to honor their request. He gave me a complete healing. I no longer have the malaria reoccurrences that are so common to malaria cases. I also have no internal damage, despite the daily attacks my body was under. I now lead a healthy, normal life. The Lord has blessed me with a godly companion and three children. I don't ever want to take this life for granted. I appreciate all the prayers prayed and sleepless nights you spent petitioning the Lord to undertake and heal me. He heard your prayers and I'm forever grateful.

—Karen Sallee Goltry









