

I have always been praying for the salvation of my children. My husband is not a believer and has often been hostile to the Gospel. We run into trouble when we are trying to raise our children up in the way that they should go.

I was praying for my son and his salvation when he was in junior high, and there was a particular night when his father had let him go to a movie that I knew was not a good influence on him, a very ungodly movie. Afterward, he was going to spend the night at a friend's house down the street. They were also not believers, and the influence was not good.

I was really upset. I had gone to bed and was praying to God, saying, "Lord, I really wish I could hug my son right now, and I wish that I could get a hug from You, dear God, as well." Of course, my son at age 13 was way beyond wanting hugs - but the very second that I had completed that prayer to God, asking for a hug, the doorbell rang. It was late at night and I ran downstairs and opened the door, and in stepped the son that I had been praying for. He reached out and gave me a hug, and I know that it was directly from God.

~ Anonymous