

“Children Must Be Fed” ~ Grace Wanger

"God always does above all we can ask or think," said Miss Clara. "He delights in giving us good things."

"I am going to tell you a true story of how God sent us food. My father was a minister, and often people failed to pay promptly, so sometimes we saw hard times. Once when I was a little girl, Father had to go to the conference, and he didn't have even one cent to leave Mother to buy food with while he was gone. He told Mother he would not go without leaving us money. She told him he must go; that God would take care of us."

"We had some potatoes, a few cans of fruit, a little dried corn and salt and sugar in the house, but the flour bin was empty. Mother did not believe in going in debt, and we bought only what we could pay for. "

"We still had one loaf of bread when Father left. When that was gone there was no flour to make any more. Mother smiled and told us that God knew we needed flour, and told us not to worry. She had us all kneel with her while she asked our heavenly Father to send us a sack of flour. Then she arose and made the rising for the bread just as if the flour bin were full. Then she said, 'Now children, I've done all I can; God will do the rest!'"

"We all went to bed strong in faith that God would answer our prayers, I almost expected to wake up in the morning and find a sack of flour in the kitchen. When my brother came downstairs the first thing he asked was, 'Has God sent the flour yet!'"

"Mother lifted the lid from the bread bowl and let us see how light and foamy the rising was. All it needed was the flour. We ate our scant breakfast of potatoes and salt. Then Mother knelt by the empty flour bin and praised God because He had said His children would never need to beg for bread."

"Mother and I washed the dishes and Mother started to sing the old song, 'Oh, For a Faith That Will Not Shrink.' My little brother who was looking out of the window said, 'Somebody is tying a horse and buggy to our fence.' A woman came up the path empty-handed."

"Mother invited her in, and she acted rather embarrassed. She was not a Christian, and never had been to church. Her daughter had been to church and had been converted, and she knew Father and Mother had been praying that she might be saved, too."

"She talked about the weather, and kept twisting her scarf. Finally she said, 'I want to tell you a strange thing that happened to me this morning. As I was getting breakfast I heard a voice say, "Take Brother Hayden some flour." I knew no one was in the kitchen but me, and I was scared. Then I heard it again, "Go take Brother Hayden some flour." I suppose I'm a fool, but do you need flour?'"

"By this time Mother was crying and saying, 'Praise the Lord.' She told the woman of her prayers for flour, showing her the empty flour bin and the crock of yeast rising. The woman began to cry, and going to her buggy, gave my brother a sack of flour, handed me a part of a smoked ham, while the younger brother and sister carried in a carton of milk and a bucket of butter."

" 'I just thought if the Almighty was telling me to take you the flour, like as not you needed the butter, too; so I brought some things along,' she said."

"Mother kissed her and said, 'You look like an angel to us.' Then we had a real thanksgiving prayer meeting. And then the dear woman gave her heart to Jesus right at our house."

"Before Father came home from the conference, people came from all parts of his parish and paid Mother both in food and money a great deal more than they owed."