

## Chapter 5

*We wanted to come to you—I, Paul, again and again—but Satan hindered us.*  
—1 Thessalonians 2:18

Gremma was praying as she fell.

God was listening and watching. No prayer given in faith, regardless of size and style, is wasted.

Still, Gremma had to wait for an answer, but this time only a few minutes.

Another grandma pushed opened the door and found Gremma on the floor of her living room. “Gremma, are you OK?” Carly asked, rushing to her side. “Let’s get you off the floor! What are you doing, you crazy woman! You’re scaring me!” Gremma’s Eagle Pond classmate from the class of ’44 transitioned her tone from shouting to lecturing.

Carly’s gray, naturally curly and wind-blown hair bounced freely with her animated speech. “I told you that you should be living in Greenview Terrace!” Of the class numbering 56, seven still lived, but only two remained in Eagle Pond, Gremma and Carly.

“You are lucky I stopped by, or you would be rotting right here in your living room. Let me help you up, so you can tell me what happened.” Carly leaned over and braced Gremma’s arms, helping her up from the floor. Gremma leaned on her friend as the two found their way from the living room to the red metal chairs around the little Formica-covered kitchen table.

“When will you be smart enough to listen to me and move out of this little death trap of a house?” Carly continued. Despite Carly’s lecturing tone, Gremma heard the love and concern emanating from her edgy friend.

“Who was that knocking on my door?” mumbled Gremma, groggy.

“Someone from the bank who said you weren’t home,” replied Carly. “I asked him if the doorbell was broken. He didn’t know! Can you believe it? He goes door to door for a living and doesn’t know how to ring a doorbell. No wonder our country is going down the toilet! I tell you, whether those knuckleheads are blue, red, or no color at all ....” Another lecture was underway.

“What was I praying about?” Gremma wondered out loud. “Oh yes. The Jaro people! Jay told me that this was an important week for them.”

“Good heavens, you just about killed yourself, and now you are rambling on about those Jaro folks. Here, let me brew you some tea,” offered Carly. “Or better yet, maybe that fall knocked some sense into you, and you will join me for a good cup of coffee.” She lifted her black & gold Iowa Hawkeyes travel mug. “How about some lovely, Honduran light roast? I’ll split mine with you. Freshly roasted this morning at Eagle Java.”

“No thank you. Tea is fine. Please use the tea bag on the saucer next to the kettle,” instructed Gremma.

“Blech,” grimaced Carly. “Someday, yet, you will be persuaded to join the ranks of reason!” Carly sipped from her Hawkeye mug.

“Carly, I was about to pray for the Jaro people of East Africa. Would you join me?” asked Gremma.

“I suppose I could,” replied Carly. “But didn’t we just pray for them in church yesterday?”

Gremma knew that her friend struggled to believe that God used prayer to do amazing things, but she wasn’t going to give up on sharing God’s blessing with Carly. Gremma slowly stood to turn down the volume on the Minnesota Twins baseball game chattering on the radio on top of the refrigerator. She would catch the end of the game later.

“Let’s pray,” Gremma said, and the two bowed their heads.

In Heaven’s Theater One, theatergoers cheered as a burst of colorful powder of prayer rained down into Roger’s golden bowl with the smell of fragrant lilies.

Most of the iridescent powder came from Gremma’s prayer. Carly’s heart of faith tried to start up, but it sputtered and choked on the anxieties of all the things on her to-do list at her farm. *I have to get busy*, Carly thought.