

Faith: Breakfast from Heaven
Adapted from *Hero Tales, Volume I*, by Dave and Neta Jackson

After being saved from his wild way of life, George Müller opened orphanages to house, educate, and train over ten thousand boys and girls.

Abigail Townsend was not an orphan, but when her family moved to Bristol, England, a close friendship developed between her father and me. Abbie often went out to Ashley Downs with her father to visit the orphanage. She grew very fond of me, George Müller, who ran it.

One morning, I took Abbie by the hand and said, "Come, see what our Father in heaven will do for us today.

I led her into the long dining room, where bowls and cups were on the table, but there was no food. There was also no food in the kitchen and no money to buy food. But the orphan children were standing behind their seats, respectfully waiting for breakfast to begin.

"Children, it will soon be time for school, so let's pray. Dear Father, we thank you for what you are going to give us to eat."

Just then a knock sounded at the door, and there stood the local baker. "Mr. Müller," he said, "I couldn't sleep last night. Somehow I felt you didn't have bread for breakfast, and the Lord wanted me to send you some. So I got up at two o'clock and baked some fresh bread for you."

I thanked the baker and praised God for His care. "Children, we not only have bread, but God has given us the rare treat of *fresh* bread."

Right away there came a second knock at the door. This time it was the milkman, who announced that his cart had broken down outside the orphanage. "I must empty my wagon before I can repair it. Could the children use my cans of fresh milk?"

There, before her very eyes, little Abbie saw God provide fresh bread and milk for the children.

"I wish God would answer my prayers like He does yours, Mr. Müller," said Abigail to me.

"Oh, He will. All you have to do is ask Him. Now, what is it you want?"

"Some wool yarn," said Abbie, grinning.

"Well, let's pray, then." And I helped her to say a short prayer.

Some time later, Abbie came running back to me. "I want to pray again," she said.

"God heard you the first time, child. You don't need to pester Him."

"But I forgot to tell Him what color I want," said Abbie.

Taking her up on my knee, I told her, "You are right, you should tell God exactly what you want."

"Please, God," prayed Abbie, "send mixed colors." Then she jumped down, and ran off to play.

The next morning, a package arrived for Abigail. Her Sunday school teacher had forgotten her birthday and sent a late gift...of mixed colors of yarn!

Faith includes the confidence that God hears and answers your prayers.