

AA Grapevine

May 1985

My Son's Prayer

by Susan Peabody

When I had been sober for awhile, I was talking to my thirteen-year old son about my new found love of God. He nodded his head as I was talking, and for some reason I felt compelled to ask him if he believed in God. He replied, "Sure." I was a little surprised because he had never mentioned this to me before. I was very curious and pursued the matter. I asked him when he had started believing in God. He replied nonchalantly, "About a year ago."

"What brought on this newfound faith?" I inquired. At this point, he hesitated. He didn't want to talk about it anymore. I pressured him a little, because I really wanted to know. "How did it happen?" I said softly.

He looked at me a minute, trying to read my face. Finally, he shrugged and said, "Well, I asked him for something and he gave it to me. I guess I've believed in him ever since."

I was really on the edge of my chair now. I asked him what he had requested of God. He balked at this question and whined, "It's personal, mom." I told him that I didn't want to invade his privacy and I certainly wouldn't force him to tell me about it, but I really wanted to know.

After another hesitation, he finally said. "Well, mom, about a year ago you were screaming at sis and me and then you sat down on the floor and started crying. You were rocking back and forth, and it really scared me. I didn't know what to do, so I went into my room and I asked God to please help you. Right after that you got into AA and really started to change. I guess I have believed in God ever since. He gave me what I asked for."

I couldn't say anything, but I hugged my son as the tears ran down my face. Miracles really do happen and in his own way my son had experienced a spiritual awakening. I have had many special moments since turning my will and my life over to the care of God, but that conversation with my son was one of the best.

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