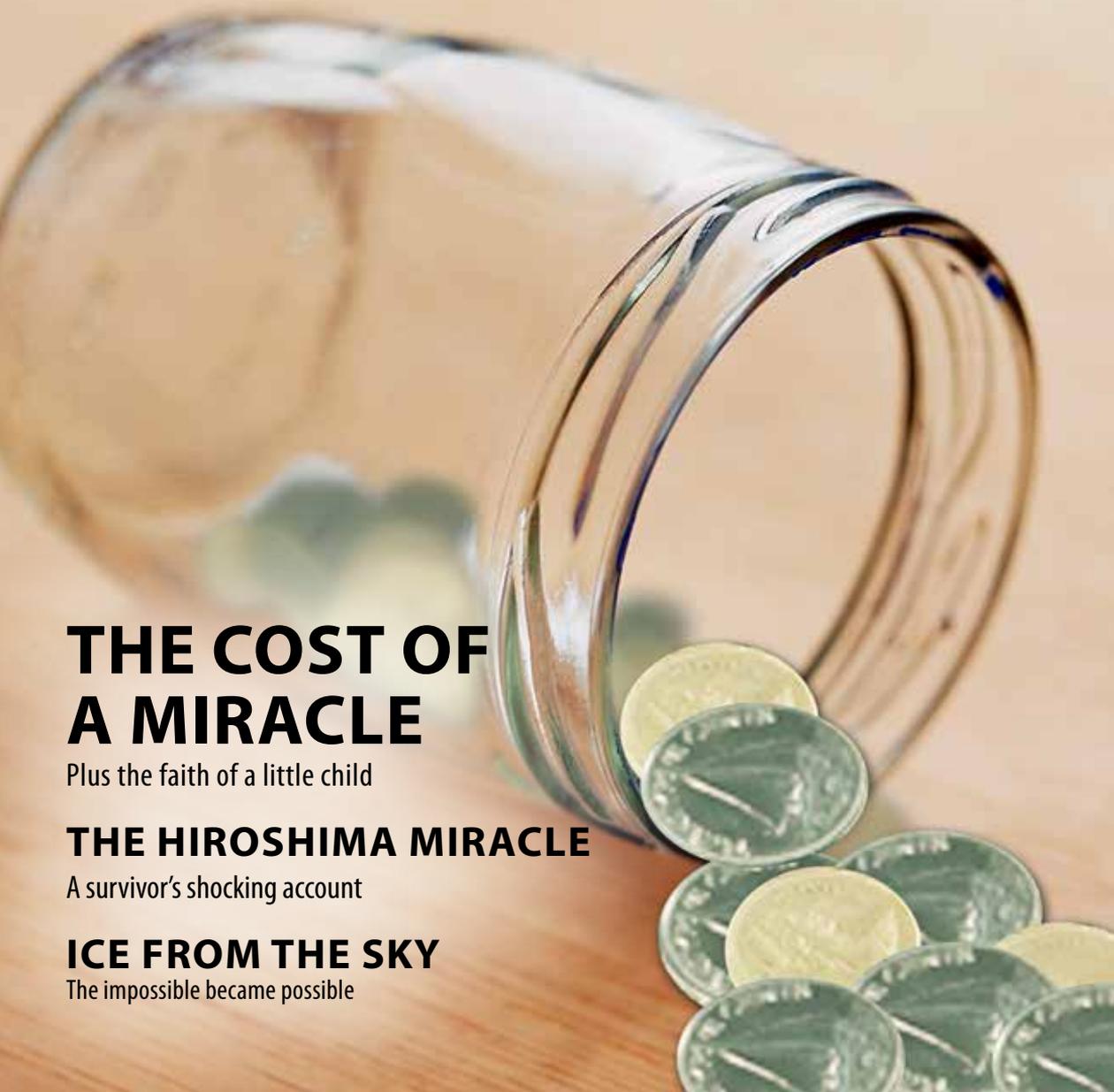


Volume 1, Issue 8

# MOTIVATED

THE MAGAZINE THAT MOVES YOU!

A glass jar is tipped over on its side, spilling several coins onto a light-colored wooden surface. The coins are scattered in the foreground, with some showing the word 'LIBERTY' and the year '1976'. The background is a soft, out-of-focus wooden surface.

## THE COST OF A MIRACLE

Plus the faith of a little child

## THE HIROSHIMA MIRACLE

A survivor's shocking account

## ICE FROM THE SKY

The impossible became possible

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# FROM THE EDITOR

If we were to ask 100 people from different backgrounds and cultures if they believed in miracles, we would probably get some firm yes and no replies, and others might answer, "I'd like to." Most people like the idea of something impossibly wonderful happening to them when they expect it least and need it most, but some might feel that it probably never will happen to them. Some may take an if-it-happens-it-happens approach; others may think they're undeserving, while still others may feel that their lives and problems are probably too insignificant to warrant supernatural intervention.

Yes, there are cases where impossibly wonderful things happen to people with seemingly no effort or through no will of their own.—A source of water is found in the desert; a stranger appears out of nowhere to warn of impending danger; a toddler is lost in a blizzard, wandering helplessly and freezing, when suddenly she comes to a house and is safe; a frail woman lifts the front of a truck to free a trapped child; a terminally ill patient is awakened in the night by a bright light and a warm sensation that passes from head to toe, and is instantly and completely healed; a sailor lost at sea is found and carried to shore by a dolphin; someone prays for a loved one on the other side of the world, and then finds out that that person was saved from impending harm at the same instant they prayed. When we hear these reports of strange, supernatural happenings, they tend to boggle the mind and stir our spirit.

Are these simply coincidences of the most extreme sort? Could they be explained scientifically by someone, somewhere, if given all the facts and enough time? Or are they indeed miracles—supernatural answers to prayer and evidence of a loving God interceding on behalf of those who believe?

If you didn't believe in miracles already, I hope that by the time you finish reading this issue of *Motivated* you will, and for those who did, that your faith for miracles will have grown.

Christina Lane  
For *Motivated*

# The Cost of a Miracle

—Author Unknown adapted



Tess was a precocious eight-year-old when she heard her mom and dad talking about her little brother, Andrew. All she knew was that he was very sick and they were completely out of money. They were moving to an apartment the following month because Daddy didn't have the money for the doctor's bills and the house. Only very costly surgery could save Andrew now, and it was looking like there was no one to loan them the money. She heard Daddy say to her tearful mother with whispered desperation, "Only a miracle can save him now."

Tess went to her bedroom and pulled a glass jar from its hiding place in the closet. She poured all the change out on the floor and counted it carefully, even three times. The total had to be exactly perfect. No chance here for mistakes.

Carefully placing the coins back in the jar and twisting on the cap, she slipped out the back door and made her way six blocks to the pharmacy with a big red sign above the door.

She waited patiently for the pharmacist to give her some attention, but he was too busy. Tess twisted her feet to make a scuffing noise. Nothing. She cleared her throat with the loudest sound she could muster. No good. Finally she took a quarter from her jar and banged it on the glass counter. That did it!

"And what do you want?" the pharmacist asked in an annoyed tone. "I'm talking to my brother here whom I haven't seen in ages," he said, without waiting for a reply to his question.

"Well, I want to talk to you about my brother," Tess answered back. "He's really, really sick, and I want to buy a miracle."

"I beg your pardon?" said the pharmacist.

"His name is Andrew and he has something bad growing inside his head and

my daddy says only a miracle can save him now. So how much does a miracle cost?"

"We don't sell miracles here, little girl. I'm sorry, but I can't help you," the pharmacist said, softening a little.

"Listen, I have the money to pay for it. If it isn't enough, I will get the rest. Just tell me how much it costs."

The pharmacist's brother was a well-dressed man. He stooped down and asked the little girl, "What kind of a miracle does your brother need?"

"I don't know," Tess replied with tears welling up in her eyes. "I just know he's really sick and Mommy says he needs an operation. But my daddy can't pay for it, so I want to use my money."

"How much do you have?" asked the man.

"One dollar and eleven cents," Tess answered barely audible. "And it's all the money I have, but I can get some more if I need to."

"Well, what a coincidence," smiled the man. "A dollar and eleven cents, the exact price of a miracle for little brothers." He took her money in one hand and with the other hand he grasped her mitten and said, "Take me to where you live. I want to see your brother and meet your parents. Let's see if I have the kind of miracle you need."

That well-dressed man was Dr. Carlton Armstrong, a surgeon specializing in microsurgery. The operation was completed without charge, and it wasn't long until Andrew was home again and doing well.

Mom and Dad were happily talking about the chain of events that had led them to this place. "That surgery," her mom whispered, "was a miracle. I wonder how much it would have cost?"

Tess smiled. She knew exactly how much a miracle cost—one dollar and eleven cents—plus the faith of a little child. ✱

# THE HIROSHIMA MIRACLE

## A survivor's shocking account

August 6, 1945. The Japanese city of Hiroshima was decimated by the first atomic bomb to be used in war. An estimated 60,000 to 70,000 people were killed or missing as a result of the bomb. Within a two-mile radius of the point of impact, only 12 people survived that hellish blast. Within a one-mile radius, only two survived. One of them was Mr. Yoji Saito, who was 13 years old at the time. Here he tells his incredible story...

**M**y family was very well known in Hiroshima. I come from 17 generations of Hiroshima samurai. In modern-day Japan, ancestors of the samurai are often in the educated professional class. My grandfather was a famous doctor and owned a hospital where my father also practiced. We lived in a large house in the hospital compound.

On that fateful day, I remember being awakened early in the morning by the wail of air-raid sirens. It seemed that an attack was expected, but by 7:30 all was quiet—too quiet. As I walked to school, a strange and frightening stillness hung over the city. I arrived at the school building just before 8:00, and lined up as usual with the other 250 students to do our morning exercise routine in the schoolyard. Then suddenly an incredibly bright flash of light struck us all.

I don't really know what happened to me next, or for how long I was unconscious. All I know is that some time later I woke up to a living nightmare of horror and death. Stunned and bewildered, I found myself 200 meters from the place in the schoolyard where I had been when the bomb exploded. The bodies of many of my classmates were strewn around me. Not all of them were dead. But dead or alive, I couldn't

recognize any of them anymore. Their faces had melted, and they all looked the same. Some had been dismembered, or had the skin burned off their entire bodies.

One boy was crying uncontrollably. I couldn't recognize him, so I asked his name. To my dismay, it was my best friend, Suari. Pitifully he pled for water, but he couldn't see, so I managed to lead him through the rubble to a river a few hundred meters away. Once we were there, however, I couldn't find the surface of the water. It was completely covered with the bodies of people and animals and wood and debris that had been blown into it by the tremendous blast. Suari died there at the river.

I then tried to find the way to my house. Only one word can fitly describe the horrors that were all around me.—Hell! It was really hell! Fires raged everywhere, and even though it was the middle of the day, the sky was dark and hazy and filled with smoke and an eerie glow from the burning city. Everything was melted and black. The very few buildings still standing were gutted and almost unrecognizable. The pitiful moans and cries and sobbing of dazed and dying people filled the air. Normally it took me 20 minutes to walk from school to my house. On that day it took 12 hours.

Sometimes hands reached up out of the debris beneath my feet, and grabbed at my ankles. I stopped and tried to help those I could. Not everybody died immediately in the blast; some groped and staggered through the streets for two or three days, scarcely recognizable as human beings—the living dead.

About 8:00 that night, I found the pile of rubble that used to be my house. I rejoiced to see that my mother was still alive. She too was overwhelmed to see that I had survived. We fell weeping into each other's arms.

"Why, Yoji," she exclaimed a moment later, "you're naked! Where are your clothes?" It was only then that it dawned on me the incredible thing that had taken place: The fiery blast of the bomb had blown every last stitch of clothing off of my body, and burned every single hair off of my head, yet I did not have a single burn! This was truly miraculous because, as I later found out, the schoolyard where I had been standing was only 700 meters (less than half a mile) from ground zero, where the bomb exploded.

Later on, some soldiers on a truck came and took my mother and me to a bomb shelter, where we tried to sleep that night. By the next morning, most of the fires had stopped burning. For the next few days I wandered throughout the blackened ruins of Hiroshima, searching in vain for my father. I can only assume that he was buried under the rubble of the hospital, because we never heard from him again.

In those days, nobody knew anything about radioactive fallout and radiation sickness, so even though God had miraculously spared me from the initial blast, I soon became very sick from exposure to fallout, as well as eating and drinking contaminated food and water. I came down with a very high fever, and could no longer eat. I became delirious and had terrible dreams and hallucinations in which I relived the horrors I had witnessed. I expected to die any day. It was then that I began to pray

to God that He would take away those horrible nightmares and visions and save my life. The nightmares ceased and God miraculously began to heal my body in answer to my prayers.

For the next five years, I remained very weak and sick from radiation sickness. During this time I did not grow at all. My voice remained the same, and I did not mature as normal boys did. My mother worried that I might end up a dwarf in a circus. But still I prayed daily that God would restore my health completely, and sure enough, when I was 19, I grew 15 centimeters (6 inches) in one year, and my body matured completely.

For many years, I told no one about my experience because others considered those of us who had been affected by high doses of radiation the living dead, as though it was only a matter of time before we would die. It was also thought that those who had been exposed to radiation would have abnormal and deformed children. I felt, therefore, that I should tell any girl I was considering to marry about my background and experience, and several girls refused to marry me because of this. Eventually one girl agreed to be my wife, and thanks to God, we had three normal, healthy, beautiful children.—Another set of miracles!

It wasn't until many years after my Hiroshima bomb experience that I've come to realize more deeply God's love and care for each human being. Before that I could never understand why God had miraculously spared me. But now I believe He wants me to tell my story in order to warn the world of the nightmare of nuclear war—a war that unleashes the very horrors of hell on earth and is absolutely insane, suicidal, and without honor, where millions of innocent men, women, and children can be wiped out in one burning flash.

I would also like my story to encourage all who hear it that God can do miracles. If God wants you to live, then nothing can kill you—not even an atomic bomb. ✧

# “Oh God, Send Someone!”

## Saved by a prayer

At 4:00 p.m., my brother Jack was just crawling down into a ten-foot-deep trench that ran down the center of a main thoroughfare in our city.

It was near quitting time. Jack is a welder, and he wanted to finish one particular part of his job before he left. He said good-bye to the other men as they quit, took his welding lead in his right hand, and lowered himself and his electric power cable into the trench. His head was well below the surface of the street.

Traffic above him was heavy. Though Jack could not see the cars and trucks, he could feel their vibrations. Occasionally a pebble would break loose from the side of the trench and fall into it. Jack paid no attention to them.

It was Jack’s job to weld the joints of a new water main both inside and out. He crawled into the thirty-six-inch in diameter pipe, lowered his shielding mask to protect his eyes against the flash of the bright welding arc, and went to work. After completing the inside of the joint, he crawled out of the pipe. It was 4:30 p.m. He began to weld the outside. Halfway through the job he stood up to get the kinks out of his legs. Jack stretched, turned toward the pipe, and pulled down the masking shield over his face again.

Suddenly the bank on the trench caved

in. Tons of dirt came crushing down on him from above and behind.

Jack was rammed against the pipe with the force of a sledgehammer. He went down, buried in a kneeling position, his face, covered by the shield, pressed hard up against the pipe. He was sore, and his nose was bleeding, and he couldn’t move his head.

Jack tried calling. Three times he shouted. The sound of his voice died in his shield. He tried to breathe slowly to preserve the supply of oxygen.

It crossed Jack’s mind that he might die.

Slowly he began to pray and continued to pray. He had his eyes open, but everything was black.

Something cool crossed his right hand. He wiggled his fingers and found they moved freely. His right hand had not been buried. He moved the hand again. He tried to scratch around with his hand to open up an air passage down his arm, but the weight of the earth was too great. It didn’t do any good.

Then it occurred to him that he had been holding the welding lead in that hand. So he fished around with his fingers. He found the rod, still in the holder. He grasped it tightly and moved it, hoping it would strike the pipe. Suddenly his wrist jerked and he knew he had struck an arc—the electric current

would be making its bright orange flash. So he kept on tapping the pipe, making an arc, hoping it would draw attention.

That must look like something, Jack thought. A hand reaching out of the ground striking an arc against the pipe—that must really look like something!

He began to figure out how long he had been buried since there was no way of telling time. He wondered how much gasoline was left in the engine-driven welder on top of the trench—whether it would last until dark when the orange arc might draw attention. Then he remembered that it was almost the longest day in the year. Darkness wouldn't fall until nearly nine o'clock. Still, if he had enough oxygen in his little tomb and if the gasoline held out, maybe...

He thought of all the hundreds of people passing within a few feet of him up above. He thought of his family and wondered if he would ever see his little grandson again. He thought of Tommy, his assistant, out on another job several miles away.

He figured there wasn't anything to do but lie there and wait and keep tapping flashes, and hope that enough air would filter into the mask to keep him alive. There wasn't anything to do but lie there and pray, "Oh God, send someone!"

In another part of town, Jack's assistant, Tommy, had finished his work for the day. Tommy was forty-seven years old, Jack, forty-one. They had known each other for more than fifteen years and were close friends. They were soon to be even closer, as within the next few minutes Tommy was to become the answer to Jack's desperate prayer.

Tommy did not know that Jack was on the job in the center of town. He got in

his truck and started off down the road with the full intention of driving directly home. The road he was on was a main artery, a superhighway that could take him home within minutes.

But as Tommy drove, he began to have the feeling something wasn't right.

He tried to shake the feeling off. He kept driving. The strange and unexplainable sensation grew. He thought that he ought to drive up to the job in the center of town and check it, then dismissed the idea. It meant driving six miles out of his way at the peak of rush hour. Tommy approached the intersection and suddenly he turned. He did not try to explain it to himself. He just turned.

Meanwhile Jack continued to pray. It was the same simple prayer, "Oh God, send someone. Oh God, send someone." His situation was getting more difficult. All the while he listened to the muffled sound of his welding motor outside. He wondered if it was dark yet. It seemed an eternity had passed. Things were getting hazy.

Tommy now drove along the main thoroughfare. The job was divided into two sections. He stopped his truck at a spot several blocks away from the cave-in and got out. He chatted with an engineer for fifteen minutes. He did not mention the gnawing sensation that still would not leave him alone. The time was 5:45. It was still broad daylight.

Back in the trench, Jack struck some more arcs. He thought it might be dark now. He listened to the welder popping. He hoped someone would come—soon. He was a little surprised that he wasn't in a state of panic. Jack just kept praying, "Oh God, send someone."



# HOW MUCH DOES A PRAYER WEIGH?

—Author unknown

## **A penniless widow needs food for her children. All she has is a prayer...**

**T**he only man I ever knew who tried to weigh one still does not know.

Once he thought he did. That was when he owned a little grocery store on the west side of town. It was a few weeks before New Year's 1918 when a tired-looking woman came into the store and asked him for enough food to make a dinner for her children. He asked her how much she could afford to spend.

"My husband was killed in the war," the woman answered. "I have nothing to offer but a little prayer."

The man confesses that he was not very sentimental in those days. A grocery store could not be run like a breadline. "Write it down," he said with a huff, and turned to attend to other customers.

To his surprise, the woman pulled a piece of paper from her pocket, unfolded it, and handed it to him over the counter. "I did that during the night, while sitting up with my sick baby."

The grocer took the paper before he could recover from his surprise, and then regretted having done so. What would he do with it? What could he say?

Then an idea came to him. Without even reading the prayer, he placed the paper on one side of his old-fashioned weight scales and said, "We shall see how much food this is worth."

To his astonishment, the scale would not go down when he put a loaf of bread

on the other side. And it still didn't go down as he added more food—anything he could lay his hands on quickly, because people were watching him. His face turned redder the more embarrassed and flustered he became.

Finally he said, "Well, that's all the scales will hold. Here's a bag." And he turned away.

With a little sob, the woman took the bag and started packing the food, only stopping to dry her eyes on her sleeve from time to time. The grocer tried not to look, but he had given her a big bag and couldn't help but see that it wasn't quite full. Without another word, he tossed a large cheese down the counter. Had he let down his defenses enough to actually look at the woman, he would have been rewarded with a timid smile and look of deepest gratitude.

When the woman had gone, the grocer examined his scales, which had worked fine for the previous customer. He never figured out how or when it had happened, but they were broken.

The grocer had never seen that woman before, and he never saw her again. But for the rest of his life he remembered her better than any other woman that ever came into his shop, and he always kept that slip of paper with her simple prayer, "Please, God, give us this day our daily bread." ✱



# Ice from the Sky

The impossible became possible...

—Author unknown

A boy in a remote African village moaned and tossed as his fever raged higher and higher. The doctor who was helping to care for the boy did what he could to bring the fever down, but what he really needed was an ice pack. He quickly dismissed the thought. The nearest ice was a difficult day's journey away.

"Cannot God send ice for my dear son?" the sick boy's mother asked. Then she reminded the doctor of what he had once said to her, that God delights in doing miracles for those who believe.

"That's true," said the doctor. "But ice?—Here?"

Paying no attention to his reservations, the mother asked again matter-of-factly, "Shall we not pray?"

And so they did. The doctor prayed a vague and general prayer, but then the boy's mother got right to the point.

"Dear God, if ice is necessary to my son's healing, You can send it. I believe it!"

No sooner had she ended her prayer when a hailstone the size of a walnut rolled into the hut. When the two looked out, they saw hailstones plummeting from the sky.

"God has answered in His own wonderful way!" the mother exclaimed.

The hailstorm was local, and did not damage the village's crops. The son recovered completely. News of the miracle spread to neighboring villages, and encouraged the faith of everyone who heard it.—And the doctor was reminded that God answers "impossible" prayers. ✱

A little fellow in the slum section of a large city seemed quite steadfast in his faith, but someone, surely in a thoughtless mood, tried to test or shake his simple faith in God, asking him, "If God loves you, why does He not take better care of you? Why doesn't He tell someone to bring you shoes and a warm coat and better food?" This little fellow thought a moment; then with tears starting in his eyes, he said, "I guess He does tell somebody, but somebody forgets."

Up above, a little way down the street, Tommy got into his truck, said good-bye to his friend, and started up again.

The gnawing sensation grew stronger. He reached a stoplight. It was his turnoff to get back to the superhighway by a shortcut. If he stayed on this street, he would have to go still farther out of his way. Tommy braked his truck for a brief instant, then continued on up the same road.

Underground, Jack finally gave up striking the arc. It was making him breathe too hard. He didn't think he could last much longer. He couldn't breathe...

At that moment, up above, Tommy arrived at the spot where his friend was buried. Nothing seemed unusual. He noticed the welding shop's truck. But it was a truck that Jack never used. Tommy thought another man from the shop was down in the trench. He pulled up, got out of his truck, and noticed the welder was running. He thought someone was inside the pipe, welding. Still nothing struck him as unusual.

Then Tommy saw the hand—and saw it move!

“Oh, God!” he whispered.

He jumped down into the trench and dug like a chipmunk with his hands. The earth was too packed. He scrambled out of the trench, looked back at the hand, and shuddered. He shut off the welder and raced through the traffic across the street to a garage.

Underground, Jack heard the pop-pop of the welder stop. It was then that

he began to prepare to die. He knew it was over. He was gagging and trying to throw off the mist that had come over him.

Tommy, just feet away, shouted to the men in the garage, “There’s a man buried alive over there! Get a shovel!”

Back across the street Tommy raced, carrying a snow shovel. He ran to the place where the hand stuck up, still not knowing it was his friend.

Jack, below, felt an extra pressure on top of his head. He knew someone was above him. He fought to keep from fainting.

The garage men hurried over.

“Send for the police. There’s a firebox down the street,” Tommy called. Tommy began to dig. He uncovered a wrist watch. He thought he recognized the watchband. He kept digging, until he uncovered the man’s side. He saw the man was still breathing, but his respiration was very weak.

Then Tommy recognized my brother, but by then Jack had fainted. Tommy dug more frantically.

The rescue squad arrived. They applied an oxygen mask to Jack while they were still digging him out. From the busy street, a crowd gathered.

Jack revived slightly when they put him on a stretcher. It was 6:30 p.m. He spied Tommy.

“Who found me?” he asked.

“I did,” said Tommy.

With his lips, Jack formed the words, “Thank God He sent you.” ✱

**When disaster, tragedy or sudden fear strikes, it's wonderful to know that divine help is only a prayer away.**



# NEWS and VIEWS

By James R. Yates, Reader's Digest, March , 1996

# Healing Prayer

**D**oes prayer heal? Scientists are discovering what believers have always known. It was during residency training when I had my first patient with terminal cancer in both lungs. I advised him on what therapy was available and what little I thought it would do. Rightly enough he opted for no treatment. Yet whenever I stopped by his hospital bedside, he was surrounded by visitors who were praying for him. Good thing, I thought, because soon they'll be praying at his funeral.

A year later when I was working elsewhere, a colleague called to ask if I wanted to see my old patient. See him? I couldn't believe he was still alive. I studied his chest X-rays and was stunned. The man's lungs were completely clear—there was no sign of cancer.

"His therapy has been remarkable," the radiologist said, looking over my shoulder. Therapy? I thought. There wasn't any—unless you consider prayer therapy. I told two of my medical-school professors what had happened. Neither was willing to acknowledge that the man's healing was miraculous. "That was the natural course of the disease," one said. The other professor shrugged, "That's how we see this," he said.

The faith of my childhood had waned as I got embroiled in the affairs of life and the pursuit of a career. Now I believed in the power of modern medicine. So I put the incident out of my mind.

The years passed and I became chief of staff at a large urban hospital. I was aware that many of my patients used prayer, but I put little trust in it.

Then in the late '80s I began to come across studies—many conducted under stringent laboratory conditions—which showed that prayer brings about significant changes in a variety of physical conditions.

Perhaps the most convincing study, published in 1988, was by cardiologist Dr. Randolph Byrd. A computer assigned 393 patients at the coronary care unit of a General Hospital either to a group that was prayed for by prayer groups, or to a group that was not remembered in prayer. No one knew which group the patients were in. The prayer groups were simply given the patients' first names, along with brief descriptions of their medical problems. They were asked to pray each day until the patients were discharged from the hospital—but were given no instructions on how to pray or what to say.

When the study was completed ten months later, the prayed-for patients benefited in several significant areas:

- They were five times less likely than the "un-remembered" group to require antibiotics.
- They were 2-1/2 times less likely to suffer congestive heart failure.
- They were less likely to suffer cardiac arrest.

If the medical technique being studied had been a new drug or surgical procedure instead of prayer, it would probably have been heralded as a breakthrough. Even hard-boiled skeptics like Dr. William Nolen, who had written a book questioning the validity of faith healing, acknowledged, "If this is a valid study, we doctors ought to write prayer prescriptions." ✨

# Expectancy

NOTABLE  
QUOTES



When we shoot an arrow, we look to see where it falls. When we send a ship to sea, we watch for its return. When we sow seed, we anticipate a harvest. So when we pray, shouldn't we expect and look for an answer?

Anything wonderful can happen in that little margin of time when we don't give up.

Faith sees the invisible, believes the incredible, and receives the impossible.

Faith is the wind that blows the sail of our ship of hope towards the desired destination.

Hope is faith holding out its hand in the dark.

Don't be afraid to take a big step if one is needed. You can't cross a chasm in two small jumps.

Expecting faith is what made a little girl take an umbrella to a gathering called especially to pray for rain. Grown-ups wore sunglasses.

Wonderful things happen to us when we live expectantly, believe confidently, and pray affirmatively.

Faith gives us the courage to face the present with confidence, and the future with expectancy.

