



WHO INFLUENCED YOUR PRAYER LIFE

Subtitle:

The Babbie Mason Factor

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Whose Influenced You Unto Prayer?

The Babbie Factor

Dr. Dale, the Macon Poly Technic University (MPTU) track coach always came home late on Thursday night since his wife Margie, also employed by MPTU, led a well-attended weekly University Girls' Bible Study on Thursday night in their home.

When Dale arrived home, Margie had just gotten into bed. She propped herself up and then grabbed her newest novel, "God in Tragedies, The Johnstown Flood of 1889."

Dale walked in, gave her a peck on the forehead and looked at the book. That she had just started it seemed obvious enough where she had it opened and appeared to be reading. As he walked to the closet and then the bathroom to prepare for bed himself, Dale asked, "New book?"

"Yes," she responded excitedly. "It's actually quite creative. I think I'll enjoy it."

"What's it about?" Came his reply.

"Interestingly, this author is talking about an infamous flood in Pennsylvania back in 1889. It is apparently ranked as the worst tragedy on US soil until 911." She paused for a moment, looking at the cover and then went on. "Look at this angel here." She said, pointing the cover to him when he poked his head out of the bathroom.

"Do you see this angel?" She went on, not really watching Dale. "The author wants to show God in the midst of tragedies and, so he is, quite cleverly, having an angel, a Guardian Angel, tell the back-story of people that are dying in this tragedy."

"Interesting," said Dr. Dale, not really paying attention.

And Margie continued, "Odd name too."

"Huh," Dale said, coming out of the bathroom for bed.

"Odd name," Margie repeated.

"What name are you talking about dear?" asked Dale, beginning to pay attention to her.

"The angel. His name is Hael." Margie said, not looking at Dale who had just stopped dead in his tracks.

A bewildered Dr. Dale slipped into the covers and then kissed his wife gently and continued to kiss her, wanting to be amorous but not able to get his mind off the name she had just uttered.

She put the book down, knowing her loving husband and responded to his kissing. But after a few more moments Dale apologized and left their bed.

"I'm sorry, baby," Dale said somewhat absentmindedly, but Margie already had her new novel in hand.

"No problem," she said. "Don't stay up too late."

Dale sat in the living room, needing to get a few things off his mind. "I sure hope that big guy shows up?" Dale muttered to himself.

Sitting on his sofa and opening his Bible, Dale had just begun reading in Proverbs when the nine-foot-tall angel entered the room by just "appearing," albeit gradually.

Dale eyed him suspiciously, not with the usual excitement their new relationship normally afforded.

Looking cautiously back at Dale, the angel asked, "Do you have something on your mind Dale?"

Dale hesitated and the wise angel, knowing his charge well, just waited. Getting a little more agitated Dale just looked back at the angel and said nothing. The angel now smiled and looked back at Dale. "Two could play this game," he thought.

Dale, still agitated couldn't figure out why the angel looked at him and smiled, so he just glared back at his angelic visitor who was becoming a regular fixture in his and Margie's home. He had introduced himself as Dale's Guardian Angel whom the Lord had allowed to reach out to Dr. Dale a number of months earlier.

Dale paused, took a deep breath, but now began to realize what was going on. Though somewhat amused, Dale had no plans on breaking into a smile. Instead, Dr. Dale stammered out the words to his nine-foot-tall friend, and guardian angel. "What is going on here, Hael?"

Chuckling now Hael asked, "What are you talking about? I'm not God remember. I don't know what you're thinking. I was told to be here, but I have no idea what's on your mind."

"There's another book." Dale said sharply.

"Another book?" Asked Hael, not knowing what Dale talked about.

"A book about a flood," stated Dale nearly exasperated.

"Oh yes," replied Hael. He smiled with obvious pride and went on. "It has just been finished. Since that author introduced you and I to the world in The Pray-ers, Book 1, Troubles, we in heaven have had a number of opportunities to write about specific instances, and this is the first one."

Dale just looked bewildered and Hael continued. "It is actually my book Dale. I authored it and am telling the world the back-story behind men and women that died in a flood, in . . ."

"In Pennsylvania back in the 1800's," finished Dale, still frustrated.

"Yes, that's right," said an excited Hael, "how did you know?"

"Margie is reading it." Said Dale a bit louder than he wanted to.

"Oh great," continued Hael, now beaming with pride, "I'd love for you to tell me her comments when she is done."

Standing up now, with even greater agitation Dale said, "Shouldn't you have told me, Hael?"

"Told you what, Dale?" Asked Hael.

And then Hael understood and a calm came across his face. Hael closed his eyes and started to hum a little tune that Dale had grown to love, and as he listened to Hael's melodious voice, he relaxed.

They both sat there for a long time not saying a word, Dale listening and Hael humming.

Dale said softly, "It's not fair that you can hum, and I immediately calm down, Hael."

Hael merely smiled, not responding to Dale's words.

After a time, Dale opened his eyes and said, "It was a shock to me Hael. You haven't let me tell Margie about you and so when she stated your name, well, I guess I was a bit jealous."

Smiling, Hael reached over and laid his large hand onto Dale's shoulders. "Dale," he began "there are incredible ways in which you as humans are influenced. Ways that we in the heavenlies never get to experience."

Dale looked on, listening to his friend and furrowed brow listening now with intentionality.

"I'm not complaining, mind you. After all, Dale, we have been watching your kind for every bit of 6000 years and I'm used to the differences. It is actually exciting to watch and see how the Lord, our joint Creator worked so differently in each of our species, you and us."

Hael paused and then began to tell Dale of the influence that music has had on his life, beginning with his humming to Dale. . . .

This tune that I hum to you I first heard some 3,000 earth years ago when David would play for King Saul, and it would calm the king he was there to serve.

Dale wanted to interrupt and ask questions, but he knew that this was a time to listen, so he remained silent.

Hael continued, "Our God knows Margie much better than you and I do Dale, so if He wants to influence her by the books that she reads, He will."

Dale looked skeptically and Hael knew that he had to take a different approach.

"I mentioned music, Dale," Hael went on. "Do you remember the influence that rock and roll music had on you when you were much, much younger and you'd attend the school dances?"

Dale started to get angry because he could tell that Hael decided to change tact. But a few seconds later, as he thought about it, he began to blush, for he knew exactly what Hael referred to. Much of the music was fun rock and roll but some of it had lyrics he'd play over and over again in his mind, until his mind had ungodly thoughts, very ungodly thoughts which, back then often played themselves out in unhealthy ways.

"Dale, I'm not focusing on, and I don't want you to focus on the negative. God has forgiven you and forgotten that. I may not have forgotten, but I certainly don't bring up what God has put aside.

I'm merely making the point that music influences you. Would you agree?" Hael asked. Seeing Dale hesitate, he continued "You're not really going to deny music's influence in your life, are you?"

Hael paused and smiled, "Dale, tell me about your love for the music of Babbie Mason?"

And with that Dale's eyes lit up. "I love her music Hael," he said barely containing himself.

"I know you do, Dale. That's why I brought up her name. But I know something about her music, and about you, that I do not think you have realized."

Dale yawned, after all it was now nearly 11:00 pm, two hours after his bed-time. "What are you talking about, Hael?" Dale asked.

"Have you ever wondered how God encouraged you unto prayer, Dale?"

"Well I," Dale paused and cocked his head, looking sideways. "I'm sure that," and he paused again before he continued, "Umm, well, no, I don't think I do."

"Well I do," Hael said matter-of-factly. There is no doubt that you were influenced by Dr. Bob at your church and the men at the

Issachar Prayer Group, but Dale, did you know that your heart was prepared, years before?"

Hael paused to let that sink in and then he watched Dale connect the dots, music, Babbie Mason, her music, my problems.

"Problems in my life," Dale said, more to himself than to Hael.

Hael nodded, encouraging Dale to continue his thought.

Looking clearly at Hael now, Dale said, "Problems in my life left my heart in need of being encouraged. And I remember, back when Margie and I made our big mistake, Babbie Mason's music brought great healing to my soul."

"Yes, it did Dale." Hael said slowly to his human friend. After pausing a moment, the angel went on. "Dale, how did her music encourage you?"

Dale, who had been on the edge of his seat sat back and remembered the words of one of the songs, **To The Cross**. He said them very low:

Whenever I resist it,
I am not at rest.
It hovers there inviting me,
To be a humble guest.
I need it daily,
This I know.
So with my selfish tears in tow . . .

Dale paused allowing his shoulders to gently stifle an emotional response and then smiled a humble smile, remembering another line in the same song,

And so, I will determine,
This cross to be my friend,
And I will bear it in my heart,
Until my pride is dead . . .

Dale stopped abruptly and started to silently shed tears. He looked up to Hael and said, "I began to hunger for an intimate relationship with the Lord, before I even knew that I lacked it."

I'll follow faithfully and go, to the Cross



To listen to Babbie Mason sing this song, check out this post on our website: MarkMirza.com

He saw from Hael's reaction that he had seen what Hael wanted him to see and understand. And Dale then expected Hael to disappear, as was his mode of dealing with Dale. For once he "got-it" Hael would disappear till their next visit.

Much to Dale's surprise, Hael did not fade out and disappear. Hael stayed, he lingered with Dale, humming softly, this time the tune of Babbie Mason's song above, To The Cross.

Dale, surprised to see Hael linger asked. "Something else, Hael?"

"Yes," Hael continued warmly, do you remember asking God to teach you what people meant by the statement, "intimacy with God?"

Dale chuckled and then responded, "Of course I do, Hael. I remember thinking they were fruitcakes. And the more I asked the Lord what people meant by 'Intimacy with God' the more silent I felt like He became. In fact, He was silent on that prayer request for a full three years."

"Yes, that's right, Dale," replied Hael. "He became silent because you needed to see what the Holy Spirit wanted to get into your thick head.

Dale smiled, for he knew that Hael liked to use English slang, and he seemed to pick it up rather quickly.

Smiling and looking thoughtfully at Hael, Dale lowered his eyes and said in quiet recognition, "The Holy Spirit used Babbie's songs to open my heart to something I did not know anything about, namely, a hunger for Him, intimacy with Him.

Nodding in affirmation, Hael asked one more question. "Dale, do you remember your conclusion, at the end of those three years?" And then Hael left by his usual fading out for he knew that Dr. Dale knew exactly what he meant.

Dale watched Hael disappear. Hael, his guardian angel and now an author. The author of a book that Margie had just begun reading.

Dale, answered Hael's question, speaking to no one in particular, before he turned his words and thoughts into a prayer. He said, "My love for prayer was and is the answer to my prayer request, isn't it Lord? So many years ago, I longed to understand intimacy with You. And now I see it, my love for prayer IS THE answer to that prayer."

Dale paused again, got on his knees and hummed, seeing Babbie Mason's words in his mind he changed them to be a prayer to the Lord. On his knees he began to sing the words . . .

And so, Lord, I will determine,
This cross to be my friend,
And I will bear it in my heart,
Until my pride is dead.
Lord, part of me will tell it no.
But You were there before me so,
I'll follow faithfully and go,
To the Cross.

Dale continued to turn those particular words over and over in his mind before he headed to his bedroom. He would have a peaceful

night's rest. He was tired but also interested in reading the book Hael had just authored.

Speaking to the ceiling, almost mockingly for he knew the exited Hael would want to hear this. "By the way, big-guy, Margie thinks your book is pretty creatively done." Heading into the hall towards his room Dale added, "I'll try to remember and tell you that when I see you next, if I'm not grumpy at you."

And from the rafters came the melodious reply, "Thank you Dale. I heard that."

For more on Dr. Dale, Margie and the nine-foot-tall angel Hael, go to www.ThePray-ers.com where you'll meet others in their lives. You'll also meet Thales from the first century and the nineteenth century itinerant preacher Alexander Rich. And if you watch closely you'll see a few of Hale's friends, not a few demons.