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She decided to visit him. She thought her heart could stand no more pain, but she was wrong. He was living with a girl and they weren't married. They had a son. She was a grandmother, but she couldn't be proud of it.

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Her prayers increased. Her husband died, but he had become a Christian in his final illness. She, too, grew weaker, older. She feared she would die before the prayers for her son were answered.

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She never saw with earthly eyes the great man of God her son became. She never heard his great sermons or read writings that determined much of Christian theology. She never knew her son's insights would jog Martin Luther into seeing that one is justified by faith alone. She would never hear her son's words that caused so many hearts to consider Jesus as Savior:

“Thou hast made us for thyself, oh Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in thee.”

Every part of this story is true—the mother who prayed was Monica, the mother of St. Augustine.

by Yvon Prehn, [www.thelionsvoice.com](http://www.thelionsvoice.com)

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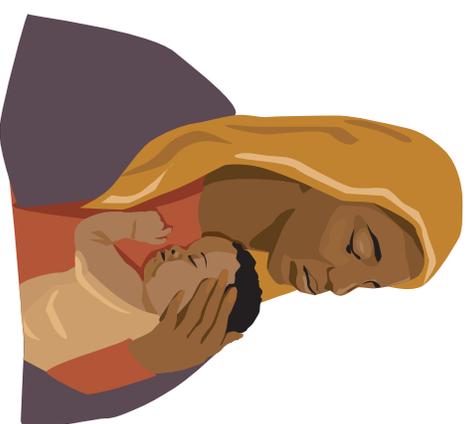
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