The Power of Prayer Ministry

About three years ago, my cousin's wife told me about the lap-quilt ministry their church was doing in Tennessee. She was originally introduced to this kind of program when Don had a heart attack while visiting their daughter in Washington State. She liked the idea so much she starting doing lap-blankets on her own at home and sending them to people she knew were suffering. When she had finished each one she would take them to morning mass with her and asked Father to bless them before sending them out. When the congregation went to communion, everyone would lay hands on the blankets and say a prayer.

After several of these trips to church with blankets to be blessed, she got ***the look.*** Father said, "Rosanne when are you going to get others involved with this ministry. " Needless to say, the ministry is going strong now.

I thought this was a wonderful idea, but I do not quilt and I knew our quilt ladies had plenty to do without adding more to their plate, so I put it to the side. Rosanne and I discussed this venture several times, but still I did nothing with it. Sometime later, I had another cousin who is a knitter that decided to clear out some of the yarn she had collected over the years and would never use. After the 3rd or 4th large bag of yarn had gone to my daughters friends, I decided I was going to take up crocheting again. If nothing else, I could crochet hats for kids in need.
Turns out, hats are not as easy I thought.

One day I felt a nudge to make prayer shawl. I knew someone whose family was going through difficult times of illness, broken bones, etc. Being the woman she is, I knew she carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders. I made the shawl. After that came another and another.

In September, I was diagnosed for second time with breast cancer. I realized this time was going to be more intense. As I looked around church, I noticed several women with chemo hats. I had heard of others having surgeries or other struggles. Many of these women had young children yet to be raised. I considered myself blessed this time. My girls are adults now, on their own and I am very proud of the women they have become. I was at peace to except whatever God's will for me. My prayer was only to keep my spiritual joy. This was my request when people offered to pray for me.

In January, after my chemo had begun, I was going through a particularly rough week. I almost let the devil steal that Joy that was so precious to me. That evening Doug walked in and handed me a parcel. I knew I had not ordered anything so my curiosity was peaked. I noticed the return address and immediately got excited. I opened it and behold, there was a beautiful lap-quilt. I knew of this program and still I was overcome emotion. My attitude immediately changed. Not only was there a quilt in the box, but also a beautiful card explaining about the prayers being said for ***me*** and a reminder that **I** was loved by God. Once again, that was my cue; I had to get this thing going.

My mind went to those young mothers. Several of the single moms. Then to those children who had to be frightened and confused, facing an unknown future. I had to make this program for more than just physical illnesses, hence the wide assortment of articles needed.

I cannot do this alone. I need your help. We need to set this church on **Fire** with our prayers, our caring attitude and our crafting skills. Every person here can do something. That is the beauty of this ministry. Let's make Holy Redeemer a church of shakers and movers. Let's be family to all. "Come, Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of Your faithful and kindle in them the fire of Your love."

We need to help others find their ***JOY*** and in doing so I guarantee **you** will find yours!

Mary Rasler