

Chapter 1



Ninety One And Still A Prayer Warrior

Ecclesiastes 3:1-2

“There is a time for everything and a season for every activity under heaven; a time to be born and a time to die.”

One spring day when the birds were singing their melodious songs and the fragrance of flowers filled the air with sweet perfume; it seemed that nothing could be added to enrich the moment. Life was good, and all was well with my soul.

However, I would soon be reminded that all our earthly wonders pale in comparison to the blessings showered down by God from His heavenly realm. It was soon to be demonstrated that the beauty of His eternal love could touch the human heart unlike any priceless earthly treasure.

As my feet happily led me down the hallway of Christian Health Care, beautiful words of praise to God began floating through the air like soft golden sunlight sifting to the forest floor. The beauty of the humble, tenderly spoken words halted my journey and seemed to suspend my steps in midair. As the magnificent words continued, it was soon obvious that I was hearing a prayer filled with such great love and adoration for God that the effect was more intoxicating than any fragrance or sound spring could supply. The sweet, gentle words seemed to act as a magnet, and draw my steps toward their peaceful sound.

As I entered through the doorway in search of the rich voice that was so magnificently praising God, I immediately saw a sea of white heads bowed in quiet reverence to their Father. After listening carefully for a brief moment, it appeared that the sound was coming from a far corner of the room. There in a wheelchair sat a beautiful, kind faced lady with her head bowed so low that she had the appearance of kneeling at an altar. Her hair was neatly braided, with her hands folded gracefully in her lap. It was apparent that this kind old soul was accustomed to frequent conversations with her God. Obviously, those two had an intimate relationship, filled with rich, vibrant love.

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After hearing her final amen, I slipped quietly out into the hallway, possessing a heart filled with such warmth, that I vowed to make the acquaintance of that dear prayer warrior in the very near future.

Fortunately, one week later, I located her in the hallway, smiling and visiting with her friends as they all sat together in their wheelchairs. Walking quickly to her I exclaimed, "You pray the most beautiful prayers I have ever heard in my life." Her immediate response was, "I ought to, I have been doing it all my life." She then remarked, "My name is Mary Josephine Pascall, I'm 91 years old, and am wondering why the good Lord has left me here so long."

After hearing Mary, the prayer warrior, sending her praises up to God that wonderful spring day, there was no doubt in my mind that even at age 91, she was still living the life long destiny that the Great Creator planned for her during her journey on this earth. It was also obvious to the writer that Mary Josephine Pascall's mission had a firm foundation built on the greatest gift of all; LOVE!

Over the course of many months, it has been a pleasure to watch Mary's loving relationship with her fellow residents and caregivers. Her love has penetrated so deeply that she has been described as having touched many lives during her stay in residential care. It was because of witnessing this repeated behavior, that a strong desire to put it into words for all to read, grew into this story of her life. I knew, beyond a shadow of doubt, that since she had dramatically touched so many lives while sitting in a wheelchair, the souls she enriched during her earlier walk with God would be unbelievable, and a story worth sharing with others. And....so it was!



(Mary Josephine Pascall, the prayer warrior)