

Her Letters

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Stella Bekon watched as her son's transport aircraft lifted high into the sky slowly fading to nothing more than a speck. She hated that he had been forced to return to Iraq for his third tour of duty, but understood the importance of his being there. Her friends vigorously stated the unfairness of a third deployment having forgotten our veterans of World War II had remained deployed returning only when the war was finished. Stella never wavered from her son's commitment to his duty because she, too, was fulfilling a pledge. This pledge was one of intercession for her son and the other men and women who were fighting. In the days ahead her resolve of faith would be sorely tested.

Marcus Bekon was born on June 20, 1983. He stood six feet two inches tall and weighed two hundred thirteen pounds. Personally he delighted in his third deployment explaining to his mother that he had the opportunity to help bring freedom to those who had never known it. He felt favored by God and said so openly. He was a soldier and loved his job.

Three weeks passed and Stella had kept herself updated with the Iraqi conflict by means of television reports. One afternoon a knock at the door brought news that Stella had forced from her mind many times. Two soldiers one of which was a chaplain were invited inside the house where they delivered the news that Marcus was missing in action. His platoon had been one spearheading the assault into Fallujah experiencing heavy resistance.

Calmly Stella nodded her head signifying that she had understood the news. The soldiers were impressed, but a little bewildered by the reaction. Sensing this Stella explained that on the inside her emotions were erupting with concern for her son, but that her becoming hysterical would void her focus of faith regarding his safety. The soldiers left believing Mrs. Bekon did not understand the gravity of Marcus's situation.

Stella prayed to God seeking for strength and courage. A scriptural promise came to mind. "Blessed is the fruit of my body for I serve the Lord." Stella located the scripture in Deuteronomy, Chapter 28. She then turned to Romans, Chapter 3, and read verse thirteen. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." She had no way of knowing that before her son had been taken captive he had quoted the exact verse.

Placing her Bible on the kitchen floor Stella stood on it. "Lord," she said, "I claim these promises. I say that my son will live and will not die. He is my flesh and you promised that he would be blessed because I serve you. I believe your word."

Tears came and went as her faith in God's ability was tested by thoughts of what her son might be experiencing. Thoughts of possible death had to be reversed and replaced with those supporting her faith. "The God of the Universe will stand behind His promise," she told herself.

In an attempt to boost her own faith as well as show faith in her God, Stella wrote her prayer in the form of a letter. This letter asked God for her son's protection and well being based upon the scriptures she had chosen. She signed her name and placed a stamp in the upper right-hand corner.

"How will I address this letter?" she asked herself. "I know, I will address it to the Kingdom of God."

Stella walked to the mailbox placed the letter inside and raised the red flag to alert its presence to the mail service. Stella understood that the letter would be returned, but sending it helped release her faith in what God had promised. The action she had taken was for no one's benefit but her own.

The next day found her addressing another letter and mailing it to the Kingdom of God. She continued this for three days. The subsequent letters did not contain prayers for her son's release, but sent praises to God for that release. She thanked Him for Marcus's health and well being. She thanked Him for protection, for peace and for the honor of knowing such a powerful and loving God. These letters allowed Stella to focus her thoughts and emotions in faith rather than toward anguish and torment.

On day four the letter of prayer she had mailed to God was returned stamped with the words, "address unknown, undeliverable." Stella took the letter inside and placed it on the kitchen table where it sat for about an hour.

The letter seemed to have a voice that called to her. She knew its contents because she had written it. Nevertheless a compelling power guided her to return to it again. Removing a butter knife from a drawer Stella broke the seal. Right away she knew something was different. The paper was smooth and she could see a letterhead through the top of the fold. The letter she sent had been handwritten, but this one was typed.

"How could this be?" she asked herself.

With shaking hands she unfolded the letter. A bold letterhead read,

“From the Office of God, the Most High.”

“This letter has been dispatched to inform you that we have received your faith correspondence. Every precaution has been taken in reference to Marcus Bekon, A.K.A. son of the Most High God.

It is my distinct pleasure to inform you that an Angelic Host has been assigned the responsibility of protecting your son. The promise you have so delicately and preciously claimed has enabled me to place a priority upon Marcus’s life. I must admit that it is to my delightful indulgence to do so.

I swear to you by myself for there is none greater that Marcus will be returned to you in good health. With Joy and gladness I end this correspondence.

Yours truly,
Father God.”

God had personally signed His name, “Adoni,” at the bottom of the page. He had been reminded of His blood covenant by Stella and was ecstatic to fulfill her request.

The next day the first of the praise letters was returned as undeliverable. Stella wasted little time in opening it. This letter, too, had been returned by God. It told of the enjoyment with which God had received it. Apparently God read it aloud to those present in the throne room. A sweet odor then proceeded from God’s response to her. She breathed deeply filling her nostrils with its fragrance. To her surprise a courage and strength arose within her as she inhaled this fragrance. Near the bottom of the page were the words emitting the odor. “Yeah, I will strengthen thee. Yeah, I will uphold with the right hand of my righteousness.”

God had personally sent His strength to encourage and lift her spirit. The last sentence of the letter read, “You have called upon me and I have answered. The boy is well.” Tears of joy filled her eyes as she fell to her knees praising the Living God.

Each letter was returned and contained a response from God. His reply remained consistent with the second letter. “The boy is well. Fret not yourself for your praises have kept him before my face. I have spoken his deliverance and I have performed it.”

A car pulled into the driveway and two soldiers came to the door. They knocked and were invited inside.

“Mrs. Bekon,” they said, “we have great news for you. Marcus has been found in good health. Apparently his captors were placed in a position of having to flee quickly from an area under attack. They did not take Marcus. We believe he would have slowed their progress so they left him behind.”

“When did this occur?” Stella asked.

“Tuesday, ma’am.”

That was the same day she received her first response from God.

“We don’t understand it, ma’am. Usually the Iraqis kill their prisoners rather than leave them behind, but for some reason they rushed from the building as though they had forgotten he was there. We found him tied and lying on the floor. Your boy was lucky to have survived.”

The visit ended and the guests headed toward their car. Before they could enter it Stella yelled as loudly as she could, “Thank you, Jesus! You saved my boy!”

The two soldiers looked at one another and said, “She’s right. This thing was so weird that only Jesus could have pulled it off.”