

I Am A Mother's Prayer

I want to introduce you to a mother's prayer, one of the mightiest influences that God ever released through human channels: and yet you may not be able to see our guest, nor hear the actual voice. I shall read the biography of a mother's prayer:



"I am a mother's prayer: I am sometimes clothed in beautiful language that has been stitched together with the needles of love in the quiet chambers of the heart, and sometimes I am arrayed only in halting phrases interrupted by tears which have been torn like living roots from the deep soil of human emotion. I am a frequent watcher of the night. I have often seen the dawn break over the hills and flood the valleys with light, and the dew of the gardens has been shaken from the eyes as I waited and cried at the gates of God."

"I am a mother's prayer: there is no language I cannot speak; and no barrier of race or color causes my feet to stumble. I am born before the child is born, and ere the day of deliverance comes, I have often stood at the altars of the Lord with the gift of an unborn life in my hands, blending my joyful and tearful voice with the prayers and tears of the father. I have rushed ahead of the nurse through the corridors of the hospital praying that the babe would be perfect, and I have sat dumb and mute in the presence of delight over a tiny bit of humanity, so overwhelmed I have been able to do nothing but strike my fingers on the harps of gratitude and say, 'Well, thank the Lord!'"

"I am a mother's prayer: I have watched over the cradle; I have sustained a whole household while we waited for a doctor to come; I have mixed medicine and held up a thermometer when the fever read 104; I have sighed with relief over the sweat in the little one's curls because the crisis was past. I have stood by a grave side and picked up a few flowers to take home like old memories, and cast my arms around the promises of God to just hang on and wait until I could feel underneath me the everlasting arms."

"I am a mother's prayer: I have walked and knelt in every room of the house: I have fondled the old Book, sat quietly at the kitchen table, and been hurled around the world to follow a boy who went to war. I have sought through hospitals and army camps and battlefields: I have dogged the steps of sons and daughters in college and university, in the big city looking for a job. I have been in strange places, for I have even gone down into honky-tonks and dens of sin, into night clubs and saloons and back alleys and along dark streets. I have ridden in automobiles and planes and ships seeking and sheltering and guiding and reminding and tugging and pulling toward home and Heaven."

“I am a mother’s prayer: I have filled pantries with provision when the earthly provider was gone: I have sung songs in the night when there was nothing to sing about but the faithfulness of God: I have been pressed so close to the promises of the Word that the imprint of their truth is fragrant about me. I have lingered on the lips of the dying like a trembling melody echoed from Heaven.”

“I am a mother’s prayer: I am not unanswered, although mother may be gone, although the home may be dissolved into dust, although the little marker in the graveyard grows dim, I am still here: and as long as God is God, and truth is truth, and the promises of God are ‘yea and amen’, I will continue to woo and win and strive and plead with boys and girls whose mothers are in glory, but whose ambassador I have been appointed by the King Immanuel. I am a mother’s prayer . . .”

Gospel Tract Society, Inc.

PO Box 1118 Independence MO 64051

www.gospeltractociety.org



This ministry maintained by the gifts of God's people.