

POWER IN A MOTHER'S PRAYER

I recently received an e-mail from a mother who gave me permission to share this excerpt with you:

"We have had simply terrible things going on here with our son 'Bill.' I won't give you any details, but please, please pray hard for him. Things are really critical right now. I have cried so over him in prayer. I have cried so over him into his shirt. Oh, our babies make our hearts hurt so much! I get the thought sometimes that all is hopeless with him.

"And remember our daughter 'Sue,' too. I reminded her today that she lives under our roof and eats our food. She should either obey and have a good attitude, or live under her own roof and eat her own food. I said it all quietly, but from my heart. Her ungratefulness and disloyalty to her daddy deeply grieves me. I don't want her to move out. I only want her to do what is right. I guess that makes me a bad guy in her eyes.

"Our eyes, however, are not on the same things. She is looking at the world. I am looking into eternity. Pray, pray, pray. The reason she and I had this discussion was because she did not agree with how her daddy handled a situation with her brother last week. I may not be in total agreement either, but I will not be disloyal to her dad. I will not allow her to be disloyal to him either. Not in his home, eating his food, letting him pay all the bills. That is just not right. Putting him and his authority down is wrong, wrong, wrong!

"Sue sometimes actually has a sweet spirit during our devotions and has even participated. But Bill only tolerates our devotions. His heart is not in them. He just wants to do his thing. And his thing is lawlessness, doing what feels good, not obeying God or parents or authorities. He doesn't yell or fling things about. He just quietly rebels and wants to live by his own laws. Pray, pray, pray. I was lying in bed the other night, praying for my babies...."

How many parents have found themselves in such hopelessness? But hope abounds when mothers pray for their babies...no matter how old they are.

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A wayward child who's turned from right
Can stab the heart with deepest care,
But still there's light in darkest night:
There's power in a mother's prayer.

When fears blow in like winter wind
To strip the soul and leave it bare,
One thing restores the hope within:
There's power in a mother's prayer.

Can hardened heart or face of flint
Or stubborn will to do and dare
Refuse to take a softer bent?
There's power in a mother's prayer.

O what can smooth the countless fears
So etched in faces lined with care?
As babies' names are breathed through tears,
There's power in a mother's prayer.