

Passion In Prayer

*“Lord, listen! Lord, forgive! Lord, hear and act!
For your sake, my God, do not delay,
because your city and your people bear your Name.”
Daniel 9:19 (NIV)*

There is a story about a dear deacon in one church who faithfully attended the Wednesday night prayer meetings. He always had the same prayer each week that included the following sentence, “Lord clear away the cobwebs from our lives.” Another faithful deacon found his patience wearing thin at this repetition. So, one night as the first deacon once more said the same request, the impatient deacon jumped to his feet and shouted, “Lord don’t do it, kill the spider instead!”

Well, there was passion no doubt in the frustrated deacon’s voice. Yet we are sure of the sincerity of both men.

As Daniel moves through his prayer, we note the sentences near the end of the prayer become brief and terse. Daniel is certainly sincere and thoughtful as his prayer progresses, but his emotions become more powerful and add to his passion in prayer.

You can sincerely become passionate as you pray by immersing yourself in the pattern Daniel uses as he lifts his heart and voice to the Lord. By using applicable characteris-

tics of the Lord, by humbling yourself, by using appropriate Scriptures, by confessing sin, by recognizing who you are in the eyes of the Lord, you can become very involved passionately in praying to your Father in heaven. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me
from a world of care,
And bids me
at my Father’s throne
Make all my wants
and wishes known.
In seasons
of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped
the tempter’s snare,
By thy return,
sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer!
sweet hour of prayer!
The joys I feel,
the bliss I share,
Of those
whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires
for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where God my Savior
shows His face,
And gladly take
my station there,
And wait for thee,
sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer!
sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings
shall my petition bear
To Him whose
truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting
soul to bless.
And since He bids me
seek His face,
Believe His Word
and trust His grace,
I’ll cast on Him
my every care,
And wait for thee,
sweet hour of prayer!

Sweet hour of prayer!
sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah’s
lofty height,
I view my home
and take my flight.
This robe of flesh I’ll drop,
and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout,
while passing through the air,
“Farewell, farewell,
sweet hour of prayer!”

-William W. Walford

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