

The Effective, Fervent Prayer of a Woman Unlocks Tremendous Power

I live in a world plagued with evil and suffering. Broken lives walk around me, and I look past their hurting hearts. This is a lost world, a fallen world in need of hope, in need of light.

Last Friday, I had to recognize not only the darkness, but also my own prayerlessness.

Because this is what has been so heavy in my heart. It is that I forgot how to pray. I say I believe in the power of prayer, yet the time I spend in prayer is insignificant. How is it that I can access the Almighty God, yet instead I choose to spend my time browsing through Facebook statuses or researching the best parenting sites?

And this is when, once more, I am confronted by my own brokenness and my own need for God—my redeemer, my comforter, my hope.

Would I be different if I devoted time before the throne of God each day? Absolutely.

Would our church see fruit if I prayed as fervently about our ministry as I complain about how difficult it is? Without a doubt.

Would my girls be more alert to the doings of God in their lives if I was more aware of them myself as I recognize His voice throughout my day? Yes.

A tragedy brings us to our knees. It makes us realize how far we have moved away from the Lord and how we have allowed darkness to cover the light we are supposed to give and spread with this world.

But darkness cannot destroy light—not when Jesus has already won the battle for us. And sometimes it takes the precious and innocent blood of children to make us wake up and see the brokenness inside us and how desperately we need God to be ever-present in our lives, in our hearts, in our words and in our actions.

Because He has come so that we have life and have it to the full. And so I am ready, ready to embrace this full life He offers, and to do so I need to spend time with Him. I need to hear His voice.

So I will fall on my knees, spread out my arms and ask God to mend the broken pieces of my heart. I will ask Him to make me whole. I will beg Him to move!

The same God who parted the sea, the One who made the blind man see and the lame man walk—He can move today too. So move, Lord Jesus. Show us Your power, Your glory and Your unending love.

*Adapted from **Ellen Stumbo's** blog at . Ellen is a pastor's wife, and she writes about finding beauty in brokenness with gritty honesty and openness. She is passionate about sharing the real—sometimes beautiful and sometimes ugly—aspects of faith, parenting, special needs and adoption. She has been published in Focus on the Family, LifeWay, MomSense, Not Alone, and Mamapedia among others.*

