

Praying Through

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by Mother Elizabeth Dabney

In 1925, the Lord told Bishop Charles Harrison Mason to send Elder O.T. Jones to pastor a large mission in Philadelphia. Elder Jones asked if my husband, Elder E.H. Dabney, and I could assist him. Bishop Mason said yes, and told me my job was to pray and write for the church. One afternoon the Lord called my attention to [a bad] situation in the neighborhood. I asked God if He would give us the victory if I made a covenant with Him to pray. He said He would. God told me to meet Him the next morning at the Schuylkill River at 7:30.

I went home and asked my husband to take me to Riverside Drive the next morning. ... I was so afraid I would miss the appointment with the Lord that I sat up all night and crocheted. I dared not put my trust or confidence in an alarm clock. We arrived at a place where a tree was bent over the road, and the Lord said: "This is the place."

As I stood [alone] between two large stones, the presence of God overshadowed me, and I acknowledged His presence with tears, and a delighted "Good morning, Jesus." I said: "Lord, if You will bless my husband in the place You sent him to establish Your name, if You will break the bonds and destroy the middle

wall of partition,
if You will give him a church and congregation—a credit to
Your people and all
Christendom—I will walk with You for three years in prayer,
both day and night.
I will meet You every morning at 9 a.m. sharp; You will never
have to wait for
me; I will be there to greet You. I will stay there all day; I
will devote all
of my time to You.

"Furthermore, if You will listen to the voice of my
supplication and break
through in that wicked neighborhood and bless my husband, I
will fast 72 hours
each week for two years. While I am going through the fast, I
will not go home
to sleep in my bed. I will stay in church, and if I get
sleepy, I'll rest on
newspapers and carpet."

As soon as I had made a covenant, the heavens opened, and the
glory of the
Lord fell from heaven all around me. I knew He had prepared me
to enter into
prayer ministry.

At 9 a.m. each day the door knob of the church would turn, and
I would greet
the Lord with a hearty, "Good morning, Jesus." I would kneel
and pray until I
wore all the skin off my knees on those hard floors. I
suffered. The flesh on my
bones was numb, and I fasted, not eating or drinking natural
food—but I had a
direct supply from heaven.

Soon the mission was too small to accommodate the people, and

my husband
requested that I pray for another place nearby. I prayed, and
a man who had been
in business for 25 years decided to rent us the building.

By this time, I realized the Lord was showing me some of His
glory, but the
people did not understand why I devoted so much time to
church. These were not
sinners; they professed to love God as I did. They would come
to the church and
pull and shake me to get me to leave the altar, but I never
opened my eyes. The
devil put out diabolical propaganda that I was "an old witch"
and a "magic book
reader."

But when they came and saw my tear-stained face, they repented
with tears for
allowing the devil to sow evil seeds into their minds. The
Lord was so sweet in
my soul. He amused me with the Scriptures and supported me
with His arms.

I had no idea that I would ever see my name in the headlines
of newspapers
and magazines, but the Pentecostal Evangel published my
testimony under the
title "What It Means to Pray Through." As a result, I received
more than 3
million letters from all parts of the world from people
wanting to know what it
means to pray through.