

Good morning! Do you believe that God answers prayer? I do. It is always interesting to me to learn how people think about prayer. I think most people, Christians or not, think of prayer as “asking”. For most of us, that is the kind of praying we do. When Pam and I pray together in the evening we usually spend time interceding for other people, for situations and concerns about family and friends, people we know who need healing or are suffering in some way. That’s one way we pray but that’s not the *only* way to pray; there are other ways. I often think of Tevye, the main character in “Fiddler on the Roof”, who constantly communicates with God, telling Him what he’s thinking about the various things that are happening in his life. The Bible has a lot to say about prayer; let’s consider this passage together this morning:

O Lord, I call to you; come quickly to me. Hear my voice when I call to you. May my prayer be set before you like incense; may the lifting up of my hands be like the evening sacrifice.

Psalm 141:1–2

I like this ---I find it peaceful and encouraging. In today’s passage, the Psalmist has established a regular time to come to God in prayer. He’s not asking for something specific---he’s coming to God in prayer and worship. I have shared this before, but I’ll share it again. In the early days of our marriage, I would get home from work before Pam did. During that time I began to have a sense of urgency to get to know God better. I didn’t really have a plan for this. I had read in the Bible about prayer closets so I decided to try it. Each day I would put a chair in a closet and go in there and wait for God. I would sit in that chair in the dark, waiting. I didn’t really have an idea of what it would be like if God showed up. To be clear, I’m not recommending it; I’m just saying that’s what I did. At first, it took a lot of will power to sit in that chair and try to keep my mind from wandering. Eventually though, God began to meet with me in that closet. I regularly had a sense of His Presence. He didn’t speak to me out loud but I knew He was there and I knew He appreciated me being there, too. I wasn’t asking God to do anything; I just sat quietly in my chair and quietly knew that the God of the Universe was meeting with me in that small closet in our one bedroom apartment in Annandale--and it changed me. Being with Jesus changes us. This morning, let me encourage you that if you want to know God better, make a way to meet with Him. You don’t need to do what I did, but if you want to know God better, you must learn to put aside your own schedule and look for a way to fit in with His schedule. Make time to meet with God. He wants to meet with you...and He likes it!