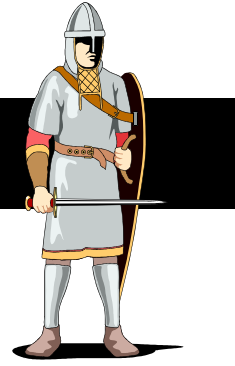


Wall of Prayer

www.wallofprayer.net

July 23, 2007

Dear Faithful Prayer Warrior,



Recently, our pastor gave an illustration involving his wife's prize flower bed. He alluded to the fact that if a fire or a storm struck, those flowers would be the one thing she would grab before just about anything else. You see, those flowers had been "passed down" through the years, one generation after another, from her great grandmother's flower bed to her very own. I have thought about those flowers time and again. Every spring, Teresa must experience the same beauty and fragrance her great grandmother once anticipated over a century ago as the chill of winter melted away and the spring rains began to fall. The stamina of such fragile flowers and the virility of those tiny seeds are amazing indeed. I confess, I don't remember the point of the pastor's illustration, but Isaiah 55 speaks of the beauty and the fragrance the seeds of God's word continue to produce in the lives of those who seek Him while He may be found.

For My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are your ways My ways," says the Lord. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts higher than your thoughts. For as the rain comes down, and the snow from heaven, and do not return there, but water the earth, and make it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall My word be that goes forth from My mouth; it shall not return to Me void, but it shall accomplish what I please, and it shall prosper in the thing for which I sent it.

For you shall go out with joy, and be led out with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing before you and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the cypress tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

Last month as I lay "resting my eyes" on my father's bed next to my mother's hospital bed, with the sun streaming in and the small fan giving a gentle breeze, I felt the touch of my mother's hand on mine. It interrupted thoughts of God's mercies and faithfulness and how Isaiah 55 related to my family. The word of the Lord was sown in the hearts of my great grandparents and passed down through the generations by the work of the Holy Spirit to my very own heart. Childhood stories of a great grandmother who would get to the church before daybreak on chilly Sunday mornings to start the fire in the old stove and of a great grandfather (on the other side) along with his brothers building their church with their own hands flooded my mind. My parents' love story—the new young preacher, still in school, courting and marrying the church pianist—brought tears to my eyes. Childhood memories of seeing my parents on their knees praying for God to bring extra work for my father in order to "pay the bills" as my mother worked full-time so that he could finish medical school in preparation for the mission field, are seared on my heart. That week, I had been so blessed to see the fruits of God's faithfulness and the labors of my ancestors as I visited with my nieces and nephews—my parents have 17 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren in all. I was surrounded by energetic, intelligent, chaste and respectful young people who brought light and life to those around them. There were stories of heartaches and successes, of mission trips and career plans, of upcoming weddings and a baby on the way. One niece has spent a year in South America learning the language and experiencing the culture as she plans to pursue medical missions. Her cousin set up a soup kitchen in her home-town rounding up many of her classmates and church friends to help; she too hopes to be a medical missionary. Two other

cousins are in medical school, another serves as a fighter pilot in the Air Force, there is a preacher, and a homemaker who is a professional seamstress, a physical therapy student, an artist who draws portraits, a carpenter, a rancher, a counselor in a Christian summer camp and a businessman; there are college students and high school students. One sweet and gentle niece daily cares for elderly patients who love her dearly. My kids are included in this "line-up" and I would be dishonest if I claimed any credit for the godly young men they are becoming. Anything good found in them is there because of God's mercy and His word which has not been sown in vain but is accomplishing His plans in His timing and in His way.

I don't want to bore you with my "home movies" but I want to shout to the world that we serve a faithful God who has brought us through joys and tragedies, successes and failures and now sustains us through this very painful time of my mother's struggle with Alzheimer's disease and my father's struggle with his bride who has now become his only patient. God is allowing us to serve a wife and mother who laid down her life and her ambitions so that my father and my siblings and I could become all that God intended us to be. She was not a great evangelist per se or a great preacher or teacher, but because of her faithfulness to the work God had called her-quietly praying and serving her family-many today "go out with joy and are led out in peace." I'm so grateful that amidst this storm, God is giving me the chance to smell His fragrant aroma arising from tiny mighty seeds sown so long ago. As we persevere in this work of prayer, we are sowing seeds through God's word into the lives of our students. Imagine one day seeing the fragrant "bouquet" grown from seeds now hidden from us. When we all get to heaven! Never give up!

In Him,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Susan".

Susan Admire