

Behold, a Praying Mother

By: Pastor Dale Ervrist

Behold, a praying mother, the one upon her knees;
Hear her gentle whispers and her impassioned pleas.
See her as she bears her heart to offer names and needs,
Of those she bears love's burden for, it's for their sake she pleads.

She knows her Father hears her; she knows her Lord is there;
She's counting on abounding grace that flows from love and care.
She knows no matter how much love she feels for those she prays,
The God that she is praying to feels more in every way.

Behold, a praying mother, voice lifted up in praise;
She knows their lives are in His hands;
He's numbered all their days.
It's in advance, she thanks Him, for answers she'll receive,
And in advance for promises, she chooses to believe.



She still, at times, will worry and sometimes be afraid,
But she'll defeat her doubts and fears by promises God's made.
Yes, she is truly human, but joined to the Divine,
Her heart and mind are anchored, abiding in the Vine.

Behold, a praying mother, the word of God in hand;
She studies, and she meditates on God's eternal plan.
For as the Scriptures fill her heart, faith is on her lips;
She trusts those interceded for will stand, not slide nor slip.

She lets the Spirit lead her in what and how to pray;
She asks for deeper fillings to empower her each day.
Her words are heaven-guided as she seeks the Father's plan,
By faith in power and providence, she trusts His mighty hand.

Behold, a praying mother, and honor her today,
For only time will tell the tale of those for whom she prayed.
Esteem this woman highly, and love her like no other,
You'll never know a greater gift than of a praying mother.



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