ForEwOrd
by
Christian Timothy George

Babies spend a lot of time on their knees. For hours, they crawl on them, experiencing the world from a very humble posture. When they grow older, however, they learn the importance of standing to their feet instead of kneeling on the ground. But children must learn to return to those two knees. They must learn that there’s more maturity in kneeling than standing. Children must train their eyes to read, and they must train their hands to write, but if those eyes are not trained to close, and those hands are not trained to fold, they will have an education without a salvation. Children must be taught to pray.

As a child, I learned to pray. They were not elaborate, ornate prayers filled with deep theological insights. They were not long prayers, polished with eloquence. They were simple prayers. They were the prayers of a child. I knew little about the world, the flesh, and the Devil. In fact, I knew little about anything at all! But when I opened my Bible to the book of Psalms and read how a shepherd would lay his sheep beside quiet waters, my eyes opened with interest. I knew a lot about lying down! And so I prayed, “Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep!” A prayer from a lamb who needed only the safety of sleeping by his Shepherd.
As the legs of that lamb grew a little longer, I managed to make it through the book of Psalms and even peeked over at Proverbs. Solomon seemed so wise, and I wondered how he acquired his knowledge. My eyes, somewhat older now, widened with wonder as they discovered a kneeling Solomon, praying for a Godly wisdom. I wanted to be a man like that one day, and so I asked the God above for a little wisdom down below.

He took me through the Scriptures. I met Joseph in his jail, and Daniel in his den, and Paul in his prison. I saw Jonah sitting in his seaweed and heard him wailing for a way out of that whale. Daniel prayed three times a day, and one day he spent an evening with a bunch of ferocious felines! I found that men of prayer struggled quite a lot in life! Christianity really cost them something! I realized that Christianity would cost me something too. Perhaps it would cost me everything! Could I afford to give God my all? Paul answered me well when he said how he considers everything rubbish compared to knowing Christ.

Everything I owned, including my faith, were all gifts given to me, not wages worked for. God, in His love, brought me to Himself. Prayer magnetized me to the Maker of Heaven and earth! When I bowed my head, I realized that a price tag hung from my heart, and I belonged to someone else. Bought with the blood of a Righteous Redeemer, I was not my own. Prayer tasted sweet to my lips because it reminded me of my helpless condition, and it pointed me to the comforting cross of Christ. My burden fell from my shoulders on that Calvary hill, and I began to thirst for secret moments with the Savior. I found in those early years a preciousness in prayer that remains to this day. Parents who teach their children to pray can be comforted with wise Solomon, knowing that “God hears the prayers of the righteous” (Proverbs 15:29).

When I was a child, I prayed like a child, but when I became a man, I found those prayers still powerful.
My parents taught me the mealtime prayer, “God is great, God is good, let us thank Him for our food.” The older I get, the more I learn of His inexhaustible greatness. The longer I live, the more I taste of His overwhelming goodness.

Gratitude lacks the strength to describe how appreciative I am to my parents for their unselfishness in teaching my knees to kneel and my lips to pray. Their faithfulness to God in that decision molded me into a man who takes his burdens to the Lord, and leaves them there. For His glory, and by His grace, God has called me to be a preacher of His Holy Word. With my wife Rebecca prayer now forms the foundation of our new home, and one day we too will teach our children of its importance and necessity.

Every once in a while, when the waves of life distract me, and the distractions of life waver me, I’ll think back to those early days when I first learned to pray. I’ll see my father showing me the Psalms, and I’ll hear my mother praying through the night. Even now, though I am grown, I fall to my knees like a little child with a simple prayer in my mouth for the Great Shepherd of my heart. The same God, who did not rebuke the little children as the disciples wanted, knelt upon the ground and hung them on His knee. Jesus taught our children something about kneeling that day! Jesus knelt for them, they should kneel for Him. When we go to Gethsemane to see the Savior kneeling on that stone, we kneel down beside Him and thank Him for dying on that tree. Children must be taught about that Calvary tree. For its root system will support them when everything else in their lives are uprooted.

Parents should teach their children to work in the world. Parents could teach their children to succeed in society. Parents ought to teach their children to follow their dreams. But if a parent wants to give their child the greatest gift in all the world, they must teach their children to pray.

Christian Timothy George - Son of Denise
DEDICATION

For Dr. Charles T. Carter,
retired pastor of
Shades Mountain Baptist Church,
Birmingham, Alabama.

Thank you, Charles,
our pastor and our friend,
for loving us, teaching us,
and guiding us spiritually
for almost ten years.
Our family deeply loves you.
SECTION ONE

WHY WE MUST TEACH

"GOD DID NOT CREATE US JUST FOR THE PRESENT. HE CREATED US FOR ETERNITY."

(DR. DANNY WOOD)
My grandparents taught me to pray. As a youngster, during my summer vacations at their home, I watched “Mama” and “Papa” open the Scriptures and kneel in prayer each evening. Papa prayed a prayer directly from his heart. He prayed for each family member by name and by need. By the time he finished the prayer, he had not only prayed for his family, but his neighbors, friends, community, country, and world. He filled his prayers with thanksgiving for God’s good gifts, such as home and food and family and church and good health. Born around 1900, and married in 1919, during their lives Papa and Mama had survived two world wars, a great depression, the deaths of loved ones, life-threatening illnesses, and much more. They knew how to be grateful to God.

My grandparents were simple folks. They lived on a small farm in north Georgia. They loved their family. They worked hard for a living. They supported their church. And they had a simple faith. They believed
God’s Word. They read it, tried to live it, and constantly shared it. And they prayed as the Apostle Paul told them to pray – without ceasing. Mama and Papa lived and breathed prayer. It was their very life-breath. And they taught me how to pray.

My grandparents, George and Alice Williams, have been with the Father for more than a decade now. I miss them still. Their photos grace the walls of my home. I constantly tell my own children about them. I appreciate all they did for me. Most of all, however, I appreciate them because they gave me the dearest gift – the greatest inheritance – that anyone could have given me. They taught me how to pray.

During those long, hot summer days on their small Georgia farm, I watched them each day as they knelt in obedience before God and thanked Him for providing their simple needs.

We must teach our children to pray because:
• Prayer education must begin in the home.

Suggestions for teaching your child to pray:
• Set aside time each day to pray as a family.
• Start praying early with your newborn child.
• Ask Christian grandparents to help you raise your child spiritually. If possible, invite them to join you as you worship as family.

During family devotions:
• Thank God for those devoted people He has given you. Let your child hear you pray this.
Section One: Why We Must Teach

- Ask your children to help you pray for family, neighbors, friends, community, country, and world.
- Express thanks for God’s good gifts, such as home, food, family, church and good health. Give your children the opportunity to add other “good gifts” to your prayer list.

Ideas to put ‘legs’ to a child’s prayers:
- Find out who in your church or neighborhood is expecting a child. During her pregnancy, pray with your children each day for the development of the unborn baby. Put together a basket of baby powder, disposable diapers, baby lotion, etc., for your children to present to the mother when the baby is born. Continue to pray for this baby as he grows and develops.
depicting a no-name saint and a promise to pray for me, ensuring me a much shorter lifespan, largely consisting of sleeping and sitting for 12 hours a week watching my blood go in and out of my body is just as good as asking for donors and that it will help me obtain a kidney. What a joke. Pray and prey are homophones. Even though they are pronounced identically, they do not mean the same thing. How can anyone tell the difference? In speech, you must rely on the context of the sentence to determine the meaning of the word. In text, however, it is possible to determine the meaning of the word based on its spelling. What is the Difference Between Pray and Prey? In this article, I will compare pray vs. prey. I will use each of them in a sentence and illustrate each word’s proper use in a sentence.