

## What If I Prayed?

Lord God, Father, what would happen in my life if I could see You as You really are, at all times, in all circumstances?

If I could constantly focus on Your unlimited power, Your perfect wisdom, and Your tender, boundless love?

If I were continually conscious of You as my personal Creator, my ever-present companion, my Savior – the One who endured such pain, shame, and isolation for my sins?

How would my life be affected if I had such a vision of You always before me?

Would I then respond fully, completely, constantly to You and Your love for me? Within that consciousness, would sin or temptation ever draw me away, even once?

Would I become so one with You, so lost in You, that Your peace, and love, and joy, and power would flow through me constantly and without hindrance, engulfing the lives of those around me and drawing them into You, bringing the blazing glory of Your reality and being into a dark world?

Would not complete dependence, unwavering faith, and perfect, ever-active love be natural, continual responses to such a never-fading consciousness of who You are?

But Lord, Savior, I am only human. My vision so easily loses focus from the many distractions and concerns of daily living. My spouse, my kids, my job, my bills, my constant, nagging uncertainties about so many areas.

How can I maintain any focus under all these pressures? With all these cares, how could I possibly always look in only one direction, always have only one vision?

Lord, when You were here, I remember You spent so much time praying. With so much to do in so little time, You seemed to be always praying. I always wondered why the Son of God – God Himself, really – needed to pray so much.

But I guess You had all the pressures, the distractions, the daily grind that the rest of us have.

Maybe You were even tempted to fear that life demanded more than You could possibly give.

But You prayed and prayed – in long stretches sometimes...daily, seemingly constantly.

And it seemed You were busy, yet never hurried; intense, yet never tense; under pressure, yet wrapped in impenetrable peace.

You seemed to always focus on Your Father. You talked about Him and relied on Him as Your authority and source of power – making Yourself nothing but His spokesman, His expression, His completely obedient servant.

You seemed to be always aware of Him, always guided by the reality of His being, fully dependent on Him, fully responsive to Him.

Even when twisted by the agonizing pains of death, Your concern was His presence, His approval, His will.

Lord, would that work for me? What would happen if I followed Your example and devoted myself to prayer? If I finally seriously followed Your teachings and the counsel of all the saints through all the ages?

If amid all the pressures, I truly considered prayer and active communion with the Father as the center of my existence, the key to life, my reason for living?

If I made time for prayer and formed the habit of really talking to the Father, spending time with Him, telling Him all my concerns, and relying on Him in every facet of my daily life?

If I made it my first business, my highest priority, to look to the Father in everything and depend on Him, would a vision of Him and a constant awareness of Him begin to fill my life, and would I start to experience how He, in His great love, really wants me to live?

Would my life become forever completely lost in Him?

*I have set the Lord continually before me;  
Because He is at my right hand, I will not be shaken.  
Therefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoices;  
My flesh also will dwell securely. (Psalm 16:8-9, NASB)*

Hymn: [The Father's Face](#)

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