

Your Kingdom Come, Father!

The mall near our house isn't doing well. As a businessperson myself, familiar with the pain of financial struggle, I empathize. It saddens me to see so many store spaces unrented and so many shops crammed with merchandise but empty of customers. The mall's attractive façade puts on a smiling face, but its emptiness sings a mournful song of failure and loss.

But today, Father, You whisper to me that this is the story of all our world. Separated from You, separated from its Creator and His life, His wisdom, and His power, this world is bankrupt. It is doomed to struggle, emptiness, bitter disappointment, and utter failure.

But I hear new management is coming to the mall, and they have a vision. They have a plan, and they are working. They hope to transform this shell into a bustling, useful, successful shopping area.

You are working as well, our Father. You have promised that You will transform our dying world into a new creation, overflowing with life, love, fulfillment, fruitfulness, and joy. We have seen You work before, and we know You always accomplish Your purpose.

Your kingdom come, Father. Your kingdom come!

*Our reality is too small and self-centered.
Every day we need to pray,
"Our Father high above us,
may Your name be glorified,
may Your kingdom come and
Your will be done
on earth, as it is in heaven."*

Hymn Options:

[Hallelujah Hymn](#)
[Your Kingdom, Your Power](#)