

# Delightful Discoveries in Prayer

Prayer Lessons in Creation

From material by Glenn & Ethyl Coon

**Name:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Date:** \_\_\_\_\_

## Lesson 18: Accepting & Sharing Jesus

“Ye are my witnesses.” Isaiah 43:10

### Pastor Coon’s Personal Testimony.

My own personal experience in finding Christ, happened upstairs in an old farmhouse when I was about six years of age. Mother was sweeping and cleaning the rooms, and I was tagging behind her. But she was doing far more than just cleaning the rooms and making up the beds. She was telling me once again the story of Jesus. She told of His birth in Bethlehem. It was such a beautiful picture of Bethlehem that night, with the twinkling stars hovering over His birthplace, that the song:

“Little stars that twinkle in the heavens blue ...” has never ceased to be a favorite. She told of the visit of the shepherds, the wise men, and the flight into Egypt. She told of His return to Nazareth, and of His early life.

Then she spoke of His baptism as our example. Of His loving ministry in healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, and raising the dead. Mother had pictured to me God’s great love for little children. So another song became one never to be forgotten:

“I am so glad that our Father in heaven  
Tells of His love in the Book He has given,  
Wonderful things in the Bible I see;  
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.”

And how I have always loved the closing stanza:

“O, if there’s only one song I can sing,  
When in His beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be:  
“O, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.”

As Mother went on with her narration, it was not long before I caught a picture of Jesus standing with a crown of thorns on His head. In front of our house we had rose bushes with sizable thorns. And as a child, I had been pricked by them more than once. Now, as in my childish mind, I saw Jesus standing there, and the sharp thorns deliberately placed on His brow, and then mashed in ‘til the blood trickled down, I found my heart aching.

When the picture was painted of nearly everyone making fun of Him, that hurt me even more. When she told me of how wicked people spit in His face, and then pulled hair from His chin, it was almost more than I could bear.

## Prayer Lessons in Creation

But when she told of the journey to Calvary; of His taking the heavy cross, only to stumble and fall beneath its burden again, and again; then of His being literally, physically nailed to that cross, my heart was broken!

It seems as if it were but yesterday that Mother told me that story of cruel shame—yet that wonderful story of how He died for me!

### BROKEN-HEARTED

It was not sympathy alone. It was the Holy Spirit speaking to my soul that broke my heart. I asked, “Mother, what shall I do?”

I think it was 1 John 1:9 she quoted to me: “If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” Mother and I got down on our knees together. And right there by her side, I confessed my sins to my loving and understanding Saviour. And I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, as fully as a child my age could believe, and I was forgiven and cleansed.

### MY DREAM

It was perhaps four years after this experience, that one night I had a vivid dream. In my dream, my brother was drowning. I saw his upturned face as he looked at me from an angry ocean. I determined to save him. But haughty waves stood between my brother and me.

In that moment of terror, a thousand thoughts swept through my mind like lightning. We had sung together this brother and I. How my soul used to thrill at his melodious, clear-ringing voice! And the folk down in the valley would stop, listen, and comment on the music of two hill boys who loved to sing with all their might.

We had worked together, too. In spite of childhood fusses, we were bound to one another with tender cords of love. The six other brothers were older, but Lester and I were often taken for twins.

As I looked into the angry ocean, I was helpless. For me to rush into the heavy wind-swept waters would mean certain death to us both. There was left but one thing for me to do—watch my brother drown!

But he must not drown! He was my brother!

Just then I awakened. I had been dreaming.

### A CALL

Even as I was wondering whether it was a dream or a reality, a voice spoke to my soul. It was the voice of my Lord. He got right to the point, and said to me, “You have many drowning brothers all over the world. I want you to go and save them. I want you to throw out the lifeline to them.”

But how could I, a boy only ten years of age, throw out a lifeline? This was an assignment no little boy could possibly carry out, and that I knew. I knew myself to be as helpless to save souls from the ocean of sin as I was to save my brother from the physical waves.

I replied, “Oh, dear Lord, I would like to save people from the waves of sin’s ocean, but I don’t know how!” Then my Lord seemed to assure me that He would teach me how.

Then and there I sobbed out my consecration to my Lord. And from that moment to this, I have never had a doubt that God called me.

After this dream, I used, often, to walk along the road, or the street, gazing upon the houses with thoughts like this: “I would like to be sure that these dear ones are not lost.” Even while making many childhood blunders, my heart oft times went out to the souls I daily met, and the occupants of almost

## Prayer Lessons in Creation

every house I saw. And connected with this has often come to my mind the picture of the lost at the close of time just outside the New Jerusalem.

### A FULFILLMENT

Years later, this brother of mine reached a great crisis in his spiritual life. Our home bordered the property of a boarding school—Union Springs Academy. As my brother went out of the house that day, the same feeling I had in my dream so many years before, returned. Father and Mother were away. I was left alone. I felt the voice of God speaking to my heart again: “If you will continue praying for your brother, and not get up from your knees, I will hear your prayer, and bring him through this awful spiritual crisis.”

I accepted this challenge. Upstairs in the room we shared, I had already begun praying with the same earnestness I had that night in my dream. I had the conviction that someone was with me, helpless though I might be. God was there. Angels were there. The Holy Spirit was there. I had the assurance that if I would continue on my knees, praying and wrestling with God, this brother would come upstairs, walk through the hallway and open the door to our room, and even come and kneel down beside me in prayer.

As I continued praying, five minutes passed; then ten, then twenty, thirty, and even forty. Then I heard footsteps downstairs coming into the kitchen from the back door. I believed these were the footsteps of my brother.

I did not get up from my knees. I heard the click of the latch on the old stairway door, footsteps up the stairs to the hallway. In a matter of seconds the door opened. Somehow I managed to pray on silently. In another second someone was kneeling by my side. Then an arm was placed over my shoulder, and a soft whisper spoke in my ear: “Glenn! Were you praying for me!”

With tear-filled eyes, I responded, “Yes, Lester, I was praying for you.”

I thank my God that He gave me the privilege of sharing my love, my faith, and my hope with my brother in his hour of darkness. Today as I write these lines, this brother of mine has been used of the Lord to win hundreds, if not thousands, to the Saviour.

In our travels, working with ministers from coast to coast, my wife and I have had the privilege of meeting many warm-hearted men of God; but of all those with whom we have had the privilege of laboring in our almost continuous travels, none stands out in my mind as being a greater soul-lover than this brother of mine. He will sit beside the sick and dying hour after hour, and refuse to leave, if by his staying he may assuage their grief. Often his affection swallows up his judgment in sticking by the lonely, the needy, the heart-broken, and the destitute. I truly believe he would die for a single soul.

But to save a soul, my Lord stepped out of the Ivory Towers in the third heaven. To save a soul, my Creator was born among the brute beasts in smelly stalls. To save a soul, my Maker was “despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief” (Isaiah 53:3). To save a soul, the Architect of the universe offered Himself to be spit upon, to wear a crown of long, ugly, Palestinian thorns, sharp as needles, and angry as demons. To save a soul, the Commander of heaven went to Calvary, to be placed on a cross between two vile and contemptuous thieves: to cry out in His death pains, “Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do” (Luke 23:34); to exclaim, in that saddest, darkest hour of time, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” (Matthew 27:46)

And then, after the dark hours in the tomb, glory! glory! hallelujah! He sprang to life, eternal life, and ascended to glory-land to plead, “Father, my blood, my blood,” for every guilty, repentant soul.

## Prayer Lessons in Creation

He is calling upon men and women to leave every commonplace thing, every soul-destroying vice, every worthless and harmful pleasure, to engage in the battle for the recovering of one soul!

Ought we to hesitate? Ought we to find excuses? Ought we to wait for a more convenient season—after our work is done, after our debts are paid, after our strength is exhausted on self? Ought we to try to escape this grand opportunity, this rare privilege, this heavenly honor, of participating in the winning of a soul?

There are men and women, boys and girls in every part of our world, who are responding to the call of the Spirit, and finding in the crucified, buried, and risen Saviour their salvation, their fellowship, and their hope of eternal life.

“The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.” 1 Peter 3:21.

“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.” Matthew 28:19, 20

## Review Questions

1. As we yield ourselves to the Lord as witnesses, Christ promises us the Holy Ghost to give us \_\_\_\_\_ to witness unto Him. Acts 1:8.
2. We can witness to the fact that He promises: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to \_\_\_\_\_ us our sins, and to \_\_\_\_\_ us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9.
3. But our witness goes far beyond our oral testimony. It is the life we live. Thus we become \_\_\_\_\_ known and read of all men." 2 Cor. 3:2.
4. The Lord tells us that: "The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good \_\_\_\_\_ toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." 1. Peter 3:21.
5. Since our goal in life is to be like Jesus (1 John 3:1-3), when people misunderstand us, persecute us, or revile us, our prayer should be the prayer of Jesus: "Father, forgive them; for they know \_\_\_\_\_ what they do." Luke 23:34.
6. We should be ever ready to give a reason of our hope, if people ask, but it should be "with \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_." 1 Peter 3:15.
7. This meekness should characterize our attitude even toward those who \_\_\_\_\_ us. 2 Tim. 2:25.

Answers found on answer sheet.