

## A Prayer And A Miss

### Psalm 126:5,6

Have you ever prayed for something only to miss the answer? This morning after reading Psalm 126:5,6, “He who continually goes... bearing seed... shall come again with rejoicing...”. In response to that I asked the Lord to allow me to talk to someone about Jesus today. I did not know what would happen –all bets are off here at the office. Well, a bit later in the day, a half-gangly (tall but not thin) man came tromping in just as I chomping on some diet-watching lettuce made for testing self-control in food services. I did not feel so bad as his lettuce had not been a cuisine for a good while. He began deliberating his particular plight which required both cash and convincing on my part. I did not have either. As he left I pulled out my wallet to insure I was right about my statement of “on empty” and a blank fold of black frowned at me.

I wished I could have helped him. Really. Just then I remembered that I had some change in the car. I ran and pulled out loose, car-washing coins, and gave them away to hard, calloused hands which I hoped did not reveal the same description of his heart. I retreated and sunk into my chair with the sudden realization that I had missed my prayer. God had brought the chance but I had not borne my seed and so I did not rejoice. The prayer was heard in heaven but it did not resound on earth, at least not with my ears. I learned...

“Vision of Provision is too often in Retrovision.”

Why are we so dull to providential provisions? What I needed was a plaque on his chest saying, “Sow seed stupid, signed The Sovereign”. Or better why not have him say, “I am the Ground. God sent me to answer your prayer. So I am waiting, start casting!” The Seed was in the bag, but the hand was not. I have begun to believe that the lack of “sheaves-rejoicing” is not ground-less but is sight-less. We just don’t see the need. The motivation for “sheaves-sowing” is “sheaves-foreseeing”.

Now my car will not be washed but I hope that his heart will be by a quick grace throw. God can take the miss and make the mint. The wealth of eternity is invested by even futile, amateur casting. My heart is bothered, as it ought to be, but my hand is learning and for that I am thankful.

A patient, providential God knows He works with feeble, forgetful, yet prayerful children. “Lord of Harvest, keep bringing the ground. Our hands are learning.”