TO SIGN UP FOR AWAKENINGS PRAYER SEMINARS AND RETREATS

Contact Dr. Wes Johnson:
AwakeningsPrayer@gmail.com

VISIT US AT

www.AwakeningsPrayer.org

www.facebook.com/awakeningsprayer

THIS MATERIAL WAS DEVELOPED FOR THE AWAKENINGS PRAYER INSTITUTE,
A MINISTRY OF BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH
2625 HOYT AVE, EVERETT, WASHINGTON 98201

Awakenings Prayer Institute

Praying Your

LOW POINTS

Persevering Through the Challenges

For low points, consider when you experienced a time of grief or loss, when you were impacted by your own sins or the sins of another person, when a time of personal failure led you deeper into the grace of God, or when you were humbled by sickness or sorrow.

What was your worst low point in childhood?

_____

What do you think God was saying to you then?

_____

What was your worst low point as an adolescent or young adult?

_____

Where was God in that event?

_____

Think of two low points as an adult.

_____

_____

Get up! Brother Gary said.
Strap on your pack! Walk!
I shouldered the sodden load
And followed my brother up the ridge.
My body warmed with the effort;
My head cleared.
I gained the pass between the peaks.
Gary, you taught me to rise up into my strength.

A grown man sits in sunshine
Where once a child lay.
Today the ground is warm.
I linger, captivated.

Such memories compel me forward.
Beckoned by gratitude
For my brothers—champions all.
I rise to the trail before me.

***

NOW DEVELOP A BREATH PRAYER AND SEARCH OUT A SIGNATURE SCRIPTURE FOR THE LOW POINTS IN YOUR LIFE. NOTE THEM HERE.

_____

_____

_____

In our suffering, the Holy Spirit prays with groans too deep for words. And he transforms our suffering into the sweetest communion. We gain Christ. We are included in the Triune fellowship of the Spirit who grieves within us, the Son who intercedes for us, and the Father who searches our hearts (Romans 8:26-39).

Snow Lake Revisited

There's the small rise where
Mark and Steve hung their tarps
And sat their smoky repast in the rain
Offering the little kids
Chinese mustard
That set our tongues on fire.

Any of these hollows could be the place
Where Lee and I set up our tent
And shivered away the night.
Grassy here, heather thick,
Some spots barren,
A silent witness
To where puddles still pool.

Thickets of stunted Alpine weave
Their convoluted tops towards the sun
Glad to be rid of their winter blanket.

A warren of trails winds among the trees
Leading me along the shore
To the main campsite
Where Rangers Fortune and Sage
Gathered us for campfire.

Barren patches of dusty earth now lay
Where smoking fire and muddy ground
Once held me captive—
A hopeless boy, faint with cold and dreaming
Of how the helicopter
Would swoop down
And carry me home.

Consider a series of poems I wrote as I took a hike in the mountains a few months after the death of my dear friend Terry Canfield. I was staying at his son's condo at Alpental at Snoqualmie Pass, in the Washington Cascades. As you read, consider how this particular low point connected me to a previous low point in my personal life story, and how God shaped me through them both.

Snow Lake Revisited

A cycle of poems
By Wes Johnson

I Spent a Sleepless Night in Alpental

I spent a sleepless night in Alpental
Awake to the presence of a missing friend.
Memorials witness to Terry's unfinished quest—
His Martin guitar; sweet to my touch,
Books of theology; suited to my taste,
Pictures of sailing yachts, faithful winds speeding them onward,
Photos of two sons, beckoning me;
Rock climbing gear, marking ascents that are beyond me.

I had prayed with him,
Played with him,
Cheered for him.
Then I wept for him.

This night I listen for his heart
Searching out his unanswered prayers.
The silence speaks,
Calling me to shoulder unfinished tasks.

Secret strength finds me in the night.
And like the sleepless dawn
It rises up to meet me.

In The Cool of the Morning

I slept fitfully at Snow Lake once.
Rain drenched my tent,
Streams trickled in at the seams,
Saturating my bag.
A miserable night for a boy
Grown faint with the cold.

Big brother Gary packed my gear,
Strapped it on me,
And we hiked up the ridge
In the cool of the morning.

My head cleared.
My stomach eased.
Strength rose up to meet me
On the rocky path.

Now I trace that trail again,
A sleepless night behind me once more.
Morning fog captures the slopes
In cold embrace;
My body warms with the ascent.

Son of Man, did you think about Adam
When you walked with our Father
In the cool of the morning?
Did you miss your fainting child
On those garden pathways?

When you were here
You met poor Adams every day.
And now you meet me on this trail
In the cool of the morning.

The Peaks Before You

A rocky razor's edge
Rises out of the fog
Against a band of blue.
For a moment it's there
Then clouds retake the crest.
I walk in shadow.

Sunlight breaks upon the peaks
Like a champion dancing upon the heights.
Terry once climbed these crags.
I cheer his memory from my trail below
And call to other champions
Who will ascend the peaks that are beyond me.

Aaron! Christopher! Brian!
Band of brothers, rise up!
Jeffrey! Ian! Michael!
My two Jeremys! Greg!
Grab your gear!
Scale the peaks before you!

The clouds below me now
Obscure the path where I have been.
I gain the pass between the peaks
And descend toward Snow Lake,
With its memory of childhood weakness.