

Jesus says...

WEEK 7 | PRAYER | MATTHEW 6:5-15

Inspection – “What does it say?”

Where did the hypocrites like to pray and why?

According to verse 7, how do pagans pray?

Read verse 8. What does God know about our lives before we pray?

To Whom are our prayers to be addressed? (verse 9)

What keeps our sins from being forgiven? (verse 15)

Observation – “What does it mean?”

When was the prayer of “His kingdom come” answered?

How would you describe God’s “will be done on earth” as seen in verse 10?

Consider how “daily bread” in verse 11 is connected to John 6:35-59. Explain.

Consider a time when you were delivered from evil. How would you know?

How does Matthew 7:7-12 compliment Jesus’ teaching on prayer?

Life Application – “What does it mean for me?”

Consider getting on your knees when praying and consider how posture matters.

Consider being intentional to find a quiet or private place to pray daily.

Consider if your prayers are simply “repetitive” or “thought provoking” and how it matters.

Consider if an unforgiving spirit is clogging your relationship with God and others.

Take a few minutes each day this week to write out Matthew 6:9-15.

Meditation – “What does God say?”

Hebrews 4:16

1 Thessalonians 5:16-18

Philippians 4:6-7

1 John 5:14-15

Mark 11:24

Ephesians 6:17-18

1 Timothy 2:1

James 5:16

Supplication: What Can We Meditate?

The Starless Crown

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight, a glorious vision rose:
I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
A gentle touch awakened me,—a gentle whisper said,
“Arise, O sleeper, follow me;” and thro' the air we fled.
We left the earth, so far away that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.
Still on we went, —my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
I wondered what the end would be, what next should meet my eye.
I knew not how we journeyed thro' the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white.
We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We passed thro' gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its light.
Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne,
“All worthy is the Lamb,” they sang, “the glory His alone.”
But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Savior's face;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'joy'd that I at last
Had gained the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.
And then in solemn tones He said, “Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou sees a glorious throng, and stars on every brow?
For every soul they led to me, they wear a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.
I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest,
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest.”

Supplication: What Can We Meditate?

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul which long I feared to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell overwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.
I rose and wept with chastened joy that, yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be,
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

S.S.T.