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## Foreword

IT'S HARD TO PRAY. It's hard enough for many of us to make an honest request to a friend we trust for something we truly need. But when the request gets labeled "praying" and the friend is termed "God," things often get very tangled up. You've heard the contorted syntax, formulaic phrases, meaningless repetition, vague nonrequests, pious tones of voice, and air of confusion. If you talked to your friends and family that way, they'd think you'd lost your mind! But you've probably talked that way to God. You've known people who treat prayer like a rabbit's foot for warding off bad luck and bringing goodies. You've known people who feel guilty because their quantity of prayer fails to meet some presumed standard. Maybe you are one of those people.

Prayer—it tends to become a production and a problem.

Life—it's always a production and a problem. You cycle through your to-do list, your anxieties, distractions, pressures, pleasures, and irritants.

God—he's there, somewhere, sometimes.

Somehow those two problematic productions and the Lord of heaven and earth don't all get on the same page very often.

But prayer isn't meant to be a production or a problem. And God is here, now. Prayer is meant to be the conversation where your life and your God meet. Paul Miller understands that. *A Praying Life* aims to help you join him in living out that understanding.

A praying life is an oddly normal way to live. The best our world

has to offer is to teach you how to talk to *yourself*. Change what you tell yourself, and your feelings about what happened will change. Change your self-talk, and how you feel about yourself will change. Talk yourself out of getting upset about what you can't change. Do something constructive about what you can change. Those are the world's best efforts. It's a familiar but abnormal way to live.

But Jesus lives and teaches something different. What he does—and helps you do—is unfamiliar but normal. It's human and it's humane: how life's meant to be. He teaches you how to *stop* talking to yourself. He shows how to *stop* making prayer into a production. Jesus teaches you to start talking to your Father—to “my Father and your Father” (John 20:17), as he put it to Mary from Magdala. He shows you how to start talking with the God who rules the world, who has freely chosen to take your best interests to heart.

Talking life over with this on-scene God is the sort of conversation worth calling “prayer.” You find several hundred examples in the Bible, and Paul Miller has listened. The Bible's prayers traffic in both daily life and the real God. They bring real troubles and need to a God who really listens. They never seem like a production. They sound and feel real because they *are* real.

Paul offers you a vision for how a working fellowship with God thinks, talks, feels, and acts. He takes you inside his family life and his prayer life. By seeing how life and God weave together, you'll discover the joy of living as God's child, experiencing the adventure of walking closely with your Father and Good Shepherd.

*A Praying Life* will bring a living, vibrant reality to your prayers. Take it to heart.

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## Introduction

I NEVER STARTED OUT to write a book on prayer. I simply discovered that I'd learned how to pray. Life's unexpected turns had created a path in my heart to God; God taught me to pray through suffering.

In the late 1990s a pastor asked me to cover his pulpit for a month during the summer. I agreed, and one afternoon I sketched out what I'd learned about prayer. Those notes became the prayer seminar that my friend Bob Allums and I have now given nearly 150 times. The response to the seminar has been almost electric. It has touched a deep nerve in people's lives.

I thought the seminar was enough, that another book on prayer was unnecessary. Plus, I wasn't sure I had time. But my friend David Powlison and my wife, Jill, urged me to write, and my board chairperson, Lynette Hull, suggested I begin my day by writing. So I wrote. I wrote for Christians, for those struggling to do life, who pray badly yet long to connect with their heavenly Father.

The book opens with a chapter on our frustrations with prayer and another that describes where we're headed. Part 1, "Learning to Pray like a Child," examines the basics of relating to our heavenly Father like a little child. In part 2, "Learning to Trust Again," we go deeper and look at some adult habits that can dull our hearts to prayer and keep us from being drawn into the life of the Father. Part 3, "Learning to Ask Your Father," examines barriers to asking that come

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from the spirit of our age. Part 4, “Living in Your Father’s Story,” is where it all comes together. When we have a praying life, we become aware of and enter into the story God is weaving in our lives. The final part, “Praying in Real Life,” introduces some simple tools and ways of praying that have helped many people learn to pray. As we look at these tools, we’ll continue to learn about our hearts and how God weaves stories in our lives.

That’s the skeleton. The meat of the book is the family stories I tell. They are not dramatic; they’re nitty-gritty tales of surviving and thriving in a world of stress and disappointment. As you watch us, I hope you experience the presence of Jesus.

The apostle Paul said this about how all true ministry works: “For just as the sufferings of Christ flow over into our lives, so also through Christ our comfort overflows” (2 Corinthians 1:5, NIV). I pray that through this book my relatively light suffering will overflow into your life as comfort, freeing you to touch the heart of God.

## **“WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?”**

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I WAS CAMPING for the weekend in the Endless Mountains of Pennsylvania with five of our six kids. My wife, Jill, was home with our eight-year-old daughter, Kim. After a disastrous camping experience the summer before, Jill was happy to stay home. She said she was giving up camping for Lent.

I was walking down from our campsite to our Dodge Caravan when I noticed our fourteen-year-old daughter, Ashley, standing in front of the van, tense and upset. When I asked her what was wrong, she said, “I lost my contact lens. It’s gone.” I looked down with her at the forest floor, covered with leaves and twigs. There were a million little crevices for the lens to fall into and disappear.

I said, “Ashley, don’t move. Let’s pray.” But before I could pray, she burst into tears. “What good does it do? I’ve prayed for Kim to speak, and she isn’t speaking.”

Kim struggles with autism and developmental delay. Because of her weak fine motor skills and problems with motor planning, she is also mute. One day after five years of speech therapy, Kim crawled out of the speech therapist’s office, crying from frustration. Jill said, “No more,” and we stopped speech therapy.

Prayer was no mere formality for Ashley. She had taken God at his word and asked that he would let Kim speak. But nothing happened. Kim's muteness was testimony to a silent God. Prayer, it seemed, doesn't work.

Few of us have Ashley's courage to articulate the quiet cynicism or spiritual weariness that develops in us when heartfelt prayer goes unanswered. We keep our doubts hidden even from ourselves because we don't want to sound like bad Christians. No reason to add shame to our cynicism. So our hearts shut down.

The glib way people talk about prayer often reinforces our cynicism. We end our conversations with "I'll keep you in my prayers." We have a vocabulary of "prayer speak," including "I'll *lift you up* in prayer" and "I'll *remember* you in prayer." Many who use these phrases, including us, never get around to praying. Why? Because we don't think prayer makes much difference.

Cynicism and glibness are just part of the problem. The most common frustration is the activity of praying itself. We last for about fifteen seconds, and then out of nowhere the day's to-do list pops up and our minds are off on a tangent. We catch ourselves and, by sheer force of the will, go back to praying. Before we know it, it has happened again. Instead of praying, we are doing a confused mix of wandering and worrying. Then the guilt sets in. *Something must be wrong with me. Other Christians don't seem to have this trouble praying.* After five minutes we give up, saying, "I am no good at this. I might as well get some work done."

Something *is* wrong with us. Our natural desire to pray comes from Creation. We are made in the image of God. Our inability to pray comes from the Fall. Evil has marred the image. We want to talk to God but can't. The friction of our desire to pray, combined with our badly damaged prayer antennae, leads to constant frustration. It's as if we've had a stroke.

Complicating this is the enormous confusion about what makes



for good prayer. We vaguely sense that we should begin by focusing on God, not on ourselves. So when we start to pray, we try to worship. That works for a minute, but it feels contrived; then guilt sets in again. We wonder, *Did I worship enough? Did I really mean it?*

In a burst of spiritual enthusiasm we put together a prayer list, but praying through the list gets dull, and nothing seems to happen. The list gets long and cumbersome; we lose touch with many of the needs. Praying feels like whistling in the wind. When someone is healed or helped, we wonder if it would have happened anyway. Then we misplace the list.

Praying exposes how self-preoccupied we are and uncovers our doubts. It was easier on our faith *not* to pray. After only a few minutes, our prayer is in shambles. Barely out of the starting gate, we collapse on the sidelines—cynical, guilty, and hopeless.

### **The Hardest Place in the World to Pray**

American culture is probably the hardest place in the world to learn to pray. We are so busy that when we slow down to pray, we find it uncomfortable. We prize accomplishments, production. But prayer is nothing but talking to God. It feels useless, as if we are wasting time. Every bone in our bodies screams, "Get to work."

When we aren't working, we are used to being entertained. Television, the Internet, video games, and cell phones make free time as busy as work. When we do slow down, we slip into a stupor. Exhausted by the pace of life, we veg out in front of a screen or with earplugs.

If we try to be quiet, we are assaulted by what C. S. Lewis called "the Kingdom of Noise."<sup>1</sup> Everywhere we go we hear background noise. If the noise isn't provided for us, we can bring our own via iPod.

Even our church services can have that same restless energy. There is little space to be still before God. We want our money's worth, so something should always be happening. We are uncomfortable with silence.

One of the subtlest hindrances to prayer is probably the most pervasive. In the broader culture and in our churches, we prize intellect, competency, and wealth. Because we can do life without God, praying seems nice but unnecessary. Money can do what prayer does, and it is quicker and less time-consuming. Our trust in ourselves and in our talents makes us structurally independent of God. As a result, exhortations to pray don't stick.

### **The Oddness of Praying**

It's worse if we stop and think about how odd prayer is. When we have a phone conversation, we hear a voice and can respond. When we pray, we are talking to air. Only crazy people talk to themselves. How do we talk with a Spirit, with someone who doesn't speak with an audible voice?

And if we believe that God can talk to us in prayer, how do we distinguish our thoughts from his thoughts? Prayer is confusing. We vaguely know that the Holy Spirit is somehow involved, but we are never sure how or when a spirit will show up or what that even means. Some people seem to have a lot of the Spirit. We don't.

Forget about God for a minute. Where do you fit in? Can you pray for what you want? And what's the point of praying if God already knows what you need? Why bore God? It sounds like nagging. Just thinking about prayer ties us all up in knots.

Has this been your experience? If so, know that you have lots of company. Most Christians feel frustrated when it comes to prayer!

### **A Visit to a Prayer Therapist**

Let's imagine that you see a prayer therapist to get your prayer life straightened out. The therapist says, "Let's begin by looking at your relationship with your heavenly Father. God said, 'I will be a father to you, and you shall be sons and daughters to me' (2 Corinthians 6:18). What does it mean that you are a son or daughter of God?"

"WHAT GOOD DOES IT DO?"

You reply that it means you have complete access to your heavenly Father through Jesus. You have true intimacy, based not on how good you are but on the goodness of Jesus. Not only that, Jesus is your brother. You are a fellow heir with him.

The therapist smiles and says, "That is right. You've done a wonderful job of describing the *doctrine* of Sonship. Now tell me what it is like for you to *be with* your Father? What is it like to *talk* with him?"

You cautiously tell the therapist how difficult it is to be in your Father's presence, even for a couple of minutes. Your mind wanders. You aren't sure what to say. You wonder, *Does prayer make any difference? Is God even there?* Then you feel guilty for your doubts and just give up.

**I WONDERED, DOES  
PRAYER MAKE ANY  
DIFFERENCE? IS GOD  
EVEN THERE?**

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Your therapist tells you what you already suspect. "Your relationship with your heavenly Father is dysfunctional. You talk as if you have an intimate relationship, but you don't. Theoretically, it is close. Practically, it is distant. You need help."

### **Ashley's Contact**

I needed help when Ashley burst into tears in front of our minivan. I was frozen, caught between her doubts and my own. I had no idea that she'd been praying for Kim to speak. What made Ashley's tears so disturbing was that she was right. God had not answered her prayers. Kim was still mute. I was fearful for my daughter's faith and for my own. I did not know what to do.

Would I make the problem worse by praying? If we prayed and couldn't find the contact, it would just confirm Ashley's growing unbelief. Already, Jill and I were beginning to lose her heart. Her childhood faith in God was being replaced by faith in boys. Ashley was cute, warm, and outgoing. Jill was having trouble keeping track of

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Ashley's boyfriends, so she started naming them like ancient kings. Ashley's first boyfriend was Frank, so his successors became Frank the Second, Frank the Third, and so on. Jill and I needed help.

I had little confidence God would do anything, but I prayed silently, *Father, this would be a really good time to come through. You've got to hear this prayer for the sake of Ashley.* Then I prayed aloud with Ashley, "Father, help us to find this contact."

When I finished, we bent down to look through the dirt and twigs. There, sitting on a leaf, was the missing lens.

Prayer made a difference after all.