

# The Importance Of Prayer

By R. T. Nusbaum

There was a night, like every other night,  
"Let us go pray" were the words He did say,

They chatted and spoke as the garden approached,  
So they lifted up prayers so common to man,

For the hour had come for which Jesus was born,  
Our Lord threw Himself down, down to the ground,

In agony this Prince... cried out with a wince,  
Great drops of blood He wiped from His brow,

"Father, let this cup... pass now from me,  
Then He drank the dregs with heart so true,

Yes, He lifted to mouth... this cup of death,  
Bearing all that came... with cross and with pain,

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Oh the regret... must have been with His friends,  
Eternal... moments... allowed to pass by,

If only they knew! What would they have prayed?  
Knowing the effectual... fervent prayer,

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So let us be diligent, earnest and true,  
To... be with the Lord... with all of our heart,

And may we live not... as secular men,  
But always... as one... with Him, God's own Son,

At least, to the disciples that came.  
Showing nothing... of alarm... in His frame.

And they found them a comfortable place,  
As Jesus... went further apace.

As He stooped... in Geth-sem-an-e,  
O'er the prospect of dark Calvary.

But sleeping, the disciples... never heard.  
Trembling... as He spoke forth this word:

But not my will... but thine."  
As one who would drink fine wine.

And drank it... all... fully down.  
Till they laid Him... into the ground.

For not being more fully attuned,  
When the need of the Lord clearly loomed.

Would it have changed... their manner, as such?  
Of a righteous man... availeth sooo much?

In fervency... always the same.  
That our voice and our prayers... bear no shame.

Without discernment... of where the Lord's at,  
As-those-seated... where Jesus... is sat.