

# The Ministry of Prayer

by F.J. Huegel

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*The ministry of prayer is the greatest of all ministries, as it allows us to tap into the power of God and release His resources and blessings into the world.*

**Duration:** 1:02:07

**Scripture:** Genesis 32:26, 2 Chronicles 7:14, Jeremiah 33:3, Matthew 6:33, Acts 4:31, Acts 6:4, 1 Thessalonians 5:17

**Topics:** "Prayer Ministry", "Holy Spirit"

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## Description

In this sermon, the speaker emphasizes the importance of prayer and the ministry of the Word. He highlights the power of prayer by referencing the early apostles who, after praying, were filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke the word of God boldly. The speaker also mentions the Protestant movement and how it turned towards faith and world missions through the influence of prayer. He shares the example of a prayer circle formed by the Moravians in Germany, who prayed continuously for ten years, leading to a great missionary age. The sermon concludes with a personal anecdote about a missionary convention and the impact of prayer in missionary work.

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## Transcript

This morning we are going to meditate on another aspect of prayer which I shall call the ministry. Perhaps it would be best to use the word intercession. The ministry of intercession, it is the most hardest kind of work.

For you draw apart and there's no one to applaud. As there in your bedchamber, perhaps, you bow the knee and call upon the Father of Light in behalf of others. I am coming more and more to believe that it is the greatest of all ministries.

The Savior, by word and example, gave credence to this fact. For he was wont to arise early in the morning while yet dark to take himself to some lonely mountain retreat for prayer, for meditation, for communion. He spent whole nights in prayer.

It seems that before the choice of the trial, the night was spent in prayer. All was done in prayer. The Son can do nothing of himself but what he seeth the Father.

Well, that's prayer. That kind of dependence, utter upon the Father, but what he seeth the Father do, this the Son doeth likewise. You will recall his word as he took himself to Bethany.

He must have been praying on the way. For as he arrived there at the grave and called forth one who already stank, he said, Father, I thank thee that thou hearest me, that thou hast heard me, and I know that thou hearest me always. For the sake of these I said it, that they might believe.

The apostles, naturally, having been at school with the Master, the Lord, proceeded in the same manner. We have the proof of this in the sixth chapter of the book of Acts, the fourth verse. Where the apostles, refusing to give themselves to the ministry, attending tables.

Now, praise God for those who attend tables. But the apostles here said, no, we will give ourselves continually to prayer. There are those whose duty it is to attend tables.

And at that time the deacons were appointed, seven, that they might look after this matter. But we will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word. Now, surely there is a divine order here.

First things first. Not, of course, that we are to neglect any duty. Are there not twelve hours in the day? You know, that word from the Savior's lips has been bringing comfort to my heart.

I get excited and rush. No, now wait a minute, there are twelve hours in the day. And if you'll walk with the Lord, there'll be plenty of time.

There'll be plenty of time for everything. No, we are not counseling anyone to neglect duties that must be looked after. But here it is.

First things first. We will give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the word. Now, the great things that we have here in the book of Acts, this mighty movement of the Spirit.

Well, prayer seems to have been the key. We read there in the fourth chapter of how that when the apostles prayed, having been threatened, the place was shaken where they were assembled together, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost. And they spake the word of God with boldness.

They had been filled, but there are many fillings, brethren. There may be one baptism. We'll not go into this, but there are many fillings.

And this dream. Why, what we have here in the book of Acts is nothing more nor less than the river of water of life, clear as crystal that proceeded from the throne and from the Lamb, invading the nations. And it seems that prayer opened, was wont to open the, well, what do we call these, where there's a dam, the doors, the compartments, opening them that the floods, there might be a flood tide of blessing.

Now, without this, in a sense, the Lord's hands are tied. We read that the Savior himself could do no mighty works, you will recall, because of their unbelief. And, of course, there's no more clear-cut manifestation of unbelief than prayerlessness.

Now, let us look into some of the reasons why this statement may be made, that there is no ministry so great, so fruitful, so effective, so freighted with the blessings of God. For the children of men, like the ministry of prayer, in the first place, when we bow the knee, and, of course, we're not always able to do that, in recent years there was a time I couldn't pray except on my knees, and now I can't pray except I'm sitting down, because I'm getting old and I get tired right away and I can't pray. It isn't the posture, it's the spirit.

There are bedridden saints who spend their time in prayer. They cannot kneel. But, I like to put it that way, when we bow the knee to call upon the Father of light, in the blessed name of Jesus, our capacity to do good is multiplied.

A hundred times, would you say, a thousand? I would say ten thousand, perhaps a hundred thousand. Now, that's no exaggeration. For now, it is not simply man at work.

It's man at work by the throne of grace. It's man drawing upon the bank of heaven. It's man releasing the riches and the power of God.

Well, he says, Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not. You pray, and I'll work. Call unto me, and I will answer thee.

Jeremiah 33.3. I think I shall take you back to the days of Zinzendorf. We don't hear much about Zinzendorf. And yet, he was one of the great fathers of missions.

Perhaps the father, in the sense of the father of the modern missionary movement, the modern missionary age. Count Zinzendorf, of Germany. Herrnhut, Germany.

This takes us back to the Reformation age. Perhaps, I should say, post-Reformation age. The Count came to know the Savior at a very early age.

And he came also to a full surrender at a very early age. He was walking through a museum. Not sure of the city there in Germany.

Leipzig? Well, that's not too important. One of the great cities of Germany, going through a museum where the works of art, the great works of art of Christendom were on display. And when he came to that work, the Savior on the cross, and read the words at the foot, This I do for thee, what dost thou do for me? It brought about a crisis.

And there he made a full surrender to the Lord Jesus for the great task of missions. The Count threw open the doors of his county to persecuted Christians. It was an age of persecution.

You know about St. Bartholomew's night. You know about John Hus. It was an age of persecution.

Why, Luther would have lost his life, surely, had he not been snatched up by those princes and hidden away in a castle. The Count sent forth the Circular to Protestants all over Europe, saying, Come to my county seat. I throw it open as a refuge for Christians.

And they came. 1717, I'm quite sure is the date. And then the Count's agony began.

The cause of it? Strife. That was an age of polemics. You know, Luther refused to give the right hand of fellowship to Calvin.

Slight difference of viewpoint regarding the elements in the Lord's Supper. We don't do that today. Praise God.

We're not quarreling today over these matters that are on the fringe. We are keeping to the center. And there's freedom regarding these matters.

Baptism. The mode. Government.

The mode. Traditions. Names.

Sources of sustenance. Well, here we are representing almost every viewpoint. I'm an ecumenical impressionist.

Neither gave it up this morning. Here we are representing every viewpoint. And yet we're one in the body, Brother Ely, looking to the head.

I say the Count's agony began. The voice of controversy over these secondary matters. Oh, the Count did so want to see these believers welded together into one great body, one great movement for missions.

But it was not an age of missions. The Protestant Church was dead as regards missions, giving itself to polemics. So the Count spent whole nights in prayer.

And others were drawn in. That sort of thing is contagious. And at his side gave themselves to prayer.

The answer came, the Count gave it out that there would be a communion service. And here they were. And in that hour, as they were partaking of the emblems, that glory of God was manifested in such a manner that it was overwhelming.

It was more than flesh could bear. They were prostrate. And you know, when they arose, they were a different people.

In that hour, God's clock struck, and it was the dawn of the great missionary age of modern times. Protestantism turned right about faith. It gave itself in.

Now, the world missions. Do you know what happened there in that little village of Germany? I wonder why these things are not more fully at the disposal of the Church as a whole. Do you know what happened in that village? They formed a prayer circle.

These, called in the history of the Church, Moravians. They formed a prayer circle. They went on for ten years, and they prayed with the clock, brethren.

The flame of intercession never went out in ten years. Of course, taking their turns, a group at midnight, another group at one o'clock. Otherwise, it would not have been possible.

Burdened, these dear ones, for the evangelization of the nations. I used to have a book. I loaned it.

I don't have it anymore. The history of the Moravians, and their theology, and their hymnology, all cross-centered. Then you know what happened? In twenty-five years, one hundred missionaries went forth from Herrnhut, Germany, to all parts of the world.

Why, these Moravians will want to sell themselves into slavery. You heard that story down in the West Indies, that they might win slaves for the Lord Jesus. Iceland broke out up there.

Here in America, I must tell you this story. The Wesleyan movement really grew out of this awakening. We may have some dear fellow Christians here of the Wesleyan movement.

But not all Methodists know this. Just at that time, John Wesley decided to go to America to evangelize the Indians. He stumbled onto a Moravian there in the colony of Georgia.

Right away, the Moravian, Do you know the Lord Jesus Christ? Yes, and later on he confessed it wasn't true. But you know what happened to him on the high seas as he came to America? There was a great storm. Wesley says that the British voyagers were in a panic, and he among them.

Then he remembered, down in the hold of the ship Moravians. He had observed that when there was need of a humble service, it was a Moravian who would do it. So he thought, I'm going to go down and see how the Moravians are in this storm.

He found them singing hymns of praise. No fear? No fear, they said. Well, you know, Wesley returned to England defeated.

Then it was a Moravian who led him to the Lord. Peter, wasn't it? Peter Bandler, German. John and Charles.

I read the story of Charles' conversion. How many hymns sprang from his heart? I think it runs up into four, five, six thousand. This Moravian just hewed Charles down, more or less like Samuel when he hewed down Agog from his religious pride.

Brought him right down to the rock. Then he began singing. Still singing.

And John, that night on Elders Gate, as they were reading Romans, and his heart was strangely warm, as our Methodist brethren tell. You know what John did? He went over to Germany. He went over to Germany to learn from these Moravians, brethren.

And he wrote back to Britain and he said, I have at last found a church in which you breathe the atmosphere of heaven. The class gatherings of the early Methodists, he learned these things from the Moravians. And it was there, the spirit, oh, this flood tide of blessing began to invade Britain.

And behind it all, the count on his knees. The count in an agony of prayer. Zinzendorf, whose heart was broken as he looked out upon these Christian people broken up into clashing groups.

And who could not give up like Jacob of old, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And there it was that the whole Protestant movement turned right about face, and modern missions began. Is it not true that when we bow the knee to call upon the Lord, our capacity for good is multiplied a hundred thousand times? Yes, call unto me, I will answer thee.

I will show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not. Now, we turn to a second reason why we may say, without fear of exaggeration, that this is the greatest of all ministries. Well, you know what I read the other day? This man said, I'd rather teach one believer to pray than ten to preach.

Yes. This second reason is to be found in the fact that when the Christian bows the knee to call upon the Father of light, from whom cometh every good gift and every perfect gift, he is freed from the limitations of time and space. And how very limiting they are.

Here I am in Edinburg, Texas, at the Rio Grande Bible Institute. Well, I'm limited. I can't do anything for folk right now in Mexico, or in South America, or in China, except as I bow my knee.

I can rise above the limitations of time and space and reach out a helping hand to Christians in China. I'm still praying for Watchman Neal. I don't know whether he's alive, but you don't know quite what to do about those things sometimes, over there in China, twelve years in prison.

You know, the Savior in the upper room prayed for all who should believe through the Word. Why, he prayed for you and he prayed for me. Twenty centuries have gone by.

You know, in Ephesians, Paul bid us pray for all the saints. Nothing like that to liberate one from any narrow sectarianism. Pray for all the saints, Paul said.

Well, could one's feeble prayer right here in the Rio Grande Bible Institute mean anything to Christians over in Japan? Well, Paul says it. And you know how tremendously exhilarating this is? Especially, you know, when you get over that half-century line where Brother Ehler now finds himself on his birthday. Because, you know, your strength begins to wane, and then comes the realization.

Say, if I'll just give myself to the ministry of intercession, I can be more fruitful than ever. Pray for all the saints. Take time.

We heard the song this morning, take time to be holy. Take time. Never, never is time so well spent.

There's a little book entitled Prayer and Missions by Helen Montgomery. One of those old books. One dear pastor says, whenever a new book is printed, I read an old one.

Pretty good advice, brethren. Pretty good. Modern, trash.

When a new book is printed, I read an old one. Get back to some of those great Puritans. Yes, brethren.

And in this book, Helen Montgomery goes over the history of the Church. And she points out that the great movements for the evangelization of souls in the spread of the gospel, these great movements have all sprung from the same source. Someone in the ministry of intercession.

Someone burdened for souls. Yes, brethren. Someone crying out like the prophet of old, O that thou wouldst reign in the heavens and come down.

That the mountains might melt at thy presence. Mountains of pride. Pride that's holding up blessing and revival here in America.

And I recall one circumstance that Helen Montgomery refers to amongst so many in this book, Prayer and Missions. She tells of a dear one over in India, T.V. Emery, who went to evangelize a certain village, and with her a deaconess, Indian. And when they arrived at the village, they observed almost immediately a multitude about them.

And as they gave out the word, why they never saw such attention. Souls hanging on every word. And then T.V. Emery turned to her companion and said, I think someone is praying for us.

And the deaconess said, that's what I've been thinking. Well, three weeks later, T.V. received a letter from a dear one across the seas. One of those mothers in Israel.

What the Church owes these mothers in Israel. Who said, you know on such and such a day, and it was the day never to be forgotten in the village, I spent three hours in my room calling upon the Lord for you and the work there in India. Why did there come the winds of God from heaven to sweep that little evangelistic bark to its desired haven? Across the seas, a mother in Israel on her knees, calling upon the Lord.

For this dear one in India. That's why the winds of God swept that bark to its desired haven. I was pleased to observe, to hear down in Mexico City the other day, that the Wycliffe missionaries advised the candidates, now you go out and get your own support.

Wycliffe gives no support, an opportunity to serve. That's all. And get your prayer partners, your prayer supporters.

Now that explains what happened through one dear Wycliffe who has become a world figure. May the Lord keep her humble, it's so dangerous to get up there in the upper brackets. Mary Ann Slocum.

I walked into a great convention up here in America some time back, church convention, and the first thing I saw there was a picture of Mary Ann Slocum. Didn't belong to that particular brotherhood either. Who's Mary Ann Slocum? Well, a Wycliffeite down there among the Telltales, whom the Lord has used in such a peculiar way.

I had the privilege of being at her side some time back, flown in to meet with the Indians there to whom she ministers, congregation of five, six, seven hundred. I've told her four. Mary Ann and her native Garb at my side to interpret.

Now, the other Wycliffeites say they don't understand. Oh, some of them have struggled for years and still without converts. Well, there are two things.

One dear missionary said, I didn't like it too much. I walked into Mary Ann's hut one day and the first thing I saw there, a placard on the wall, I am crucified together with Christ. Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

Her sweetheart, also a Wycliffeite, had the privilege of having him in our home for a week some years ago. Taken home just like that, the night before the wedding up in Philadelphia. And then Mary took this text.

Her heart was broken. I am crucified together with Christ. And then one day she told me the secret of it all.

You know, I have a praying father. He's a shipbuilder. Gone home to be with the Lord now.

And I send him the list of names. And I know that early in the morning he's going over the list, praying for these Indians. I have a praying father.

So, you see, I didn't so much Mary Ann. It's this one. It was this one back in Philadelphia, a shipbuilder, who knew how to draw mightily on the bank of heaven.

You know, I'm so thankful I can talk to you about this this morning. I see quite a few heads here. We have a lovely saying in Spanish.

El pena condas. He now combs white hair. Mine isn't white, but I'm older than all the rest of you.

I'm a great grandfather. And I have a lot of fun with my friends, telling them it's the only greatness I'll ever know. But as I said the other evening, you know, to know the age of a horse, you have to look into his mouth.

You know what we did, wonderful friends? That is, strength continues to wane. We can minister via the throne of grace as never before. How enriching.

Call unto me and I will answer thee. We can go over to China. We can go to South America.

We can go to Africa. We can girdle the globe. Paul says, pray.

He was saying a testimony, writing of course. I never knew Hudson Taylor, though through his writings, very intimately. He was traveling over Canada.

He came to know a gentleman there in one of the churches, Christian, who questioned him regarding a certain mission. And then Hudson Taylor said, I said to this gentleman, how do you happen to know all these things regarding that mission? Oh, he said, missionary charge there, intimate friend. When he went to the field, he said, now you're going to do the praying.

I'll go. I've been doing the praying. He writes and tells me all that's going on.

I'm praying about all these matters. And Hudson Taylor said, then I knew why that particular mission was flourishing. Kind of lays a responsibility upon us, doesn't it, brethren? What are we going to do about it, brethren? We can be missionary intercessors.

There's a third reason. You know, the only place where you can laugh at difficulties, impossibilities, I should say, is on your knees. Yes, you can.

You don't wonder that Abraham gave that child a promise. The blessing finally came. He believes.

How does that word go in Romans against Hope, didn't he? Is that the way it reads? Yes. You don't wonder that he gave him that lovely name, Isaac. Laughter.

Laughter. So every time he looked at Isaac, he had to laugh. Laughter.

The only place where you can laugh at impossibilities. And the moment you get away from that place where you meet with the Lord, you know, these difficulties can get so big. Especially at night when you can't sleep, the devil begins to fan the thing and it gets so big.

You say to yourself, that can never be solved. I'm licked. But he's a liar.

We're going to say it again today, the devil's a liar, God loves me. I was told only the other day that that great missionary father of the Mohammedans in Arabia in his closing years would take his cane and every time the cane went down, the devil's a liar, God loves me. You'll meet that in this age in which we live.

This darkening age. There is a place where you can laugh at impossibilities. You know, I feel tempted to tell you about C.T. Studd.

I'm a little afraid, though, when I get started on C.T. Studd. Great father of mission. His dad was converted over in London in the days of Moody.

A wealthy tea grower estates over in India. And he was lured in by a friend who tricked him. This friend invited him to the races.

How much have you put on my horse? I haven't put a cent. Why, the race is on Thursday. Will you go? Studd said, I'll go to the races if you'll go with me to hear Moody.

He tricked him. He closed. Well, Moody came along and sighed to Studd on his knees.

He said, Studd, do you believe? Is it that simple? Of course it is. Thank you. And then out of this grew, oh, wonderful thing, his son C.T. He won his sons for the Lord.

C.T. was one of the great athletes of Britain. Gave it up. Went to India with those seven in those days, Hudson Taylor, opening up China for the gospel.

And there in Shanghai he met Priscilla. Isn't that her name, sister? You Britishers, you know. Know more about this than we do.

She couldn't see it at first, but C.T. said, I know I have the mind of God. And they married. Seven years, no, I've forgotten how many years in China and then India.

Finally, C.T. came home to Britain licked in the scent. He said he was a walking drug store. He had all the tropical diseases.

His wife, sick of bed and heart. He passed that line, brother here, that we referred to this morning. And he was walking one day, it was either in Glasgow, I think it was Glasgow, Liverpool up there on the street to the city.

And he looked into a window and there was a sign, cannibals hate missionaries. And he laughed as he went down the street to see C.T. And then he stopped and said, I wonder, what does that sign mean? He went back and talked to the tradesman. Why have you put that sign in your window? Oh, he said, I travel over the heart of Africa.

I know of a tribe that's never received a word. Nothing, nothing. Someone ought to go out there.

Stud went on his way, of course, turning it over in his mind. It became a burden. He said, this is a pretty picture.

This tradesman knows more about the needs of tribes than I, the missionary. And the burden grew. Someone ought to go, said the tradesman.

And C.T. appealed to the great mission boards in London, the London Missionary Society, none so honored. Why, they laughed at Stud. No mission board would send out a walking drugstore to the heart of Africa.

Man, along in years with all the tropical diseases, and then one day Stud couldn't bear it any longer. Very well, I'll go along with Jesus. And he did.

A lad went with him, alone as regards mission boards. Alfred Buxton later lost his life, World War I, walking the streets of London home on furlough in a bomb. When they reached a telegram for Alfred from Papa, Alfred, we want you to come back.

This heart of Africa, these cannibals, Alfred. C.T. said to his companion, I can't counsel you now. Alfred said, I'm going with you.

I don't remember just how to trek down the Nile, or up the Nile, I should say, and then on their bicycle. The heart of Africa, the destination. The second day, C.T. came down with fever.

And he said to Alfred, Alfred, doesn't it say there is anyone sick, call the elders. Well, you're the only elder. Anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord.

We have no oil. That gasoline will do, and that bicycle lamp. And Alfred had the privilege of kneeling beside the sick missionary.

Anointing him in the name of the Lord, and praying for him. The next day they were on the march, and they reached the heart of Africa, the little hut. C.T. always giving the laughter, he baptized it Buckingham Palace.

And then after some weeks, he left Alfred alone. He said, we're going to have to establish the home base. Oh, I forgot to tell you, he'd hardly left London when his wife got up out of that sick bed.

Her husband's exams, and for years she was the home base. She saw her husband one week in 14 years. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

C.T. had to return to London. Alfred was left alone, and when he returned after something like two years, he had a whole mission underway. The language already reduced to writing on the march.

But C.T. had a way of laughing at impossibility. Now I'm getting back to my point, am I not? Always giving the laughter. They said to him one day, of course, the recruits, they came, C.T. you'd better go back to London and get some teeth.

And C.T.'s answer was, the Lord wants me to have teeth. He'll send a dentist down here to look after me. Well, of course they laughed.

But it wasn't the same laughter as C.T.'s. And one day his daughter, you know one of his girls married that modern missionary statesman, Norman Grubb, the head of WIC, Worldwide Evangelization Crusade. That also grew out of C.T.'s obedience, for when he got to Egypt, the Lord said to him, this is going to involve the whole world. The daughter went down to the river's edge one day.

Ah, where these bloody things are taken. And up the river she saw a canoe. Why, that looks like an Englishman.

And as he drew near, a voice, can you tell me anything about C.T. Studway? He's my father. And the canoe drew up alongside. And out stepped the dentist.

The Lord has sent me down here to give your father teeth. Brethren, I wouldn't dare say this if this weren't history. Only C.T. later on kind of used the upper plate for an inkwell, he said.

And he said that they kind of hurt, and they were usually out. But when some English magistrates, you know, there of that neighborhood appeared, right, and the natives couldn't understand C.T. without teeth, and then suddenly with teeth. He could slip them in quickly.

There you have C.T., brethren, always laughing at difficulty. And then there's a final reason. You know, the only service you can render that's perfect.

Fred, that brings us back to what we were saying on the way from the port. And I think you said it. There can be a lot of self in preaching, but there isn't much room for self in praying.

Hmm? You just go to your chamber, pray for someone far, far out on the firing line. There isn't much room for self. The only service you can render perfect, because practically everything we do is slightly tainted.

Maybe I should take out that word slightly. Oh, self is a hundred heaven monster. Yes, he was crucified together with Christ.

But the devil knows how to wake him up. When you pray, you can render a perfect service. Because, you know, we come back again to the promise, call unto me and I will answer thee, and I will show thee great and mighty things.

Oh, what the Lord does is perfect. Now, your prayer may not be perfect. We know not what to pray for, Paul says.

In the Spanish version, the Greeks, we don't know how to pray. Both are true. The Lord knows how to work, and how to do a perfect work.

You know, a problem comes and we decide to appoint a committee. And we get together and discuss it. And you know, often what takes place is something like, what happens when the cat gets in the grandmother's yarn? And you know, the harder you pull on that, the worse it gets.

Until we come to our wit's end. There's a little poem out on wit's end corner. Psalm 107.

When they were at their wit's end, they cried unto the Lord, we read, in the midst of the storm and in the cloud. Yes, he knows how. He knows how.

You know, I think I'll close by referring again to Stubbs. When he was over in Shanghai, his brother came to visit him. And C.T. was burdened for him.

One bring that brother to the Lord, and the Lord wrought. The brother came, and his brother went with him on a trek into the interior of China to help him in his work. And one day the brother said, C.T., I'm so glad you never said anything to me.

C.T. answered, well, you know, I know you. I wasn't going to say a word to you. I know you.

I was telling it all to the Lord, Jesus. Ah, so glad you didn't say anything, C.T. Now, of course, there are times when we must speak. But C.T. said, I know you.

I knew I didn't dare say anything. I was telling it all. He knew how to do it.

I will make the fishes of men. While he who filled the nets of the disciples after they'd been fishing all night and had caught nothing. So friends, we're being called this morning to enter the ministry of intercession.

Wouldn't it be wonderful of all these dear ones who are preparing for the foreign field, if they were to find some of their prayer partners, missionary intercessors right here. Oh, friends, I was going to close with C.T. Studd, but you'll forgive me if there's one point more to mention. Some years ago, Mrs. Siegel, no, she wasn't with me at that time.

Poor Mrs. Siegel, she has to hold the home base. She's holding the fort. I did so want to bring her along this time, but there's a Cuban family that any minute a telegram may come.

Been for months trying to get out of Cuba. There, no, she was with me in Buenos Aires ten years ago. Our most trying missionary experience.

I'm not going to go into detail. But about a year prior, up in a missionary convention, Winona Lake, you know, is a great place for missionary conventions. There's where Billy Sunday used to hold for it.

At the close of the convention, a little slip of a woman stood up. She said, is there anyone here who would like to have me, some, or a lot of missionaries, pray for the missionary? Is there someone who will say, I got up there quick at the close of them? That so startled me. Never seen anything like that.

Mrs. Camden of Roanoke, Virginia. This is ten years ago. And so we spoke, and I'll be praying for you.

Then we wrote one to the other. And when this great crisis came in Argentina, friends, listen, one day a letter came from that little, frail mother in Israel. I've reached the throne! I was able to touch the throne! Situation licked, right? I've been able to touch the throne for you in this crisis.

And it came a great victory there, a great victory in that seminary. You know, it looks like God is not going to let us have great victories alone. It wouldn't be good for us.

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