

WHY I PRAY

Why am I praying, my neighbor and friend?
I pray for the slaughter of babies to end—
For doctors and mothers and leaders of state
To cease from this carnage before its too late.

I pray for the smut shops and pushers of porn,
Who dash human worth through their sexual scorn,
To crash in their business of shaping the minds
Of raping offenders of multiple kinds.

I pray for our children who languish in schools
With subjects that offer no morals or rules.
I pray they find meaning and toss the big lie
That there is no Judge on the day that they die.

I pray for the “family,” that it will withstand
The plague of divorce that has ravaged this land,
That couples have courage to pray and learn how
To love one another and honor their vow.

I pray for the preachers in pulpits of wood
To stick to the Bible and preach as they should,
For members of churches to live out the love
They say they’ve received from the Savior above.

I pray for the prophets and thinkers who know
The deadly direction in which we now go
To shout to this land and to make their voice heard:
“No nation can last who rejects Heaven’s Word!”

I pray for believers in faith to return
To prayer on their knees with a zeal that will burn
The fortress of Satan-sown thinking behind
The evil that’s captured society’s mind.

I pray for revival to come to us all
Before righteous judgment from God starts to fall.
I pray we awake from the dream we are in
And see that our nation must turn from its sin.

— *David L. Hatton, 1990*