

FIRST I PRAY

# First I Pray

Mark Williams

Before the fix.

Before the scroll.

Before the prompt.

*First, I pray.*

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# Introduction - The Fair Fight

I am going to start with a sentence that sounds like bad news, but has become one of the most merciful things I know.

You are not really in competition with anyone else.

That is hard to believe because most of us have spent our lives measuring sideways. Against the neighbor. The colleague. The man at church who seems to have found a gear we cannot find. The person who appears calm, clear, disciplined, useful, faithful, and ahead.

But there is an idea from performance psychology that stopped me cold when I first heard it. Gio Valiante, who has spent years studying why people underperform, says the difference within a person is often greater than the difference between people.

In plain English: the gap between you at your best and you at your worst may be wider than the gap between you and the person you envy.

That changes the race.

Maybe I am not so far behind him.

Maybe I am far behind myself.

I do not say that as a motivational line. At seventy, I have less patience for motivational lines than I used to. I have lived long enough to know that a stirring sentence can make you feel honest for about ten minutes and leave your actual life untouched.

I say it as a confession.

There is a man I know I was made to become, and I have lived too much of my life drifting beneath him.

Not always. Not dramatically. Not in some ruined, obvious, public way. More often in the ordinary ways that are harder to name. I have answered from anxiety when I could have answered from peace. I have reached for the machine before reaching for God. I have let fear narrate the next hour. I have given comparison the microphone. I have treated my past failures as better evidence than the promises of God. I have known the right source of life and still gone looking for a substitute.

And then, by grace, I have found my way back.

Not once. Again and again.

That is why this book is not written from the finish line. I am not standing on a platform explaining the solved life. I am writing from the road, with dust on my shoes, trying to tell the truth about the turn I keep needing to make.

The turn is three words.

First, I pray.

I want to be very clear what I mean by that, because if we get this wrong at the beginning the whole book will go crooked.

First I Pray is not a technique for becoming a more impressive person.

It is not a Christian version of a life hack.

It is not a holy pause with better vocabulary.

It is not a way to calm yourself down, win the room, make the deal, raise better children, lead better meetings, and call the whole thing spiritual growth.

Some of those fruits may come. I believe they do. Prayer changes fear. It changes words. It changes rooms. It changes the hand before it reaches, the mouth before it speaks, the mind before it runs down the old path again.

But the fruit is not the root.

The root is this: God answers prayer.

That is the center of the book. I do not want to hide it until later. I do not want to smuggle it in after the science has made everything respectable. The science can open a door. It can give us language for our defaults and our patterns. It can help us see why the first move matters so much.

But psychology is not the Lord.

The unfair advantage is not that believers have a better method of self-regulation. Anyone can pause. Anyone can breathe. Anyone can count to ten before sending the email. Those are good gifts. They may spare us from doing damage.

But Christian prayer is stranger than that.

When we pray, we are not merely talking ourselves into a better state. We are speaking to the living God. The Father Jesus taught us to address. The God who hears, wills, acts, provides, corrects, comforts, redirects, and answers in ways that make His kingdom visible in ordinary places.

That is the unfair advantage.

Not advantage over another person. If that phrase makes me proud, I have already misunderstood it. This is not “pray and prosper.” It is not “pray and win.” It is not a secret edge by which Christians beat their neighbors at the same anxious game everybody else is playing.

The fair fight is not me against my neighbor.

The fair fight is me against my own default.

And even there, the advantage is not that I become strong enough to master myself by religious force. The advantage is that I do not enter the fight alone.

The Father hears.

The Son is the vine.

The Spirit helps me pray.

That is not a hack.

That is the Christian life.

So this book begins with the fair fight, but it will not end in self-improvement. It begins with the gap within us, but it will not worship potential. It begins with a psychological doorway, but the doorway is not the house.

The house is communion with an answering Father.

And though much of this book looks inward — at fear, at ego, at the old reflexes — do not mistake the inward work for the destination. We pray first so the eyes come up and out: toward the Father we are learning to love, and the neighbor we are finally free to see.

First, I pray.

Because in an hour there will be another moment. Another decision. Another anxious thought. Another sentence forming in my mouth. Another prompt waiting in the machine. Another temptation to let the old self go first.

That is where most of life is won or lost.

Not in the dramatic vow, but in the first reach of the ordinary hand.

So before we talk about testimonies, before we talk about teams, before we talk about witnesses and answered prayers and the lives of people who have proved this with their days, we have to look honestly at why the first move is so hard.

Why does the old self get there first?

Why, knowing what we know, do we still reach for the wrong thing?

Why does less than our best feel so natural?

That is where we start.

Not with shame.

With diagnosis.

And, I hope, with grace.

# Chapter 1 - The Central Governor

There is a strange mercy in learning that your default has a name.

For most of my life, when I fell beneath the person I wanted to be, I turned it into a private moral trial.

Why did I do that again?

Why did I say it that way?

Why did I avoid the hard thing?

Why did I reach for distraction when I knew I needed prayer?

Why did fear get the first word?

Sometimes the answer was sin, plainly. Sometimes it was pride. Sometimes it was unbelief. Sometimes I simply wanted what I wanted and did not want God interfering with it.

But sometimes the answer was also more basic than that.

I was tired.

I was afraid.

I was looking for relief.

I was doing what human beings do when left to the lower current.

In performance science there is a term called the central governor. The idea, in its simplest form, is that the brain protects the body by holding something back. It senses threat, depletion, heat, pain, danger, and it begins to shut things down before the body actually reaches the edge. That is one reason elite runners can cross a finish line exhausted, having felt as if they had nothing left, and still have been protected from true collapse. The brain is not only a servant of ambition. It is a guardian of survival.

You can see the same pattern all the way down. Living things move toward comfort and away from threat. Heat one side of the dish and the organism moves. Make the other

side unbearable and it moves again. There is a deep creaturely instinct toward safety, ease, conservation, relief.

That instinct is not evil.

It is part of being alive.

But it is also a terrible master.

Because the life we were made for is almost never found by obeying the first demand for comfort.

The old self wants relief before faithfulness.

It wants safety before love.

It wants the familiar story before the true one.

It wants control before trust.

It wants to ask the machine before asking God.

This is why I do not think the language of “try harder” is strong enough for what is wrong with us. It is too thin. It imagines the problem is simply that we have not pushed enough. Push harder. Decide harder. Wake up tomorrow and mean it more.

I have tried that.

I have meant it more.

I have made promises to myself with full sincerity and then watched them dissolve under ordinary pressure.

That does not mean the will is useless. It means the will is not meant to be God.

There is a fight, but the fight begins lower than our speeches about it.

It begins in the first movement.

Before I have argued with myself, something in me has already reached. For the phone. For the search bar. For the snack. For the old grievance. For the mental courtroom where I am always innocent. For the anxious loop that feels responsible because it refuses to be quiet.

That first reach trains the soul.

This is where Valiante's language helps. If the gap within a person is so wide, then the question is not merely, "How do I become better than other people?" That question is poison. The question is, "What keeps pulling me away from the person, by grace, I could become?"

Scripture has never been confused about that pull.

It calls it the flesh.

Not the body, as if our bodies were the problem. The body is a gift. Jesus took on a body. The body can kneel, serve, work, embrace, weep, heal, and worship.

The flesh is something else. It is the gravity in us toward life apart from God. It is the lower current. The old pattern. The part of me that wants relief without surrender, fruit without vine, answer without Father.

Paul described it with painful honesty: I do not do the good I want, but the thing I hate is what I keep doing.

There is no self-help varnish on that sentence.

It is a man telling the truth.

I know that sentence. You probably do too.

I know what it is to want patience and produce irritation. To want courage and produce delay. To want trust and produce control. To want generosity and produce calculation. To want prayer and produce a prompt.

The spirit is willing.

The flesh is weak.

Jesus said that in a garden, on the hardest night of His earthly life.

He had asked His friends to stay awake with Him. Just stay awake. Watch with Me. Be near. On the night when the weight of the world's sin was pressing toward Him, the people closest to Him could not keep their eyes open.

When He found them sleeping, He did not flatter them. He did not excuse them. But He also did not crush them. He named the human condition with a mercy sharp enough to cut:

The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

There is the central governor, named long before the psychologists.

There is the old self, not as a theory but as three sleeping friends in the garden.

And there is me.

I do not want to admit how often my life has looked like that. Jesus near. Need present. Invitation clear. And me asleep, distracted, elsewhere, under the rule of weakness I would rather explain than bring to Him.

But do not miss what He said right before that.

Watch and pray.

Not merely watch.

Not merely pay attention to your pattern.

Not merely become self-aware enough to catch the drift.

Watch and pray.

That is the first correction to the central governor. Not willpower alone. Not awareness alone. Not a better plan alone. Prayer.

Because the problem is not only that I am reactive.

The problem is that I am reactive away from God.

The problem is not only that my lower current pulls me toward comfort.

The problem is that I let comfort speak before the Father does.

The problem is not only that I underperform.

The problem is that I try to close the gap without returning to the Source of life.

This is where the first move matters.

First I Pray does not mean I feel spiritual first. Most of the time I do not. It does not mean I have sorted out my motives first. It does not mean I understand what God is doing first. It does not mean I have quieted my body, mastered my thoughts, and arrived before Him as an impressive man.

It means I come first.

Before the better sentence.

Before the strategy.

Before the prompt.

Before the self-accusation.

Before the old excuse.

Before the familiar reach becomes the familiar life.

I come to the Father.

That coming may be ugly. It may be brief. It may be one honest sentence.

Lord, I am afraid.

Lord, I want control.

Lord, I am about to speak from ego.

Lord, I do not want to forgive.

Lord, I am reaching for the wrong source.

Lord, help me.

That is not much, if prayer is a performance.

It is everything, if prayer is coming home.

And because the Father answers, the first movement is not empty. I am not throwing words into the air. I am not tricking my nervous system into behaving. I am not baptizing a pause and calling it discipleship.

I am asking for help from the God who gives it.

Sometimes the help is immediate restraint. The sentence I do not send. The word I do not say. The door I stop forcing.

Sometimes the help is wisdom. Not the whole map, but the next faithful step.

Sometimes the help is exposure. God shows me the pride underneath the righteous tone.

Sometimes the help is comfort. Not because the problem is small, but because I am no longer alone inside it.

Sometimes the help is silence that teaches me to wait.

But it is help.

And help is what the flesh needs. Not condemnation first. Not a lecture first. Help.

That may be the grace of this chapter: your default is not the deepest truth about you.

It is real.

It is strong.

It has biology beneath it, history behind it, sin tangled through it, habit reinforcing it, and a whole world of counterfeit vines offering themselves as first sources.

But it is not sovereign.

The flesh is weak, yes.

But the Father is living.

The Son is the vine.

The Spirit helps us pray.

So the fair fight is real, but it is not hopeless. The old self will keep trying to go first. The central governor will keep looking for comfort. The flesh will keep asking for the lower road. I will keep needing to return, and so will you.

That is not a reason for despair.

It is the reason for a practice.

First, I pray.

Then, I watch.

I watch what fear does after I bring it to the Father.

I watch what happens to the sentence I was about to send.

I watch whether the old story still sounds as convincing in the presence of God.

I watch for the answer, because He told me to ask.

And I begin to watch for more than my own relief — for the person in front of me, and for the kingdom pressing in at the edges of an ordinary day.

Then, when mercy comes, I give thanks.

Then, because I will forget, I return.

This is how a life begins to move differently. Not all at once. Not theatrically. Not as a spiritual performance. Quietly, in ordinary moments, where the first reach of the hand becomes the first return of the heart.

We are not trying to become people with no weakness.

We are becoming people who bring weakness first to God.

That is the beginning of the fair fight.

And before we go any further, we need to look at why that word first carries so much weight.

Because the human heart does not wait in neutral.

The first reach of the hand becomes, over time, the first loyalty of the life.

## Chapter 2 - The Leverage Point

Some things in a life weigh more than they look like they weigh.

A word before the argument.

A glance before the envy.

A reach before the prayer.

We like to imagine that change comes from the large, dramatic moments. The vow. The crisis. The retreat. The public recommitment. The hour when the music swells and we finally become the person we have been meaning to become.

Those moments matter. I am not mocking them. God can use them. Sometimes He breaks in with such mercy that a life really does turn around in a day.

But most of the life I actually live is trained earlier than that.

It is trained in the first small movement of the ordinary hour, when something in me reaches for help before I have even admitted I need it.

That first movement may not look important. It may look automatic. It may look like checking a message, rehearsing a defense, reaching for a snack, opening a browser, drafting the reply, replaying the old injury, calculating the risk, or asking the machine before asking God.

But first movements are not neutral.

They teach.

They teach the body where relief lives. They teach the mind where authority lives. They teach the heart where help lives. Over time, they train a person to believe certain things before that person has written down a single creed.

This is why the first move has so much leverage.

I know leverage is not a tender word. It sounds like business school, or finance, or a man with a headset explaining how to scale a company none of us asked him to scale. So let me say it more plainly.

Some actions carry more weight than others.

Not because they are louder. Not because they are more impressive. Not because anyone sees them. Often the highest-leverage actions in a life are small, repeated, and early. They happen before the visible outcome. They happen before the meeting, before the sentence, before the decision, before the spiral, before the old story settles in and starts sounding like truth.

That is the human version of Pareto.

The vital few are real. A small number of actions shape a large part of the life. A small number of habits train the rest. A small number of first responses establish the direction of the day. We can pretend everything matters equally, but we know it does not. There are moments when the whole hour turns on the first thing we do with fear.

There are moments when the marriage turns on the first thing we do with anger.

There are moments when the team turns on the first thing we do with ego.

There are moments when the soul turns on the first thing we do with weakness.

That is where First I Pray belongs.

Not as one more religious activity to fit into an already crowded life. Not as a devotional decoration. Not as an inspirational phrase for coffee mugs and phone backgrounds. Not as the thing we agree is important in theory while our actual first reach goes somewhere else.

First I Pray belongs at the leverage point.

Before the fix.

Before the scroll.

Before the prompt.

Before the reply.

Before the search.

Before the old verdict.

Before the self starts building its case.

That is not a small distinction. “I pray” and “first I pray” are not the same sentence.

I can pray after I have already surrendered the first movement to fear. I can pray after comparison has had twenty minutes to narrate my life. I can pray after ego has written the speech. I can pray after I have asked everyone else, searched everywhere else, managed every variable, and come to God with the leftovers of my attention.

God is merciful. He receives even that. I am not saying late prayer is rejected. If that were true, I would be finished.

But something different happens when prayer is first.

The first reach trains the soul.

If fear gets there first, fear teaches. If control gets there first, control teaches. If the crowd gets there first, the crowd teaches. If the machine gets there first, the machine teaches. If the Father gets there first, trust begins to learn the way home.

This is where the fair fight from the last chapter becomes practical. The gap within me is not closed mainly by grand declarations about the man I intend to become. It is closed, by grace, in the ordinary first movements where the old self usually gets a head start.

That is humbling.

I would rather imagine the battle is won in the noble moments, because noble moments make me feel like a serious person. But most of my worst self is not waiting for a dramatic stage. It operates in the small firsts.

The first interpretation of someone’s tone.

The first fantasy of being praised.

The first private resentment.

The first reach for distraction.

The first tightening in the chest before I call it wisdom.

The first “what if” that fear offers as if it were prudence.

The first instinct to ask a tool, a friend, a feed, a memory, a strategy, a bank account, or my own tired mind to tell me what only the Father can tell me.

That is where the old self wins time.

And time matters.

Give fear the first five minutes, and prayer has to walk into a room fear has already furnished. Give ego the first draft, and humility has to edit a document written in another language. Give comparison the first look, and gratitude has to recover ground it should have been standing on from the beginning.

Again, I am not saying God cannot redeem the late return. He can. He does. I have lived on that mercy.

I am saying we should stop pretending the first reach is small.

It is the hinge.

The heart will abide somewhere. It will not remain source-less. It will attach itself to what seems near, responsive, useful, powerful, comforting, flattering, fast, or safe. That is why the false sources are so persuasive. They do not usually appear wearing horns. They appear offering help.

Control says, "Come here first. If you can manage every variable, you can be at peace."

Speed says, "Come here first. If you can get the answer immediately, you will not have to wait."

Comfort says, "Come here first. If you can relieve the pressure, you will be okay."

Expertise says, "Come here first. If you can know enough, you will not have to trust."

Productivity says, "Come here first. If you can stay useful, you will have worth."

Reputation says, "Come here first. If you can be seen correctly, you will be secure."

The machine says, "Come here first. I am always open. I always answer. I never make you wait."

The crowd says, "Come here first. We will tell you what matters, who matters, and whether you are safe."

The self says, “Come here first. Get yourself together, and then you can bring God something less embarrassing.”

Those are counterfeit vines.

Not all of them are evil in themselves. That is part of the difficulty. Control has a cousin called stewardship. Speed has a cousin called responsiveness. Comfort has a cousin called rest. Expertise can be a gift. Productivity can serve love. Reputation can reflect a good name. Machines can be useful tools. Crowds can contain wisdom. The self is not trash to be despised; it is a person to be redeemed.

The problem is not always the thing.

The problem is firstness.

When a good thing becomes the first source, it starts acting like a god. It tells me what is real. It tells me what is possible. It tells me who I am. It tells me what must happen next. It tells me what I can afford to risk, forgive, say, give, or hope.

And because many of those sources answer quickly, they feel more real than the Father.

That sentence is painful to write, but I think it is true.

The visible source often feels more real than the living God. The screen lights up. The search result appears. The comment arrives. The number changes. The plan tightens. The room reacts. The old memory produces its evidence. The body gets its relief.

Prayer may feel slower.

Prayer may feel emptier at first.

Prayer may feel like entering a room where I cannot control the terms.

And that is exactly why it is prayer.

First I Pray is not powerful because it gives me control by spiritual means. That would be just another counterfeit. It is not powerful because prayer is a lever I pull on God. God is not a mechanism. He is not a force hidden inside a technique. He is not a vending machine with stained glass around it.

The leverage point is not in God.

The leverage point is in me.

It is the place where the first movement of my weakness either returns to the Father or goes looking for life somewhere else.

And the reason this matters is not that prayer optimizes me. It is not that prayer turns me into a calmer, sharper, higher-performing version of myself. It is not mindfulness with Christian vocabulary. It is not productivity dressed in church clothes.

The reason this matters is that God is real.

The Father hears.

The Son is the true vine.

The Spirit helps us pray.

When I pray first, I am not merely interrupting a bad pattern. I am returning the first motion of my life to the living God before the false sources get to train it again.

That return changes things.

Sometimes it changes the sentence I am about to send. Sometimes it changes the way I hear my wife's question. Sometimes it changes the meeting because I am no longer asking the meeting to give me a verdict. Sometimes it changes the plan because I stop confusing control with wisdom. Sometimes it changes nothing visible immediately, except that I am no longer alone inside the moment.

That is not nothing.

A person who brings weakness first to God is being formed differently from a person who brings weakness first to fear, ego, speed, reputation, or the machine. Not perfectly. Not instantly. But actually.

And this is where the team claim begins, even though we are not ready to develop it yet.

Teams do not become wise only because someone opens the meeting in prayer. That can be sincere and still not reach the deeper issue. A team becomes different when the

people walking into the room have been formed by different first movements before they arrived.

The anxious email prayed over before it was sent.

The private resentment brought to the Father before it became a tone.

The need to be right surrendered before it became strategy.

The fear of loss named before God before it became institutional caution.

The divided mind gathered before pretending to listen.

That is how the gap among us begins to close. Not by magic. Not by slogans. Not by turning prayer into a group-performance tool. It begins when persons are formed by bringing the first movement of ordinary life to the Father who hears.

First I Pray is small enough to fit there.

That is part of its mercy.

If the practice were large, I would admire it and postpone it. If it required a certain emotional state, I would wait until I felt spiritual. If it required a long uninterrupted hour, I would reserve it for an imaginary life with fewer demands. If it required eloquence, I would perform. If it required certainty, I would lie.

But three words can fit in the second before the old reach.

First, I pray.

That does not mean the whole prayer is three words. It means the turn is three words. It means the direction changes there. It means the first loyalty of the moment is named before the counterfeits start making their offers.

Lord, before I reach, I am turning to You.

Lord, I want to be admired; meet me before the room does.

Lord, I am reaching for relief in the wrong place.

Lord, I am about to ask the machine before I ask You.

Lord, help me.

Nothing about that is impressive.

Good.

The Christian life is not built on impressing God. It is built on coming to Him. Empty-handed if necessary. Distracted if necessary. Embarrassed if necessary. Weak, but first.

That may be the most neglected leverage point in the pursuit of fruitful well-being. Not another system. Not another promise to become more disciplined by force. Not another attempt to think our way into a different life while the hand keeps reaching in the old direction.

One action added to the front of ordinary life.

Not instead of work.

Not instead of thought.

Not instead of counsel, skill, planning, medicine, exercise, courage, apology, budgets, hard conversations, or action.

Before them.

First I Pray does not make the rest unnecessary. It puts the rest back under the Father.

Then I can work without worshipping work. I can use expertise without bowing to expertise. I can use the machine without abiding in the machine. I can seek counsel without making people carry the weight of God. I can act without pretending action is the source of life.

That is freedom.

Not freedom from the ordinary world, but freedom to enter it rightly.

So yes, Pareto is real. The vital few matter. Small repeated actions can train a whole life. And if that is true anywhere, it is true here: the first movement of the ordinary moment has disproportionate power because it teaches the soul where to abide.

First I Pray is the neglected lever.

Not because prayer is a trick.

Because God is the Father.

Because He answers.

Because the old self is always trying to go first.

Because the heart will abide somewhere.

Because teams are made of people whose first movements have been forming them long before the room begins.

Because the first reach of the hand becomes, over time, the first loyalty of the life.

And once we see that, the next question becomes unavoidable.

If the first move matters this much, why does something else keep stealing it?

Why does fear get there so quickly?

Why does comparison feel so persuasive?

Why does ego dress itself up as responsibility?

Why does the past sound like evidence?

Why does the divided mind feel normal?

Before we can practice the three-word turn with any honesty, we have to name the forces that keep taking the first seat.

They are not the whole story.

But they are real.

And most of them arrive before we notice they have entered the room.

## Chapter 3 - The Suppressors

If the first move matters this much, the question is not whether something will try to take it.

The question is what.

That is where the last chapter leaves us. Before the three-word move can become more than a phrase, we have to notice what keeps beating prayer to the front door. The old self does not usually announce itself as rebellion. It arrives as a first reach. It moves quickly, sometimes before I have language for what is happening in me.

That is the deeper trouble. I do not simply have a scheduling problem around prayer. I have a heart that learns firstness from whatever feels safe, fast, flattering, familiar, or controllable. If I do not bring the first movement of my fear, desire, confusion, ambition, or shame to the Father, I will bring it somewhere else.

And the elsewhere is not always obvious. It can look like caution, realism, high standards, experience, responsibility.

That is why I think of these older forces as suppressors. They do not usually destroy a life in one dramatic act. They press the good down. They narrow the possible obedience. They keep the worst self close and the better self just out of reach. More than that, they train the heart to seek help before it seeks God.

Fear is usually first.

I do not want to scold fear too quickly. Some fear is mercy. It keeps a man from being reckless. It is not faithless to notice risk.

But fear wanders past its assignment. It was meant to warn me about danger, and instead it starts offering to become my shelter. Before I ask God what is true, fear tells me what is possible. Before I ask for wisdom, fear gives me scenarios. Before I ask the Father for bread, fear starts rationing tomorrow.

Fear's first-reach is safety.

Not God.

Safety.

I recognize this too easily. Fear can make me sound careful when I am avoiding trust. It can make delay feel mature. It can make endless information gathering feel like prudence, when underneath it I am trying to collect enough evidence to avoid dependence.

Sometimes I am being thoughtful. Sometimes I am just afraid, and I would rather consult the shadow than bring the fear to the Father who hears me.

Comparison comes quickly.

Comparison is a sideways prayer. That may sound too strong, but I think it is right. It takes the ache of the heart and points it toward another person's life for a verdict. Am I ahead? Am I behind? Useful enough? Has he done more with less? Has she become what I should have become by now?

Comparison's first-reach is verdict.

Not God.

Verdict.

It asks the room, the timeline, the photograph, the resume, the bank account, the ministry, the family, the public evidence, to tell me who I am. It turns the fair fight, which is me against my own default, into an imaginary race God never entered me in.

Only the Father can give me my portion without making another man's portion an accusation. Only the Father can free me to bless what He is doing over there and return to what He gave me over here.

Comparison does not want me to return. It wants me sideways, unavailable to my actual life.

Then there is ego, harder to write about because it is harder to catch cleanly.

Arrogance is loud. Ego can be quiet. Ego is the part of me that needs the outcome to prove I was right. It wants the sentence to land, the room to notice, the plan to work, the decision to vindicate the decider.

This is why the "unfair advantage" language has to be handled with fear and trembling. There is a true thing underneath it, and I still believe that. But ego can corrupt that truth in a sentence. The minute prayer becomes my strategy for winning, I am no

longer seeking the Father. I am seeking the scoreboard with religious language wrapped around it.

Ego's first-reach is control.

Not God.

Control.

It wants to manage the outcome, the room, the impression, the story of what the result says about me. It does not mind asking God for help as long as God agrees to help the self stay central.

That is where prayer becomes wonderfully inconvenient.

The Father who answers prayer does not merely improve my plan. Sometimes He exposes my need to be right. Sometimes He lets someone else have the wiser word. Sometimes He gives silence where I wanted applause. Sometimes He makes the good thing happen in a way that cannot be traced back to my brilliance.

The past is another suppressor, and it has evidence.

That is what makes it persuasive. Fear imagines. Comparison distorts. Ego inflates. But the past can point to the record. You did fail there. You did drift. You did start and stop. You did disappoint yourself. You did waste time you cannot get back.

So when the past speaks, it can sound honest.

Sometimes it is honest. Memory is not the enemy. Grace does not require amnesia. Scripture does not pretend Peter denied Jesus or Paul persecuted the church.

But the past becomes a suppressor when it starts reaching for the right to name the future.

Its first-reach is evidence.

Not God.

Evidence.

It gathers old exhibits and presents them as prophecy. This is who you are. You have tried before. Do not make a fool of yourself again. Be realistic. Stay small enough that

hope cannot embarrass you.

I know that voice.

There are old versions of me that still want to testify as expert witnesses. They are not always lying. That is the difficulty. They remember real things. But they do not get to be Lord.

The Father does not heal the past by pretending it did not happen. He heals it by telling the whole truth. Yes, that happened. Yes, there may be repair. Yes, repentance may be required. But no, that is not your final name.

The past can be a witness.

It cannot be the judge.

Finally, the divided mind.

This one may be the most ordinary. We are rarely fully anywhere. I can be with my family and half inside work. I can work while half inside a message I have not answered. I can pray and rehearse an argument. I can listen to someone I love while preparing the sentence that proves I was listening.

The divided mind's first-reach is escape.

Not God.

Escape.

It does not always look like rebellion. Often it looks like responsiveness. There is so much to manage, monitor, anticipate, answer. The divided mind says, "You cannot afford to be here. You have to be everywhere." So the life becomes all surface area. No roots. No waiting. No depth.

James calls the double-minded person unstable in all his ways. I used to hear that only as a rebuke. I hear it now as a diagnosis. A divided mind cannot stand because it is never gathered enough to stand.

And prayer is hard for a divided mind because prayer asks me to come home.

Not to become impressive.

Not to perform calm.

To come home.

Here I am, Father. Scattered again. Gather me back.

Fear reaches for safety. Comparison reaches for verdict. Ego reaches for control. The past reaches for evidence. The divided mind reaches for escape.

None of those reaches is neutral.

They are rival first-reaches. They train the heart. They teach me where help is supposed to come from before I have asked the Father. Because they contain some truth, they can sound more responsible than prayer.

Underneath all five is the same old lie:

Go somewhere else first.

That is why naming them matters, but naming them is not enough. I can identify fear and still obey it. I can recognize comparison and still stare sideways. I can confess ego and still make the next room about me. I can diagnose distraction and still live scattered.

If information were enough, I would be a much better man than I am.

We need more than insight.

We need a return.

Not a dramatic one, necessarily. Not a religious performance. Not a vow that I will never fear, compare, defend myself, listen to the old story, or scatter again.

We need something that can happen inside the ordinary hour.

Something small enough to fit in the second before the old reach.

Something strong enough to reorder the heart toward the Father who hears and answers.

Because this is the mercy: suppressors lose authority when they have to speak in front of God.

Fear is still fear, but it is no longer alone with the microphone.

Comparison is still tempting, but it has to answer before the Father who gave me my portion.

Ego still rises, but it stands exposed before the One whose glory I cannot improve.

The past still has evidence, but it must place that evidence before the God who redeems.

The divided mind still scatters, but it can be gathered by the Father who is actually near.

That does not resolve the whole problem yet. One sentence does not make sanctification simple. But it does make the fair fight possible again.

The worst self depends on first reactions. It depends on unchallenged fear, private scripts, old verdicts, sideways gazes, and escape routes that never come under the light of God. Bring them first to the Father, and something changes.

Not because I have mastered myself.

Because I have been met.

That is the line I do not want to lose. The answer to the suppressors is not a better self-management system, a cleaner mental model, or a spiritual productivity trick. It is the first movement of the heart returning to the living God before the old sources get to rule the day.

We are almost ready to name the move plainly. But it has to stay small. If the answer is too large, I will admire it and not do it. If it is too dramatic, I will wait for dramatic moments. If it is too complicated, I will turn it into a program, fail the program, and let the past use that failure as more evidence.

What we need is smaller than a system and stronger than a resolution.

Small enough to repeat.

Strong enough to interrupt the first reach.

Plain enough to carry into fear, comparison, ego, the past, and the divided mind before any of them becomes lord of the moment.

Three words.

## Chapter 4 — Three Words

The three words are not impressive.

That may be their first mercy.

After everything we have named so far - the central governor, the rival first-reaches, the suppressors underneath it all - you might expect the answer to arrive with more weight. A system. A rule of life. A program with steps and measures and a chart somewhere. Something serious enough to stand against the size of the problem.

But the move is smaller than that.

First, I pray.

That is it. That is the sentence. Not because the sentence itself has power, as if the words were a spell. They are not magic words. They are directional words. They tell the soul where to turn before the old reflex takes over.

First, I pray.

Before I fix. Before I scroll. Before I prompt. Before I defend myself. Before I rehearse the argument. Before I say yes out of fear or no out of pride. Before I reach for the thing that is closer but not living.

First, I pray.

I almost want to apologize for how simple it sounds. I know how quickly a sentence like that can become a bumper sticker, and I am allergic to bumper-sticker faith. Life is hard. Families are complicated. Money gets tight. Bodies fail. Work backs up. People misunderstand us. A sentence cannot carry all of that.

But a sentence can interrupt it.

And interruption is not a small thing.

Most of life does not go wrong because we sit down and choose ruin with both hands. It goes wrong by first movements. The first reach. The first thought we believe. The first story we tell ourselves. The first place we go for relief. The first words out of our mouth before wisdom has had time to arrive.

That is why this little practice matters. It is not a decorative prayer added to an already-decided life. It is a first turn. It moves the hand before the hand moves somewhere else.

Gio Valiante says a thing in the performance world that belongs here: we do not think our way into living; we live our way into a pattern of thought. That is true in golf and business and fear and faith. We become the kind of people who do what we repeatedly do. A life is not mostly changed by the thoughts we approve of. It is changed by the actions we put at the front of the line.

That is why First I Pray is a doing, not a mood.

You do not have to feel spiritual to do it. You do not have to feel sincere enough, calm enough, holy enough, desperate enough. You do not have to find the right chair or the right hour or the right language. You do not even have to know what to say next.

The first move can be embarrassingly plain.

Lord, I am here.

Lord, I am afraid.

Lord, before I do the thing I always do, I am turning to You.

That is not everything prayer is. We will have to be careful about that in the next chapter, because prayer is not a lever and God is not a machine. But this chapter is about the doorway. And the doorway is very small.

Let me show you what I mean.

Before a decision, the old reflex wants to gather more and more until gathering feels like obedience. It says: if I can just get one more opinion, one more model, one more comparison, one more answer, then I can move without risk.

There is nothing wrong with counsel. There is nothing noble about ignorance. But I know the difference in myself between seeking wisdom and hiding inside inputs. One is open-handed. The other is fear with spreadsheets.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, I want the clean answer more than I want dependence. Before I chase certainty, give me wisdom. Show me the next faithful step.

Not the whole map. Not the guaranteed outcome. The next faithful step.

In anxiety, the old reflex wants rehearsal. It wants to run the bad movie again, because somehow watching it ten times feels like preparation. It says: if I can imagine every possible version of this going wrong, maybe I can keep one of them from happening.

But anxiety is a terrible prophet. It has no special access to the future. It only has a loud voice in the present.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, my mind is trying to live tomorrow before You have given it to me. I cast this care on You. Bring me back to what is mine to do now.

That last phrase matters to me: what is mine to do now. Anxiety lives in the uncontrollable. Prayer returns us to creaturehood. It puts us back inside the small honest circle of the next entrusted thing.

Before a conversation, the old reflex wants control. It wants to manage how the other person will hear us, how we will be perceived, how quickly the discomfort can end. Sometimes it wants victory. Sometimes it wants escape. Sometimes it wants to be admired for being gracious, which is just ego wearing softer clothes.

You can feel this before a hard family conversation, before a staff meeting, before a call you have delayed too long. The body knows. The jaw tightens. The speech starts forming before the person has even entered the room.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, make me more interested in love than in being right. Help me listen before I answer. Keep me from using truth as a weapon or peace as an excuse.

That is a prayer I need often. Because I can do both. I can use truth as a weapon, and I can use peace as an excuse. Prayer does not let either one hide under a noble name.

And there is an outward turn hiding inside that same moment. The old reflex does not only want to win the conversation; it forgets the person on the other side of it. It sees a

problem to manage or a point to carry, not a soul God loves.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, before I answer him, I pray for him. Let me want good for this person more than I want to be right.

That is intercession smuggled into an ordinary exchange. I came to pray about my own tongue, and the Father widened it into love for the one I was about to speak to.

The same turn reaches past people to purposes. Before an outcome I care about, the old reflex wants my will done — my version, with my glory quietly attached to the result.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, Your kingdom come here, Your will be done here — not my preferred version of it. Be glorified in this, even if I am not.

That prayer is dangerous and clean. It aims the moment at God's honor instead of mine, and it is the first outward step of a heart learning to pray the way Jesus taught us to.

Before choosing words, the old reflex wants speed. Especially now. We live in little fields of instant reply. The text comes in. The email lands. The comment stings. The invitation asks for an answer. The prompt box waits. Every blank space seems to say, "Fill me."

And words, once sent, become little missionaries. They go places without us. They carry tone we did not intend and pride we did not recognize. They can heal, but they can also keep doing damage long after the heat of the moment has passed.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, govern my words before they leave me. Let me say what is true, and only what love permits.

Sometimes that prayer changes the sentence. Sometimes it deletes it. Sometimes it makes the words plainer, which is often the same thing as making them kinder.

Sometimes it reveals that the message I was about to send was not communication at all. It was a small attempt to control the court record.

Before opening the chat window, the old reflex wants friction removed. I know this one at the level of muscle memory. A question rises, and my hand moves. It is so easy now to reach for an answer that reaches back instantly. No waiting. No silence. No sense of being searched by the question before solving it.

Again, the problem is not the tool. The problem is firstness.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, before I ask the machine, I ask You. Let this be a tool, not my vine. If I use it, keep me rooted in what is living.

That may sound strange to someone who does not know this pull. But I know it. The danger is not that the tool answers. The danger is that I stop noticing who I asked first.

Before a tense email or text, the old reflex wants self-protection. It says: make the record clear. Get your point in. Do not let them think you missed that. Do not let the silence look like weakness.

Sometimes clarity is necessary. Sometimes records matter. But there is a way of being “clear” that is really just fear demanding a paper trail.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, what is the faithful sentence here? Not the winning sentence. Not the sentence that proves I saw every angle. The faithful one.

There may be more than one sentence after that. There may be a paragraph. There may be a phone call instead. But prayer changes the target. The target is no longer self-defense. The target is faithfulness.

Before a money or work decision, the old reflex wants security and significance to trade masks all day long. Money says, “Protect yourself.” Work says, “Prove yourself.” Both can sound responsible. Both can become masters very quietly.

This is where the fair fight becomes very practical. We do not usually think of prayer as part of a budget, a contract, a hire, a calendar, a strategy question, a risk calculation.

But why would we not? These are exactly the places where fear, comparison, ego, the past, and the divided mind sit at the table.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, keep money from becoming my peace and work from becoming my name. Give me clean judgment. Show me what serves love, stewardship, and trust.

Not every answer becomes obvious. Prayer does not make prudence unnecessary. It makes prudence possible without panic running the meeting.

And before reaching for distraction, comparison, or old self-talk, the old reflex wants relief. It wants the quick numbing thing, the sideways glance, the old verdict. You are behind. You always do this. Just check out for a minute. You have earned it.

Sometimes rest is holy. But distraction is not rest. Comparison is not aspiration. Old self-talk is not honesty.

First I pray sounds like this there:

Lord, I am reaching for relief in the wrong place. I am turning sideways again. Gather me back.

Gather me back. That may be the simplest version of this whole chapter.

Because this is what the three words do. They gather us. They interrupt the scattered first reach and bring us back, not all the way to maturity in one motion, not all the way to peace in one breath, but back to the living Source before the counterfeit gets the first word.

That is why the practice has to be ordinary.

If First I Pray only belongs in emergencies, most of life will train without it. If it only belongs in church, the rest of the week will be disciplined by something else. If it only belongs to moments when I feel reverent, then my fear and ego and divided mind will run the ordinary hours unchallenged.

The ordinary hours are the arena.

Before the decision.

In the anxiety.

Before the conversation.

Before the words.

Before the prompt.

Before the reply.

Before the meeting.

Before the purchase.

Before the old story.

First, I pray.

Not long necessarily. Not beautifully. Not to impress God, as if He were waiting for better sentences. Just first.

There is a reason small things at the beginning of a sequence have so much power. Put the shoes by the bed, and the morning walk becomes more likely. Put the phone in another room, and attention becomes possible. Put one honest prayer before the reflex, and the whole chain has to pause for a moment.

That pause is where freedom starts to breathe.

You may still open the chat window. You may still send the email. You may still make the decision, enter the room, have the conversation, spend the money, do the work. This is not withdrawal from life. It is re-entry in the right order.

First I Pray does not mean prayer instead of action.

It means prayer before action, so action is not orphaned from the Source.

And that brings us to the guardrail we cannot skip. Because the minute a practice starts to “work,” the old self will try to use it. The ego will try to turn prayer into a technique. Fear will try to use it as insurance. The scoreboard will creep back in and ask whether we are getting results yet.

So before we go any further, we have to say clearly what prayer is, and what it is not.

It is not a vending machine.

It is not a lever to get the life we already wanted.

It is not a way to baptize striving.

It is communion. Dependence. Abiding. The first turn of a branch back toward the vine.

That is where we go next.

## Chapter 5 — Not a Vending Machine

There is a danger in the last chapter.

I felt it while writing it, and you may have felt it while reading it. Once a practice becomes useful, the old self immediately asks how to use it. That is what the old self does. It takes even holy things and tries to make them serve the life it already wanted.

So we have to stop here.

Before we talk about answered prayer, before we talk about the unfair advantage, before we talk about testimony and witnesses and all the ways God has moved in the lives of people who prayed first, we have to say what prayer is not.

Prayer is not a vending machine.

I know that phrase is almost too easy. Everyone agrees with it in theory. Nobody wants to sound like they believe God is a vending machine. Nobody wants to admit that his deepest prayer life sometimes looks like putting in the right words, pushing the right buttons, and waiting for the blessing to drop.

But if I am honest, a lot of my disappointment with God has come from some hidden version of that bargain.

I prayed. Why did this happen?

I asked. Why did He not give it?

I tried to be faithful. Why did the outcome still hurt?

Those are not fake questions. Some of them are holy questions. The Psalms are full of them. Jesus Himself prayed in agony. Faith does not require pretending that unanswered or differently answered prayer does not bewilder us.

But there is a difference between bringing our bewilderment to God and quietly putting God on trial because He did not perform the role we assigned Him.

That is where prayer gets corrupted.

The corruption can be obvious. Pray this prayer and get rich. Speak these words and unlock your destiny. Believe harder and the cancer will leave, the deal will close, the

prodigal will come home by Friday. That version is easy enough to reject, at least on paper.

The subtler version is more dangerous because it can live in a sincere Christian heart.

It says: if I pray first, I will be calmer.

If I pray first, I will make better decisions.

If I pray first, I will avoid mistakes.

If I pray first, I will get the answer I need.

All of those may be true in some form. Prayer does calm us. Prayer can clarify decisions. Prayer can keep us from foolishness. Prayer does lead to answers. I believe all of that, and the next chapter is going to say the strongest version of it.

But if those become the reason I pray, I have started drifting from communion into control.

That is the line.

Communion receives God as God.

Control tries to recruit God as a means.

Communion says, "Father, I am Yours."

Control says, "Here is what I need You to do for me."

Of course, children ask their father for things. We are told to ask. We are invited to ask. A faith that never asks is not more mature; it may just be afraid of disappointment. But asking is not the same as controlling. A child can ask his father for bread without imagining he owns the kitchen.

That is where the vending-machine image fails. A machine has no will. No wisdom. No love. No purpose beyond fulfilling the transaction. If I put in the right amount, I am owed the thing I selected. If it does not drop, the machine has malfunctioned.

God is not like that.

God has a will.

God has wisdom.

God has love.

God has purposes older and deeper than the outcome I can see from here.

So prayer cannot be primarily a transaction. It is a relationship. It is the creature turning toward the Creator. The branch returning to the vine. The child coming to the Father. The worried mind, the proud heart, the divided self, the tired body, all brought back into the presence of the One who made them.

That is why “First, I pray” cannot mean “first, I activate the technique.”

It means first, I return.

Before the decision, I return.

Before the words, I return.

Before the prompt, I return.

Before the fear gets the microphone, I return.

Before the scoreboard tells me who I am, I return.

That return is not passive. It is not resignation. It is not a spiritual way of shrugging. It may be the most active thing we do all day, because it relocates the whole self before anything else happens.

This is where the psychological language both helps and has to bow.

It helps because it shows us something true about human beings. We are shaped by first actions. We live our way into patterns of thought. We become what we repeatedly do. A pause can interrupt reactivity. A breath can regulate the body. A sentence can gather attention.

Those are real gifts. I do not want to sneer at them. A person who learns to pause before reacting has received mercy, even if he does not name it that way.

But Christian prayer is not merely a holy pause.

It is not affirmation with better lighting.

It is not self-regulation plus the word “Lord.”

If all First I Pray does is give me access to a calmer version of myself, then the book is too small. Useful, maybe. But too small.

The Christian claim is stranger. When we pray, we are not merely speaking into ourselves. We are speaking to Someone. The Father Jesus taught us to address. The living God who hears.

And that changes everything.

It also makes prayer less controllable, not more.

This is the part I would rather skip. A technique can be mastered. A relationship cannot. A technique can be measured, optimized, repeated, made efficient. A relationship has a living Person on the other side. That means love. It means nearness. It also means surrender.

The true vine is living. That is the comfort and the inconvenience.

A dead vine would be easier to manage. A machine would be easier to predict. An affirmation would stay where I put it. But a living God can contradict me. He can redirect me. He can refuse the thing I am asking for because He sees the thing I cannot. He can give what I did not know to request. He can answer the prayer underneath the prayer.

That is not less personal.

It is more personal.

But it means the goal of prayer cannot be getting God to endorse my first desire. The goal is to be with God so truth can reorder desire itself.

I have seen this in small ways. I come to prayer asking God to fix a person, and somewhere in the praying I realize the person is not the only problem in the room. I come asking for the outcome to change, and the first answer is that my grip changes. I come asking for clarity, and instead of a map I receive a next step. I come asking for relief, and receive courage. I come asking God to make the hard thing go away, and He makes me less alone inside it.

Is that an answer?

Yes.

Not always the one I wanted. Often not the one I would have called efficient. But real.

This is why the phrase “not a vending machine” must not become a cowardly way of saying God does not answer prayer.

That would be another error.

Some Christians are so careful to avoid the prosperity gospel that they accidentally make prayer sound like a private devotional exercise with no expectation attached. They say “God is not a vending machine” and mean, almost, “do not expect anything to happen.”

That is not faith. That is disappointment wearing theological manners.

Jesus did not teach us to pray as if nothing happens. He taught us to ask for daily bread. For forgiveness. For deliverance. For the Father’s kingdom to come and His will to be done on earth. Those are not vague sentiments. They are requests. They assume a God who hears and acts.

So the guardrail has two sides.

On one side: prayer is not control.

On the other side: prayer is not mere therapy.

If we fall off the first side, we turn God into a machine.

If we fall off the second, we turn prayer into a mood.

The road between them is narrower and better: prayer is communion with the living Father, and the living Father answers.

But we have to keep the order.

Communion before outcome.

Surrender before strategy.

Father before fruit.

Vine before branches.

That order protects the whole book. It protects “unfair advantage” from becoming spiritual ambition. It protects the ordinary moments from becoming a checklist. It protects testimony from becoming marketing copy. It protects answered prayer from becoming a scoreboard.

Because answered prayer is coming. It has to come. If it does not, this book has no muscle. You were right to feel that. First I Pray cannot stop at “I became less reactive.” That may be one fruit, but it is not the root. The root is that God is real, God hears, and God answers in ways that bring His kingdom into the visible world.

But we will only be able to say that rightly if we say this first:

He is not ours to manage.

He is ours to trust.

And trust does not weaken asking. It purifies it.

So pray before the decision. Pray before the words. Pray before the prompt. Pray before the meeting. Pray before the old story starts talking. But do not pray as a man dropping coins into the slot. Pray as a child coming home to his Father.

Bring the whole thing. Ask plainly. Ask boldly. Ask like He told you to ask.

Then open your hands.

Because the point of prayer is not to get the answer while keeping control.

The point of prayer is to come to the Father.

And because He is living, He answers.

## Chapter 6 — God Answers Prayer

Now we can say the thing.

We could not say it first, because it would have been too easy to cheapen. We had to say prayer is not a vending machine. We had to say God is not a lever, not a method, not a machine we operate with spiritual language. We had to say communion comes before outcome, Father before fruit, vine before branches.

But if we stop there, we have not told the truth yet.

The truth is this:

God answers prayer.

That is the unfair advantage.

Not that believers pause better. Not that we have a more beautiful version of self-regulation. Not that we can insert a holy sentence before reacting and become a little calmer than the person next to us. Anyone can pause. Anyone can breathe. Anyone can say an affirmation. Anyone can decide to wait ten seconds before sending the email.

Those things may help. I am not mocking them. A pause can keep a man from doing damage. A breath can settle the body. A sentence can interrupt a bad reflex.

But that is not the Christian claim.

The Christian claim is that when we pray, we are not merely talking ourselves into a better state. We are speaking to the living God. The Father Jesus told us to address. The God who hears. The God who wills. The God who acts. The God who gives bread, forgives sin, delivers from evil, opens doors, closes doors, sends help, withholds harm, changes hearts, comforts the broken, corrects the proud, and brings His kingdom to earth as it is in heaven.

That is not psychology.

That is prayer.

And I think this is where the whole book either becomes Christian or stays too small.

Up to this point, someone who does not believe could still nod along more than we might expect. The central governor makes sense. The counterfeit vine makes sense. The suppressors make sense. First movements matter. A pause before reaction is good. Word choice matters. Anxiety is a poor guide. The old self needs interrupting.

All true.

But if First I Pray is only that, it is a baptized behavioral tool. Useful, maybe. But not enough to build a life on.

The reason First I Pray matters is not merely that it changes the first movement of my mind. It is that the first movement of my mind turns toward Someone who can answer.

That word can make us nervous.

Answer.

We have all seen it abused. We have seen people count answered prayers like trophies and treat unanswered ones like user error. We have seen faith turned into pressure. We have seen suffering people quietly accused of not believing hard enough. We have seen God's glory reduced to whether the thing we wanted happened on our timetable.

So some of us retreat. We become careful. We say God is sovereign, which is true. We say His ways are higher than ours, which is true. We say prayer changes us, which is true.

But then, almost without noticing, we stop expecting God to do anything.

That is not maturity.

That is often quiet unbelief we have learned to call wisdom.

Jesus did not teach us to pray like that. He did not say, "When you pray, manage your expectations so carefully that nothing can hurt you." He said to ask. Seek. Knock. He told us to pray for daily bread, forgiveness, deliverance, laborers for the harvest, the Father's kingdom, the Father's will on earth. He told us to come like children, and children ask for things.

Children do not always understand what they are asking.

But they ask.

And good fathers answer.

This is where I have to be careful with my own heart. I do not want to make prayer smaller just because I do not want to be disappointed. I do not want to become so theologically cautious that I protect myself from the ache of asking. There is a kind of unbelief that hides inside sophistication. It says, “Of course God can do anything,” but it never actually asks Him to do anything.

That is not trust. It is distance.

First I Pray closes that distance.

It does not force an outcome. It does not put God in my debt. It does not guarantee that the visible answer will match the requested one. But it does put me before the Father before I put myself before the problem. And once I am before the Father, I am invited to ask.

Plainly.

Boldly.

Like He told me to.

Lord, give wisdom here.

Lord, provide what we need.

Lord, heal what is broken.

Lord, open the door no man can open.

Lord, close the door I am too proud to stop pushing.

Lord, give me the words.

Lord, protect this child.

Lord, reconcile what I cannot repair.

Lord, let Your kingdom come here, in this kitchen, in this meeting, in this diagnosis, in this decision, in this hour.

That is not a hack.

That is asking the King for the kingdom.

And answered prayer is one of the ways the kingdom becomes visible.

I do not mean visible only in dramatic ways. Sometimes, yes. Sometimes the provision comes and there is no honest way to call it coincidence. Sometimes a door opens with timing so tender you know you are being cared for. Sometimes help arrives from a person who could not have known. Sometimes the check comes, the phone rings, the fever breaks, the heart softens, the sentence lands, the temptation lifts, the peace comes in like weather from another country.

But sometimes the answer is quieter.

The answer is endurance.

The answer is restraint.

The answer is a no that saves us from a yes we would have regretted.

The answer is not getting the thing, and later realizing that mercy came disguised as denial.

The answer is presence in the fire instead of escape from it.

The answer is a changed desire.

The answer is courage for the next faithful step.

The answer is the daily bread being enough for one day, which is exactly how Jesus taught us to ask for it.

This is why I do not like reducing prayer to “it changes us.” It does change us. Of course it does. But even that change is not self-generated. If prayer changes me, it is because I have been with God, and God is not inert. He acts upon what He loves.

The distinction matters.

Self-regulation says: I calmed myself.

Prayer says: I was met.

Affirmation says: I spoke a truth into myself.

Prayer says: I spoke to my Father, and my Father heard me.

Technique says: I used the process correctly.

Prayer says: I came empty-handed, and mercy answered.

This is the muscle and skin of the book. Without it, the whole thing floats a few inches above the ground. It may be elegant. It may be useful. But it does not have blood in it.

The testimonies matter because they put blood in it.

We will come to them later. We will sit with Müller and the cloud of witnesses, not as religious decorations, but as evidence that some people have actually lived this way. They prayed first, and not merely because it made them calmer. They prayed because they believed God heard, and their lives became public proof that He did.

But we cannot make testimony carry the whole claim by itself. The claim belongs here.

God answers prayer.

The testimonies will show it.

This chapter has to say it.

And when God answers prayer, He is glorified.

That may be the part we forget when we make answered prayer only about relief. Relief is good. Provision is good. Healing is good. Guidance is good. But the deepest end of answered prayer is not that I get what I asked for. It is that God becomes visible as God.

The Father is glorified when the branch bears fruit because everyone can see the branch did not manufacture life on its own.

The kingdom comes when forgiveness happens where resentment should have won.

The kingdom comes when provision arrives and frees generosity.

The kingdom comes when a frightened person receives courage that cannot be explained by temperament.

The kingdom comes when wisdom lands in a room that had only ego a moment before.

The kingdom comes when the answer to prayer does not merely solve a problem but reveals a King.

That is the unfair advantage.

Not advantage over my neighbor. Never that. If my “advantage” makes me proud over another person, I have misunderstood the whole thing. The fair fight is still me against my own default, and our team against its own ego. The advantage is that I do not enter that fight alone. I enter it in communion with the Father who hears and answers.

That changes how I pray before a decision.

I am not merely calming down so I can think. I am asking for wisdom from the God who gives it.

It changes how I pray in anxiety.

I am not merely regulating my nervous system. I am casting care onto the One who cares for me.

It changes how I pray before a conversation.

I am not merely preparing tone. I am asking the Spirit to govern words, soften hearts, expose my pride, and make love possible.

It changes how I pray before the prompt.

I am not merely delaying my use of a tool. I am acknowledging that the machine can answer a question, but only God can answer a prayer.

That line may be worth keeping.

The machine can answer a question.

Only God can answer a prayer.

And those are not the same thing.

A question asks for information.

A prayer asks for God.

Yes, it may ask for information too. Wisdom. Direction. Provision. Help. But underneath all faithful asking is the deeper cry: Father, be God here. Reign here. Come here. Make this small patch of earth look a little more like heaven.

That is why “Your kingdom come, Your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven” is not background music to the Christian life. It is the shape of answered prayer.

And notice what that prayer does to the one praying it. To ask first for His name, His kingdom, and His will is to love God before I love my own outcome — the eyes going up before they go anywhere else. To ask for daily bread and for forgiveness as we forgive is to be handed my neighbor in the same breath. The prayer Jesus taught has almost no “me” in it. It is the love of God and the love of neighbor, prayed.

We are not asking God to decorate our agenda.

We are asking Him to bring His reign into the actual places where our default would otherwise rule.

Into the anxious mind.

Into the family conversation.

Into the work decision.

Into the budget.

Into the doctor’s call.

Into the apology.

Into the sentence before we send it.

Into the habit before it hardens.

Into the boardroom before ego takes the head chair.

That is where heaven touches earth. Not only in revivals and miracles, though God may give those too. In the ordinary places where a person prays first and God answers in a way that makes His rule visible.

I do not want to overstate this, but I do not want to understate it either.

If God answers prayer, then First I Pray is not merely a habit. It is a way of moving through the world with expectation. Not entitlement. Expectation.

Entitlement says, “God owes me the outcome I want.”

Expectation says, “My Father hears me, and I will watch for His answer.”

Those are very different postures.

Entitlement closes the hand.

Expectation opens the eyes.

That may be what I most want back in my own life: open-eyed prayer. Not frantic prayer. Not performative prayer. Not bargaining prayer. Open-eyed prayer. The kind that asks, then watches. The kind that notices. The kind that keeps a record, not to keep score against God, but to remember His kindness when the next fear starts talking.

Because I forget.

That is another reason testimonies matter. I need other people’s answered prayers because I am prone to forget my own. I need Müller. I need the saints. I need regular people who prayed over ordinary things and impossible things and then told the truth about what happened. Not inflated stories. Not polished myths. True witness.

Answered prayer strengthens faith because it gives memory something solid to hold.

And memory becomes courage.

The next time fear says, “Nothing will come of this,” memory can answer, “That is not the whole story.”

The next time comparison says, “You are behind,” memory can answer, “God has been faithful to my actual life.”

The next time ego says, “You have to force this,” memory can answer, “The best things were given.”

The next time the counterfeit vine says, “Ask me first,” memory can answer, “I know a living Source.”

So yes, we will talk about the psychology. We will talk about patterns and reflexes and first actions. We will talk about how prayer changes fear, comparison, ego, the past, and the divided mind.

But not as if prayer works because psychology works.

That arrow is backwards.

Prayer works because God hears.

And because God hears, the whole person begins to change.

The unfair advantage is not that prayer changes my state.

The unfair advantage is that God answers prayer.

Not always how I ask.

Not always when I ask.

Not always by giving the thing I thought I needed.

But truly. Personally. Providentially. In ways that bring His kingdom to earth and His glory into view.

That is the claim.

That is the center.

First, I pray.

Because He answers.

## Chapter 7 — How the Move Changes Us

If God answers prayer, then the old suppressors do not get the last word.

That is where we are now.

We named the suppressors earlier: fear, comparison, ego, the past, and the divided mind. I called them the forces that press the good down in us, that keep the worst self close and the best self just out of reach. Naming them helped, but naming was never enough.

Information does not free us by itself.

If it did, we would all be free.

The question now is not whether we can identify the traps. The question is what happens to those traps when the first move of the heart is prayer to an answering Father.

This is where we have to keep the arrow straight.

Prayer does change us. It changes our nervous system, our attention, our motives, our words, our posture. But it does not change us because we found a clever way to manipulate ourselves. It changes us because we have come before the living God, and God is not inert. He acts upon what He loves.

So this chapter is not a technique chapter.

It is a fruit chapter.

The difference matters. Technique says, “Do this and produce that.” Fruit says, “Abide, and life will come from the vine.” Technique keeps me in control. Fruit keeps me dependent. Technique asks whether I used the method correctly. Fruit asks whether I stayed connected to the Source.

First I Pray is not a way to manage fear, comparison, ego, the past, and the divided mind.

It is a way to bring all five before the Father before they run the day.

And because the Father answers, they begin to lose authority.

Start with fear.

Fear thrives when it gets to narrate alone. It takes a fact and writes a future around it. The test result becomes the whole diagnosis. The hard conversation becomes permanent rupture. The uncertain month becomes financial collapse. The child's trouble becomes the rest of his life. Fear is a gifted storyteller, but it almost always writes fiction.

When fear gets first voice, the soul shrinks.

First I Pray interrupts that voice, but not merely by calming me down. It brings fear into the presence of the One who actually knows the future. That is why prayer against fear is not positive thinking. Positive thinking tells fear, "It probably will not happen." Prayer says, "Even if it does, I am not alone, and my Father is already there."

Those are not the same.

The first tries to manage probability.

The second rests in providence.

Sometimes the answer to fearful prayer is outward. The call comes. The provision arrives. The door opens. The thing we feared does not happen. Sometimes the answer is inward. Peace comes without enough circumstantial evidence to explain it. Courage rises before the situation changes. The next faithful step becomes clear while the whole map remains hidden.

Either way, fear is no longer god in the room.

That is the change.

Not that I become a man who never feels fear. I do not expect that. The bravest people I know feel fear. The change is that fear stops becoming the first authority I consult.

Lord, I am afraid. Tell me what is true here.

That prayer may not remove the feeling. But it relocates the authority.

Then comparison.

Comparison turns the head sideways. It takes my actual life, the one God has entrusted to me, and makes it feel like a lesser assignment because someone else's looks more

fruitful, more admired, more organized, more peaceful, more advanced. Comparison is not just insecurity. It is a refusal of place.

First I Pray answers comparison by bringing me back to the Father who gives portions.

That word matters to me. Portion. It is all through Scripture if you start listening for it. Daily bread is a portion. Manna was a portion. Gifts are portions. Callings are portions. Days themselves are portions. We are not given the same assignment, the same pace, the same visibility, the same outcomes, or the same burdens.

Comparison hates portion because portion requires trust.

Prayer restores it.

Lord, make me faithful with what is mine.

That is one of the cleanest prayers I know. It cuts sideways measurement off at the root. It does not ask God to make my life look like someone else's. It asks Him to make me faithful inside the life He actually gave me.

And when God answers that prayer, the change is subtle but deep. The other person's fruit can become gift again instead of accusation. Their success no longer has to shrink me. Their obedience no longer has to indict mine. I can bless what God is doing over there and return to the work He put in my hands over here.

That is freedom.

Not invisibility. Not lack of ambition. Not pretending excellence does not matter. Freedom. The fair fight returns. Me against my own default. Me becoming faithful with my portion. Me no longer wasting strength in imaginary races God never entered me in.

Then ego.

Ego is harder because ego can survive almost anything. It can survive failure by calling itself victimhood. It can survive success by calling itself stewardship. It can even survive prayer by congratulating itself for being prayerful.

This is why ego cannot be outsmarted. It has too many disguises.

It has to be surrendered.

First I Pray puts ego in the one position it hates most: dependent. Before the answer, before the meeting, before the sentence, before the decision, I am saying, “I am not enough in myself.” Ego may agree to that as doctrine. It hates it as practice.

Because practice humiliates the self just enough to heal it.

Lord, get me out of the center.

That prayer is dangerous, and I do not pray it lightly. I usually want God to improve the meeting while leaving me central to it. I want Him to bless the work and preserve my sense of importance. I want Him to give wisdom in a way that still lets people notice I am wise.

Prayer is wonderfully uncooperative with that.

Sometimes God answers by letting someone else have the better idea. Sometimes by showing me I was wrong before I harden into defending it. Sometimes by giving me silence when I wanted applause. Sometimes by making the outcome good in a way that no one can trace back to my brilliance.

The old self hates that.

The new self learns to breathe there.

Because if God answers prayer, then I do not have to manufacture glory. I do not have to squeeze significance from every room. I do not have to make the outcome testify to my competence. I can become useful without needing to be central.

That is a miracle.

I mean that plainly. A low-ego person is not a personality type. It is a miracle of grace repeated over time.

Then the past.

The past has evidence.

That is why it can be so persuasive. Fear imagines. Comparison distorts. Ego inflates. But the past points to a record. You did fail. You did drift. You did make the wrong call. You did disappoint yourself. You did start and stop. You did say the thing. You did avoid the thing. You did lose time.

So when the past says, “This is who you are,” it does not sound like a lie at first. It sounds like sober accounting.

First I Pray does not deny the record. It brings the record before the God who redeems.

There is a way of talking about grace that becomes sentimental because it is too vague. But Christian grace is not vague. Peter denied Jesus three times and was restored around a charcoal fire. Paul persecuted the church and became an apostle of the gospel he tried to destroy. David’s sin was named, judged, grieved, and still did not get the final word over God’s covenant mercy.

God does not heal the past by pretending it did not happen.

He heals it by refusing to let it be lord.

So the prayer here is not, “Lord, help me forget.” Sometimes remembering is part of wisdom.

The prayer is:

Lord, tell the truth about my past without letting it name my future.

That is a prayer God loves to answer.

Sometimes He answers through repentance. Sometimes through repair. Sometimes through a new obedience in the very place of old failure. Sometimes through the strange mercy of being allowed to begin again without the drama of calling it a new era.

Just begin.

One faithful act. One phone call. One apology. One opened Bible. One honest walk. One choice not to believe the old verdict today.

This is where the central governor and the gospel meet in a very practical way. The body may prefer the old groove because old grooves take less energy. The gospel says a new creation is not a metaphor. Prayer brings the old groove before the living God and asks for grace to take the next step in a new direction.

Not to prove the past was nothing.

To prove it is not sovereign.

Finally, the divided mind.

This may be the most ordinary battleground of all. A mind split across ten surfaces. A heart never fully present. A life lived in tabs. We have become very good at being partially available.

The divided mind does not always feel like rebellion. It feels like responsibility. There is so much to manage, so much to answer, so much to remember, so much to anticipate. But underneath the motion is often a refusal to be here, with God, in this actual moment.

First I Pray gathers the scattered self.

That may be the most immediate change many of us feel. Not because prayer is merely mindfulness, but because the Father is present. Prayer does not ask me to empty my mind into the air. It asks me to bring my mind to Him.

Lord, gather me back.

That prayer has become almost a shorthand for me. Gather me back from the future I am trying to control. Gather me back from the conversation I am rehearsing. Gather me back from the imaginary audience. Gather me back from the glowing surface. Gather me back from the accusation. Gather me back from everywhere I have gone while pretending to be here.

And He does.

Not always dramatically. Often gently. A sentence from Scripture comes back. A face in front of me becomes visible again. A task becomes simple. A breath lowers. The next right thing separates itself from the swarm. The room I am in becomes the room I am in.

Do not despise that as small.

A gathered person is a rare gift in a scattered world.

And a gathered believer is dangerous in the best sense. Not frantic. Not noisy. Not impressive necessarily. But present. Available. Harder for fear to hijack. Harder for comparison to turn sideways. Harder for ego to conscript. Harder for the past to drag backward. Harder for the counterfeit vine to claim as the first source.

This is what I mean by change.

Not instant transformation.

Not perfection.

Not a personality transplant.

A repeated return to the Father that begins to reorder the first movement of the heart.

Over time, fear still speaks, but not first.

Comparison still tempts, but not as master.

Ego still rises, but it is recognized sooner.

The past still has chapters, but not the title.

The divided mind still scatters, but it knows the way home.

That is not small.

It is the fair fight becoming fair again.

Because the worst self depends on isolation. It depends on first reactions, private scripts, unchallenged fear, unexamined ego, old stories playing in closed rooms. First I Pray opens the room. It brings the whole thing into communion before the old self can build its case unopposed.

And the Father answers.

This is why I do not want us to separate the “internal” changes from answered prayer, as if one is psychological and the other is supernatural. The peace that comes may be an answer. The courage may be an answer. The changed desire may be an answer. The softened word may be an answer. The closed door may be an answer. The restraint may be an answer.

We should not make answered prayer smaller by only counting the dramatic ones.

And we should not make answered prayer vague by refusing to count anything at all.

Maybe part of the practice is learning to notice.

First, I pray.

Then, I watch.

Not anxiously. Not like a man inspecting a machine. Like a child learning the ways of his Father.

I prayed before the conversation, and the tone changed.

I prayed in anxiety, and the next step became clear.

I prayed before the decision, and a door closed that I would have forced open.

I prayed before the words, and the sentence got shorter and truer.

I prayed before the prompt, and realized I needed wisdom, not output.

I prayed before the old story, and it did not get to name me today.

I prayed for the person I was about to correct, and somewhere in the praying I began to want good for him more than I wanted to win.

Is all of that answered prayer?

I think so.

Not because every feeling is a miracle. Not because every coincidence is a sign. But because a life lived before an answering Father becomes more awake to His care. The point is not to become superstitious. The point is to become attentive.

Attentive people remember.

Remembering people become brave.

Brave people obey sooner.

And obedience, over time, becomes a life.

That is how the move changes us. Not by making us superhuman. Not by removing the suppressors forever. Not by giving us a hack that guarantees the desired state.

It changes us because the first move keeps returning us to the One who can answer what we cannot, heal what we cannot, name what we cannot, and grow fruit we cannot

manufacture.

First, I pray.

Then fear has to speak in front of my Father.

First, I pray.

Then comparison has to answer for turning me sideways.

First, I pray.

Then ego has to loosen its grip.

First, I pray.

Then the past has to surrender the title page.

First, I pray.

Then the divided mind begins to come home.

And little by little, by grace, the gap begins to close.

Not because I mastered myself.

Because I was met.

And there is a fruit here I did not expect when I began.

As fear loosens, I stop bracing and start seeing. As comparison heals, my neighbor's good stops threatening me and becomes something I can pray for. As ego surrenders, the person in front of me comes into focus instead of the crowd behind them. As the divided mind gathers, I am finally present enough to love the one I am actually with.

The inward change was never the destination. It was the clearing.

A reordered heart looks up, toward the Father's glory, and out, toward my neighbor's good. Fear kept my eyes down on myself; prayer lifts them. And when the eyes come up, they land on the two oldest loves — the ones Jesus said the whole Law and the Prophets hang on. Love God. Love your neighbor. Scot McKnight calls it the Jesus Creed, and it is not a sixth technique added to the five we have been clearing. It is what grows once the five are cleared.

First I pray reorders me. And a reordered me, almost without trying, begins to intercede for others and to long for God to be glorified more than I long to be right. That is the fruit. It was hiding inside the seed the whole time.

## Chapter 8 - George Müller and the Visible Father

If this chapter is going to have one central witness, it has to be George Müller.

Not because he is the most dramatic story in church history. Not because he gives us a clean little anecdote we can use to prove a point. He belongs here because his life was a long, stubborn argument that God is alive and answers prayer.

That word matters.

Stubborn.

Müller was not a vague, sentimental man who floated through life hoping things would work out. He was a determined man. He looked at a flailing church, a church that could still say the right words about God but often lived as if God were distant from actual need, and he decided to build a public witness.

He loved the orphans dearly. That should be said plainly. The children were not props in a theological demonstration. They were children. They needed beds, meals, clothing, education, safety, care, and kindness.

But Müller also said the aim of the work was larger than orphan care. He wanted God to be glorified. He wanted Christians to see, with their own eyes, that the Father could be trusted not only with souls in the abstract, but with bread, rent, buildings, staff, and children.

So he made a vow that still sounds almost impossible.

He would never ask a man or woman for money.

He would ask God.

That was not a small private preference. It was a costly public line. He could have justified crossing it a hundred ways. The cause was good. The children were real. The need was urgent. The donors would have understood. A well-written appeal could have fed children, warmed rooms, and solved tomorrow's problem.

Who would have blamed him?

But that was exactly the point. Müller was not trying to prove that fundraising was evil. He was trying to prove that God was alive. If the orphan houses were going to be a witness, then the witness had to be clear enough to survive success. The glory could not quietly migrate from God to Müller's skill, network, urgency, or persuasive power.

That is the whole witness in one sentence.

Not no need.

Not no work.

Not no donors.

No first appeal except prayer.

First, God.

The orphan work began in Bristol in 1836, in Wilson Street, with room first for thirty girls. That is where I want to see him before I see the famous scale. Not as a monument. Not as a portrait in a hallway. A house. A city. Children who needed care. Adults who had to make decisions. Food that had to be bought. Rooms that had to be kept warm. Bills that had to be paid.

The need was actual.

That is what keeps Müller's story from becoming religious decoration. The need did not become less concrete because he prayed about it. Prayer did not make food symbolic. Prayer did not make beds metaphorical. Prayer did not make money unimportant.

Prayer made the need honest before God.

That is what First I Pray has to mean when the stakes rise. It is not a sentence for mildly anxious people who want a calmer morning, though it may give them one. It is not only a pause before a tense email, though it belongs there too. Müller gives us the heavier version: First I pray when the children need food. First I pray when the building cannot be built without money. First I pray when the work is public and the consequences are real.

And then he did the real work.

This matters because Müller can be misunderstood in two opposite ways. One version makes him reckless, as if dependence meant carelessness. Another version makes him mechanical, as if he discovered a spiritual technique for funding an institution.

Neither is true.

Müller planned. He administered. He thanked donors. He made decisions slowly when provision had not yet come, and moved when it had. He did not despise ordinary means. He simply refused to turn need into pressure.

That may be the cleanest line:

Müller did not hide the work. He hid the need from every pressure tactic except prayer.

He reported what God had done. He would not turn present need into a sales pitch. He received gifts from real people. He would not corner those people with urgency. He believed the Father moved through human hands, but he would not take the Father's place by manipulating them.

That distinction matters. The donors were not erased. Their obedience mattered. Their generosity mattered. The checks, coins, gifts in kind, and quiet promptings all mattered. Müller was not so spiritual that he ignored the human instrument. But he was too jealous for God's glory to confuse the instrument with the Source.

That is a harder discipline than it sounds.

Most of us do not think of ourselves as manipulative. We think of ourselves as responsible. We explain the situation. We hint at the need. We make sure the right person knows how serious things are. We call it stewardship, or networking, or wise communication.

Sometimes it is.

Sometimes it is fear wearing good clothes.

Müller presses on that place in me. He makes it harder to pretend that my pressure is just faithfulness with a stronger voice. He does not let me call prayer "first" when prayer is only the opening ceremony before I begin arranging the outcome myself.

He prayed first.

Then he watched.

Then, when provision came, he gave thanks.

Then, when more was needed, he asked again.

That rhythm is not flashy. It is daily bread faith.

And daily bread faith has to be renewed daily. Breakfast. Supper. Payroll. Rent. Coal. Shoes. Staff. The next child. The next month. The next building. The next gap between what love requires and what the balance can cover.

The strongest testimony is not one cinematic morning.

The strongest testimony is the method sustained over decades.

Consider the first New Orphan House at Ashley Down. Müller did not pray once and watch coins fall out of the sky. He prayed and waited. He would not build first and fundraise later. He would not go into debt and call the anxiety faith. As gifts came, he moved. As needs remained, he kept asking.

In the building-fund years, there were striking mercies. At one point around that first great house, a gift of 2,000 pounds arrived after prayer. Later, another 2,000 pounds toward furnishing meant the expenses could be met. But even there, the power of the story is not magical compression. It is not, “He asked once and the answer appeared.” It is, “He kept the need before God until provision made obedience possible.”

That is better.

Because that is where most of us actually live.

We live in the time between the prayer and the answer. We live with incomplete provision, partial clarity, delayed timing, and the next faithful step. We live where the spreadsheet is still open, the decision is still pending, the call has not come, the door has not moved, and the old self would like to seize the controls.

Müller does not say the numbers are unreal.

He asks where the numbers go first.

Do they go first into panic?

Do they go first into strategy?

Do they go first into pressure?

Do they go first into the donor, the spreadsheet, the machine, the clever plan, the useful contact?

Or do they go first to the Father?

Not instead of work.

Before work.

Under work.

Through work.

That is First I Pray with weight on it.

The scale eventually became enormous. Five New Orphan Houses rose at Ashley Down between 1849 and 1870, with room for 2,050 children. About 10,000 orphaned children were cared for through the work during Müller's lifetime. The buildings alone cost about 115,000 pounds. The total provision across the work reached sums that would have seemed impossible when the first house opened for thirty girls.

But the numbers are not the point as spectacle.

The numbers are the point as witness.

Told badly, the numbers make Müller look large. Told well, the numbers make God look near.

That is what Müller wanted. He did not want people to admire his technique. He wanted them to trust his Father. His life was not saying, "Look what a praying man can accomplish." It was saying, "Look what God can be trusted with."

And that is why his stubbornness feels so bracing now. We live in a world built for immediate appeal. We can broadcast need instantly, polish urgency, measure response, retarget attention, and confuse visibility with dependence. Some of that can be used honestly. But the old temptation has not changed: when the pressure rises, we want something we can control.

Müller keeps putting the question back where we do not want it.

Will I let God be first even when the need is not theoretical?

That distinction protects the chapter from becoming prosperity theology. Müller was not proving that prayer makes believers rich. He was not proving that every request receives the visible answer we imagined, on the timetable we prefer. He was not proving that faith exempts a work from difficulty.

He was proving that God's people may bring actual need to an actual Father and expect actual help.

Not entitlement.

Expectation.

Entitlement closes the hand.

Expectation opens the eyes.

Müller lived with open eyes. When provision came, he named it. When a gift arrived, he gave thanks. When the need continued, he returned. In 1864, while praying for a later building fund, he described the rhythm almost exactly that way: day by day he renewed his requests, and as money came, he thanked God and asked for more.

Give thanks and ask again.

That may be one of the healthiest sentences in the Christian life.

It keeps the answer from becoming a trophy. It keeps gratitude attached to dependence. It lets today's bread be received as gift without pretending tomorrow no longer needs the Father.

First, I pray.

Then, I watch.

Then, I give thanks.

Then, I return.

Müller did that until the rhythm became a life.

And that is why he belongs here, after the chapter on how prayer changes us. He will not let us spiritualize everything inward. Yes, *First I Pray* changes fear, comparison, ego, the past, and the divided mind. We have said that. But prayer is not only an interior practice. The Father answers prayers that feed bodies, move resources, open roads, close roads, sustain institutions, reconcile people, and make the kingdom visible in ordinary earth.

Sometimes answered prayer has walls.

Sometimes it has bedrooms.

Sometimes it has plates on a table.

Sometimes it has children sleeping safely because someone took the need first to God and refused to turn desperation into pressure.

That is not a formula.

It is a witness.

Müller does not promise that every life will look like his. He does not invite us into presumption. He does not erase suffering, delay, prudence, or mystery. He simply stands near the center of this book and says:

Take the real need to the real Father.

Do the real work.

Tell the real truth.

Give the real glory to God.

That is enough.

There are other witnesses, of course. The room is wider than one life. But this chapter does not need their names. Müller is enough here. His testimony gives memory something solid to hold when the next need begins speaking loudly.

Because the next need will come.

The next uncertainty.

The next bill.

The next diagnosis.

The next conversation.

The next old fear with a new costume.

And when it comes, memory can answer.

Müller asked.

Müller watched.

Müller gave thanks.

Müller returned.

Not because Müller was great enough to make prayer work.

Because God was faithful enough to make Himself visible.

And now it is our turn.

First, I pray.

Then, I watch.

Then, I give thanks.

Then, I return.

## Chapter 9 — The Unfair Advantage You Can't Chase

So now we have said it.

God answers prayer.

We have said it plainly, because the book needed to say it plainly. First I Pray is not strong because it gives us a calmer inner life, though it often does. It is not strong because it improves our word choices, though it often does that too. It is not strong because it makes us less reactive, more present, wiser in the ordinary hour.

Those are real fruits.

But the root is deeper.

We pray to an answering Father.

That is the unfair advantage.

And now, having said it, we have to protect it one more time.

Because the minute I know there is fruit, something in me wants to chase the fruit.

That is the old self's genius. It can turn even grace into a project. It can hear "God answers prayer" and immediately begin asking how to get better at producing answers. It can take testimony, which was meant to build trust, and turn it into comparison. It can take expectation and quietly mutate it into entitlement. It can take the living Father and make Him useful.

This is why the unfair advantage cannot be chased.

The advantage is real. But the moment the advantage becomes the point, it starts to disappear.

That sounds like a riddle, but it is actually how much of life works.

The golfer who becomes obsessed with winning often loses the swing. The musician who plays only for applause starts losing the music. The friend who is kind only to be admired is no longer kind in the same way. The person who pursues peace as a possession usually becomes more anxious trying to keep it.

Some things come only as byproducts of loving the right thing first.

Prayer is like that.

If I pray in order to become impressive, I have already moved away from prayer.

If I pray in order to force an outcome, I have already moved away from the Father.

If I pray in order to secure the “unfair advantage,” I have put the advantage where God belongs.

That is not a small error.

It is the error.

The whole movement of this book is a movement from the false vine back to the true one. But fruit is not the vine. Answered prayer is not the vine. Better decisions are not the vine. Calmer words are not the vine. Courage, provision, wisdom, open doors, closed doors, all of it is fruit.

Good fruit.

Needed fruit.

But fruit.

The vine is Christ.

I know this sounds obvious. It has to become obvious again every day. Because I can turn the fruit into the object of my faith with almost no effort at all.

I can seek peace more than I seek God.

I can seek clarity more than I seek God.

I can seek provision more than I seek God.

I can seek the story of answered prayer more than I seek the God who answers.

And when I do, prayer becomes curved back toward me. My calm. My clarity. My provision. My testimony. My advantage. The language may still be spiritual, but the center has shifted.

That is how ego gets baptized.

This is why Jesus' language in John 15 matters so much. He does not say, "I am the fruit." He says, "I am the vine." The invitation is not first to productivity. It is to abiding. Remain in me. Stay with me. Live joined to me. The fruit comes, but it comes from union, not from strain.

That is the order:

Abide.

Bear fruit.

Glorify the Father.

The order cannot be reversed.

If I start with fruit, I will strain.

If I start with glory, I may perform.

If I start with the Father, I can receive.

This is the paradox at the center of First I Pray: the thing prayer produces cannot be the thing prayer is for.

Prayer produces peace, but prayer is not for peace.

Prayer produces wisdom, but prayer is not for wisdom.

Prayer produces changed words, changed courage, changed desire, changed teams, changed rooms, but prayer is not first for any of those.

Prayer is for God.

That sentence may be the guardrail under all the others.

Prayer is for God.

Not because God is needy, as if He requires devotional attention to remain satisfied. Because we are made for Him. Because life is in Him. Because the branch has no life in itself. Because every other good thing becomes distorted when it is detached from the Source.

So yes, expect answers.

Please do.

Ask for bread. Ask for wisdom. Ask for healing. Ask for reconciliation. Ask for provision. Ask for courage. Ask for doors to open and doors to close. Ask for your children. Ask for your work. Ask for your words. Ask for your enemies. Ask for your church. Ask for your team. Ask for the kingdom to come into the exact patch of earth where you are standing.

But do not chase the answer past the Father.

That is where the soul gets into trouble.

The answer is gift.

The Father is home.

If the answer comes and I do not come home, I have missed the deeper mercy.

This is where the witnesses help us again. The best of them did not treat answered prayer as a private advantage to be hoarded. They treated it as glory made visible. Müller did not want people to admire his prayer technique; he wanted people to trust his Father. Brother Lawrence did not turn the kitchen into a performance of holiness; he found God there. Thérèse did not become small as a strategy for spiritual fame. She became small because she knew she had to be carried.

The witness is always thinner when the self stays at the center.

And that is why “unfair advantage” remains a dangerous phrase.

I still think we need it.

It wakes something up. It names the shock of the thing. It says, with some voltage, that believers are not merely doing a religious version of what everyone else is doing. We are not simply pausing. We are praying. We are not merely regulating. We are asking. We are not speaking affirmations into the air. We are coming to the Father who hears.

That is an advantage in the deepest sense.

But it is not advantage over another person.

It is not a comparative edge.

It is not the secret by which Christians win the same race everyone else is running.

It is the grace of not having to run that race anymore.

The only fair fight is still you against your own default. And even there, the advantage is not that you become stronger than your default by spiritual force. The advantage is that you do not fight alone.

The Father is with you.

The Son is the vine.

The Spirit helps you pray.

That is not a hack.

That is the Christian life.

And it reshapes ambition.

Before, ambition said, "How do I get ahead?"

Prayer asks, "Father, what does faithfulness look like here?"

Before, ambition said, "How do I make this succeed?"

Prayer asks, "Father, what are You doing, and how do I join You?"

Before, ambition said, "How do I use this?"

Prayer asks, "Father, how do I receive this without making it about me?"

That last question matters because answered prayer itself can become dangerous if we do not receive it rightly.

Provision can become pride.

Guidance can become certainty without humility.

Success can become proof that we were right.

Peace can become superiority over people who are still anxious.

Testimony can become a stage.

None of that means the answer was bad. It means the old self can corrupt anything it touches.

So after First I Pray, and after Then I Watch, there is another movement:

Then I give thanks.

Thanksgiving is how answered prayer stays gift.

It takes the hand off the trophy and opens it again before the Giver.

Thank You, Father.

Not, "Look what my prayer did."

Not, "Look what I attracted."

Not, "Look what my faith produced."

Thank You, Father.

That may be the simplest way to keep the unfair advantage from curdling into ego. Receive the answer as gift, return the glory to God, and let gratitude keep you small enough to be carried.

I need that because I know how quickly I count.

I count outcomes.

I count progress.

I count whether I am becoming the kind of person I hoped this practice would make me.

Even in a book that keeps warning against scoreboards, I can build a private scoreboard of spiritual improvement. Did I pray first today? Did I catch the reflex? Was I calmer? Did I handle the conversation better? Did I get the answer?

Some reflection is healthy. But the soul can turn self-examination into self-absorption faster than we think.

There is an old release valve in the Christian life: do not look too long at yourself.

Look to Christ.

That is not avoidance. It is sanity.

If I stare at my own progress, I will either become proud or discouraged. If I stare at the fruit, I will either grasp it or grieve its absence. If I stare at the answer, I may miss the Answerer.

But if I look to Christ, the whole thing can breathe again.

The best fruit often grows while we are looking somewhere else.

I think that is why so many people who bear real spiritual fruit seem almost unaware of it. Not falsely modest. Just not counting all the time. They are occupied with the Father, with the person in front of them, with the next faithful thing. The fruit follows behind them like a fragrance.

That is what I want.

Not a life obsessed with becoming impressive.

Not a life obsessed with tracking transformation.

Not even a life obsessed with answered prayer as a category.

A life turned first toward God, again and again, until the fruit has room to grow without being constantly dug up for inspection.

First, I pray.

Then, I watch.

Then, I give thanks.

Then, I return.

Because there will be another moment in an hour. Another decision. Another anxious thought. Another sentence. Another temptation to prompt before praying. Another old story. Another need. Another chance for the first movement of the heart to go somewhere false, or to go home.

This is not a mountaintop practice.

It is daily bread.

And daily bread is not hoarded. It is received today, trusted for tomorrow, and asked for again.

That is how the unfair advantage stays unchased. We do not try to possess it. We receive it fresh. We return to the Father. We ask. We watch. We remember. We give thanks. We start again.

If that sounds ordinary, good.

The ordinary is where most of life is won or lost.

The ordinary is where the kingdom comes.

The ordinary is where heaven touches earth in ways the world may never notice, but the Father does.

A calmer word.

A surrendered outcome.

A door not forced.

A gift received without pride.

A wound not turned into identity.

A person loved instead of managed.

A decision made from trust instead of fear.

A prayer answered, and God glorified.

This is the advantage:

not a technique we master,

not a result we chase,

not a fruit we can manufacture,

but a Father who answers,  
a Son who is the vine,  
a Spirit who helps us pray,  
and a life that begins, again and again:  
First, I pray.

## Chapter 10 — The Gap Among Us

We began with the fair fight.

Not you against your neighbor. Not you against the man at church who seems further along. Not you against the person whose life looks calmer from the outside. The fair fight is you against your own default. You at your worst against the person, by grace, you were made to become.

That is a wide enough gap for one life.

But it is not the only gap.

There is also the gap among us.

You can feel it in a room.

A family sits down to talk, and everyone brings a private weather system. One person's fear, another person's defensiveness, another person's old wound, another person's need to be right. The conversation is supposedly about the thing on the table, but the room is crowded with unprayed selves.

A board meets to solve a hard problem. The agenda says strategy, budget, staffing, mission. But underneath the agenda are the same old suppressors: fear narrating the future, comparison measuring whose idea matters, ego protecting territory, past failures setting the limits of imagination, divided minds half-present and already reaching for the next thing.

A church staff gathers in prayer, sincerely, and then spends the next hour operating from anxiety.

I do not say that cynically. I have been in those rooms. I have contributed to those rooms. I have been the anxious man, the defensive man, the man already drafting his response while someone else is still speaking. It is possible to open a meeting in prayer and then conduct the rest of it from the old self.

That is why a praying team is not simply a team that prays at the beginning of the meeting.

Most faith-based teams already do that.

If opening prayer alone produced low-ego wisdom, courage, unity, and clarity, the church would have solved a lot more by now.

The deeper question is not whether the team prays on the clock.

The deeper question is whether the team is made of people who pray before everything else.

That is the bridge from within you to among us.

The same science that says the gap within an individual is greater than the gap between individuals has a corporate echo. A team has a best self and a worst self too. You have seen both.

The best version of a team can solve hard problems together. People listen. They tell the truth without showing off. They disagree without turning disagreement into threat. They bring their gifts without making the room orbit around them. They can be wrong out loud. They can change their mind without losing face. They can ask for help. They can wait. They can move.

The worst version of the same team can spend two hours protecting egos and call it process.

Same people, sometimes.

Different first movements.

That is why this book does not end with private peace. First I Pray is deeply personal, but it is not merely private. If prayer first begins to change fear, comparison, ego, the past, and the divided mind in me, then the next room I enter is different because I am different in it.

Not perfected.

Different.

A little less governed by fear.

A little less turned sideways by comparison.

A little less desperate to be central.

A little less enslaved to old evidence.

A little more gathered.

A little quicker to ask the Father before asking the room to carry what only He can.

That changes teams.

It changes marriages.

It changes families.

It changes churches.

It changes boards.

Not magically. Not because everyone starts saying the same phrase. Not because we turn First I Pray into a brand of meeting facilitation. It changes groups the way a body changes when its members are alive.

John 15 is not only an individual image. It is a corporate one by implication. Branches abide in the vine. Branches, plural. Each branch is personally joined, and the fruit is visible together. No branch can abide on behalf of another. No committee can vote a branch into fruitfulness. But when living branches remain in the vine, the whole vineyard changes.

That is the team thesis in a sentence:

You do not build a great team by praying before the meeting. You build it by becoming, and gathering, people who pray before everything else.

The meeting matters.

The opening prayer matters.

Shared prayer matters.

But the team is made before the meeting begins.

It is made in the private first movements of the people who walk into the room.

The email they prayed before sending.

The anxiety they brought to the Father before it became a tone.

The ego they surrendered before it became a strategy.

The past they refused to let name the future.

The divided mind they asked God to gather before pretending to listen.

By the time the meeting starts, the team has already been forming for days.

That is either good news or bad news, depending on how we live.

But it is true.

This is also why the team's real work is not merely to pray together, but to spur one another's personal prayer-first life.

That may sound strange because it is so much more intimate than the usual version. It is easier to ask, "Who will open us in prayer?" than to ask, "How is your first-I-pray life?" It is easier to schedule a devotional than to become the kind of people who gently call each other back to the vine.

But that is what love does.

It spurs.

Not nags. Not polices. Not performs concern in a way that becomes control. Spurs. Encourages. Provokes toward love and good works. Asks the question that brings the soul back to first things.

Imagine a team where that question becomes normal.

Not dramatic.

Normal.

Before the budget fight: have we prayed first, privately, before defending our number?

Before the personnel decision: have we prayed first for the person, not just the problem?

Before the angry reply: have we prayed first over the words?

Before the strategic plan: have we prayed first for the kingdom to come, not our preferred future to win?

Before the meeting after the meeting: have we prayed first before building a coalition around our frustration?

That last one may be worth the whole chapter.

Every organization has meetings after the meeting. Family systems do too. The official conversation ends, and the real conversation starts in the hallway, the car, the text thread, the kitchen. Sometimes that second conversation is necessary. Often it is where the old self goes to recover its throne.

First I Pray belongs there too.

Before the debrief.

Before the text.

Before the little alliance of agreement.

Before the story hardens.

That is how a team starts becoming trustworthy.

Trust is not built only by competence. Competence matters. But trust is built when people begin to believe that your unguarded self is not looking for a way to win at their expense. A person who prays first becomes safer, not because he becomes soft, but because he becomes less possessed by himself.

He can tell the truth without needing to dominate.

He can confess uncertainty without collapsing.

He can receive correction without making everyone pay for it.

He can advocate strongly without making dissent feel like betrayal.

He can seek an answer without needing it to be his.

That is the kind of person hard problems require.

And teams are mostly collections of persons.

We make team health sound mysterious sometimes. It is not entirely mysterious. A team full of anxious, defensive, ego-driven, half-present people will struggle no matter how good the agenda is. A team full of prayer-first people will still have conflict, limits, and blind spots, but the conflict has somewhere to go besides self-protection.

It can go to the Father.

That does not make collaboration less practical.

It makes it possible.

If God answers prayer, then a team can ask for what it does not have.

Wisdom.

Unity.

Courage.

Conviction.

Restraint.

Provision.

Creativity.

The right no.

The right yes.

The right silence.

The right sentence at the right time.

Those are not soft things. Those are often the things between a team and its best work.

And again, we have to keep the order. We do not practice First I Pray in order to become high-performing teams. That would bend the whole thing back into technique. We practice it to abide. We practice it because God is God, because the Father hears, because prayer is the first turn of dependence and love.

But the fruit follows.

The better teammate is who you become while you were looking at God.

The better board member is who you become while you were asking for wisdom instead of defending status.

The better spouse is who you become while you were surrendering the need to win.

The better parent is who you become while you were casting fear instead of transmitting it.

The better leader is who you become while you were receiving your portion instead of grabbing for another.

That is the fruit from behind.

And when several people begin living that way together, the room changes.

The team still has to do the work. Prayer does not replace spreadsheets, planning, policies, budgets, hard conversations, repentance, expertise, or action. A prayer-first team that refuses practical obedience is not spiritual. It is evasive.

But practical obedience without prayer-first dependence becomes anxious striving with better tools.

We need both.

First, I pray.

Then we solve.

Not because solving is ultimate.

Because faithfulness takes form in action.

This is where I want to land the whole book.

First I Pray is not an escape from the world. It is how we re-enter it rightly. We do not pray first so we can float above decisions, words, money, work, conflict, family, grief, strategy, teams, and hard problems. We pray first so we can bring the Father into the first movement of all of them.

Your kingdom come.

Your will be done.

On earth as it is in heaven.

That is not only for sanctuaries.

It is for boardrooms.

It is for kitchens.

It is for hospital rooms.

It is for inboxes.

It is for budgets.

It is for the text you are about to send.

It is for the sentence you are about to regret.

It is for the meeting where everyone is afraid to say the true thing.

It is for the ordinary Tuesday where the first reach of your hand will train your soul one way or the other.

On earth as it is in heaven begins somewhere.

Why not here?

Why not first?

There is a version of you that fear has been suppressing.

There is a version of your family that ego has been crowding out.

There is a version of your team that anxiety has been shrinking.

There is fruit that cannot be manufactured, only received.

There are prayers God means to answer in ways that will make Him visible.

There are witnesses behind you saying, "Keep going."

There is a Father before you saying, "Ask."

And there is a first move available now.

Not later, when you feel more spiritual.

Not after the circumstances settle.

Not after you understand the whole map.

Now.

Before the fix.

Before the scroll.

Before the prompt.

Before the sentence.

Before the meeting.

Before the worry gets comfortable.

Before the old self finds the microphone.

First, I pray.

Then, I watch.

Then, I give thanks.

Then, I return.

And over time, by grace, the gap begins to close.

Within me.

Among us.

On earth, a little more, as it is in heaven.

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# Appendix - What Scripture Says About Prayer

*A sampling, not a summary*

A note before the verses

You may have noticed what this book did not do.

It did not teach you how to pray. It did not walk through the conditions of answered prayer — praying in faith, praying according to God’s will, praying in Jesus’ name, praying with a clean heart, praying and not losing heart. It did not stop to define terms or defend doctrine or build a theology of petition from the ground up.

That was on purpose.

I wrote this for people who have been walking with God for a while. You have sat under good teaching. You own more than one study Bible. You have prayed through things I know nothing about. You did not need me to explain to you what prayer is, and if I had tried, the book would have quietly become a manual — one more system to master — which is the very thing it was written to resist. *First I Pray* is not a technique. It is a turn. I did not want to bury the turn under instruction.

But restraint can be misread. So let me be plain here, at the back, where it belongs: everything the book leaned on, Scripture said first, and said better. The mechanics I skipped are not unimportant. They are simply not mine to hand you. They are already yours, in the Book you already trust.

So this appendix is not a teaching. It is a sampling — a little over fifty verses on prayer, grouped loosely so you can find your way around, offered without commentary so the words are not standing behind my voice. It is not conclusive. It is not balanced. It leaves out more than it includes. Think of it as a door held open, not a wall built around the subject.

Read them the way the book asks you to pray. Not to master them. To be met by the One they are about.

First, I pray.

## I. God invites us, and God hears

**Psalm 145:18** — “The LORD is near to all who call on him, to all who call on him in truth.”

**Jeremiah 33:3** — “Call to me and I will answer you, and will tell you great and hidden things that you have not known.”

**Psalm 34:17** — “When the righteous cry for help, the LORD hears and delivers them out of all their troubles.”

**Psalm 65:2** — “O you who hear prayer, to you shall all flesh come.”

**Isaiah 65:24** — “Before they call I will answer; while they are yet speaking I will hear.”

## II. Jesus teaches us to pray

**Luke 11:1** — “Now Jesus was praying in a certain place, and when he finished, one of his disciples said to him, ‘Lord, teach us to pray, as John taught his disciples.’”

**Matthew 6:6** — “But when you pray, go into your room and shut the door and pray to your Father who is in secret. And your Father who sees in secret will reward you.”

**Matthew 6:7–8** — “And when you pray, do not heap up empty phrases as the Gentiles do, for they think that they will be heard for their many words. Do not be like them, for your Father knows what you need before you ask him.”

**Matthew 6:9–13** — “Pray then like this: ‘Our Father in heaven, hallowed be your name. Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.’”

**Mark 1:35** — “And rising very early in the morning, while it was still dark, he departed and went out to a desolate place, and there he prayed.”

**Luke 5:16** — “But he would withdraw to desolate places and pray.”

## III. Pray according to the Father’s will

**1 John 5:14–15** — “And this is the confidence that we have toward him, that if we ask anything according to his will he hears us. And if we know that he hears us in whatever we ask, we know that we have the requests that we have asked of him.”

**Matthew 26:39** — “My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as you will.”

**Luke 22:42** — “Father, if you are willing, remove this cup from me. Nevertheless, not my will, but yours, be done.”

**James 4:3** — “You ask and do not receive, because you ask wrongly, to spend it on your passions.”

**James 4:15** — “Instead you ought to say, ‘If the Lord wills, we will live and do this or that.’”

#### IV. Ask in faith

**Matthew 21:22** — “And whatever you ask in prayer, you will receive, if you have faith.”

**Mark 11:24** — “Therefore I tell you, whatever you ask in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours.”

**James 1:6–7** — “But let him ask in faith, with no doubting, for the one who doubts is like a wave of the sea that is driven and tossed by the wind. For that person must not suppose that he will receive anything from the Lord.”

**Hebrews 11:6** — “And without faith it is impossible to please him, for whoever would draw near to God must believe that he exists and that he rewards those who seek him.”

**Mark 9:24** — “I believe; help my unbelief!”

#### V. Ask, seek, knock — and do not lose heart

**Matthew 7:7–8** — “Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, and the one who seeks finds, and to the one who knocks it will be opened.”

**Matthew 7:11** — “If you then, who are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to those who ask him!”

**Luke 11:9–10** — “And I tell you, ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, and the one who seeks finds, and to the one who knocks it will be opened.”

**Luke 11:13** — “If you then, who are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will the heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him!”

**Luke 18:1** — “And he told them a parable to the effect that they ought always to pray and not lose heart.”

## VI. Abide, and ask in His name

**John 15:5** — “I am the vine; you are the branches. Whoever abides in me and I in him, he it is that bears much fruit, for apart from me you can do nothing.”

**John 15:7** — “If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatever you wish, and it will be done for you.”

**John 15:16** — “...so that whatever you ask the Father in my name, he may give it to you.”

**John 14:13–14** — “Whatever you ask in my name, this I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask me anything in my name, I will do it.”

## VII. Pray first, pray always, pray watchful

**Psalms 5:3** — “O LORD, in the morning you hear my voice; in the morning I prepare a sacrifice for you and watch.”

**Daniel 6:10** — “...He got down on his knees three times a day and prayed and gave thanks before his God, as he had done previously.”

**1 Thessalonians 5:16–18** — “Rejoice always, pray without ceasing, give thanks in all circumstances; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you.”

**Ephesians 6:18** — “praying at all times in the Spirit, with all prayer and supplication. To that end, keep alert with all perseverance, making supplication for all the saints.”

**Romans 12:12** — “Rejoice in hope, be patient in tribulation, be constant in prayer.”

**Colossians 4:2** — “Continue steadfastly in prayer, being watchful in it with thanksgiving.”

#### VIII. Do not be anxious; cast your cares

**Philippians 4:6–7** — “do not be anxious about anything, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known to God. And the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus.”

**1 Peter 5:7** — “casting all your anxieties on him, because he cares for you.”

**Psalms 55:22** — “Cast your burden on the LORD, and he will sustain you; he will never permit the righteous to be moved.”

#### IX. Come humble, come clean

**2 Chronicles 7:14** — “if my people who are called by my name humble themselves, and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and heal their land.”

**Psalms 66:18–19** — “If I had cherished iniquity in my heart, the Lord would not have listened. But truly God has listened; he has attended to the voice of my prayer.”

**Psalms 51:10** — “Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.”

**Luke 18:13** — “But the tax collector, standing far off, would not even lift up his eyes to heaven, but beat his breast, saying, ‘God, be merciful to me, a sinner!’”

**1 Peter 3:12** — “For the eyes of the Lord are on the righteous, and his ears are open to their prayer.”

#### X. Pray with one another, and for one another

**Matthew 18:19–20** — “Again I say to you, if two of you agree on earth about anything they ask, it will be done for them by my Father in heaven. For where two or three are gathered in my name, there am I among them.”

**Acts 1:14** — “All these with one accord were devoting themselves to prayer, together with the women and Mary the mother of Jesus, and his brothers.”

**Acts 2:42** — “And they devoted themselves to the apostles’ teaching and the fellowship, to the breaking of bread and the prayers.”

**James 5:16** — “Therefore, confess your sins to one another and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The prayer of a righteous person has great power as it is working.”

**Colossians 1:9** — “And so, from the day we heard, we have not ceased to pray for you, asking that you may be filled with the knowledge of his will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding.”

#### XI. The Spirit helps us pray

**Romans 8:26–27** — “Likewise the Spirit helps us in our weakness. For we do not know what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with groanings too deep for words. And he who searches hearts knows what is the mind of the Spirit, because the Spirit intercedes for the saints according to the will of God.”

**Jude 20** — “But you, beloved, building yourselves up in your most holy faith and praying in the Holy Spirit.”

#### XII. Draw near with confidence — He answers

**Hebrews 4:16** — “Let us then with confidence draw near to the throne of grace, that we may receive mercy and find grace to help in time of need.”

**Jeremiah 29:12** — “Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me, and I will hear you.”

**Psalms 116:1–2** — “I love the LORD, because he has heard my voice and my pleas for mercy. Because he inclined his ear to me, therefore I will call on him as long as I live.”

**1 John 3:21–22** — “Beloved, if our heart does not condemn us, we have confidence before God; and whatever we ask we receive from him, because we keep his commandments and do what pleases him.”

*That is fifty-five, and it is not the half of it. Take it as a beginning. Then close the appendix, and go pray.*

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