

Call to prayer

July 14, 2011

We had finished a successful journey and were making an attempt to find an auto to bring us back to her house for the night. As we were walking, avoiding puddles and eager vendors, a loud horn began to sound. I heard a somber voice calling, spotted the tall minarets, and knew what it was—the Muslim call to prayer.

I had never heard it before in person. It was so loud, so fearsome, so burdening. I felt like the Spirit of God within me had just fallen on the floor in grief. As I watched men pour from their stores into the mosque, I thought of their dedication—and their delusion. A lump formed in my throat. Tears burned at my eyes. I knew the enemy grinned.

And I prayed. Hearing the call to prayer is beautiful, because it calls you to pray as well. But, hallelujah, to a God who hears, sees and moves. How our God longs to see these sweet ones fall at his feet alongside us, worshipping in spirit and in truth.

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