



The Praying Women of Atlantida

by Jean Easley

One day on our first extended missionary stay in Guatemala, we went to a small village called Atlantida, outside of Guatemala City, for the purpose of passing out tracts and looking over the harvest field. The village at the end of the bus route was a very poor colonia; the homes were very simple ranging from wood shacks to very small cinderblock structures. As we distributed the literature, we encountered a good deal of poverty—families of which the hard life was so obvious—that they could scarcely have enough beans and tortillas for the day's meals.

When we entered the yard of one home, upon seeing our literature the lady said she was a Christian and that at that very hour there was a Tuesday morning prayer meeting going on in the neighborhood. She asked us if we would like to attend the prayer meeting, and we accepted her kind invitation. We walked a short distance to the place where the women were gathered. We were introduced to the ladies gathered there and warmly received. I suppose there were about fifteen women seated on chairs lining the walls of that little living area. They took prayer requests, after which they turned on their chairs to kneel and pray.

When those Guatemalan women began to pray, we felt as though we were ushered into the throne-room of God! They prayed with zeal. They prayed with a burden. They prayed with understanding as to the battle raging in the heavenlies over the souls and situations on their hearts! Seldom have we witnessed before or since such a group of prayer warriors! They shamed American churches and women's groups that gather to congratulate one another on their talents, cooking, gardening, crafts expertise, and other such trivia. They put to shame whole churches, which no longer know the art of real prayer! These women, indeed, did battle for the needs that were represented that day.

At the conclusion of the prayer meeting, the ladies served little simple tuna sandwiches to the group and us and also extended an invitation for us to visit their little church on the following Wednesday night. They showed us the building, and we agreed to see them there. Then, the women went out from the freshness of their prayer meeting to visit the sick.

We did visit the church in the days following (and later returned to preach), and the prayer meeting women began to testify in that service about what happened after the Tuesday morning meeting. They said they had visited a sick woman, and when they prayed for her she was instantly healed. They also reported that she was backslidden and was reconciled to the Lord that same day as a result of their visit! Praise God! Give us women who know how to pray, who know what to do with a burden, and who can successfully lead souls to the Lord!