

A close-up photograph of several hands clasped together in a circle, resting on a dark wooden surface. In the center, an open Bible is visible, with its pages showing printed text. The lighting is warm and soft, creating a sense of intimacy and spiritual connection. The hands are of various skin tones, suggesting a diverse group of people. The overall composition is centered and balanced, emphasizing the theme of unity and prayer.

DRBAGLEY

POWER  
OF A PRAYER  
PARTNER

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## POWER OF A PRAYER PARTNER

*When I was 14 I became a Christian. I had just moved from Idaho to Sunnyvale, California. Everything was new, different and big. I saw myself as a lone wolf, without any friends to help me navigate the world. No male figures in my life. Dad, as a railroader, was hardly ever home as I grew up and now mom and dad were divorced. With my dad still in Idaho and my brother, eight years old than me, now on his way to a career having just finished college, I felt no one was there to provide guidance and direction. I had been left behind. My brother had been away during the turbulence so he didn't even know how much I had faced.*

*It was during the move to California that Dr. Wildminster showed up. My uncle and he were friends from church and in his role as a chemist he had influence in his company and he used it to get my mother an interview for a secretarial position.*

Dr. Wildminster was married, had two teenage children, a boy and a girl who both became my friends. He was a kind and thoughtful man. He offered to take me to church on the first Wednesday night we were in town explaining that his kids were studying for finals week and wouldn't be going but he would introduce me to the leaders of the high school group if I want to go. I accepted his offer as a distraction after sitting around, basically doing nothing since we had arrived on Monday.

The joke was on me. Everybody had finals so the group had been canceled.

Not knowing what to do with me Dr. Wildminster said I could sit in on his men's group if I wanted. With no other offers on the table I said, "Sure."

*After I was introduced to six other men we all sat down in a circle of straight back wooden chairs. They started right in to talking about other people and the problems they were facing. In my house we called that kind of talk gossip.*

*After 30 minutes the group fell silent, then one said, "I guess we're ready." They all took the que and stood up so I stood up too. Then the surprise.... they turned and kneeled down on the floor in front of their chairs. It took me a moment or two to process my next move but then I followed suet and kneeled down.*

*I had never witnessed a group of men praying together, let alone on their knees. Prayer took longer then the preparation period but ended with a group "Amen".*

*I wasn't sure what I had been apart of but I knew they believed what they did made a difference so much so that they would be back next week to make the difference again.*

*Later that summer I attended church camp at Hume Lake and accepted Jesus as my savior. I wanted to become a man who made a difference for Jesus.*

*I took being a Christian seriously so when, two years later, the pastor challenge the youth of our church to dedicate ourselves to a life-long commitment of service, I stood up. Then the pastor continued by addressing the adults in the room. "Who will come along side these Life Termers and commit themselves to pray for them." It was only seconds before Dr. Wildminster's hand was on my shoulder.*

He prayed me through high school, college, my first pastoral role, marriage, the birth of my children, the moves and transitions in ministry, our first house, my going back to grad school, everything in my life was prayed over by Dr. Wildminster until his death. (Since Dr. Wildminster is now in heaven he might be having a running dialog asking God to pour His mercy, grace and blessing on my life. He was a man who followed through with his commitments.)

I don't know when Dr. Wildminster started praying for me. Looking back on his character it may have been before he met me. I do know someone paid my camp fee other than my mother. It is exactly the kind of thing Dr. Wildminster would have done, praying and acting on behave of Jesus.

*Dr. Wildminster always wore a suit and tie, but I picture him during his prayer time as if he was on overwatch with his 'PRAYER' sniper rifle, in his suit, laying in the dirt making sure I was protected from so many temptations because his prayers took out the enemy before I faced their attack. That's what the man on high-ground does for those in the battle.*

*Let Dr. Wildminster challenge you to take on one young person who you will commit to pray for as they serve out their Life-Term commitment to Jesus.*

*Written by Dr. Steven D. Bagley*

*A Life Senior Serving Our Savior and fulfilling my commitment as a Life Termer at [www.DrBagley.com](http://www.DrBagley.com)*