

Puffball Seeds of Prayer



You never know when God will intersect your everyday with something sacred.

Even something as simple as a dandelion.

The other day I was walking out to the mailbox and glanced down. Lying at my feet was a perfect puffball of a dandelion gone to seed. Detached from its root, it was resting on my blacktop driveway ready to send its seeds up and away at the first breath of wind.

I want to be like that dandelion ...

with a perfect puffball of seed-prayers ready to send aloft at a moment's notice – no matter where I am – because I've found that sometimes the wind of the Spirit puts me in places where it wouldn't be my first response to pray. Will I listen or

wait for a more “fitting” place?

Over the last year, God has prompted me to waft a few seeds of prayer while –

- in the middle of a facial at a spa. I stop and pray with my esthetician as needs bubble to the surface. Off blows a seed of prayer.
- on the phone with a new friend worried about her aging father. Another seed wafts away on the breeze.
- at a meeting where a person suffers a breakdown. Three of us pray as emergency workers attend to her needs. Seeds floating all around us.
- in the median of a busy road with a desperate young woman on a cold, miserable night. Winter winds carry this seed up to heaven.

Praying in church is intuitive. But it’s in the middle of living our lives that God sends opportunities for prayer that may be a bit risky as we open ourselves to ridicule or rejection. Yet being willing to gently blow our seeds of prayer for others makes a pathway for the work of God in their lives.



When I met the young woman on the median, disbelief, tears, and relief played across her face as we hugged. And prayed. In the midst of cars whizzing by us on a freezing night, a puff of the Holy Spirit dispersed love, comfort, and hope right there on the “blacktop driveway.”

