

Reflection: The Power of Asking

By Rev. Jonna Jensen

Ask. I've been thinking and praying about asking. God is pulling me in to conversations about asking. What a blessed pest God is!

Ask. Think and pray with me, if you will, about all the holy adventures, all the amazing blessings in your life that began with someone asking.

The holy adventure of ministry began for me when someone asked me to read the scriptures at a Sunday worship service. Someone just asked. God began to seal the deal through my pastor, Russ Fate, who asked me to preach and lead worship for him on the Sunday in a Memorial Day holiday weekend. He just asked.

The ten years I spent traveling around doing comedy began with a question. Glenda told me no one was signed up for the adult talent show at the town doings. Could I help? She just asked.

This holy adventure of service on the staff of the Iowa Conference launched when Jim called me on the phone and asked. I'd experienced the Holy Spirit calling from Jim's phone before and I confess one little whispered barnyard expletive before "o.k".

Most of the holy adventures of romance in our lives begin with someone asking. "Can I carry your books?" "Would you like to dance?" What was the question that sparked your romance?

Our life's work, our opportunities for service, our travels, our relationships, our risks, our seasons of blossoming and fruit bearing all likely began with someone asking.

I invite you to join me in thanking God this week for wondrous things we've been asked. I invite you to thank God alongside me this week for life-changing questions that shaped our journeys. Let's raise blessings and thanksgivings for the precious souls who asked us, sometimes following a God prompt, sometimes with no idea how their one question might move us, maybe hating to ask folk for things just as much as we do.

I invite you to join me in prayerful paying attention this week. God may well have a question for someone and may well seek our voice to ask it. If you (like me!) don't like asking people for things, draw courage and fuel for asking from the memories you have of folk who pointed your life in holy directions. Just because they asked.

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