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When A Cowboy Prays

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When A Cowboy Prays

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MC6FYj7zdWY>



Seven times a day I praise You for Your righteous judgments.

PSALM 119:164

I remember the first time I saw my husband down on his knees in prayer. It was more than 15 years ago, and he was praying for something dear to our hearts—a Montana home.

It was not just any home, but the very one that now shelters me through storms and cools me in the summer heat since his passing.

At the time, it had looked impossible. Doors had closed, finances were tight, and hope was dimming. But that cowboy knew where to go when hope ran thin—he turned to God. I watched him ask the Lord to do what only mercy could accomplish: open the door to possible.

And God did. Just six weeks later, by nothing short of divine grace, we walked through the front door of our dream home. That answered prayer became a monument of God's faithfulness.

In the years that followed, I heard many more prayers from that cowboy—but rarely for himself. Whether it was for our children, our grandchildren, or a stranger at the market, each need was reverently and tenderly lifted up at dinnertime. I always made sure the food was piping hot because when that cowboy prayed, it was never rushed.

Philippians 4:6–7 tells us not to be anxious, but to bring everything to God with thanksgiving. It's a promise of peace that calms anxious hearts.

And Psalm 119:164 says, "Seven times a day I praise You for Your righteous judgments." King David's devotion reminds us how often we can and should turn our hearts heavenward.

Cowboys, perhaps more than most, live close to the land and close to the Creator. They see God in the sunrise over the pasture, in the rhythm of the seasons, in the loyalty of a good horse. That connection forms a quiet but unshakeable bond—a heart trained in gratefulness.

I'm reminded of a song Dan Seals sang years ago: "I think God must be a cowboy at heart. He made wide-open spaces from the start. He made grass and trees and mountains and a horse to be a friend. And trails to lead old cowboys home again."

That cowboy spirit ran deep in my husband. Even his computer password was "saddle"—not the strongest password, but one that said everything about who he was.

Today, two saddles are displayed in our Montana home, one of them a stunning Hereford. And just this year a third was added—a beautiful barrel racing saddle, the kind a cowgirl dreams of. A gift that felt like it rode in straight from heaven.

Brandon Lake and Cody Johnson's moving song, "When A Cowboy Prays," captures that same spirit. It speaks to a faith that holds firm through storms and stands tall in the sunshine.

Whether we ride the range or walk city streets, that song reminds us to turn to praise—not just when the blessings flow, but in every season of life.

Because when a cowboy prays, heaven listens. And when we pray with that same faith, the trail always leads us home.

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