

At this point, the brothers began to question just how much they wanted to help! But they had come and promised to help, so help they would.

The brothers knew that when a lion hunts, it always attacks from the rear, surprising its prey. If the prey is able to see the lion coming, it is often able to escape. Knowing this, they checked to make sure their guns were loaded, flicked off their safeties, and shouldered their weapons. Then, standing back to back, they waded out into the grass.

One of the brothers later reported, "Every step I took, I felt for my brother behind me. Every turn he made, I made. I knew that as long as he was behind me I was safe! I felt for him every step. I never let our backs separate, not even for one step."

A low growl broke the silence, the grass near them exploded, and the lion leapt from his hiding place. The rifles, already on their shoulders, boomed. The brothers and their families are still serving our Lord. The lion is dead.

There is a lion that would like nothing more than to see me fail as a missionary, just as he'd like to see you fail in your calling, your work, your family, church and friendships. We all desperately need people who will stand at our back in prayer. On many days, those prayers are all that stand between us and the lion!



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