

D.E.E.P. PRAYER ANOINTING



*Releasing the
Greater Works*

Dr Steve Foss

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A Note Regarding Historical References

Throughout this book I reference revival movements, events from church history, and testimonies gathered across many nations and many years of ministry. I have not included exhaustive footnotes or citations for every reference.

That choice was deliberate.

The material in this book is drawn from decades of personal research, travel, study, and ministry experience across more than eighty nations. Much of it is synthesis built from many sources over many years rather than dependence on any single work.

More importantly, this book is not an academic dissertation. It is a prophetic call.

Its purpose is not to document history. Its purpose is to stir faith. To awaken the Church to what God is doing in this hour. To call believers into the prayer anointing that precedes the greater works.

My prayer is that you will not simply read these pages as information.

I pray you will hear the voice of the Holy Spirit speaking to you through them.

Because the promise is still standing.

And it was made for you.

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CHAPTER 1

The Fire Is Already Falling

Juan (not his real name), sat across the desk from the man who was about to kill him, and a sense of resignation had settled over him as he sat there letting that reality sink in. There were only three people in the room. On the desk between them was a file folder with his name on it, and inside it were field reports on every job he had ever run for the cartel — dates, locations, deliveries, every border crossing accounted for. Charles had taken his time reading through it without hurry, and when he finally looked up he told Juan the work was impressive. And then Juan had said the words that changed everything in that room. He told Charles he wanted out.

Charles ran the gun-running operation that moved illegal weapons across the Mexican border into San Diego, and he was not a man who needed to raise his voice to communicate his intentions. The look that came over his face when Juan said those two words was enough. In the corner, Joe was losing his composure. Joe had been Juan's contact for years — the man who had recruited him at fourteen to be the point man on the border runs, the man whose job that morning had been to pull Juan out of class without warning and drive him to this apartment building before he had any chance to get word out that he was done. Joe was talking fast now, trying to give Juan a way out — "You were never here. You don't know what he looks like. It was all a misunderstanding" — but Charles had already turned his back to the room, and when he turned back around there was a nine-millimeter handgun with a silencer in his right hand.

"I'm sorry, young man," he said. His voice was stone cold. "It doesn't work that way."

Juan bowed his head. He thought of his mother and what this news was going to do to her. He thought, "Sorry Steve" — believing he had let me down, the young man who had been pushing him toward God for months. He had known this was possible when he made up his mind to come out. He had sat quietly in my car two days before while I told him he had to leave the operation, and he had let the full weight of what

that meant settle on him without flinching, and he had decided he was going to do it anyway. He had counted the cost. He had come anyway. And here he was.

He decided he was not going to sit there with his head down. He was going to open his eyes. He was going to see it coming. He lifted his head slowly, and as he did he watched the barrel of the gun begin to lower toward him, and he understood what that meant — a gut shot, the slow kind, the kind that gives a man time to suffer — and he kept lifting his head until he was looking directly at Charles.

What he saw on Charles's face stopped him completely. The man who had shown nothing but cold certainty thirty seconds before now had an expression that Juan had not seen on him — genuine, unmistakable terror, the kind that takes over a man's whole face and cannot be faked. His hand was trembling as he continued to lower the gun toward the floor, and he was staring past Juan, not at Juan, looking at something behind him, gesturing at it, as though there were a whole crowd of people standing in a room that had exactly three.

"You," Charles said. "And all those other guys. Get out of here."

Juan reached over and set his own gun on the desk. "I won't be needing this anymore." He stood up and walked out of that room alive. Charles sent a standing order through every rank of his organization that day: "Nobody touch that young man. God is with him."

SLEEPING IN THE TRUNK OF HIS MOTHER'S CAR

I had first encountered Juan several months before that morning, at the small Assembly of God church in Alpine, California where I was helping with the youth group. His mother was a member there and she forced her kids to come with her every week. They were homeless at the time and Juan was sleeping in the trunk of the car. The first time I saw him I felt a particular burden for him — something underneath the surface I could sense but couldn't yet name. He would come to youth services and sit toward the back, not quite all the way in and not quite all the way out. I spent many hours with him — talking, witnessing, pressing him toward total surrender to Jesus. He was listening. But there was something holding on to him that the preaching alone wasn't reaching.

I didn't know yet what I was actually dealing with. Juan had been involved in gang activity since he was nine years old. By the time he was eleven he was already a marksman with a nine-millimeter handgun. At fourteen, they recruited him specifically to be the point man on the gun-running routes across the Mexican border into San Diego — and his job on those runs, if anyone got in the way, was to shoot

them. He had been doing this for three years by the time I met him, and he had built a reputation in that world that had earned him the file folder on Charles's desk.

Then one night during an intense time of worship and prayer in the youth service I heard a thud from across the room. I opened my eyes and Juan was on the floor moving like a snake, writhing and convulsing. I knew immediately what that was. I went to him and began ministering deliverance, and very quickly as I prayed I discerned that the root of it was unforgiveness — deep, old, generational unforgiveness toward his father, who had been abusive and alcoholic through most of his childhood. I ministered to him about forgiving his father. He wrestled with it for what felt like a long time. And then he let it go. The moment he chose to forgive, that demon left his body. He was completely and instantly delivered — the convulsing stopped, the peace came, and he lay there on the floor with his hands raised to God. Completely free.

On the drive home that night he told me everything. The gangs, the guns, the border runs, the jobs, what his role actually was on those crossings — all of it. And when he finished I told him plainly: “You have to get out. You have to be done.” He looked at me and explained very quietly, not dramatically, just factually, how the operation worked and why leaving was not an option. He explained, “I know too much. I’ve seen too much.” The only exit they offer to someone at his level is six feet underground, and he had seen it done to others. He was not being dramatic. He was being completely accurate. I told him he had to come out anyway, and he sat quietly the rest of the way home without arguing, and I believe in that car he made up his mind.

GOD TOLD YOU, DIDN'T HE

The next day I picked him up from karate class and gave him a ride home. About halfway there I asked him when he had last heard from Joe, his contact in the operation. He turned and looked at me with an expression I recognized — that look people get when they realize God has been moving on both sides of a conversation at the same time. “God told you, didn't He!” It wasn't a question. “He contacted me today. I've been summoned to a meeting tomorrow. With Charles.”

I asked what that meant. He said it was a promotion — his record was clean, the work had been good, they were moving him up. I told him directly: “You have to go to that meeting and tell Joe you are out before you ever get to Charles. Don't let it get to Charles. Tell Joe first.” He sat quietly for a moment, and then he patiently explained again what he was actually walking into. He was not arguing with me and he was not afraid in any way I could see — he was simply making sure I understood what I was asking, what this operation actually was and what they did to people who tried to leave

it. He had watched it happen. There was nothing dramatic in the way he said it, just the calm accuracy of a young man who had lived close to that world long enough to know exactly how it operated.

“If you don’t have the faith,” I told him, “I have enough for both of us. You have to come out tomorrow.”

We rode the rest of the way in silence. The meeting was scheduled for 3 p.m. What neither of us knew was that they were going to change it.

11:30 IN THE MORNING

They sent someone to pull Juan out of class at 11:15 a.m. No warning, no chance to reach Joe first or send any word at all that he intended to walk away. They drove him to an apartment building nearby, and before he could say anything he was sitting across a desk from Charles, watching him open a file folder with his name on it and read through it slowly. “Very impressive.” Then Juan told him he wanted out. What was about to transpire was an angelic intervention.

What you don’t know yet is what was happening on the other side of the city at that exact moment.

I was driving to work, alone in my car. I had already prayed for Juan that morning and the meeting wasn’t supposed to happen until 3 p.m., so there was no natural reason to be pressing in right then. But in those last few minutes before 11:30 something in the Spirit began to surge inside me — a level of urgency I couldn’t account for, couldn’t explain, and absolutely could not talk myself out of. The fire of God was on me and I was being pulled toward that young man with a force I had learned over years of prayer not to ignore. Something in my spirit knew, even though my mind had no information. I opened my mouth and declared it out loud, alone in the car, into the spirit realm:

**“I loose a dozen warring angels, go right now and protect Juan, in Jesus’
Name!”**

I felt the full authority of it the moment the words left my mouth. And I also felt confused, because the meeting wasn’t until 3 p.m. I looked at the clock on the dash. It was exactly 11:30 a.m. At that very moment, on the other side of the city, Juan was lifting his head and watching terror break across the face of a man who had never shown fear in his life, as Charles stared at twelve warring angels standing in the room behind a seventeen-year-old boy.

That is what this book is about. Not theory. Not inspiration. Not a historical account of what prayer used to accomplish in another era. A prayer anointing that is real, that is available to every believer right now, and that I have been walking inside of for forty years. But I was not born into it and it didn't happen overnight. God built it in me, one season of pressing in at a time. And none of it began in that car.

It began on May 2nd, 1986, the day I got born again.

SEVEN WEEKS SAVED

About seven weeks after the day Jesus gloriously saved and delivered me, someone at my church asked if I would serve as a camp counselor at a youth camp. I was only seven weeks old in the Lord — they must have been desperate — but I said yes immediately. I was so on fire for God. My circle of new Christian friends were all the same way. We were constantly getting together to worship and pray and talk about Jesus, and I went to that camp with a mental picture of teenagers sitting around at night sharing their testimonies, all of us praying and worshipping for hours in the glorious presence of God. I was completely wrong.

The first team meeting that first evening was a disaster. The kids were acting up, throwing around irreverent and disrespectful ideas, and mocking God and His Word openly. I heard foul language and worldly attitudes and what could only be described as an actual disdain for the Lord — not apathy, but contempt — and I realized I had a cabin full of church kids who didn't know Jesus at all. We walked out of that meeting and I turned to another counselor with tears just streaming down my face. "They hate God," I said. That was the only way I could describe what I had just seen. I was broken.

As the worship started I just got on my knees right there and began to cry and pray. I was groaning and pleading with God — "Save them, God, save them!" — weeping like it was my own family in eternal danger, like I was the one who would answer for them at the throne. At some point in desperation, I said out loud, "God, if You have to take my salvation from me and give it to them, I am willing. Just rescue them from hell." I meant every word of it. I got up slowly as the worship ended and kept praying intensely but quietly in the Spirit all the way through the preaching. And then it happened.

You have to understand how a youth camp works to feel the weight of what happened next. The pattern at every camp is the same: you preach all week, you build toward the last night, and hopefully — if things go well — a handful of the hardest kids finally respond to the altar call on the last evening of the last day. That's the expectation. That's what experience teaches you to prepare for. When the altar call was given that very first night — not the last night, the first night — my entire cabin got out of their

seats and ran to the altar. About fifteen kids. The camp had over three hundred campers total, and my kids were half of the entire response on the first night. Every one of them, from different churches and different backgrounds, gripped by the Holy Spirit and running to Jesus.

I had tears of pure joy flooding down my face now, completely replacing the tears of brokenness from an hour before. I was emotionally spent — poured out, wrung out, nothing left — but I forced myself to get up and walk forward to pray for my kids at the altar. And as I got up there and tried to pray, waves and waves of God's love began to wash over me from the inside out. I started to weep again, but this time with pure joy, and I fell to my knees and couldn't do anything else but cry and worship. The preacher stared at me at one point, not sure what to do with me, and eventually just left me alone. Those waves went on for hours — I cried for probably an hour and then started to laugh with a joy I had no natural explanation for, pure joy unspeakable and full of glory, just like the Word says. By the time it was finally over my campers had to carry me back to the cabin. I literally could not walk on my own.

It was the first of many baptisms of God's love. And it happened because I had travailed. Not because I had performed or prepared or figured something out, but because I had poured out what I didn't even have in prayer — a prayer so desperate it offered my own salvation in exchange for theirs — and God met me there in a way I had no category for. That is the divinely energized prayer that avails much. Not technique. Not volume. Yielded desperation.

PRIDE IS NOT YOUR PROBLEM

Within a few months of being saved I was praying three hours every day without fail, and on Mondays I would regularly spend eight to fourteen hours in prayer and the Word. I relocated to San Diego for school and moved in with four Christian young men I'd heard were on fire for God. What I found when I arrived was something different. They were loyal churchgoers, committed by every outward appearance, but the fire I had come to think of as normal Christian living was simply not there. I wanted to pray and worship and talk about Jesus constantly, and they had a different picture of what a balanced Christian life was supposed to look like. One by one, each of them came to me and told me that God had brought me to them to balance me out — that I was too extreme, too intense, that I needed to be reined in.

I was a young Christian and I thought perhaps they could see something in me that I couldn't see in myself. I started begging God to humble me and show me my pride, convinced that I must be full of it to not see what they were seeing, and I spent two solid weeks praying that way. I became genuinely depressed. Not convicted — depressed. The fire that had been burning since salvation began to flicker and die,

and I couldn't understand why seeking humility would produce such darkness. Then God spoke to me:

“Son, I brought you down here the way I wanted you. Pride is not your problem, but the fear of pride can become your problem. You stay close to Me, and I will deal with the pride.”

That word broke the depression immediately. The joy of the Lord came flooding back like a dam had burst, and I understood what had happened — the enemy had used my genuine concern about my own motives to try to extinguish the flame God had lit. I started praying intensely for each of my four roommates, and within two weeks all four of them had radical fresh encounters with God. One by one they came to me and repented on their own. They told me they had been so convicted by my love and fire for God that instead of dealing with their own compromise they had tried to kill the fire in me. Those four young men were never the same after that.

I have had to relearn that lesson in every new season of fruitfulness across forty years of ministry, in different forms, against different arguments. The enemy always comes at the most dangerous people with the same strategy: use their own spiritual sensitivity against them, make their hunger look like pride, make their fire look like imbalance, make their pressing in look like extremism. Stay close to Him. Let Him deal with the pride.

REBUKED FOR NOT BEING IN THE SERVICE

I moved to a little foothill town called Alpine, just east of San Diego, and started attending a small Assembly of God church up there. It had all the trappings of a Spirit-filled church — the right language, the right meetings, the right programs — but the fire that I had come to think of as simply normal Christianity was not really there. That didn't bother me. I was burning, and I was going to bring it wherever I went. I asked how I could serve and they said they needed someone to ride in the van picking up teenagers for the youth group. I took the job. We would drive around for up to two hours collecting kids and then two hours dropping them off, and I used every minute of that windshield time to preach to them and pray with them and push for Jesus. The youth group itself was pretty much dead. That didn't matter either. Over the following months I led over a hundred of those teenagers to Jesus on the way to church and got them baptized in the Holy Spirit on the way home. That van became my mission field.

We arrived in the van about thirty minutes before the youth service one particular night, and I had an unusual burden to pray — a pressing in my spirit I couldn't shake

— and I gathered a few others in the youth room and began to labor in prayer. The associate pastor came to the door, heard that Steve was in there praying, was not happy about it, and flung the door open. He told us we needed to get started. I respected his authority and stopped. But the burden had not lifted. I went around the back of the church to a small courtyard that nobody ever used and kept praying alone. About ten minutes later two other people showed up separately — they didn't know each other and neither knew I was out there — and each of them told me the same thing: as they were walking toward the church, God had spoken to them clearly. "Steve is out back praying. Go join him." They couldn't have known. We moved over to one of their homes across the street and pressed in together for the next hour, burdened for souls in that youth service, and at about 7:45 p.m. we felt it break. All three of us knew in the same moment that we had the victory. A few minutes later we wrapped up and headed back to the church. The service was just ending as we arrived.

The associate pastor came out, saw me, and said harshly, "Where were you!" I explained what had happened — that I had felt led to pray for the kids in the service. He proceeded to rebuke me in front of others. And then, in the middle of that rebuke, he said: "I needed you in there. We had six new kids tonight and the meeting was chaos until right near the end when suddenly everything changed, and all six of them got saved." I started to rejoice. "That's exactly what we were praying for," I told him. He was not moved. "Don't ever do that again!" It was the only night in fourteen months of his ministry to that youth group that a single teenager got saved under his preaching. Even many preachers have never understood the power and the absolute necessity of prayer.

ANAHEIM, 1988

In 1988 I was at a conference in Anaheim, California led by Dr. Morris Cerullo. The afternoon session ended and as we walked out of the meeting it was as if we were already moving through a cloud. I slowly made my way through the hall and out into the main lobby area on the second floor of the Anaheim Hilton convention halls. The presence of God was so tangible in that lobby that it was almost physical. Across the way I saw a small gathering of people around a man playing guitar and leading worship. As I walked toward them I felt what was like literal streams of the Holy Spirit running across my feet — like water past my ankles at first, and as I got closer it was as if the water was getting deeper and deeper. By the time I was within a few feet of the gathering I was completely submerged in the tangible presence of God. I looked over at one point and saw hotel staff standing nearby staring in a kind of stunned, glazed trance. I thought to myself: "This whole hotel is being filled with this." I walked through the building and the presence was everywhere I went. I went to the roof where they had an outdoor area and it was just as strong up there. Heaven had

descended on that building. I kept slipping back and forth between this realm and the Lord's, barely aware of where I was physically.

That evening Dr. Cerullo preached on our need for a baptism of God's *agape* love. At the end of the message he instructed us to find someone near us, look them straight in the eyes, get on our knees facing them, and pray for them like we had never prayed for anyone before in our lives. I turned to a man I had never met. We both got down on our knees face to face and began to pray with a supernatural intensity that neither of us was manufacturing. It was only a few moments when I looked up toward the ceiling of that convention hall. Suddenly I saw the heavens split open. For a brief moment — maybe two seconds — I saw into the heavenly realm, a glimpse of the throne of God. I was so overwhelmed by what I saw that I collapsed backward to the floor and could not move.

I shook and wept on that floor for nearly ninety minutes. My friends stayed the whole time, not knowing what to do. When I finally slowly pulled myself back up to my chair I was still unable to speak, still completely overwhelmed. It took me hours before I could even begin to explain to those around me what had happened. Randy, who had discipled me as a young Christian, was sitting right there looking at me — Randy, with whom I had talked many times about the great revivals, about the kind of overwhelming supernatural encounters that Charles Finney had described, encounters so intense that men would fall prostrate and be unable to rise for hours. I wanted to communicate everything that had just happened and I realized I could do it in one word.

“Finney.”

He smiled and nodded. He knew exactly what I meant.

I walked around in a daze for the next three days — not able to fully reenter ordinary consciousness, living in that in-between place where the natural world feels thin and the spiritual world feels more real. When I finally asked God what had happened in that convention hall, He spoke a few words that became the foundation of everything I have done in ministry since.

“It was an impartation of My Love.”

That word is the seed of everything in this book. God's love is not a soft thing. It's not a sentiment. It's not a feeling we cultivate to make ourselves more pleasant. It's the fuel of the D.E.E.P. anointing. It's what had me on my face weeping for teenagers who hated God at a youth camp seven weeks after I got saved. It's what kept three of us praying in a house across the street from a church until six kids got saved inside. And it's what surged through me in a car at 11:30 in the morning when I had no idea

a young man's life was on the line across the city. Love produces power. When prayer flows out of genuine love, God's own energy infuses it. That is the prayer that avails much. That is the D.E.E.P. anointing.

DECEMBER 28, 2019

Thirty-three years after that floor in Anaheim, God moved the mandate into a new dimension. I was on the seven-hour drive from my home in Keller, Texas to Crystal Springs, Mississippi, covering for my dear friend Pastor Darrel Blankenship at Springs of Praise World Outreach Center while he was away for Christmas. I had deep history with that church. In 2001 I went for what was supposed to be a three-day revival meeting and stayed twenty-five months. Yes, twenty-five months. I flew back and forth from California and preached every Wednesday through Friday night and Thursday and Friday mornings. What God did in that place during those months none of us will ever forget. So covering that pulpit was not a small thing to me. I was praying intensely somewhere on that seven-hour drive when a spirit of prophecy came upon me and the voice of the Lord broke in with a weight I recognized immediately.

“Tell My people that the decade of the 20’s will be a decade of extremes. Things in the world are NOT going to calm down. Tell them they cannot look to the circumstances of this life to get their stability. They must look to Me.”

Then He gave me this verse:

“Wisdom and knowledge will be the stability of your times, and the strength of salvation; the fear of the Lord is His treasure.”

Isaiah 33:6

This was December 28, 2019. COVID-19 was just about to shake the whole world. The nations were still operating under the assumption that things would eventually settle down and return to normal. There was peace, the economy was thriving, Abraham Accords were getting signed, no new conflicts. They were soon to learn that things were not going to settle down. They have not settled down. The decade of extremes had already begun before most of the world knew it had started, and everything that has happened in the years since has confirmed that word with a precision that still takes my breath away.

TRAVIS

At the time I was planning my first-ever trip to mainland China. I had been invited to spend a week in a secret location with over a hundred prophetic underground church leaders — men and women who had paid enormous prices to carry the Gospel in a nation that did not welcome it. And I had in my heart a young man I felt strongly should come with me.

Travis had an amazing testimony. By the time he was twenty-four years old he was a millionaire drug dealer. He had been raised in church but had walked away completely after seeing nothing but hypocrisy up close. Then in 2015, riding to a basketball game and in excruciating physical pain, he suddenly cried out the name of Jesus — seven times. On the seventh time a finger touched his chest and all the pain shook out of his body in an instant. He couldn't open his eyes but he saw the brightest white light he had ever seen, and Jesus was standing in it with His arms wide open. The Lord didn't say anything. He just looked at him. That look was enough.

Travis went immediately back to church and started reading his Bible, but he was still running his drug operation. God put the squeeze on him over the next period — allowed him to get robbed, allowed the danger of that life to press in until the reality was undeniable — and he finally made the break. He moved to Washington state, took a legitimate job, and ended up moving in with my son James. James began to disciple him intentionally — going to church together, studying the Word together, building a real foundation. But there was still a stronghold operating that the discipleship alone wasn't touching. One afternoon Travis had a pain in his back and while lying on the floor he asked James to pray for him. As James prayed, Travis felt something move inside him. He asked James to come back and pray more. James started to pray in tongues over Travis and then it happened suddenly — Travis lost control, could only see red, and started fighting James. He was manifesting a demon right there in the apartment. James kept praying and kept holding on until suddenly Travis describes it like a twenty-five-pound demon being lifted completely off of him. He lay on the floor and said, "The spirit world is real. I'm all in."

Not long after, while studying a book on the Holy Spirit, God spoke to him clearly to give everything he owned away. As you can imagine, coming out of a lucrative drug-dealing life, he had accumulated a lot of nice things. He gave all his possessions to James. God later told him to give over a hundred thousand dollars in cash away anonymously to various people. As he describes his life ever since: "I have been living out of a backpack." My son James came to me and said, "Dad, this is the guy that is supposed to travel with you."

THE VISION, THE MAP, AND THE PLANE TICKET

Finally in 2018, with only two weeks' notice, we reached out to Travis and asked if he wanted to go to India with us. The timing could not have been better — though we had no idea why yet. Travis had recently moved home to help his family when he attended a retreat. In one of the sessions the leader said: “Just close your eyes and imagine Jesus. What is He saying? What is He doing?” Immediately Travis had a vision. Jesus grabbed his hand and they started flying all around the world together. Then he saw a giant black map of the world with red lines going everywhere across it. He thought to himself: “Okay, I am going to be a missionary.”

The very next day a young woman told him about a missions organization called the World Race. He went to their website — and when the page loaded, there on the front page was the giant black map with red lines going everywhere, exactly as he had seen it in the vision the night before. That same day I called him and said, “Do you want to go to India with us in two weeks?” He said yes. No money, no way to pay for it, no plan — but yes. He went to his Sunday school class the following week and the leader, who knew absolutely nothing of any of this, said they were going to take an offering for him. The amount they gave came to exactly \$1,504. The price of the plane ticket to India. God was setting something up.

When we arrived in India the first thing our host told us was that radical Hindus had held a town-wide rally the day before our arrival. They had told the people: “If any white people come here and try to convert you to Christianity, we will come and kill them.” That was the town. That was the night. And we were going to preach an open-air crusade in the town square. The crusade was something else — one light powered by a single generator, multitudes lurking in the darkness at the edges beyond the light, the power failing and the sound system dropping out repeatedly, me preaching and giving the altar call and praying for people while the atmosphere crackled with both spiritual hunger and spiritual opposition. The power of God fell. God protected us that night and many souls were added to the kingdom. That was Travis's introduction to missionary work.

On that trip I asked Travis if he would start traveling with me full time. He was torn. He still had the vision of that black map with the red lines and he felt tied to the World Race. I told him he needed to make a choice. In his heart he chose to travel with me — but God spoke to him and said, “I gave you that vision for a reason.” He told me he was going on the eleven-month World Race mission trip first. I felt it was right and gave some money to help him go. He left for it in January 2019. It was a unique mission — the organization tried something new with his team, just going to eleven countries and praying each day for God to direct them where to go and who to minister to. How cool could that be. Or, what a mess. For Travis and the team it turned out to be more a mess than a blessing. The immaturity, the self-agendas, the personal compromises that get exposed when you try to live that way without proper

accountability and structure — it was a profound education. But the concept itself was right. And it turns out to be exactly how Travis and I now live as one of God’s Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer Strike Force Teams.

GOD’S TIMING IS ALWAYS PERFECT

Back to early 2020. I had just received the word about the decade of extremes and was now planning the trip to China for the end of January. I knew Travis had completed the World Race, but I hadn’t spoken to him for several months and wasn’t sure what he was doing next. He was at a worship conference in Orlando and while he was in worship near the front of the room, God spoke to him clearly and quietly: “Now is the time to start traveling with Pastor Steve.” After the worship set ended he went back to his seat and felt an unusual prompting — he never does this in a church service — to check his phone. He did. And there was a text message from me that had just come in, saying: “Hey, we need to talk about you going to China with me.”

God’s timing is always perfect.

And that is how God first put together this Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer Strike Force Team. Neither Travis nor I had any idea what we were being assembled for. We thought it was a China trip. What God was actually doing was putting together a two-person strike force for a global prayer assignment that would take us to places and moments we could never have anticipated or planned.

CHINA CANCELLED

In January 2020, Travis joined me in Orlando as we prepared to leave for mainland China — a week in a secret location with over a hundred prophetic underground church leaders, my first ever trip to mainland China. At that time the news reports of a virus destroying the city of Wuhan had begun to fill the airways. Everyone around us started telling us to cancel the trip, that we needed to be wise, that this wasn’t the time. Both Travis and I looked at each other. We have no fear. We are still going. Day after day the pressure increased from friends, from family, from the headlines. Reports of Covid devastating northern Italy were now leading every broadcast. We were still going. It’s amazing how many Christians default to fear while preaching faith from the pulpits and the pews — and this dynamic was about to become very, very clear as Covid came to America.

Then our flight to China was cancelled. It was among the very first American flights cancelled. Within hours all US flights to China were gone. We had five major missions trips planned between January and June of 2020. All of them shut down in

rapid succession. It looked like the whole purpose Travis and I had joined forces had just blown up in smoke before it even started.

Oh, we could not have been more wrong.

In February we took my RV to California to fulfill some preaching invitations in the San Francisco Bay Area. While there, God showed me a vision. I saw Wuhan, China — the epicenter of what was becoming a global crisis. I saw a massive demonic spirit come up out of the ground, and two demons came out of its mouth. The first demon was the virus itself. I knew in that moment — not as an opinion but as a revelation — that this was a demonically inspired and demonically directed event. The second demon was a global spirit of fear. And the Lord spoke to me:

“The fear will do far more damage than the virus will ever do.”

And oh, how that has come true. Not just medically or economically, but spiritually and socially and politically and in ways we are still counting the cost of years later.

By mid-March the US was locking down everywhere. We were still in California, having lunch with our Chinese ministry contact, when the waiter came to our table at 12:30 p.m. and informed us that all six counties of the S.F. Bay Area were locking down in thirty minutes. We didn’t know at that point exactly what that meant in practical terms, but we didn’t wait to find out. We went straight back to the RV, packed everything up, and headed for the freeway. We escaped California just ahead of what we later understood was the global epicenter of the plan to lock down all the healthy people — Santa Clara County, Silicon Valley. It wasn’t merely a policy decision. It was demonic. And we were heading in the opposite direction.

I turned to Travis and said “Where should we go?” He said, “Florida.” I said, “Florida? You do know that’s the other side of the country.” He smiled. I said, “Okay, I guess we will go to Florida.” I can’t tell you how many times in this divine partnership Travis felt like we were supposed to go somewhere and I wasn’t so sure. But I deeply believe in team ministry and in following what God is saying through those He has placed alongside me, so I would yield — often hesitantly — and say okay, let’s go. Those trips have turned out to be some of the most dramatic, prophetic, and consequential missions of our entire Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer Strike Force assignment. God was developing a two-by-two partnership, and I was having to learn to follow as much as lead.

EASTER SUNDAY ON I-75

We got to Florida and the entire nation locked down around us. I found a townhouse for sale — we must have looked at close to two hundred options online and otherwise — and the moment we walked into the one I eventually bought, Travis said, “This is it.” He was right. It was the right place at the right moment, and over the following months it became the base of operations for what God was about to do.

On Easter weekend I was driving back from Texas with a large twenty-six-foot U-Haul truck towing a trailer behind it. They were paying me to tow it for them, which I was happy to do. On Easter Sunday, driving south on I-75 through a fairly sparse stretch of Florida highway, I suddenly heard an explosion. About a minute later smoke was pouring out of the back of the trailer. I yelled to Travis, “We’re on fire!”

He jumped out and the entire back tire of the trailer was completely engulfed in flames. Tire fires are extremely difficult to extinguish — they burn hot and they sustain themselves. We looked for a fire extinguisher immediately. U-Haul had not supplied one. The only thing we had was a cooler chest with ice that had been melting throughout the drive. A few days earlier, God had spoken to us specifically to begin taking communion every day starting at Passover — which we had been doing faithfully — so we also had the grape juice we had been using for communion in that cooler. Travis grabbed the cooler, pulled out the grape juice, poured the entire chest of ice water directly onto the burning tire. Nothing happened. The flames were just as large, just as hot, spreading up the wheel well. The whole trailer was about to go, and then the truck cab would go, and everything I owned was in that truck — a lifetime of ministry books, equipment, materials, all of it. We were at least ten to fifteen minutes from the nearest fire station. I tried to disconnect the trailer from the truck and couldn’t. Disaster was seconds away.

Travis turned to me. “What else do we have?”

I thought of the grape juice. The communion grape juice. The blood of Jesus. It wasn’t much — maybe a quart left in the bottle. The fire was raging. I grabbed it, prayed as I started to pour: “Lord, put this fire out.”

As I slowly poured that small amount of grape juice onto the flames, the fire went out. Completely and immediately out. The whole tire had been fully engulfed and burning, and a small amount of communion grape juice — the blood of Jesus, on Easter Sunday — put the fire out completely. Signs to make you wonder.

Everything in the truck was saved. And something in me knew as I stood there on the side of I-75 that what had just happened was a sign of what the next season was going to look like. The daily communion, the clear voice of the Lord directing our steps, the crazy prayers of faith with immediate results, the turning of what looks like

total disaster into testimony — all of this has become the pattern we’ve walked in since 2020. A Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer mandate was being activated.

In the years that followed we were sent to over fifty nations, every US state and capital, over a hundred riot locations in 2020, into the middle of civil wars in Africa, to the US Capitol on January 6th, 2021, to Israel repeatedly during key prophetic moments, and into the Middle East when the US-Iran war broke out in 2026. Prophetic prayer assignments to close the gates of hell and open the portals of heaven. Divine connections that could only be God. Supernatural deliverances that defied natural explanation. Massive prophetic revelations and spiritual insights into the ways and patterns and plans of God that shaped our intercession and confirmed His word.

In the summer of 2020 God spoke to me and said, *“Son, in the days ahead, you are going to be more known for your prayers than your preaching.”* I had been a preacher for thirty-four years. I had preached to hundreds of thousands of people across the world. That was not a small statement. I thought: “How is that going to happen?” And then slowly, over the months and years that followed, I began to understand that for the last forty years — since a youth camp in 1986 where I wept on my knees for teenagers who hated God — God had been preparing me, training me, revealing to me, and experientially directing me toward this divine mandate. Not just me. Multitudes of others. An army God is assembling from every nation and denomination and stream of His body.

God is putting together Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer Strike Force Teams. And He is not doing this only with Travis and me.

THE FIRE IS ALREADY FALLING

Jesus is coming back to His church before He comes for His church. He is going to repeat what He did in His final days on earth — ushered in on a wave of prophetic praise and worship, riding on unexpected vessels, the colts upon which no man had ridden — going straight to His temple to cleanse it and restore it to its original purpose. He is going to unify His church into a oneness in the Spirit that releases the greater works through a Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing unlike anything the world has yet seen. His kingdom will come and His will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. The final great outpouring of God upon this earth will be a prayer outpouring. Jesus has eternally declared it:

“My house shall be called a house of prayer.”

Matthew 21:13

This is that season. God is raising up an army — not from one organization or one denomination or one doctrinal stream, but from members of His entire body, from

every Christian background and tradition and language, who will walk in a new supernatural unity in the Spirit and release the end-time purposes of God upon the earth leading directly up to the second coming of Jesus Christ. He is looking for yielded vessels. He is looking for people who will press through the strongholds. People who will pray in the car when they don't know why. People who will weep for souls they can't yet name. People who will pour out communion juice on a raging fire and trust that the blood of Jesus is enough.

You have not picked up this book by accident. I am praying for everyone who reads these pages — that you will feel the burden, hear the call, and respond to the Spirit's invitation to walk in a prayer anointing that will release the greater works to demonstrate to the world that Jesus is exactly who He claims to be.

Open your spirit wide. The fire is already falling.

CHAPTER 2

The Prayer That Avails Much

In January of 1987, I was introduced to what would become my spiritual father, Dr. Morris Cerullo. In Anaheim, California, I sat in my front row seat, entranced, as for three hours Dr. Cerullo preached on “Unity in the Spirit.” I have described that night for years as, “Morris Cerullo didn’t preach to us that night, Jesus Christ Himself stood on that platform and preached.” That’s how it felt to me. As Dr. Cerullo preached on *agape* love, and the oneness with Jesus and each other in Christ, I was drawn into another realm.

God spoke to me at the end of that conference to connect to his ministry and that I had fifteen years of revelation to catch up on. Unbeknown to me at that time, Dr. Cerullo had started fifteen years earlier to teach on “The New Anointing,” an incredible revelation on spiritual warfare prayer. As I started to get the books and tapes, one story he would share struck me as the greatest modern demonstration of the power of the God of Elijah still at work today. It was a story about a crusade he did in 1960 in the country of Haiti.

Haiti stands as one of the most demonically oppressed nations upon the earth — a land where ancient principalities have entrenched themselves for centuries, ruling through fear, bloodshed, and bondage. Vodou and Roman Catholicism have woven themselves together into a demonic tapestry unlike almost anything else on the planet, where the altars of the loa drink blood, where spirits possess bodies in open defiance of the Holy Spirit, and where witchcraft, curses, and superstition hold millions in chains of terror. The very atmosphere of Haiti is heavy with the weight of unseen rulers who demand allegiance and destroy those who resist. It was into this satanic stronghold — this modern-day Egypt of the spirit — that God sent a young Morris Cerullo as guest of the dictator himself, President François Duvalier.

They arrived with a motorcade waiting at the airport to carry them through the city to the presidential palace. But as they pulled away from the terminal, something happened that Dr. Cerullo did not expect. He was suddenly seized with severe pain in the pit of his stomach — not a medical symptom but something spiritual pressing

into his physical body with an intensity he could not ignore. He told his worship leader to get him out of the motorcade immediately. They broke out of the procession and took him back to his hotel.

He fell on the floor in a pool of sweat. He cried out to God: “What is going on? I feel like I am dying.” The Lord answered him directly. “Son, I allowed this to happen to you for a reason. I wanted you out of that motorcade because I wanted to talk to you.” Immediately the pain left. He lay there on the floor, and the Lord spoke again. “I wanted to tell you that tonight there are three hundred witch doctors coming to kill you.” Dr. Cerullo’s response was the response of a man who had already settled the question of his own life. “That’s fine. I’m not consecrated unto life, I’m consecrated unto death.” Then he asked what he was supposed to do. God told him exactly how to identify them. He showed him the color of the clothing they would be wearing. And then He spoke something to Dr. Cerullo that felt like the days of the prophets of old. “Tonight, the words that you speak will be exactly as if I Myself have spoken them, and whatever you speak, I will bring to pass.”

When he got to the meeting that night, there were about thirty thousand people in the stadium and it was total chaos — a riot. He had to push his way through the crowd just to reach the platform. No introduction, no preparation of the crowd. They handed him the microphone and walked off. As soon as he started to speak, God began to show him exactly what the witch doctors were doing. They were moving through the crowd in coordinated patterns, chanting, working their way toward the platform from multiple directions. He called for order three times. Each time the crowd would quiet for a moment and then the chanting would begin again. He turned to his young interpreter — a Bible school student — and said quietly, “Son, don’t you dare say one word except exactly what I say.” Then he addressed the stadium.

“People of Haiti, there are hundreds of witch doctors here tonight. You’ve come to kill me. You say, how do you know this? Because the living God told me.” He started pointing them out — all three hundred of them, wearing the colors God had shown him on the hotel floor. He said, “Tonight we are going to find out whether the devil you serve or the God I serve has more power.” Then he turned to the dignitaries seated on the platform — senators, military generals, civic leaders — and declared: “Before all these dignitaries, I take no responsibility from this moment on. The next person in this stadium who opens their mouth to hinder this meeting — I will not be responsible when they will carry you out this stadium, dead.” You could hear a pin drop. Total silence fell over thirty thousand people. Not one person moved or spoke. He preached for about twenty minutes in that holy hush.

Then, from the back of the stadium, someone screamed. A small child — about four or five years old — was being passed over the heads of the crowd toward the front, hand over hand through the packed masses. The child had been born completely blind. While Dr. Cerullo had been preaching, while the witch doctors stood silenced

and the crowd stood frozen in the fear of God, that blind child had begun to see perfectly. The parents brought the healed child forward. One of the generals on the platform, when he saw the child, shouted in amazement, "That's my neighbor!" Nearly all the witch doctors surrendered their lives to Jesus Christ that night. A few days later local pastors went to the former witch doctors' homes and helped them remove all their demonic and occultic books, altars, materials, and built a huge bonfire in the middle of the town. Then they all marched around the bonfire singing, "What can wash away my sins, nothing but the blood of Jesus."

And then there was the rain.

On the second night of the crusade, the stadium filled again to capacity — about thirty-five thousand people. You have to understand what rain means in Haiti to understand what happened next. In a nation conditioned by generations of Vodou, rain during a Christian gathering is not merely inconvenient. Rain is a sign, an omen, a declaration from the spiritual rulers of that land that they will not yield their territory without a fight. The sky above the open stadium turned dark and ominous, heavy gray clouds rolling in low and threatening, and the crowd read the message immediately. Large numbers of people were already on their feet and streaming toward the exits. The enemy was using the sky itself to scatter the harvest.

Dr. Cerullo leaped to the microphone. Through his interpreter, with a voice that carried the full authority of what God had already poured into him on that hotel floor, he shouted across the stadium: "In the name of Jesus I command you to stop running and stand still!" The crowd froze in place. Thirty-five thousand people stopped moving. He told them to turn around and look at him. They turned. He pointed at the dark threatening clouds hanging directly overhead and declared without a tremor in his voice: "Now you are going to know what kind of prophet of God I am. It will not rain until this service is over." The people stayed. He preached for over ninety minutes under those clouds. He gave the salvation call. He prayed for the sick. Thousands committed their lives to Christ. The clouds churned overhead the entire time and did not release a single drop. When the service was finally finished, Dr. Cerullo turned to the microphone one last time. "After I pray, if you don't want to get wet, you should leave quickly. Because it is going to rain." People hurried out. Less than fifteen minutes later the clouds burst open with a torrential downpour that drenched the empty stadium. By the next morning, all of Haiti was talking about what kind of God this was.

The crusade ran for three solid weeks. Night and day the meetings continued. Within two weeks, they had to shut down the Mardi Gras because the entire population was in the crusade meetings getting saved.

What produced that authority? It was not a personality type. It was not exceptional spiritual gifting operating independently. It was a man who had already been on the

floor of a hotel room — yielded, poured out, consecrated unto death rather than life — receiving from God exactly what to do and say before he ever stepped onto the platform. The prophetic declarations over that stadium, the pointing out of three hundred witch doctors, the command to the rain — none of it was self-generated. It was all released from what had already been deposited through divinely energized intercession in that hotel room.

THE VERSE THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING

There is a verse in the New Testament that most Christians have quoted many times and very few have actually believed. It appears near the end of the Epistle of James, at the close of a letter that has spent five chapters calling the Church back to radical, costly, lived-out communal faith. By the time James writes it he has already addressed trials, temptation, favoritism, the tongue, worldliness, and the oppression of the poor. He has pulled back every comfortable religious curtain and shown his readers what genuine faith actually looks like when it is put under real pressure. He has been building and building. And then he writes this.

“Confess your trespasses to one another, and pray for one another, that you may be healed. The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much.”

James 5:16

This often-quoted and deeply misunderstood verse is the catalyst for this entire book. It is the verse around which everything else in these pages is organized. James is not simply offering a general encouragement to pray more. He is not giving a nice closing exhortation to a congregation that has already gone through enough hard teaching. He is revealing a specific, defined, supernaturally charged dimension of prayer that most of the Church has never entered and almost no one has adequately explained. He is revealing a prayer that transcends the natural. A prayer that moves the intercessor into a world-changing level of authority with God. A prayer that is not produced by human effort no matter how sincere or sustained, but that is energized from above by the Holy Spirit Himself. A prayer anointing that will culminate in full participation in the great end-time harvest and the second coming of Jesus Christ.

He is revealing the Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing. What this book calls D.E.E.P.

James is not calling us to pray harder. He is inviting us to pray differently. Not louder, not longer, not with more emotional intensity. He is inviting us into a dimension of prayer where God Himself becomes the energy source behind every word we speak toward heaven.

ONE WORD THAT CONTAINS AN ENTIRE THEOLOGY OF PRAYER

The entire weight of James's promise hangs on a single Greek word. The phrase translated "effective, fervent" in the NKJV is not two words in the original. It's one. One word that the translators needed two English words just to approximate, and even then they didn't fully capture it. That word is *energoumene* — from the same root we get our English words energy, energetic, and energize. Its meaning is being worked, being put into operation, being energized, operating with power. And the crucial implication of the word is this: the energy source is outside the prayer itself. The prayer is not self-generated. It is not produced by the willpower or the emotional intensity of the one praying. It is being put into operation by an outside Agent. It is being energized by something greater than the person doing the praying.

In the New Testament, that outside Agent is always the same One. And the Holy Spirit uses this identical word — *energeo* — across the New Testament in a way that makes the kind of power we are talking about unmistakably clear. Look at these references carefully, because they are not theological background noise. They are the definition of the very power James says is available in your prayers.

Galatians 3:5 — "*He who supplies the Spirit to you and works (energeo) miracles among you.*" It is the miracles that God manifests among us. That is *energeo*.

Ephesians 3:20 — "*Now to Him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that works (energeo) in us.*" God's limitless, exceed-all-expectations power operating inside believers. That is *energeo*.

Ephesians 1:19-20 — "*The exceeding greatness of His power toward us who believe, according to the working (energeo) of His mighty power which He worked (energeo) in Christ when He raised Him from the dead.*" Resurrection power. The power that conquered death itself. That is *energeo*.

Philippians 2:13 — "*It is God who works (energeo) in you both to will and to do for His good pleasure.*" God's own energy at work inside the yielded believer, shaping even what you want to desire. That is *energeo*.

1 Corinthians 12:6; 11 — "*The same God who works (energeo) all in all... one and the same Spirit works (energeo) all these things.*" The operation of supernatural spiritual gifts through ordinary people. That is *energeo*.

In every major instance across the New Testament, *energeo* describes not human effort but divine, supernatural power in active operation. Resurrection power. Miracle-working power. The dynamic activity of the Holy Spirit moving through yielded vessels to accomplish what no human being could produce independently.

Now bring that understanding back to James 5:16. The prayer of a righteous person has great power — as it is being energized. As *energeo* is operating in it. The prayer is powerful and effective because God is at work in it. Not because the person praying is especially gifted, especially spiritual, or especially intense. Because the Holy Spirit is flowing through the yielded vessels, the very divine power of God himself, to produce on the earth what has been already declared in heaven.

Two scholars have captured this with precision that is worth pausing over. Mike Ratliff writes:

“The last word in this very important statement about our prayer is the participle energoumene. We get our English words such as energy and energize from energeo. In its use in the Septuagint as well as in the New Testament, it is used almost exclusively for the work of divine or demonic powers. What is James telling us here in this passage on prayer? He is not telling us that we accomplish much by our own energy in prayer, but rather that our prayers are strong because they are energized by God. A good way to translate verse 16b could be: ‘The God-energized prayer of the righteous is strong.’”

And Rick Renner, in *Sparkling Gems from the Greek*, writes:

“The Greek word denotes an energy or power that is active, alive, empowering, engaged, energetic, and operative. The word pictures a force that has the ability to accomplish a task or to completely change a situation. It means to energize, working in a situation to bring it from one stage to the next, like an electrical current energizing a wire, bringing power into the filaments of a shining light bulb.”

That image from Renner is exactly right, and when you see it you cannot unsee it. An unconnected wire can have every property needed to carry electricity — the right gauge, the right material, the right length — but until a current runs through it, it does nothing. The wire does not generate the current. The wire carries it. And when the current flows, the light comes on. That is *energoumene*. That is what was happening in Haiti. Morris Cerullo was not generating the authority to silence thirty thousand people, or to point out three hundred witch doctors by the color of their clothing, or to hold back a Haitian rainstorm for ninety minutes over an open stadium — he was not producing any of that from his own spiritual intensity. He was the wire. The Holy Spirit was the current. And what flowed through that wire had been deposited in a hotel room, on the floor, in a pool of sweat, through yielded intercession before he ever stepped onto a platform. That is the D.E.E.P. anointing in operation.

AVAILS MUCH

Before James arrives at verse 16, he is in the middle of writing about the healing of the sick and the restoration of the wandering believer. He says to call the elders of the church, anoint with oil, and pray in faith. He says the prayer of faith will save the sick and God will raise him up. He says if the sick person has committed sins, they will be forgiven. He is already talking about prayer that produces supernatural results — physical healing, spiritual restoration, divine forgiveness. And then, as the foundation beneath everything he has just said, he drops this declaration: “The *energoumene* prayer of a righteous man avails much” (Jas. 5:16).

The phrase translated “avails much” carries two Greek words that together describe a prayer with real, measurable, prevailing force. Not a prayer that makes the person praying feel better. Not a prayer that marks a sincere religious effort that God politely appreciates. A prayer that works on a supernatural level — a prayer that changes the atmosphere over a room, over a city, over a nation, that heals the sick and restores the backslider and shifts spiritual strongholds and releases the purposes of God into the earth.

But James does not leave it as an abstract promise. He does not say trust Me on this. He immediately reaches for the most compelling, the most undeniable illustration he could have chosen — a man whose prayers literally changed the weather system of an entire nation for three and a half years.

PRAYING LIKE ELIJAH: THE LIVING PROTOTYPE

“Elijah was a man with a nature like ours, and he prayed earnestly that it would not rain; and it did not rain on the land for three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth produced its fruit.”

James 5:17–18

Of all the men and women of prayer in the entire Old Testament — all the patriarchs, all the prophets, all the intercessors who cried out to God and saw heaven shake in response — James reaches for Elijah. And the first thing he says about him is the most important thing he could possibly say. “*Elijah was a man with a nature like ours.*” Not a super-saint operating in some elevated category of spiritual attainment that is closed off to ordinary believers. He was a man with the same fallen, broken, fragile human nature that you and I carry into our prayer closets every day. He experienced hunger. He felt weariness so overwhelming that he collapsed under a juniper tree and begged God to take his life. He knew fear so paralyzing that he ran nearly one hundred miles from the threat of one woman — this great prophet who had just called

down fire from heaven running in terror from Jezebel's words. He struggled with the same doubts, the same insecurities, the same emotional volatility that every human being knows. He had our same nature.

And yet this man — with this ordinary, breakable, fear-prone human nature — prayed and the entire weather system of a nation changed for three and a half years. Sound familiar? It should. What Dr. Cerullo did over a stadium in Haiti for ninety minutes, Elijah did over a nation for three and a half years. Same anointing. Same source. Same outside Agent energizing the prayer of a yielded vessel who had become so aligned with the Father's heart that what he declared on earth was already what the Father had purposed in heaven. James holds Elijah up not to overwhelm us but to invite us. If a man with a nature exactly like ours could pray like that, then the limiting factor is not our humanity. The limiting factor is whether we have entered the dimension he prayed from.

THE DEPTH OF THE MIRACLE

Elijah stood before King Ahab and declared: *“As the Lord God of Israel lives, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, except at my word”* (1 Kgs. 17:1). The magnitude of what followed is almost impossible to overstate. Weather patterns are never isolated. They are interconnected across regions, across continents, across the entire atmospheric system of the earth. For three and a half years there was neither dew nor rain across the land. Not a morning mist. Not a drop. Streams dried to dust. Crops shriveled and died. Famine spread from the fields into the markets and from the markets into the palace until even the king's household was affected. The sky, which had released its moisture over that land every single morning since creation, refused to yield one drop. Because one man prayed.

This was not a localized agricultural inconvenience. This was a regional alteration of atmospheric patterns produced by a single prayer from a single man. And it served a single purpose: to expose the utter powerlessness of Baal — the supposed lord of storms and rain and fertility, the god to whom Israel had turned — and to force an idolatrous nation to confront the reality that there is only one God and He alone controls the heavens. The drought was not punishment for its own sake. It was the severe mercy of God, working through the energized prayer of a man who loved Israel too much to watch it destroy itself in silence.

WHERE HIS AUTHORITY CAME FROM

What makes Elijah's prayer extraordinary is not that he summoned extraordinary spiritual willpower on that day. What makes it extraordinary is where it came from —

and this is the part that most people miss when they read this story. There is no record in 1 Kings 17:1 that God first commanded Elijah with the words “Thus says the Lord: pray for drought.” In nearly every other place in Scripture where a prophet is introduced to deliver a divine message, we get the phrase “And the word of the Lord came to.” But not here. Elijah does not begin with “Thus says the Lord.” He walks before the king and makes a bold declaration: “*As the Lord God of Israel lives, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, except at my word*” (1 Kgs. 17:1) He boldly declared this judgement because he had already received the breakthrough in prayer. Only after he gave the prophetic declaration do then we see the word of the Lord coming to Elijah. “*Then the word of the Lord came to him, saying*” (1 Kgs. 17:2).

Elijah prophetically declared what he has prayed through. His prayer wasn’t a direct response to a thus saith the Lord given to him personally. It flowed from a life lived in such deep intimacy with God that he had become perfectly aligned with the Father’s heart and purposes before the moment of action ever came.

Elijah had saturated himself in the covenant warnings of Deuteronomy. He knew that when Israel turned to idolatry, God had already declared centuries before: “*Take heed to yourselves, lest your heart be deceived, and you turn aside and serve other gods and worship them, lest the Lord’s anger be aroused against you, and He shut up the heavens so that there be no rain, and the land yield no produce*” (Deut. 11:16–17). He had discerned that the nation had crossed a line of rebellion so severe that only the severe mercy of that declared judgment could break the idolatry and awaken the people back to God. His prayer was not presumption. It was not personal ambition dressed in spiritual language. It was prophetic intercession born out of years of communion with God. He prayed according to the already-revealed will and nature of God — and he prayed it with the confidence of a man who had spent so much time in the presence of God that the Father’s thoughts had become his thoughts and the Father’s grief had become his grief.

“Not uttered in spite, vengeance, or caprice, but as the minister of God. The impending calamity was in answer to his earnest prayer, and a chastisement intended for the spiritual revival of Israel.”

—Jamieson-Fausset-Brown Commentary on 1 Kings 17:1

Elijah’s intention was never revenge. It was never anger. It was revival. His prayer was an act of love for a nation he refused to sit by and watch destroy itself. He prayed in the judgments of God, according to God’s already-revealed will, because his heart had become so aligned with the Father’s heart that he could not do otherwise. That is the *energeo* prayer. That is what divinely energized intercession actually is. Not a prayer of personal desire, however sincere. Not a prayer of religious duty, however faithful and disciplined. A prayer that flows from such intimate union with God that what comes out of the intercessor’s mouth is already what the Father has purposed

— being prayed back to heaven through a yielded vessel. This is why Dr. Cerullo could point at threatening clouds over a Haitian stadium and declare they would hold until the service was done. He was not producing that authority. He was carrying it. The wire carrying the current.

HE PRAYED WITH PRAYER

James describes Elijah's prayer with a phrase that is remarkable in the original. He says Elijah "prayed earnestly" — but the literal Greek is "he prayed with prayer." It is a deliberate intensifier, a construction used throughout Scripture to push a word to its absolute maximum. It does not mean he prayed with above-average sincerity. It means he prayed in the fullest, most total, most wholehearted sense of what prayer can possibly be. He poured himself into it with everything he had. He did not recite words. He did not perform a religious exercise. He prayed with prayer — the real thing, all the way in, nothing held back.

His posture on Mount Carmel captures this perfectly. After the fire had fallen and the prophets of Baal had been defeated, Elijah climbed to the top of Mount Carmel and bowed down with his face between his knees and began to pray for the rain to come. He had already heard the sound of the abundance of rain in his spirit — he knew it was coming — but he pressed in anyway with everything he had. Seven times he sent his servant to look toward the sea. Six times the servant came back with nothing to report. Nothing on the horizon. Not a cloud. Not a wisp. Elijah kept praying. He kept pressing. He kept holding the position of expectant, wholehearted, face-between-his-knees intercession. And on the seventh time the servant saw it — a cloud the size of a man's hand, rising from the sea. That was all Elijah needed. He sent word to Ahab: get moving, before the rain stops you. And the sky turned black with clouds and the wind came and the great rain fell (1 Kgs.18:44-45).

That is the posture James is calling us to. Not the posture of a person going through a spiritual routine. The posture of a person who has become so aligned with what God wants that they absolutely cannot stop pressing in until heaven responds. Seven times. Six times of nothing. And still pressing.

Elijah was not a super-saint operating in a category unavailable to ordinary believers. He was a yielded man whose prayers had been taken up by the Holy Spirit and energized with the same divine power that raises the dead and works miracles. James says the same anointing is available to you.

THE END-TIME EXPRESSION OF THIS ANOINTING

James is not simply pointing backward to one impressive prayer warrior from the ancient past. He is pointing forward. He is holding Elijah up as a prototype, not a monument. A model for what is coming at the end of the age, not merely a memory of what was at the beginning of it. Because Jesus is coming back. And before He comes back, the Book of Revelation describes two witnesses who will stand in the earth during the greatest period of tribulation and darkness in all of human history — and their prayer anointing is described in terms that are unmistakably, undeniably Elijah's.

“These have power to shut heaven, so that no rain falls in the days of their prophecy; and they have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to strike the earth with all plagues, as often as they desire.”

Revelation 11:6

“Shut heaven so that no rain falls.” We heard it in Haiti over a stadium. We heard it in Israel over a drought-stricken nation for three and a half years. Now here it is again in the last days of human history — the same prayer anointing, operating in its fullest end-time expression, through a people who have yielded themselves to the same Holy Spirit who energized Elijah's intercession. The two witnesses do not pray and hope. They do not petition and wait to see. They speak with authority. They act with the confidence of those who know their prayers are not self-generated but Spirit-energized — that what they release on earth is already what the Father has purposed in heaven, prayed back through yielded vessels.

I am not going to debate who the two witnesses are. There is a deeper reality. This image of the two witnesses is not simply pointing to an exclusive pair of prophets with unique end-time power. The tie to Elijah in 1 Kings and James 5 is unmistakable. What James does is connects all of us to that same kind of divinely energized prayer, especially for the end-times. They are, at least in part, a prophetic picture of an end-time people — a company, a corporate expression of the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing. They represent what becomes possible when a people have so yielded themselves to the Holy Spirit, so aligned themselves with the heart of the Father, and so submitted themselves to the deepening union with Christ, that their prayers are no longer human words ascending toward an uncertain heaven but divinely energized intercessions that move the hand of God with authority. James 5:16-18 is not just saying that one unusual man once prayed a remarkable prayer in the ancient past. He is establishing the prototype for the end-time remnant — a people who have entered the *energeo* dimension and who will, in the last days, operate in the same kind of world-altering, heaven-shutting, earth-shaking intercession that Elijah operated in.

The same Holy Spirit who energized Elijah's prayer is the same Spirit who lives in you today. The same God who answered when Elijah prayed is the same God who is looking across the earth right now for those who will stand before Him as Elijah stood, pray as Elijah prayed, and see what Elijah saw.

THE INVITATION TO EVERY BELIEVER

James says it plainly so that nobody can miss it: "*Elijah was a man with a nature like ours*" (Jas 5:17). The same fallen, breakable, fear-prone human nature. The same emotional fragility. The same capacity to collapse under pressure. The prophet who stopped the rain for three and a half years also ran nearly one hundred miles from the threat of one woman. The man who called fire from heaven also begged God under a juniper tree to let him die. He had all of it. And so does every man or woman who has ever walked in the D.E.E.P. anointing. And so do you.

James is not holding Elijah up to make us feel inadequate. He is holding Elijah up to make us feel invited. If a man with a nature exactly like ours could pray with that level of authority and see those kinds of results, then the limiting factor is not your humanity, not your weakness, not your past, not your inconsistency, not your background. The limiting factor is one thing: whether you have entered the *energeo* dimension of prayer. And that dimension is not reserved for the spiritually exceptional. It is entered through yielding. The prayer is not energized because of the one praying but through them. The Holy Spirit is the energy source. Our role is to become the kind of vessel He can flow through without obstruction — righteous, humble, aligned with the Father's will, persistent in the asking, and open to being taken in directions we did not originate.

What you already have is enough. The Spirit who energized Elijah's prayers is the same Spirit who lives in you right now. The God who answered when Elijah prayed is the same God who hears your prayers today. You do not need a different Spirit, a more spectacular spiritual history, or years of conditioning before this anointing becomes available. You need to yield what you already have to the One who already lives inside you, open the channel through righteousness and humility and the persistent, face-between-your-knees kind of pressing in that Elijah modeled on Mount Carmel, and let the current run.

The decade of the 2020s was declared to be a decade of extremes. Things are not calming down. The shaking is going to intensify. And God is not looking for a more sophisticated or culturally relevant or technologically advanced Church. He is looking for a praying Church. A Church that has entered the *energeo* dimension and will not come out until the rain comes. A Church that will press in seven times if it has to,

and on the seventh time look up and see the cloud the size of a man's hand rising from the sea and start running, knowing, God has heard and answered their prayers.

**That Church can be you. That prayer can be yours. The anointing is real.
The invitation is open. And the world is waiting.**

CHAPTER 3

The Greater Works

It was July 4, 1996, and ten thousand people were packed into the indoor stadium in Chicago. We were on day four of the Morris Cerullo School of Ministry on Spiritual Warfare Prayer, which ran July 1-6. The week had already been extraordinary. Over seven hundred teenagers had come, many from inner-city Chicago, and four hundred of them had gotten saved in the very first service. The atmosphere that week was electric in a way that is difficult to describe to someone who has not been inside a genuine move of God — the kind of electricity that is not produced by production value or crowd enthusiasm, but by something settling into a place from above.

I was directing the Young Warriors portion of the conference. I had founded the Young Warriors teen ministry for Dr. Cerullo back in 1990, and in 1994 Dr. Cerullo had agreed that I should take the name and build it into its own distinct ministry. From 1990 to 2003 I ran all of the Young Warriors meetings for Morris Cerullo World Evangelism. These were not small side meetings. They were major sessions of their own, and on that particular week in Chicago they had become the arena where God was moving most visibly among the young people.

Early that morning I got a call. It was Dr. Cerullo. “You know that three of my grandchildren are attending your meetings.” “Yes sir.” “I want you to make sure they are all baptized in the Holy Spirit and praying in tongues before this week is over.” “Yes sir.” I hung up the phone and thought: “No pressure!” One of the most powerful men of God in the world had just asked me to make sure his own grandchildren had an authentic, dramatic spiritual encounter. This was where the rubber meets the road. So I prayed.

That morning his grandchildren all came into the service late, after the worship had already started. About thirty minutes after I had started preaching, I saw something beginning to happen — the Spirit of God starting to come upon all three of them, quietly, unmistakably, right where they were sitting. I called them out to come stand up front. I turned to all three of them, pointed, and started to pray for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Immediately all three were hit with the power of God and started to

speak in tongues. It was sudden, explosive, and overwhelming — the kind of thing that could not have been manufactured or worked up by human means.

In that moment I understood something I have never forgotten. Dr. Cerullo did not call me randomly that morning. He had already been in his prayer closet. He had already gotten the breakthrough before he picked up that phone. He already knew in his spirit what God had purposed for his grandchildren that week — and he was calling me to align my faith with what God had already revealed was His will. When I said yes sir and went to pray, I was not generating something from my own spiritual effort. I was agreeing with a prayer that had already been deposited by a man who had been in the place of divinely energized intercession before I ever stepped onto the platform. The result was not a prayer that might be answered. It was a prayer that was absolutely going to be answered. Because it had already been established in heaven before it was declared on earth.

That night, the whole dimension shifted again. Dr. Cerullo was preaching on prayer — not natural prayer, but prayer that is divinely energized. Prayer that can shift global climates, remove despots and dictators, cause the sun to stand still, split seas, raise the dead, bring fire down from heaven, defeat armies, produce revivals, and ultimately usher in the return of Jesus Christ. You could feel the tangible power and authority of God building in that stadium as he preached. I felt a prompting in my spirit to go stand at the edge of the stage. I didn't fully know why. I just obeyed.

As soon as I arrived at the far left side of that massive platform, Dr. Cerullo called all the main guest speakers forward. R.W. Schambach, Larry Lea, and many others — some of the biggest names in the spiritual warfare prayer movement at that time. One by one he handed them the microphone and had them pray spiritual warfare prayers over the stadium. As they prayed I was standing to the side watching — and then I saw something in the spirit. Four huge demonic principalities, positioned at the upper part of the stadium. I knew their areas of authority: Rebellion, Seducing Spirits, Pornography and Drug Addiction, and Religious Spirit. They were large, dressed in what appeared to be royal garments and jewels — magnificent-looking yet vile and purely evil in a way that was beyond anything I had encountered before. These were world-ruling demonic beings.

Preacher after preacher prayed over the next thirty minutes. And I was shocked that nobody called these principalities out. I kept thinking: “Can't they see them? They are right there.” I watched Dr. Cerullo's face throughout, because when you have been with someone like that for years and you are in tune with how the Holy Spirit moves through them, you can tell what they are going to do before they even move. I could see two things clearly. He was not satisfied with the level of breakthrough from what had been offered so far. But he was also starting to motion that he was going to wrap the service up. R.W. Schambach was the last to pray. As Schambach was praying, Dr. Cerullo turned to signal his director to close the service, and he saw

me standing at the far edge of the platform. He did a double take. His eyes locked on mine with an expression I recognized — excited, almost shocked, like he saw something in the spirit — and he immediately shouted into the microphone: “Steve, get up here!”

I ran to the front. Dr. Cerullo grabbed Schambach by the collar, pulled him back, yanked the microphone out of his hand, and put it in mine. Then he looked at me and commanded one word. “Pray!”

I started to pray in tongues and then immediately began calling out the principalities I had been seeing. The moment I named them, Dr. Cerullo shouted, “YES!” That was it. That was what he had been waiting for. The power and authority that flooded through me in that moment was unlike anything I had ever felt — overwhelming, not from me, moving through me. The entire stadium erupted. Ten thousand people praying in unity, in one accord, with a precision and authority they had not been able to find in the previous thirty minutes. The atmosphere was torn open from above. Leader after leader came to me after the service saying the same thing: “Steve, the moment you started to pray, the entire atmosphere changed and rose to a completely different level.”

That night, under the same kind of divinely energized prayer anointing that Dr. Cerullo had operated in when breaking open nations across his life and ministry, something was transferred. Not a technique. Not a strategy. An anointing. A divine impartation of the kind of prayer that does not originate from the person praying but through them. As Dr. Cerullo had always prayed: “Father, take the anointing that is upon my life and help me transfer it to someone else.” And God’s response to that prayer had always been: “Son, build Me an army.” That night in Chicago, God was expanding His army. And this is now my prayer as well — God, take this Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing and transfer it to others.

That is why this book exists.

THE MOST STAGGERING PROMISE JESUS EVER MADE

What happened in Chicago that night was not a fluke, and it did not belong to Dr. Cerullo alone. It was a living demonstration of a promise Jesus made on the night before He died — a promise so vast, so audacious, so far beyond anything religion had ever dared to offer that the Church has spent two thousand years struggling to believe it fully. To understand it, we need to go back to the room where it was first spoken and let Jesus build it the way He built it — layer by layer — because every layer is load-bearing.

He looked at eleven frightened, grieving men — men who had witnessed three and a half years of unmatched supernatural power — and He told them that anyone who believes in Him would do the same works. And then He said something that stopped the room.

“Most assuredly, I say to you, he who believes in Me, the works that I do he will do also; and greater works than these he will do, because I go to My Father. And whatever you ask in My name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.”

John 14:12–13

Greater. Not the same. Not comparable. Greater — in scope, in redemptive reach, in the number of lives touched, in supernatural power, in the geographic breadth of what would be unleashed across the earth. And then He gives the mechanism: not a program, not a method, not a religious structure. A door. *“Whatever you ask in My name, that I will do.”* The channel through which the greater works are released always begins in prayer.

This promise of greater works is often declared and rarely experienced in the modern church. We make excuses, try to minimize what the words mean, claim that day has passed, or just pretend it’s happening when what we’re experiencing is nothing more than human emotionalism and not heavenly power. Jesus made this promise and we must press in to discover how we can operate in it. Every word in the Upper Room was given by Jesus for that divine purpose so we, through divinely energized prayer, can release the greater works of God’s kingdom into the earth.

Let’s begin with three words that most people read right past: *“He who believes”* (John 14:12). Everything in this promise hinges on what that phrase actually means, because Jesus is not speaking loosely. This is far beyond a mental assent or positive confession. In the Greek, the word “believe” is the verb *pisteuo* — and it is the verb form of the noun *pistis*, which is the Greek word for faith. *Pistis* at its root does not mean intellectual agreement or doctrinal acceptance. It means fidelity — loyalty and submission to authority. *Pisteuo*, then, is not a one-time declaration but a continuing action. It is the ongoing, active posture of a person who has placed themselves under the authority of Jesus and stays there. Not belief as in, “I believe” or a confession you make. Belief as the governing reality of continual submission to God’s absolute authority over every part of your life and, in context of these verses, especially your prayers.

The Bible itself gives us a picture of what this looks like in practice, and it appears in the most unexpected place — through a Roman centurion who came to Jesus on behalf of his paralyzed servant. Jesus offered to come to his house, and the centurion stopped Him: *“Lord, I am not worthy that You should come under my roof. But only speak a word, and my servant will be healed. For I also am a man under*

authority, having soldiers under me. And I say to this one, ‘Go,’ and he goes; and to another, ‘Come,’ and he comes” (Matt. 8:8-9). Jesus marveled — the only time in all of Scripture He is recorded doing so over a person’s faith — and declared: *“I have not found such great faith, not even in Israel”* (Matt. 8:10).

What did this man do that moved Jesus to astonishment? This Roman was coming to Jesus to “pray” for his servant to be healed. But what was different is the centurion understood a spiritual reality. He understood why it always worked when Jesus prayed. He was recognizing a chain of authority and fully submitting to and trusting in it. The centurion understood from his own experience as a commander of men. When he commanded his soldiers to do something, they did not obey him because of anything inherently powerful in himself. They obeyed because of the weight of the authority (Rome) standing behind every command he gave. Now he was telling Jesus: “I understand how authority works. You are under authority — not Rome’s, not Israel’s, but the authority of heaven itself. Your word carries the power of the One who sent you. You don’t need to come to my house. Just speak it and the supernatural power of heaven will be released.” That is the essence of *pisteuo*. That is faith (*pistis*), put into action; belief. The centurion understood that because Jesus was in total submission to God, when He prayed and declared, all of heaven was backing him up.

The qualifier for the greater works is not a title or some elite special calling from God. It is the posture that the centurion understood — a life so fully submitted to the authority of God the Father and Jesus His Son, that His word alone is sufficient. That is “*he who believes in Me.*”

And Jesus confirms this from His own life. Nearly twenty times in the Gospel of John He says some version of the same truth: “The words I speak are not My own. The works I do are not My own. I do what the Father shows Me. I say what the Father tells Me to say.” He is not speaking in humility formulas. He is describing how authority actually flows in the kingdom — and showing us the interior life that makes the greater works possible. Now let us go back to the room where He built that foundation, because He did not release this commission without first revealing the pattern behind it.

THE FOUNDATION JESUS LAID BEFORE THE COMMISSION

Jesus did not begin with verse 12. Eleven verses of deliberate, layered construction precede it — each one essential to understanding what He is about to release. The Upper Room on the night of the Last Supper is the heaviest room in human history. Judas has slipped out to complete his betrayal. Peter has just been told that before

dawn he will deny Jesus three times. These men have organized their entire lives around this one Person — and He is telling them He is leaving. Into that collapse, Jesus speaks:

“Let not your heart be troubled; you believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father’s house are many dwelling places; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.”

John 14:1–2

Most people read this as a promise about heaven and move on. But the word Jesus uses for “dwelling places” is the exact same word He will use in John 15 when He commands the disciples to “abide” in Him — it means a permanent, mutual indwelling, a settled home. He is not going to the Father to build real estate. He is making the way for redeemed humanity to become the permanent dwelling place of God Himself. The Father’s house is not a location. It is a people in whom God lives. That truth — mutual indwelling — is the foundation on which everything else in this chapter rests.

Thomas, honest enough to say what the others are thinking, asks the question: “*Lord, we do not know where You are going, and how can we know the way?*” (John 14:5). And Jesus answers with one of His great “I Am” declarations:

“I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.”

John 14:6

The way — the only road through the barrier between sinful humanity and the holy Father. The truth — not simply speak truth but He himself is the very manifestation of truth. There is no truth outside of Jesus. There is no such thing as “my truth.” Jesus is THE TRUTH. And the Life. Jesus is the source and sustainer of all life. He is establishing these as necessary realities to operate in the greater works prayer anointing. And then when Philip asks, “*Lord, show us the Father*” (John 14:8), Jesus responds with the verse that unlocks the entire commission.

THE SECRET BEHIND EVERY WORK JESUS EVER DID

This is the layer that changes everything. Philip’s question opened the door, and what Jesus says in response is not what anyone expected.

*“Do you not believe that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words that I speak to you I do not speak on **My own authority**; but the Father who dwells in Me does the works.”*

John 14:10

Jesus reveals a great mystery here, that we all must hear. Even though He was fully God and fully man, yet He says, “It’s not My authority, it’s the Father’s doing the works.” Every miracle, every healing, every resurrection, every demonic rout — none of it performed through an independent exercise of His divine power. All of it flowing from the fully submitted, intimate, unbroken, mutual indwelling of the Father in Him. *“The Father who dwells in Me does the works.”* The Father was not dropping in and out. He abode there permanently, without interruption — and it is precisely that unbroken indwelling that was the source of every word Jesus spoke and every work He did. Not Jesus acting on His own. The Father expressing Himself through the perfectly yielded, perfectly obedient Son. By revealing it wasn’t His power and authority He is revealing to us that we also can work the works of God.

Now notice what Jesus says here and what He repeats nearly twenty times across John’s Gospel: *“I do not speak on My own authority.”* Go back to the centurion for a moment. He saw from the outside what Jesus is now describing from the inside. The centurion recognized that Jesus’ words carried the authority of heaven because Jesus was fully submitted to heaven — that the works flowed from the indwelling, and the indwelling was sustained by obedience. Jesus Himself confirms it. Submission to the Father’s authority is not a byproduct of His ministry. It is the engine of it. And now He is about to tell the disciples that this same engine is going to be placed inside them.

WHAT ALIGNMENT WITH HEAVEN ACTUALLY MEANS

Once you see that the greater works flow from submitted indwelling — from a life living inside the authority of the Father the way the Son lived inside it — a critical question surfaces: What does that alignment actually look like in practice for the intercessor? Jesus answered it directly in Matthew 16:19, though most believers have read it their entire lives without understanding what He said.

In the ESV it reads: *“Whatever you bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven”* (Matt. 16:19). That sounds like authority flowing upward — you declare it here, God ratifies it there. This posture implies you are the initiating party. That reading has produced a generation of people binding and loosing with great confidence and wondering why heaven seems slow to follow their lead.

The Greek does not say that. The verbs are in the perfect passive participle — a tense English cannot carry, which is why standard translations flatten it. The AMPC recovers the actual meaning: *“Whatever you bind (declare to be improper and unlawful) on earth must be what is already bound in heaven; and whatever you loose (declare lawful) on earth must be what is already loosed in heaven” (Matt. 16:19)*. The direction has completely reversed. The binding and loosing on earth is not creating a new reality. It is declaring an existing one. What you see the Father doing is what moves your declaration — not the other way around. You are not the author of the binding and loosing. You are the voice of it.

The intercessor’s first work is not declaration. It is listening. Not telling heaven what to do — discovering what heaven has already decided, and then speaking it on earth with the authority of one who has been in the presence of the King.

Do you see how this connects to everything we have been building? The centurion understood that a word carries the authority of the one who sent it — and that you can only speak with that authority when you are genuinely under it. Jesus lived that truth from the inside. And now Matthew 16:19 reveals that this is precisely how kingdom intercession operates: the person living in continuous *pisteuo* — fully submitted to the authority of Jesus — gains access to what that authority has already determined in heaven. And when they speak it on earth, heaven confirms it because it was already decided there. The intercessor is not generating the reality. They are voicing it.

Elijah on Mount Carmel is the fullest picture of this. The rain was already loosed in heaven before he ever put his face between his knees — God had already spoken: *“I will send rain on the earth”* (1 Kgs. 18:1). Those seven rounds of intercession were not Elijah wearing God down. They were Elijah staying submitted in the place of hearing, holding the tension between what God had already declared and what was not yet visible, until heaven’s reality broke through into the natural realm. The cloud the size of a man’s hand was not the answer to a new request. It was the first visible evidence of what God had already decided. Elijah was not the author. He was the voice.

THE MOTIVE THAT UNLOCKS THE AUTHORITY

There is one more layer that Jesus embeds directly into the commission, and without it everything else is aimed at the wrong target. He does not simply say He will do whatever we ask. He tells us why. *“That the Father may be glorified in the Son”*

(John 14:13). That phrase is not decorative. It is the motive that determines whether the full authority of heaven stands behind an intercession — and it is non-negotiable.

The greater works exist for one reason: the public, visible, undeniable glorification of the Father through the Son, now expressed through the body of the Son moving in the earth. Not to build impressive ministries. Not to establish platforms. Every answered prayer will be evaluated by this standard: Does it glorify the Father in the Son? When the motive is pure, the authority is full. Jesus lived this without deviation — *“He who speaks from himself seeks his own glory; but He who seeks the glory of the One who sent Him is true, and no unrighteousness is in Him”* (John 7:18). And Elijah demonstrated it before a watching nation on Mount Carmel: not calling fire to prove himself, but to settle the question of who God is. That motive — God’s supremacy, God’s glory — is what gave the prayer its authority. Not his passion. His alignment.

THE D.E.E.P. ANOINTING: THE MECHANISM OF THE GREATER WORKS

Now we can see the full picture of what makes the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing work. James 5:16 calls it *“The effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man”* — the *energeo* prayer, energized by the same Spirit who raised Christ from the dead. It works because the believer who prays it is abiding in Christ the way the Father abode in the Son — permanently, continuously, as a settled condition of the soul. And from that abiding, the Father expresses Himself through the yielded vessel the way He expressed Himself through Jesus. Not prayer that strains harder or manufactures intensity. Prayer so submitted to the Son’s authority, so aligned with the Father’s will, so yielded to the Spirit’s energizing, that what flows from the intercessor’s mouth is already what the Father has purposed in heaven.

This is also where we begin to see how a specific word from God — what the New Testament calls a *rhema*, a word spoken by God in a particular moment — carries within it the faith to bring it to pass. God does not subject His purposes to your emotional readiness on a given morning. He puts the power inside the word itself. When the intercessor has cultivated enough intimacy through continuous *pisteuo* to hear that word, the faith arrives with it — released from above, not manufactured from within. We will return to this more fully when we reach John 15:7: *“If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you will ask what you desire, and it shall be done for you.”* The abiding makes possible the hearing, and the hearing makes possible the perfectly aligned asking. But the seed is planted here.

James deliberately selects Elijah to illustrate this, then adds the qualifier that changes everything: *“Elijah was a man with a nature like ours”* (Jas. 5:17). Not a

superhuman. Not a special category. A man with the same flesh, the same fears, the same limitations we carry. What made him capable of shutting heaven and opening it was not his nature. It was his submission — praying according to what had already been spoken, holding the tension in intercession until what was bound and loosed in heaven was fully released into the earth. That is the standard to which this book is calling you.

YOU ARE IN THAT ARMY

Let me bring all of this together, because it is one connected revelation — not a collection of separate doctrines but a single thread running from the Upper Room all the way to your prayer closet. The Father permanently abode in the Son, and from that unbroken, obedient indwelling every greater work flowed. *Pisteuo* — the ongoing, submitted, loyally-yielded posture that Jesus lived — is the qualifying condition He places on the greater works commission. Five times in one night, He instructed them to obey His commands. Matthew 16:19 in the Greek reveals that binding and loosing are not the believer imposing new realities on heaven, but declaring from earth what God has already determined above. The D.E.E.P. anointing is this pattern fully operational: prayer so submitted to the Father's authority, so aligned with what He has already purposed, that the Spirit energizes it with resurrection power and heaven confirms it on earth. That is what was in Dr. Cerullo's prayer closet. That is what Elijah carried on Mount Carmel. And it belongs to anyone who will inhabit the centurion's posture — fully under authority, and therefore fully carrying it.

Dr. Cerullo prayed his whole life: "Father, take the anointing that is upon my life and help me transfer it to someone else." God answered: "Son, build Me an army." God is not building an army of spiritual celebrities. He is building an army of believers who have learned to disappear into the place of submission and come out carrying what they did not generate themselves — because they found out what heaven had already decided, and declared it. The question is not whether God is willing. He has never stopped being willing. The question is whether He will find a people willing to live in that place.

James does not present Elijah as a category beyond your reach. He presents him as proof of what your nature — the same nature — can access when fully surrendered to divinely energized, heaven-aligned, authority-submitted prayer. The greater works are not waiting on a new outpouring. They are waiting on a people who will pray the way Elijah prayed — submitted enough to hear what heaven has already decided, and bold enough to declare it on earth.

Jesus is calling us into the same love exchange that He and the Father have always operated in. We are being called to the throne of God. To stand in the gap for a suffering world, and to pray as Jesus prayed. ***“Not My will but Yours be done.”***

Do you feel the Holy Spirit calling you? Do you long to be used by God to release the **GREATER WORKS**? Are you willing to say to Him, “I surrender all... Here am I Lord, send me?”

CHAPTER 4

The Pattern and the Condition

It was 2:30 in the morning on a night in December 2006, just a few days before the new year. I was in my home office, finishing the last technical tweaks on the Zadok Discipleship Course video series. The audio version of the course had already been completed by over a hundred thousand people, and for several months God had placed an unusual heavy anointing on me to redo the entire thing as a video course — all forty-eight sessions, filmed, edited, and produced by me alone. There had been a clear divine grace on that project from the beginning, the kind of anointing that makes you feel like the work is not fully coming from you, like you are cooperating with something that has already been determined from above. And now, at 2:30 in the morning, I had just finished. The last file was done. The project was complete.

That is when I heard the voice of the Lord.

“Son, I need you to do something for me.” He spoke with a tenderness I recognized — the tenderness of a loving Father who is about to ask you something He knows you are not going to want to do, and who is not apologizing for asking it. I knew immediately what He was going to say. I had been around Christian television enough to know what it looked like from the inside, and I genuinely wanted nothing to do with it. I had seen behind the curtain. I knew how much of what happened on those sets was performance rather than presence, how much of the airtime was devoted to fundraising rather than ministry, how many of the most recognizable names were something very different in private than they appeared in public. It was not a false perception of TV ministry — it was a personal, specific, experience-based aversion. And now the Father was telling me: *“I want you to go on TV.”*

I love the Father. I want to obey Him. I said yes. But I said yes with conditions attached — which, looking back, tells you everything about where I actually was in that moment. “I will do this,” I told Him, “but I am not going to spend a lot of time trying to raise money to pay for the airtime.” And then I began to pray in agreement with His will — or what I thought was agreement with His will — asking Him to open the doors and cover the cost.

The next morning I contacted the first Christian network on my list. I asked about their process, their technical requirements, and their rates. They asked about the theme and content of the program I wanted to air. I told them it would begin with the Zadok Discipleship Course — forty-eight sessions already formatted in half-hour segments, ready to go. I offered to send them a link so they could preview a portion while we were still on the phone. The man on the other end watched the first ten to fifteen minutes of the material while I waited.

What normally happens is this: you submit a sample program, they begin a review process that takes thirty to sixty days, and at the end of it they accept or reject your application. That is the standard process. But this man did not follow the standard process. He was overwhelmed by what he saw. He approved the program on the spot, right there on the phone, before we had even discussed the details. Then he told me he would give me seventy percent off the normal rate, put me in a prime time slot, and include two free repeat showings every week.

I was still on the phone processing this when I hung up. Immediately — before I even stood up from the desk — my phone rang again. It was a businessman from California: “Hey Steve, what’s up? I felt led to call you.” I told him what God had spoken to me at 2:30 that morning and what had just happened in the conversation with the network — a program that would reach sixty million homes. He asked how much it would cost. I told him. He said, “Well, I guess that is why God had me call you. I will pay for the first entire year.”

In less than eighteen hours from the moment God spoke to me in that home office, I had a signed contract for a television program and full funding for an entire year. Not through my effort. Not through my network. Not through any fundraising — which I had specifically told God I was not going to do. The hand of God was on it so completely, so immediately, so visibly, that there was no other explanation.

For the next six months I told that story everywhere I went. And every time I told it, I said the same thing: “I didn’t want to do it, but God asked so I said yes.” People were inspired by it. They appreciated the obedience. And it was true — I had obeyed. But something about the way I kept telling it was bothering me, even if I couldn’t name what it was yet.

Then one morning I was praying in my home, standing at the back window looking out at the yard, and God spoke to me again. Not with the tenderness of a Father making a request this time. With the clarity of a Father calling a son into something deeper.

“Son, it is not good enough just to obey Me. You must choose to want what I want.”

I stood there and let that land. He was not rebuking the obedience. He was not telling me the TV ministry had been wrong or that the results were somehow tainted. What He was doing was pulling back a layer I had not known was still there. I had obeyed His will while still holding my own preference alongside it. I had surrendered my behavior without surrendering my desire. Six months of “I didn’t want to do it but God asked” was the sound of a man who was still carrying his own will into the obedience — still measuring the gap between what God wanted and what he wanted, still noting the distance between them, still keeping the record of what the surrender had cost him.

The Father was inviting me beyond compliance into union. Beyond a love that overrides its own will when God asks, to a love that has chosen to genuinely want what the Father wants. Not because the feeling arrives automatically, but because *agape* love — the love Jesus modeled, the love the Father showed the Son, the love the Son now asks from us — is a choice of the will to act in the best interest of another regardless of the cost to yourself. Including the cost of your own preferences. Including the cost of the very framework through which you were measuring the obedience.

Obedience is the beginning. Alignment is the destination.

PART ONE: THE PATTERN JESUS LIVED BY

“The words that I speak to you I do not speak on My own authority; but the Father who dwells in Me does the works.”

John 14:10

Jesus is not speaking in riddles here. He is revealing the deepest secret of His earthly ministry: He never acted or spoke from His own independent will. The words He spoke were not His own. The works He did were not His own. They were the Father’s, flowing through the Son who had chosen to yield Himself completely to what the Father was revealing and doing. This is not a small detail about Jesus’ theology. It is the secret of His power. And it is the pattern He is now offering to us.

You need to understand the depth of this surrender, because without it the pattern sounds like a technique rather than a way of life. Jesus repeatedly declared, in one form or another, that He did not come to do His own will. He was not making a theological point for the record. He was describing the actual, lived condition of His soul. *“I have come down from heaven, not to do My own will, but the will of Him who sent Me”* (John 6:38). *“My food is to do the will of Him who sent Me, and to finish His work”* (John 4:34). *“I do nothing of Myself; but as My Father taught Me, I speak these things... I always do those things that please Him”* (John 8:28–29).

Total submission. Not selective submission — not yielding in the big dramatic moments while maintaining his own preferences in the ordinary ones. Total. The Father would reveal His will. Jesus would immediately align Himself with it. Every time. In word, in action, in prayer. This is how He lived His whole life.

And now here is the part most believers have never fully seen: this same pattern applied directly to Jesus' prayers. When Jesus prayed, He did not pray from His own independent desires and then ask the Father to bless them. The Father would reveal His will — and then Jesus would ask the Father according to that revealed will. This is the divine dynamic running beneath the surface of John 14:13. Jesus does not say, "Whatever I want, I will ask and it will be done." He says "*Whatever you ask in My name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.*" The asking flows from the alignment. The alignment flows from the revelation. The revelation flows from the intimacy.

Psalm 2 shows us this pattern in its eternal form, rooted in the love between the Father and the Son before the foundations of the world. "*I will declare the decree:*" says the Son, "*The Lord has said to Me, 'You are My Son, today I have begotten You. Ask of Me, and I will give You the nations for Your inheritance, and the ends of the earth for Your possession'*" (Psa. 2:7-8).

I want you to slow down and really see what is happening here, because this is one of the most important passages in the entire Bible for understanding how prayer actually works. Before there was a universe. Before there was a human being. Before there was sin or a cross or a Church or an end-time harvest — in the eternal fellowship of the Godhead, before any of it existed, this conversation was already taking place. The Father and the Son, in the perfect intimacy of their eternal relationship, already had this dynamic operating between them. And it reveals the deepest secret of what prayer is supposed to be.

Notice the sequence carefully. The Father does not simply hand the nations to the Son. He first establishes the relationship — "*You are My Son.*" He declares the identity and the position. You belong to Me. I belong to you. We are in this together. Out of that established relationship, He then makes a stunning statement: "*Ask of Me.*" Not take. Not assume. Ask. The Father had already purposed to give the nations to the Son — that was never in question. The inheritance was already decided in the eternal counsel of God. But the Father wanted the Son to ask for it. He wanted the asking to flow out of the relationship, out of the intimacy, out of the Son's deep alignment with the Father's heart and purposes. The prayer was not the mechanism by which the Son talked the Father into something. The prayer was the expression of perfect union between two hearts that already wanted the same thing.

And that is the revolutionary truth about prayer that most of us have never fully grasped. Jesus did not originate the prayer for the nations. The Father revealed what

He intended to give, and then invited the Son to ask for it. The Son, in perfect alignment with the Father's heart, asked. The Father answered. Not because the asking was eloquent or persistent or emotionally intense, but because the asking was perfectly aligned with what the Father had already purposed. The prayer was the overflow of a relationship so intimate that the Son already knew what the Father wanted — and asked for it from that place of knowing. That is the eternal prayer dynamic of the Godhead. And it is the pattern Jesus is now handing to us.

Now here is something that will change the way you see prayer forever, and it is the foundation everything else in this section rests on. Most of us think of Jesus as an intercessor because of what He did on the cross and what He now does at the right hand of the Father. We read Hebrews 7:25 — *“He always lives to make intercession”* — and we picture the risen Christ in heaven, praying for us since the resurrection. And that is gloriously true. But the revelation goes much deeper than that. Jesus did not become an intercessor when He became a man. He did not take on intercession as a new function at the cross or at the ascension. Intercession is the eternal function of the Son within the Godhead. It is what He does. It is who He is. *“He was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him, and without Him nothing was made that was made”* (John 1:2-3).

Think about what this means. The Son has always been the one who asks the Father on behalf of another. He has always been the one who receives the Father's purposes and prays them back. He has always been the one through whom the Father's will moves from heaven into reality. This is not a role He assumed because humanity needed saving. It is His eternal nature expressed in time. And when Hebrews says, *“He always lives to make intercession,”* the word “always” is doing enormous theological work. Not since the resurrection. Not since Pentecost. Always. It is the unceasing, uninterrupted, eternal occupation of the Son.

Why? Because of the same reason we planted earlier — love by its very nature must have another to share itself with. The Godhead is not a committee. It is a love relationship — the Father and the Son and the Spirit in perfect, eternal, overflowing fellowship with one another. The Father loves the Son and pours everything into Him. The Son loves the Father and surrenders everything back. And the movement of love between them — the giving and receiving, the revealing and responding, the asking and answering — that movement is what intercession actually is at its deepest level. Not petition in the sense we usually think of it. The eternal exchange of love between persons who are perfectly united and yet remain distinct. The Son always asking. The Father always giving. The Spirit always flowing between them as the bond of that love. The New Testament applies Psalm 2 directly to Jesus — both to His resurrection in Acts 13:33, *“God has fulfilled this for us their children, in that He has raised up Jesus. As it is also written in the second Psalm: ‘You are My Son, Today I have begotten You,’”* and to His eternal sonship in Hebrews 1:5 and 13:8, *“For to which of the angels did He ever say: ‘You are My Son, Today I have*

begotten You?’ And again: “I will be to Him a Father, And He shall be to Me a Son?”... Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.” Even in resurrection glory, at the right hand of the Father with all authority given to Him in heaven and earth, the Son still asks.

When Jesus says in John 14:13, *“Whatever you ask in My name, that I will do”* — He is not offering to do something foreign to His nature. He is inviting you into what He has always been doing. The asking that has eternally flowed between the Son and the Father is now opened to you. When you pray in His name, you are not generating a request and sending it upward hoping God notices. You are stepping into an eternal current. You are joining the Son in the intercession that has always been His occupation. And this is also why the Holy Spirit’s intercession in Romans 8:26–27 makes such perfect sense — *“The Spirit Himself makes intercession for us... according to the will of God.”* The Spirit is doing the same thing the Son does. The intercession of the Son and the intercession of the Spirit are the same eternal movement expressed through different Persons. When you yield to the Spirit in prayer, you enter that movement. The D.E.E.P. anointing is not you producing prayer that reaches up to God. It is you being drawn into the intercession that has always flowed within the heart of God Himself.

“For the Father loves the Son, and shows Him all things that He Himself does; and He will show Him greater works than these, that you may marvel.”

John 5:20

Let this explode inside you. The Father does not hide His will from the Son. He shows Him all things that He Himself does. Every plan, every purpose, every movement He is making in the earth — the Father opens His heart and shows the Son. Because He loves the Son. Love does not hoard itself. Love must give, must share, must pour out — and the Father’s love has been doing exactly that toward the Son from eternity. That is why He shows Him everything. And the Son, in that same love, aligns with what the Father has shown Him and prays it back. This is why Jesus could pray with such absolute confidence and authority. He was never guessing. He was never praying from His own limited understanding and hoping the Father would agree. The Father had already shown Him what to ask. So when He prayed it, He already knew it was going to be answered. *“Father, I thank You that You have heard Me. And I know that You always hear Me”* (John 11:41–42). He said that at Lazarus’s tomb before He called a dead man to life. He could say it because He was not projecting His own hope outward — He was praying back what the Father had already revealed.

This is exactly what was happening in my home office at 2:30 in the morning in December 2006. I did not come up with the television ministry. I was not strategizing about reach or platform. I was finishing a project the Father had already assigned me

when He spoke. And the moment I said yes, my prayers came into agreement with what He had revealed, I was not generating something new — I was aligning with what He had already purposed. The phone calls that followed were not the result of my networking. They were the result of a Father who had already been moving on both sides of the conversation, waiting for the Son to ask. Less than eighteen hours. Contract and funding. That is not human effort. That is the Psalm 2 pattern operating in a home office in Texas.

James 5:17 shows us Elijah operating in the same pattern. Elijah did not wake up one morning and decide on his own initiative to shut the heavens for three and a half years. He had saturated himself in the covenant warnings of Deuteronomy. He discerned that Israel had crossed the line God had already drawn in His word. He aligned his heart with what the Father had already revealed He would do — and then he prayed with divinely energized intensity until heaven answered. The Father had revealed. Elijah had asked according to that revelation. Heaven responded. The same pattern. Different vessel. Same result.

Andrew Murray captured the essence of this pattern in *Like Christ* with a precision that has never left me. Writing about John 5:19 — “*The Son can do nothing of Himself*” — he described what it looked like in practical terms when Jesus learned His trade in Joseph’s carpentry shop as a boy:

“The first thing you notice is the entire dependence: ‘The son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the father doing.’ Then you are struck by the implicit obedience, that just seeks to imitate the father: ‘for whatsoever things the father doeth, these doeth the son in like manner.’ You then notice the loving intimacy to which the father admits him, keeping back none of his secrets: ‘for the father loveth the son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth.’ And in this dependent obedience on his son’s part, and the loving teaching on the father’s part, you have the pledge of an ever-growing advance to greater works.”

— Andrew Murray, *Like Christ*, Chapter 15

The same pattern — entire dependence, implicit obedience, loving intimacy in which nothing is hidden — is how Jesus lived His whole life, from the carpenter’s shop to the cross.

This is the pattern. The Father reveals His will. We ask according to what He reveals. Jesus does it. The Father is glorified. This is how the greater works are released. Not by us dreaming up our own plans and asking God to bless them. Not by praying louder or longer or with more emotional intensity. The greater works flow when we learn to do what Jesus modeled — wait for the Father to show us what He is doing,

then ask in Jesus' name according to that revealed will, and watch the Father answer through the power of the Holy Spirit.

The Father reveals. The Son asks. The Father answers. The Holy Spirit carries it out. That is the pattern. That is the prayer that shakes kingdoms. And it is available to every believer who will learn to operate from that place.

PART TWO: THE CONDITION THAT OPENS THE PATTERN

“If you love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Helper, that He may abide with you forever.”

John 14:15–16

Jesus places a condition on receiving the Holy Spirit in the context of this D.E.E.P. prayer anointing. The condition is love expressed as obedience. He says commandments in the plural — not one selected command we feel comfortable with, not the ones that align conveniently with what we already wanted to do, but His commandments as a body of revealed will that we have submitted ourselves to entirely. And He repeats it almost immediately so nobody can miss it or soften it: *“He who has My commandments and keeps them, it is he who loves Me. And he who loves Me will be loved by My Father, and I will love him and manifest Myself to him”* (John 14:21). The sign that you love Jesus is not a feeling. It is not a declaration. It is not a worship experience. It is keeping His commandments. This obedience is not optional and it is not negotiable. It is the gateway.

Before we go further we have to define the love Jesus is talking about, because the word has been so stripped of its weight in contemporary culture that most people read *“If you love Me”* (John 14:15), and immediately translate it into emotional affection. That is not what Jesus means. The word He uses is *agape* — a love that is a long way from sentiment. *Agape* is especially characterized by a willing forfeiture of rights or privileges in another person's behalf. I define it this way: to act in the best interest of another, regardless of the consequences to oneself. God so loved the world — He acted in our best interest, regardless of the consequences to Himself — so much so that He gave His only begotten Son. This love is not primarily a feeling. It is a choice of your will to set aside your own perceived rights and preferences for the betterment of another. When this love is directed toward God, it means you set aside your own will and desires and obediently follow His commands — not because it is convenient, not because it aligns with what you wanted anyway, but because you have chosen to act in His best interest regardless of the cost to yourself. Including the cost I discovered in December 2006. The cost of a preference. The cost of an aversion. The cost of the right to keep your own opinion about Christian television.

Jesus explicitly lays this as the initial condition to being trusted with divinely energized prayer authority. If you are not willing to lay down your own will, your own preferences, your own agenda — you are not going to be trusted with this anointing. Not because God is withholding it arbitrarily, but because the anointing itself requires the very kind of total alignment with the Father's will that only a surrendered person can maintain. You cannot pray from perfect alignment with the Father's will while simultaneously protecting your own agenda. The two positions are incompatible. The branch cannot draw from both the Vine and the ground at the same time.

THE LOVE EXCHANGE

Now look at what Jesus says will happen when the condition is met. *“He who loves Me will be loved by My Father, and I will love him and manifest Myself to him”* (John 14:21). The word translated “manifest” here means to make fully visible, to disclose clearly, to cause something to appear in plain view. Jesus is promising a real, clear, personal revealing of Himself — not information about Him but Himself — to every believer who walks in loving obedience. The living Christ becoming real, near, and unmistakable to the heart that has proven its love through obedience. The world will not see it. Verse 22 makes clear that this manifestation is not for general consumption. *“Lord, how is it that You will manifest Yourself to us, and not to the world?”* (John 14:22). But the one who proves love through obedience receives a special, relational unveiling. Christ making Himself known in a way that transforms the soul and gives that person access to what the Father is doing.

This is what I call the Love Exchange. Look at how Jesus describes the same dynamic in His own relationship with the Father. *“The Father loves the Son, and shows Him all things that He Himself does”* (John 5:20). The Father loves the Son — because the Son always obeys the Father. *“Therefore My Father loves Me, because I lay down My life that I may take it again. No one takes it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself... This command I have received from My Father”* (John 10:17-18). Jesus is saying, “The Father loves Me and shares everything with Me because I obey Him fully, even choosing to lay down My life when He commands it.” The love produces the obedience. The obedience produces the intimacy. The intimacy produces the revelation. The revelation makes the prayer possible. This is the entire cycle — the Love Exchange — and it is the same cycle Jesus now offers to us.

Jesus' total dependence on the Father and His complete surrender of His own will — that is the environment that allowed the Father to reveal all things to Jesus. Not Jesus' gifting. Not His divine nature operating independently. His surrender. His love expressed as obedience. His willingness to lay down His life because the Father commanded it. And now Jesus turns to the disciples and says: “The same intimacy, the same revelation, the same personal revealing from the Father to the obedient

lover — is available to you through the Holy Spirit, if you will love Me the way I love the Father.”

The pre-condition of the Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing is this: love the Father, abide in Jesus’ love, and love one another as He has loved us. Not as a feeling to be cultivated but as a will to be surrendered.

BEYOND COMPLIANCE

Here is where I have to be honest about where I was in December 2006 — and where many believers are for much of their walk with God. I obeyed. The results were immediate and supernatural and undeniable. God honored the obedience. He opened the door before I could reach for it and paid for a year before I could worry about the cost. And I told that story for six months as a testimony to the power of saying yes to God even when you do not want to.

All of that was true. And none of it was the fullness of what God was after.

Because what I was actually doing for those six months was measuring the distance between what God wanted and what I wanted, and reporting the gap as a virtue. “I didn’t want to do it but God asked so I said yes.” That sentence has my will in it right alongside God’s will. It keeps the record of the cost. It maintains the distinction between His preferences and mine — which means my preferences were still very much present in the room, just overridden. That is compliance. That is a starting point. That is not the Love Exchange.

The Father’s word at the window called me into something the disciples would have recognized from John 14:15, *“If you love Me, keep My commandments.”* Not just keeping the commandments. Loving Him — and out of that love, wanting His will to the degree that the gap between your preferences and His begins to close. Not immediately, not all at once, not by working up a different feeling. By making the same choice Jesus made, over and over, at the level of desire rather than just at the level of behavior. *“I do not seek My own will but the will of the Father who sent Me”* (John 5:30). Not — I reluctantly set aside My own will. I do not seek it. It has ceased to be where I am looking.

That is a deeper surrender than most of us have ever made. And I want to be honest that it is not a one-time arrival. The Father called me into it at a window in 2006 and I have been in the process of it ever since. Every new season of ministry, every new assignment, every new direction that conflicts with what I had planned or preferred, is another invitation to close the gap further — not just to override the preference but

to genuinely stop seeking it. To want what He wants. To make His purposes my food, the way Jesus described in John 4:34, “*My food is to do the will of Him who sent Me, and to finish His work.*” To say with honest completeness: “Not my will, but Yours.”

The greatest enemy of this condition — and I say this plainly because it matters for the anointing — is the hyper-grace message that has infiltrated large portions of the Church and declared that any requirement to obey God’s commands is legalism, a religious spirit, an attempt to earn what Jesus has already freely given. Nothing could be further from the truth. Jesus, having just introduced the New Covenant in the cup and the wine, immediately reinforces the eternal necessity of loving obedience. Grace did not remove the requirement to obey. It supplied the power to obey from a place of love rather than fear — but the obedience itself is not optional. Jesus says it emphatically and repeatedly across John 13-17. The conditions He lays down for entering the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing begin here at John 13 and run all the way through John 17. The doctrine that removes those conditions is not liberating the Church. It is robbing the Church of access to the very intimacy and revelation that make divinely energized prayer possible.

THE PATTERN AND THE CONDITION TOGETHER

The two movements of this chapter are inseparable. The pattern — Father reveals, you ask, Father answers — is the operating mechanism of the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing. The condition — *agape* love expressed as total surrender of your own will, producing the intimate revealing of Christ Himself to the person who loves Him in obedience — is what gives you access to the pattern. You cannot enter the pattern without meeting the condition. And you cannot sustain the condition without genuinely desiring the pattern — without wanting what the Father wants to the degree that your own preferences cease to be the measuring rod.

When both are operating together, what you get is the prayer life Jesus described. The Father shows you what He is doing because you love Him enough to obey completely. You pray back what He has shown you, in Jesus’ name, aligned with His will and purpose. Heaven answers because the prayer originated in heaven — you received it there through intimate union with the Son and prayed it back to the Father who had already purposed it. The result is not what you generated. It is what you agreed with. And the fruit that comes from it is not your achievement. It is the Father being glorified in the Son, through a yielded vessel that chose to stop seeking its own will and genuinely wanted His.

That is the prayer that moved in less than eighteen hours from a 2:30 a.m. word to a signed contract and a year of funding. Not because I was spiritually exceptional. Because I said yes to what the Father revealed, began to pray in alignment with His

revealed will, and a Father who had already been moving on both sides of the conversation brought it all together before I could even stand up from the desk. And then, six months later at a window, He invited me to go deeper — past compliance into genuine union. Past “I didn’t want to but God asked” into “I genuinely want what the Father wants.”

That second invitation is always coming. For every believer who has obeyed from a place of reluctance, who has said yes to God while privately noting the gap between His will and their preference — the Father is standing at a window somewhere in your future, waiting to say the same thing He said to me. Not as rebuke. As invitation. Come deeper. Come past compliance. Come into the Love Exchange where the Father shows you all things and you pray them back with the confidence of a Son who knows the Father always hears Him.

Obedience is good. The Father honors it and acts on it. But the fullness of the D.E.E.P. anointing is reserved for those who have chosen to want what He wants — who have crossed from compliance into union, from surrender into alignment, from “I did it though I didn’t want to” into “Father, Your will is my will. Show me what You are doing. I am asking.”

Are you ready to pray the way Jesus prayed?

CHAPTER 5

The Door No One Can Shut

“What was that!” I shouted to Travis as we passed between worshipers and a statue of Mary. I felt spiritual power, and it wasn’t from God.

It was Good Friday in Seville, Spain, in the spring of 2025, and Travis and I were trapped. We had been moving through the city for the better part of an hour trying to find a way back to where we were staying, turning down one narrow winding alley after another, and every time we thought we had found an opening, another wave of the procession would cut across our path and block it. Hundreds of thousands of people lined every avenue and filled every plaza. There was nowhere to go. The Semana Santa — Holy Week — in Seville was in full operation, and the city had essentially ceased to function for anything else.

Before I tell you what happened when we finally found a gap, you need to understand what we were standing inside of. The Semana Santa in Seville is not a parade in any casual sense of the word. It is the largest and most elaborate religious street procession in the world, running for seven consecutive days and nights, drawing more than a million visitors from across the globe. Dozens of ancient brotherhoods called *cofradías* — some of them dating back five hundred years — take turns moving through the city in an unbroken cycle of processions from Palm Sunday through Easter Sunday. Each *cofradía* carries one to three of its own massive ornate floats called a *paso*, bearing either a carved and elaborately robed statue of Mary and/or a scene from the Passion of Christ. These floats can weigh several tons and are carried entirely from underneath by teams of men called *costaleros*, who work inside the hidden frame of the float, moving it on their shoulders for up to twelve hours at a stretch, unable to see where they are going, guided only by the tapping of a foreman’s signal above their heads. Alongside the floats walk thousands of penitents in the distinctive tall pointed hoods and long robes of their brotherhood (these look like a KKK garment but often black or purple) — many of them walk barefoot, some carrying heavy wooden crosses on their shoulders. They do this as an act of penance to “suffer” for their own sins and pay a price for what they did wrong. The streets of

Seville's ancient quarter are so narrow that some of the floats barely clear the buildings on either side, and the costaleros must navigate the turns by feel alone.

This is not something the people of Seville do casually. Families have been members of the same *cofradía* for generations. Children grow up knowing which brotherhood they belong to, which *paso* their grandfather carried, which route their family has walked for a hundred years. The emotional investment is total and real. People weep openly when their neighborhood's *paso* rounds the corner. They have waited an entire year for this moment. It is the highest expression of their religious devotion — the week around which their whole spiritual year is organized.

And you need to know one more thing to fully understand what Travis and I walked into on that Good Friday. The *Semana Santa* as Seville now practices it — this particular shape, this particular scale, this particular civic and cultural saturation — was deliberately formalized and expanded in the mid-to-late 1500s as a direct instrument of the Counter-Reformation. Luther had nailed his 95 Theses to the Wittenberg door in 1517. Calvin had published the Institutes of the Christian Religion. Both men were calling the Church back to what the New Testament plainly declares: one God, one Mediator, the man Christ Jesus, direct access to the Father through the Son alone. Pray in no other name. No saints, no images, no intermediaries. The finished work of the cross is sufficient. The veil is torn. Walk through.

The institutional Church's answer in Spain was to take what had been smaller local Marian devotions and build them into something so enormous, so emotionally overwhelming, so deeply woven into the fabric of civic identity, neighborhood belonging, and family tradition, that the Reformation's recovery of direct access would feel not merely like a theological argument but like an attack on everything that made a person who they were. If you told a Sevillano in 1580 that he should stop walking in the procession with his *cofradía*, you were not making a doctrinal point. You were asking him to betray his neighborhood, his grandfather, his community, his entire sense of belonging to something larger than himself. Five hundred years later the strategy is still working exactly as it was designed to work. The floats still come out. The *cofradías* still march. The tears still fall. And the door Jesus opened with His own blood is still being bypassed by millions who have been given a beautiful, emotionally overwhelming substitute in its place.

That was the world Travis and I were moving through on Good Friday when we turned a corner and found ourselves face to face with a Mary float that had been temporarily set down while the costaleros rested. The massive, ornate *paso* had just emerged from the Seville Cathedral and was beginning the long journey back to its home church. The scene around it was breathtaking in its scale and devotion — multitudes from around the world pressing in close, faces lifted toward the robed and jeweled statue in what I can only describe as adoration. The float blocked our path

completely, but I spotted a narrow gap between the side of the float of Mary and the worshipers gazing at it. We shot through quickly, passing within a few feet of the statue.

That is when it happened.

As I rushed through that gap I walked through something. Not a metaphor. Something. A tangible spiritual power flowing from the Mary statue toward the worshipers — and I could feel the exchange, a genuine back-and-forth spiritual interaction between the people and whatever was emanating from that image. It was real. It was supernatural. And it was not the Spirit of God. I immediately cried out to Travis: “What was that?”

What I felt was emotions of kindness, care, compassion, nurturing — like a mother. But it was not the Spirit of God. It was a false spirit cloaking itself in what those people believed about Mother Mary, feeding them just enough of what they were looking for to keep them coming back while robbing them of the One who purchased direct access for them with His own blood. I had felt something like it only once before — years earlier in India, driving through the main temple district where people stood before hundreds of statues seeking supernatural encounters and getting them. Same ancient spirit. Different image. Different costume. Same deception. Here, in the heart of Christian Europe on the holiest Friday of the Christian calendar, operating openly in the streets of a city that calls itself Catholic, an ancient demonic spirit was flowing through a statue and receiving the worship that belongs to the Father alone.

That moment was seared into my spirit in a way that has not left me since. It was not abstract theology about historical religious error. It was a visceral, physical, undeniable encounter with what the chapter of this book is about. A door stands open — the door Jesus purchased with His own blood, the door the Reformers recovered from centuries of burial, the door that requires no intermediary, no statue, no climb up any hill. And millions of sincere, weeping, devoted people are walking past it to stand in front of a substitute. Standing inside the world the Counter-Reformation built, I understood in my body what Luther and Calvin were fighting for.

There is one door. One Mediator. One name. And the door is wide open.

WHAT PRAYING IN JESUS’ NAME ACTUALLY IS

On the night before His crucifixion, in the same Upper Room where He had just told His disciples about the Father’s house and the greater works, Jesus gave them the mechanism for everything. *“And whatever you ask in My name, that I will do,*

that the Father may be glorified in the Son” (John 14:13). He did not point them to angels. He did not point them to saints or relics or any other intermediary. He invited them — and through them every believer who would follow — into direct, bold, authoritative access to the Father through His own name. This is the heartbeat of biblical prayer. And it is the one thing the Counter-Reformation was specifically designed to displace.

“In Jesus name” is not a polite religious phrase we attach to the end of a sentence to make it sound Christian. It is not a formula. It is not a password that activates God’s response if you remember to include it.

Praying in His name is a living reality — the reality of standing in His authority, His identity, and His righteousness before the Father. It is you, seated with Christ in heavenly places, at the right hand of the throne of God, making intercession.

When you pray in Jesus’ name you are not invoking a title. You are praying from a position. The position of being in Him — hidden with God in Christ, clothed in His righteousness, speaking from under His authority, aligned with His mandated purposes toward the Father. Saying the words by themselves means nothing. Standing in Him means everything.

There are three things that praying in Jesus’ name is, and none of them can be separated from the others without losing the whole thing. It is prayer rooted in union with Christ alone as the sole Mediator. Paul could not have been clearer: *“For there is one God, and there is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus”* (1 Tim. 2:5). One. Not one among several. Not the first in a hierarchy with Mary and the saints filling in the gaps below Him. One. Singular, absolute, final. The writer of Hebrews presses it even further: *“Therefore, brethren, having boldness to enter the Holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He consecrated for us, through the veil, that is, His flesh, and having a High Priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water”* (Heb. 10:19–22). The curtain is gone. The holy of holies is open. The new and living way is not a path toward Mary who introduces you to Jesus who then speaks to the Father on your behalf. It is direct access. Father — Son — you. No other stop on the journey. It is also prayer aligned with Jesus’ character, will, and mission — praying as His representative, advancing His purposes, submitting your desires to the governing end He already declared: *“That the Father may be glorified in the Son”* (John 14:13). This is what gives the prayer its authority. A request that flows from genuine alignment with the Father’s will, prayed in the Son’s name, is a request the Father has already purposed to answer. And it is prayer exercised with the full authority of the risen Christ — because when prayer is offered in His name, He Himself acts. This is the

prayer that fuels the greater works of John 14:12, the prayer that advances the gospel, binds demonic strongholds, and releases kingdom power on earth as it is in heaven.

The Reformers understood this with prophetic clarity because they were watching its opposite being constructed in real time. Martin Luther wrote in his Table Talk:

“We cannot pray without faith in Christ, the Mediator. Turks, Jews, and papists may repeat the words of prayer, but they cannot pray. And although the Apostles were taught this Lord’s prayer by Christ, and prayed often, yet they prayed not as they should have prayed; for Christ says: ‘Hitherto ye have not prayed in My name’ – whereas, doubtless, they had prayed much, speaking the words. But when the Holy Ghost came, then they prayed aright in the name of Christ.”

— Martin Luther, *Table Talk*

Luther is cutting directly against the system. You can recite the most beautiful prayers, light candles before the most revered statues, end every sentence with the right words, and still not be praying in His name — because praying in His name is not a verbal act. It is a position of the soul, a resting in Christ as the sole and sufficient Mediator, a coming boldly to the throne of grace without an intermediary stop along the way. John Calvin was equally unsparing in the Institutes:

“Hence it is incontrovertibly clear that those who pray to God in any other name than that of Christ contumaciously falsify his orders, and regard his will as nothing, while they have no promise that they shall obtain.”

— John Calvin, *Institutes of the Christian Religion, Book 3, Chapter 20*

Calvin wrote those words and the institutional Church’s answer in Spain was not to reform but to double down — to pour more resources, more civic machinery, more emotional spectacle into precisely the Marian devotion Calvin was addressing. And in 2025, walking through the streets of Seville with the smell of incense in the air and the sound of saetas drifting over the rooftops, I felt both the weight of those five centuries and the clarity of what the Reformers were defending. They were not attacking sincere believers. They were defending the glory of the one Mediator and the open door He purchased. Their warnings were not merely theological arguments. They were calls back to the only door through which the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing actually flows.

WHAT THE OPEN DOOR IS NOT: EYEWITNESS FROM EUROPE

In 2025 the Lord sent Travis and me on a 110-day prayer journey through 39 countries and over 130 locations across Europe. We went to pray — to close the gates of hell and open the portals of heaven, to pray for a remnant revival throughout the land. We were not looking for controversy. We were not setting out to document theological error. But at site after site, city after city, the Holy Spirit opened my eyes to a heartbreaking reality: millions of sincere, devoted, genuinely seeking people were turning to substitutes — statues, relics, bones, and exalted images of Mary — instead of walking through the door Jesus opened. These were not distant historical footnotes I was reading about in a book. These were living moments when I felt the weight of deception in real time and grieved over how far the visible church has drifted from the simplicity of the gospel.

Let me finish the Seville story first, because what happened after I walked through that gap matters as much as the moment itself. Travis and I made it through and kept moving, but I could not shake what I had felt. That spirit had been real — not a theological concept, not a preacher’s rhetorical flourish, but a tangible supernatural power I had physically walked through. I said to Travis, “We just walked through a spiritual exchange that was not from God.” He had felt it too. Just like I had experienced in India. There, Hindus in front of hundreds of statues claimed genuine spiritual encounters and I believe them. This is the ancient mechanism of idolatry: a real spiritual power flows through an image and provides just enough of what people are seeking — warmth, comfort, a sense of being heard — to keep them coming back, while diverting them permanently from the One who died to give them direct access to the Father. In Seville on Good Friday, in the heart of what the world calls Christian Europe, I watched it happening openly in the streets.

MARSEILLE: THE GOLDEN IDOL ON THE HILL

A few days after Seville we arrived in Marseille, France. On a high hill overlooking the ancient port city stands a thirty-seven-foot-tall golden statue of Mary, known as the Virgin of Notre-Dame de la Garde. You can see her from almost anywhere in the city. She watches over the harbor where centuries of sailors have set out across the Mediterranean. She is the unmistakable symbol of Marseille — not Jesus, not the cross, not the open tomb. Mary. In gold. On a hill. Visible from everywhere.

I made the long exhausting climb — hundreds of feet above the city, then flight after flight of stairs inside the basilica. As I climbed, the weight of what this place represented settled on me more heavily with every step. The stories of miracles associated with this golden Madonna go back hundreds of years. Mariners caught in violent Mediterranean storms would cry out to her for protection. People in distress

would make vows — if they believed that Mary answered their prayers they would return with offerings, paintings, silver models of ships, crutches, jewelry, elaborate thanksgiving plaques. And there they still were. Walls and side chapels filled with those offerings, row after row of them, testifying that she heard and answered. The message was unmistakable: these people were not coming primarily to the Father through Jesus. They were coming to her. She has been designated the Co-Mediatrix — the Co-Mediator of the graces of God. And in assuming that role, she has been placed in the position that belongs exclusively to the Son.

Standing there looking at that towering golden figure, the Holy Spirit brought a passage of Scripture immediately to my mind. When Israel turned the bronze serpent Moses himself had made into an object of worship, King Hezekiah destroyed it without hesitation and called it what it was: *Nehushtan*, just a piece of bronze. “*He removed the high places and broke the sacred pillars, cut down the wooden image and broke in pieces the bronze serpent that Moses had made; for until those days the children of Israel burned incense to it, and called it Nehushtan*” (2 Kgs. 18:4). He did not weigh the sincerity of the people burning incense to it. He did not respect the antiquity of the tradition. He broke it to pieces because God had not authorized the worship of it. The Reformers had fought this same battle. The Huguenots had died over it. And here, in modern France, in an institutional church building on a hilltop, a thirty-seven-foot golden idol was being actively promoted to pilgrims as a source of protection, healing, and divine favor. A sadness hit my heart that I struggle to describe — not anger, not theological indignation, but grief. I thought: the worst part of this is not the error. The worst part is what it steals. It robs God of the pleasure of His own children coming to Him directly. It robs Him of the intimacy He purchased for them at the price of His Son’s life. It substitutes a golden image for a living Father who is waiting, right now, with the door wide open.

NAPLES: THE BLOOD OF A DEAD SAINT

In Naples the encounter was even more direct, and in some ways more disturbing because it was more explicit. The Cathedral of San Gennaro houses sealed glass ampoules containing what is claimed to be the preserved dried blood of the martyr Januarius, who died around 305. Several times each year the crowds gather — thousands of them — to witness the supposed miracle of the blood liquefying in its sealed container. If the blood liquefies, the city celebrates: this year will bring blessing and good fortune. If it does not liquefy, people weep and fear that disaster is coming to Naples. The outcome of a sealed vial of ancient dried material determines whether a city feels secure or afraid.

I stood there watching it and the grief was almost unbearable. Think about what Jesus was saying, “You can go directly to the Father. In My name. With full assurance of faith. The new and living way. The veil is torn. The holy of holies is open with no

extra ritual needed or mystical relic required.” And here were desperate people traveling great distances, hoping that proximity to the dried blood of a man who died seventeen centuries ago would somehow improve their access to God. I prayed out loud right there, binding the idolatry in the name of Jesus and loosing revelation of the open door. That prayer in the cathedral in Naples was more than a personal act of intercession. It was, in miniature, a declaration of what this entire chapter is about. There is one blood that purchases access. It is not the blood in that glass. It is the blood of Jesus Christ, applied once for all, opening a new and living way that nothing can close.

COLOGNE: THE GOLDEN CHAMBER

Cologne Cathedral proudly displays what they claim are the actual bones of the Three Kings who brought gifts to the infant Jesus. But the encounter that hit me hardest in Cologne was not in the cathedral. It was in the Golden Chamber of St. Ursula’s Church. The legend says Ursula and eleven companions were martyred by the Huns for refusing to renounce Christ. The church turned the site into a major pilgrimage destination and people came to purchase fragments of bone as relics. When twelve bodies could not meet the commercial demand, the legend “miraculously” was inflated to eleven thousand virgins — pure invention, resulting in more relics (bones) available for purchase and distribution. The Golden Chamber is grotesque in a way that words struggle to capture. The walls are covered with hundreds of skulls and bones set into ornate displays, wrapped in cloth and decorated with gold. The entire room is constructed of the dead. And it is promoted with the explicit theological claim that these martyrs can intercede for you before God.

I felt the weight of God’s own grief in that room like a physical pressure. I heard Him speak, and it was not anger I heard. It was a broken heart. *“Was I not enough? Did I not promise to be with you? Did I not say I would never leave you nor forsake you? Was My mercy not sufficient that you had to look elsewhere?”* “This is not harmless Christian tradition that developed innocently over centuries. What I was looking at was the living seeking intercession from the dead, bones being treated as points of contact with God, and a direct denial of the sufficiency of the one Mediator — Jesus Christ. However unintentional, however dressed in the language of Christian devotion, the message being communicated is that the finished work of the cross left something undone that the preserved remains of a dead saint can somehow supply. That is not a minor doctrinal error. Isaiah 8:19 rebukes communicating with the dead. *“Should they seek the dead on behalf of the living?”* The answer God gave then is the same answer He gives now: *“You shall not learn to follow the abominations of those nations. There shall not be found among you anyone who... calls up the dead. For all who do these things are an abomination to the Lord”* (Deut. 18:9-12).

VILNIUS: THE GATE OF DAWN

In Vilnius, Lithuania, at the Gate of Dawn Chapel above the ancient city gate, I witnessed what I can only describe as publicly conducted idolatry inside a structure calling itself a Christian church. Over the gate stands a small chapel housing a revered icon of Mary without Jesus, encased in elaborate gold and silver. As Travis and I climbed the narrow staircase, organ music and singing filled the air. The outer vestibule was covered with votive offerings in silver and gold. Then the priest and the packed crowd turned toward the image, bowed on their knees, and began to recite the Litany of Loreto — a long, repeated litany of titles directed to Mary, each followed by the corporate response: “Pray for us.” Queen of Angels — pray for us. Queen of Martyrs — pray for us. Queen conceived without original sin — pray for us. On and on, dozens of exalted titles, each met with the same plea.

I watched their faces carefully. They were not looking at this as liturgical formality. They were gazing at that golden image with genuine endearment and awe, in a state I can only describe as devotion — the same quality of attention and longing that should be directed to God alone. They claim this is not worship. They say they are merely asking a saint to intercede for them. I watched it with my own eyes and felt it in my own spirit. It is an offering directed to a created being. It is worship in practice whatever it may be called in theology. In that moment the Holy Spirit pressed Leviticus 26:1 into my spirit: *“You shall not make idols for yourselves; neither a carved image nor a sacred pillar shall you rear up for yourselves; nor shall you set up an engraved stone in your land, to bow down to it; for I am the Lord your God.”* And Jeremiah 1:16: *“And I will declare my judgments against them, for all their evil in forsaking me. They have made offerings to other gods and worshiped the works of their own hands.”* The fact that the idol wears the name of a Christian figure does not change the dynamic. The spirit operating through it is the same spirit I walked through in Seville. The same ancient power that has always sought to divert human worship from the living God toward a created substitute.

Let me say plainly what I witnessed across Europe on that journey. In Seville, thousands stood teary eyed with lifted hands before a statue on a float — violating Exodus 20:4–5: *“You shall not make for yourself a carved image.”* In Marseille, pilgrims climbed a hill to bring offerings to a golden Madonna — violating Jeremiah 1:16. In Naples, people gathered around the dried blood of a dead saint seeking divine blessing — approaching the territory of necromancy condemned in Deuteronomy 18. In Cologne, the living sought intercession from walls of skulls — the very abomination rebuked in Isaiah 8:19. In Vilnius, crowds bowed before a gilded image of Mary — directly breaking Leviticus 26:1: *“You shall not make idols for yourselves; neither a carved image... to bow down to it.”* These are not obscure denominational differences or minor doctrinal disagreements. They are the biblical definition of idolatry, practiced openly inside buildings that carry the name of Christ, in cities that have called themselves Christian for a thousand years.

SRI LANKA: THE GOD WHO HEARS AND ANSWERS

In March of 2026 Travis and I were in Colombo, Sri Lanka, and we went to the largest Buddhist temple in the city to engage in spiritual warfare and intercession. As I stood watching the people come — families, elderly men and women, young people — standing before the multitude of statues large and small, folding their hands, bringing offerings, laying them at the feet of the images, the grief of the Lord came over me. I could see on every face what I had seen in Seville and Marseille and Vilnius and every other place on that journey. A desperate hope that someone was listening. A longing for there to be a God who notices, who hears, who can be reached, who will answer.

As I was praying behind a woman who was standing before one of these statues, I felt a verse drop in my mind. God speaks very often through scriptures to me. Sometimes I don't know the verse, other times I'm familiar with the context of the verse He is speaking and other times it's one that is very familiar to me. I felt, Isaiah 58:3. I know Isaiah 58, it's the fasting chapter, the first verses are rebukes against Israel, I could not imagine what it had to do with what I was watching. So I initially thought it was just my own thoughts, but the impression would not leave, so I opened my Bible app and read it. I immediately started to weep.

“‘Why have we fasted,’ they say, ‘and You have not seen? Why have we afflicted our souls, and You take no notice?’”

Isaiah 58:3

That is what I was looking at on every face in that temple. That is the cry underneath the ritual, underneath the offerings, underneath the careful repetition of prayers to statues that cannot hear. They fast. They offer. They bow. They bring gifts. They perform every act of devotion that their tradition requires. And in the quiet underneath all of it, the aching question: “Is anyone listening?” In that moment God showed me something with a clarity I have not been able to let go of. The key to reaching the Buddhist world, the Hindu world, the Muslim world — and the millions of nominal Christians bowing before statues across Europe — is wrapped up in one declaration.

“We serve a God who hears and answers prayer.”

Not a God you must negotiate your way toward through saints and relics and images and ascending orders of intermediaries. A God who tore the curtain Himself and said: “Come. Directly. In the name of My Son. I am listening.”

“Now this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He hears us. And if we know that He hears us, whatever we ask, we

know that we have the petitions that we have asked of Him” (1 John 5:14-15). “If you ask anything in My name, I will do it” (John 14:14). Only in the name of Jesus can that be said with authority. There is no other name under heaven.

THE OFFENSE TO THE CROSS AND THE INVITATION THAT STILL STANDS

Every encounter on that journey — Seville, Marseille, Naples, Cologne, Vilnius, Colombo — was a different angle on the same tragedy. The Church has drifted from the promise of direct access. Instead of standing in the authority of the Son, millions lean on substitutes. Instead of drawing near with full assurance through the blood of Jesus, they bow before created things and hope the created things will carry their requests upward.

Before my charismatic brothers and sisters feel too comfortable watching from a distance, let me turn the mirror around. We do the same thing. We just use different packaging.

God has absolutely used physical objects throughout Scripture and throughout history. He is sovereign and He moves as He chooses. Paul’s handkerchiefs carried genuine healing power. The shadow of Peter fell on people and they were healed. God told Elijah to stand on the mountain. He met Jacob at Bethel. He instructed Moses to make a bronze serpent and lift it on a pole, and the people who looked at it lived. These were real encounters with the living God — not the objects themselves, but God moving sovereignly through whatever means He chose.

But then something happened to that bronze serpent. Generations later, the people of Israel were still burning incense to it. What God had used as an instrument of mercy had become an object of worship. It had a name — *Nehushtan*. And King Hezekiah had to smash it to pieces. Not because God had not used it. Because the human heart had turned it into a substitute for God Himself. That is the pattern. That is always the pattern. God moves sovereignly through a moment, and our fallen hearts immediately try to package that moment and sell access to it.

We see it everywhere in the charismatic world. Anointing oil from Israel, holy water from the Jordan River, dirt from Bethlehem, pieces of cloth from a revival meeting — distributed or sold with the explicit promise that the object carries a special transferable anointing. The same mechanism as the bones of Cologne, different vocabulary. Prayer cloths prayed over by a prophet, mailed to you for a suggested donation, promised to be a point of contact for your miracle. We are told that if we give a specific offering — a first-fruits offering, a sacrificial seed — the favor that is on the man of God will now come upon us. That God has a special tier of blessing

available to those who get in the right room, connect to the right apostle, purchase the right package. We keep looking for something extra to give us access to the “greater works” power Jesus promised. And sincere, hungry, desperate believers, people who genuinely want more of God, and need a miracle, line up for it — because the hunger is real even when the mechanism is wrong.

Let me be clear about what this is. It’s not that God cannot use a cloth or an object or a location. He can. The question is what we do with it afterward. The moment we start marketing access to what God did sovereignly — the moment we start telling people that getting the right object or being under the right covering or giving to the right ministry will unlock what Jesus already unlocked for free at Calvary — we have stepped into the same error as every pilgrim who climbed that hill in Marseille to bring an offering to a golden Madonna. We have inserted a human mediator or a purchased object between a hungry believer and a Father who already threw the door wide open. We have looked at the bronze serpent instead of looking unto Jesus — the author and finisher of faith, the one through whom direct access to the Father was purchased once, for all, by blood.

It is an offense to the cross. The cross was not merely a payment for sin. It was the demolition of every barrier between God and man. When Jesus cried “*It is finished!*” (John 19:30), and the veil tore from the top down — not from the bottom up as a man might tear it, but from the top down, God Himself tearing it open — He opened a new and living way that no tradition, no institution, no Counter-Reformation, and no ministry marketing campaign can close again.

To insert another mediator, to seek intercession through statues or bones or saints or an Apostle or special trinket, is to declare, however unintentionally, that the blood Jesus shed was not enough. It treats the torn veil as if it were still intact. It rebuilds the wall He demolished with His own body. Luther saw it. Calvin saw it. The martyrs of the Reformation died refusing to accept it. And I walked through it on a Good Friday in Seville, felt it in my body, and have not been the same since.

But the invitation still stands. Jesus is calling His Church back to the simplicity and the power of praying in His name alone. “*Until now you have asked nothing in My name. Ask, and you will receive, that your joy may be full.*” (John 16:24). This is the prayer that shakes kingdoms. This is the prayer that advances the gospel to the ends of the earth. This is the prayer that honors the cross and walks boldly through the door Jesus opened. This is the prayer that releases the D.E.E.P. anointing — because the D.E.E.P. anointing is not available through any other door. It flows through the direct access Jesus purchased, through the name of the Son alone, aligned with the Father’s will, energized by the Holy Spirit. It cannot be obtained through any substitute, no matter how sincere, no matter how ancient, no matter how emotionally resonant.

The world does not need more religious systems with sincere people worshiping created things in the name of Christ. The world needs what every face in that Buddhist temple in Colombo was actually crying out for — a God who actually hears and actually answers. We have access to that God. Direct access. Purchased access. Access that cost the Son of God His life and that He declared finished from a cross and confirmed by an empty tomb.

There is one God, and there is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus. The door is open. The way has been purchased. It cost everything. Now let us walk through it.

CHAPTER 6

The Vine, the Branches, and the Abiding Life

While picking up kids for the youth group in Alpine, California, I met a young man through one of the teenagers on the van route. His classmate told me he was a satanist. I started to share Jesus with him right there, but he was as hard as anyone I had ever tried to witness to — completely closed, completely resistant, nothing landing at all. His classmate told me not to bother, that this guy hated Christianity and would never listen. I tried repeatedly over the following days. Every attempt went nowhere.

Then I heard about a special Christian concert happening at another church in the area and I told his classmate to invite him. The answer was an immediate and predictable no. That did not stop me. The night before the concert I got on my knees and started to pray for this young man. A mighty spirit of prayer came upon me. I was warring in the spirit, binding the demonic control over his life, crying out to God for his soul — and I felt something I had never felt before in prayer. A wall. Not a metaphor. A tangible, solid, impenetrable spiritual resistance that every cry seemed to bounce off of. The demonic grip on this young man seemed completely locked down, and no matter how I pressed, nothing gave.

But the divine life of God flowing through me in that prayer would not back down either. I pressed in more intensely, deeper into travail, deeper into warring, crying out with everything I had — and then suddenly, without warning, it was like a dam broke. The resistance shattered completely. I could breathe freely. Joy and peace flooded in. And with it came an overwhelming knowing, the victory is settled and certain: it is done. He is coming tomorrow and he is going to get saved.

I got on the phone right then and told the classmate to invite him again. He will come. I said it with a confidence that surprised even me: “Tomorrow he is going to get saved.” The next night that young man walked through the doors of that church. Everyone who knew him was shocked. I pulled him into the hallway while the concert was going on inside — I knew the concert was not what was going to reach him, it was what the Lord had given me to say. As I spoke those words to him, he began to manifest demons right there in the hallway. I commanded those demons to leave in

the name of Jesus and led him straight to salvation. He got saved, completely delivered, and baptized in the Holy Spirit speaking in tongues, right there in that hallway. The life of God had flowed through those prayers the night before and it entered into that young man the moment the door was open.

That was when he told me about the seventeen teenagers in his apartment complex. He had been the one the witch used to recruit other young people into her witchcraft meetings — and now he was saved, delivered, and filled with the Spirit. I told him we were going to get all those other teenagers delivered from that woman. And I already knew how. I had just learned something in that hour of prayer the night before that I would carry for the rest of my life. I had discovered the wall. I had discovered that the divine life flowing through a yielded vessel in prayer does not back down from demonic resistance. I had discovered what it feels like when the dam breaks. And I knew — with the certainty of lived experience rather than hopeful theory — that what worked to set him free would work to set the rest of them free.

That same week I began to pray for those seventeen teenagers with everything I had. And the wall came again. The same solid resistance, the same sense of impenetrable demonic control. But this time I was not confused by it. I had been here before. I knew what the wall meant and I knew what was on the other side of it. I pressed in for over an hour — travailing, warring, crying out to God to deliver those teenagers from this woman and her deception — and then I felt it break again. The same collapse. The same flood of peace and joy and knowing. I called him the next morning and told him to introduce me to everyone in that complex. They were all going to get saved. Over the next two weeks all seventeen of those teenagers gave their lives to Jesus Christ and were all speaking in tongues. The witch was furious and completely powerless to stop it.

I want you to see what happened between those two moments. The first wall was discovered in ignorance. I pressed through it because I had nothing else — no experience, no method, no track record to lean on, just the life of the Vine flowing through a branch that refused to stop abiding. The second wall was pressed through with confidence, because the first one had taught me the single most important lesson about prayer that I have ever learned. Not a technique. Not a strategy. A reality. When you stay in the Vine and refuse to stop drawing on His life, the wall always breaks. Without Him, nothing. With Him, everything. And the moment you have felt that dam break once — really felt it, in your body, in your spirit, in the sudden flood of peace — you never again mistake persistence in prayer for religious effort. You know what you are pressing toward. You know it is real. And you know it is worth pressing until it comes.

What I carried out of that hallway and into that apartment complex was not a method. It was a discovery — that a branch drawing on the life of the Vine cannot be stopped by anything the enemy builds.

That is what Jesus is describing in John 15. That is the abiding life. That is the branch that bears fruit.

THE TRUE VINE: THE SEVENTH I AM

We are still in the Upper Room on the night before the cross. Everything Jesus has been teaching across John 14 and 15 has been building toward one revelation: the mechanism by which the greater works will be released through ordinary believers after He is gone. He has shown us the pattern — the Father reveals, the Son asks, the Father answers, the Spirit carries it out. He has shown us the condition — *agape* love expressed as total surrender of our own will, which opens the channel for the Father to show us everything He is doing. He has shown us the prayer promise — “*Whatever you ask in My name, that I will do*” (John 14:13). Now He narrows everything down to one image. One picture that contains the whole theology of everything He has been teaching.

Throughout the Gospel of John, Jesus made seven powerful “I am” declarations — *ego eimi*, the divine name spoken to Moses from the burning bush, claimed by Jesus as His own. Six of them build a picture of what He gives us: He is the bread that satisfies our deepest hunger, the light that delivers us from darkness, the door through which we enter salvation, the good shepherd who lays down His life for the flock, the resurrection and the life who defeats death, the way and the truth and the life who is the full revelation of the Father. Six declarations, each one showing what Jesus provides, what He gives, what He does for us. Every one of them positions Him as the One who acts on our behalf.

Then comes the seventh. The final “I am.” The one Jesus saves for the last night He will ever spend with His disciples before the cross. “*I am the true vine, and My Father is the vinedresser*” (John 15:1). This is different from everything that came before. Not what He gives you. Not what He does for you. What He is — the Source from which your very life must flow. The first six “I am” statements are completed acts of grace. This seventh one is an ongoing condition of union. In the first six, He is the Giver. In the seventh, He is the Source. And the entire Upper Room prayer mandate depends on whether we understand the difference.

Before we go further we must see what Jesus is establishing in this single verse. He is the true Vine — the exclusive, sole Source of all spiritual life and power. Apart from Him there is no life, no authority, no fruit, no prayer that avails much. Every branch draws its life from Him alone. But then He makes a clear distinction about the roles within the Godhead. The Father is the Vinedresser. He is the owner of the vineyard and He is also the one who works it — personally, actively, continuously. He is not a distant God watching the vineyard from heaven. He is the Vinedresser who tends every single branch with sovereign care and intentional purpose. He lifts, He prunes,

He protects, He cultivates. His work on every branch is hands-on and never-ending. And the Holy Spirit, though not named in this verse, is the sap — the divine life and power that flows from the Vine into every abiding branch, carrying the very life and presence of Jesus into us. The Son is the Vine. The Father is the Vinedresser. The Spirit is the sap. This is the Trinitarian picture of what the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing looks like from the inside of the Godhead.

WHAT THE FATHER DOES WITH FRUITLESS BRANCHES

Look carefully at John 15:2: *“Every branch in Me that does not bear fruit He takes away; and every branch that bears fruit He prunes, that it may bear more fruit.”* The word translated “takes away” here does not primarily mean what most English translations suggest. It does not mean to cut off or discard or remove. Its most fundamental meaning is to lift up or to raise. In the vineyards of that day, branches would sometimes trail along the ground and begin pushing out small roots into the soil. When that happened, they stopped drawing their life from the vine and started drawing from the earth. They still looked attached to the vine from a distance — they still had the appearance of connection — but they had quietly redirected their source of nourishment. And the inevitable result was that they stopped bearing fruit. Not because the vine’s life was insufficient, but because the branch was no longer fully drawing from it.

When the Father sees a branch making this wrong attachment, He does not immediately cut it off and throw it away. His first response is to lift it up. With deliberate, merciful hands the Vinedresser reaches down, takes the trailing branch, and lifts it off the ground — dislodging it from the soil it has been feeding from, removing it from every attachment that has been drawing its strength away from the true Vine, raising it back up to where the life of the Vine can flow through it freely again. This is an act of restoration, not judgment. The Father is not removing the branch. He is rescuing it from its own wrong attachment so it can become fruitful again.

This is exactly what the Father does in our prayer lives when we allow our hearts to become attached to things other than Jesus — distracted by our own plans, feeding from self-reliance or past success or the approval of people, leaning on our experience and track record instead of fresh dependence on the Vine. Our prayers grow thin. Our spiritual life becomes dry and mechanical. We go through the motions of abiding while actually drawing from another source. And the Father, in love and faithfulness, begins to lift us up. He uses the conviction of His Word, seasons of dryness, circumstances that expose where we have become wrongly grounded — not to punish us, not to shame us, but to dislodge us from everything that is not Him and restore us to full, uninterrupted dependence on the life of the True Vine. What many believers experience as God withdrawing from them is often

the loving Vinedresser lifting a trailing branch off the ground so that divine life can flow again.

Once the fruitless branch has been lifted and restored, the Father turns His attention to the fruitful branches – and He prunes them. He takes the sharp edge of His Word and the wise discipline of His hand and cuts away every unnecessary shoot, every sucker that drains strength without producing fruit, everything that looks like growth but is actually consuming the life of the Vine without contributing to the harvest. Pruning is severe in the moment. It looks like loss. It feels like reduction. But it is the secret to maximum fruitfulness. The Father prunes every fruitful branch not because it has failed but because He intends it to bear even more. Significantly, the word Jesus uses for “prune” is the exact same word He uses in verse 3 for “clean” – the pruning is a cleansing, a removing of everything that stands between the branch and its fullest possible fruitfulness. It is the Vinedresser’s ongoing work in every believer who is genuinely abiding and genuinely bearing fruit.

This pruning is distinct from the cleansing of justification – the once-for-all washing of the new birth. This is the continual sanctifying work of the Word and the Spirit in the life of a branch that is already in the Vine, already bearing fruit, already abiding. It is the ongoing removal of everything that restricts the flow of divine life through a yielded vessel. Without it, fruitfulness plateaus. With it, the branch bears more and more, until the Father is glorified in the abundance.

But here is the question most people never ask when they read this passage: “What is the fruit?” We assume Jesus is talking about general spiritual productivity – souls saved, lives changed, Christian character developed, ministry impact accumulated. And all of those things are real results of abiding. But Jesus is far more specific than that. Look at what He says in verse 16, and do not let the familiarity of it cause you to miss what He is actually connecting: *“You did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you”* (John 15:16). Read that carefully. He chose you. He appointed you. For what? To bear fruit. And then He tells you exactly what He means by fruit – *“That whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you.”* The fruit Jesus is describing is the answered prayer. The kingdom released into the earth through the intercession of an abiding branch. That is the harvest the Vinedresser has been cultivating all along.

This reframes everything about the lifting and the pruning. The Father lifts the trailing branch because a branch feeding from the ground cannot bear the fruit of answered prayer. It cannot ask from a place of genuine abiding when it is drawing its life from somewhere else. The Father prunes the fruitful branch because He wants even more answered prayer flowing through it – more kingdom released, more glory returned to the Father through the Son. Every cut the Vinedresser makes is in service of this one purpose: a branch so thoroughly dependent on the Vine, so completely aligned

with the Father's will, that what it asks is already what the Father has purposed to give. And then He gives it. And the Father is glorified. That is the fruit that remains.

WITHOUT ME YOU CAN DO NOTHING

“Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abides in the vine, neither can you, unless you abide in Me. I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing.”

John 15:4–5

Jesus, through this entire Upper Room discourse, has been taking the disciples step by step into the revelation of His prayer anointing. And now He arrives at the statement that is either the most liberating truth you have ever heard or the most uncomfortable. There is no middle ground. *“Without Me you can do nothing.”* Not a few things. Not the harder things. Not the things that require unusual spiritual authority. Nothing. Every greater work, every answered prayer, every shifted atmosphere, every life delivered, every city touched — none of it can be produced by a branch that is not drawing life from the Vine. A branch disconnected from the Vine is not a weak branch. It is a dead branch. It can have the right shape. It can sit in the right position. It can look like a functioning branch from a distance. But if the sap is not flowing, it produces exactly what Jesus says: nothing.

This is where Charles Finney preached one of the most convicting sermons in all of American revival history. And what he saw in the nineteenth century is just as true and just as urgent for everyone who wants to walk in the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing today. Almost every Christian will immediately agree with the statement: *“Without Christ I can do nothing.”* Ask them in any church on any continent and they will nod and say, *“Of course. Yes. I believe that.”* Standard theological language. Nobody argues with it. But here is the question Finney pressed with everything he had: *“If you truly believe it, where is the evidence?”* Because if it were a genuine, settled, omnipresent reality in your heart — the way a man with one leg knows he cannot walk without his crutch — then prayer would be the first movement of your mind in everything. Not the last resort when the plan falls apart. The first thing. Every time. Before the meeting, before the conversation, before the decision, before the ministry attempt. The man with one leg does not stand up, take three steps, and then remember the crutch. The awareness that he cannot move without it is always there.

If “*without Me you can do nothing*” is truly alive in your spirit, prayer is never an afterthought. It is the first breath of every movement. You do not plan and then pray about the plan. You pray, and then the plan takes shape from that place of dependence.

Finney was direct: most of us hold this doctrine as a theory while living as practical self-sufficientists. We plan first and bring Christ in somewhere in the middle. We rely on our experience, our track record, our relationships, our gifting — and then we ask God to bless what we have already set in motion. After forty years of ministry I can tell you with complete honesty that the pull toward self-reliance never fully disappears. The moment you have seen something work before, the temptation to lean on the memory of how it worked rather than on fresh dependence on the Vine becomes one of the subtlest battles you will ever fight. God has let me take steps without the crutch on more than a few occasions, and He has let me fall. Not to punish me. To remind me that what Jesus said in John 15:5, “*Without Me you can do nothing,*” is not theological language. It is an absolute, living reality. Without Him I produce nothing worth keeping.

ADMITTING IT IS NOT THE SAME AS ABIDING

Finney made a distinction here that is at the very heart of what the abiding prayer life actually requires. He said you can acknowledge your dependence on Christ without actually depending on Him. Those are two completely different conditions of the soul. Look at Jesus’ language again. He does not say, “Know about Me” or “Agree with Me” or “Give Me credit.” He says, “*Abide in Me*” (John 15:4). And that word “abide” means to remain, to stay, to make your permanent dwelling — not a visit, a home. It is an active, continuous, volitional state. It is not something that happens to you passively if you attend enough services or read enough Scripture. It is something you do with your will, moment by moment, day by day, as a chosen and sustained posture of the soul.

“To abide in Christ is for the mind to cleave to Him — to depend on Him not as an outward and distant Savior, but as a present, inward, indwelling support. A help at hand. A God as near to me as I am to myself. Without this dependence we can do nothing. With it, we do all things.”

— Charles Finney, *Sermons on Gospel Themes*

Finney used the image of a child being led along the edge of a cliff by a trusted guide. The guide says: “Without me, you will fall.” If that child truly believes it, what happens? Their mind stays in a continuous state of holding on. They do not release

the hand and re-grasp it at intervals. The grip is constant because the awareness of what happens without it is constant. The moment the mind relaxes the grip, the hand releases and the child falls. Abiding is that continuous mental and volitional grip on Christ. It is not passive. It is one of the most actively disciplined things a believer ever learns to do — and it is the only environment in which the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing operates at full power. Jesus ties the prayer promise directly to abiding and not merely to asking. He does not say, “Whatever you ask, it shall be done.” He says, *“If you abide in Me and My words abide in you, you will ask what you desire, and it shall be done for you”* (John 15:7). The asking flows from the abiding. Prayer that moves heaven is not the prayer of someone who occasionally connects to the Vine. It is the prayer of someone who has never let go.

THE MOST DANGEROUS SEASON IN THE PRAYER LIFE

Here is the part of Finney’s insight that very few people want to hear, but that the Holy Spirit has been pressing into me for years. The most dangerous moment in any believer’s prayer life is not when they are dry and desperate. When you are dry and desperate, you know you need the crutch. You are not tempted to try walking without it. You grip it with everything you have because you have no alternative and you know it.

The most dangerous moment is when God lifts you into a season of fruitfulness and answered prayer. When the anointing flows readily, when the meetings carry power, when prayer seems to produce results consistently and the patterns have become familiar. This is when Finney said the subtlest shift begins. You start depending not on the fresh life of the Vine but on what the previous season of abiding produced. You lean on the memory of the anointing instead of the present reality of it. You rely on what worked last time instead of waiting on the Father to show you what He is doing this time.

God does not move on past methods. He moves on present dependence.

The branch that is drawing on last season’s fruitfulness instead of today’s living sap has already started trailing on the ground. And the Vinedresser is already moving toward it.

Finney described what happens next with remarkable accuracy: when a believer begins to feel they have so established themselves in a pattern of victory that they no longer feel the urgent need to hold on, God in His mercy withdraws just enough of His sustaining grace to let them discover the truth their own success has been hiding from them. The fall is not an attack from the enemy. It is the Father — the Vinedresser — lifting a trailing branch off the ground and removing it from the false attachment

that has been feeding it instead of the Vine. It feels severe. It looks like failure. But its purpose is not destruction. It is restoration.

I have seen this in my own life more times than I am comfortable admitting. I have watched it happen to movements that began in extraordinary fire — the fire was real, the anointing was genuine — but somewhere in the season of fruitfulness the discipline of fresh, desperate, daily dependence got quietly replaced by confidence in what had already been established. And the Father, in love, removed His hand just enough for the branch to feel what it had forgotten: that it is a branch, not the Vine.

Finney also identified two opposite responses to this danger — both of which end in the same place. The first is the person who holds the truth of dependence theoretically without ever practically casting themselves on Christ. They know the language of abiding. They can explain it beautifully. Their actual prayer life is thin, their spiritual experience is mostly dry, and they have settled into religious activity that runs almost entirely on their own natural gifting and energy. They are holding the crutch in their hand while walking on their own strength. This is the most common condition Finney encountered and I would argue it is the most common condition in the Church today. We have more theological knowledge about prayer than any previous generation and arguably less corporate experience of the D.E.E.P. anointing than the early Church had in its first three days.

The second error is the opposite: using dependence as an excuse for doing nothing. “Without Christ I can do nothing” becomes a reason to attempt nothing, press in for nothing, believe for nothing. It becomes spiritual passivity dressed in the language of humility. But this is not what Jesus is describing. The branch that abides in the Vine still reaches toward the light. It still grows. It still extends. The difference is that everything it does flows from the life of the Vine rather than from its own straining effort. The Apostle Paul held both truths in the same hand without contradiction: “*Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think of anything as being from ourselves, but our sufficiency is from God*” (2 Cor. 3:5). And then: “*I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me*” (Phil. 4:13). Not some things. All things. But all things through Christ. The abiding branch is the most fruitful branch precisely because it is the most dependent branch.

“If a man believes his dependence upon Christ — really believes it — he will of course believe further that in Christ, and with the help of Christ, he can do all things required of him. The belief of one secures the other. Without Me, nothing. With Me, everything.”

— Charles Finney, Sermons on Gospel Themes

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE WHEN THE BRANCH STAYS IN THE VINE

In those early months after my salvation I prayed the way a man stumbles toward a light in a dark room. I had no theological framework, no method, no prayer training. What I had was hunger and a growing awareness that when I stayed close to Jesus and kept what He said, something happened in prayer that did not happen when I drifted. I was experiencing what Jesus described in verse 5 before I had any language for it. The branch staying in the Vine and watching fruit appear that it could not have produced from itself.

The night I prayed for that young satanist in Alpine, I had nothing to offer except the life of the Vine flowing through a branch that refused to stop pressing in. I had no experience of breaking through demonic walls. I had never felt that kind of resistance before. I travailed not because I had a method but because the love of God for that young man would not let me stop. I wept. I warred. I let go of every preference about how God should answer and when. And then the dam broke. That was not my strategy. That was not my experience. That was a branch so wholly connected to the Vine that the divine life flowing through it had nowhere to go but outward in breakthrough.

And when the wall came again for those seventeen teenagers, I was not confused or discouraged by it — because I had already learned that the wall is not the end of the story. The wall is the place where the branch discovers whether it is actually drawing from the Vine or from something else. If you are drawing from the Vine, you do not back down. You press deeper. You travail longer. You refuse to let go. And the wall breaks. Every time. Because the life of the True Vine is more than sufficient to break through anything the enemy can construct. *“For whatever is born of God overcomes the world. And this is the victory that has overcome the world — our faith”* (1 John 5:4). The faith of a branch that genuinely abides. The faith that says without Him I cannot do this — and because of Him, I absolutely will.

Jesus is saying it twice in these two verses. Once in John 15:4, “You cannot bear fruit of yourself unless you abide in Me.” Once in John 15:5, *“Without Me you can do nothing.”* He does not say it twice by accident. He says it twice because He knows us. He knows how quickly we forget. He knows how confidently we reach for the crutch of our own competence the moment the season gets familiar and the patterns feel established. He knows the Vinedresser is going to have to lift a lot of trailing branches before this generation fully grasps what He is trying to give them.

Abide in Him. Pray from that place. The Vinedresser will tend what needs tending. The sap will flow. The wall will break. And the Father will be glorified in fruit that remains.

CHAPTER 7

Ask What You Desire

We had planted a church in Corona, California in 1999 — a small, hungry bunch experiencing a real outpouring of the Holy Spirit. During one of our prayer drives the Lord told me to go to the football field of one of the three high schools in the city. He said to take authority over the spiritual atmosphere over that campus and take on the responsibility of covering the students in prayer. I thought it was an odd assignment. We were a small congregation and the largest Spirit-filled church in the city was only two blocks away. I said, “Lord, surely they’re already covering that campus.” He said, *“No one is covering these campuses. I need you to do it.”*

So we went. I started going to the campus after hours on a regular basis — sometimes walking the grounds in prayer, sometimes just sitting in my car in the parking lot and pressing in for those students and the spiritual climate over that school. We prayed until we felt a breakthrough, and then I knew it was time to start evangelizing on the campus. One afternoon while I was praying I asked God: “Give me a strategy. How do we reach them? What’s the way in?” He didn’t give me a program or a curriculum or a carefully developed outreach model. What He said was much simpler than any of that: *“Make something. Whatever it is, I will bless it.”*

I sat with that for a moment. It was an invitation into a divine partnership. Not God dictating and me executing like a robot, but a genuine creative collaboration with Someone who had already decided to pour His blessing on that assignment. He wasn’t giving me the exact method because the exact method wasn’t the point. Alignment was the point. He had already shown me His heart for those students through months of prayer, and now He was saying: “You know what I want, I know you’re aligned with it, now bring your creativity to the table and let Me bless it.” So we put together a short survey with four simple questions designed to open a natural conversation about the Gospel. We stood outside the campus and asked students if they’d answer a few questions.

In four months we saw over eleven hundred students give their lives to Jesus at that campus and the other two high schools in the city.

Eleven hundred. In four months. Not because the survey was brilliant — a short questionnaire is about as simple as outreach gets. Because we had gotten into alignment with God’s will through sustained prayer, received a specific word from the Spirit that released us into action, and God joined Himself to the creative process from the inside. That is what John 15:7 actually means when Jesus says, “*Ask what you desire.*” It is not a blank check for whatever is on your heart. It is the explosive result of getting into such alignment with the heart of God through prayer that your desire and His desire have become the same desire — and then asking from that place.

THE STAIRCASE JESUS BUILT

We have been traveling through the Upper Room together for several chapters now, and before we look closely at John 15:7 I want you to see something most believers have never noticed. Jesus was not sharing a collection of encouraging thoughts on the night before the cross. He was building a staircase — step by step, line upon line, precept upon precept — a progressive revelation that moved from the broadest possible prayer promise all the way down to the most specific, most personal, most explosive promise He would ever make. John 15:7 is the top step. The whole staircase was heading there.

Step One: He starts wide open in John 14:13-14, “*Whatever you ask in My name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask anything in My name, I will do it.*” The door is thrown open. But immediately He starts defining what it means to actually stand inside that promise.

Step Two: John 14:15-16, “*If you love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Helper.*” The first condition — *agape* love expressed as obedience — and attached to that condition, the Helper arrives.

Step Three: Then John 14:21, “*He who has My commandments and keeps them, it is he who loves Me. And he who loves Me will be loved by My Father, and I will love him and manifest Myself to him.*” The result of obedient love is that Jesus manifests Himself personally, inwardly, unmistakably real to the person who loves Him through obedience. Not just doctrine about Jesus. Jesus Himself.

Step Four: John 14:23 goes even deeper: “*Jesus answered and said to him, “If anyone loves Me, he will keep My word; and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our home with him.”* The Father and Son come and make their home in the obedient lover. You become the dwelling place of God. The house of prayer.

Step Five: And then John 14:26, *“But the Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all things that I said to you.”* The Holy Spirit, sent by the Father in Jesus’ name, teaches you all things and brings His words alive in you right when you need them.

Step Six: John 15:1-5, the Vine and the branches — total dependence, nothing of yourself, the divine life of Jesus flowing through you without obstruction. We spent the whole previous chapter in that ground.

Step Seven: And then John 15:7-8, the staircase arrives at its destination. *“If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you will ask what you desire, and it shall be done for you. By this My Father is glorified, that you bear much fruit; so you will be My disciples.”*

Now you feel the weight of it in a way that’s impossible if you lift it out of context. Jesus has given you the condition — *agape* love as obedience. He’s given you the intimacy — the Father and Son dwelling in you. He’s given you the Teacher — the Spirit making His words alive in you right now. He’s given you the Source — abiding in the Vine, nothing of yourself. And now He releases the promise that all of it was building toward. In that state, in that level of alignment and intimacy and dependence, you ask what you desire. And it shall be done. Not might be done. Not will be considered. Shall be done. Because the desire that asks from that place is not the desire you walked in with. It’s the desire the Spirit has formed in you through abiding — which is already the Father’s desire being prayed back through you.

John 15:7 is not a blank check. It is the payoff of a process. The asking flows from the abiding. And when the desire has been formed by the Spirit through genuine abiding, the answer is not in question.

And then Jesus removes all ambiguity about what the fruit actually is. Eight verses later He makes the connection explicit in a single sentence: *“You did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you”* (John 15:16). Read the structure of that sentence slowly. He chose you and appointed you to bear fruit — and the fruit He is describing is the answered prayer. The word that links them is not accidental. He appointed you to bear fruit, so that whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you. The bearing of fruit and the answered prayer are the same thing. You were not chosen simply to be morally improved, as vital as that is. You were chosen and appointed to ask and receive, so that through those answered prayers the kingdom of God is released into the earth and the Father is glorified in the Son.

This is also why John 15:8 lands with such force: *“By this My Father is glorified, that you bear much fruit.”* The Father is not glorified primarily through our theological correctness or our impressive résumés or our ministries. He is glorified when His abiding branches ask in the name of the Son and He answers — when the kingdom comes, when lives are transformed, when the greater works flow, when the world sees a people whose God hears and responds. That is the fruit. That is the glory. And it flows through the asking of a branch that has learned to abide. This is how John 14:13 and John 15:7–8 and John 15:16 are all one revelation. “Whatever you ask in My name, that I will do... that the Father may be glorified” (John 14:13). “You will ask what you desire and it shall be done... by this My Father is glorified, that you bear much fruit” (John 15:7–8) “I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit... that whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you” (John 15:16). The motive is the same in every statement. The mechanism is the same in every statement. The glorification of the Father through the answered prayer of abiding disciples. That is what the whole staircase was building toward.

MY WORDS ABIDE IN YOU

“If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you.”

John 15:7

The word Jesus uses for “words” here is *rhema*. Not the general body of Scripture, though it is always rooted there. *Rhema* is the word that comes alive in a specific moment for a specific situation. It is the Holy Spirit taking what the Father has revealed in Scripture and making it personally, immediately applicable to where you are right now. The difference between knowing in general that God provides and receiving a specific word from the Spirit about exactly where to go and what to do — that is the difference between *logos* and *rhema*. It is what I heard that afternoon praying about the high school campus: *“Make something, whatever it is I will bless it.”* That was not a general biblical principle. That was a specific, Spirit-breathed direction for that exact situation. And it reshaped what I asked. It changed what I wanted. When I went to that campus after that word, I wasn’t going because I had thought up a good outreach strategy. I was going because the Spirit had taken the Father’s desire for those students and made it so alive in me that my desire and His had become the same thing.

That is how, *“You will ask what you desire”* (John 15:7), works. So many believers have read that phrase and thought it means God will give them whatever they want if they believe hard enough. This was never an invitation to demand our own desires, but the beautiful result of a life so aligned with the Father that what we desire has become a direct reflection of the heavenly intercession at the right hand of the throne of God.

I have watched that misreading wreck people's faith. They believed the promise, prayed with everything they had, and received nothing — and then became discouraged and many eventually quit. That is not what Jesus is saying. The desire He is describing is not the desire you brought into prayer. It is the desire the Spirit formed in you through abiding. It started as something the Father wanted, the Spirit made it alive in you through prayer and the *rhema* word, and now it feels like your own deepest want — because it has become that. That is not presumption. That is what abiding in the Vine actually produces.

2 A.M. IN A PARKING LOT

In the fall of 2008 I was visiting my son James at an overnight security job he'd taken. It was about two in the morning and we'd been talking for a while. Then I felt it — the heavy presence of the Lord coming upon me right in the middle of the conversation. Nothing to do with what we were discussing. James was still talking when I just started heading toward the door. He said, a bit confused, "Where are you going?" I said, "I have to go outside and talk to the Lord."

I had learned something years before that I want to share with you right here, because it connects directly to everything this chapter is about. The Lord had told me: *"Whenever you sense My presence arriving like that — weighty, intentional, not produced by the circumstances around you — stop whatever you are doing, focus on Me, and find out why I came. Because I always come for a purpose. Even if that purpose is simply to say, 'I love you.'"* You learn to recognize that presence and you stop everything for it. You don't finish the sentence. You don't wrap up the conversation. You go find out what He wants.

I went outside and stood in the parking lot looking up at the sky. As I responded to that presence I saw a vision. A large church filled with some of the most spiritually hungry people I had ever seen. The glory of the Lord was in that church, and I recognized that glory — it was exactly what we had experienced in our little church in Corona, those nine months of revival services five nights a week that none of us have ever forgotten. Then the Holy Spirit spoke to me clearly: *"The work I started hasn't been completed."*

I knew immediately what He was asking. He wanted me to plant a church. And I want to be honest with you — pastoring is not my primary calling. I burn for the nations and for revival. The American model of what a congregation expects from a pastor doesn't fit naturally with how God wired me. I had said more than once that I was done with pastoring. But by 2008 I had learned something from that window moment in 2006. The Father doesn't just want your obedience. He wants you to want what He wants. So right there in that parking lot I chose it. Not reluctantly. Not with conditions. I chose to want what God wanted.

The Upper Room Church in Fort Worth, Texas started with three people and my family. Within fifteen months over five hundred were attending. But the attendance wasn't what was so powerful. For over five years we had incredible manifestations of the Holy Spirit — miracles, a deep spirit of prayer across the whole congregation, radical life transformations. In a three-and-a-half year period we saw over 14,500 souls saved through our street evangelism outreaches alone. A specific *rhema* word — received in a parking lot at 2 a.m. because I had learned to stop and find out why the presence had arrived — produced 14,500 souls. Because the desire that asked had already been formed by the Spirit through years of abiding.

Now I want you to see something. Everything I just described — recognizing the presence, stopping for it, receiving the *rhema* word, aligning my desire with the Father's will, watching Him pour blessing on it — none of that happens without a Person. Every step of the staircase Jesus built in John 14 and 15 is made operational by the same Person. And Jesus spent more time in the Upper Room talking about Him than about any other single subject. He is the Helper. And Jesus promised Him five times before the evening was over.

HE IS COMING

Jesus speaks of the Holy Spirit five distinct times in the Upper Room. Not once. Five times. Each time He raises the disciples' eyes from the grief of His departure toward the One who is coming. And what strikes me every time I read it is this: Jesus is not leaving them a set of inspiring commands and then walking away. He is introducing them to a Person. The Person who will make abiding possible. The Person who will take everything Jesus just taught them and make it alive inside them. The Person without whom the D.E.E.P. anointing is simply not available, no matter how sincere your prayers are, and no matter how long you press in.

These five promises, taken together, spell out exactly what the Holy Spirit came to make possible. He Abides in you. He Bears witness through you. He Illuminates the Word in you. He Declares all truth to you. He Exposes what is hidden. A - B - I - D - E. ABIDE. That is not a clever teaching device. That is the signature of the Spirit written across the architecture of the Upper Room. The five things He does, spell the one thing He came to produce — a people who abide. A people who stay connected to the Vine with such permanence and intimacy that the divine life flows through them without obstruction and the greater works are released into the earth.

A — HE ABIDES IN YOU

“And I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Helper, that He may abide with you forever — the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it neither sees Him nor knows Him; but you know Him, for He dwells with you and will be in you.”

John 14:16–17

When Jesus says He will give you “another Helper,” He is saying, “Another of exactly the same kind as Me.” Jesus Himself has been their Helper, Advocate, Comforter, and Counselor for three and a half years. Now the Holy Spirit comes as the same kind of divine Companion — only this time He won’t walk beside them. He will live inside them. Forever. That word is important. Not for a season. Not during special services. Not when the feeling arrives. Forever. The Spirit of truth has made His permanent home in every believing heart.

In the Old Testament the Spirit would come upon people for a task and lift when the task was done. He rested on prophets and kings for specific purposes and then departed. That era is over. Jesus is announcing a new reality — permanent, indwelling presence. Every moment you press into prayer, every time you feel the weight of that presence arriving in a parking lot at 2 a.m., every night you travail through a wall that won’t move — the Helper is there. He has not gone anywhere. He is not waiting to be convinced to show up. He is home. This is the foundation everything else rests on. Without this first promise, none of the other four mean anything.

B — HE BEARS WITNESS THROUGH YOU

“But when the Helper comes, whom I shall send to you from the Father, the Spirit of truth who proceeds from the Father, He will testify of Me. And you also will bear witness.”

John 15:26–27

This promise comes right after Jesus warns the disciples that the world will hate them the same way it hated Him. And the reason is directly connected to the greater works. The world didn’t hate Jesus simply because of what He taught. It also hated Him because of what He did — the undeniable miracles and signs that authenticated who He was and exposed the darkness for what it was. Now Jesus is telling them: “You are going to keep doing those same works, and the world will respond the same way.” The greater works are not a quiet, comfortable, private prayer life. They are a public confrontation with darkness that will draw the same opposition Jesus drew.

This is exactly why Jesus immediately promises the Spirit as the Witness. He is not sent to make your life comfortable. He is sent to empower a persecuted, fruit-bearing, works-doing Church to keep doing what Jesus did in the face of the opposition those works bring. When the D.E.E.P. anointing begins to operate through you and the greater works start to flow, you are going to need a Partner who is stronger than every force that pushes back. The Holy Spirit bears witness of Jesus through you — not because of your courage or your eloquence but because He is testifying through you to the One He was sent to glorify. When the Spirit is bearing witness, no opposition can silence the testimony.

I — HE ILLUMINATES THE WORD IN YOU

“The Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all things that I said to you.”

John 14:26

A few verses before this one, a disciple named Judas — not the one who betrayed Jesus, the other one — asked the question the whole room was thinking. *“Lord, how is it that You will manifest Yourself to us and not to the world?”* (John 14:22). He was asking: “If You leave and we can no longer see You, how does the intimacy continue? How do we know what You are thinking? What the Father is doing?” Jesus answered: *“If anyone loves Me, he will keep My word; and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and make Our home with him”* (John 14:23). The Father and Son will come and make their home with the obedient lover. And then immediately He adds as the explanation of how that happens: *“The Helper, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all things that I said to you”* (John 14:26). Through the Holy Spirit as the Illuminator.

The Spirit doesn’t teach you theology from a distance. He illuminates what Jesus said right where you are, right now, for what you are facing today. He floods the written Word with light until it becomes a *rhema* word — the specific, Spirit-breathed direction for your specific situation. This is how your desires get reshaped. This is the mechanism behind *“If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you will ask what you desire, and it shall be done for you”* (John 15:7). The Spirit keeps bringing the Father’s heart alive in you — His burden for that person, His purpose for that city, His desire for that situation — until what you want to ask is already what the Father wants to give. I experienced this before I had any language for it. When I was traveling for those seventeen teenagers in Alpine, the Spirit was illuminating the Father’s love for those kids so brightly in me that I couldn’t stop pressing in. When He showed up in that Fort Worth parking lot, He was doing exactly what verse 26

says — teaching me and reminding me of the work that remained unfinished. That is not mystical. That is the Spirit of truth doing His job.

D — HE DECLARES ALL TRUTH TO YOU

“When He, the Spirit of truth, has come, He will guide you into all truth; for He will not speak on His own authority, but whatever He hears He will speak; and He will tell you things to come. He will glorify Me, for He will take of what is Mine and declare it to you.”

John 16:13–14

The word that stands out in this promise is “declare.” *“He will take of what is Mine and declare it to you.”* Not whisper. Not suggest. Declare — with the confidence and authority of one who carries a message directly from the throne. Everything the Father has belongs to the Son. All of it — His glory, His wisdom, His power, His love, His purposes for the nations, His plans for the last days and the return of Jesus. And the Holy Spirit takes all of it and declares it into the hearts of abiding believers. He guides you into all truth — not all information, not all theology in general, but all truth as it relates to what the Father is doing right now and what He wants you to pray.

Notice what Jesus says about how the Spirit operates: *“He will not speak on His own authority.”* He only speaks what He hears from the Father and the Son. He is the perfect channel of the Father’s will through the Son into the believer’s heart. This is what makes the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing function at full power. As you abide and His *rhema* words dwell in you, the Spirit takes the things of Jesus — which are the things of the Father — and declares them so alive inside you that what you ask is not your agenda. It is His glory being declared back to heaven through your prayer.

“The Holy Spirit reveals the glory of Christ in us by dwelling and working in us, in the life and the power of that glory in which Christ dwelleth. He makes Christ glorious to us and in us.”

— Andrew Murray, The Spirit of Christ

E — HE EXPOSES

“It is to your advantage that I go away; for if I do not go away, the Helper will not come to you; but if I depart, I will send Him to you. And when He has come, He will convict the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.”

John 16:7–8

“It is to your advantage that I go away.” Jesus says that to eleven heartbroken men who cannot imagine how His departure could possibly be an advantage. And what He is revealing is divine strategy. His physical departure releases the global, convicting, harvest-producing work of the Spirit that one body in one location could never produce alone. He then tells them exactly what the Spirit will do when He comes — convict the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. Three things. All three connect directly to the prayer anointing. And the word “convict” means exactly what it sounds like: to bring something hidden into the light, to expose what the darkness wants to keep covered.

The root sin the Spirit exposes is not lying or stealing or immorality. Jesus goes straight to the root: *“Because they do not believe in Me”* (John 16:9). At its core all sin is the creature declaring independence from the Creator, and the clearest expression of that rebellion is rejecting Jesus — the full and final revelation of the Father’s authority. The Spirit uses our prayers and our testimony to drive home a reality people cannot manufacture in themselves: that Jesus is Lord and that rejecting Him is the ultimate rejection of God’s rightful claim on their lives. The conviction of righteousness connects to the prayer promise directly. Because Jesus went to the Father and was received — because the cross was accepted and God raised Him from the dead — we have legal, purchased, undeniable access to the throne of grace. Every time a believer prays in Jesus’ name and receives an answer, it is visible evidence of that acceptance. And the conviction of judgment means every answered prayer, every delivered life, every spiritual stronghold broken, is the enforcement of a verdict already rendered at the cross. We are not praying hoping to tip the balance. We are enforcing a finished victory.

But the Spirit’s exposing work does not only move outward toward the world. It moves inward toward us. This is one of the most important and least talked about dimensions of the Spirit’s ministry in the prayer life. Paul writes in 1 Corinthians 2:10 that *“The Spirit searches all things, yes, the deep things of God.”* And David understood that this searching moves in both directions — into the depths of God and into the depths of us. *“Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my anxieties; and see if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting”* (Psa. 139:23–24). A believer cannot pray in perfect alignment with the Father’s will while carrying hidden things the Spirit has not yet surfaced. Unconfessed sin, unhealed offense, hidden motives, double-mindedness — these are not just moral problems. They are prayer obstructions. They are the roots pushing into the soil that cause the branch to draw from the wrong source. The Spirit exposes them not to condemn but to cleanse — to prune the branch so the divine life can flow freely again. This inward exposure is not an interruption of the prayer life. It is the purifying work that makes the D.E.E.P. anointing possible.

“Jesus came to destroy the works of the devil, and on the cross our Redeemer judged Satan, overcame him, and cast him down. He is

now a condemned criminal, a vanquished rebel. His reigning power over all believers is broken.”

— Charles Spurgeon

WHY THEY STILL RAN

Here is something you need to sit with. Jesus had just spent the entire evening in the Upper Room giving these eleven men the most extraordinary prayer revelation ever given to human beings. He had shown them the pattern of the Father and the Son. He had revealed the Vine and the branches. He had promised the Helper five times. He had commanded them to abide, to love, to ask in His name. He had declared that the Father would give them whatever they asked. These were men who had personally watched Lazarus walk out of a tomb, seen a violent sea go flat at a word, and watched five thousand people eat from a small boy's lunch.

And then the moment the pressure came, every single one of them ran. Peter — the man who walked on water and declared Jesus to be the Christ — denied Him three times with curses in front of a servant girl. Not in front of soldiers. Not before a hostile crowd. A servant girl. And after the resurrection, after Jesus had walked through walls and commissioned them to go and do greater works, they went back to fishing.

How?

Because with all they had received in the Upper Room, they were still missing one irreplaceable thing. The promise of the Father. The baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The conversation Jesus had with Peter by the Sea of Galilee after the resurrection tells you exactly what was missing. Jesus asked Peter three times: “Do you love Me?” The first two times He used the word *agape* — the self-sacrificing, obedient, will-surrendering love He had described all evening as the condition for the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing. Each time Peter answered with a different word: *phileo* — the warmth of human friendship. Peter was not being evasive. He was being completely honest about what he had discovered about himself under pressure. He had *phileo*. *Phileo* had collapsed in front of a servant girl. He needed *agape* and he knew he did not have it. The third time Jesus came down to Peter's level and used *phileo* too. Peter was grieved at that. “Lord, You know all things. You know that I love You with what I have” (John 21:17). And Jesus sent them all to an upper room in Jerusalem to wait.

What they were waiting for was the power to make all of it operational from the inside. Not merely the Spirit's presence — He had been with them throughout Jesus' entire ministry. Not merely the five promises, which were all real and all given. They

were waiting for the power to love with *agape* rather than *phileo*. For what Paul describes in Romans 5:5: “*The love of God has been poured out in our hearts by the Holy Spirit who was given to us.*” The *agape* Peter didn’t have was about to be poured into him by the very Spirit Jesus had been promising all evening.

And then it happened. Acts 2 — suddenly a sound from heaven like a rushing mighty wind, tongues of fire on each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit. The same Peter who had cowered before a servant girl fifty days earlier stood up before thousands and declared with total unshakeable authority: “*God has made this Jesus, whom you crucified, both Lord and Christ*” (Acts 2:36). Three thousand souls were saved in that one moment. The *agape* Peter didn’t have before Pentecost was now flowing through him in measureless power.

When Jesus said they would receive power to be His witnesses, the word He used for “witnesses” is the same word that gives us our English word “martyr” — one who dies for what they believe. The baptism of the Holy Spirit gives you the power to die to yourself. The power to lay down your life the way Jesus laid down His. The power to love with *agape* from the inside out, not as sheer willpower but as the overflow of a life saturated with the presence of God. That is what made Peter unstoppable. That is what made a small terrified group of men and women turn the world upside down. That is the complete picture.

The five promises are received in the Upper Room discourse. The power to live them is received at Pentecost. You need both. And both are available to every believer right now. Which brings us back to the Fort Worth parking lot, and eleven hundred students in four months in Corona, and 14,500 souls through the streets of Fort Worth. A desire formed by the Spirit through prayer. A *rhema* word that redirected everything. A Father who was already moving on both sides of the conversation before the word was ever spoken.

Ask what you desire. Not the desire you walked in with. The desire the Spirit formed in you through abiding, through *rhema*, through the love of God poured out in your heart. That desire, asked in Jesus’ name, the Father answers.

CHAPTER 8

The Price of Love

In November 2014, I was in one of the most intense seasons of my life. My adopted son James was three years deep into a heavy drug addiction and was facing a potential ten-year prison sentence in one of the worst prisons in Texas. My wife was dealing with what was then an undiagnosed terminal cancer that was affecting her emotionally, which made every other pressure feel heavier than it already was. The church I was pastoring in Fort Worth was in the middle of some major internal battles. I was carrying a lot. And into that season God sent me to preach at a wonderful church with Apostle Robinson in South Carolina.

One afternoon during that trip Apostle Robinson and I went out to lunch. We were sitting across from each other when he told me he had been praying a particular prayer for seven years. He said that for the last two years, every time he started to talk about it, he started crying. And right on cue, he started crying.

I could feel it. Whatever this prayer was, it was a deep work of the Holy Spirit. The weight coming off of him was unmistakable. I sat there waiting for him to tell me what it was. He kept stopping to collect himself. He couldn't get through it. It took him thirty minutes to finally tell me what the prayer was. And the whole time I was sitting there thinking: "I want whatever this is. Whatever prayer is doing that to a man like this after seven years, I want it." I have always been hungry for God. I was sure I was about to hear something extraordinary.

Then he told me.

"I have been asking God to help me love His people the way He loves them."

That was it. Seven years of crying every time he tried to talk about it. That was the prayer.

In the moment he said it, something hit me that I was not prepared for. Not inspiration. Not the warm feeling of a spiritual challenge accepted. A deep,

immediate, undeniable awareness of exactly what that prayer would cost. By the Holy Spirit, right there at that lunch table in South Carolina, I felt in an instant the depth of the suffering, the pain, the rejection, the betrayal, and ultimately the death that Jesus had willingly walked into because He loved us. I felt, in one compressed moment, the full price of the kind of love Apostle Robinson was asking to walk in. And the reaction I had to that feeling surprised me more than anything else.

For the first time in my entire Christian walk, my gut reaction to something God was inviting me into was: “I don’t think I want that.”

I had received — as I have shared already in this book — several powerful baptisms of God’s love over the years. I had wept on floors. I had been overwhelmed by waves of His presence. But this was different. This was not an experience of love being poured into me. This was a calling into love that would be poured out of me. And I knew exactly what it would cost.

MY CROSS WAS STANDING RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME

I went back to my hotel room and prayed. I said to the Lord honestly: “I want to love Your people a lot. But I don’t know if I want to pay that price.” My cross was standing right in front of me, and I was looking for a way out. If there be any other way. That is what I was praying. Not theatrically. Genuinely. I did not want to pray that prayer.

I went back home and shared the experience with my church the following Sunday. I admitted to them that I didn’t want to pray it. They laughed because they thought I was being funny. I was being completely serious. I didn’t want to pray it because I didn’t want to pay the price that kind of love would require. I had seen enough of what God’s love costs to know it was not a casual request.

For three weeks I wrestled. Three weeks of the Holy Spirit gently and firmly pressing the same question into my spirit: “*Will you ask Me for this?*” I knew I had to want it. I knew I couldn’t just comply with gritted teeth the way I had with the television ministry. The Father had already told me that obedience alone was not enough — I had to choose to want what He wanted. And He wanted this. And I didn’t. And He kept asking.

I want you to feel the weight of that three-week wrestling match, because I think many of you reading this are in a version of it right now. God has shown you the cross that has your name on it. Maybe it’s forgiving someone who doesn’t deserve it. Maybe it’s releasing a bitterness you have been carrying so long it feels like a part of you. Maybe it’s serving people who have used you and walked away. Maybe it’s loving your way through a betrayal that cut so deep you are not sure you have anything left. Whatever

shape your cross takes, you know exactly what it would cost to pick it up. And some part of you is looking for the other way.

There is no other way. There is only the cross. And on the other side of it is the kind of power that three weeks of wrestling finally produced in my life.

After three weeks, I had made up my mind. I want to learn, through experience, how to love God's people the way He loves. All of it. Whatever it costs. I cried out to God in full surrender: "Teach me to love Your people the way You love them."

The prayer, released in faith, triggered within days the most difficult, dramatic, heart-wrenching series of events I have ever experienced in my life. What I went through in the months that followed were detailed in my book, *Satan's Big Fat Lie*. Morris Cerullo told me, "This is your Job experience." Many seasoned leaders from around the world — people who have seen a great deal — have told me it is a miracle I survived spiritually. I suffered in every area of my life. But through it all, the tears, the pain, the physical suffering, the rejection, the false accusations, the loss; I learned how to love better. Oh, how I learned to love better.

THE YOUNG ADULTS CONFERENCE

A few weeks after the prayer I was at a huge conference with over twenty thousand young adults. It was the evening service, and the speaker was preaching a powerful prophetic message — pointing to the warnings of our spiritual fathers about the backslidden condition the church is presently in, declaring that only the most desperate prayers for awakening will deliver this generation. It was a word that should have had every person in that room on their knees. But it wasn't landing that way. A third of the crowd had already left. Others sat mostly distracted, on their phones or talking quietly. I was on the third row, right in the middle, and most of my row had emptied out twenty minutes earlier.

Two weeks before this conference, in the aftermath of my prayer, I had discovered the full depth of my son James's addiction and bondage. The reality of it had driven me into days of continuous prayer — not just for him but for an entire generation trapped in that same darkness. That burden was still on me as I sat in that service. As the speaker was making his impassioned plea near the end of the message, I became overwhelmed. Something broke open inside me that I could not contain and did not try to.

I exploded with a loud cry that filled the building — screaming, wailing: "Oh God, have mercy on us." I dropped to my knees and gripped the legs of the chair in front of me, crying and wailing and pleading before heaven. The room went into shock for a moment. Then someone else cried out. Then another. Then another. The

preacher tried for about a minute to finish his message, but something was happening in that room that no message could contain. He turned to the leader of the conference and said, “I don’t know what to do with this.” The leader grabbed the microphone, cancelled the session that was scheduled to follow, and opened the altar for prayer.

Thousands rushed forward and fell on their faces. The leaders went onto the platform and hit their knees, weeping and crying out. The next hour and a half was the most intense prayer meeting I had ever seen with this group. I prayed and prayed. At one point, as this love and compassion and desperation for God’s people was flowing through me in prayer, God spoke: *“Son, your cries will ignite a fire.”* And then later: *“Your prayers will always be far more powerful than your preaching.”*

I am known, if I am known for anything, for powerful preaching. I have preached to millions of people over four decades. I have seen multitudes get saved, delivered and filled with the Spirit. Yet God was saying: “It is not even close. It is your prayers, Son. That is where the power lies.”

I had prayed: “Teach me to love the way You love.” And He had filled me with weeping, travailing, and brokenness. He had filled me with a love for His people so real and so costly that it could not stay in my seat. And when it came out, it ignited something inside the massive crowd that the preaching that night could not reach. Because love releases the power through prayer. Not performance. Love.

GREATER LOVE HAS NO ONE THAN THIS

“This is My commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one’s life for his friends.”

John 15:12–13

We have traveled a long way through the Upper Room together. We have walked through greater works, the pattern of the Father and the Son, the condition of *agape* love and obedience, the Vine and the branches, the *rhema* word and the transformed desire, the five promises of the Holy Spirit. Step by step Jesus has been narrowing and defining the prayer mandate, pressing deeper and deeper into what it actually costs to walk in it at full power. And now He arrives at the summit. The highest point. The place where the full cost of the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing is finally stated without softening.

“Greater love has no one than this, than to lay down one’s life for his friends” (John 15:13). Jesus is not offering a metaphor. He is not offering an inspirational

standard to aspire to. He is describing what is about to happen to Him in a few hours, and He is connecting it directly to the prayer anointing He has been unfolding all evening. The love that makes divinely energized prayer possible is not the warmth of human affection, not religious devotion, not spiritual enthusiasm that rises and falls with circumstances. It is *agape* — a deliberate choice of the will to act in the best interest of another, regardless of the consequences to yourself. It is laying down your life. Not metaphorically. Actually. Whatever form that laying down takes in your specific calling — your comfort, your reputation, your preferences, your plans, your rights, your sleep, your health, sometimes your deepest relationships — you lay it down. Because the person in front of you needs you to, and Jesus asked you to.

This is the core requirement for operating in divinely energized prayer. And the absence of it is the primary reason we see so little of the greater works being manifested in the earth today. We have theology about prayer. We have conferences about prayer. We have books about prayer. What we largely lack is the kind of love that turns prayer into an act of laying down your life for someone else. That love is not comfortable. It is not produced by spiritual enthusiasm alone. It is produced by the cross — by choosing, over and over, to act in someone else's best interest regardless of what it costs you.

Jesus makes the connection explicit. Look at what He says just earlier in John: *“My Father loves Me, because I lay down My life that I may take it again. No one takes it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This command I have received from My Father”* (John 10:17-18). The Father loves the Son because He lays down His life in obedience to the Father's command. And out of that love, the Father shows the Son all things, reveals all His purposes, and the prayer partnership between them operates at full power. Jesus is telling us: *“This is the same dynamic being offered to you. You keep My commandments as I kept My Father's commandments. You lay down your life as I lay down Mine. And the same Love Exchange, the same intimacy, the same revelation, the same prayer authority — it will flow through you the way it flowed through Me.”*

Love is not the soft edge of the D.E.E.P. anointing. It is the hardest edge. It is the requirement that makes everything else possible. And it is the one thing the enemy most desperately wants to keep the Church from entering.

MY LOVE PRODUCES MY POWER

In 1988 at that Morris Cerullo conference in Anaheim, lying on a floor for ninety minutes, barely able to speak, I finally asked God what had happened. And He said, *“Son, My love produces My power.”* That word has never left me. But it wasn't until

that lunch in South Carolina in 2014 that I understood what it fully costs. It is easy to be grateful for the times God's love has been poured into you. It is another thing entirely to say yes to the times He asks you to let it pour out of you — through suffering, through betrayal, through the kind of grief that brings you to your knees in the middle of a conference for twenty thousand people and makes you cry out loud enough to stop the service.

But that is exactly what happened. The love I had received in Anaheim in 1988 was real. The love I was asking to walk in after South Carolina in 2014 was more expensive. And it was that more expensive love — the kind that had been tested in the fires of everything that followed my prayer — that was flowing through me when I dropped to my knees in that conference hall. God didn't fill the room through my preparation or my gifting or my theological understanding of intercession. He filled it through the love that had been wrung out of me by the cross I had just carried. *"Son, your cries will ignite a fire."* Not my messages. My cries. Because behind those cries was a man who had said yes to laying down his life, and the power of God moves through that kind of love in a way it simply cannot move through anything else.

When the disciples got into the upper room after Jesus ascended into heaven, they finally became united. In one accord. And then God couldn't hold the power back. It was released. Not because they had better theology after the resurrection than before it, not because they had more experience or more gifting or more preparation. Because they were in one accord. Because the *agape* love that Jesus had commanded them to walk in — the love that lays down its life, the love that Peter didn't have before Pentecost — was now flowing between them by the Holy Spirit. And when that love was flowing, the power had nowhere to go but out.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER — THE HINGE EVERYTHING TURNS ON

Jesus doesn't just say greater love has no one than this. He makes it a commandment. *"This is My commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you"* (John 15:12). This is not a suggestion. This is the commandment. The single command that carries the weight of everything the Upper Room discourse has been building toward. It is not enough to love God and endure people. It is not enough to lay down your life for the Father in private prayer while treating the brothers and sisters around you with contempt, competition, or cold indifference. The love that makes divinely energized prayer possible is not just vertical. It is horizontal. It must flow between believers the same way it flows between the Father and the Son.

Jesus makes this connection with devastating precision. He says: *"By this all will know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another"* (John 13:35). The world is not supposed to know we are His disciples because we have the best theology. Not because we have the most powerful sermons. Not because our

conferences are the most attended or our books are the most read or our ministries are the most impressive. They are supposed to know we are His disciples because of how we love each other. That is the testimony Jesus designed for His Church. And if we are honest with ourselves, it is the testimony we have failed to produce most consistently across twenty centuries of church history.

Because we have not loved one another as He loved us. We have competed and criticized and divided and fractured and split and cut off and walked away and built walls around our theological distinctives and called those walls faithfulness. We have allowed bitterness between leaders to fracture entire movements. We have allowed pride and selfish ambition and the spirit of comparison to operate in our churches and called it vision. We have done to each other the very things the enemy does to the lost — accused, diminished, rejected, abandoned — and we have done it in the name of protecting truth or maintaining standards or keeping order.

And the world has watched all of it. And the world has drawn the only reasonable conclusion available: “These people’s God has not changed them. Their love is no different from ours. Why would I want what they have?”

This is not a minor concern sitting at the edges of this book. It is the issue at the center of everything that follows. The chapters ahead are going to take us into the most painful and the most hopeful territory we have covered yet. We are going to look honestly at how the body of Christ became divided — not just theologically but spiritually, in ways that have directly obstructed the corporate expression of the D.E.E.P. anointing. We are going to look at what unity actually produces when it is present — not organizational unity or doctrinal uniformity, but the supernatural, Spirit-produced oneness that Jesus prayed for in John 17 and that the early Church experienced during those 10 days in the upper room. And we are going to look at Jesus’ own prayer as the blueprint for what that oneness looks like and how it is entered.

But before we go there, I need you to see why love is the hinge that everything turns on. All the theology in the previous seven chapters — the *energeo* prayer, the greater works, the abiding in the Vine, the *rhema* word, the five promises of the Spirit — none of it can operate at full power in a corporate context without the love that lays down its life for the brothers and sisters around you. You can have a powerful individual prayer life, as I believe many who read this book do, and still be blocked corporately because the love required for the corporate anointing has not yet been paid for. The D.E.E.P. anointing in its fullest expression is not an individual anointing. It is a corporate one. It requires the same unity the disciples had in that upper room, flowing from the same *agape* love that Jesus poured into them at Pentecost. And that love costs something.

I know because I paid for some of it on a lunch table in South Carolina. And then I paid for more of it in the months that followed. And then I dropped to my knees in a conference for twenty thousand people and God said: *“Your cries will ignite a fire. Your prayers will always be far more powerful than your preaching.”* Because behind those prayers was a man who had said yes to the cost of love. And the power of God moves through that. Not that I have fully apprehended it, *“But one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forward to those things which are ahead, I press toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus”* (Phil. 3:13–14). Lord, teach me to love your people the way you do.

The price of love is not optional. It is the price of everything. And the Church that is willing to pay it is the Church that will turn the world upside down.

CHAPTER 9

The Great Divides

By the summer of 2020 the world was shaking. December 28, 2019, I had received a prophetic word during a long drive to Crystal Springs, Mississippi: *“Warn my people, the decade of the 2020s would be a decade of extremes. Things were not going to calm down. They are not to look to their circumstances to gain stability. They must hear My voice.”* He then spoke to me Isaiah 33:6, *“Wisdom and knowledge will be the stability of your times, And the strength of salvation; The fear of the Lord is His treasure.”*

Stability would not come from circumstances but from wisdom, knowledge, and the fear of the Lord. Within weeks Covid had exploded across the world and the entire global Church faced a choice that was greater than every generation of believers has ever faced before us. Would we unite in love and release heaven’s power, or would old patterns of pride and division, driven by fear, once again shut off the very anointing we so desperately needed?

Instead of unity, we had major battle lines drawn. Christian turned on Christian over church closures, mask wearing, government overreach, vaccines, BLM riots, and racial divisions. Pastors were attacked from all sides. Church members retreated into isolation, terrified of the unknown power of the demonically unleashed virus.

I promoted continuing in-person church and was viciously attacked by people who had previously been strong supporters. I repeatedly warned the church, especially in America, that they must be back in service by Pentecost Sunday. I had a great sense of urgency. There were groups trying to organize and do a mass civil disobedience and open that Sunday, May 31. But ultimately they mostly cowered in fear and stayed closed. I am calling this out for what it was because most still fail to realize the massive demonic door we left open that weekend.

Just a few days earlier was when George Floyd died and it unleashed massive violence and riots unlike anything seen in America in its history. Over 500 riots, and hundreds of cities burned. It was demonic. It was divisive. It shifted laws and defunded police,

and it has directly led to a massive increase in violent crime, robbery, and criminals running free — nearly destroying our country. If it wasn't for the church, belatedly, repenting and interceding, America could have devolved into a full civil war.

I know, because in the summer of 2020, God sent Travis and me on our first massive Prayer Strike Force Team mission. During the summer of riots, we went to all 48 lower states, 105 cities, 175 locations. We were at the Portland riots, the Seattle CHOP zone, Kenosha, Minneapolis, and so many others. God spoke these words to me.

“My people left the gate and were cowering in fear. Instead of being united on Pentecost Sunday, crying out to me and binding the spirit of violence, they were hiding, cowering, and betraying one another. The violence that is sweeping America is because MY people left their position at the Spiritual gate and hid out of self-preservation.”

Many, again driven by fear of being accused of being racist, marched in protest organized by the Marxist/communist transgender founded BLM movement. They blindly unified with the enemy while forsaking the body of Christ. Pastors and church leaders marching in mass public protest against law enforcement, while at the same time telling their church people they can't gather to worship God — The church had left the gate of the city and joined the invading army. They willingly surrendered their D.E.E.P. anointing to establish the kingdom of heaven on earth and instead gave the enemy license to burn down our cities, poison our children, destroy our small businesses, attack and punish free speech, steal our elections, and weaponize our government against the very people that uphold the nation — a praying church.

The evil spread through Covid, racial riots, and political divisions. Family members turned against each other. Pastors betrayed and publicly attacked fellow pastors in the same city. It was a modern church bloodbath. The result was Christians hiding in their homes, substituting corporate worship for live streams while sipping morning coffee in their bathrobes. We forsook caring for the elderly, leaving them alone in nursing homes. Evangelism on the streets gave way to podcasts. We became a powerless church unable to stop the burning of our cities during the BLM riots. Those divisions within the church and America's racial unrest in the summer of 2020 were directly connected. It was history repeating itself.

Fear, division, self-preservation, and failure to clearly hear the voice of God caused even the most “anointed” churches to shuttered down and cower in the corner. Not every church hid, some at great personal cost, stood strong, but because most of the body didn't, they suffered far more than they needed too.

Why was the church so weak? Why couldn't we stop that virus, bind that fear, and break the rioting spirit sweeping our country and the world? All of this falls at the feet of the church and until we admit it and understand why, we will fail again.

This chapter will examine this pattern through church history and reveal Satan's repeated strategy. It is a warning straight from the heart of God for the end-time prayer anointing He is releasing right now. The Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing, what we call D.E.E.P., only flows freely where perfected love and unity are present.

Covid and the ensuing events in the early part of 2020s were a massive test. Who would yield to fear and who would overcome. The results were heartbreaking. Only a new dimension of the love of God will protect the church from future attacks of fear. Fear that robs the church of its authority through unleashing disunity. Jesus knew this. Before He ever shared the commission of a divinely energized "greater works" prayer anointing, He gave them the only way it could operate and bear fruit that remains.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT – THE ONLY ANSWER

Jesus placed His new commandment to love one another immediately before His greatest promises of greater works and answered prayer. The oil of the Holy Spirit described in Psalm 133 flows down from the head only when brothers and sisters dwell together in unity. When love is replaced by pride and the lust for power — driven by fear rooted in insecurity and inferiority — that oil is blocked, the blessing stops, and the prayer anointing that could have changed nations is cut off from the Church.

History has already shown us the devastating cost. Three times the visible body of Christ suffered major, permanent splits: in 451, again in 1054, and once more in the 1500s. In each case the disputes that caused the splits were often relatively minor in the daily life of the average believer. Yet leaders blew them up into absolute, life-or-death battles. The result was not just broken fellowship between churches. It was a shutting down of the very prayer power that could have changed history. We cannot afford to continue to repeat those mistakes in the days ahead.

THE BIBLICAL STANDARD: LOVE IS THE DOORWAY

Jesus knew exactly what He was doing in the Upper Room on the night before the cross. After getting down on His knees and washing the disciples' feet in an act of breathtaking humility, He said:

“A new commandment I give to you, that you love one another; as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this all will know that you are My disciples, if you have love for one another.”

John 13:34–35

Only after saying that did He launch into the most powerful prayer promises in all of Scripture. Greater works than He had done would flow through those who believe (John 14:12). Whatever they asked in His name the Father would do (John 14:13–14). Staying connected to the Vine would cause their prayers to produce lasting fruit (John 15:7). And He finished with His prayer for His people to be perfectly one:

“That they all may be one, as You, Father, are in Me, and I in You; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that You sent Me.”

John 17:21

Love is not a nice extra added to prayer. It is the fuel of the divinely energized prayer anointing. James 5:16 calls it *“the effective, fervent prayer of a righteous man that avails much.”* Remember the Greek word behind “effective fervent” is *energoumene*, from the same root word that describes the supernatural power that raised Christ from the dead. That power only flows freely where love has cleared away every wall of pride.

“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious oil upon the head, running down on the beard, the beard of Aaron, running down on the edge of his garments. It is like the dew of Hermon, descending upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, life forevermore.”

Psalms 133:1–3

Note: Aaron was the high priest of Israel. The oil poured over his head was the anointing oil, a sacred symbol of God’s blessing and authority flowing from the top down. When unity is present among God’s people, that same kind of blessing flows over the whole Body. The pilgrimage psalms, the Songs of Ascents, like Psalm 133, were sung by worshipers climbing to Jerusalem for the great feasts. At the Feast of Tabernacles the entire city burst into celebration: massive golden menorahs lit the temple courts, torch-juggling and music on the fifteen steps, the ecstatic water-drawing ceremony, and the sound of united voices rising to heaven. Joy and unity were not optional. They were the atmosphere in which heaven touched earth.

When unity is broken, the oil stops flowing. The blessing dries up. And the energized prayer that can shut or open the heavens, just as Elijah’s did, loses its power. History proves this with painful consistency.

THE FIRST MAJOR SPLIT: CHALCEDON 451

Location note: Alexandria is in northern Egypt on the Mediterranean coast. Constantinople is in modern-day Turkey, where it is now called Istanbul. Rome is in Italy. Antioch in southern Turkey, and Jerusalem in Israel. These five cities were the greatest centers of the early Church and were constantly competing for influence and authority.

To understand what happened in 451 you need a little background. The Council of Nicaea in 325 had settled the most important question about Jesus: “Is He fully eternally God, or was Jesus a created being?” Nicaea stated: “We believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the only-begotten of his Father, of the substance of the Father, God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance (*homoousios*) with the Father. By whom all things were made.”

This statement is rejecting a false teaching called Arianism that claimed Jesus was NOT God and was a created being. This doctrine spread rapidly, so Emperor Constantine called for a global council of Bishops to resolve the issue. The Nicene Creed was the result.

But even after this a huge question remained. If Jesus is fully God and also genuinely became a man, how do those two natures relate inside one Person? This was not an empty debate. The answer had direct impact on the gospel itself. Did God truly suffer on the cross? Was Jesus genuinely tempted or was His divine nature too strong for temptation to really touch Him? These questions pressed on everyone who took the faith seriously.

Over the next one hundred plus years these ideas were debated. The two greatest centers of Christian thinking approached this question from opposite directions. Alexandria in Egypt had always stressed the unity of Christ, the idea that His divine and human natures were so joined together they formed one single reality. From Alexandria had come Patriarch Athanasius, who nearly single-handedly saved the doctrine of the Trinity against the Arian heresy. Alexandria was justifiably proud of its theological heritage. Antioch in Turkey took the opposite emphasis, insisting that Jesus was genuinely human enough to truly grow in wisdom, genuinely suffer, and truly die.

The conflict came to a head around a monk named Eutyches in 447, an elderly monastery leader in Constantinople. Eutyches took the Alexandrian emphasis so far that he effectively taught that after the Incarnation, Christ’s humanity was essentially absorbed into His divinity. Like a drop of water in an ocean.

Constantinople, specifically the Patriarch Flavian, condemned and excommunicated Eutyches. This enraged the Patriarch of Alexandria, Dioscorus. The controversy that followed exposed something deeper than a doctrinal disagreement. It exposed a fierce struggle over who would hold power and control over the whole Church.

Dioscorus, the powerful patriarch of Alexandria, rushed to defend Eutyches. Meanwhile Patriarch Leo I, Bishop of Rome had been pushing a bold new claim: that the Bishop of Rome was the supreme head of the entire Church as the successor of the apostle Peter. He was introducing the concept of “A single POPE” – The final, authoritative, voice of God in regard to Church doctrine and practice. He wrote a detailed letter called the *Tome of Leo* and sent it east, expecting everyone to simply accept his (the Popes) doctrinal statement as the final word on this matter. Alexandria, which had spent centuries doing the theological heavy lifting, received this as a profound insult. To the Alexandrians, Rome was telling them that (Leo I and all successive Popes) were now going to instruct them on how to think and function. This struck at the core of Alexandria identity. They were the world’s greatest intellectual center for centuries, from the world famous Library of Alexandria to the great early Christian schools and monasteries established there. “Who does Rome think they are?”

Note: The word “patriarch” means “ruling father.” The great cities of the early Church each had a patriarch who led the Christians of that region, something like a regional director with spiritual authority. The five great patriarchs were in Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem.

The flashpoint came at a church council in Ephesus in 449. Dioscorus was in charge. He brought a huge delegation from his region to overwhelm the council. When the Roman representatives tried to read Leo’s letter out loud, Dioscorus refused to allow it. Violence broke out inside the council hall. The Patriarch Flavian of Constantinople, was treated so brutally during the proceedings that he died from his injuries within days. They threatened with violence other bishops to sign the new decree. Dioscorus was brutally enforcing Alexandrian authority. Pope Leo was furious. He called the whole gathering a “robber synod,” a council of bandits, not a legitimate church gathering.

A new council was called in 451 at Chalcedon, just across the water from Constantinople. Over five hundred church leaders gathered, the largest council the Church had seen up to that point. Leo’s letter was finally read aloud and the bishops responded with the shout: “Peter has spoken through Leo!” This truly was the beginning of the modern Pope.

Dioscorus was formally removed. The council issued a definition that said, “Christ has two natures, divine and human, united in one Person without confusion, without change, without division, without separation.” Then the council passed Canon 28, officially making Constantinople the second most important seat of authority after Rome, at the direct expense of Alexandria’s ancient standing.

The reaction in Alexandria, Egypt was immediate and violent. Egyptian church leaders and monks rejected the Chalcedonian definition completely. Riots broke out across Alexandria for the next 6 years. Christians fighting against Christians. Proterius,

the new patriarch of Alexandria, who had been forced on Alexandria by the byzantine government, was murdered by a mob in 457. He was dragged from the baptistery where he had taken refuge and killed in the street.

Entire regions broke away permanently. The Coptic Church of Egypt, the Syriac Orthodox Church, the Armenian Apostolic Church, and the Ethiopian Orthodox Church all trace their separate identity back to this moment. They still exist today, over 1,575 years later, maintaining that Chalcedon was a betrayal. They and the Greek and Roman churches have never been in full fellowship since.

Now step back and think about what the average fifth century Christian actually believed in 451. A farmer outside of Alexandria prayed to the same Jesus as a farmer outside of Rome. Both confessed the same Trinity. Both were baptized. Both took the Lord's Supper. Both were taught from the same Gospels. Both experienced healings and answered prayer. The philosophical question about whether Christ's natures formed one seamless reality or retained genuine distinction was a debate for scholars. Most ordinary believers could not have explained either position, let alone decided between them. The difference was invisible in daily life. Let me emphasize this point. Most of the doctrines that have divided the church, in actual everyday life, had no significant impact on the simple faith of the common believer. The argument seems to more often be — it could lead to this or that, instead of providing proof it did lead to something that truly put a soul in danger of eternal damnation.

Yet pride, the obsession with who would define orthodoxy, and the fierce competition for power between Rome, Constantinople, and Alexandria turned this relatively invisible philosophical difference into a justification for murder, forced removals, and a permanent split that has lasted over fifteen centuries. The oil of Psalm 133 stopped flowing. The commanded blessing was forfeited. And the energized prayer that could have shaken the Roman Empire was cut off at the very moment the empire was collapsing under the barbarian invasions. Within a few years the Rome led western Roman empire would cease to exist.

THE SECOND MAJOR SPLIT: THE GREAT SCHISM OF 1054

Location note: By 1054 the Church had two main centers. Rome in Italy led the Latin-speaking western churches. Constantinople in modern Turkey led the Greek-speaking eastern churches. These two halves had been drifting apart for centuries over language, culture, and practice.

Six centuries after Chalcedon the same deadly pattern played out on an even larger scale. Small differences between the Latin West and the Greek East had been piling up for generations. In 800 AD, Pope Leo III, formally crowned Charlemagne, the Frankish ruler, the first Holy Roman Emperor on Christmas day. This inflamed

Constantinople, who saw it as another power grab by the Vatican and rejection of their shared authority.

Minor differences had also developed. The Western church incorporated statues, while the eastern church denounced that but used pictures and painting as icons. The Western priests had to stay unmarried; Eastern priests could marry before ordination. Western churches used unleavened bread in communion; Eastern churches used leavened bread. And the Western church had quietly added three words to the Nicene Creed, inserting “and the Son” into the article about the Holy Spirit, changing it from saying, “the Spirit proceeds from the Father” to saying, “the Spirit proceeds from the Father and the Son.” The East considered this both theologically problematic and a violation of church procedure, since you could not change a creed agreed upon by a worldwide council without calling another worldwide council.

For the average believer on both sides these differences were essentially invisible. But leaders were not focused on the average believer. They were focused on power. The real issue was the same one that had been building since Chalcedon: “Who had the final say?” Rome claimed the Pope had supreme authority over the entire worldwide Church. The Eastern churches insisted on the ancient model where the five great patriarchs governed together as equals, with Rome getting a place of honor as first among equals but not as the absolute boss of everyone.

The man at the center of the Eastern side in 1054 was Patriarch Michael Cerularius of Constantinople. He was brilliant, ambitious, and had very little patience. In 1052 he ordered all the Latin-style (Rome based) churches in Constantinople to close, objecting to their use of unleavened bread. (PAUSE for a MOMENT — what you are about to read was sparked by debate over what kind of “bread” should be used in communion — are you serious!!!! Unfortunately sounds like most modern splits today. Back to the story.)

He also wrote a sharp letter criticizing Western practices. Pope Leo IX (another Pope Leo — I’m seeing a pattern), responded by sending a delegation to Constantinople. He chose as his lead representative Cardinal Humbert of Silva Candida, a gifted legal scholar who was also one of the most aggressive and confrontational personalities in the Latin Church. It was quite possibly the worst choice the Pope could have made for a diplomatic mission requiring patience and wisdom.

There was no humble conversation. There was no choosing to put love above position. On July 16, 1054, Cardinal Humbert walked into the magnificent cathedral of Hagia Sophia in Constantinople during the Divine Liturgy, the most sacred worship service of the Eastern Church, at the most holy moment of the service. He walked to the high altar and slammed down a papal bull (a legal decree from the Pope), and declaring Patriarch Cerularius excommunicated, formally cut off from the

Church and its sacraments. Then he turned and walked out, dramatically shaking the dust from his feet. Within days Cerularius called a quick church meeting and excommunicated the Roman representatives right back. He publicly burned the papal bull in the street.

Note: Hagia Sophia means “Holy Wisdom” in Greek. Built in 537, it was the largest church building in the world for nearly a thousand years. It still stands in Istanbul today, though it has been converted to a mosque.

That single theatrical scene, an official representative of the Pope slamming a condemnation document on an altar in the middle of worship and storming out, is the moment historians mark as the start of the Great Schism. The Roman Catholic Church and the Eastern Orthodox Church have been formally divided since that day. That was over 970 years ago and they are still split.

The violence that followed over the next centuries was heartbreaking. In 1204, crusaders who were supposed to be fighting Muslims in the Holy Land instead attacked and looted Constantinople, the greatest Christian city in the East. They ransacked churches, stole priceless sacred objects, melted down gold vessels, and committed terrible acts against the Christian people, including raping the women. These were supposedly their Christian allies. Eastern Christians who survived described the aftermath with horror. Some said they would rather be ruled by the Muslim Turkish sultan than submit to Rome. The wounds from 1204 did not heal for centuries. When the formal excommunications of 1054 were finally lifted in 1965 as a gesture of goodwill, the structural division between the two churches remained exactly what it had been.

The average Christian in 1054 still prayed the same Lord’s Prayer, confessed the same Trinity, sought the same salvation, and loved the same Jesus. Yet pride, ego, and the power struggle over who would have the final authority turned minor differences in worship practice and creed wording into justification for permanent separation and eventually military violence. The oil stopped flowing across the greatest divide in Christendom at the very moment the Muslim world was rising and the Church needed a unified witness more than ever.

THE THIRD FRACTURE: THE REFORMATION

The pattern still did not stop. In the early 1500s the visible Church in the West fractured again, and this time it would never be put back together. The Protestant Reformation began as a cry for genuine, necessary reform and became one of the bloodiest chapters in all of Christian history.

To understand the Reformation honestly, you have to understand what it was responding to. For centuries the papacy had been behaving in ways that had almost nothing to do with the servant leadership Jesus modeled in the Upper Room. Popes claimed not only supreme spiritual authority over all Christians but direct political authority over kings and emperors. They had taught for generations that outside the Roman Catholic Church there is no salvation, making submission to Rome an absolute requirement for eternal life. They used excommunication as a political weapon to control monarchs. They launched military campaigns not only against Muslims but against fellow Christians who challenged their authority. They taxed entire kingdoms. And they sold indulgences, certificates that promised a reduction in the time a dead person would spend suffering in purgatory. The money from indulgence sales paid for construction in Rome and lined the pockets of church officials all the way down the chain.

Note: In Catholic theology, purgatory is a state of purification through torment and suffering after death for those who died in God's grace but still needed spiritual cleansing before entering heaven. (Like a mini hell.) Indulgences were certificates the Church sold, claiming they could reduce or eliminate that time of purification. Critics said the whole system exploited poor families who were terrified for their dead loved ones.

Resistance had been building for over a century before the Reformation officially began. Around 1380, the English scholar John Wycliffe began attacking indulgences, the wealth of the clergy, and papal supremacy. He translated the Bible into English so ordinary people could read it themselves. This was considered dangerous by the Church who claimed exclusive interpretation of scriptures. After Wycliffe died, the Council of Constance in 1415 declared him a heretic and ordered his bones dug up, burned, and the ashes thrown into a river.

The living reformer at that same council was Jan Hus, a Czech priest from Prague who had been deeply influenced by Wycliffe's writings. Hus had been preaching since around 1400, calling out the sale of indulgences, the moral corruption of priests, and the Pope's claim to absolute authority. He taught that Scripture alone is the final word on spiritual matters and that Christ alone is the true head of the Church. He gained an enormous following, both because of genuine spiritual hunger and because many Czech people saw in his message a national awakening against the German and Roman powers that dominated their region.

Note: Prague is the capital of the Czech Republic in central Europe. Jan Hus is still considered a national hero there today.

The Council of Constance summoned Hus to appear and defend himself. He was given an official promise of safe conduct from the Holy Roman Emperor, guaranteeing he could travel to the council, speak freely, and return home safely regardless of the council's decision. Hus accepted the invitation and traveled to Constance trusting that guarantee. The council immediately broke its promise. Hus

was arrested on arrival, kept in harsh prison conditions for months, repeatedly interrogated, and pressured to recant things he did not actually believe. When he refused to deny positions he considered biblical, the council found him guilty of heresy. On July 6, 1415, wearing a paper crown painted with images of demons, he was burned alive at the stake. His ashes were thrown into the Rhine River so that his followers could not collect them.

The response in Bohemia was an immediate revolt. The papacy launched five separate military crusades against Bohemia between 1420 and 1431. All five were defeated. The religious wars that followed devastated the region for decades. The message was unmistakable: Challenge Rome and it will send armies after you.

One hundred years later the same issues erupted again, but now the printing press had changed everything. When Martin Luther, a German monk and theology professor, wrote his 95 Theses in 1517 and nailed them to a church door in Wittenberg, he was initially seeking a scholarly debate, not a revolution. The immediate provocation was a monk named Johann Tetzel, who was traveling through Germany selling indulgences with a sales pitch so shameless it became famous. The popular summary of his pitch: “As soon as the coin in the coffer rings, the soul from purgatory springs.” The money was going to fund construction in Rome and pay off the Archbishop of Mainz’s debts to a banking house. Luther was genuinely outraged on behalf of poor German families spending money they could not afford.

Note: The 95 Theses were 95 specific points of argument, mostly focused on indulgences, that Luther wanted to debate publicly. Scholars posted arguments on church doors the same way people post announcements on a bulletin board today.

But Luther’s deeper concern went far beyond indulgences. His intense study of Paul’s letter to the Romans had brought him to a conclusion that struck at the entire theological foundation of the medieval Church: a sinner is made right with God through faith alone, not through the system of payments, penances, and religious acts the Church had built up over centuries. This was not a side issue. This was the central question of how a person gets saved.

The Pope at the time, Leo X, had reportedly described Luther’s early complaints as a quarrel among monks not worth his attention. He eventually realized his mistake. In 1520 he issued a formal document condemning forty-one of Luther’s statements and giving him sixty days to take them back or be excommunicated. Luther burned the document in the street. In early 1521 he was formally excommunicated. He was summoned before the Holy Roman Emperor Charles V and ordered to recant. Luther refused with words that have echoed through history: “Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise, God help me.” The emperor declared him an outlaw. Under that ruling, anyone could legally kill Luther without penalty. He was hidden by a sympathetic German prince while the storm around him grew.

The Reformation spread rapidly across Europe. Germany, Switzerland, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, England, and Scotland all saw Protestant movements take root, each developing differently. Lutherans, Calvinists, Anglicans, Baptists, Anabaptists, and eventually dozens of other groups emerged, each convinced it held the truest understanding of Scripture. And almost immediately these groups began fighting each other as well as Rome.

The violence that followed was catastrophic. The French Wars of Religion lasted 36 years, from 1562 to 1598, as Catholic and Protestant armies repeatedly slaughtered each other across France. The worst single episode was the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre in August 1572. It began with the assassination of Huguenot leaders in Paris and spread into a nationwide killing campaign. Within a few days thousands of Protestants had been killed, with estimates of the total dead ranging from 5,000 to 30,000. Pope Gregory XIII reportedly celebrated the news and ordered a special church service of thanksgiving. He had medals struck to commemorate what happened.

Note: The Huguenots were French Protestant Christians, mostly Calvinist in theology. At their peak they made up perhaps ten percent of the French population and were a significant political and military force.

The Thirty Years' War from 1618 to 1648 was even worse. What began as a conflict between Catholic and Protestant princes in the German states drew in most of the major powers of Europe and became one of the most destructive wars in history up to that point. Armies burned crops, destroyed cities, and massacred civilians. Historians estimate that parts of Germany lost somewhere between 25 and 40 percent of their entire population. The city of Magdeburg was sacked by Catholic Imperial forces in 1631 and roughly 20,000 of its 25,000 residents were killed in a single horrific event. In England, Catholic rulers burned Protestant leaders at the stake, and Protestant rulers beheaded Catholic leaders. Both sides believed they were serving God. The executioners on both sides were doing it in the name of Christ.

And within Protestantism itself the fractures multiplied. Luther and Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, met in 1529 in an attempt to unite the Protestant movement but broke apart over one issue: whether Christ was literally, physically present in the bread and wine of communion or whether His presence was only symbolic. Luther reportedly wrote the words, "This is my body," on the table and refused to give an inch. Zwingli refused to agree. The two men parted without unity and the Lutheran and Reformed traditions became permanently separate streams. Baptists separated from the Reformed tradition over infant baptism. Methodists separated from the Church of England. Congregationalists separated from Presbyterians. Every decade seemed to produce new breaks, each justified by appeals to Scripture and personal conviction, each leaving behind another fractured fellowship and a weaker witness to the world.

Think about the average believer on any side. A Lutheran farmer in Germany, a Reformed craftsman in Switzerland, and a Catholic fisherman in Portugal all prayed to the same Father in the name of the same Christ. All confessed their sins and sought forgiveness. All read the same Bible. All hoped for the same heaven. The exact nature of Christ's presence in the communion bread, the proper age for baptism, the specific structure of church government: these were real theological questions, but they were questions that most ordinary people could not have debated with precision and that had almost no impact on their daily devotion, their love for their families, or their hunger for God. Yet leaders turned them into grounds for excommunication, war, and execution.

THE DEVASTATING COST TO THE PRAYER ANOINTING

All three of these fractures reveal the same root cause: love was replaced by pride, selfish ambition, and the fight for power — all under the guise of defending the faith. The result was not just broken fellowship between churches. It was a direct shutting down of the divinely energized prayer anointing.

Jesus sent His disciples out in pairs, *“two by two”* (Mark 6:7; Luke 10:1), so that the peace He described could rest on a place and open heaven over it. The Greek word for that “peace” is *eirene*, which carries the meaning of being at one again, restored to wholeness and unity. When the Church itself is torn apart, that peace cannot rest. You cannot take authority over a spiritual atmosphere through *agape* driven prayer, when the praying community is locked in mutual excommunication and sending armies against each other.

The Day of Pentecost itself came when *“they were all with one accord in one place”* (Acts 2:1). Not when they had settled every theological debate. Not when they had worked out every difference of opinion. When they were with one accord. When *agape* love had become the organizing reality of their gathering, heaven opened and the Holy Spirit fell like a rushing mighty wind. The result was that three thousand people were saved in a single day.

The Reformation occurred at the very dawn of global exploration. European ships were reaching the Americas, Africa, and Asia for the first time. The harvest fields of the whole world were opening up. Instead of a united Church releasing the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing to carry the gospel to every nation in coordinated, Spirit-led mission, what Europe exported was its divisions. Catholic missionaries competed with Protestant missionaries in the same territories. Sometimes they actively worked against each other. The oil of Psalm 133 could not flow freely across the fractures. The dew never fully descended. And millions died in religious wars fought under the banner of the Prince of Peace, while the harvest waited.

Through all of this, especially after the reformation, we have seen great awakenings and regional moves of the Holy Spirit. We have seen groups that put aside division and unified in love around the work of the Holy Spirit. During those seasons, great harvests have been gathered and the kingdom of darkness driven back. However, division, strife, selfish ambition, and lust for power eventually tore most of them apart — the oil stopped flowing.

The same tragedy repeated in the Pentecostal and charismatic movements of the twentieth century. The Azusa Street Revival of 1906–1909 was one of the most remarkable outpourings of the Holy Spirit in modern history. People of every race and background gathered under the leadership of William Seymour, a Black Holiness preacher from Louisiana who was the son of former slaves. The interracial character of the revival was breathtaking for its era. One secular reporter described the sight of White Southerners submitting to a Black man's spiritual authority as one of the most stunning reversals of social order he had ever witnessed. For a moment it looked like the Church was becoming what Jesus had prayed for: one, even as the Father and Son are one.

Then William Durham came from Chicago preaching a different theology of sanctification. Also, Charles Parham, one of the earliest to experience the baptism of the Holy Spirit before Azusa, inserted himself into the controversy. Seymour and Parham broke publicly. Parham essentially repudiated the Azusa revival. The interracial unity that had been the most striking supernatural sign of the outpouring began to fragment. Within a few years the Pentecostal movement had divided into multiple competing denominations, most of them racially segregated, each convinced it held the true interpretation of the Spirit baptism they had all received. The oil that had flowed so powerfully for three years at Azusa Street ran into the cracks of division and much of it was lost.

In Anaheim, California, May 1988, I was at a conference led by Dr. Morris Cerullo. That night God spoke something to me that I have never forgotten. That evening service was a city-wide healing crusade. As I walked from my hotel to the stadium, I passed through what felt like domes of ever increasing anointing. The closer I got, the more powerful it was. It was so strong by the time I got to the front door I wondered how anybody could get into the building without already being healed.

Worship was so powerful. My eyes closed and hands lifted towards heaven I felt another even stronger wave sweep over the stadium. I opened my eyes and saw that Dr. Cerullo had just walked onto the platform. Overwhelmed, I asked the Lord what I was sensing, and He said: *"He, (Dr Cerullo) has taken authority over the spiritual atmosphere in prayer. He did this through love."* Love empowered prayer. That is the secret ingredient. That is what makes the divinely energized prayer anointing work. And you cannot have love empowered prayer when the body of Christ is

divided by pride, selfish ambition, and power struggles. The anointing to change the world requires unity. The greater works require one accord.

THE WARNING FOR THE DECADE OF EXTREMES AND BEYOND

We cannot pretend that the reformers and those who resisted Rome were wrong about everything. The grievances were real. The papacy had spent centuries doing things that looked almost nothing like Jesus in the Upper Room with a towel around His waist, washing feet. John Hus and Martin Luther were courageous voices calling out genuine corruption. The Eastern churches had legitimate concerns about Rome claiming a kind of authority that no council had ever given it. The Alexandrian theologians who rejected Chalcedon had real convictions and concerns, rooted in their tradition.

But the response on all sides sank into pride, power, and bloodshed that Jesus never commanded and never modeled. The new commandment to love one another was set aside while the Church bled. And the deepest tragedy was not that Christians killed each other, as terrible as that was. The deepest tragedy was what was lost in the spirit realm. Every time the oil of unity stopped flowing, the commanded blessing was withheld. Every time pride replaced love at the negotiating table, the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing was weakened. Every time a church council chose position over the new commandment, the greater works Jesus promised became less accessible to the Body.

The Lord has been pressing something urgently into my spirit: *“The greatest hour of the Church is still ahead. The glory of God is coming back to the Church before Jesus comes for the Church.”* But that glory cannot rest on a fragmented, pride-driven, power-competing Body. It requires what it has always required. Brethren dwelling together in unity. The oil flowing from the Head. The dew descending on the mountains of Zion.

The D.E.E.P. prayer anointing God is releasing is not coming to individuals or denominations working in isolation. It is coming to those who will put down their doctrinal pride and their need to win every secondary argument and simply choose love. It is coming to prayer strike force teams like the one God put together with Travis and myself, people who did not wait for perfect theological agreement on every point before we obeyed the call to go. We chose love, unity, and mission. We chose to be sent together. And we have watched the spiritual atmosphere shift and the power of God fall precisely because we refused to let pride divide us.

The three great splits of church history stand as costly warnings. The split of 451 cut off the unity of the Eastern Mediterranean Church at its most vulnerable moment. The split of 1054 permanently divided the Greek and Latin traditions and eventually

allowed the Muslim conquest of the greatest Christian city in the East. The Reformation fractures of the 1500s soaked Europe in blood and carried division to every corner of the globe just as the whole world was opening up for the gospel.

Each fracture was justified at the time. Each had genuine issues underneath it. And each one shut down the Holy Spirit's power in ways that still affect us today.

We are in the last days. The world is shaking. The return of the King is closer than it has ever been. The harvest fields are more open than at any point in history. And the enemy knows exactly what he has always known: if he can keep the brethren from dwelling together in unity, the oil will not flow, the dew will not fall, and the commanded blessing will be withheld.

Let the splits of 451, 1054, and the Reformation stand as the final warning.

Never again let secondary disputes, however real the issues underneath them, justify the breaking of love. Never again let the fight for position and power push aside the new commandment that Jesus said was the sign by which the entire world would know we are His disciples. Never again let the pride of being right about our theological distinctives cost us the unity that releases heaven's power.

The Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing is waiting for a Church that will finally obey the prayer Jesus prayed the night before the cross. *"That they all may be one, as You, Father, are in Me, and I in You, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that You sent Me"* (John 17:21). When the Church prays like Elijah, acts like the two witnesses of Revelation 11, and dwells together in unity like the 120 on the Day of Pentecost, the commanded blessing will fall. The oil will flow. The dew will descend. And the greater works that Jesus promised will be released through a Body that has finally learned to love one another as He has loved us.

CHAPTER 10

The Power of Unity

I walked into the prayer room before my first session on the opening night of a youth conference in Auckland, New Zealand. I love prayer, so I was excited to join these leaders whom I had never met. But as soon as I walked in, I was turned off. I said in my heart, “Oh man, not these kind of people.”

A few months earlier I had been in England and ministered at a church that was experiencing manifestations like those seen in the Toronto Blessing outpouring — holy laughter, shaking, groaning, and strange noises. I was no stranger to the power of God. I had experienced many mighty encounters with the Holy Spirit. I had been hit by the power of God and literally thrown across the room. I had angelic experiences and had seen the Shekinah Glory of God. I had experienced true waves of holy laughter and overwhelming senses of God’s mighty presence. But when I got to this church in England, there was a whole group of young people who, while I was preaching, kept groaning and making noises like they were having bad stomach cramps — grunts and groans and moaning noises. I found it quite distracting while I was preaching, and I was a bit irritated by it. But at the end of the service, the power of God fell and touched them in a mighty way.

So now, several months later, I’m in New Zealand, and I walk into this prayer meeting, and these young leaders were doing the exact same thing. The leader is walking around praying for people. He touched their head and would cry out, “Ho!” Pray for the next one — “Ho!” I used to joke that he sounded like a wannabe Santa Claus. And I thought to myself, “Oh man, not these kind of people.”

Now if you’ve been preaching for any period of time, you know how to preach against something without letting the people know you’re really preaching against it. So I said, “Thank God for what He is doing in your midst, but tonight we’re going to go into the deep things of God” — because in my mind their moaning and groaning and “ho’s”, couldn’t possibly be the deep things of God.

But after several days of ministering there, I realized these young leaders had such a deep, pure passion for God. So I started to open my heart and consider maybe they have something I don't. The last night, as I was ministering, the Lord told me that as soon as I was done praying for people, I should release them to pray for each other. And as soon as they started doing that, the moans and the groans and the noises all began again. But this time I wasn't critical. I stood up front with my arm around the main youth leader's shoulder, and I just looked out upon the crowd and said to him, "Isn't God great — He's just playing with His children."

With no one praying for me, all of a sudden I felt a giant hand hit me in my gut. I suddenly cried out with a loud groan shouting, "HO!" — and hit the floor, laughing uncontrollably. Wave after wave of God's power kept coming on me, and my body shook all night long. For the next several weeks, every time I even thought about God, I would feel like a bolt of electricity go through my body. I didn't understand what they were experiencing, because it was outside of my experience. But when I decided to stop judging and open my heart to the possibility that maybe they saw something of God I didn't see, I received a breakthrough.

It was only later, reflecting back on it, that I realized what that leader had actually been crying out over every person he prayed for. "Ho!" was not a strange noise at all. It was Isaiah 55:1 — "Ho! Everyone who thirsts, come to the waters." A prophetic invitation straight from Scripture, and I had been standing there silently mocking it as a wannabe Santa Claus.

From that initial meeting, a godly relationship developed between me and the key leaders. I would come back several times a year and we would do youth conferences together. There was such love and unity that we would simply gather together before the first session and pray and ask the Holy Spirit who was supposed to speak and who was supposed to minister at what point in the conference. There was no keynote speaker, there was no one person we elevated above the rest — there was only a group of five leaders totally unified to hear what the voice of the Holy Spirit was saying.

And even when we felt a certain leader was to carry the main message, every service all five of us ended up having a role. One would have a prophetic word, another would have a special prayer, another might add to an additional key point of the message. We would flow with each other and yield to each other, and the breakthroughs that the young people in New Zealand were experiencing were unlike anything in their recorded history — unprecedented healing, miraculous financial breakthroughs, mass salvations, and unity between many formerly competing denominations. There was such love, mutual respect, and a willingness to prefer one another that it produced a multi-year revival that shook the nation.

Only two other seasons in my life have I experienced that kind of oneness in the faith, and it is the most powerful, beautiful, and desirable thing you can imagine. The

purity of the voice of God, the power of the immediate answered prayers, and the unparalleled breakthroughs is something I have continually longed for and searched the world for others who would be willing to come together in this kind of divine unity.

The previous chapter laid out the evidence in painful detail. Multiple times in church history the visible body of Christ fractured along the fault lines of pride and the hunger for power. Repeatedly the oil of Psalm 133 stopped flowing at the worst possible moment. Because we stopped loving one another, the commanded blessing was withheld, and nations paid the price. And we looked at what divisions cost.

Now we need to look at the other side of that ledger. Because the same principle that shows us what is lost when unity breaks down also shows us what becomes available when unity is restored. And what becomes available is staggering.

The reason the enemy has worked so relentlessly across every generation to divide the Church is that he is terrified of the power of a unified church. He knows what we are capable of when we are one. He has read the same Bible we have. He was there at Pentecost. He watched what happened when 120 people, who had spent ten days getting their hearts aligned, suddenly stood up in the streets of Jerusalem. He has never forgotten it. And he has been working overtime ever since to stop the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing that was released.

Where there is unity, there is power. This is not a motivational slogan. It is a spiritual law as reliable as gravity, and the enemy of your soul has built his entire strategy around stopping it.

THE LEGAL RIGHT TO CHANGE THE ATMOSPHERE

Most believers who know about binding and loosing know it from Matthew 16:19: *“And I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven.”* That is the famous one. But Jesus repeats the same governmental language a second time, almost word for word, in Matthew 18:18–20. In repeating it, He is clarifying the environment where this governmental authority operates. This time the setting is not a church-building or kingdom confrontation. It is humility, restoration, forgiveness, and unity. The same binding and loosing power Peter received in chapter 16, Jesus now ties directly to two or three people walking in genuine agreement. That placement is not accidental. It is the message.

Matthew 18 is one of the most misread chapters in the New Testament. We pull the binding and loosing passage out of its context and treat it like a standalone warfare

declaration. But read the whole chapter. Jesus responds to the disciples' argument about greatness by establishing that the humility of a child is the key to greatness. He commands the protection of the weak. He tells the story of the shepherd leaving the ninety-nine for the one. He gives a step-by-step process for restoring a fallen brother. He closes with the parable of the unmerciful servant because seventy-times-seven forgiveness is essential to the unity required for operating in governing authority.

Do you see what He is building? Humility. Protection of the vulnerable. Restoration of the wandering. Resolution of offenses. Radical forgiveness. Jesus is laying a foundation brick by brick, and every brick is teaching us how to build unity. He is constructing the kind of community in which the atmosphere can actually shift. And then, right in the center of that construction, He dropped this:

“Assuredly, I say to you, whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven. Again I say to you that if two of you agree on earth concerning anything that they ask, it will be done for them by My Father in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, I am there in the midst of them.”

Matthew 18:18–20

He said two of you. He said agree. He said gathered in My name. He tied the governing authority of the Church, the legal right to bind what hell is releasing and loose what heaven is holding back, directly and specifically to unity. Not to volume. Not to religious intensity. Not to the reputation of the person praying. To agreement. To oneness of heart.

The Greek word behind “agree” in verse 19 is *sympḥōneō*. We get our English word “symphony” from it. It means to sound together, to make one harmonious sound from distinct voices. Not uniformity, where everyone plays the same note. Symphony, where different instruments and voices and gifts are tuned to the same key and submitted to the same conductor until the sound they produce together is something none of them could produce alone.

The word translated “bind” is *deō*, a legal term meaning to restrain, to forbid, to place under binding obligation. The word translated “loose” is *lyō*, meaning to untie, to release, to unlock. These are governmental words. Jesus is giving the Church delegated kingdom authority, the legal right to govern the invisible realm that controls the visible one. And He is depositing that authority inside the community of *sympḥōneō*. Inside the place where two or three have done the hard relational work of Matthew 18 and come into genuine agreement.

The authority to change the spiritual atmosphere is real. The promise is absolute. But Jesus made it conditional on purpose. That authority flows through unity.

The phrase “*gathered together in My name*” (Matt. 18:20), means far more than a religious formality. It means we have come together under the authority of Jesus, representing Him, submitted to Him, and aligned with His heart and purposes. When that alignment happens, Jesus does not remain distant. He steps into the center of the gathering — “*I am there in the midst of them*” (Matt. 18:20). His presence and power are released to back up the unified request made in alignment with His will.

Individual believers filled with the Spirit are powerful. But two or three who have walked through the relational demands of Matthew 18, who have chosen humility over greatness, forgiven one another, restored one another, and resolved their offenses, those two or three carry an atmospheric authority that no individual prayer, however anointed, can replicate. This is why the Day of Pentecost required ten days of one accord. 120 people with real differences and real histories of conflict stayed in that room until the *sympḥōneō* was genuine. And once the accord was real, heaven could no longer contain what it was holding back.

The greater works are waiting for a Church that is one. Not one in style, not one in every secondary doctrine, but one in love, one in mission, one in the *sympḥōneō* of genuine agreement. That is the Church Matthew 18 is building toward. That is the Church that changes atmospheres.

EVEN THE ENEMY UNDERSTANDS THIS

“Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and a house divided against a house falls. If Satan also is divided against himself, how will his kingdom stand?”

Luke 11:17–18

Jesus is not defending Satan here. He is pointing out a principle so foundational that even the kingdom of darkness operates by it. The kingdom of darkness uses fear and hatred as its unifying force. Even a corrupted form of unity carries more power than pure division. The devil is not afraid of a divided Church. He built his entire strategy around keeping it that way. What he cannot withstand is a body of believers that has chosen love over pride and walked into genuine agreement.

WHAT PAUL MEANT BY ONE MIND

“I appeal to you, brothers, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that all of you agree and that there be no divisions among you, but that you be united in the same mind and the same judgment.”

1 Corinthians 1:10 (ESV)

The phrase “*be united*” comes from a Greek word that literally means to be perfectly mended or repaired, like a fisherman mending a torn net. It is the same word used in Mark 1:19 for James and John in the boat with their father, repairing nets torn from a night’s work.

Paul is saying the Church should be perfectly fitted together the way a mended net is fitted together, strong, whole, and capable of holding a catch. A torn net loses the fish. A mended net keeps them.

Notice what Paul is not demanding. He is not calling for identical opinions on every secondary question. He is calling for Gospel-centered harmony, unity of heart and will around the things that matter most, and the humility to refuse to let secondary differences tear the net apart. The Corinthian church was fracturing over personalities. I follow Paul. I follow Apollos. Every generation finds its own version. And in every generation the enemy whispers: “This is worth dividing over.”

They are your people. They are the Body. And the Body cannot afford to keep tearing the net.

Most of the things the Church has been willing to divide over will not matter in a hundred years, let alone in eternity. Stand any of our favorite disputes next to the cross, next to a soul stepping from death into life, next to the throne where every knee will bow, and watch how small they become.

Most of what we fight about carries no eternal weight at all. It will not be discussed in heaven. It will not be remembered on the day every tear is wiped away. And yet we have let these things, weightless on the scale of eternity, outweigh the souls slipping through the net while we argue. The net is torn and the harvest slips away.

THE BOND OF PEACE: WORKING AT UNITY

“I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you to walk worthy of the calling with which you were called, with all lowliness and gentleness, with longsuffering, bearing with one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.”

Ephesians 4:1–3

Unity does not happen by accident. It does not fall from the sky. It is something the Spirit of God is always working toward, and we are called to work alongside Him with costly, daily choices that put the unity of the Body ahead of our preferences, our reputations, and our need to be right.

The people who went into the upper room ten days before Pentecost did not arrive unified. They had been arguing about who would be greatest. There was jealousy, competition, and the raw grief of having watched their leader die. But they stayed in that room together. They kept working at it. After ten days the Bible says they were in one accord. And once they got to one accord, God opened the heavens. Three thousand people were added to the kingdom in a single day. That is what unity makes possible.

HUMILITY: THE ONLY PATH TO UNITY

“Therefore if there is any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any affection and mercy, fulfill my joy by being like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through selfish ambition or conceit, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than himself. Let each of you look out not only for his own interests, but also for the interests of others.”

Philippians 2:1–4

The enemies of unity Paul identifies are selfish ambition and conceit. Not dramatic, obvious sins. Selfish ambition looks like vision. Conceit looks like healthy self-confidence. They present themselves as strengths. The antidote is equally clear: lowliness of mind. Esteeming the other person as more important than yourself. This is the same posture Jesus took in the Upper Room when He wrapped a towel around His waist and got on His knees to wash feet dirty from the road. Humility is the doorway to the divine. Without it, unity remains a concept. With it, unity becomes a reality. And with unity as a reality, the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing has the channel it needs.

THE PRACTICAL PICTURE: ROMANS 12

“Live in harmony with one another; do not be haughty (snobbish, high-minded, exclusive), but readily adjust yourself to [people, things] and give yourselves to humble tasks. Never overestimate yourself or be wise in your own conceits. Repay no one evil for evil, but take thought for what is honest and proper and noble [aiming to be above reproach] in the sight of everyone. If possible, as far as it depends on you, live at peace with everyone.”

Romans 12:16–18 (AMPC)

Readily Adjust Yourself

Not reluctantly adjust yourself. Not adjust yourself after a long argument — readily. Early in my ministry, my wife and I accepted a position at a church where a significant portion of the congregation had strong convictions about women wearing skirts rather than pants. My wife said without hesitation: “I will wear skirts, not just at church, around town as well, because if it causes someone to stumble, my freedom is not worth that cost.” Was she compromising a theological essential? No. She was making a deliberate choice to place the unity of the body above her personal preference. The result was a youth group where the power of God fell so heavily that we were carrying kids home overwhelmed by the Holy Spirit. The reward of unity always outweighs the price you pay to get it.

Never Be Wise in Your Own Conceits

This is Paul’s warning against the pride that convinces you that your opinion on a secondary matter is so important that division is preferable to surrender. Every leader who drove the great divides of church history was convinced they were protecting something essential. Every one of them handed the enemy a victory he has been celebrating for hundreds of years. The person genuinely walking in humility will always ask: “Is this a hill worth dying on? Or is this the thing the enemy wants me to plant my flag on so I will tear the net in the process?”

As Far as It Depends on You

Paul is not naive. He knows there are situations where the other party will not come to the table. He acknowledges this with the qualifier if possible. But your side of it is non-negotiable. You do not get to opt out of the pursuit of peace because the other person is difficult. Every time you choose peace when pride is screaming at you to fight, you are taking ground from the enemy. You are keeping the net mended. You are keeping the channel open for the oil to flow.

THE GLORY, THE UNITY, AND THE HARVEST

“That they all may be one, as You, Father, are in Me, and I in You; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that You sent Me. And the glory which You gave Me I have given them, that they may be one just as We are one.”

John 17:21–22

Jesus gave His glory to the Church so that they may be one. The glory was not given primarily for personal spiritual experiences. The glory was given as the agent of unity. The outpouring of God’s glory on the Church is what will bring the Church into the oneness that Jesus prayed for. The glory produces what our best organizational and relational efforts have always fallen short of. When believers behold the same glory, when they are together saturated with the presence of the same Christ, the divisions that seemed insurmountable dissolve. No one argues about position or preference when they are face down under the weight of His *kabod*.

I have been prophesying this for years. *“The glory of God is coming back to the Church before Jesus comes for the Church.”* And when it comes, the most visible sign of its arrival will not primarily be miracles or healings. It will be the Church becoming one. One body. Mended together like a repaired net. Perfectly fitted to hold the greatest harvest in human history.

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE WHEN IT ACTUALLY HAPPENS: HERRNHUT, 1727

Everything this chapter has been describing, the house-to-house work of reconciliation, the voluntary covenant of love over theological position, the small groups of two to four bearing one another’s burdens, the prayer that builds until the presence of God becomes unbearable to be away from, has actually happened. In a real place. Among real people who were just as divided and prideful and convinced of their own positions as anyone reading this book.

In 1722, Count Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf opened his estate in Saxony as a refuge for persecuted Protestant believers from Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, mostly descendants of the ancient movement born from the martyrdom of Jan Hus. By early 1727 the population of the settlement, which Zinzendorf had named Herrnhut (The Lord’s Watch) had swollen to between two and three hundred people.

And they were tearing each other apart.

Factions had formed along every conceivable line: Moravians, Lutherans, Reformed, Baptists, Schwenkfelders, each convinced their theological distinctives were worth fighting over. Heated arguments erupted over predestination, baptism, church government, and whether they should remain under Lutheran oversight or separate entirely. Bitterness, criticism, judgmentalism, and sectarian spirit had infected the community so deeply that the entire experiment was in danger of collapse. This is the pattern The Great Divides chapter described. Bitter envy and selfish ambition operating inside a community that believed it was defending truth while actually destroying the oil of Psalm 133.

Zinzendorf saw it clearly. And he did not attempt to resolve the theological disputes by producing better arguments. He went house to house. Personally. Visiting every family. Pleading for repentance, love, and an end to the quarreling. He was doing exactly what Paul commanded in Ephesians 4:3: *“Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.”* At enormous personal cost. With no guarantee it would work.

On May 12, 1727, he called the entire adult community together and preached for over three hours on the sin of division. Then he presented what became known as the Brotherly Agreement, a voluntary covenant that the community would focus on points of agreement rather than differences, live in love, study Scripture together, pray for one another, avoid disputes and envy, and judge no one. The people responded. They shook hands. They covenanted together. Quarreling refugees became, almost overnight, a covenant-bound community.

A second Brotherly Union and Compact was signed on July 4, 1727. Small groups of two to four people formed for mutual accountability and daily prayer: intimate, safe gatherings where people could confess sins, carry each other's burdens, and press in together. The corporate prayer meetings multiplied through the summer. On August 5, Zinzendorf and about fourteen others spent an entire night in prayer together. The atmosphere was building toward something none of them could name yet but all of them could feel.

AUGUST 13, 1727: THE TABLE BREAKS HEAVEN OPEN

Zinzendorf spent the days before August 13 personally visiting every house again, urging the people to examine their hearts and come to a specially arranged communion service at the Lutheran parish church in Berthelsdorf, a short walk from the settlement. The entire adult community made the walk together.

As the congregation was singing and preparing to take communion, the presence of the Holy Spirit fell upon the assembly. Loud weeping drowned out the singing. People felt scarcely able to tell whether they belonged to earth or had already gone

to heaven. Old divisions, old criticisms, old factional spirits melted away as the presence of God swept through the room. And the summary that every Moravian since has carried as the simplest description of what happened on August 13, 1727, are these sacred words:

“We learned to love one another.”

And notice what broke heaven open. Not a conference, not a revival meeting, not a famous preacher. A communion service. The table. The bread and the cup. A community that had spent months in the hard work of covenant-making, mutual confession, house-to-house reconciliation, and small-group prayer came together to honor the covenant at the Lord’s Table. And heaven came down.

“The Saviour permitted to come upon us a Spirit of whom we had hitherto not had any experience or knowledge. Hitherto we had been the leaders and helpers. Now the Holy Spirit Himself took full control of everything and everybody.”

— Count Zinzendorf

“An overwhelming flood of grace swept over us... Self-love and self-will disappeared... A great hunger after the Word of God took possession of us so that we had to have three services every day.”

— Moravian eyewitness record

Three days before, the minister Rothe had been conducting an afternoon service when the presence of God descended on him with such force that he could not continue standing. The service continued until midnight, and then it moved outside. One account records that the bushes on the Hutberg, the Watch Hill above the community, were filled with brothers, sisters, and children day and night, who on their knees or prostrate, prayed, wept and sang. The burden had moved outdoors and would not let anyone rest indoors.

WHAT THE UNITY RELEASED

Sixteen days after August 13, twenty-four men and twenty-four women made a covenant that formalized what the Spirit had already ignited. Each person committed to one specific hour of intercession per day, covering all twenty-four hours around the clock, every day, without interruption. Pairs kept vigil together during the night hours, men with men and women with women, for mutual support, covenant accountability, and shared intercession. The structural principle was biblical: “A fire

shall always be burning on the altar; it shall never go out” (Lev. 6:13), and no single person was left to tend it alone.

That watch continued for over a hundred years. And from it came the first great Protestant missionary movement in history. Moravian missionaries went to the Caribbean, to Greenland, to South Africa, to North America. By the middle of the eighteenth century the Moravians had sent more missionaries than the entire Protestant Church had sent in the previous two hundred years. One in every sixty Moravian believers became a foreign missionary, a proportion that has never been equaled.

In 1735, on a ship crossing the Atlantic in a violent storm, a young Anglican minister named John Wesley watched Moravian missionaries sing hymns in the calm while the English passengers panicked around them. Wesley could not explain what he was seeing. His subsequent encounter with Moravian believers in London led to the transformation he described on May 24, 1738, when his heart was strangely warmed. The Methodist movement was born. And the First Great Awakening that reshaped the spiritual and civic character of the American colonies was lit, at least in part, by the faith of people whose faith had been formed in a hundred-year prayer watch born from a communion service on August 13, 1727.

Exactly forty-nine years after the Herrnhut community signed their July 4 covenant of unity, the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776. Seven times seven. The complete cycle. The fruit of a covenant of love, signed by a few hundred refugees who decided to put down their divisions and learn to love one another, was still reverberating across the Atlantic forty-nine years later, having helped shape the spiritual character of the nation that would become the greatest mission-sending country in the history of the world.

This is what happens when a divided community chooses the covenant over the argument, the mercy seat over the judgment seat, the table over the theological dispute. The unity they chose released a prayer movement, a missionary movement, a revival, and a nation — all flowing from those sacred words spoken in a Saxon church in 1727: “We learned to love one another.”

THE PROPHETIC ROADMAP: GOD MAKES THE SAME THINGS HAPPEN

“What is happening now has happened before, and what will happen in the future has happened before, because God makes the same things happen over and over again.”

Ecclesiastes 3:15 (NLT)

God moves in repetitive cycles. He reveals what will happen in the future through what has happened in the past. And the final days of Jesus before the cross are a prophetic roadmap of the end-times.

Jesus, the sole expression of the glory of God, was outside Jerusalem preparing for the triumphal entry. The glory was not in the temple. God said to me: *“My glory is not in My Church right now, but it is coming back before Jesus comes for His Church.”*

The first thing Jesus did was look for a vessel to carry His glory: a colt upon which no man had ever ridden. God is not looking for the most famous. He is looking for vessels that will, in humility, allow Him to ride on them and carry His glory back into the temple. Second, it was on the winds of prophetic worship and praise that the glory was carried into the city. Third, the first thing Jesus did once He was inside the city was cleanse the temple.

“And He said to them, ‘It is written, “My house shall be called a house of prayer,” but you have made it a “den of thieves.”’”

Matt 21:13

When the glory comes back to the Church, Jesus will cleanse the temple again and re-establish its eternal purpose. He will say what He said through Jeremiah about the things that rob His house of the Spirit of prayer: stealing from God, unforgiveness that murders fellowship, spiritual adultery through worldly mixture, false words, and relying on substitutes instead of the anointing of the Spirit (Jer. 7:8–11). Each of these Jesus applied directly in the New Testament, and each one will be cleansed from His house before the glory fills it.

After the cleansing in Matthew 21, look at what happened next: *“Then the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple, and He healed them... and the children crying out in the temple and saying, ‘Hosanna to the Son of David!’”* (Matt. 21:14–15). Cleansing first. Then power. Then pure praise. This is still the pattern and still the promise.

“[He planned] for the maturity of the times and the climax of the ages to unify all things and head them up and consummate them in Christ, [both] things in heaven and things on the earth.”

Ephesians 1:10 (AMPC)

The end-times is the appointed season for the consummation of God’s eternal purpose: the unifying of all things in Christ. It will happen not through the Church trying harder at relationship management but through the unveiled glory of Jesus drawing all things together in Himself. The glory is the unifying agent. “Seek My glory,” He says. “For when I am lifted up, I will draw all men to Me.”

The Hebrews 12:14 mandate: “*Pursue peace with all people, and holiness,*” does not say pursue holiness alone. It says pursue peace and holiness. Both. Together. In the glory. That is the target.

WHAT YOU ARE CHOOSING RIGHT NOW

Everything in this chapter comes down to a series of daily choices.

You will face situations where a secondary difference feels enormous and worth defending. You will encounter people who have hurt you or simply see things differently. And in every one of those moments you will have a choice. You can insist on the satisfaction of being right and watch the net tear a little more. Or you can choose unity. You can readily adjust yourself. You can esteem the other person as more important than your need to win this round.

The D.E.E.P. prayer anointing flows through unified vessels. The Matthew 18 promise of answered prayer is tied directly to agreement. The Pentecost breakthrough came after ten days of people staying in the room together until their hearts came into one accord. The commanded blessing of Psalm 133 falls on brethren dwelling together in unity, not brethren who have sorted out every secondary theological question, but brethren who have chosen, deliberately and repeatedly, to dwell together and keep their eyes on His glory rather than on their differences.

The enemy has worked for two thousand years to keep the Church from making that choice. History shows us what it costs when he succeeds. And history shows us, at Pentecost, at Herrnhut, at every genuine revival, what happens when the body of Christ finally, at whatever cost, gets into one accord.

The fire is waiting. The harvest is waiting. Heaven is holding back a power that has nowhere to go until we become the vessel it was designed for.

Choose unity. Work at it. Pay the price for it. Keep your eyes on Jesus rather than on the differences between you and your brothers. The glory that is coming will make every one of those differences small. And the Bride who beholds it together will be made ready.

CHAPTER 11

The Towel and the Basin

We have surveyed the landscape of what happens when pride destroys the body of Christ. We have seen three catastrophic fractures, in 451, in 1054, and in the sixteenth century, each one choosing position over love, self-preservation over sacrifice, the elevated judgment seat over the lowly mercy seat. We have watched bitter envy and selfish ambition shut down the oil of Psalm 133 at the very moments when the world needed a unified, praying Church most. And we have seen the prescription: the meekness of wisdom, mutual confession, a community committed to walking in the light with one another.

Now, before Jesus prays the prayer of John 17, *“That they all may be one,”* He models the pattern of how we are to create the environment where the glory can dwell. We turn our attention to the beginning of the night when Jesus demonstrated all of it in a stunning act of humility and establish an eternal covenant reality.

HE LOVED THEM TO THE END

It is just before the Passover. John opens the thirteenth chapter with words that carry the weight of all eternity. Jesus knows His hour has come. He is about to leave this world and go to the Father. The cross is hours away. In the room are the Apostles, the ones He has chosen, the ones He has trained, the ones He is about to entrust with the continuation of everything He came to do. And then John gives us the frame that holds everything: *“Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to the end”* (John 13:1).

Read those words again slowly. *“To the end.”* The Greek is *eis telos*, meaning to the uttermost, to the farthest reach, to the fullest possible extent. But there is more. This phrase is also a prophetic declaration that reaches further than the cross that is coming in a few hours. He loved them to the end of all things. To the end of history. To the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. To eternity itself. This is not just the statement

of a man facing His death. It is the declaration of a Bridegroom who will never stop loving His Bride, whose love has no terminal point, whose commitment to the Church He is about to purchase with His blood will never be withdrawn, diminished, or exhausted. He loved them to the end, and the end will never come.

“Now before the Feast of the Passover, when Jesus knew that His hour had come that He should depart from this world to the Father, having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to the end.”

John 13:1

This love, this eternal, uttermost, *eis telos* love, is the force that drove everything that happened in that room. The foot-washing was not a leadership exercise. The covenant meal was not a religious ceremony. Both were enacted expressions of a love that has no bottom and no ceiling, a love that would stoop to wash the feet of a betrayer and lift a cup of blessing to the lips of men who would all run before morning.

This is the night Jesus instituted the new covenant meal. The foot-washing occurs within the same sacred hours as the bread and the cup. John, writing for readers who already knew the Synoptic accounts, chooses not to repeat the institution of the Eucharist. Instead he gives us what the others do not: the enacted parable that is the Eucharist’s inseparable companion. The bread and cup declare what Christ does for us in salvation. The towel and basin declare how that same love is to shape our life together. And both of them are pointing somewhere, forward to the night when the Bridegroom returns for His Bride and the great Marriage Supper of the Lamb finally begins.

THE ENEMY THAT BLOCKED EVERY REVIVAL

Before we watch Jesus take the towel, we need to sit for a moment with the enemy He was confronting. Not Judas. Not Satan. The enemy that had already been at work in the room before Jesus ever stood up from the table.

Luke 22:24 tells us plainly that just before the foot-washing, *“There was also a dispute among them, as to which of them should be considered the greatest.”* The same men who were about to witness the most breathtaking act of servant humility in human history were sitting at that table ranking themselves, jockeying for position, insisting on their own significance. In the Upper Room. On the night before the cross. With Jesus within arm’s reach.

This is the nature of pride. It does not announce itself as arrogance. It rarely feels like selfishness from the inside. It looks and feels like vision, like healthy self-awareness, like a reasonable desire for recognition. And that is precisely what makes it so catastrophic in the body of Christ. Pride is the mask that covers insecurity and performs strength over the place of felt weakness. The disciples were not evil men. They were frightened men, about to lose everything, instinctively reaching for status to compensate for the terror they could not name.

This is the same dynamic that produced every fracture we studied in the previous chapters. The patriarch of Alexandria refusing to allow Rome's letter to be read was a frightened man protecting a position. The Cardinal staging a theatrical excommunication on the altar of Hagia Sophia was a frightened man asserting supremacy. The church leaders during the reformation, who justified burning fellow believers in Christ's name, were men convinced they were defending truth when they were, at least in part, defending themselves. The pastors betraying other pastors over their refusal to obey Covid lockdowns were afraid of the backlash from the media and public, trying to protect what they had instead of standing boldly against governmental overreach. Pride goes before destruction. But pride never tells you it's there. That's what makes it so devastating.

God spoke something to me years ago that I have never been able to move past. He said, *"Many of the major preachers in America have made a grave mistake. They are standing up in pulpits declaring My favor upon their lives when it is My favor upon the ministry. They have mistaken the increase in influence, the increase in wealth, the increase in popularity, for My favor upon them personally."* And He said, *"I will put favor on a ministry to accomplish My plans and purposes even when I have not put My favor on a person. Your favor will never be measured in the size of your crowds. It will only ever be measured in one thing; the access I have given you to My presence."*

"Moses was the most humble man on the face of the earth" (Num. 12:3). The Word of God says so plainly. And the direct consequence of that humility was the most intimate form of divine communication available to any human being: "Face to face, plainly, not in dark sayings" (Num. 12:8). Humility's greatest reward is not promotion. Humility's greatest reward is intimacy with God. Every promise in the Upper Room, the greater works, the answered prayer, the abiding, the divine partnership, all of it flows through that intimacy. And that intimacy is the exclusive possession of the humble.

Pride builds walls between us and God. Humility tears them down. The disciples who were arguing about greatness had no capacity yet for what Jesus was about to show them. He would have to break through that wall before a single word of John 14-17 could land in their hearts.

THE CLOAK OF HUMILITY: WHY IT MUST NOT COME OFF

In the late 1990s I read something in Rick Joyner's *The Final Quest* that broke something open in me permanently. The vision described warriors who had climbed a spiritual mountain to the garden of God where Jesus dwells and had seen His glory face to face. As they came down, they were given a cloak to wear, plain, unremarkable, entirely undistinguished. The cloak of humility.

Some put it on and went into the battle. Others did not. They came down shining with the glory of their encounter, and they went into the battle uncloaked. The brightness of what they had experienced blinded them to what was drawing close behind them. Pride's arrows began landing. The weakening felt like something else. Gradually they set down their armor. "We don't need this anymore. We have so much glory. We don't need the daily washing of the water of the Word. We don't need prayer." And eventually those who had just beheld Jesus in His garden ended up as prisoners of the enemy, with demons piling on top of them.

That is not a fictional warning. I have watched it happen to real ministries, to men and women who began in extraordinary fire. The fire was real. The anointing was genuine. But somewhere in the season of fruitfulness, the cloak came off. One moment of wanting just a glimpse of the glory coming through them. And the Lord, who had been speaking face to face, went silent. "Your pride has blinded you. I can no longer talk to you that way."

There is a second dimension to this. In a vision I received, there was a great field with enemy forces positioned along berms on either side, armed with weapons, not powerful, but lethal. Over the entire field, up to the height of the berm, hovered a fog layer. To move under it, a person had to be almost face down, very low to the ground. Moving through the field at that posture, the enemy could not see the warriors crawling to attack their positions and breakthrough their strongholds. But the moment the head lifted just slightly above the fog layer, the enemy's eyes snapped open and the firing started immediately.

The Lord said, *"If you stay low enough in humility, the enemy can't see where to shoot you. But the moment you rear your head in even a little pride, he knows exactly where you are vulnerable and exactly how to hit you."* Humility blinds the enemy just as pride blinds the Christian. In the end-times, when the anointing being released is greater than anything the Church has yet seen, prideful people cannot be trusted with it. God is not going to release what is coming through vessels that the enemy can locate and systematically dismantle.

The D.E.E.P. prayer anointing flows through low vessels. Not weak vessels. Low ones. The lower you get in genuine humility, the less visible you become to the enemy, and the more completely you become a channel for the glory of God to flow through.

Jesus was about to release the greatest invitation given to mankind. He was about to invite us into being full partners with the Father in releasing His kingdom and His will on earth as it is in heaven. He was about to reveal that we were going to eternally be the “house of prayer”, the temple of the Holy Spirit, the permanent dwelling place of God. Before He did any of that, He modeled the heart condition and position that was required for any of that to manifest. He humbled himself.

SECURE IN GLORY, HE STOOPS LOW

“Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He had come from God and was going to God, rose from supper and laid aside His garments, took a towel and girded Himself.”

John 13:3–4

Before John tells us what Jesus did, he tells us what Jesus knew. This sequence is the theological key to everything that follows. Three things, each one staggering. He knew that the Father had given all things into His hands, complete sovereignty, total authority over heaven and earth. He knew He had come from God, full consciousness of His eternal pre-existence and divine origin. And He knew He was going to God. Beyond the cross lay the resurrection, the ascension, and the return to the glory He had shared with the Father before the world began.

At the precise moment of His fullest awareness of divine glory, power, and destiny, He got up, took off His outer robe, and wrapped Himself with a towel.

This is the revelation that breaks everything open. True humility is not the product of having nothing. It is the product of having everything and choosing to stoop anyway. You are not your own. You were bought at a price. The moment that reality settles as a lived orientation rather than a theological position, the entire platform of pride loses its footing. There is nothing left to defend, because the self being defended no longer belongs to you. There is nothing left to promote, because the life being lived belongs to another. A bondservant does not come to receive. A bondservant comes to give.

Jesus is the supreme model of this. He had received the *doxa*, the full glory of the Father, all that God is and all that God has. And He used the security of that divine

identity not to elevate Himself but to stoop below the lowest servant in the room. The outer robe was the garment of a free man, a teacher, a person of standing. By removing it, He visually enacted what Philippians 2:7 describes: He “*emptied Himself, by taking the form of a servant*” (ESV).

In the early months after my salvation in 1986, I faced my own version of this confrontation. A group of older believers tried to tell me that my fire was extremism, that God had brought me to San Diego to be balanced and toned down. For two weeks I begged God to humble me, genuinely afraid they were right. Then He spoke quietly: “*Son, I brought you the way I wanted you. Pride is not your problem. Stay close to Me and I will deal with it.*” That word lifted everything. Secure in His approval, I could pray for those roommates without needing them to affirm me. I could stoop. And one by one they came alive.

But I will be transparent about something. The lesson I learned in 1986 had to be relearned throughout the decades that followed, in different forms, at different levels of the journey. Each new season of fruitfulness brought a new version of the same test. Would I keep the cloak on? Would I stay low? Would I remain secure enough in the Father’s love to take the servant’s position even when nobody acknowledged it and everyone else was climbing?

This is the answer to every form of pride that has ever fractured the body of Christ. The leaders who drove the three great divides were not simply evil. They were insecure. They were protecting something they were afraid to lose. Jesus had already surrendered everything to the will of the Father. He had nothing to protect and nothing to fear losing. So He took the towel.

The cloak of humility is not humiliation. It is the garment of the secure. The ones who can truly wash feet are the ones who know who they are and whose they are and have decided that the glorification of God is worth more than anything the promotion of self could ever produce.

THE MASTER WHO BECAME THE SLAVE

Jesus did not merely suggest that someone should wash feet. He rose from the table, wrapped a towel around His waist, poured water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples’ feet one by one, including the feet of the man already betraying Him.

Let that land. He washed Judas’s feet. Knowing everything. Knowing what was already in his heart, what had already been arranged with the chief priests, what would happen in the garden before morning. He got down on His knees and cleaned the filth from the feet of the one who was in the process of destroying Him. This is what *eis telos*

love looks like in practice. This is the love that goes all the way to the end, without exception, without reservation, even when the person being served is in the act of betrayal.

PREPARING THE TEMPLE TO HOUSE THE GLORY

The Hebrew word for “glory” is *kabod*. It means manifested weightiness. When the Old Testament speaks of the glory of God coming down, it is not speaking of something light or ethereal. It is speaking of a weight, a density of divine presence so substantial that when it filled the tabernacle, Moses could not stand in it. When it descended on Solomon’s temple, the priests fell prostrate and could not continue their service. The *kabod* of God is the actual, manifested weightiness of all that He is.

A preacher once told a true story that I have never been able to set aside. A man who weighed well over five hundred pounds went to visit a close friend. He stood in the doorway of the house, his coat still on, looking into the rooms. His friend urged him to come in, to sit down, to stay. But the man kept his coat on and after a few minutes excused himself and left. When he told the story a few days later, he began to weep. He explained that the last time he had visited that friend, he had sat in one of the chairs and it had broken under his weight. The embarrassment had cut him deeply. So this time he came to the door looking to see if his friend had bought a new chair — one strong enough to hold him. When he did not see one, he kept his coat on and walked away broken, because he had longed to spend the whole evening there.

God spoke to that preacher and said, “That is the way I am. I show up to My Church, time and again, with My cloak on, longing to manifest My glory. But I am looking to see: Have they built Me a mercy seat? Have they built a seat that is strong enough to handle the weightiness of My glory? And far too often, I do not see that seat. So I keep the cover on My glory and I walk away broken, because I long to strip away the veil and reveal My glory, and I long to come and sit in the midst of My people. But I must have a mercy seat.” For the glory of God cannot dwell in the midst of a church of judgment. Only the mercy seat can handle the weight of His glory.

God said, “*I will meet with you, and I will speak with you from above the mercy seat*” (Ex. 25:22). He chose the mercy seat as the place where He would meet with His people and speak every word of instruction, covenant, and revelation. Not the brazen altar, not the candlestick, not the table of showbread. The mercy seat, in the innermost chamber, above the ark of the covenant. The visible Shekinah Glory rested there. And from that seat, He spoke. The mercy seat is a low seat. To build one in the body of Christ, we have to come down from whatever height self-righteousness has erected and humble ourselves to meet people where they are.

I know this personally. In 1999, we went on forty days of prayer and significant fasting. No television, no entertainment, just forty days focused on God. I was spending over six hours a day in prayer. On the second-to-last night, I was lying on the altar, deeply lost in the mighty presence of God, and I heard Him speak: *“Son, during this season you have never lived so holy. Yet even now, your sin is worthy of eternal damnation.”* The realization that I could never, no matter what I did, even approach His righteousness was overwhelming. I needed my feet washed. And then, as He spoke this, I heard a second voice of the Lord, as if echoing through the heavens: *“But My mercy endures forever.”* I knew in that moment that if God’s mercy ever stopped for even a single second, I would be completely consumed by rightful judgment. But His mercy is eternal. That encounter changed everything about how I look at the people around me.

In that same year, during an extraordinary outpouring of God at our church in Corona, California, a household of young disciples who were supposed to help lead a prayer meeting did not show up. I was in Florida preaching a youth camp, and that night we experienced the most powerful outpouring of the “Spirit of Holiness” I had ever seen in our ministry. When I found out, they had been watching a vile, R-rated film instead of praying for these youth as they had committed to, I rebuked them strongly, twice. The rebuke was right. It was necessary. But even after both confrontations, the weight of judgment did not lift from me. I felt the Spirit was grieved and I feared judgment was coming to them. Days passed. The weight stayed.

The Lord spoke to me that they had dishonored Him by dishonoring me. When my leaders failed to obey my God given instructions, God took it personally. Then, driving through a rural stretch of road, I prayed a simple prayer: “Father, I choose to extend mercy to them right now.” That was all. No formal declaration. Just a choice. The next morning the burden was gone. By midday the question came: “Lord, what happened?” And He said quietly: *“Son, you chose to extend mercy, and I honored your word.”* The rebuke was proper; the correction was needed. But only in the humility from the position of the mercy seat could I give to them what they really needed -- They needed their feet washed.

God desires mercy over judgment. And when His people choose to extend it, genuinely, from the low seat, not as condescension but as humility, He honors it. The mercy seat is the place where the glory of God rests. Not the judgment seat, elevated and pronouncing sentences from a position of superiority. The mercy seat, down low, where blood has been applied and judgment has been withheld. That is where God speaks. That is where God meets His people. And that is where the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing flows.

Jesus washing Judas’s feet is the most radical mercy seat in human history. He did not excuse the betrayal. He did not pretend the sin did not exist. He saw it fully, knew it completely, and washed the feet anyway. He continued to offer him love and

opportunity to obey, right up till the end. *“Mercy triumphs over judgment”* (Jas. 2:13). Jesus, in His humble act of mercy towards Judas, was also engaged in strategic spiritual warfare against the pain and temptation of unforgiveness through the one who was betraying Him.

And when we follow that example, when we extend mercy to the person who has wronged us, when we stoop down and wash feet that we know are going to walk in the wrong direction, we are building the mercy seat in the body of Christ. We are building the environment in which the glory of God can come and rest. We are buying the right kind of chair.

The glory of God cannot dwell in the midst of a church of judgment. He comes to His Church with His cloak on, looking to see: Have they built a mercy seat? Have they gotten low enough, have they extended mercy enough, that the full weight of My glory will be held? When He sees it, He takes the cloak off and sits down.

YOU SHALL NEVER WASH MY FEET

“Then He came to Simon Peter. And Peter said to Him, ‘Lord, are You washing my feet?’ Jesus answered and said to him, ‘What I am doing you do not understand now, but you will know after this.’ Peter said to Him, ‘You shall never wash my feet!’ Jesus answered him, ‘If I do not wash you, you have no part with Me.’”

John 13:6–8

Peter’s refusal is absolute and emphatic. And it’s not rebellion. It’s misplaced reverence, a noble impulse aimed in the wrong direction. But notice what it actually reveals: a heart that wants Jesus on its own terms. Willing to serve Him but resistant to being served by Him. Willing to pray for others but hesitant to be prayed for. Ready to confess to God in private but slow to embrace the mutual accountability of the body.

This is not unusual in many leaders in the body of Christ. Jesus had already declared Peter’s leadership role in front of everyone. He had in his mind a concept of proper etiquette. Leaders don’t humiliate themselves by doing such menial task. They must hold themselves to a certain public aura. It is, in fact, one of the most common spiritual postures in the modern Church. People who are fiercely committed to God, who pray faithfully and serve earnestly, but who have never learned to receive from the brothers and sisters around them because to do so would “lower” themselves. Who have never allowed themselves to be known at the level of genuine vulnerability.

Whose feet, in the most important sense, are always portrayed as clean in public because no one has ever been allowed close enough to see the dirt.

Jesus responds with patience: “You do not understand this now, but you will. I am turning the whole concept of leadership on its head.” And then He raises the stakes to the level Peter cannot ignore. “Unless I wash you, you have no part with Me.” No part in His life, His mission, His purposes, His prayer, the D.E.E.P. anointing He is about to describe across five chapters. Without the ongoing cleansing He is offering, not the once-for-all bath of salvation but the daily, humble, communal foot-washing, there is no full participation in what He is building.

The foot-washing is not just an example of humility. It is Jesus enacting what He is about to accomplish on the cross. The cleansing He is performing in the basin is a living parable of the ultimate cleansing He is about to purchase with His blood. Without receiving that cleansing, there is no share in His life, His mission, His prayer, His greater works.

He is establishing the need for an ongoing cleansing that His blood is paying for. That cleaning was not just Jesus directly doing it in a single event. The continual cleansing of daily pollution will come through the process He instructs them next to repeat. “*You also ought to wash one another’s feet*” (John 13:14). This is much deeper than understood on the surface. The verb for “ought” is a powerful command, not a suggestion. In context it means: you are under moral obligation to mutually and reciprocally do this in continual service to each other within the community of disciples. You must, with mercy and humility, keep cleaning each other through applying the word, forgiveness, and gentle restoration of those who stumble.

You must be willing to stoop low, in love and mercy wash others, and be transparent and vulnerable enough, so others can help wash you.

When Peter overcorrects and asks for his hands and head too, Jesus makes the crucial distinction. The full bath of justification, the complete cleansing that happens at the moment of genuine salvation, is permanent and thorough. “*There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus*” (Rom. 8:1 ESV). That bath never needs to be repeated. Rest in it completely.

But the daily foot-washing is different and just as necessary. We live in a world that defiles. We walk through environments saturated with pride, fear, relational wounding, and the daily pull of flesh. The accumulated defilement, left unaddressed, creates subtle distance in communion with Christ and the body. It narrows the channel through which the divinely energized prayer anointing flows. Not the full bath. The feet. The daily, humble, confessing, light-walking practice of bringing what

the road left on us into the light and receiving fresh cleansing through the Word and through the honest community of the Body.

This is why James 5:16 is the climax of the entire blueprint chapter: “*Confess your sins to one another and pray for one another, that you may be healed*” (ESV). The prayer that avails much, the *energoumene* prayer, flows from a community that has done the foot-washing. The healing, both spiritual and physical, comes to a community that has gotten low enough with each other to tell the truth. The D.E.E.P. anointing is the prayer of a people with clean feet.

**You cannot pray in genuine fellowship (*koinonia*) with Christ while living in broken *koinonia* with His body. The foot-washing is not a nice addition to the Upper Room discourse. It is the prerequisite for everything that follows.
Wash feet first. Then come to pray.**

YOU ALSO OUGHT TO WASH ONE ANOTHER’S FEET

“If I then, your Lord and Teacher, have washed your feet, you also ought to wash one another’s feet. For I have given you an example, that you should do as I have done for you. Most assuredly, I say to you, a servant is not greater than his master; nor is he who is sent greater than he who sent him. If you know these things, blessed are you if you do them.”

John 13:14–17

This is not supposed to be a special foot-washing service. The command is a lifestyle. A permanent posture. An ongoing, daily, committed practice of getting low for one another.

Notice how Jesus washed those feet: lovingly, voluntarily, completely. He did not sigh. He did not make anyone feel small for needing the service. He moved through the room with the same uncomplicated wholeness He brought to everything He ever did. This is the spirit the command requires, not reluctant foot-washing performed out of guilt or duty, but the eager, secure service that flows from a person who knows who they are in the Father and therefore has nothing to lose by kneeling.

The Apostle Paul describes it with surgical precision: “*Brothers, if anyone is caught in any transgression, you who are spiritual should restore him in a spirit of gentleness*” (Gal. 6:1 ESV). The word “restore” is *katartizo*, the word for setting a broken bone. A precise, careful procedure done for the healing of the patient. Not abandonment, not harshness, not the opportunity for spiritual superiority. The

gentle, skilled work of someone who remembers that their own feet were once dirty and will be dirty again. The person who picks up the towel does not crouch above the fallen brother. They kneel beside him.

And Paul adds: *“Keep watch on yourself, lest you too be tempted”* (Gal. 6:1 ESV). The towel-bearer is not immune to defilement. The act of restoring someone can itself become an occasion for the subtlest pride. Stoop and wash, but keep the cloak on as you do it. Stay below the fog layer. The moment you lift your head in even a little satisfaction about being the one who is helping, the enemy has your position.

Paul also identifies exactly what the Bridegroom is doing through all of this: *“Christ also loved the church and gave Himself for her, that He might sanctify and cleanse her with the washing of water by the word, that He might present her to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle”* (Eph. 5:25–27). The foot-washing is not merely a leadership practice. It is the Bridegroom preparing His Bride. And when we stoop to wash one another’s feet, when we extend mercy rather than judgment, when we restore with gentleness rather than condemn with superiority, we are participating in the Bridegroom’s own work. We are the Bride making herself ready.

Every act of humble foot-washing service, every extension of mercy, every gentle restoration of a fallen brother, is the Bride making herself ready for the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. We are not just being kind to one another. We are cooperating with the Bridegroom in His preparation of the very Bride He bled to purchase.

CHAPTER 12

The Covenants of Communion

We just watched Jesus take the towel. Fully aware of His divine position, He stooped and washed the feet of men who would scatter before morning — including the feet of the one already betraying Him. That single act reset the entire definition of greatness in His kingdom. But the towel was only half of what happened that night.

Jesus washed their feet. And then He gave them bread and wine. These two acts belong together on the same night for a reason. They are not two separate teachings placed side by side. They are one continuous statement about what the new covenant community looks like from the inside. The foot-washing establishes the posture. The table seals and sustains that posture in the ongoing life of the Bride.

FELLOWSHIPING AT THE TABLE

Travis and I have taken communion together on many of our prayer journeys across the nations, and it has become one of the most consistently powerful experiences of our entire ministry partnership.

When we sit down and set our hearts to receive communion together, the Lord directs each of us separately to passages of Scripture. Not passages we have chosen or prepared in advance. Passages the Spirit brings to mind in the moment, often ones that seem very different from each other at first. Travis will feel drawn to one part of the Word. I will be drawn to an entirely different passage. We begin to speak them out, read them slowly, let them breathe. And then, almost without fail, the two passages connect. Themes emerge. Threads appear that neither of us had seen independently. And what emerges almost always speaks directly to the specific place we are in that day, the city we are praying over, the spiritual situation we have been sent to address.

We have sat at that table for one hour, two hours, even three hours — not rushing, not performing, simply fellowshiping. With God. With His word. With each other

in the Spirit. This is the one new man at the table. This is the Bride in fellowship (*koinonia*) with her Bridegroom, being nourished and prepared and aligned with His purposes. This is Acts 2:42 lived out in a hotel room in a foreign city.

The *koinonia* of the bread and cup is not separate from the *rhema* word of the Spirit. It releases it. We come to the table honoring both covenants, our covenant with Christ and our covenant with each other, and we walk away knowing what to pray, knowing where to stand, knowing what the Father is doing in that place. The table is the launchpad. The anointing that flows from it is real.

That is what the early Church discovered on the day of Pentecost and in the days that followed. When the Bride gathers in genuine unity, honoring both covenants, washing feet before taking the cup, discerning the Lord's body in the living people seated at the table, the awe falls and the signs follow and the prayers avail much. The D.E.E.P. anointing flows through a community that looks like Acts 2. And Acts 2 looks like the Upper Room with fire on it.

THE LORD'S SUPPER

The Lord's Supper is the new covenant meal, the sacred banquet that Jesus instituted in the hours immediately before the cross. When He took the unleavened bread and declared, "*This is My body given for you,*" and lifted the cup and said, "*This cup is the new covenant in My blood*" (Luke 22:19-20), He was completing the most ancient story in human history: God establishing covenant with His people through sacrifice and sealing it over a shared meal. As at Sinai, where blood was sprinkled and the elders then ate and drank in the presence of God (Ex. 24:8-11), the covenant was ratified and the meal was shared. But with a price infinitely greater and a presence infinitely nearer.

What most people do not realize is that when believers come to the Lord's Table, they are reaffirming two aspects of the covenant at once — not one, but two. And both of them matter. Both of them release or block the anointing depending on how seriously they are honored.

The first aspect of the covenant is the one everyone knows about: the covenant with Jesus. The new covenant in His blood. The betrothal covenant between the Bridegroom and His Bride, in which He paid the bride price with His own life, shared the cup, made the promise, and left to prepare a place. Every time we drink the cup, we are saying yes again to everything He purchased. Yes to His Lordship. Yes to His love. Yes to the promise that He is coming back.

The second aspect of the covenant is the one the Church has largely forgotten. The covenant with one another. The mutual, self-denying, foot-washing covenant of love

that is inseparable from the table. When Jesus said do this in remembrance of Me, He said it to a room full of people who had just had their feet washed by the Son of God. The foot-washing set the standard. The table sealed it. Coming to the bread and cup is not just a vertical act between you and Christ. It is a horizontal declaration to every person in the room: “I am in covenant with you. I will lay down my life for you. I will not climb over you to reach the top. I choose your good over my own. I will pick up the towel and serve.”

These two aspects of the covenant are not meant to be separated. When they are separated, when someone honors the vertical while ignoring the horizontal, the table stops producing life and starts producing judgment. And the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing that flows from a unified, covenant-keeping community is cut off at the source.

THE BRIDAL MEANING OF THE TABLE

To truly understand what Jesus was doing when He shared the cup that night, you need to know how marriage worked in first-century Jewish culture. He and His disciples knew this pattern by heart, and He was speaking directly into it.

In ancient Israel, a Jewish wedding happened in two distinct stages separated by a period of time that could last a year or more. First came the betrothal, called *kiddushin*. This was not what we think of as an engagement today, something informal you can break off with a conversation. *Kiddushin* was a legally binding covenant. The moment it was completed, the couple was considered husband and wife in every legal sense. You needed an actual divorce decree to break it. During the betrothal ceremony, the bridegroom paid the bride price, a costly gift offered as the price of the covenant. He shared a cup of wine with his bride. She drank from it as her act of acceptance. By drinking that cup, she was saying yes to everything the covenant meant. And then the bridegroom made a promise and left.

He went back to his father’s house to prepare a place for her, a bridal chamber where they would live together once the wedding was complete. The bride did not know exactly when he was coming back. Only his father knew when the preparations were finished and the time was right. Her job was to wait, to stay ready, to keep her lamp filled with oil, to be found prepared at any moment. Then, when the father said it was time, the bridegroom and his companions would come for her, often at night, with shouts and torchlight and celebration, to bring her home to the wedding feast.

Jesus used this exact pattern deliberately on the night of the Last Supper. He paid the bride price with His own blood. He shared the cup and said: “*This cup is the new covenant in My blood*” (Luke 22:20). They drank. He made the promise: “I am going to My Father’s house to prepare a place for you. If I go, I will come again and

receive you to Myself” (John 14:2-3). Every Jewish person in that room recognized exactly what He was saying. He was the Bridegroom paying the price and making the promise. He was leaving to prepare the place. And He was coming back when the Father said it was time. Only the Father knows the day and the hour.

This is the world the Lord’s Table inhabits. Every time the Church gathers around the bread and the cup, she is re-enacting the betrothal covenant. She is saying yes again to the One who paid everything to have her. She is declaring that she is waiting, that she is ready, that her lamp is filled, that when He comes she will be found prepared.

God spoke through Hosea centuries before the Last Supper: *“I will betroth you to Me forever... in righteousness and justice, in steadfast love and in mercy”* (Hos. 2:19 ESV). And Jeremiah’s new covenant promise is not a human legal contract. It is the covenant of a love written on hearts, not stone, an intimate knowing, a union, not just an agreement (Jer. 31:31-34). This is who we are at the table. The betrothed Bride, nourished by the life of the Bridegroom Himself, sustained through the waiting by His own body and blood, kept faithful by the covenant we renew every time we drink the cup.

Paul makes it beautifully simple in Ephesians 5:29-30: *“For no one ever hated his own flesh, but nourishes and cherishes it, just as the Lord does the church. For we are members of His body, of His flesh and of His bones.”* The Bridegroom literally feeds His Bride with Himself.

“He who eats My flesh and drinks My blood abides in Me, and I in him.”

John 6:56

That is the language of abiding from John 15, the Vine and the branches, applied directly to the Lord’s Table. The table is where John 15:4 becomes something you experience rather than just believe: *“Abide in Me and I in you.”* Every time the Bride eats the covenant meal, she is being prepared, meal by meal, for the great Marriage Supper of the Lamb that every celebration is quietly rehearsing. And the table is for everyone at it. The one new man of Ephesians 2, Jew and Gentile together, every tribe and tongue incorporated into one body, is the Bride of Christ. The Lord’s Table is the repeated, visible, enacted declaration that the dividing wall has been torn down and that we are one body, eating from one bread. Not separate bodies at separate tables. One.

ACTS 2: WHAT THE FIRST CHURCH UNDERSTOOD THAT WE HAVE FORGOTTEN

After the fire fell on Pentecost and three thousand souls were swept into the kingdom in a single morning, the early Church did something we need to look at very carefully. Luke tells us they continued steadfastly in four things. The phrase “continued steadfastly” translates a single Greek word, *proskarterountes*, which carries the sense of persistent, wholehearted devotion, holding fast without quitting, the kind of commitment you do not walk away from when it gets difficult or inconvenient. “*And they devoted themselves to the apostles’ teaching and the fellowship, to the breaking of bread and the prayers*” (Acts 2:42 ESV).

That word “fellowship” *koinonia* in the Greek does not mean hanging out together or enjoying one another’s company. *Koinonia* means deep covenant sharing, joint participation, intimate communion where what belongs to one belongs to all. It is the same word Paul uses in 1 Corinthians 10:16 for our participation in the body and blood of Christ at the Lord’s Table: “*The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion (koinonia) of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion (koinonia) of the body of Christ?*”

And when Luke mentions the breaking of bread, he uses the definite article in Greek, pointing to a specific, recognized covenant practice: the Lord’s Supper, the ongoing covenant meal that the Church held as central to its gathered life. This was not occasional. It was steadfast. Then Acts 2:44 adds that “*all who believed were together and had all things in common,*” again using *koinonia* language. They were sharing their lives, their resources, their homes, their possessions. Because you cannot drink the cup of the new covenant and walk out treating your brother as a stranger. The covenant you renewed with Christ at the table reshapes how you live with every other person who shares that table with you.

This is what the Church in Acts understood that we have largely forgotten. The Eucharist was never just vertical. It was never only between you and God. It was always simultaneously horizontal, a reaffirmation of the self-denying, shared-life, foot-washing covenant with one another. The two aspects of the covenant were meant to be inseparable. When the vertical and the horizontal were both fully alive in the community gathered around the table, they prayed — and the prayers flowed from that kind of covenant communion. The results of those prayers from covenant unity was awe and signs and wonders and souls being added to the kingdom every day. That is the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing flowing powerfully through a unified, mercy-filled, one-new-man community. That is the environment Acts 2 describes.

“And they continued steadfastly in the apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, in the breaking of bread, and in prayers... Now all who believed were together, and had all things in common.”

Acts 2:42, 44

WHEN THE TABLE BECOMES A JUDGMENT

This is where everything we have studied about pride, division, and the blocked anointing becomes unavoidable.

Paul warned the Corinthian church with real severity: *“Whoever eats this bread or drinks this cup in an unworthy manner will be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord”* (1 Cor. 11:27). And then he says something that should stop every reader cold: *“For this reason many are weak and sick among you, and many sleep”* (1 Cor. 11:30). People were dying. Not because of some outside attack. Because of how they were treating each other at the Lord’s Table.

Here is what was happening. The wealthy members arrived early, ate and drank to excess, and when the poor members arrived after their workday there was nothing left. They were believing they were honoring Jesus by focusing on the vertical covenant, but in practice they were simultaneously breaking the horizontal one, and thus violating the covenant meal’s dual purpose. They were supposedly renewing their relationship with Christ while despising the very people Christ died for. And Paul says they were failing to discern the Lord’s body, meaning they could not see that the poor person standing at the edge of the room with nothing was the Lord’s body too. The Bride. The one new man. Treating her with contempt at the very table that declared her worth was producing spiritual weakness, sickness, and death in their community.

This is the same mechanism that produced every great divide we studied in this book. The one new man being torn apart at the very table meant to declare her unity. Leaders receiving the covenant meal of Christ while excommunicating and condemning their brothers. Eating judgment instead of life, because the horizontal covenant had been abandoned while the vertical one was still being performed.

You cannot come to the Lord’s Table carrying unforgiven offense and eat life from it. You cannot come with contempt in your heart for a brother or sister and receive what the table is offering. Not because God is being harsh, but because you are out of alignment with what you are claiming to celebrate. The covenant of the cup is a covenant of mercy and self-giving love. Receiving it while withholding mercy is a contradiction that produces consequences.

This is why Jesus said in Matthew 5:23–24: *“Therefore if you bring your gift to the altar, and there remember that your brother has something against you, leave your gift there before the altar, and go your way. First be reconciled to your brother, and then come and offer your gift.”* The foot-washing has to come before the table. James 5:16 has to be practiced in the community before the prayers avail much. Confess to one another, pray for one another, come to the table with both covenants clean, and watch what the Spirit does with the prayers that rise from that place.

Every time believers come to the Lord’s Table they are not only renewing their covenant with the Bridegroom. They are also reaffirming their covenant of self-denying, foot-washing love with one another. John 13:14–15 and John 13:34–35 are not separate teachings that happened to occur on the same night. They are the inseparable pair. “Do to one another what I have done to you” (John 13:14–15). “Love one another as I have loved you” (John 13:34–35). The table is the ongoing, regular, covenant enactment of both commands simultaneously. This is what makes the table the launchpad for the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing. It is the place where the one new man becomes visible. It is the place where the Bride is nourished and made ready.

The D.E.E.P. prayer anointing does not flow through individuals who have their vertical covenant right but their horizontal covenant broken. It flows through a community that has honored both, the covenant with the Bridegroom and the covenant with one another, and comes to prayer from that place of genuine, foot-washing unity.

THE TABLE POINTS FORWARD

Every time the Church gathers at the Lord’s Table, she is rehearsing for a meal that has not yet been held. Paul says plainly: *“As often as you eat this bread and drink this cup, you proclaim the Lord’s death till He comes”* (1 Cor. 11:26). And Jesus said when He instituted communion at the last supper: *“I will not drink of this fruit of the vine from now on until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father’s kingdom”* (Matt. 26:29). He is saying, “The next time I drink this cup, it will be at the wedding feast. The next time we share this meal, it will be the real thing, the Marriage Supper of the Lamb,” the completion of everything the betrothal covenant has been pointing toward since that night in the Upper Room.

So every Lord’s Table is the Bride looking forward to the return of her Bridegroom. It is the whole gathered community saying with one voice: “We remember what You paid. We are staying ready. We are keeping our lamps filled. We are holding the two aspects of the covenant together, our yes to You and our yes to one another. Come, Lord Jesus. We are waiting for You.”

The final prayer of the entire Bride of Christ in the Bible is one word. Come. *“The Spirit and the Bride say, ‘Come!’”* (Rev. 22:17). This is the D.E.E.P. anointing at its fullest and most beautiful expression. Not a prayer for personal blessing. A prayer from a Bride who has been washed and nourished and prepared, who has washed one another’s feet, who has honored both at the covenant table, who has prayed the nations into the Son’s inheritance, who said yes to the *mohar* – the price the Bridegroom paid. A Bride who is ready. Who looks toward the shout and the torchlight coming through the night and cries from the deepest place in her spirit: Come!

Every time we gather at the Lord’s Table in genuine humility, having first washed feet and extended mercy and honored the covenant with every person present, we are not just remembering the cross. We are rehearsing the Marriage Supper. We are building the mercy seat. We are making ourselves ready. And we are joining our voice, one more time, to the cry that will one day fill the earth and bring the Bridegroom home.

True communion is not a fifteen-second formality. It is a conversation with God, a covenant renewal with one another, and an open channel into the very heart of the Father.

This is what the early Church discovered, and it is what Travis and I have found true on prayer journey after prayer journey across the nations. When the table is approached this way, as covenant renewal rather than ritual, something is released that mere remembrance never produces. The Spirit moves freely in that space. Direction comes. Clarity comes. The very burden you are carrying into a city or a nation finds its shape at that table, because the table was never meant to be a pause in the action. It was meant to be the place where the action originates.

When communion is received with this revelation and expectation, the Lord’s Table becomes the most powerful prayer launchpad available to the body of Christ.

THE ENVIRONMENT WHERE HEAVEN OPENS

The three great divides we studied happened because leaders put down the towel and climbed onto the judgment seat. Because the cloak of humility came off. Because the table was dishonored, the one Church broken into factions, the one new man torn apart by the very people who claimed to be defending it.

The solution has never been a better council or a more sophisticated theological compromise. The solution is what Jesus demonstrated in that room on the last night

before the cross. The towel, the basin, and the communion table. The mercy seat built low enough for the glory of God to rest on it. A community of people who have decided that the glorification of God is worth more than the defense of self, who have learned to keep the cloak on even when the glory is flowing through them, who wash each other's feet even when they know whose feet they are washing, who come to the bread and cup having examined themselves and honored their covenant with every person present.

When that community prays, when those clean-footed, table-honoring, mercy-extending, Bride-preparing believers come into agreement in His name, Jesus has already promised what happens. He is there in the midst of them. Whatever they ask will be done. The anointing oil of Psalm 133 flows because the channel is open. The one new man is praying with one voice. And the Bride is beginning to say what she was always made to say:

“And the Spirit and the Bride say, ‘Come!’ And let him who hears say, ‘Come!’”

Revelation 22:17

Pick up the towel. Keep the cloak of humility on. Build the mercy seat. Receive the washing. Wash one another's feet with the water of the Word, in the spirit of gentleness, keeping watch on your own feet as you do.

Then come to the table. Examine yourself. Discern the Lord's body in the living people seated around you. Honor the covenant you have with every person present. Receive the bread and the cup as a renewed declaration that you are one body, one new man, one Bride being prepared for her Bridegroom.

Then come to the place of prayer. The prayer of the righteous has great power as it is working. Energized by the Holy Spirit. Aligned with the Father's will. Flowing through a Body that has no division, no unconfessed sin, no dishonored covenant between them and their Lord or between them and each other.

That is the D.E.E.P. anointing. That is the Bride made ready. That is the one word that changes everything.

Come, Lord Jesus. Come.

CHAPTER 13

Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer

We are now positioned to begin to pray with the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing. We have heard the call of James to the Elijah level of world changing prayer. We have followed Jesus through the Upper Room unveiling of our partnership with Him and the Father in releasing the greater works through *agape* abiding, self-denying, will of the Father driven prayer. We have recommitted ourselves to our conventual relationship with the Bridegroom and His bride. Now we are ready to begin to take the weapons of our warfare and fight. We are ready to enter a deeper revelation of how we are to pray with the tools, weapons, and examples Jesus has given us. It is time for us to take up the sword of the Spirit and fight the good fight of faith.

TAKING THE SWORD BY MEANS OF PRAYER IN THE SPIRIT

“Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.”

Ephesians 6:17–18

There is a little discussed, well documented truth in this verse. It’s found in the placement of the semicolon. The Greek language doesn’t have punctuation. It uses words or prefix and suffixes to convey what a punctuation would. The semicolon between “word of God” and “praying always” is an English translation of a deeper meaning attached to the word “praying”. The Greek grammar of this verse carries more weight than most translations reveal. The word “praying” is a present participle that functions as a means or manner clause. Paul is literally saying, “Take the sword of the Spirit **by means of** all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.” Best supported rendering would be:

“And take...the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, by means of all prayer and petition, praying at every season in the Spirit.”

— *Kenneth S. Wuest, Word Studies in the Greek New Testament*

This is a recognized understanding among some prominent Greek scholars. Prayer in the Spirit is the means by which we effectively wield the sword of the Spirit, the WORD of God.

TAKE THE WORD OF GOD PRAYING

This is not two separate commands placed side by side. It is one unified instruction. The sword of the Spirit, the living Word of God, is not most effectively wielded through study or intellect alone. It is most powerfully taken up through prayer in the Spirit.

The same Holy Spirit who inspired the Word is the One who must energize our use of it in battle.

The Greek word behind “word” in this passage is *rhema*: not the full written body of Scripture in the abstract, but a fresh, living, Spirit-quickened word made alive and powerful in the moment. Paul is saying the sword of the Spirit is the spoken, Spirit-empowered *rhema* word, the word God breathes into your spirit in the moment of battle, released through prayer in the Spirit.

This is the heart of the Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing. The D.E.E.P. remnant does not simply quote Scripture. They take the sword by means of fervent, Spirit-empowered prayer. When the *rhema* word and Spirit-empowered prayer come together, the sword becomes unstoppable. This is how the two witnesses will prophesy with fire in their mouths. This is how the end-time Church will release the greater works Jesus promised in the Upper Room.

The battle is not won by knowing the Word alone. The battle is won when the fresh *rhema* word is taken up and released through prayer in the Spirit.

The best way I know to teach this is to show you what it looks like in practice. What follows are three real testimonies from my own ministry, each one a demonstration of the D.E.E.P. anointing operating across a different sphere of authority: power over nature, power over death, and power over regional demonic and governmental forces.

I do not share these to direct attention toward myself. God forbid. I share them for one purpose: to prove that what this book describes is not spiritual theory. It is lived reality. These things are real. They work. And they are available to every yielded, obedient, abiding believer who will take hold of the *rhema* word and pray it back to the Father with everything they have.

POWER OVER NATURE — CRYSTAL SPRINGS, MISSISSIPPI, 2001

It was a late July evening in 2001. I was at Pastor Darrel Blankenship's home, watching the weather channel at about two in the morning. We had gotten home after eleven from another extraordinary revival service. The power and presence of God had been rising explosively each night. That evening during the service, a powerful spirit of prophecy had come upon me while I was preaching, and I had begun to prophesy that God was going to open the heavens and send a flood upon Crystal Springs, Mississippi.

What was happening there was not just a series of good meetings. It was the early days of a revival that would last twenty-five months. But to understand the weight of what God was about to do, you need to know what had happened in the months before.

THE JOURNEY TO THE BREAKTHROUGH

In February of that year, Pastor Darrel called me while his church was in a season of fasting and prayer. He asked if I could come immediately for a series of meetings from Sunday through Friday. I said yes without hesitation.

I was emerging from the most difficult personal financial season I had ever walked through, and the invitation was a welcome relief. That Sunday morning, from the moment I stood up to preach, an overwhelming presence of God began to fall across the building. People started to shake, to weep, to pray with intensity. I yielded to it and gave room for the Holy Spirit to move. At the end of the service, Pastor Darrel came to me and said, "You are carrying revival in your spirit." I have never forgotten those words.

The entire week was powerful. The church felt primed, and it seemed like something could finally break loose long-term. One night, well after the service, in the early hours of the morning, the Lord told me to go back to the church. He said He wanted to show me something.

I drove back alone and slowly circled the building. As I came around to the alley side of the church, I saw in the spirit two angels standing on the roof. Each of them was holding what looked like a treasure chest, and they were pouring the contents down over the building. One stood near the front and one near the back. I was immediately filled with excitement and began to pray in agreement with what the Lord was showing me.

The next few nights were remarkable. Unusual manifestations began to take place. Real signs and wonders. The joy and the expectancy in the church were very high. I shared the vision with them and they received it with great faith.

I finished the week and traveled to my next ministry location. Pastor Darrel believed that this was it — they had finally broken through. For over twenty years they had prayed faithfully for revival. Several times they had seen genuine breaths of the Spirit come in for a strong but short season, but then the fire would wane and people would drift back to their old ways. He thought this time was different. And for a few weeks, it was.

Then slowly the fire lifted. The people drifted. Another disappointment. Another false start. Another almost-revival that did not become a sustained awakening. A depression crept into the church. Pastor Darrel began to wonder in his heart if he should shift to a more seeker-sensitive approach. He is a creative man, and he thought perhaps he could build the church through those means. He even replaced one service with a game show format instead of a sermon. The people enjoyed it, and for a moment he wondered if that was the answer, because revival never seemed to come.

In the meantime, God had been speaking to me. Beginning in March of 2001 He had shown me that I would be involved in the greatest move of His Spirit I had ever witnessed by the summer of that year. I naturally assumed it would be overseas, since that was where I spent most of my summers and where I consistently saw the greatest manifestations. But by late March my summer schedule, which was normally completely full by late January, had nothing booked after July 1.

March, April, May. Nothing after Sunday morning, July 1. Yet every time I was in prayer, the Lord kept directing me to pray for the summer outpouring of His Spirit. I called Pastor Darrel simply to let him know my family would be passing through the neighboring state, and he said, “Come by on Sunday night, July 1, and we can do three days together.”

I did not know about the depression he was carrying.

About two weeks before the trip, with still nothing scheduled past July 3, I went to the Lord in prayer and said, “Where is this greatest move supposed to happen?” In that moment of prayer I said the words, “Crystal Springs,” and I was immediately

struck by the power of God and began to groan and travail with an intensity I recognized. I knew. That is where it is going to happen.

I called Pastor Darrel and told him. He was not inspired. I did not realize how many almost-revivals he had survived. He had no particular reason to believe a traveling evangelist who was telling him the greatest move was coming to his small church in Mississippi. But I knew what the Lord had shown me.

THE NIGHT IT BROKE

I arrived and preached about preparing a place to host an outbreak of the Holy Ghost. The crowd, I will be honest, was fairly dead. They gave a polite amen here and there, but there was no fire or passion in the room. Nothing like the atmosphere of February. I did not know how discouraged and emotionally depleted the church had become.

I gave my most impassioned altar call, inviting those who wanted to host an outbreak of the Holy Ghost to come forward. Out of a crowd of over 150 people, about fifteen responded. I began to pray for them, and I will be equally honest: it was not very powerful. But I knew what the Lord had spoken to me, so I kept pressing in.

About ten minutes into the altar call, I heard something to my left. The worship music was playing, people were singing, some were praying. When I turned toward the sound I was hearing, what I saw stopped me completely.

A group of children, ranging in age from about eight to twelve years old, approximately a dozen of them, were standing along the wall on the far side of the front of the sanctuary. Nobody had told them to go there. Nobody had directed them or laid hands on them. They had simply, spontaneously moved to that part of the large altar area. And the Spirit of God had fallen on them.

Without anyone praying for them, they had begun weeping. Shaking. Trembling. Crying out: "Jesus, Jesus, have mercy on me!" Tears were streaming down their faces. They were collapsing to the ground under the weight of God's presence, one by one.

Everyone in the building stopped and stared. Parents gazed with astonishment. And then the anointing that had fallen on those children swept through the entire church. The conviction of sin, the crying out for mercy, the brokenness spread from row to row. That night a church full of dry bones exploded into a revival that lasted twenty-five months and permanently changed that region of Mississippi. My prayers had aligned with God's revealed will, and a greater work was released.

THE FLOOD

Now back to the late July evening. The service that night had been extraordinarily powerful. The prophetic word about God opening the heavens and pouring out a flood over Crystal Springs had been intense and specific. I was about to go to bed when the Lord spoke to me in the way He often does, directing me to a specific scripture. Sometimes I know the verse immediately when He names it; many times I have to look it up.

He directed me to Psalm 119:38. I opened up my parallel bible. I read it first in the NKJV: *“Establish Your word to Your servant, who is devoted to fearing You.”* Then I felt to read it in the AMPC: *“Establish Your word and confirm Your promise to Your servant, which is for those who reverently fear and devotedly worship You.”*

I read it and said to the Lord: “I don’t need you to confirm this revival. I already know it is the move You spoke to me about.” And the Lord said to me sternly: *“Pray it!”*

I understood the instruction. I knew in that moment it was not about me. So I began to pray that verse repeatedly. I declared and cried out to God: “Establish Your word, confirm Your promise.” I prayed it over and over until I felt a release and a peace settle over my spirit. By then it was two in the morning, so I went to bed.

I should mention what I had been watching on the weather channel before all of this. There was a strong high pressure system controlling the entire South. The forecast showed less than one percent chance of rain for the entire week.

About two hours later, at four in the morning, I was awakened by the sound of pounding rain hitting the window. A torrential downpour. It just rained and rained. For two hours I lay there trying to sleep, and then it suddenly registered: there was no chance of rain.

I got up and turned on the weather channel. On the radar loop I saw it clearly: right on top of Crystal Springs, Mississippi, a single-cell thunderstorm had formed. Twenty miles in every direction was completely clear. No rain anywhere. But sitting directly over Crystal Springs was this isolated storm, a perfectly round formation that had appeared from nowhere. It rained for eight straight hours and dropped eleven inches. The city flooded. Streets, low-lying areas, and fields filled with water in ways that locals had never seen before.

The storm was significant enough to become one of the top stories on a national news broadcast: “Freak Thunderstorm Floods Small Southern Town.” The attention of the nation was drawn to Crystal Springs. And God had said He was going to open the heavens and pour out a flood.

I had assumed He meant a spiritual flood, a Holy Spirit outpouring. And He was sending that too. But He sent a natural sign to confirm it, one that could not be explained by meteorology, that happened precisely when I prayed the *rhema* word He had given me.

When the Holy Spirit breathes a Scripture into your spirit, He is aligning you with the perfect will of the Father. As you yield yourself as a vessel and pray back what He is revealing, you enter the Love Exchange Jesus described in the Upper Room. Whatever you pray in that alignment will come to pass.

POWER OVER DEATH — RAISED FROM THE DEAD

I started to learn this truth very early in my Christian life. I was a young believer, not yet a year old in the Lord, spending three hours or more every day in prayer and serving in our local youth group. One night a teenage boy came in visibly shaken. He told us that a family friend, a local bar owner, had suffered a brain aneurysm and was now legally brain dead. The machines were all that was keeping his body functioning.

The youth group gathered and prayed for him. It was a collective prayer, and I'll be transparent: it wasn't particularly strong or faith-filled. As they were praying, I felt the Lord direct me to go to this young man afterward and pray with him specifically, fervently, one on one.

I grabbed his hands and began to pray. Then something happened that I had never experienced before. A scripture rose up inside me with such force and clarity that I could not contain it. I was not yet a year saved. I had probably read this Old Testament passage once. I would never have reached for it in this context on my own. But suddenly it was blazing in my spirit, and my mouth was already speaking it before I had consciously decided to say it.

I heard myself pray: "Father, raise this man from the dead long enough that he would have one more chance to give his life to Jesus Christ." I already knew from the boy that this man was not a believer. And then the verse burst out of me:

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

Psalm 24:1 (KJV)

I declared it with everything in me: "I command him to be raised from the dead, for the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof and all who dwell in it. Satan, let him go. He belongs to God."

The next morning the family took him off the machines. He was brain dead. The rear portion of his brain showed minimal activity, but the doctors told the family plainly: “Even in the most miraculous scenario, if consciousness somehow returned, he would be a vegetable.” They expected him to pass within minutes of the machines being turned off.

One hour went by. His heart was still beating. Two hours. Six hours. The doctors could not explain it but continued to insist there was no hope. That was Thursday morning.

His heart kept beating through Thursday. Through Friday. Through Saturday. Then on Sunday morning, when the nurses came in to check on him, he had finally passed.

But beside the bed they found a note. The family verified it afterward: the handwriting was his. A man who had been declared brain dead, who had been on machines, who had by all medical evidence been unable to move or think or act for days, had written a note. It said: “Thank you Lord Jesus.”

God raised that man from the dead long enough to receive Jesus as his Lord and Savior. And from that day, God was teaching me the power of praying the *rhema* word He places in a yielded spirit.

POWER OVER REGIONAL DEMONIC AND GOVERNMENTAL FORCES

In 2023, we were preparing to travel to Kenya in a few weeks. I was ministering in California when an opportunity opened for me to use a timeshare at Heavenly Valley ski resort for a week. I love to ski. It had been an intense season of ministry and prayer, so I asked the Lord whether it was right to go. He spoke to me clearly: “Go. I want to speak to you.”

So I went. I skied for four to five hours each day and spent the remaining hours in prayer and the Word. The Lord directed me to Psalm 33. I spent the whole week in that psalm, and one particular passage kept radiating in my spirit:

“The Lord brings the counsel of the nations to nothing; He makes the plans of the peoples of no effect. The counsel of the Lord stands forever, the plans of His heart to all generations. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, the people He has chosen as His own inheritance.”

Psalms 33:10–12

This kept burning inside me: “The Lord will bring all the evil plans of men to nothing and will establish His plans for nations, forever.” It was alive and pressing in my spirit in a way I had learned to recognize as a *rhema* word being prepared for use.

A week after the mountain, we landed in Kenya. We were scheduled to preach in Utawala, a suburb of Nairobi.

THE POLITICAL BACKGROUND

Kenya had held a major and deeply contentious presidential election a few months earlier. Two candidates dominated: William Ruto, a devout Christian man with a powerfully praying wife, and Raila Odinga, a man who had run for president five times and narrowly lost each time. Odinga had publicly declared that Christians had run Kenya for too long. He had reportedly made a promise to Muslim supporters: if he were elected, he would guarantee that the president after him would be Kenya’s first Muslim head of state.

This was not an idle political statement. It was an open invitation to an invasion that had been systematically advancing. Odinga and his supporters had repeatedly, over the decades, triggered major violence and riots whenever electoral results did not favor him. In 2007, his claims of a stolen election had ignited tribal warfare that reportedly killed tens of thousands and displaced hundreds of thousands. The pattern was established and the threat was credible.

By the time we arrived in 2023, he had begun it again. In the weeks prior, violent protests orchestrated by him and his supporters had broken out across the country. He was attempting to destabilize and overturn the newly elected government. We arrived on a Saturday night. I was scheduled to preach Sunday morning. The pastor informed me of the violence, then told me that the entire government expected a full national civil war to erupt the following Monday. Odinga had declared that Monday would be, in his words, “The mother of all riots.”

Given that tens of thousands had died under similar circumstances before, the threat was taken with absolute seriousness. The government, the military, and the general population were preparing to lock down. The neighborhood where we were preaching had voted heavily for Odinga. Riots had already occurred there. Everyone understood that what was coming could be catastrophic.

THE PRAYER MEETING THAT CHANGED THE NATION

I preached both services that Sunday. When I stepped onto the platform for the second service, Travis, who was with me, later described it as the entire atmosphere in the room changed the moment I walked up. I immediately felt the Lord tell me to set aside the message I had prepared and take the congregation to Psalm 33.

I began to preach prophetically from that psalm, and midway through I felt the clear shift: it was time to stop teaching and start praying. I shifted mid-sentence into prayer, and I began to pray Psalm 33:10-12 over Kenya. I declared: “The Lord would bring the counsel of the nations to nothing, that He would make the plans of the peoples of no effect, that the counsel of the Lord stands forever.”

A spirit of prayer hit the entire church. Within moments we were no longer in a Sunday morning service. We were in a travelling prayer meeting. People were weeping and declaring. Some were praying in tongues. Others were on their knees. Some were marching around the perimeter of the sanctuary in a pattern that looked like a Jericho march. The fire of God was in that place. Over and over I prayed those verses and commanded the demonic forces behind the riots to be bound. I declared there would be no civil war the next day.

We continued for nearly two hours. You could feel the breakthrough. The weight lifted and a confidence settled over the room.

Just a few hours later, news reports began to emerge. Without any political concessions being made, without any negotiation or agreement, Odinga had simply called off the protests and the riots. He surrendered with no explanation.

The next day was total peace across Kenya. Businesses were open. People went about normal life. The media, the government, and the general population were all in shock. Nobody could explain it. But we who had been in that prayer meeting knew exactly what had happened. A Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing was released, and we had taken authority over the evil plans of wicked men and the demonic forces behind them through the *rhema* word prayed in the Spirit.

When you take the *rhema* word of God and pray it in the Spirit, you are operating in the realm where whatever you ask in His name shall be done.

You are not generating prayer from your own understanding. You are releasing back to heaven what the Father has already purposed, through a vessel that has yielded itself fully to the Spirit’s energy.

THREE REALMS, ONE ANOINTING

Three real testimonies. Power over nature. Power over death. Power over regional demonic and political forces. These are the same realms where Jesus exercised His authority during His earthly ministry, and they are the same realms He described in John 14:12 when He said, *“He who believes in Me, the works that I do he will do also; and greater works than these he will do, because I go to My Father.”*

I have prayed many things over the years that did not produce the results I was believing for. I have prayed out of my own needs and desires, doing my best in my finite understanding to align with what I hoped was God’s will. We all have those prayers, and it is right to make our requests known to God. He is a good Father and He hears every sincere cry.

But Divinely Energized Prayer is another dimension entirely. It is the place Jesus described in the Upper Room: abiding in the Vine, letting His words abide in us, asking according to what the Father reveals, and watching what He said come to pass. I have experienced this anointing many times across decades of ministry, and as I have grown older I have found its frequency increasing. Not because I have achieved some elevated spiritual status, but because I have become far more willing to wait before God and hear before I pray.

God speaks to me scriptures to pray over cities, nations, churches, global situations, and the many places He has sent us on prophetic prayer missions. In most places we are sent, He speaks through His Word, reveals what is happening in the spirit, and gives me the *rhema* of what to pray. The assignment is to take that word and release it back to heaven in prayer.

The joy of living in this divine partnership is difficult to express adequately. To hear the *rhema*, to pray the *rhema*, and then to watch God bring it to pass produces a satisfaction, a peace, and a contentment that no earthly achievement can rival. It is the fullest expression of the life Jesus promised in the Upper Room: a branch so connected to the Vine that the life flowing through it goes directly into fruit, and the fruit glorifies the Father.

This is not the experience of a spiritual elite. This is the inheritance of every yielded, abiding, Word-saturated, love-driven believer who will take up the sword of the Spirit by means of all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.

The D.E.E.P. anointing is real. It is available. And it is waiting for every person who will stop praying from their own understanding long enough to hear what the Father is saying, then pray it back to heaven with everything they have.

Take the word of God, praying, in the Spirit. And watch what He said come to pass.

CHAPTER 14

The Prayer Language

It was May 4th, 1986. Two nights after my radical salvation experience, and I was already discovering that following Jesus was going to be nothing like I had imagined.

The Friday night I got saved had been extraordinary. I drove home glowing and told my mother what had happened. She listened warmly and said, “Oh honey, that’s great. You got to experience a mass hypnosis.” She was genuinely happy for me. She just thought it was psychological. I tried to explain it was real, but I couldn’t get very far with that conversation.

I had left the service without getting anyone’s phone number or directions to the church. I just wanted more, so the next morning I picked up a Bible and started reading. I opened it randomly and landed in the book of Leviticus. Specifically, the sexual prohibitions. I read about act after act carrying the death penalty. Both parties put to death. Being stoned to death. A few cases where the man, the woman, and her mother were all to be burned with fire.

I sat there reading this and thought: “What have I gotten myself into? I can’t do this. I’m going to die!” I went to the fridge, pulled out a beer, and started drinking. But there was this stirring deep in my heart that would not go away: *“You have to go find that church and go back tomorrow.”*

The problem was I could only remember part of the name. No cell phone. No internet. I looked in the yellow pages without much luck, then got up early Sunday morning and just started driving around, hoping and praying, “God help me find it.” After two hours I passed a church that seemed right, went in, and by the grace of God it was the church where the Friday night preacher was based. Suddenly I was surrounded by the young adults from two nights before. They couldn’t believe I had spent hours searching for them.

During the service I heard that the preacher, Donnie Moore, was speaking at another church in the region that evening. I asked if I could go. Someone said they needed volunteers to help set up the band equipment early. I immediately said, "I can help."

That night changed the course of my life forever.

Donnie preached a powerful message on forgiveness. I had deep bitterness toward my stepmother. When the altar call came I went forward and prayed: "Gerry, what you did to me was wrong, but I forgive you." Something released in me the moment I said those words. Donnie laid hands on me and I fell to the ground again, overwhelmed by beautiful peace. After a long time on the floor I got up, walked to the middle aisle of the church, got on my knees, and began to worship God.

As I was worshipping, I saw a vision in my mind. All my plans for my life. My dreams of being an entrepreneur, of building businesses, of being wealthy and successful. And then I heard it. Not audible, but so clear and loud on the inside of me that I could barely distinguish the difference. *"I have called you to preach My gospel."*

I immediately said, "Yes Lord, I will." I watched all my dreams fade away in the distance. I knew I was surrendering every plan I had ever made and accepting God's call. Then it happened.

I had no idea what the gift of tongues was. Nobody around me had explained it. I had no expectation of anything unusual. I was simply repeating: "Jesus, thank you, I love you," over and over, when waves of power began to cascade through my body.

I began to shake. My mouth started to stammer. I was trying to speak English but another language started to burst out of me. I actually tried to resist it, but it was completely overwhelming. By then several people had come over and were saying, "Keep speaking it out." I thought, "Speak what out? It sounds like gibberish." But the waves kept coming, and the more I yielded and let it flow, the more power I was experiencing.

I was being baptized in the Holy Spirit and receiving the gift of speaking in other tongues.

Outside of being born again, there is no greater gift, weapon, tool, and bringer of revelation I have ever received from God than this precious prayer language. I received it before some Christians had a chance to tell me it wasn't for today. Too late!

THE LAW OF FIRST MENTION: WHAT HAPPENED AT PENTECOST

This extraordinary, multifaceted gift of tongues is the first new manifestation of the Holy Spirit given to the Church. Not because it is the least of the gifts, as some have suggested, but because it is one of the greatest keys to releasing the power of the Gospel into the earth. The law of first mention establishes the precedent of interpretation for any truth in Scripture. So we start at the very first time this gift appears.

“When the Day of Pentecost had fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. Then there appeared to them divided tongues, as of fire, and one sat upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.”

Acts 2:1–4

The first thing that happened when they were filled was that they began to speak the wonderful works of God. They were operating in a prophetic prayer and worship anointing before anything else occurred.

This was no ordinary speech. The same fire that once came down on Mount Sinai, where God spoke His covenant from the midst of flames, now rested personally on each believer. At Sinai, the voice of God came out of the fire. At Pentecost, the voice of God began to flow through ordinary people as they declared His mighty deeds in a language they had never learned. It was prophetic worship, prayer and praise rising straight from their spirits, powered by the Holy Spirit Himself.

The devout men from every nation under heaven heard them speak in their own languages. But notice what the text actually says: it never says the 120 spoke in those languages. It says the *“Jews, devout men, from every nation... heard them speak in his own language”* (Acts 2:5–6). This was a supernatural act of interpretation occurring on the receiving end. Further proof of this is that others, most likely those who were not devout, heard only babbling. *“Others mocking said, ‘They are full of new wine’”* (Acts 2:13). They would not have thought these people were drunk if they had clearly understood what was being said. Two groups. Same sound. Supernatural hearing for those with ears prepared to receive.

The divided tongues of fire were not random. They were a prophetic sign pointing back to Mount Sinai, where God descended in fire and gave the Ten Commandments. Under the old covenant, God wrote His word on stone. Now He

was writing it on hearts. The fire had divided and settled on every single believer, the initial fulfillment of Joel's prophecy that God would pour out His Spirit on all flesh so that sons and daughters would prophesy. From that moment forward, the Holy Spirit baptism would be available to every child of God, releasing a new dimension of intimate, powerful communion with the Father that the old covenant had never known.

PAUL PRAYED IN TONGUES MORE THAN ALL

"I thank my God I speak with tongues more than you all; yet in the church I would rather speak five words with my understanding, that I may teach others also, than ten thousand words in a tongue."

1 Corinthians 14:18–19

If Paul was not speaking in tongues in the public church setting, where was all this tongue-speaking happening? He was using it as a prophetic prayer and worship language. He operated in this gift so constantly and so extensively that he could say it might be more than the entire church put together. The man who wrote two-thirds of the New Testament was also an avid tongue-talker.

Most people focus on Paul's instructions on biblical order within a church setting. In those days, anyone could rise and begin to speak, give a message, or comment on the scripture being discussed. Men and women sat on opposite sides of the room, with sometimes a lattice separating them. This is why Paul instructed the women to stay silent because of the chaos of women shouting questions from one room while the men are in another part of the gathering.

The Corinthians were so zealous for the gift of tongues that someone would stand up and just speak in tongues while everyone just sat and watched. Paul was correct to say that this was not the correct forum for simply praying or worshiping to God. In essence, Paul was saying, "If you're going to draw the attention of everyone to you, then have something to say to them. So, either prophesy or make sure there is an interpretation to the tongue. If not, let him speak to himself and to God." This is the context. Many have wrongly claimed that speaking in tongues in church is wrong. That is incorrect.

Paul said clearly, "*Do not forbid to speak with tongues*" (1 Cor. 14:39). And, "*Let him speak to himself and to God*" (1 Cor. 14:28). He addresses what happens when there is no interpretation, "*For he who speaks in a tongue does not speak to men but to God, for no one understands him; however, in the spirit he speaks mysteries*" (1 Cor. 14:2). Speaking mysteries, in prayer, to God. That is the clear implication. This is the part that many do not pay attention to and is just as important.

Tongues is not a lesser gift that should be forbidden in the corporate setting. It is first and foremost, prayer. This is prayer that goes beyond what our natural understanding can reach and enters the realm of what the Spirit Himself is saying to the Father on our behalf.

When you pray in tongues you are declaring what God is saying by His Spirit, indwelling your innermost being, through your mouth, toward God and into the spiritual atmosphere. You are not generating the prayer from your own understanding. The Spirit is generating it through you. This is partially what Romans 8:26-27 describes: *“The Spirit Himself makes intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered... He makes intercession for the saints according to the will of God.”* The prayer in tongues is Spirit-initiated, Father-directed, perfectly aligned intercession that bypasses the limitations of our natural minds entirely.

PRAYING AND SINGING IN THE SPIRIT

“I will pray with the spirit, and I will also pray with the understanding. I will sing with the spirit, and I will also sing with the understanding.”

1 Corinthians 14:15

Paul presents both as fully valid and both as regularly practiced. Praying with the spirit. Singing with the spirit. And praying and singing with the understanding. Not one or the other. Both, flowing together as the Holy Spirit leads.

A RIVER THAT NEVER STOPS

Ever since I received this gift on that Sunday night in 1986, I have prayed in tongues constantly, throughout the entire day. It has become so natural that it flows almost like a subconscious river. I have even prayed in tongues in my sleep.

When I fast, I pray in tongues more than ever. When I read the Word, I pray in tongues. While listening to anointed preaching, I pray in tongues under my breath. In worship I pray and sing in tongues alongside the English words. Paul said he would do both, and I have found the same thing: the two languages together create a depth of communion that neither produces alone.

When I need answers, I pray in tongues. This is where I want to stop for a moment, because what I am about to describe has been one of the most consistent experiences of my entire ministry.

When I pray in tongues while searching for understanding or waiting on revelation, divine insight begins to flow. The gift of interpretation does not seem limited to giving a public prophetic message. It also works personally. I cannot count the number of times I have been seeking an answer, confused about a direction, or pressing into the Scripture for understanding, and after spending time praying in tongues, suddenly my mind was illuminated and I saw what had been hidden. It is as though while I am uttering the mysteries of God through the prayer language, the Spirit of revelation begins to move. The channel that was closed to natural reasoning opens to Spirit-empowered understanding.

I also want to share something that has developed over the decades, because I believe it reflects a spiritual reality that many tongue-talkers have experienced without having language for it. I have four distinctly different sounding prayer languages. My regular one, flowing throughout the day. A second that comes when I am in deep intercession for another person. A third that seems to accompany intense spiritual warfare. And a fourth, rare and unmistakable, that manifests only during the most intensive intercession for nations or large geographic regions.

I share this not to be unusual but to show you that the prayer language is alive and grows. It deepens over decades of use. It differentiates. The Holy Spirit is not static. He moves and speaks and groans and intercedes in ways that are tailored to the specific spiritual territory you are engaging.

When you pray in tongues, pray in faith. Pray with purpose. Pray like you are speaking a real language to God, because you are. Do not simply let words run on automatically with no engagement of your spirit. Pray in faith, with the conviction that the Holy Spirit is praying the perfect will of God through you and that heaven is hearing every word.

THE TESTIMONY OF THOSE WHO WENT BEFORE

“God has ordained this speaking in an unknown tongue unto Himself as a wonderful, supernatural means of communication in the Spirit. As we speak to Him in the unknown tongue we speak wonderful mysteries in the Spirit... Many times as we speak unto God in an unknown tongue we are in intercession and as we pray thus in the Spirit we pray according to the will of God.”

— Smith Wigglesworth, Ever Increasing Faith

Wigglesworth was describing exactly what Paul described in Romans 8:26–27. The intercession through tongues is not the believer’s agenda reaching toward God. It is

the Spirit's agenda flowing through the believer toward the Father. Perfect will. Perfect alignment. The D.E.E.P. prayer anointing in its full and precise operation.

Praying in tongues is far deeper and richer than many realize. We are declaring the Mysteries of God. The hidden mysteries that are now being revealed. We are praying back to the Father, the perfect will of God, without our natural minds getting in the way.

As we saw earlier, this Love Exchange is the process by which everything comes to pass. Let's review Psalm 2 again.

THE NATIONS BELONG TO THE SON: THE ULTIMATE TARGET OF SPIRIT-EMPOWERED PRAYER

"I will declare the decree: The Lord has said to Me, 'You are My Son, today I have begotten You. Ask of Me, and I will give You the nations for Your inheritance, and the ends of the earth for Your possession.'"

Psalm 2:7-8

Long before this invitation was ever spoken, "*Ask of Me*," the nations belonging to the Son was already the settled, unchanging will of God. It was never a new idea introduced at the right moment. It flowed from the Father's eternal purpose in Christ, established before the foundation of the world.

The Father declaring to the Son, "*Ask of Me*," was the process being initiated. The Father reveals, the Son responds and ask the Father to do what the Father has revealed. The Father, in love for the Son grants the petition, and the Holy Spirit manifest it.

Paul says, "*For he who speaks in a tongue does not speak to men but to God, ...however, in the spirit he speaks mysteries*" (1 Cor. 14:2). What mysteries? "*The wonderful works of God*" (Acts 2:11). Most commentators believe these were the mysteries of the Gospel, the eternal plan of God through redemption. The plan settled before the foundation of the world.

Ephesians 1:4 declares that "*He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world.*" The inclusion of the nations in the Son's inheritance was part of that same pre-creation choice. Ephesians 3:9-11 unveils it further: "*The mystery, which from the beginning of the ages has been hidden in God who created all things through Jesus Christ; to the intent that now the manifold wisdom of God might be made known by the church to the principalities and powers in the heavenly places,*

according to the eternal purpose which He accomplished in Christ Jesus our Lord.” Daniel saw it in the night visions: “Dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all peoples, nations, and languages should serve Him” (Dan. 7:14).

When the gift of tongues was first released, they were speaking the mysteries of God, they were praying and declaring back to God in accordance with God’s eternal purpose. When we pray in tongues we engage in this same eternal process and purpose.

When the decree of Psalm 2 is proclaimed, it is not the moment the Father decides to give the nations. It is the moment He invites the Son to receive through prayer what has always been His by eternal right. *“Ask of Me”* (Psa. 2:8). The transfer is real. The receiving requires asking. This is the pattern the entire Upper Room discourse was building toward: the Father’s will, revealed to the Son, prayed back to the Father by the Son, and now the same pattern extended to every believer who abides in Him.

PRAYING IN TONGUES IS PRAYING IN THE SPIRIT

This eternal will of the Father becomes the ultimate target of Spirit-empowered prayer. The armor of God passage reaches its climax in this: *“Take... the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit”* (Eph. 6:17-18). Praying in the Spirit, often expressed through tongues, enables us to wield the sword of God’s word with precision, interceding according to the Father’s perfect will rather than our limited natural understanding. It is the supernatural means by which we *“pray without ceasing”* (1 Thess. 5:17), maintaining constant communion and alignment with the ancient purpose that the nations belong to Christ.

The gift of tongues is not the least of the gifts. It is the daily, continuous, Spirit-energized weapon by which the abiding believer stays in alignment with the Father’s will, prays the mysteries of God back to heaven, intercedes for nations and regions with divine precision, and participates in the transfer of the nations to the Son who purchased them with His blood.

Speaking in tongues is first a prayer language. It is secondarily a prophetic worship language. It can also be a direct communication from God to a gathered body through the two-step process of tongues followed by interpretation. And every dimension of it ties back to intercession, because everything God reveals, He wants prayed back to Himself. The revelation and the intercession are not separate movements. They are

the same movement. Receive and release. Hear and declare. Ask, and the nations are given.

This is what was released on May 4th, 1986, in a church in Stockton, California, when a twenty-year-old young man who had just surrendered his dreams, said yes to a call he barely understood, and then found himself stammering in a language he had never learned. That stammering, those waves of power, that river that has not stopped flowing for forty years, is the Holy Spirit praying the Father's purposes through a yielded vessel.

He wants to do the same through you.

Pray in the Spirit. Pray without ceasing. Ask the Father for the nations. And watch what the Holy Spirit does when you yield your tongue to Him and let Him pray what your natural mind cannot reach.

CHAPTER 15

The Sound of Many Waters

You now carry the sword of the Spirit, taken up by means of prayer in the Spirit. You now carry the prayer language, the Spirit Himself praying the perfect will of God through you, bypassing the limitations of your natural mind entirely. These are powerful weapons in and of themselves. But in these last days Jesus is revealing another weapon, that combined with the others, will release an explosive new level of the power and authority of the kingdom of heaven into the earth.

This third weapon most believers have rarely strategically picked up, and without it, even the sword and the tongues operate at less than their full force.

It is not a technique. It is not an emotional add-on to make your prayer life feel more alive or simply to make prayer more entertaining. It is a specific, biblical, weaponized dimension that the Scripture describes in spiritual warfare language, and it is the missing piece that supercharges the D.E.E.P. arsenal.

This weapon has been deployed through history with devastating impact on the enemies of God. It has caused armies to be defeated, God's glory to fill His temple, and a path to be created for the Son of Man to ride triumphantly into Jerusalem.

It is a weapon so powerful that King David in Psalm 138 declares he used it before the gods of the heathen and saw God give him great victories.

This weapon's revelation is hidden inside a description of Jesus from Revelation 1, a description that almost everyone reads right past and never bothers to stop and understand the depth of what Jesus was revealing about Himself. This one description unlocks one of the most powerful secrets of how the kingdom of God operates to release His end-time work into the earth.

“And His voice as the sound of many waters.”

Revelation 1:15

THE SOUND THAT CHANGES EVERYTHING

In 1990 I was youth pastoring in San Diego, California. One night I was out with my fiancée and some friends, and I saw a gathering of thousands of teenagers in a giant parking lot of a huge shopping center. I asked what it was, since several people in the car worked at that shopping center. They said this cruise had been going on for three years, and it was where the young people all gathered to find out where the parties were, hook up for drug exchanges, and hang out showing off their fancy cars.

God spoke to me and said, *“I want you to bring your youth group out here next Friday. Come early, set up in the middle of where the crowds will be once it gathers, and I want you to praise Me.”* We had no portable sound system, just a small pickup truck, two guys on acoustic guitars, and myself leading worship.

We gathered twenty-five to thirty of our youth from our youth group who had been experiencing an amazing breakthrough in worship in our youth services. The Spirit of God had taken us into a dimension of supernatural prophetic praise. We would start the services with about twenty-five or thirty minutes of songs that we knew, and then the breath of God would come upon us and we would begin to prophetically sing, dance, shout, weep, and sometimes lay on our faces prostrate before God for usually an additional hour. I saw more transformation of the character of these young people in the first three weeks of the praise and worship breakthrough than in the previous two years of preaching had produced. It was one of the most incredible times of consistent manifestations of the power and presence of Jesus in our midst. I knew the Lord was telling us to take this kind of prophetic high praise worship and bring it into the midst of the darkness of this gathering of young people who were engaging in all kinds of perversion, drugs, and ungodly behaviors.

We got there several hours early, and the Lord told me, *“Get positioned, but don’t do anything until I tell you.”* By the time 8:30 or 9:00 p.m. had hit, there were over a thousand vehicles and two thousand young people, and we were right in the midst of them. The Lord said, *“Do it now.”* So I gathered the youth, had the guitar players pick up their guitars, and we began to sing dynamic praise songs to God. We began to shout and dance and celebrate the mighty name of Jesus. As you can imagine, we suddenly drew a lot of attention. You had all these tricked-out trucks and cars with their multi-thousand-dollar sound systems blasting hard rock music suddenly turning and staring at us, wondering what was happening.

As soon as we began to praise, you could feel in the spirit, like a giant swarm of thousands of demons circling over us like vultures, ready to attack. I could tell the devil was mad at what we were doing. As we continued to praise, a guy across the aisle jumped into his truck and hit his horn to try to distract us. But he only hit it once or twice, then violently jumped out of his car as if something had thrown him out, with a completely shocked look on his face — bordering on terror.

As we progressed deeper in worship, we went into deep intimacy. A demon-possessed man violently charged at us. But before he could even reach the edge of the youth he hit what looked like an invisible wall. He was frozen with his fist clenched, ready to strike. He struggled for almost a minute to beat through that invisible wall but couldn't. In frustration and fear, he turned and fled. My young people got on their knees, lifting their hands, worshiping God with all their might in public. More and more of those thousands of young people, by now nearly three thousand, began to gather around where our vehicle was, staring at us with a look of shock and awe. We pressed in hard for an hour, when all of a sudden I felt the atmosphere break wide open. It was like all the demons were suddenly expelled and the heavens opened up above, and you could breathe freely. It was similar to the same experience I described earlier, pressing through in prayer for the seventeen teenagers in that apartment complex.

There was such joy and celebration as hundreds and hundreds of people slowly walked down the aisle in front of us, staring at us with their mouths wide open, not able to say anything, completely entranced by the power of God's presence. We continued on for another thirty minutes, when a young man came up to me and said, "I'm a backslidden Christian, but I'm giving my life back to Jesus tonight." He said, "You don't understand the miracle that's happening tonight. I've walked around the outside of this entire cruise of fifteen hundred cars. Everybody is blasting their music, but the only thing you can hear is you guys worshipping God." We had no sound system. We had no amplification. But God was supernaturally amplifying our high praise, our prophetic worship that was spiritual warfare prayer, saturating and overriding the blasting music of the imprisoned teenagers gathered that night.

The Lord then spoke to me: *"Go home. Your work is done."* We had all been fasting, so we decided we were going to break our fast and eat. I drove down the road a little bit and got out of the car to get some money from the ATM. When I got out of the car, I felt that same incredible spiritual breakthrough and Holy Spirit atmosphere. I said, "Lord, what is this?" And the Lord said, *"You have destroyed and shattered the demonic stronghold over this region through the power of your prophetic praying praise."*

The members of our youth group who worked in that shopping center said that every day they went to work they felt that same presence of God. They said their bosses were suddenly nicer, the customers were much more patient and kind. And the greatest breakthrough was yet to be manifested. Within three weeks, that cruise, which had gone on for three years, which the police had never been able to break up, suddenly and spontaneously dissolved on its own. This gathering spot for drugs, perversion, and riotous living suddenly, without any explanation, disbanded and never returned.

This was a manifestation of the greater works released through the Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing, expressed through prophetic worship, as we became aligned with the voice of Jesus Himself.

I did not have language for what happened that night until years later, when God began to show me why a handful of teenagers with no sound system could override fifteen hundred competing speakers and dissolve a three-year stronghold in one night. It is the same revelation I want to walk you through now, the revelation behind that night in the parking lot, and behind every breakthrough this book has described.

HIS VOICE AS THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS

I want to share with you something I first wrote about in my book *Looking Unto Jesus*, because the revelation God gave me there is the foundation for understanding what is coming in the last days.

“His voice as the sound of many waters.”

Revelation 1:15

This is one of my favorite descriptions of Jesus because it reveals to us not only His nature, but how we are in full partnership with Him in releasing the glory of God and the end-time events into the earth.

This description of His voice speaks to us of God’s last-days manifestation, and of a D.E.E.P. prophetic prayer and worship movement that will result in the greatest demonstration of the power and glory of God that the world has ever seen.

Each of the thirty descriptions of Jesus in Revelation 1 require you to search the Old and New Testament to fully understand what these brief descriptions are truly revealing. The best place to start is the Law of First Mention, the first place a truth or concept is revealed in Scripture.

The first place this description of “a sound or noise of many waters” is used is in Ezekiel.

“When they went, I heard the noise of their wings, like the noise of many waters, like the voice of the Almighty, a tumult like the noise of an army; and when they stood still, they let down their wings.”

Ezekiel 1:24

When the heavenly creatures flapped their wings, it released a sound, a sound that was in alignment with and exactly replicated the sound of the voice of God.

“Afterward he brought me to the gate, the gate that faces toward the east. And behold, the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the east. His voice was like the sound of many waters; and the earth shone with His glory.”

Ezekiel 43:1–2

Both of these times we see Jesus’ voice being described as the sound or noise of many waters. We also see the glory of God being released and manifested in the earth in direct connection to this description, “the voice, the sound of many waters.”

And again, we see it in Revelation 14:2. *“And I heard a voice from heaven, like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of loud thunder. And I heard the sound of harpists playing their harps.”*

Jesus’ own voice, the voice of the Bridegroom Himself, is described as musical, the sound of many waters associated with the sound of harpists playing their harps. Heaven’s worship sounds the way it does because it has always been patterned after His voice. The cherubim, the seraphim, the harpists before the throne, all of it is an echo. He is the original sound, and heaven has simply learned to sing in *symphoneo*, in His key, following Him as the conductor.

WHAT THE SOUND CARRIES WITH IT

As we study God’s Word, we look for things that are associated with these descriptions to help us gain understanding. We see several things associated with the sound of many waters. We see the living creatures who minister at the throne of God. We see it as the sound of an army. We see the glory of God being manifested in the earth. We see the sound of harpists playing their harps.

First, I want us to look at the living creatures and the harps. The living creatures, which are later identified as cherubim, are heavenly beings that worship before the throne of God day and night. *“The four living creatures, each having six wings, were full of eyes around and within. And they do not rest day or night, saying: ‘Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, Who was and is and is to come!’”* (Rev. 4:8).

These heavenly creatures are at the throne of God, in the midst of the glory of God, worshiping and ministering to God day and night. Their wings produced a sound that was like the voice of the Almighty.

We also see these creatures with harps and bowls. *“Now when He had taken the scroll, the four living creatures and the twenty-four elders fell down before the*

Lamb, each having a harp, and golden bowls full of incense, which are the prayers of the saints. And they sang a new song” (Rev. 5:8–9).

Our attention then must be drawn to the harps, which we will see in a moment is always connected to the prophetic, and the bowls filled with incense, which were the prayers of the saints.

THE HARPS — THE SOUND OF THE PROPHETIC

“‘But now bring me a harpist.’ While the harpist was playing, the hand of the Lord came on Elisha and he said, ‘This is what the Lord says: I will fill this valley with pools of water.’”

2 Kings 3:15–16, NIV

Elisha called for the harpist, the worship, to create the environment where the prophetic word would flow. We see it again when God called Saul to be king; he had an encounter with this prophetic releasing music. We often see a correlation between the playing of music and the release of the prophetic.

“After that you shall come to the hill of God where the Philistine garrison is. And it will happen, when you have come there to the city, that you will meet a group of prophets coming down from the high place with a stringed instrument, a tambourine, a flute, and a harp before them; and they will be prophesying. Then the Spirit of the Lord will come upon you, and you will prophesy with them and be turned into another man.”

1 Samuel 10:5–6

King David understood the connection between music and the prophetic, probably greater than most. *“Moreover David and the captains of the army separated for the service some of the sons of Asaph, of Heman, and of Jeduthun, who should prophesy with harps, stringed instruments, and cymbals... who prophesied with a harp to give thanks and to praise the Lord” (1 Chr. 25:1, 3).*

The harps are connected to the kind of worship that releases the prophetic word of the Lord. Now, we already saw that Jesus’ voice is described as the sound of many waters and as a harpist playing the harp. These descriptions are here to reveal a much deeper truth.

Jesus’ voice is prophetic, and it sounds musical.

His voice is prophetic. *“For the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy”* (Rev. 19:10). This verse speaks of Jesus’ own testimony, not man’s testimony about Him, Jesus’ own testimony, what Jesus reveals and speaks by the Spirit. The prophetic spirit, the very life and essence of prophecy, is Jesus testifying, Jesus speaking.

This description of the voice, the sound of many waters, points to an incredibly powerful truth. So let’s keep pulling back the layers.

Look at how the AMPC translates Revelation 14:2: *“And I heard a voice from heaven like the sound of great waters and like the rumbling of mighty thunder; the voice I heard [seemed like the music] of harpists accompanying themselves on their harps.”*

It says the voice of Jesus seemed like the music of a harpist. His voice is being described as musical. There is a mystery being revealed here. There is a multifaceted musical dimension to the prophetic voice of God. In Jesus, it clearly appears that prophecy and music are embodied in His voice.

Have you ever considered what God said about Lucifer?

“You were the seal of perfection, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty. You were in Eden, the garden of God... The workmanship of your timbrels and pipes was prepared for you on the day you were created. You were the anointed cherub who covers... You were on the holy mountain of God; you walked back and forth in the midst of fiery stones. You were perfect in your ways from the day you were created, till iniquity was found in you.”

Ezekiel 28:12–15

Musical instruments, timbrels and pipes, were prepared in him, or for him, for his role as the highest of all angels, the anointed cherub who covers, the highest worship leader, to lead in prophetic worship. The fiery stones he walked among are the very stones used in Revelation 8 to ignite the prayers of the saints. The throne of God has always been saturated with prophetic worship and prayer. This is because it emanates from Jesus Himself.

If even the highest of all created beings, the one originally given timbrels and pipes and appointed to lead the worship of heaven, could not separate music from the prophetic voice of God, it should not surprise us that God’s own people throughout history have never separated the two either.

I want to be cautious here. I am not trying to get too ethereal. But this mysterious description reveals a prophetic reality for us. Just look at the Jews. Most of the Jewish prayers are sung. This is a direct reflection of the pattern of heaven and is a vital part

of us coming into total alignment with Him. You cannot separate prophetic worship and prayer.

In the ancient Temple, the Levites sang and played music as part of the sacrificial service. The Talmud teaches that the singing was so essential that an offering could be considered invalid without the proper song.

Jewish scholars teach that music reaches places that plain speech cannot. It stirs emotion, concentration, and joy. The melodies help move prayer from the mind to the heart and soul. Chassidic masters and others taught that music can reveal hidden spiritual depths and help a person pray with greater passion and sincerity.

This model of worship, music, and prayer being intermixed runs throughout biblical history. But what many never realized is that when we do this, we are coming into alignment with the very nature of Jesus Himself.

WHY THIS MATTERS

So why is this important? These descriptions in Revelation are to prepare an end-time people to face the most intense season the world will ever see. Through the description of His voice as the sound of many waters, Jesus is revealing to us that a new dimension of a prophetic prayer and worship movement will be released in the last days.

This is what Joel was referring to when he said, *“And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out My Spirit on all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also on My menservants and on My maidservants I will pour out My Spirit in those days”* (Joel 2:28-29).

This prophetic manifestation of the revelation of Jesus through worship and prayer will cause the greatest release of the glory of God upon the earth that we have ever seen. As we see Him, we will become more like Him. Our hearts, our thoughts, our words, and our actions will be in line with His to the point that we will sound like Jesus. The bride will be so in tune with Jesus that our prophetic worship and prayers will sound like Jesus Himself.

That is exactly what happened in that parking lot in 1990. Twenty-five teenagers with two acoustic guitars should never have been able to be heard over fifteen hundred vehicles and hundreds of blasting car stereos. But the sound that came out of us that night was not competing with the noise of the world on the world’s terms. It was the sound of many waters, and it drowned out everything else without ever needing amplification, because it did not originate with us.

“And I heard, as it were, the voice of a great multitude, as the sound of many waters and as the sound of mighty thunderings, saying, ‘Alleluia! For the Lord God Omnipotent reigns! Let us be glad and rejoice and give Him glory, for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife has made herself ready.’”

Revelation 19:6–7

Jesus’ voice was described in Revelation 14:2 like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of loud thunder. Then, in Revelation 19, the bride’s voice is described the same.

In the last days the bride will sound just like Jesus.

The worship and prayer anointing in the last days will be filled with the revelation of Jesus, who He is and what He is focused on. This prophetic prayer and worship movement will be all about Jesus.

We are Jesus’ prayer partners. We declare who He is and His righteous judgments. Jesus said, *“As the Father has sent Me, I also send you”* (John 20:21). *“The words that I speak to you I do not speak on My own authority; but the Father who dwells in Me does the works”* (John 14:10). *“Most assuredly, I say to you, the Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He sees the Father do; for whatever He does, the Son also does in like manner. For the Father loves the Son, and shows Him all things that He Himself does; and He will show Him greater works than these, that you may marvel”* (John 5:19–20). *“I do nothing of Myself; but as My Father taught Me, I speak these things. And He who sent Me is with Me. The Father has not left Me alone, for I always do those things that please Him”* (John 8:28–29).

I want to exhort you to be like Jesus. He did everything according to what He heard His Father say and do. As the Father sent Jesus to earth, so He sends us. We are to prophetically pray, declare, and sing on earth what Jesus is praying, declaring, and singing, as the voice of many waters, in heaven.

The Holy Spirit will give you prophetic revelation. *“He will guide you into all truth; for He will not speak on His own authority, but whatever He hears He will speak; and He will tell you things to come. He will glorify Me, for He will take of what is Mine and declare it to you”* (John 16:13–14).

This prophetic worship and prayer anointing will bind demonic strongholds and release the written judgments upon the ungodly. This will be especially powerful through prophetic singing with the Word of God. Psalm 149 gives us powerful insight into this reality.

“Praise the Lord! Sing to the Lord a new song, and His praise in the assembly of saints... Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud on their beds. Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand, to execute vengeance on the nations, and punishments on the peoples... This honor have all His saints. Praise the Lord!”

Psalm 149:1, 5–9

That verse describes exactly what happened in that parking lot. The high praises of God were in our mouths. And a three-year stronghold, untouched by every effort the police had made, became bound by heaven’s chains beginning that night.

There is a level of worship that surpasses the pleasant, the reverent, even the deeply felt. The Bible calls it high praise. It is the dimension that turns the voice of many waters from a revelation we admire into a weapon we carry.

THE WEAPON IN YOUR MOUTH

Now that you have seen what the voice of many waters actually is, the prophetic, musical sound at the very center of heaven’s worship, the question becomes practical. How does a believer, here on earth, actually press into that same dimension? This section is adapted from material I have used for years in the Zadok Discipleship Course, because nothing has shown me more clearly what high praise actually does.

There is a common teaching that praise is the fast songs, the songs about God, and worship is the slow songs, the songs to God. That understanding is not only imprecise; it is essentially wrong. The word “worship” in the Old Testament literally means to be laid prostrate before God. It is an attitude of the heart, a condition of humility and surrender. Praise, on the other hand, is worship physically expressed.

Praise, by definition, has a physical dimension. It is the body, the voice, the whole person giving outward expression to the inward posture of worship. There are many forms of praise in Scripture: singing, shouting, dancing, clapping, lifting holy hands, kneeling prostrate, making a joyful noise, being still and quiet before Him. All of them are forms of the same thing — worship finding outward expression.

“I will praise (shout and confess) You with my whole heart (every fiber of my being); before (right up in the faces of) the gods I will sing praises to You.”

Psalm 138:1 clarity added

High praise is a specific dimension within this broader reality, a level of intensity and focus that moves the worshiper into a qualitatively different kind of engagement with God. It is not simply singing louder or with more visible enthusiasm. It is a state in which every fiber of a person's being becomes so engaged in the exaltation and magnification of God that the natural realm begins to recede. Time loses its grip. Location becomes irrelevant. The worshiper finds themselves standing, in some dimension that is more than metaphor, in a heavenly realm.

Most believers have never deeply experienced this. Some have touched the edge of it briefly. Very few enter it consistently. High praise is the fruit of deliberate, sustained, intense pursuit of God through praise, pressing in past distraction, past self-consciousness, past what is comfortable, into a dimension where God is no longer peripheral but absolute. It is what those twenty-five teenagers entered that night in a parking lot full of strangers, with no stage, no sound system, and no audience but the very darkness they had been sent to confront.

HIGH PRAISE AS SPIRITUAL WARFARE

“Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand, to execute vengeance on the nations, and punishments on the peoples; to bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron; to execute on them the written judgment — this honor have all His saints.”

Psalm 149:6–9

This passage is the biblical foundation for understanding high praise as warfare. The two-edged sword held in the hand of the praiser is the *rhema* word of God, the present, breathed-upon, fresh word empowered by the Spirit. The Bible confirms it plainly: “*The word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword*” (Heb. 4:12). The high praises of God in the mouth, the power of the *rhema* word operating through the praiser, and this combined force creates a powerful spiritual weapon. It executes vengeance on the nations. It binds their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron.

The kings and nobles here are the demonic principalities and powers that hold authority over geographic regions and people groups. When the high praises of God come forth from a people who are pressing into that dimension of worship, those principalities are bound. I felt that swarm of demons circling over us that night like vultures. I also felt the exact moment they were chained up and expelled.

“For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war according to the flesh. For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty in

God for pulling down strongholds, casting down arguments and every high thing that exalts itself against the knowledge of God, bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. ”

2 Corinthians 10:3–5

The enemy is not disturbed by Christian entertainment. He is not threatened by a well-produced worship service that stays safely within the range of the pleasant and the comfortable. But when a people press through into genuine high praise, something shifts in the spirit realm that he cannot withstand. It has become divinely energized.

GOD ENTHRONED: INHABITING OUR PRAISE

“But You are holy, enthroned in the praises of Israel. ”

Psalms 22:3

The word translated “enthroned” or “inhabits” here does not simply mean that God makes a friendly appearance when people praise. The word means that God is established as King, as Almighty God, as Lord, as Master, as the Ruler whose authority is absolute and operative. When a people press into high praise, God does not merely visit; He becomes established in authoritative power in their midst.

“Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered; let those also who hate Him flee before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melts before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God. ”

Psalms 68:1–2

When God arises, when He is established in the midst of high praise as Almighty God, His enemies scatter. This is not a poetic aspiration. It is a spiritual law. This is “*Your kingdom come. Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven*” (Matt. 6:10), in living reality.

And what brings God to that place of arising? What releases the kingdom-governing authority of God into the earth? The high praises of God mixed with the *rhema* word of God, lifting Him up until He is established as King in their midst. It is when the Father starts hearing the voice of His Son, the sound of many waters, coming out of His people. That is what causes the Father to become enthroned.

This is precisely why the enemy works so hard to keep corporate worship tepid, self-focused, entertainment-oriented, and brief. He is not threatened by a Christian sing-along. He is terrified of a people who press past performance and spectacle into the

dimension of true high praise, because when that happens, the strongholds he has maintained over lives, families, and regions begin to crack.

PRAISE AS A BATTLE STRATEGY

In 2 Chronicles 20, Jehoshaphat faced a vast coalition of enemies, the armies of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir converging on Judah simultaneously. He went to God in prayer, and God's word came back: *"The battle is not yours, but God's"* (2 Chr. 20:15). Jehoshaphat's response was to send the worshipers out in front of the army. He got the *rhema*, and then sent the worshipers to praise the victory into existence.

"And when he had consulted with the people, he appointed those who should sing to the Lord, and who should praise the beauty of His holiness, as they went out before the army and were saying: 'Praise the Lord, for His mercy endures forever.' Now when they began to sing and to praise, the Lord set ambushes against the people of Ammon, Moab, and Mount Seir, who had come against Judah; and they were defeated."

2 Chronicles 20:21–22

The battle was won before a single conventional weapon was drawn. High praise, released by the *rhema* word of God, was the decisive military strategy. The praisers won the battle that no army could.

JESUS JOINS THE PRAISE — AND THE FATHER RESPONDS

Hebrews 2:12 gives us an amazing picture of Jesus speaking about being in the midst of those He calls His brethren. *"In the midst of the assembly I will sing praise to You."* Jesus says there comes a point in the assembly when He joins the praise of the Father Himself. The worship is so genuine, so sustained, so full of the glory of the Father, that Jesus cannot hold back from adding His own voice to it. Heaven joins with earth in the worship of Almighty God.

Those who have been in services where something unmistakably broke through know what this moment feels like. There is a point at which it is no longer the congregation singing alone. A dimension opens. The atmosphere thickens.

In that place of divinely energized praise, the Father begins to arise as the Mighty One.

“The Lord your God in your midst, the Mighty One, will save; He will rejoice over you with gladness, He will quiet you with His love, He will rejoice over you with singing.”

Zephaniah 3:17

God becomes established on His throne in the midst of *rhema*-driven high praises. He arises and the enemies scatter. Then the Father turns His delight toward His people, and He begins to sing and dance over us.

The word for “rejoice” here carries the meaning of leaping and spinning under violent emotion. When God’s people press into the dimension of high praise, when God arises as the Mighty One, when Jesus declares His names and joins in the worship, the Father Himself is so moved that He rises from the throne and rejoices over His people with singing and dancing.

THE DAY GOD DANCED

In 1999, I was preaching at a youth camp in Marianna, Florida. It was the most powerful outpouring of God we had ever seen. To this day many who attended still call it “THE CAMP.” The last night I was preaching on this principle, when a supernatural exuberant worship hit the building. All 250-plus of us started to dance before the Lord. For over an hour, without getting tired, we shouted, danced, jumped, and sang the high praises of God.

At one point my eyes were opened to the spirit realm. I saw angels down the right and left side of the building. Half of them were using their wings to fan the flame of the worship, the other half were dancing with us. Overwhelmed, I shared what I was seeing with the crowd, and over 100 of the youth said they too had been seeing the angels exactly as I described them.

As we continued to worship, I turned around toward the stage and looked up. It was as if I could see into the throne of God. I saw Jesus praising the Father with us. Then I saw the Father get up and begin to dance over us. The joy, the power, the realm of heaven we experienced in that room that night was otherworldly. We, by yielding to the Spirit, had engaged in genuine high praise and transcended the natural realm. We were in alignment with the worship of heaven. The angels weren’t joining our praise. They were there to release the prophetic praise of heaven, the voice, the sound of many waters, and to empower us to align with it.

The lives permanently changed that night, the ministries birthed that night, the experience shared that night, we will never forget.

THE GRAND PEAK

There is a height the human soul was never able to reach on its own. Not through discipline. Not through religion. Not through generations of striving toward God across every culture and every century. It is a height only the indwelling Spirit of the living God can carry a person to, and Scripture describes it in three places that, read together, show us exactly what is waiting for the Bride at the very end of the age.

As we press diligently into the high praises of God, merging our wholehearted worship with the *rhema* word of God, something incredible happens in the spirit realm that has an eternal impact upon those who yield themselves to align with the sound of many waters that proceeds from the throne. The veil over our natural minds is removed, and we begin to see Jesus as He really is.

“And all of us, as with unveiled face, [because we] continued to behold [in the Word of God] as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are constantly being transfigured into His very own image in ever increasing splendor and from one degree of glory to another; [for this comes] from the Lord [Who is] the Spirit.”

2 Corinthians 3:18, AMPC

We begin to behold greater and greater dimensions of His glory. God becomes enthroned in our midst, and He begins to reveal deeper dimensions of Himself. The voice, the sound of many waters, is the revelation of the eternal prophetic prayer and worship dimension of heaven that proceeds directly from the Son. The high praises are the mechanism that binds the demonic strongholds in the spirit realm that hinder this heavenly reality from being manifest in the earth. As we seek to align with His sound, His voice, His glorification of the Father, through wholehearted, passionate, pure prayer and praise, the demonic realm is chained and the God of heaven manifests Himself in our midst.

Jesus prayed for this very thing the night before He died:

“And the glory which You gave Me I have given them, that they may be one just as We are one: I in them, and You in Me; that they may be made perfect in one... And I have declared to them Your name, and will declare it, that the love with which You loved Me may be in them, and I in them.”

John 17:22–23, 26

The Apostle Paul, seeing the greatness of this same plan, fell to his knees before the Father and prayed for the Church to take hold of it.

“For this reason [seeing the greatness of this plan by which you are built together in Christ], I bow my knees before the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ... [That you may really come] to know [practically, through experience for yourselves] the love of Christ, which far surpasses mere knowledge [without experience]; that you may be filled [through all your being] unto all the fullness of God [may have the richest measure of the divine Presence, and become a body wholly filled and flooded with God Himself]!”

Ephesians 3:14, 19, AMPC

A body wholly filled and flooded with God Himself. That is not a metaphor for personal devotion. That is the destination of the entire human story in Christ. And when that fullness finally arrives in the Bride at the end of the age, it will not stay hidden inside her. It will come out the way everything inside a person eventually comes out. In her words. In her songs. In her prayers. In her preaching. In the way she lives.

This is the grand peak the whole of redemptive history has been climbing toward. Not that the Church would simply learn good doctrine about Jesus, or admire Him from a respectful distance, or quote Him accurately. That a people would finally become so filled with His Spirit, so wholly yielded, so completely one with Him the way He and the Father are one, that their prayers and their praise and their music and their prophesying and their preaching and their very lives would sound exactly like heaven sounds. The same sound John heard rising from the great multitude in Revelation 19, the Bride’s voice as the sound of many waters, because she has finally become one with the Bridegroom whose voice it first belonged to — Jesus.

Paul names the destination one more time, plainly: *“For whom He foreknew, He also predestined to be conformed to the image of His Son”* (Rom. 8:29). Predestined, from before the foundation of the world, to be just like Jesus.

As we align with Him in love, as we obey Him by loving God and loving one another, we are able to walk in the full, greater-works power of the Love Exchange. The Father shows the Son all things, and the Son does and says only what He has seen and heard (John 5:19–20, 8:28–29). The Spirit takes what belongs to Jesus and declares it to us (John 16:13–14). We abide in Him, His words abide in us, and what we ask is no longer our own agenda but His, prayed back through a yielded vessel (John 15:7). This is the same Love Exchange that has carried every chapter of this book, and it is the mechanism by which a people finally arrive at what Jesus prayed for and what Paul could barely find words to ask for. Made perfect in one. Filled with all the fullness of God. Flooded until there is nothing left in the voice but Him.

The Bride, having made herself ready, having been washed at the table and clothed in righteousness, having abided long enough and yielded fully enough, no longer

merely imitates Jesus. She sounds like Him. Her prayers and her praise become so saturated with His Spirit, so perfectly aligned with what is already happening at the throne, that heaven can no longer tell where His voice ends and hers begins. That is the sound of many waters. That is the voice of the Bride in Revelation 19. And that is what is waiting, even now, for every believer who will be filled to all the fullness of God.

THE TRIAD COMPLETED

This is the third weapon in your hand. You have already seen the sword taken up by means of prayer — the *rhema* word declared into the specific need before you. You have already learned to pray in the Spirit — the Holy Spirit interceding through you for what your understanding cannot reach. Now you carry a third: the high praises of God in your mouth. You take the sword of the Spirit, the *rhema* word, and praying in tongues, uttering mysteries, intermixed with unrestrained high praises, and an explosion will happen.

You start aligning yourself with the same voice the Bride will carry in Revelation 19, the sound of many waters, because she has learned to say only what she has heard, and sing only what she has been given.

This Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing is, at its core, a people who have so yielded themselves to abiding in Jesus, loving one another with self-sacrificing love, and being continually filled by the Spirit with everything that the Father is saying and doing, that they begin to sound just like Jesus in their prayers, their praise, and their proclaiming.

Press in. Take the sword of the Spirit and the high praises of God, yielding yourself as a vessel through which His voice, the sound of many waters, is released throughout the earth. Become the bride who sounds just like Jesus. Heaven is listening for it even now.

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CHAPTER 16

Taking It by Force

“And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force.”

Matthew 11:12

This may be the most uncomfortable verse in the New Testament for a passive church culture. Everything in our religious training wants to soften it, spiritualize it into something polite, or quietly skip past it. But if you are going to experience the full power of using the sword of the Spirit, declaring the mysteries of heaven through tongues, and breaking strongholds with the weapon of high praise, you are going to have to become a person who learns how to lay ahold of the promises of God. *“The kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force.”*

The AMPC brings the full weight of the original Greek into the open:

“And from the days of John the Baptist until the present time, the kingdom of heaven has endured violent assault, and violent men seize it by force [as a precious prize—a share in the heavenly kingdom is sought with most ardent zeal and intense exertion].”

Matthew 11:12 AMPC

Ardent zeal. Intense exertion. Seizing it as a precious prize. This is the description Jesus gave of the kind of prayer life that actually lays hold of heaven’s resources and releases the kingdom into the earth. This holy violence is not self-willed striving, or just loud emotionally charged rantings. It is the wholehearted pressing into what the Father has already willed and revealed.

One of the greatest lies the enemy has planted in the Church, and he has planted it deeply, is that intensity in prayer is somehow less spiritual than passivity. That pressing in hard is presumptuous. That going after God with everything you have is a sign of immaturity or lack of trust. That the truly spiritual person simply sits back, stays quiet, and waits for heaven to trickle down.

But Hebrews 11:6 says that God “*is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him.*” The word “rewarder” means to make payments in return for services rendered. And the word “diligently” in that verse is not a word for casual interest. It is the word for earnest, intense, wholehearted pursuit. God pays out His reward to those who come after Him with everything they have.

This is not just the pattern of the great revivalists, though we will see it there too. This is the pattern of Jesus Himself.

THE GETHSEMANE PATTERN: WHAT JESUS DID ON THIS SAME NIGHT

We have spent the majority of this book in the Upper Room, sitting with Jesus through the most extraordinary five chapters of teaching in all of Scripture. He revealed the Father’s house. He showed us the Vine and the branches. He promised the Helper. He unveiled the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing. He commanded us to love one another as He has loved us, to abide, to ask, and to bear fruit that remains.

And then, when the discourse ended, He did not go to bed.

He went to Gethsemane.

John 18:1 tells us that after Jesus spoke the high-priestly prayer of John 17, He crossed the Kidron Valley with His disciples and entered the garden. Matthew and Luke give us the details of what happened there. And what happened there is the most vivid demonstration in human history of the very kind of prayer this chapter is about.

“And being in agony, He prayed more earnestly. Then His sweat became like great drops of blood falling down to the ground.”

Luke 22:44

The Greek word translated “agony” is *agonia*. It describes not merely emotional distress but the kind of maximum, concentrated spiritual exertion that an athlete gives in the decisive moment of a contest. It is the word for the final push when everything depends on what happens in the next few moments. Jesus was not in Gethsemane engaging in quiet contemplative prayer. He was in agony. He was pressing through something with every fiber of His being.

And “*He prayed more earnestly.*” The Greek word for “more earnestly” is *ektenos*, meaning stretched out, extended to the maximum, without any holding back. This is prayer pushed to its absolute limit. He sweat great drops of blood, a documented

medical phenomenon called hematomatosis, where extreme physical and emotional pressure causes the capillaries in the sweat glands to rupture and mix blood with perspiration. Jesus prayed until His body was under that level of strain.

This is not a picture of serenity. This is a picture of holy violence directed toward heaven — the Son of God taking hold of the Father's purposes with everything He had, pressing through the weight of what was coming, crying out with loud cries and tears. As Hebrews 5:7 describes it: *"When He had offered up prayers and supplications, with vehement cries and tears to Him who was able to save Him from death, and was heard because of His godly fear."*

The same Jesus who spent the evening of the Upper Room revealing the prayer life of the abiding branch, the *rhema* word, the asking in His name, the fruit that remains — that same Jesus ended the evening on His face in the dirt, sweating blood, pressing into the Father with an intensity that has never been equaled.

He was modeling for every believer who would follow Him: This is what it looks like when the stakes are highest. This is what D.E.E.P. prayer looks like at its most costly. Not performance. Not religious theater. Holy, trembling, earnest, agonizing alignment with the Father's will, held until the breakthrough comes.

The same Upper Room where Jesus revealed the prayer anointing ended with the same Jesus face down in Gethsemane, pressing through agony until the will of the Father was completed. When Jesus, on the cross, declared, *"It is Finished,"* He was stating what had already been sealed in the spirit in Gethsemane. The promise and the practice belong together. You cannot have one without the other.

THREE WITNESSES: WHAT FORCEFUL PRAYER LOOKS LIKE

The principle of taking it by force is not theoretical. It operates in real situations, in real time, in real people whose natural capacities are completely insufficient for what they are attempting. What follows are three testimonies of what happens when someone refuses to accept less than what Jesus purchased.

The Youth Camp: Nine Weeks Old and Bold as a Lion

I was only nine weeks saved. I was not a bold person by nature. I was the kind of person who ran from every confrontation and used any available weapon to avoid a real fight. That was my genuine disposition. That was before I got saved and filled with the Holy Ghost.

I was asked to be a camp counselor at a youth camp. While there a girl had slipped on the edge of the pool and hit her head. The next morning her neck was severely swollen and she could not move it. At the end of the service she asked if the group would pray for her. They gathered around her and then said something that stopped me cold. They asked her, “Do you have faith that God can heal you?” I knew instantly why they were asking. They weren’t really believing for a miracle. So, they were placing the burden of faith on her. If she didn’t get healed, they could just blame her lack of faith. Maybe not to her face, but in their hearts. They were already planning for failure.

They started to pray a quiet, tentative prayer. “God, if it be your will, heal her neck.” All conditional clauses and qualifications. “Oh God, if it be Your will. Blah blah blah,” I thought.

Something rose up inside me that I had never felt before. It was not arrogance. It was something cleaner and sharper than that. I said, “Move aside!” I put my hand on the back of her neck and prayed the only way I knew how to pray at nine weeks old. I did not have enough theology to be complicated. I just said, “In the name of Jesus, I command every muscle, every bone, and anything else back there, because I am not a doctor and I do not know what is back there, be healed right now by the power of God.”

I felt the swelling go down under my hand. Her neck began to move. She was completely and instantly healed by the power of God.

I did not achieve that through superior faith or mature spiritual development. I achieved it because I had not yet learned to be afraid of asking for too much. I had not yet accumulated the doubt that sophisticated theology can sometimes produce. I simply believed that Jesus purchased her healing and that I could take it by force in His name.

The Young Man at the Restaurant: A Crushed Back Healed at Denny’s

We had just come out of a miracle service in Modesto, California. A senior in high school had been miraculously set free from debilitating migraines that had plagued her for an entire school year and we were celebrating over dinner at a restaurant. A young man came hobbling in. He was twenty-one years old and six months earlier, a massive warehouse crate had fallen on him, crushing his back and breaking his spine. The doctors had placed him on lifetime disability that very day. He could not sit, stand, walk, or lie down without excruciating pain. He asked the group to remember him in prayer sometime.

The pastors and leaders at the table stood up to pray for him right then and there. And the prayer immediately went sideways. “Oh God, if it be Your will.” I said: “Move out of the way!”

I know that sounds blunt. But sometimes you have to get the doubt and unbelief out of the room before you can get the healing in. Jesus did the same thing. When He arrived at Jairus’s house, with the mourners wailing and the situation apparently hopeless, He did not accommodate the atmosphere of unbelief. He put everyone out of the room except the parents and three disciples, and then He raised the girl (Mark 5:40). He did not work around doubt. He removed it.

I put my hand on the young man’s back and prayed with the same directness I had learned at nine weeks old: “In the name of Jesus, I command this back to be totally healed by the power of God.” I told him to bend over. He was hesitant. I told him again to move his back. He started moving it, tentatively at first, then with increasing freedom. He looked up at me with tears streaming down his face. “The pain is gone, the pain is gone,” He cried. I said, “The Spirit of God is all over you right now. Lift your hands.” He lifted them. He had never spoken in tongues before. Right there in a crowded restaurant he was filled with the Holy Spirit, fell under the power, and began to speak in other tongues at full volume.

The restaurant patrons stared. The waitress walked toward our aisle, stepped back with a sound of alarm, and went a different direction. The preachers in my group had quietly relocated to the far corner of the restaurant and were pretending not to know us.

The kingdom was taken by force that night. Not politely. Not quietly. Not at a convenient moment in a controlled environment. In the middle of a public restaurant, by a young man who should not have been able to stand, much less move, who went home healed and Spirit-filled.

The 1990 Meeting: Three Bolts of Lightning

In January 1990, Dr. Morris Cerullo was preaching on the release of the glory of God. The presence of God began to fall across the building in waves. I was there with our youth group and I felt it moving. Something ignited inside me. I made a decision that I was not going to spectate. I reached up toward heaven and I cried out: “God, if nobody else in this place gets it, I am going to get this tonight. If nobody else lays hold of it, I am laying hold of it. I am not letting You go until You give it to me.”

The first thing I felt was like a bolt of lightning going through my body. It nearly knocked me to the ground. But it was not enough. I said, “No. I want more. I am not letting You go.” A second bolt hit me, stronger than the first. It almost sent me down again. I said, “No. God, I want all of it.” The third bolt of lightning hit and I went to

the ground, shaking uncontrollably, as though I were connected to 440 volts of Holy Ghost power.

Something changed inside me that night in a way I have never been able to fully articulate. That meeting opened the door for everything that followed in my ministry across the nations. I trace the anointing that went with me to preach to millions, that produced the miracles and salvations I have witnessed around the world, back to that January night when I decided I was not going to let go until I received everything God had for me.

I am not describing a formula. I am describing a posture. A posture of holy, relentless, shameless pursuit that says, “I know what You purchased for me, and I am taking it by force in Jesus’ name.”

JACOB, THE MIDNIGHT FRIEND, AND THE WOMAN WHO PRESSED THROUGH THE CROWD

The pattern of forceful prayer is woven throughout Scripture from the beginning.

Jacob wrestled with the angel of the Lord all night long (Gen. 32:24–29). He was not wrestling for a spiritual feeling or a goosebump. He was wrestling for the mandated blessing, the covenantal favor and anointing of God upon his life and his destiny. His hip was dislocated in the struggle and still he refused to let go. The angel said, “*Let Me go, for the day breaks. But he said, ‘I will not let You go unless You bless me!’*” (Gen. 32:26). That is not timid prayer. That is holy violence. And it produced the breakthrough. His name was changed from Jacob, the supplanter, to Israel, one who prevails with God.

Jesus told a parable about a man who went to his neighbor at midnight to borrow bread for an unexpected guest (Luke 11:5–10). The neighbor was already in bed. The doors were locked. The hour was completely inappropriate. The neighbor told him to go away. But the man kept knocking. And Jesus was saying, “It was not because the neighbor was his friend that he finally got up and gave him what he needed. It was because of the man’s shameless persistence and insistence. He kept knocking until the answer came.”

Then Jesus immediately applied the parable: “*So I say to you, Ask and keep on asking and it shall be given you; seek and keep on seeking and you shall find; knock and keep on knocking and the door shall be opened to you*” (Luke 11:9 AMPC). The Greek tenses in that command carry the force of continuous action. Do not ask once and conclude that silence means no. Ask. Keep asking. Keep seeking. Keep knocking. Your Father, who is better than any neighbor, will give you what you need.

Then there was the woman with the issue of blood (Mark 5:25–34). Jesus was thronged by a crowd pressing on Him from every direction. His disciples could not understand what He meant when He asked who had touched Him, because people were crushing against Him on all sides. But He felt power leave Him. One woman in that crowd had made a decision that no obstacle was going to stop her. She had been bleeding for twelve years. She had spent everything she had on physicians. She was ceremonially unclean and had no right to be in the crowd at all. She pressed through anyway. She said to herself: *“If only I may touch His clothes, I shall be made well”* (Mark 5:28). And she was. Immediately and completely.

There were hundreds of people in that crowd pressing against Jesus. Only one pressed through to a miracle. The difference was not proximity. Everyone was close. The difference was intention. She decided that nothing was going to stop her from pressing in for her breakthrough. That decision, that holy desperation, that refusal to accept less, is the spirit of violent, forceful prayer.

SPECTATORS, PARTICIPANTS, AND GENERATORS

After forty years of ministry in nations across the world, I have observed three categories of people in the prayer life of the Church. Understanding the difference may be the most important practical distinction in this entire book.

The first category is spectators. These are people who are present where God is moving, genuinely interested, genuinely impressed, and genuinely doing nothing. They watch the worship. They observe the prayer. They admire the testimonies. They go home blessed by the atmosphere and changed by nothing. They are close to the kingdom without ever pressing into the kingdom. They are in the crowd, but they are not pressing through.

The second category is participants. These are people who ride the wave once it is already moving. When the worship builds and the atmosphere is thick, they engage. When the corporate prayer reaches a momentum that carries them along, they add their voice. They are not passive, but they are dependent on conditions being right. If the music is perfect, if the leader is anointed, if the room is already charged, they can flow in it. But they have not learned to generate it.

The third category is generators. These are the people who have learned to take it by force. They do not need the pastor to pump them up. They do not need the conditions to be perfect. They do not wait for the end of the service when an altar call gives them permission to engage. When they sense even the slightest move of the Spirit, they grab hold of it. They begin to press in. They pray in tongues. They release

their intercession. They amplify what is already present and pull down what is not yet visible. They are the reason breakthroughs happen in a room, because they refuse to accept the atmosphere as fixed and unchangeable. They are generators.

DAVID IN THE CAVE: HOW A GENERATOR IS BORN

David, in the cave of Adullam, surrounded by four hundred men who were in debt, distressed, and bitter of soul, stood in one of the lowest moments of his life. He was a fugitive. He had no throne, no army, no visible future. The anointing oil Samuel had poured over his head years earlier must have felt like a distant dream in the cold dark of that cave. And yet there, in that hiding place, David became a generator. Psalm 34 was born in the cave.

“I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears... The righteous cry out, and the Lord hears, and delivers them out of all their troubles.”

Psalm 34:4, 17

The Hebrew word translated “sought” is *darash*. This is not a gentle word. *Darash* means to seek diligently, to inquire with intensity, to tread a path repeatedly, to pursue with persistence, to beat a path to someone’s door until they respond. It carries the sense of investigation that will not be satisfied with a surface answer, of demand that does not accept silence as a final word. It is the Old Testament equivalent of what Jesus described in Matthew 11:12: *“The kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force.”*

David did not passively wait for deliverance. He did not sit in the cave staring at the ceiling, hoping that God would eventually remember where he was. He *darash’d* the Lord. He pressed in with everything he had. He refused to let the fear, the shame, and the apparent impossibility of his circumstances have the final word. He sought the Lord with the same holy violence that this entire chapter has been describing, and the result was the same result it always produces: God heard him, and God delivered him from all his fears.

Notice what David says: He *“delivered me from all my fears.”* Not from all his circumstances. Saul was still hunting him. He still had no throne and no obvious path to one. But the internal breakthrough came first. When you *darash* the Lord with everything you have, the first thing that shifts is the inside, the fear that imprisoned you in the cave. Once the internal is free, the external follows.

And then look at what happened to the four hundred broken men around him. They came to the cave as the distressed, the indebted, and the discontented, the margins and the rejects of Israel. But they left the cave as the mighty men of David, the most formidable fighting force in the nation's history. The transformation of those men did not begin with a military training program or a strategic vision cast by their leader. It began because their leader had learned how to storm heaven.

This is the power of the generator in a corporate setting. When one person in a group has learned to take it by force, when one person has pressed through to a genuine internal breakthrough in the place of prayer, it changes the atmosphere around everyone. The mighty men did not produce David's breakthrough. David's breakthrough produced the mighty men.

This is the pattern of every great revival in history. Before the great move of God was visible in a city or a region, there was almost always someone in a cave, in a prayer closet, in a season of hiddenness, pressing in with the desperation of a man who has nothing left to lose and everything to gain, *darash*-ing the Lord until the heavens opened and the breakthrough came. And then, out of that hidden place, came the transformation that changed everything around them.

SEEKING WITH ALL YOUR HEART

“For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, says the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope. Then you will call upon Me and go and pray to Me, and I will listen to you. And you will seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with all your heart.”

Jeremiah 29:11–13

The promise is absolute: when you search for Me with all your heart, you will find Me. Not with a percentage of your heart. Not with the leftover energy at the end of the day. With all of it. This is the condition attached to the most extraordinary promise in the prophetic writings, that God Himself will be found.

With all your heart. The same language Jesus used when He cited the greatest commandment: *“You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your strength, and with all your mind”* (Luke 10:27). This is not casual devotion. This is total investment. This is everything.

The greatest lie the enemy uses to keep believers from breakthrough is not atheism or persecution. It is passivity dressed as contentment. It is the idea that where you are spiritually is probably where God wants you, that the level of power you are currently

operating in is likely sufficient, that going after more is somehow unnecessary or presumptuous. This is the lie that keeps thousands of believers in the outer court when the inner court is available.

The D.E.E.P. prayer anointing, the Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer that will release the greater works, that will sustain the end-time remnant through the most intense season of intercession and spiritual warfare the earth has ever known, that will fill heaven's bowls with the Spirit-empowered prayers that trigger the final purposes of God, this anointing does not come to those who are comfortable with where they are. It comes to those who have decided they will not stop until they have everything God purchased for them.

WHAT JESUS MODELED ON THE LAST NIGHT

Everything this book has described about the D.E.E.P. anointing, the abiding in the Vine, the *rhema* word, the asking in His name that glorifies the Father, the love that lays down its life, the clean feet of the servant community, the promise of the Holy Spirit who would later give them the prayer language, all of it was given in the Upper Room on a specific evening. And when that evening ended, Jesus went to a garden and demonstrated what the full expression of everything He had taught actually looks like in practice.

He sweat blood. He prostrated Himself face down on the ground. He prayed with loud cries and tears. He pressed through agony. He prayed more earnestly. He did not stop until the matter was settled: *"Not My will but Yours be done"* (Luke 22:42).

That prayer in Gethsemane is the most powerful prayer in human history. And it was not quiet, composed, or polite. It was holy violence directed toward the Father from a Son who had surrendered everything and was pressing through the weight of what was coming with everything He had left to give.

He is our model. And what He modeled in Gethsemane is the same spirit He described in Matthew 11:12: *"The violent take it by force."*

The D.E.E.P. anointing is not passive. It does not drift into being. It does not trickle down to those who are comfortable waiting. It is taken by those who have decided that what God has provided is worth pressing into with everything in them, who have learned to pray like Jacob at the brook, like the woman pressing through the crowd, like a man pounding on the door at midnight, like David in the cave, and like Jesus Himself on His face in the dark, sweating blood, crying out to the Father until the will of God was sealed in His spirit.

The same Jesus who spent the Upper Room evening unveiling the prayer anointing ended that night face down in a garden, pressing through agony until the Father's will was settled. This is your model. This is your invitation. Take it by force.

But before you turn the page, let me ask you a direct question. Are you a spectator, a participant, or a generator? Have you settled for the level of anointing and authority that drifted to you without pursuit? Or have you made a decision that you are going to press in, press through, press past every hindrance, every discouragement, every religious voice that says tone it down, and take by force everything that Jesus purchased for you?

The kingdom of heaven is not forcing itself on you. The breakthroughs hover over the heads of God's people almost continuously, and most never tap into them because they are waiting for God to initiate and almost force it upon them. But He is saying, "I am a God who rewards those who diligently seek Me. Come after Me with all your heart and you will find Me."

We see Moses standing in the breach and crying out for Israel when God wanted to destroy them (Exodus 32), Elijah praying with his face between his knees seven times until the rain cloud appeared (1 Kings 18), Hannah weeping bitterly and pouring out her soul before the Lord until Eli thought she was drunk (1 Samuel 1), or the Canaanite woman who refused to be denied and kept crying out until Jesus commended her great faith and healed her daughter (Matthew 15). Jacob wrestled all night. The woman pressed through the crowd. The man pounded on the door at midnight. David cried out in the cave. Jesus sweat blood in the garden. Paul prayed in tongues more than all. These all wouldn't be denied. These all pressed pass the point of blessing. These all understood this one incredible truth.

"From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and the violent take it by force" (Matt. 11:12)

Now it's YOUR turn. Be violent. Be ardent. Be shameless. Take it by force. The world is waiting for you to grab ahold of the horns of the altar and not let go, until the power of the kingdom of heaven is manifest in the earth through YOUR prayers.

CHAPTER 17

The Mighty End-Time Witnesses

Before we open these prophetic themes, I want to say something that the Spirit of God requires of every teacher who handles the prophetic portions of Scripture with integrity. There are sincere, God-fearing believers who hold different views on the sequence of end-time events, the timing of the rapture, and the precise role of the Church in the Great Tribulation. These are not small questions, and the Church has debated them for centuries without arriving at complete consensus.

The events unfolding in the earth will only increase until the time of the end. Regardless of when exactly the rapture of the Church takes place, there will be a multitude that no man can number of Gentile and Jewish believers in Jesus that will be a final witness to the world during the Great Tribulation.

After seeing the 144,000 sealed in Revelation 7, John saw, *“A great multitude which no one could number, of all nations, tribes, peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes”* (Rev. 7:9). Then in Revelation 7:14, one of the elders in heaven explains who this huge crowd is, saying, *“These are the ones who come out of the great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”*

This GREAT MULTITUDE includes both Jewish and Gentile believers in Jesus — people from every nation, tribe, and language — who were alive on earth during the terrible time of the Great Tribulation. From the Greek words used here, it is clear that these believers lived through its hardships, persecutions, and trials, staying faithful to Christ all the way. They did not escape or get taken out before it began. Instead, as they died (many as martyrs), they began arriving in heaven in a steady stream. They are “coming out” of the tribulation — meaning they passed through it and have now emerged victorious on the other side, completely cleansed and redeemed by the blood of Jesus.

I hold this interpretation with conviction, but I hold it with open hands before God. *“We see through a glass, darkly”* (1 Cor. 13:12 KJV), and I will not allow secondary

prophetic debate to become a wall between me and any brother or sister who loves Jesus and is pressing toward His return.

What I am fully convinced of, and what I believe the prophetic Scriptures make unmistakably clear regardless of interpretive framework, is this: God is raising up a praying remnant in the last days, a unified company of Jewish and Gentile believers, whose divinely energized witness and intercession will participate in the release of heaven's final purposes upon the earth. That is the consistent testimony of the prophetic Scriptures from Moses through the Apostles. And it is the fullest expression of the D.E.E.P. anointing that this entire book has been building toward.

The divinely energized prayer anointing is not dispensational. It has always been the heavenly pattern from the throne of God and always will be. Jesus operated in it. Moses operated in it, Elijah operated in it, the Apostles operated in it, and in these last days the end-time believers, moving forward from now, will operate in it in every increasing measure until Jesus returns to rule and reign here on the earth. And after that we will, in fullness continue to operate in it — for it is the process of the Love Exchange between God and man.

NOTE: for the purpose of this book I will use the words, the Church, the believers, and the Bride to include ALL the people through history and in the future who are washed in the blood of the Lamb. So regardless of your personal views on the rapture and the tribulation saints, this D.E.E.P. prayer anointing will be operating. Please do not allow eschatological differences divide the body again and stop the oil of Psalm 133 from flowing. Mend the nets, don't tear them apart because someone doesn't write, say, or word things exactly as you would like.

With that said, let us go in.

THE REED AND THE MEASURING: GOD MARKS HIS OWN

“Then I was given a reed like a measuring rod. And the angel stood, saying, ‘Rise and measure the temple of God, the altar, and those who worship there. But leave out the court which is outside the temple, and do not measure it, for it has been given to the Gentiles. And they will tread the holy city underfoot for forty-two months.’”

Revelation 11:1–2

Beloved, in the unfolding drama of the last days, God does not leave His people unprotected or powerless. He gives John a command that most believers read past without seeing its prophetic weight. He tells John to measure the temple.

This is no random detail. In the Bible, measuring always signals divine ownership, protection, and intentional marking. When God measures something, He is declaring: “This is Mine. I know exactly what is here. I am going to protect it and use it for My purposes.” The measuring rod comes straight out of Ezekiel 40-48, where a heavenly man measured the entire future temple to mark out what belongs to God, declaring His ownership and protection even in the darkest hour.

John receives the same reed, but with a decisive difference. He is told to measure only the inner temple, the altar, and those who worship there. The outer court is deliberately left unmeasured and given to the Gentiles to be trampled for exactly forty-two months.

God is drawing a line. Not an organizational line, not a denominational line, but a spiritual line. He is marking a distinction between two categories of people who are both in proximity to His house. Those who are in the inner court, wholly given over to genuine, burning, Spirit-filled worship, and those who occupy the outer court, close enough to appear religious but not wholly surrendered. The message God gave me from this passage years ago has never left my spirit: *“There is going to be a clear line in the end-times between the hot-hearted, born-again, Spirit-filled, Word-grounded believers and the compromisers who want to be near the temple but will not give themselves all the way over to true, pure worship.”*

God is not marking a denomination. He is measuring worshiping prayer warriors. The inner court is not defined by where you attend or what theological tribe you belong to. It is defined by the intensity and the purity of your devotion to Jesus Christ.

In the New Testament, the true temple is no longer a physical building. It is the people of God themselves. (1 Cor. 3:16-17; Eph. 2:19-22). When God measures the temple and those who worship there, He is sovereignly claiming, shielding, and separating a faithful inner remnant. In the most intense period of darkness the earth has ever known, He will have a people who are His. Marked. Protected. Set apart. Equipped.

THE MIGHTY END-TIME WITNESSES: THE BIBLICAL CASE

The question this chapter is building toward is not a minor one. Rather than working from a single contested passage, the Scriptures themselves lay down a consistent, multi-layered, cross-Testament testimony that points to the same answer. God has always worked through covenant people groups, Israel and the Church, and His end-

time purpose is to bring both into a unified, Spirit-empowered witness before the world. The evidence is woven throughout the entire arc of Scripture.

ISRAEL: THE CALLED WITNESS

God named Israel as His witnesses long before the Church existed. The declaration is not a suggestion or a metaphor. It is a commission.

“‘You are My witnesses,’ says the Lord, ‘and My servant whom I have chosen, that you may know and believe Me, and understand that I am He. Before Me there was no God formed, nor shall there be after Me. I, even I, am the Lord, and besides Me there is no savior. I have declared and saved, I have proclaimed, and there was no foreign god among you; therefore you are My witnesses,’ says the Lord, ‘that I am God.’”

Isaiah 43:10–12

This is not a temporary assignment that expired at Calvary. Paul makes that unmistakably clear in Romans 11:28–29: “As regards election, *they are beloved for the sake of their forefathers. For the gifts and the calling of God are irrevocable*” (ESV). The word “irrevocable,” in the Greek, means not subject to reversal. God does not take back the calling He placed on Israel. The election stands. The witness calling stands.

And the promise over Israel in the last days is not one of diminishment but of restoration and power. Paul describes in Romans 11 that Israel’s acceptance will be like life from the dead.

“For if their being cast away is the reconciling of the world, what will their acceptance be but life from the dead?”

Romans 11:15

The prophet Isaiah saw the end-time national restoration: “*Who has heard such a thing? Who has seen such things? Shall the earth be made to give birth in one day? Or shall a nation be born at once?*” (Isa. 66:8). The Jewish state was reborn on May 14, 1948, in a single day, precisely fulfilling what Isaiah described. That is not the end of the story. It is the beginning of the final chapter.

In 2025, we went on a 39 nation prayer mission to close the gates of hell and open the portals of heaven. The first place I journeyed to was Gibraltar. On the way there God gave me several verses. At the time I had no idea the incredible prophetic importance of these verses and the depth of what God was saying.

Under the mountain there are huge caves. One is called St. Michael's cave, named by Christians for the angel Michael. However, formerly it was known by the Greeks and Romans as the "Gate of Hades." I didn't know any of this till I arrived. So crazy that this was my first stop on a prayer journey to close the gates of hell and open the portals of heaven, and I was commanded to stand on top of the mountain over the "gate of hell" and prophesy about the return of Christ. You can't make this stuff up.

"Lift up a banner on the high mountain, raise your voice to them; wave your hand, that they may enter the gates of the nobles. I have commanded My sanctified ones; I have also called My mighty ones for My anger—Those who rejoice in My exaltation."

Isaiah 13:2–3

"'And in that day there shall be a Root of Jesse, who shall stand as a banner to the people; for the Gentiles shall seek Him, and His resting place shall be glorious.' It shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall set His hand again the second time to recover the remnant of His people who are left, from Assyria and Egypt, from Pathros and Cush, from Elam and Shinar, from Hamath and the islands of the sea. He will set up a banner for the nations, and will assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth."

Isaiah 11:10–12

"Lift up your heads, O you gates! And be lifted up, you everlasting doors! And the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, The Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O you gates! Lift up, you everlasting doors! And the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glory."

Psalms 24:7–10

"Go through, go through the gates! Prepare the way for the people; build up, build up the highway! Take out the stones, lift up a banner for the peoples! Indeed the Lord has proclaimed to the end of the world: 'Say to the daughter of Zion, 'Surely your salvation is coming; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him'''"

Isaiah 62:10–11.

The Lord spoke these verses to me. I wrote them down and then He gave me a strange instruction. I was told to go on top of the Gibraltar mountain, to wave my

hands from west to east and to prophesy. It seemed strange that I was to wave and tell the servants of God to go eastward towards Jerusalem. But that is exactly what I felt, so I obeyed. I had no idea the prophetic significance of my intercession and prophetic declaration. I stood on top of Gibraltar and prophesied,

“Come forth, O servants of God! Come forth and return to the land of your fathers. To the holy mountain of God. To the beginning of all things and the end thereof. Come forth and rise up, that the King of Glory may enter the gates. Invite the Holy One to take His throne. Declare His righteousness, His authority, and His kingdom forevermore.”

I got to the lookout point and waved my hand, speaking those words quietly at first because of the crowd. Then it cleared out, and I spoke freely. I began to lift up His Name for He is the Banner.

“Lift up a banner on the high mountain, raise your voice to them; wave your hand, that they may enter the gates of the nobles.”

Isaiah 13:2

At this time, I thought this was mainly for the end-time prayer warriors to set their hearts on Jerusalem, which I do believe it definitely is, but I also had no idea how overlapping it also was with *Aliyah*.

MASSIVE CONNECTION TO ISRAEL

While in Israel at Succat Hallah, Rick Ridings did a teaching on *Aliyah*. The word *Aliyah* is Hebrew. It specifically refers to the immigration (or return) of Jews from the diaspora — Jewish communities outside Israel — to the Land of Israel, or State of Israel.

The term literally means “ascent” or “going up” in Hebrew.

It carries both practical meaning — moving to Israel and often gaining citizenship under Israel’s Law of Return — and deep spiritual significance: ascending to a higher level, returning to the biblical homeland, fulfilling prophecies about the ingathering of exiles. Historically and in modern usage, Jews “make *Aliyah*” when they relocate to Israel. It’s not just regular immigration but a purposeful return.

In the teaching I understood multiple layers of the prophesy at Gibraltar. As I waved my hands I knew I was calling people back to Israel. I felt initially it was speaking to believers, especially the end-time prayer force, to focus back on Israel. As I came to

learn about *Aliyah*, I also realized this was extremely prophetic about Jews coming back to Israel. For God has pointed to this time since the days of Moses.

“That the Lord your God will bring you back from captivity, and have compassion on you, and gather you again from all the nations where the Lord your God has scattered you. If any of you are driven out to the farthest parts under heaven, from there the Lord your God will gather you, and from there He will bring you. Then the Lord your God will bring you to the land which your fathers possessed, and you shall possess it. He will prosper you and multiply you more than your fathers.”

Deuteronomy 30:3-5

The re-establishment of Israel as a nation is another “witnesses” to the earth that God is who He claims to be.

THE CHURCH: THE WITNESS SENT TO THE NATIONS

“But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth.”

Acts 1:8

The word “witness” here is *martys* in Greek, the root from which we get our word “martyr.” A witness is someone who has seen something, experienced it firsthand, and declares it in public at whatever cost. The Church was commissioned as a witnessing body, Spirit-empowered for testimony that extends to the ends of the earth.

For two thousand years that commission has been carried out. The Church, made up of both Jewish and Gentile born again believers, grafted together by faith into the one olive tree of Israel’s covenant promises (Rom. 11:17-18), has taken the testimony of Jesus Christ into every nation on earth. The Church’s commission was never meant to operate in disconnection from Israel, because the Church was never meant to be a Gentile replacement of Israel in the first place. Paul describes the relationship between Jew and Gentile not as two separate programs but as one olive tree with two kinds of branches, both drawing their life from the same root.

“For He Himself is our peace, who has made both one, and has broken down the middle wall of separation, having abolished in His flesh the enmity, that is, the law of commandments contained in

ordinances, so as to create in Himself one new man from the two, thus making peace, and that He might reconcile them both to God in one body through the cross, thereby putting to death the enmity.”

Ephesians 2:14–16

One new man. One body. One witness. The cross did not produce two separate spiritual communities running parallel tracks. It produced one new humanity where the dividing wall between Jew and Gentile has been torn down and the two have been made one in Christ. The fullest expression of this one new man is still coming. And when it comes, it will be the most powerful witness to the reality of Jesus Christ that the world has ever seen.

THE END-TIME CONVERGENCE: BOTH TOGETHER AS ONE WITNESS

“For I do not desire, brethren, that you should be ignorant of this mystery, lest you should be wise in your own opinion, that blindness in part has happened to Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles has come in. And so all Israel will be saved.”

Romans 11:25–26

The fullness of the Gentiles, the complete witness of the Church going to every nation, leads directly into Israel’s full restoration. These two movements of God are coordinated. The Gentile witness provokes Israel to jealousy (Rom. 11:11), which accelerates Israel’s return to their Messiah, which releases a dimension of glory into the earth unlike anything ever seen before. Both are necessary. Both are coming. And in the final season, both are operating together.

Jesus Himself pointed toward this convergence. In Matthew 23:39, speaking directly to Jerusalem, He said: *“You shall see Me no more till you say, ‘Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.’”* Israel’s return to their Messiah is not incidental to the end-times. It is one of its precipitating conditions.

“So I prophesied as He commanded me, and breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceedingly great army... Then you shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O My people... I will put My Spirit in you, and you shall live, and I will place you in your own land.”

Ezekiel 37:10, 13–14

Ezekiel's valley of dry bones describes the national restoration of Israel as a two-stage process: first the flesh and sinew come together, then the breath of God enters and the dead stand as a vast army. The physical restoration, the formation of the modern state of Israel in 1948, has happened. The second stage, the breath of God entering, is the spiritual awakening still coming. When that breath comes, they will be a witness. Not to themselves. To the watching world.

The Apostle Peter saw the same convergence on the Day of Pentecost. Standing before a crowd of diaspora Jews and God-fearing Gentiles in Jerusalem, he declared the fulfillment of Joel's prophecy. The Day of Pentecost was a Jewish feast celebrated in Jerusalem, filled with Gentile pilgrims, where the Spirit of God fell on everyone present simultaneously. It was not an accident that the first expression of the D.E.E.P. anointing happened at precisely the intersection of Israel's feast, Gentile presence, and the Spirit's outpouring. It was the preview of the final convergence.

God's final witness to the nations will not be a superstar preacher, a denomination, or a movement. It will be a unified One New Man Bride carrying the burden of God in prayer.

THE SACKCLOTH SPIRIT: THE CHARACTER OF THE END-TIME WITNESS

Whatever form the mighty end-time witnesses take, their character is defined not by power or prominence but by sackcloth. Sackcloth in Scripture always speaks of brokenness, mourning, and repentance. It is the garment of the prophet who has sat in the presence of God long enough to feel what God feels about the condition of His people and the darkness covering the earth.

Think of Nehemiah, weeping and fasting for many days before he ever went to the king. Think of Daniel, confessing the sins of Israel with such corporate identification that he made no distinction between himself and the people who had failed. Think of Joel's cry: "Let the priests weep between the temple porch and the altar" (Joel 2:17). This is the posture of the inner court. We want to be prophets without being prayer warriors. We want the fire without the oil. But the mighty end-time witnesses carry their authority from a place of genuine, deep, costly communion with God, not from spiritual performance.

The end-time witness company does not achieve its authority through spiritual superiority or impressive credentials. It achieves it through total surrender to the will of the Father, a life of sackcloth-wearing brokenness and prayer, an abiding in the Vine that keeps the channel of the *energeo* power unobstructed.

THE PRAYERS OF THE SAINTS: THE MECHANISM THAT RELEASES THE JUDGMENTS

We have already seen, earlier in this book, how the golden bowls of Revelation 5:8 are filled with the prayers of the saints, and how Revelation 8:3–5 shows what happens when those bowls are full: fire from the altar hurled to the earth, thunderings, lightnings, an earthquake, the judgments of God set in motion in direct response to the accumulated intercession of His people.

The inner court remnant is in full partnership with God in the release of His final purposes upon the earth. This is not passive endurance. This is active, priestly, interceding partnership with the Lamb who holds the scroll.

That mechanism did not begin with the end-time Church. From the very beginning, God chose to partner with the prayers of His people. Moses stood in the breach and turned away judgment from an entire nation (Ex. 32:10–14). Elijah prayed and the judgment of God was released upon Israel (1 Kgs. 17:1), fire came down from heaven (1 Kgs. 18:36–38), and torrential rain ended the three and a half years of drought. Daniel set his face toward God with fasting, sackcloth, and ashes, and the moment his supplication began, heaven was already dispatching the angel Gabriel, who arrived while Daniel was still speaking, carrying not only an answer to his immediate cry but the entire prophetic timetable of the Messiah and the end of the age (Dan. 9:3, 20–23).

None of those prayers were lost. Every prayer Moses prayed in the wilderness. Every cry Elijah lifted in the dark. Every tear Daniel wept in Babylon. All of it ascended. All of it was kept. And the mighty end-time witnesses, Jew and Gentile together, are the generation in whom that long accumulation finally tips the bowl.

The bowls are being filled right now. Pray accordingly.

CHAPTER 18

Hidden Together

“Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit,’ says the Lord of hosts.”

Zechariah 4:6

This word was given to Zerubbabel, a man who had started a God-given assignment and stopped. The opposition was too intense. The weariness was too deep. The circumstances were too overwhelming. The temple of God had lain unfinished for sixteen years because the people grew exhausted and turned back to building their own houses. The enemy’s strategy has not changed in three thousand years. Attack the family, the finances, the physical body, the relationships, and the reputation of those who are pressing toward the building of God’s house, until they grow so weary they look for any reason to back off and let someone else carry the weight.

And God sends the prophet with one word. Not by might. Not by power. Not by a better strategy or a more impressive program. By My Spirit.

The sons of oil — *“The two anointed ones who stand beside the Lord of the whole earth”* (Zech. 4:14), connected to the unceasing flow of the Spirit’s oil through the golden pipes, they will finish the work. Not because they are the strongest or the most capable. Because they will not let go of the oil.

Then God speaks directly to the obstacle: *“Who are you, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel you shall become a plain!”* (Zech. 4:7). The mountain does not argue. The mountain submits. Because the mountain was never a match for the sons of oil who will not let go.

The end-time witnesses are not powerful because they are extraordinary. They are powerful because they have not let go of the oil. The anointing that flows through them is the same anointing available to every yielded believer in every generation. They simply refused to stop abiding.

THE POWER OF TWO: HOW GOD HAS ALWAYS RELEASED HIS GREATEST WORKS

We need to understand something about the pattern God has used throughout Scripture to release His greatest power. He has almost always worked through two.

This is not a coincidence. It is a design. God built this pattern into His Word from the beginning because He was teaching something about the nature of His own love and the way that love is meant to operate through His people in the earth.

Moses was given Aaron. Two voices, one message, one mission. Joshua had Caleb. David had Jonathan, and that covenant of love and loyalty preserved David through the darkest years of Saul's pursuit. Elijah had Elisha. Barnabas had Paul. When Jesus sent out His disciples, He sent them two by two (Luke 10:1), because He knew that the power to heal and deliver and preach did not flow as strongly through isolated individuals as through pairs walking in covenant agreement.

“Two are better than one, because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, one will lift up his companion... And a threefold cord is not quickly broken.”

Ecclesiastes 4:9–10, 12

“Again I say to you that if two of you agree on earth concerning anything that they ask, it will be done for them by My Father in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, I am there in the midst of them.”

Matthew 18:19–20

The promise of Matthew 18:19 is not given to isolated individuals. It is given to two or three. Not two random people. Two who agree. Two who are in genuine covenant harmony, the same word, the same heart, the same Spirit-directed purpose. When two people who have walked in the Love Exchange of John 13–17, who have washed each other's feet, who have honored the covenant at the table together, who have prayed in the Spirit together until their hearts are aligned, come into agreement and ask, Jesus says the Father will do it. The power of two in the Love Exchange is the most consistently demonstrated pattern of kingdom authority in the New Testament.

Travis and I have experienced this firsthand on our prayer journeys together. Some of the most significant spiritual breakthroughs we have witnessed, cities where the atmosphere shifted, situations that turned in ways we could not have engineered, came in moments when we had been long enough together in prayer and in the Word and in the covenant of the communion meal that our hearts were genuinely one. We were not just two people praying the same prayer. We were two people who had

become one in Spirit and in purpose, and in that oneness the power of the agreement operated at a dimension neither of us could access alone.

This is why the enemy has worked so relentlessly to isolate the praying Church. An isolated intercessor is limited. Two intercessors in genuine covenant agreement are something different entirely. And the unified witness of Jewish and Gentile believers, the one new man of Ephesians 2, represents this principle at its fullest eschatological expression: the power of two operating at the level of entire people groups, the most powerful corporate prayer force the earth has ever seen.

The power of two is not just a ministry principle. It is a revelation of the nature of the love that holds the Trinity together. And that same love, when it operates between two yielded believers in genuine covenant unity, releases a dimension of kingdom authority that neither could access in isolation.

THE LOVE EXCHANGE: THE KEY THAT UNLOCKS THE POWER OF TWO

In earlier chapters of this book we explored the Love Exchange Jesus revealed throughout the Upper Room. The Father loves the Son and shows Him all things. The Son loves the Father and does only what the Father shows Him. The Son loves us and gives us His commandments. We love the Son and keep His commandments. The Father loves us because we love the Son. And the cycle of love, revelation, prayer, and answered prayer flows through that chain without interruption.

The power of two in the D.E.E.P. prayer anointing operates on exactly this same principle. When two believers are truly walking in the Love Exchange with God individually, and then bring that love into covenant relationship with each other, something happens that exceeds the sum of its parts. The love is the condition. And when two people are both operating from that same position of love-driven obedience to the Father, their agreement becomes a channel for the Father's will to be expressed and answered at a level that isolated prayer simply cannot reach.

Their unity is not organizational. It is the unity of two people who have both been thoroughly humbled, thoroughly cleansed, thoroughly yielded to the oil, and who therefore carry the same anointing in the same spirit. When they cry out together, heaven hears one voice, because two people in that quality of unity have become one.

Throughout revival history we have seen this principle breakthrough the most spiritually hardened areas and release the greater works of genuine revival.

FATHER NASH, ABEL CLARY, AND THE SECOND GREAT AWAKENING

Charles Finney is one of the most celebrated revivalists in American history. Hundreds of thousands of people were converted under his preaching during the 1820s and 1830s. Cities were transformed. The fires spread across the frontier states.

What most people never hear is what was happening three to four weeks before Finney arrived in any of those towns.

Daniel Nash, known as Father Nash, had gone ahead. He secured a private room, a cellar, or a barn, and recruited one or two local believers to join him. Most often his companion was a minister named Abel Clary. And then they took it by force. Not for an hour or a morning. For days. Prostrate on the floor. Groaning. Fasting. The landlady of one boarding house came to Finney with genuine alarm and told him three men had been in her house for three days without eating, that she could hear them groaning through the door, that she had opened it and seen them face down on the floor. She thought something awful had happened to them. Finney told her quietly: “They just have a spirit of travail in prayer.”

“I did the preaching altogether, and Brother Nash gave himself up almost continually to prayer... He would be upon his face in an agony of prayer... He was found dead in his room in the attitude of prayer.”

— Charles Finney, *Memoirs*

Nash prayed himself to death, found at the end on his knees, still in the attitude of prayer. He never stood on a platform. He was never introduced to the crowds whose lives his prayers had rearranged before they ever heard a sermon. He was simply found, face down, having pressed in until pressing in became the way he died. And he almost never did it alone. He and Clary, two covenant intercessors taking it by force together in rooms nobody applauded in, were the engine behind every great Finney breakthrough.

PEGGY AND CHRISTINE SMITH AND THE HEBRIDES REVIVAL

In 1949, two elderly sisters in the Scottish Hebrides decided they would not stop. Peggy Smith was eighty-four years old and blind. Christine was eighty-two and severely arthritic. They could not attend a church service. They had not left their cottage in years. But they could press in.

Twice a week, Tuesday and Friday nights, they knelt in that unheated cottage and did not stop until three or four in the morning. Through the Scottish winter they prayed

claiming specific biblical promises. Peggy prayed Isaiah 44:3 night after night: *“I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.”* She refused to accept the spiritual drought around her as the final word. She kept knocking. She kept pressing.

“We are dealing with a covenant-keeping God... We had a consciousness of God that created a confidence in our souls which refused to accept defeat.”

— Peggy Smith, Hebrides Revival, 1949

A preacher by the name of Duncan Campbell came by invitation. In a late-night prayer meeting, as they left the church at 2 a.m., they noticed lights on throughout the village. They heard cries, moans, and prayers from across the rolling hills. A deep spirit of conviction had hit the entire Island. The revival swept through entire communities with a power that left people shaking in the fields without any preacher present, churches overflowing into the streets, leading to an entire island being transformed.

The entire Hebrides Revival traces back to that cottage, to two elderly women the world would never have thought to look for, kneeling in the cold and dark long after everyone else had gone to bed, taking it by force together in a room where nobody was watching and nobody applauded, until the heavens broke open over an island that had nearly given up hope of seeing it happen at all.

THE FOUR YOUNG MEN AND THE ULSTER AWAKENING OF 1859

Four young men — James McQuilkin, Jeremiah Meneely, Robert Carlisle, and John Wallace. Stirred by a pastor’s challenge — “Are there any who would contend with God till revival come?” — these four decided they would. They met every Friday evening in a schoolhouse in Kells, County Antrim, Northern Ireland. They brought peat to heat the room. They read Scripture. They prayed by name for specific people in their community. And they kept meeting through the winter with no visible results.

After six months the first soul was saved and within weeks the dam burst. The Ulster Awakening of 1859 eventually produced an estimated one hundred thousand conversions across Ireland. Communities were transformed. Public confession became common. It all traced back to four young men with peat for a fire and the posture of the violent who take it by force.

JOHN HYDE, R. MCCHEYNE PATERSON, AND THE SIALKOT REVIVAL

In 1904, in Punjab, India, two missionaries committed to thirty continuous days of day-and-night prayer before a missionary convention. John Hyde and R. McCheyne Paterson. A third, George Turner, joined partway through. Their prayer room was described as filled with sobs and cries.

John Hyde lay prostrate, face down, repeating his petitions slowly, pausing long between phrases, groaning and weeping his way through a kind of intensity that has a name in the Greek: *agonia*, agonizing struggle, joined to *ektenos*, a fervent intensity stretched out over time rather than spent in a single burst. That is what taking it by force looks like when it is sustained for thirty straight days rather than thirty minutes.

“It was evident to all that he was bowed down with sore travail of soul. He missed many meals, and when I went to his room I would find him lying as in great agony.”

— Eyewitness account of John Hyde, Sialkot, 1904

What began with two men praying through the night became three before the thirty days were finished, and the Sialkot Convention that followed carried a depth of spiritual power that spread revival currents throughout India for years afterward.

SIMEON NSIBAMBI, BLASIO KIGOZI, AND THE EAST AFRICAN REVIVAL

In 1929, two ordinary men in Uganda began meeting together for united, desperate prayer. Simeon Nsibambi was a respected government official. His younger brother Blasio Kigozi was a humble hospital worker and teacher. Both were deeply troubled by the spiritual coldness they saw in the church around them. So they decided to seek God together until heaven answered.

They openly confessed their sin together. They cried out for cleansing and the filling of the Holy Spirit together. And God met them. From that two-man prayer partnership the East African Revival was born, spreading across Uganda, Rwanda, Kenya, and Tanzania. Radical personal holiness returned. Public confession of sin became common. Entire communities were transformed. An entire region marked by the fire of the Holy Spirit, and the fruit is still visible nearly a century later.

FOUR YOUNG MEN ON A MOUNTAIN, AND THE BURDEN THAT BECAME A NATION

In the spring of 1903, a pastor in Wales made a discovery that stopped him cold. Several of his young men, four of them, none older than eighteen, had been going up the mountain behind their community every night to pray. Not occasionally. Every night, for months. Their singular object was to pray for revival. These were almost certainly coal miners, boys who went underground in the dark before dawn and then climbed a mountain in the dark to cry out to God. Nobody had organized them. They had simply felt the weight of the spiritual condition of their church so heavily that love compelled them to go and cry out daily. That is what the burden of the Lord looks like when it falls on an eighteen-year-old.

“However, one evening in the spring of 1903, some of our young brethren — four in number — were found on the mountain holding a meeting for prayer, and it transpired that they had been doing so every night for some months. Their one object was to pray for Revival... Not so, however; the praying on the mountain continued, and those attending increased in number; even those who never entered a place of worship were attracted and remained to pray. And, as numbers increased, so also did the fervour. Presently, the flame reached the whole church, and we were moved with the Spirit of prayer and with a passion for souls. In an incredibly short time the whole neighbourhood was ablaze with the divine fire... For fully six months we continued in prayer every night”

— Pastor’s letter, December 1, 1904, quoted in R.B. Jones, *Rent Heavens: The Revival of 1904*

For six months the community prayed every night. Thirty souls were converted in a single Sunday. A single fire, lit by four teenagers who could not carry the burden alone and refused to carry it in isolation, had consumed an entire community.

That was 1903. Then in 1904, Evan Roberts and his companion Sidney Evans had been pressing in deeply for months, Roberts awakened in the night, spending four hours between one and five in the morning in communion with God. In November 1904 the national revival that had been building in prayer all across Wales exploded. One hundred thousand conversions in nine months. Crime rates dropped. Court dockets were emptied. Communities were transformed.

In 2025, Travis and I visited the church where the outbreak began. A Korean group was inside with a special tour and without them we would have had no access. A series of crises the previous twenty-four hours had conspired to put us there at exactly the right moment. As soon as I entered the sanctuary something broke open in me. I just

wanted to fall on the floor and wail. I sat in the back and quietly wept. Something was stirring deep inside me that I could not fully name at the time. I know now what it was. I was feeling the call for exactly what this chapter is describing — for prayer strike force teams to once again storm the heavens until the Spirit of God rains down.

In this revival there was no single prayer team. There were many, scattered across Wales, unknown to each other, burning with the same burden, pressing in on mountains and in vestries and in small back rooms, filling the bowls simultaneously. This is the principle that Revelation 5:8 reveals from the heavenly side. The golden bowls do not fill from a single source. They fill from every Spirit-empowered prayer that ascends before the throne, all of it accumulating, all of it building, until the bowl tips and the fire falls.

THE PATTERN CONTINUES

This same pattern of small committed groups of people carrying the burden of the Lord with the Spirit of prayer, releasing the greater works, continues to this day. The spirit of God is searching to and fro for those who will stand in the gap together. He is looking for those who will, in covenant agreement, gather together, two or three, in his name, so He can release the fullness of what heaven has planned for their region.

Sometimes God will move on two people, in different parts of the world, and bring them together to release His purposes. Two people that have received the same divine mandate and God sovereignly brings them together.

NAIROBI, 2016: THE DROUGHT IS OVER

In late 2016 I arrived in Nairobi, Kenya, spending one night in the city before heading north to Nakuru for a week of ministry, then returning to preach at a location about two hours outside the city center. I woke at six in the morning with a deep stirring and burden I could not shake. I began to travail intensely. One of my disciples was travelling with me, a man of prayer, and he drew alongside me immediately, giving me space while staying close. I prayed for well over an hour, crying out to God, pressing through something I could not fully name.

Then the Lord spoke clearly: *“Son, go into the city center and prophesy. Thus saith the Lord, the spiritual drought is over.”*

I understood the weight of that word. Nairobi had drifted far from its earlier days of genuine spiritual life. In the 1990s the churches had been packed multiple times a day with prayer meetings, calls to repentance, and a piercing focus on Jesus. By 2016

that was mostly gone. The preaching in the city had shifted almost entirely to receiving blessing and prosperity, while the city visibly decayed before people's eyes. The burden I felt was not my concern. It was God's grief transferred into my spirit — that is what the burden of the Lord actually is — and it drove me to my knees with an urgency that would not release me.

I asked the Lord how I was supposed to obey this. I had no scheduled engagement in the city center. The Central Business District is a very specific location. I asked: "Do You want me to walk onto the street and shout it?" I received no answer, yet I kept pressing. Then the two weeks of ministry came and went, and I was on the very last full day before my next evening flight home.

Heading back into the city from a meeting two hours outside, stuck in the normal Nairobi bumper-to-bumper traffic, I was on the phone with my executive pastor when waves of God's power began coming upon me in the back of the car. Then I heard it — the faint sound of worship somewhere nearby. I asked the driver: "Is there a church near here?" He said, "Yes, Jesus Is Alive Ministries is just down the street." Something in me shifted from seeking to certainty. I opened the car door and started to jump out. I told the driver to find a way to come back for me, and stepped out into a part of the city where foreigners do not walk alone. The gangs run that area and I knew how dangerous it was. I went anyway.

As I walked through the door I recognized the 2,500 seat sanctuary. I had preached there ten years earlier. They were holding a youth conference with three to four hundred young people. I stood at the back not wanting to interrupt, praying quietly: "God, what do You want?" First, an usher invited me to come in and sit, but I explained I was just waiting and praying. Then the associate pastor came and greeted me. He said, "I know who you are. You were here ten years ago." He invited me forward and I was seated on the front row.

The worship was good and the guest preacher did a good job. As they were preparing to dismiss, the associate pastor looked directly at me — in that unmistakable moment when you know the Spirit is directing — and said, "You have a word from God to share." The service was being broadcast live on television. I took the microphone and briefly shared the story: the travailing prayer in my hotel room two weeks before, the word I had been carrying, jumping out of the car in the middle of Nairobi traffic. Then I declared it:

"Thus saith the Lord, the spiritual drought is over!"

I handed the microphone back and sat down.

What happened next was not engineered. The youth went wild. Weeping broke out across the room. The associate pastor began pacing the platform, shouting: "The

spiritual drought is over! The spiritual drought is over!” After a few minutes he called me back. The moment the microphone was in my hand again, fire hit the building. Youth started running from their seats toward the altar, many of them collapsing on the way. Wailing, strong cries, brokenness, and holy fire swept through that place for the next sixty minutes. They told me afterward it had been years since anything like that had happened.

The next morning my phone rang. It was Evans, the pastor’s son, who had just arrived in Nairobi from the United States where he had lived for twenty years. He told me everyone was messaging him about what had happened the night before. Then he told me why he had come home. God had spoken to him months earlier while he was still in America. The word God gave him was the reason he was on a plane back to Kenya: *“Thus saith the Lord, the spiritual drought is over.”*

The same word. Given independently. To two people on opposite sides of the earth. Carried separately, in different nations, into the same city, arriving in the same week. I stood there with tears on my face listening to him. He is the son of a different father, born on a different continent, living in a different country. Neither of us had spoken to the other. We had simply both received the same burden from the same Spirit, and the Spirit had moved us both into position at the same moment. That is the golden bowl principle made visible in human experience. When God wants to tip a bowl, He sends the intercession from multiple directions simultaneously, all of them filling the same container.

Evans begged me to stay and meet with his leaders before I flew out and I said yes. About eight of us gathered on a rooftop pool area at my hotel. I shared briefly, and then the spirit of prayer hit the group. Outdoors at the rooftop pool, in full view of the hotel staff, the travail broke out. After a while, the management came and stood behind us for quite a while — I was aware of them and just chose to ignore them. The spirit of prayer was upon us, and I wasn’t going to interrupt it. We were overcome.

We eventually moved to my hotel room where all the leaders were powerfully filled with the Holy Spirit. Groanings. Shakings. Baptisms of God’s love and power filling that room with a weightiness that no one present could manufacture or explain.

When two intercessors — myself and Bishop Evans Kariuki — having taken on the same burden of the Lord, locked together in the spirit of prayer, the breakthrough that followed shook a region. What that day released was not a meeting. Those leaders took the fire home and kept pressing in together. Within months the entire region was ablaze with fervent prayer and prophetic worship. The youth, entirely of their own accord, were meeting eight-plus hours a day to pray and worship. Multitudes of street kids would walk in off the street, be struck by the Spirit, surrender their lives to Jesus, and immediately join the hours-long prayer and prophetic praise

meetings. I returned four months later and witnessed it firsthand. That fire is still burning.

One word, carried by two vessels who had never spoken to each other, filling the same bowl in secret from two different parts of the world until it tipped and a spiritual drought broke open over an entire region. That is the pattern, and it is still happening right now, in churches, towns, cities, and nations.

God is already moving to connect two, three, or four surrendered believers into a greater-works-releasing, Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer Strike Force Team.

TRAVIS AND I: TAKING IT BY FORCE TOGETHER

When I look at this revival history, I recognize what God put together when He assembled Travis and me. He had given Travis a vision of a black map of the world with red lines going everywhere. He had spoken to me about a decade of extremes. He cancelled our China flight and put us in a motor home with nowhere to go except wherever the Spirit directed. He stripped away every comfortable structure and placed us in the exact same pattern He has always used: two people, hidden together, pressing in.

The prophetic prayer burdens, the tears, the travailing, the declarations that turned back civil wars, shifted foreign political situations, unleashed Holy Spirit outpourings, and drove back the forces of division and violence, all of it flowed through the same architecture. Two sons of oil holding the pipe together.

The daily communion became our version of the boarding house room, of the unheated cottage, of the Kells schoolhouse on a Friday night. Sitting with the bread and the cup, each of us being separately drawn to passages of Scripture, watching the passages connect in ways neither of us had planned, finding that what emerged always addressed the specific location and assignment we were being sent into. The harps and the bowls together. Worship before the throne and intercession rising from the same moment of *koinonia*. That is Zerubbabel and Joshua beside the Lord of the whole earth. That is Nash and Clary, locked away in a barn.

And there have been moments, in the middle of a prayer assignment in a city or nation, when the only way to describe what we were doing was taking it by force together. Not polite, composed prayer but holy violence directed toward heaven from two people in genuine covenant agreement who had decided they were not going to leave that place without a breakthrough. Praying in tongues together. Declaring together. Worshiping together until the atmosphere shifted and the bowls tipped and the fire fell in the specific place God had sent us.

This is the same anointing that ran through every pair and every small team in the revival history above. The same God. The same pattern. The same kingdom that suffers violence and yields its treasures to those who press in with everything they have.

The generator spirit multiplied through covenant partnership becomes something that can crack open an entire city or nation. Two, three, or four, covenant intercessors walking in the Love Exchange, taking it by force together, are the most consistently demonstrated engine of revival in all of church history.

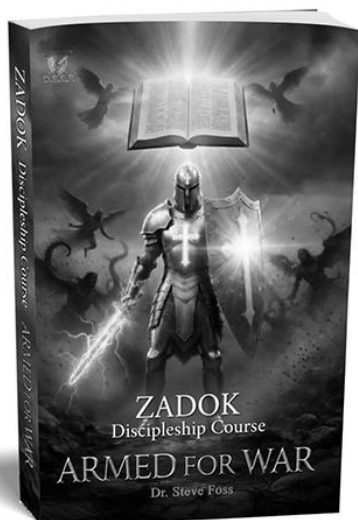
WILL YOU ANSWER THE CALL?

And now the Lord is calling to you. The Holy Spirit is speaking deep into your spirit from the revelation of the Upper Room. The commission to walk in the unity and self-denying, abiding love, that will release the greater works. To ask and receive the burden of the Lord for your sphere of influence: Your church, your neighborhood, your city, country, or entire regions of the world.

God is looking for those who will allow Him to take the coals from off the altar, touch their lips, removing their words and filling their mouths with His. Those who will humble themselves and endeavor to keep the Unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Those who will say, “Here am I Lord, send me.”

He is searching the earth to find the next Joshua and Caleb, the next Finney and Nash, the next four young men on a mountain. He is looking for those who will receive and walk in this Divinely Energized End-Time Prayer anointing.

He is looking for you.



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