



# Welcome To The **DEEPER** Prayer Space

Journey through Ezekiel's vision of a river,  
flowing from the temple, bringing life  
wherever it goes.



24-7 PRAYER  
IRELAND



# THE RIVER OF HEALING

‘In my vision, the man brought me back to the entrance of the Temple. There I saw a stream flowing east from beneath the door of the Temple and passing to the right of the altar on its south side. The man brought me outside the wall through the north gateway and led me around to the eastern entrance. There I could see the water flowing out through the south side of the east gateway.

Measuring as he went, he took me along the stream for 1,750 feet and then led me across. The water was up to my ankles. He measured off another 1,750 feet and led me across again. This time the water was up to my knees. After another 1,750 feet, it was up to my waist. Then he measured another 1,750 feet, and the river was too deep to walk across. It was deep enough to swim in, but too deep to walk through.

He asked me, "Have you been watching, son of man?" Then he led me back along the riverbank. When I returned, I was surprised by the sight of many trees growing on both sides of the river. Then he said to me, "This river flows east through the desert into the valley of the Dead Sea. The waters of this stream will make the salty waters of the Dead Sea fresh and pure. There will be swarms of living things wherever the water of this river flows. Fish will abound in the Dead Sea, for its waters will become fresh. Life will flourish wherever this water flows. Fishermen will stand along the shores of the Dead Sea. All the way from En-gedi to En-eglaim, the shores will be covered with nets drying in the sun. Fish of every kind will fill the Dead Sea, just as they fill the Mediterranean. But the marshes and swamps will not be purified; they will still be salty. Fruit trees of all kinds will grow along both sides of the river. The leaves of these trees will never turn brown and fall, and there will always be fruit on their branches. There will be a new crop every month, for they are watered by the river flowing from the Temple. The fruit will be for food and the leaves for healing.'

THE  
RIVER  
OF  
HEALING



# Come To The Altar.

As we begin our journey, notice the

# SOURCE

**'A stream flowing east from beneath the door of the Temple and passing to the right of the altar'**

Ezekiel's vision begins with water flowing out from the temple, coming from the direction of the altar. As with every moment of true transformation - this is our starting point, our genesis, our source. The grace of this life lived with Christ flows from the place of one final altar, the cataclysmic moment of sacrifice and triumph on the cross. Here we can come empty handed, knowing that he has made the way, prepared the table, provided the meal and never stops issuing the invitation.

So often we relegate the table of communion to an optional add on, a practice to end on if time allows but here .... in this moment we begin our journey by centering our hearts and minds around the foot of the cross, building an altar of intention, sharing in the ancient elements that make this new life possible, yesterday, today, forever. An unending unfolding of the making of all things new.



# **Learning To Leak.**

**As we continue on in our journey of following Ezekiel's river we can't help but notice the**

## **DIRECTION**

**'I could see the water flowing out'**

**It starts in the temple but doesn't end there.**

**Our encounters with Jesus should lead to others encountering Jesus, everyday, everywhere.**

**An old sung anthem goes like this ...**

**'I've got a river of life flowing out of me!  
Makes the lame to walk, and the blind to see.  
Opens prison doors, sets the captives free!  
I've got a river of life flowing out of me!  
Spring up, O well, within my soul!  
Spring up, O well, and make me whole!  
Spring up, O well, and give to me  
That life abundantly.'**

**To fully live this abundant life in Christ sometimes we need to reset the direction of our flow, asking God to highlight what is preventing us from leaking His love and mercy everywhere we go. Are we seeking out the lame to see them walk, the blind that they might see, those behind prison doors so that they might be set free?**



# Go Deeper Still.

Going deeper still requires us stepping out beyond our depth...

## TRUSTING HIM

'Measuring as he went, he took me along the stream for 1,750 feet and then led me across. The water was up to my ankles. He measured off another 1,750 feet and led me across again. This time the water was up to my knees. After another 1,750 feet, it was up to my waist. Then he measured another 1,750 feet, and the river was too deep to walk across. It was deep enough to swim in, but too deep to walk through.

He asked me, "Have you been watching, son of man?" Then he led me back along the riverbank.

Trusting Him is a journey of going deeper and deeper still. We begin in the shallows but He leads us beyond our depth into more of Him. This is what it is to depend on Him.



# **Resurrection Everywhere.**

**As we reach the crescendo of Ezekiel's vision our  
attention is drawn to the**

## **EFFECTS**

**of this now rushing river.**

**'Have you been watching, son of man?'**

**'many trees growing on both sides of the river'**

**'swarms of living things'**

**'Fish will abound'**

**'Waters will become fresh'**

**'Life will flourish'**

**'Fruit trees of all kinds'**

**'The fruit will be for food and the leaves for  
healing.'**



# Living Temples.

The promise of this vision, for then and now, is a call to fresh expectation and a renewed hope. So what is our part? How do we

## PARTICIPATE

in this stirring of the waters, in this mighty tide of transformation and renewal?

**Jesus Says, "Whoever believes in me, as Scripture has said, rivers of living water will flow from within them."**

**John 7 vrs 38**

On this side of the cross we get to live as carriers of this torrent of mercy and grace. We now are the temple that God inhabits and the channels of this stream of life. Our hope is not simply in a distant far off reality but in a lived out participatory hope that changes atmospheres, delivers restoration and sees resurrection power distilled into every day life.



# **The Vision?**

**The vision is JESUS – obsessively, dangerously, undeniably Jesus.**

**The vision is an army of young people.**

**You see bones? I see an army. And they are FREE from materialism.**

**They laugh at 9-5 little prisons. They could eat caviar on Monday and crusts on Tuesday. They wouldn't even notice. They know the meaning of the Matrix, the way the west was won.**

**They are mobile like the wind, they belong to the nations. They need no passport. People write their addresses in pencil and wonder at their strange existence.**

**They are free yet they are slaves of the hurting and dirty and dying.**

**What is the vision?**

**The vision is holiness that hurts the eyes. It makes children laugh and adults angry. It gave up the game of minimum integrity long ago to reach for the stars. It scorns the good and strains for the best. It is dangerously pure.**

**Light flickers from every secret motive, every private conversation. It loves people away from their suicide leaps, their Satan games. This is an army that will lay down its life for the cause. A million times a day its soldiers choose to lose that they might one day win the great 'Well done' of faithful sons and daughters.**





**Such heroes are as radical on Monday morning as Sunday night. They don't need fame from names. Instead they grin quietly upwards and hear the crowds chanting again and again:**

**"COME ON!"**

**And this is the sound of the underground. The whisper of history in the making. Foundations shaking. Revolutionaries dreaming once again. Mystery is scheming in whispers.**

**Conspiracy is breathing. This is the sound of the underground And the army is discipl(in)ed. Young people who beat their bodies into submission.**

**Every soldier would take a bullet for his comrade at arms. The tattoo on their back boasts, "for me to live is Christ and to die is gain"**

**Sacrifice fuels the fire of victory in their upward eyes.**

**Winners. Martyrs. Who can stop them? Can hormones hold them back? Can failure succeed? Can fear scare them or death kill them?**

**And the generation prays like a dying man with groans beyond talking, with warrior cries, sulphuric tears and with great barrow loads of laughter!**

**Waiting. Watching. 24 – 7 – 365.**

**Whatever it takes they will give: Breaking the rules. Shaking mediocrity from its cosy little hide. Laying down their rights and their precious little wrongs, laughing at labels, fasting essentials. The advertisers cannot mould them. Hollywood cannot hold them. Peer-pressure is powerless to shake their resolve at late night parties before the cockerel cries.**



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**They are incredibly cool, dangerously attractive inside. On the outside? They hardly care. They wear clothes like costumes to communicate and celebrate but never to hide. Would they surrender their image or their popularity? They would lay down their very lives – swap seats with the man on death row – guilty as hell. A throne for an electric chair. With blood and sweat and many tears, with sleepless nights and fruitless days, they pray as if it all depends on God and live as if it all depends on them.**

**Their DNA chooses JESUS. (He breathes out, they breathe in.) Their subconscious sings. They had a blood transfusion with Jesus. Their words make demons scream in shopping centres. Don't you hear them coming? Herald the weirdos! Summon the losers and the freaks. Here come the frightened and forgotten with fire in their eyes. They walk tall and trees applaud, skyscrapers bow, mountains are dwarfed by these children of another dimension.**

**Their prayers summon the hounds of heaven and invoke the ancient dream of Eden.**

**And this vision will be. It will come to pass; it will come easily; it will come soon. How do I know? Because this is the longing of creation itself, the groaning of the Spirit, the very dream of God. My tomorrow is his today.**

**My distant hope is his 3D. And my feeble, whispered, faithless prayer invokes a thunderous, resounding, bone-shaking great 'Amen!' from countless angels, from heroes of the faith, from Christ himself. And he is the original dreamer, the ultimate winner.**

**Guaranteed.**