

Ready to Use Overview + Activity Guide Sheets

A decorative graphic consisting of multiple thin, light blue wavy lines that flow from the left side of the page towards the right, partially overlapping the main title.

**THESE PAGES ARE
GUIDES FOR EACH
PRAYER ACTIVITY TO
BE SET AT EACH
RELATIVE PRAYER
STATION.**

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.

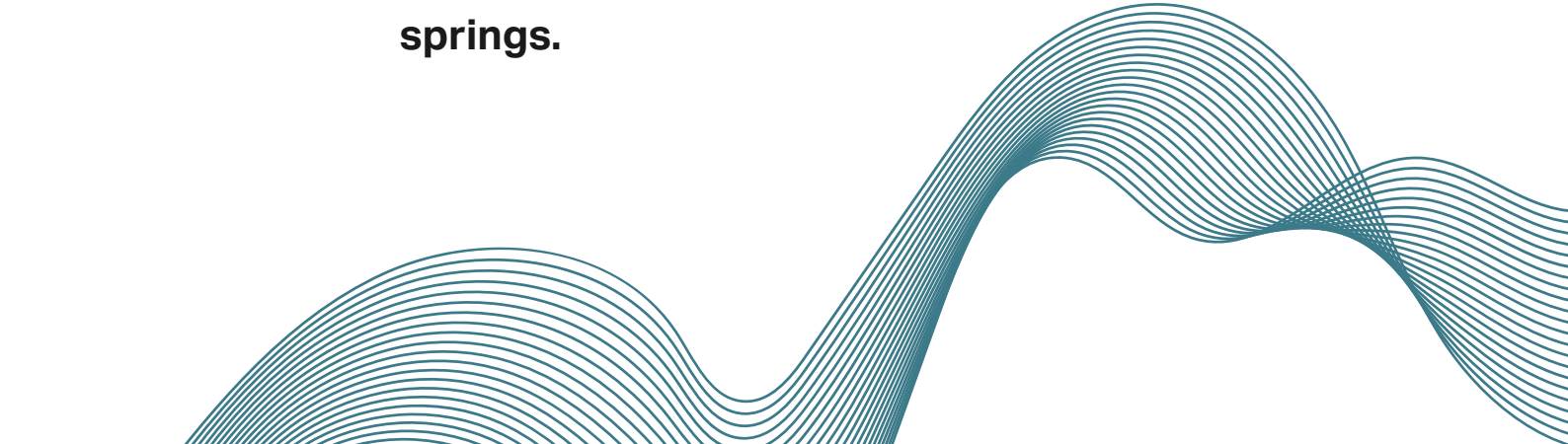
Come To The Altar.



MARK THIS MOMENT

Just as the generations before us, take a stone and set it as a marker of encounter and grace. Ask yourself in the picking up 'what has become burdensome in my life?', 'what am I carrying that has become hard to bear?'.

As you settle yourself on God coming to Him in communion, intentionally hand these things over , trusting that He is the way of easy yokes and lifted burdens. Here we come with confidence that in our precious vulnerability, we clear a path for fresh springs.



Come To The Altar.

TAKE A MOMENT TO SIT AT THE TABLE...

The crimson stained timber frame of the cross of Jesus Christ was the final altar. The crucifixion and murder of Jesus of Nazareth, "King of the Jews," became the King of Heaven's thunderous declaration of cruciform love for all of Adam; for you.

As you take bread, close your eyes and in your mind and in your heart imagine Jesus holding your gaze, and hear him say, 'This is my body, given for you.'

As you take wine, imagine Jesus passing the cup to you and hear His words, 'This cup which is poured out for you is the new covenant of my blood.'

On that Friday, grace and mercy as blood and water poured from his broken body. Today, in the victory and salvation of the cross, we believe the prophet Ezekiel when he tells us that grace as water, grace as mighty rivers, flow from the altar of the temple and that where the river flows, everything must live.

Thank you for the cross Lord.

Thank you that a killing tree became an altar, made Holy by your hanging there.

Thank you that from this final altar, flows living waters.

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?

Learning To Leak.

REQUIRES OUR RETURNING

If you would like to, you can use this moment to pray a prayer of repentance, using the words of Shane Claiborne to help guide your heart as you respond afresh to the invitation of Jesus to actively love the least and the lost.

Prayer for repentance...

Holy God, For how we have sold our souls,

We repent.

For how we have allowed fear into our homes, our media, our minds, our hearts, and our bodies,

We repent.

For how we have allowed that fear to turn us into people who would rather kill by the sword than die for a friend,

We repent.

For the west's history of faith that is so founded on and intertwined with the abuse and rejection of black and brown people,

We repent.

For when we were too scared to march and too angry to be merciful,

We repent.

For our misconceptions about those who are different and our words that cause more death than life,

We repent.

For the dreamers, migrants, and refugees living as strangers in an inhospitable environment; for how we did not open our door when You knocked,

We repent.

Learning To Leak.

REQUIRES OUR SURRENDER

For our isolated existences, our self-preserving greed, our love of money and of being right,

We repent.

For how we have not, in times of tragedy, drawn close with ears that listen or prayers that center,

We repent.

For how we have been so focused on the next life that we have missed bringing heaven into this one,

We repent.

For all the ways that we have forgotten that we need each other, even our enemy,

We repent.

For our disbelief that another world is possible;

For the rules that we assigned to God's name;

For the hope that we didn't,

We repent.

Now with every head held high and every eye wide,

We answer the invitation to take Jesus at his word

Saying: We surrender all, We surrender all

All to Thee, our blessed Savior, We surrender all.

Learning To Leak.

REQUIRES US TO FLOW

Use this moment to have an honest conversation with God.

As you consider the flow of His Spirit in and through you, take time to ask the Holy Spirit, 'is there anything getting in the way?'

This could be fear, shame, guilt, pride, unforgiveness, busyness.... the list goes on. Simply ask Him.

And as things come to mind, surrender them to God in prayer asking Him to meet you here in those things that are 'blocks'.

Receive His love, healing and forgiveness.

Take a blue paper streamer and write on it what it is that God desires to flow through you instead. Attaching it to the cross as a symbol of this.

He is able to unblock that that needs unblocked and bring about a directional shift where needed. So that we too can with restored joy participate in the Kingdom coming - Spring up oh well!

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.

Go Deeper Still.

TRUSTING HIM

Ezekiel 47:3-7

Grab a [Lectio Guide Card](#) to follow along and write down, draw, doodle, what God might be speaking to you.

Some things to consider...

What jumps out as you read the verses?

Placing yourself in the passage imagine walking along the river with God.

How deep are you along the river?

How deep are you willing to go?

Going out of our depth requires our trust - take a moment as you talk with God about how deep you are how deep you would like to go.

Grab a pebble and drop it into the container that marks how deep you feel you are on your journey with Jesus. Now grab another pebble and drop it into the container that illustrates going 'deeper still' let this be your prayer.

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.'

Resurrection Everywhere.

LIFE TO THE FULL

Plant in surrender

Name the pain

Receive His Life

Where the river flows - everything must live!

Where have you known death, defeat, lack or a sense of fruitlessness in this past season? Or noticed this around you?

Name these things, surrender them to Jesus and taking a seed, bury them with it in the soil, trusting that God delights in bringing what we sow to life.

Where do you see a need for restoration and resurrection life?

Maybe it is personal - a physical condition or injury. Perhaps your wound is unseen by the human eye, emotional pain or spiritual trauma. Name these things too.

Also looking beyond you to your community - what do you notice? Name these things also.

Take a moment to note them on a label and hang them from the 'tree' you can sit under the 'branches', receiving from Jesus, allowing Him to minister into the places of pain. Let Him meet you here.

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.

Living Temples.

PARTICIPATE

Grab a fish (or five!) and write down the names of those around you who need to experience this gift. Who are you yearning to see walk into freedom, be released from addiction or discover the Person of Hope in a real way. Leave these in the nets!

Take a moment to pray for your church

- **For a renewed sense of call to move out from behind walls of preservation.**
- **For creative imaginations that spark fresh expressions of mission and justice for the least and the lost, the broken and the forgotten.**

Take a moment to ask God to give you fresh vision ... Just like Ezekiel.

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.