

Towers ministry – short reads

“Short reads” look at specific parts of the intercessory life within the towers. They are just four or five pages long designed to cover one issue.

Deeper intercession (2)

I'm continuing to look at the deeper levels of intercession. This material follows on from the first short read “Deeper levels.”

*** The stillness**

Be still and know that I am God (Ps 46:10)

At the deeper levels, Intercessors have to learn to enter the stillness of God. An unusual lesson to learn but without it the way head cannot open. The 21st century problem equates stillness with lack of activity. As I discovered, this was not the truth.

I came to a deep lake. Nothing moved - not around it, or above it, or inside it. It was deep, cool and still. All I wanted to do was to fall into this lake, sink down into it, and absorb all its stillness.

I sank down into the deepest stillness I had ever known, yet there was activity within the stillness. Even though nothing moved, currents of the Spirit swept past me, in me and through me. Yet through it all, I was completely enfolded in stillness.

What I absorbed into my spirit at this lake was the intensity of “No activity.” Within the Trinity there is always the creative urge, but beneath it there is such completeness that there is no activity. The strange thing is that this “no activity” is not passive. It has within it a powerful sense of activity.

The stillness of God’s heart draws Intercessors passionately towards it. Tower intercessors are passive onlookers yet at the same time profoundly active within the creativity of the Lord. Within this active stillness is fulfilment and completeness. I had never felt so completed and satisfied as I did during this experience.

* The garden

“My peace I leave with you.” (John 14:27)

Intercessors must not be driven but called. I came to this understanding when, weary of the battle I felt I must fight on and on and on. I found that the Lord had different ideas:-

Early one morning I came into the heavenly places. I was very low in spirit, and when I saw the storm raging, my heart sank. I found it so hard to have to face the storm again, but as I prepared to step into them, the Lord spoke. “Come over here” he said. I saw a beautiful garden, with flowers, seats and fountains. The birds were singing and I longed for the peace of that place, if only for a while. “Lord,” I said, “I am ready to face the storm.” “Not now” he said. “You are weary and I don’t want you facing the storm this moment. You are tired. Come and rest.” I did, and strength returned.

Sometimes intercessors have a wrong view of intercession. They know it is a way of life - a 24/7 experience. But every now and again they have to step away from the battle, to rest and recover. The problem is that this is seen as failure or as being weak. The armies of the world do not think in this way. They rotate their soldiers in and out of the battle and no one sees this as weakness. Soldiers need rest or they lose their edge. Intercessors need rest, or they will lose their edge, and possibly their ministries.

* The rivers

From out of the heart. (Matthew 15:18)

As always at the deeper level, experiences rush in one after the other. I didn’t get long to rest in the garden:-

I heard the sound of many rivers. The Lord led me to them one by one. The first was called “The river of fornication.” The smell of it and the filth were beyond words. The second was called “The river of aborted blood.” It was full to its banks with loss. The third river was called “The river of abandoned ones.” Sorrow flowed in it like black polluted oil. The last was called “The river of abuse.” It was full of blood and breaking. It was full of scarred people, of shame, loss and humiliation.

“Why are you showing me this?” I asked. “Not just so you can look at them,” said the Lord. “Come.” He stepped into the rivers one by one. “Come,” he called. “You cannot intercede by standing on the bank.” I entered the rivers one by one and experienced the pain which each one placed in the Lord’s heart.

The profound challenge which faces Intercessors at the deeper level is the challenge to take these rivers into their hearts so that they can be lifted to the Lord. Entychano intercession, as I keep repeating, is very tough.

* The fields of Victory and rejoicing

“To him who sits on the throne and to the Lamb be praise and honour and glory and power, for ever and ever!” (Rev 5:13)

The intercessory experience is hard but spread through it are encouragements like the garden, and this one -

I heard a murmuring sound. I could not identify it at first. As I walked on, it got louder and louder. My heart began to sing, and my soul was lifted up. I came at last to a vast open space, and there the Faithful of the Lord were gathered to exalt his name and praise his victory.

The music of their hearts was like fire. It poured into me and set my soul on fire with the triumph of the Lamb. I sang and sang - “Great is the victory of the lamb. Great is our God. His is the triumph forever. Satan has been cast down. Victory belongs to the Lord.”

The fire of victory burnt into me until I felt that I was nothing but fire and spirit. Then the Faithful Ones called me with one voice and I entered their number.

I was absorbed into the praise, and our voices rose up like a mighty volcano. We filled heaven and earth with the victory of the lamb. The stars and all the universe echoed to the sound. All created things bowed down and triumphed. I was home.

Heavenly worship is a transforming experience. It is like liquid fire, and I felt that I had become the liquid fire. I got so drawn in to the fire that my humanity hardly seemed to matter anymore. Deeper and deeper I went and I did not want to come back. The more we enter intercession, the more we will be drawn into worship to a depth where return to the earth is painful.

Towers intercession will touch this fire of worship. It is where strength is given to endure the hard times.

* The agony of love

Greater love has no one than this: to lay down one’s life for one’s friends. (John 15:13)

My call to the Lord came as I reflected on the greater love. So it is not surprising that I should encounter it here.

One day I said to the Lord “Show me your love.” I came to a shaft in the ground. It had a name. “The love of the Lord.” I stepped into it and as I fell deeper, the love of the Lord began to gather around me, like a mist full of diamonds. I absorbed this mist and my heart was warmed.

Down and down I fell. The pressure of love grew stronger, and I felt it weighing into my spirit. I welcomed it. Down and down I fell. The love of the Lord was now so strong that it overwhelmed me. Stronger and stronger it grew, until I could bear it no longer.

“Lord,” I cried “Your love is too strong for me. How much deeper must I fall?” The Lord replied, “You have only just started to fall.” His love crushed me, and I died in a blaze of indescribable glory. Eternity entered me and I rested in his love forever.

At the easier levels of faith, the love of the Lord is a great strength and joy. So it is at the deeper level and yet it goes much further. I discovered that deep in my heart, deep in the deepest places of my heart I could not cope with the unceasingness of his love. It washed away all my defences. It was longing and yearning which bewildered and challenged me. The Lord was telling me that “I love you with no conditions, no reserve and no end.” Deeper and deeper I plunged, longing only to find an end, a limit so that I can manage this love, put a framework around it and say - “Now I understand.”

But however hard I searched there was no end. Such love gives all and takes nothing. Can such love ever end? In this experience, I passed beyond all and rested in the total fulfilment of his nothing and his everything. Words cannot express the majesty of such a place. It is a profound joy and a profound challenge to intercession.

* The cross of suffering

This is what love is.. (1 John 4:10)

Intercession will always come, in the end, to the cross, where the greatest intercession of all time was made by the Lord.

I came to a lonely hill and silence. The Lord was hanging in agony. Heaven was watching and hell was trembling. Blood flowed from the cross and poured all over me. I was absorbed into the agony, the suffering and the love. “Come up,” he said “and hang with me.” I was on the cross and in extreme agony. “Now look,” he said, and turning I looked towards where he was looking. I saw a stream of eternal hope flowing in the blood. It washed over all pain and every stronghold of failure. It lifted the fallen and healed the sick. It broke the darkness and loved without limit.

It called. It called with a love which pierced my heart so deeply that I cried out in agony and joy. It called - called from the Saviour’s heart. It called and some heard, but others did not.

It called, without demand, without insisting to be heard, without demanding to be received. It called without price, yet there was a price. I saw it in his broken heart - broken for love of those he made, both those who accepted and those who rejected. A love beyond me. I cried and cried for this love, for the lostness of so much of it and for my own poor love.

Intercessors have to learn to bear the “rejected yet still calling” love experienced at the cross. This is the greater love, and in the end we can bear some of it, but not much if it. Only the Greater One can bear it fully. Realising this is the sign that in our intercession, we have reached maturity.

Intercessors must not make the mistake of thinking that once they have reached this maturity, everything stops. It is not like a race with an end. This hurting love never ends - not here on earth nor in the spiritual world into which all will finally pass. This hurting love is the very heartbeat of all eternity and will never end. How can it? It is the heartbeat of the Lord.

*** The place of broken bread**

“Take it; this is my body.” (Mark 14:22)

I finish with what for me was very strange experience of deeper intercession and one I am still reflecting on. It contains some profoundly deep things which I have not yet understood. I think it gives a glimpse of how we can work inside the towers.

I came to an altar. The Lord was standing behind it, and on it were the bread and wine of the Eucharist. I came to the altar, and I was carrying a sick child. “This one needs your help,” I said. “Give the child to me,” said the Lord, and I put the child into his arms. “I have more,” I said and brought a group of sick and troubled people to him. He took them all into the protection of the bread and wine.

I took my love and poured it out onto the ground before him. “This is the only sacrifice I can bring you,” I said. “I give it to you as a sacrifice for those I have brought.” “It is enough,” he said and broke the bread.

This experience came to me as I was praying for a sick child. My prayers seemed so very shallow. I wanted to get much deeper. Immediately I was standing before the altar of the Lord and the sick child was in my arms. I understood that I had to bring this child into the celebration of the body and blood of the Lord. The Lord reached out his hands and I placed the child in them.

Did I place the child in his arms, or in the bread and the wine? I had always seen the bread and wine as very special symbols of his love, but is it possible to place someone within the bread and wine - within the Eucharist, within the passion and sacrifice? Or did the Lord absorb the child into his passion?

I longed to respond - this was a deep urge within my spirit. So I gathered all my love for the Lord, and, like King David, I poured it out onto the ground as an offering to the Lord. Love poured out of me - all the love I could manage for the Lord’s sacrifice and his love for me.

What exactly was I doing? I was identifying, in the only way I knew how, with his Passion and his drawing of the child into that Passion. I was, in a small way, sharing in his work for and towards the child. This may be how deep intercession works.