

Will God Answer This Spirit-Filled Prayer for Marriage?

Abba, Father,

Come now, Holy Spirit, and speak through Your humble servant.
Let this prayer be Your prayer—truth in love, salt and light.

And war.

Lord Jesus, ours is a nation in rebellion. Evil is good and good evil. We are as drunkards, teetering at the cliff's edge—haughty, prideful, defiant and soft.

We plead Your return, but tarry as told. We lament, like Lot, that a once great nation has been given over to a reprobate mind.

Sodom crumbles about as we gaze palmward, distracted and glassy-eyed, at shimmering digital confections.

They pound at our temple doors, demanding to know our heavenly hosts.

Yet naught we do.

Save cower.

Your bride has been unfaithful, Lord Jesus. As it was in the days of Noah, we tempt our Lord God.

We entreat Your mercies, but merit Your wrath.

Yours is a righteous anger, Holy Spirit. It indwells, with You, our very soul.

We share in it.

As it was in the days of Noah, so now we eat, drink, marry and

give unto marriage.

And as it was in the days of Noah, we arrogantly defy You, presuming to give unto marriage, that which cannot be given. "Vile affections." A sterile, shameful, feculent mockery of Your masterful design for our fruitful multiplication.

What You cast asunder let no man join together.

Lord, have mercy on those precious babes, acquired, like so much chattel, as selfish adults set up to play house.

The intentionally fatherless.

The deliberately motherless.

Be their Father where they have none.

You knew of this before time began.

They tear away at that which You designed and defined.

And so we, Your hands and feet, battle the powers and principalities who pull temporal puppets by marionette strings aflame from the pits of hell.

Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do. We lift up those enslaved by all sins of the flesh. For those who do not, may they come to know You, be justified, sanctified and glorified.

Neither are we without blame.

Forgive us, Lord Jesus. We, Your bride, repent of our own part in this national sin. Forgive us for undermining this gift You have given—for succumbing to the devilish devices of divorce, infidelity and spousal neglect.

For our selfish ambition.

For making unholy, holy matrimony.

Embolden us.

Strengthen us.

Guide and direct us.

Mortify this national sin, oh God.

End it.

Kill it.

This week past we witnessed a circus—a Court called Supreme debated that which is closed for debate.

At least four of the nine appear poised to defy Your Supreme Authority.

Of the others, many a faithful were buoyed by words spoken.

Soften the hardened hearts of those black-robed autocrats who labor under the enemy's deception, Father God. Humble them. Bless them. Direct them.

Even still, we gird for battle should Caesar misappropriate that which belongs to You. If this court attempts to do that which cannot be done—if our government defies You, then, with You, it becomes at enmity.

And we, Your faithful, will be marked subversive.

But waiver we shan't.

Where the contrived "laws" of man are at odds with Your transcendent truths—with Your Law—it is You, oh Lord, to Whom we pledge obedience.

We will not comply with an unjust ruling.

And we will face persecution.

And we will count it all joy.

Because You are sovereign.

And victory is Yours.

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