

A Time for Re-Firing the Coming Elijahs!

Believers can learn a lot by considering 1 Kings 19:1-9:

For the last few years, it seems as though I have been running at a pace with God I never have before. Now, mind you, this is a good thing, because this has not just been in ministry but in my personal life as well. It's been many, many changes; most of them good. Nonetheless, they have been major changes, and some with difficult battles.

The last of these events was the publishing and release of my second book years ago. All of a sudden, a wave of sadness, near tears, lack of energy, exhaustion and lack of interest hit me like a ton of bricks. I cannot identify these symptoms resulting from any one event.

Hmm, seems like I was experiencing depression! However, I had nothing to be depressed about, really, and felt blessed in a number of areas. One of the assessments I got from someone was, "It must be demonic." I am not one to blame everything on the devil, but I was open to whatever to make this go away. This was not me! I had been feeling the Lord was wanting me to take June and July of that year off from major ministry events. So far it was middle of June, and I was just then getting the memo.

I also had to admit that at the pace I was running, there was little time for anything, even more time with God. When I did have the time, I found I was too tired to do what I wanted to do, or care to do whatever I needed to.

I began to hear in my spirit, "Elijah, at the brook," over and over again. I went to a Christian meeting the night prior and there were several comments made about Elijah. Also, it was mentioned about the coming release of many Elijahs, empowered

with more fire than ever. I had felt for a long time the next move of God would be heralded and led by a massive, prophetic, evangelistic presence!

I am also one that when I feel like this, I tend to isolate and hide. My phone almost always rings, but it was, for the most part, silent. Meetings I normally went to weekly were being cancelled by the leaders that called them, and on and on. God was making Himself known to me by clearing my schedule.

I was alone? Sounds like a line from a secular song. No, God was in the silence, not in the noise! I also felt I had entered a Gethsemane of sorts, like Jesus did. Not even His friends could stay awake to pray with Him. But this was a place of meeting with God, where no man can really help! It's one on one! I once told my older son, "There is not a rock we can hide from God!"

I confided in some peers and some said they too were having the same issue, which reassured me it was not only me. I also remembered a comment my husband once made, "Come apart with Him or you just may come apart!" Amen.

I also sense people that move heavily in the prophetic, or are called to prophesize, were ...

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