

Why Your Words Have a Supernatural Effect on the Spiritual Realm

I was at a party earlier today. I don't really like parties, so I was sitting on a couch, doing my best to look as if I were enjoying myself and passing the time by observing my fellow attendees.

Situations like these can get complicated. There were about three dozen people mingling with each other, each with a personal angel. Each of those angels was interceding for, protecting or otherwise blessing his or her person in his or her own unique fashion. Some were dancing around the room and worshipping; others were massaging the shoulders of their people, whispering words of encouragement in their ears; while some simply stood, patiently listening to the myriad layers of conversation.

Each person in the room was surrounded by what I call a spiritual ecosystem. These are usually a combination of giftings, thoughts and God's presence—the spiritual surroundings that are cultivated by physical and mental life.

The air was buzzing with thoughts. Insecurities darted through the air like shadowy mice looking for a hole to hide in. The general buzz of excitement and joy was hovering over the crowd like calm, slow-motion fireworks. I could see a few scattered worries hanging over a few people's heads—swelling dollar bill signs and abstract images of unfamiliar relatives, each representing the telltale signs of money woes and family trouble, respectively. A girl was wandering through the crowd with a giant, smoky heart following close behind, every ignored glance and awkward greeting twisting its form.

There were a fair number of demons weaving their way through

the crowd—about six, which is pretty normal for a crowd of this size. They snatched at the insecure thoughts, trying to get a grip on the fears that would otherwise be easily overcome or ignored.

I used to be overwhelmed when I'd see this much at once. I was barely able to keep it sorted in my brain, hardly having room to consider how to respond. Over the years I've become much more adept at letting the teeming spiritual sprawl fade into the background so that I can look to where the Holy Spirit is pointing me.

I was immediately drawn to the man on my left. I knew him well enough to ask why he was worried about money, and he knew me well enough to know that I was seeing it swirl around his head.

We had a short conversation that, quite honestly, didn't entirely dispel his worries, but at least I was able to encourage him. As we spoke, I saw a golden package tied with bright red ribbon float through the sky. It landed gently on the top of his head and remained there for as long as I saw him that day. I had the impression it was waiting for him to reach up and open it.

The words we speak in the physical realm move mountains and bend destinies in the spirit realm. Here, you encourage someone; there, you give the tools to climb out of a pit. Here, you lay your hand on someone's shoulder; there, you're marking a life for blessing. Here, you say a simple prayer; there, the hosts of heaven receive their battle commands. Here, you sing a pretty song; there, you stand in the throne room of God, releasing glory to the King of all kings. Here, you drop a check in an offering bin; there, you set your crown at His feet. On earth you pray for a sick person; in heaven, you are a co-heir with Christ, pouring the bounty of His kingdom onto His children. {eo}

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