

Prophecy: 2021 Will Be a Year for Broken Wings to Fly

"If your heart is broken, you'll find God right there; if you're kicked in the gut, he'll help you catch your breath" (Ps. 34:18, MSG).

Broken: having been fractured or damaged and no longer in one piece or in working order, (of a person) having given up all hope; despairing.

It seems no matter who we are and how much we love Jesus, there remains a broken area in our lives that God is still working on. I said to my wife recently, "Do you know anyone in the body of Christ, including us, who's not broken in some area of their lives? Do you know anyone who is normal?" She said, "Bill, normal is the setting on the dryer downstairs."

'I'm In Your Brokenness'

I sense an urgent cry from God's heart: "Wait no longer. I'm in your brokenness—when things didn't go the way you planned, and I didn't answer the way you thought I would. So broken, you felt like a bird without wings. But I'm still here, and you are under My wings. Would you do Me a favor? Spread your broken wings one more time. Give Me one more chance. See what I can do, for I am breathing on your brokenness. Can you feel My breath?

"I've waited for you to cry to Me. Only Me. Let Me be your dream now, and I will take you to My dream that I have for you. Try it. One more time. Spread your broken wings, and see where they will take you. I will be the wind that carries you above the storms, pain and sorrow. It's your time to defy gravity. At first it may hurt again, but it will not harm you now. You will laugh again, dance again and love again. Spread your broken wings, and make history."

Did Our Brokenness Come to Define Us?

Nothing is wasted in the hands of our Redeemer. All things work together for our good to those who love the Lord, even our pain, disappointments and things that don't make sense. Could it be that we've tasted brokenness in order to relate to a broken world and to have our heart break for it?

Can you feel them? Broken hearts, broken dreams, broken hopes and broken bones. Maybe we should take a year and weep with those who weep. There must be an ocean of tears somewhere bottled by God's hand ready to be redeemed. "You take account of my wandering; put my tears in Your bottle; are they not in Your book?" (Ps. 56:8, MEV).

Lord, let this be the year. And let us find You. Let our dream that's coming true be You, so we can get over ourselves and heal a broken, dying world. Begin with me. Weep through me over Jerusalem. Weep though me for the lost. I wonder when we stand before You, if we will regret that we didn't weep more on earth. Not for ourselves or for the things that didn't work out, but for those who didn't make it there with us. For we will have all eternity to rejoice and be glad. Lord, is that tear in my eye mine or Yours?

A Year to Hear Tears Falling

"I'm opening the ears of My people to hear tears falling this year. You will hear tears splashing, hitting the ground so hard that they will erode mountains and make rivers out of deserts. If you run from them, they will pursue you until you can hear nothing else."

As the prophet Elijah told the widow to go borrow many vessels, I hear the Father saying, "Go borrow many bottles, for there will be more tears than there are bottles on the earth—tears from orphans pounding against gross darkness, screaming, 'Can anyone hear me?' You will hear widows plead in the night for their cruse of oil not to fail. Children

imprisoned in sex trafficking with no more tears left to cry, staring into outer space—a tearless generation robbed of their emotions. Older people in rest homes weeping for the younger generations, that they might learn from their long life of taking the road less traveled. Is not wisdom found among the aged? Does not long life bring understanding? (see Job 12:12.) You may need to visit them to hear their hearts cry and receive their wisdom.

Perhaps when we weep with those who weep, our brokenness begins to heal, and our broken wings want to fly again to those whose weeping is greater than ours.

Our broken wings must fly, not for our own sake, but for God's sake. I saw a little bird recently flying high in the sky with strong winds blowing against it. I said to the Lord, "How can that small bird fly against those fierce winds?" The Lord said, "They were born that way. They were created to fly in winds of adversity, and so are you."

Have the violent winds of life knocked you down? Have you forgotten that you were born to fly in spite of them? They were blowing hard against you to go higher in God. Are you wondering where your wings are? They are beginning to grow now. By faith begin to stretch them. You can do it. Hear the tears of others falling. They need you now. Go ahead. Stretch your broken wings and change history. {eo}

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