

There Is A River

The coastal area was locked in a weather pattern of relentless drought more catastrophic than the fiercest typhoons. All hope for relief had dissipated as the last crisp dead leaves fell from the trees. Then the announcement by meteorologists, spoken with excited certainty, that dramatic change was literally on the horizon. "There's an incoming river! The dry desert valleys, the empty reservoirs, the empty riverbeds are soon to be transformed by an approaching atmospheric river!"

These airborne masses of water originate in the tropical regions, where evaporated ocean water is carried aloft. There, the moisture is conjoined with the arising northerly winds, that 'blow where it listeth.'

Imperceptible to the naked eye while traversing northerly, these rivers in the sky eventually reach the shores and begin an upwardly climb along a mountain slope. Then the gargantuan river manifests itself in all its immensity. Masses of moisture constrained into channels of air that can measure a few hundred miles wide and over a thousand miles long.

These rivers can contain volumes of water that exceed the mighty Mississippi. But wait! In extreme cases the volume can contain water fifteen times greater than the Mississippi!

Repetition of this within the region off the coast of the Americas has led meteorologists to name this phenomenon the 'Pineapple Express,' since the origin tends to be around Hawaii. Another repetitive pattern occurs in the Mediterranean.

There is a river. But this river doesn't originate in the tropics.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. Revelation 22:1

Ezekiel's vision of the water flowing from under the doors of the house of God, out onto the dry barren wastelands to the East – healing everything in its path as it increased in volume until it could sweep up and carry the man of God to the water's destiny of the Dead Sea, soon to experience transformation from death to life.

Jesus said the Kingdom of God does not come with observation. Unknown by the world because it is not perceived by the carnal eye. Yet, to those hungry and thirsty.

Those poor in spirit. Those who through the scent of water are drawn to pursue something that isn't felt by the hands and seen with the eye – they yearn for the quenching flow as a hart panteth after the water brooks.

Perhaps we allow the miraculous to become mundane – as we witness the hands of a dry barren soul lift skyward, with an inward passion for dramatic change. They seek the One who can direct the winds of heaven and bring the life giving flow that will transform a soul from barrenness to overflowing joy and peace in one heartbeat joined together with their Savior's.

The lesson learned – the pattern established isn't just for the sinner seeking salvation – it's a lesson of life within the Kingdom.

The prophet had prayed that the earth would not receive rain and it ceased. For years Israel suffered a catastrophic drought with all its consequences. Then the day arrived for the man of God to seek a change.

...And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, And said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, *There is* nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare *thy chariot*, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain... I Kings 18:42-45

...The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit. James 5:16-18

Elijah prayed with a passion. Groanings and utterings not understood by man, but in tune with the heart of God. A hand appeared, not writing of imminent judgement, but a merciful gesture from the throne of God of incoming relief. A hand that diverts and channels the pure river from its holding pattern within the heavens towards the faithful appeal of one of God's children, passionately praying on their knees.

Elisha had faith. Faith to see what can't be seen. Elisha perceived the fear in his servant, so he prayed, ...LORD, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the LORD opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain *was* full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. II Kings 6:17

God, open our eyes so we can see. Not just the heavenly host surrounding us in chariots of fire, but also the river. The river that can transform our services from dry and stagnant to vibrantly exciting, bringing all the healings and deliverances only the river of life can give.

The river that can heal the broken hearted. Set the captive free. Give us beauty for ashes. Restore souls to their first love. The river that can bring unity among the brethren. The river so dynamic it can literally sweep us up and carry us to the Dead Sea of lifeless, hopeless, faithless souls. Yet by the scent of water, they perceive in us something the world cannot offer – the presence of living water!

Verbal Bean recounted the vision given to Sister Nona Freeman of the dry conditions of churches. She was shown a service bogged down in professionalism. Showmanship and talent substituting for anointing. Men using worldly methods as if to seed the clouds so some moisture of God's presence would appear.

And then Sister Freeman was carried in the Spirit to a church with all hearts and hands lifted high. A blue channel of light emanated from above the pulpit – out through the man of God – as a prism divides the white light into brilliant colors. The Spirit of God – the wind of God carrying the water of life surged across the sanctuary, so powerful it swept like a river to the dead sea of a calloused sinner's existence without God – and before a Word was preached, he was swept to his knees in heartfelt repentance! The angel told Sister Freeman, "This - is the heart of God!"

If my people . . . Then I will hear . . . and . . . there's an incoming river!

Steven Carrier