

EP 13 — MAKING MARGIN

Creating Room for God to Move

Week 13 — Prophetic Prayer & Declaration *Chris & Prudence Ministries*

OPENING

Here's something I've learned the hard way.

God rarely shows up in a full calendar.

He can. He does. But most of the time, the move of God needs room. Space. Margin. The blank line on the page where He can write something you didn't plan.

And most of us don't have any.

Every minute is committed. Every dollar is assigned. Every ounce of energy is spoken for before the day even starts. We are running at one hundred percent capacity and wondering why we can't hear God.

You can't hear God when you're maxed out. You can barely hear yourself.

Margin is not laziness. Margin is the most spiritual thing on your calendar. It's the open chair at the table. The room in the inn. The space the Holy Spirit needs to actually do what He wants to do in your life.

Jesus had margin. He pulled away constantly. He let people wait. He wasn't reachable on demand.

If the Son of God lived with margin, we are not above it.

Today, we make some.

Let's go to the Father.

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PROPHETIC PRAYER

1. Worship

Father, hallowed is Your name.

You are the God of the seventh day. You worked, and then You rested, and You called the rest holy.

You are the God of the Sabbath. The God who built margin into the calendar before sin ever entered the world. Margin was not a response to brokenness. It was part of the original design.

We worship You as the God who is not impressed by our exhaustion. Not flattered by our overcommitment. Not honored by our refusal to stop.

Holy is Your name in the work. Holy is Your name in the rest. Holy is Your name in the empty space we've been afraid to leave on the calendar.

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2. Submission

Your Kingdom come. Your will be done. On earth as it is in heaven.

Father, heaven has space. Heaven has margin. Heaven is not crammed.

So we submit our calendars. Our budgets. Our energy. The way we've structured our weeks. The way we've assigned every hour like every hour was ours to spend.

You designed margin. We deleted it. Forgive us. Restore it.

We submit the meetings we said yes to out of guilt. The commitments that drained us before they ever produced fruit. The default of saying yes when our spirit was clearly saying no.

Realign our lives around space. Holy space. Where You can show up unannounced and not have to compete with our schedule.

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3. Petition

Give us this day our daily bread.

Father, today we ask for margin. Real margin. Not just an idea. White space on the calendar. Cushion in the budget. Reserves in the body.

Show us where we are running on fumes. Where we have built a life with no room for surprise, no room for grace, no room for You to interrupt with something better.

Give us the courage to cut. To say no. To remove what looks productive but is actually crowding out the holy.

We ask for the wisdom to know what to keep and what to release. The discernment to see the difference between assignment and accumulation.

Daily bread. Daily margin. Daily room for You to move.

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4. Confession and Forgiveness

Forgive us, Father.

For building lives with no room for You. For filling every hour and then complaining we don't have time to pray. For treating margin like a luxury when You called it holy.

Forgive us for the yes that was really fear. The yes that was really pride. The yes that was really avoidance dressed up as service.

We confess we have lived as if everything depends on us. As if the moment we slow down, the whole thing falls apart. That's not faith. That's idolatry of self.

Cleanse us. Slow us. Open up space we've been afraid to leave open.

And as You forgive us, we forgive the people who taught us that margin was weakness. The cultures, the bosses, the family lines. We release them. We're not living that way anymore.

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5. Protection

Lead us not into temptation. Deliver us from the evil one.

Father, the temptation is to fill every space the moment You open it. To turn rest into a productivity hack. To turn margin into another performance metric.

Deliver us from the addiction to fullness. The fear of empty space. The compulsion to be needed every minute of every day.

Protect the margin we create. Don't let the enemy refill it the moment we clear it. Put a guard around the open space. Let it stay open long enough for You to walk into it.

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DECLARATION

I declare over you today:

Margin is returning to your life. Real margin. Not crumbs. Real space.

I declare you will say no without guilt and yes without anxiety. You will cut what doesn't belong. You will protect what does.

I declare your calendar is not your master. Your phone is not your master. Your inbox is not your master. You serve One.

I declare Psalm 23 over your life: "He makes me lie down in green pastures." Notice He makes you. If you won't choose rest, your Shepherd will lead you to it.

I declare margin in your time. Margin in your money. Margin in your relationships. Margin in your body. Margin in your soul.

Room for God to move. Room for grace to land. Room for the unexpected miracle that needed an open chair to sit down in.

The fullness was never the goal. The fit was. And there is room for Him now.

SEALING PRAYER

Father, we seal this.

Every overcommitment broken. Every overcrowded calendar exposed. Every place we filled with noise instead of leaving open for You. Sealed in the name of Jesus.

What heaven has cleared today, no pressure on earth can refill.

Margin over maxed out. Space over saturation. Open over overwhelmed.

It is finished. It is sealed. It is so.

In the mighty name of Jesus.

Amen.