

EP 11 — STILL WATERS

Anchored When the World Is Loud

Week 11 — Prophetic Prayer & Declaration *Chris & Prudence Ministries*

OPENING

Here's what I've noticed about the people who actually walk in their calling long-term.

They are not the loudest in the room. They are the most settled.

There is a kind of quiet in them. Not weakness. Not passivity. Anchored. You can feel it when you walk into the room. They've been with God. And it shows.

We are living in the noisiest season most of us have ever known. Information is constant. Opinions are everywhere. Every phone, every screen, every notification is competing for the same six inches of real estate between your ears.

And in the middle of that, the Father is whispering. Not yelling. Whispering.

Psalms 23 says, "He leads me beside still waters. He restores my soul."

Notice the order. Still waters first. Restored soul second. You don't get a restored soul from a loud life. You get it from still water.

Today, we are stepping into the still water. Not to escape the noise. To be anchored in the middle of it.

Let's go to the Father.

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PROPHETIC PRAYER

1. Worship

Father, hallowed is Your name.

You are the God who spoke creation into existence and then rested. You are the God who showed up to Elijah not in the wind, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but in a still, small voice.

You are not loud. You don't have to be. You are God.

We worship You as the One who is never shaken. The One who watches empires rise and fall and never moves from the throne. The One whose voice silences every other voice when we finally stop long enough to listen.

Holy is Your name in the noise. Holy is Your name in the silence. Holy is Your name in the still places we keep avoiding because we don't know what to do without sound.

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2. Submission

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

Father, in heaven there is no panic. No reactive scrolling. No anxious news cycle. Heaven is settled. Heaven is sure.

So we submit. We bring our restless hearts and lay them at Your feet. We bring the addiction to information. The need to know everything happening at all times. The compulsion to have an opinion on every issue the moment it surfaces.

You did not ask us to carry the weight of every headline. You asked us to be still and know You are God.

We submit our attention. We submit our news feeds. We submit the voices we let speak the loudest into our lives. Realign all of it under Your authority.

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3. Petition

Give us this day our daily bread.

Father, today we ask for stillness. Not as an aesthetic. As a weapon.

Give us the kind of inner stillness that does not flinch when the news is bad. The kind of stillness that prays before it reacts. The kind of stillness that hears the Holy Spirit louder than the algorithm.

Give us discernment to know which voices we should be listening to and which ones we should be muting. Show us where we have given access to people, platforms, and opinions that have no business shaping our hearts.

Restore our souls at still waters. Daily. Today. Right now.

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4. Confession and Forgiveness

Forgive us, Father.

For trading the secret place for the scroll. For knowing more about world events than we know about Your Word. For letting the news shape our emotional state more than Your promises do.

Forgive us for the times we picked up the phone before we picked up the Bible. For the mornings we went to the headlines before we went to the throne. For confusing being informed with being equipped.

We've been overstimulated and underfed. Loud on the outside, anxious on the inside. Forgive us.

And as You forgive us, we forgive the voices that have stolen our peace. The talking heads. The doom-scrollers. The people who profit off our anxiety. We forgive them, and we release ourselves from the hold they've had on our attention. They don't get our soul anymore.

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5. Protection

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

Father, the temptation in this hour is noise. Constant input. Endless reaction.

Deliver us from the spirit of distraction that pulls us out of the secret place every time we try to enter. Deliver us from the fear-driven content designed to keep us agitated and afraid. Deliver us from the false intimacy of opinions and the empty calories of outrage.

Protect our peace. Build a fence around our focus. Put a guard on our eyes, our ears, and the time we spend in places that don't feed our spirit.

Make us a people who carry the still waters with us. Wherever we go. Whatever room we walk into. Anchored. Quiet. Sure.

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DECLARATION

I declare over you today:

You are anchored. You are not tossed. You are not shaken. You are not pulled.

The noise does not own you. The news does not control you. The chaos does not define you.

I declare Psalm 46:10 over your life: "Be still, and know that I am God." That stillness is not absence. That stillness is presence. His presence. And it's yours.

I declare you will hear the still, small voice louder than the storm. You will move from a place of rest, not reaction. You will respond to heaven, not headlines.

I declare your soul is being restored. Right now. Beside still waters. By a Shepherd who knows your name.

You will be the calm one in the chaos. The settled one in the storm. The one people look at and ask, "How are you not shaken right now?"

And you'll know the answer. Because you've been with Him.

SEALING PRAYER

Father, we seal this.

Every word spoken. Every spirit of agitation broken. Every voice we've allowed too close.
Sealed in the name of Jesus.

What heaven has released today, no noise on earth can drown out.

Stillness over striving. Anchored over anxious. The Shepherd's voice over every other voice.

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

In the mighty name of Jesus.

Amen.