

Unhindered Sample Prayers

Fogs

Pappa, I feel the fog. Idolatry is in the air. Others and my own. I've taken in the vapor of other people's experiences, opinions, imaginations and lost clarity, my clear view of you. I forgive all who have filled the atmosphere with that which has no substance of you. Those who have put their thoughts above your thoughts, their plans above your will. I don't want to live under that influence any longer. I don't want to act emptily. So I let go of all that has distracted me from you. I let go of all that distorts my ability to discern and choose You and Your ways, with clarity. I leave the fog and enter into your atmosphere. I repent for taking hold of others views and letting them become idols that felt like they could protect me or prevent me from making a mistake. I repent and return. I wash us all with the blood of Jesus so I can hold fast to what you have said, who you are.

Comparison

Pappa, I've fallen prey to the confusion of comparison. I've become disoriented. I've stopped seeing your design and desire for wholeness, oneness. I've been trying to earn my ID instead of living in the identity you've given me. Lack of intimacy with you has worn me down until I've withdrawn, conceding the plans and purposes you hold for me. I don't want to live in the place of defeat any longer. I repent for every time I've compared myself to another, instead of looking for Your Image and Likeness in every one I encounter. I forgive all who have compared me in order to level the land, by exposing a perceived lack or limit. I wash us all with the blood of Jesus, that there can be a great return to lives lived without compare, complaint, competition and concession.

Social Anxiety

"Pappa, shine your Light and reveal the places where my distance, discomfort and disdain about the people and world around me is sourced in fear. Reveal the places where fear has caused me to react or withdraw. Reveal any situations where I've used imagination to discern phantom scenarios or draw conclusions, whether I was aware of it or not and treated them as if they were reality. I repent of every way I haven't placed my trust in you and not allowed myself to be joined to You and what You are doing non our midst. I want relationship and fellowship. I want to be able to respond again and recognize your heart's hope to bind your people together, to reveal you, as one. I forgive all who rejected, neglected or betrayed me in the past. I repent for every time I have done the same. I wash us all with the blood of Jesus so we can return to community and communion.

Shame

Pappa, it's time to come out of exile, the self imposed prison I've placed myself in. I don't want to hide or cover myself anymore. You don't see me according to my mistakes and messes and I want that same view. I've tried things without you, and eaten from the tree whose fruit only leads to self-focus, self-awareness and self-serving. Yet, You see me without blemish each and every time I return to You. I want to live in the light. I never want you to need to ask me where I've been, because I am always with You. I choose to come forth, in praise and promise. Thank you for waiting with me. I receive the blood of Jesus, that I could remain present and delight in Your presence again.

Comfort Zone

Pappa, I've entered a phantom place. One where my comfort comes first and I don't recognize the impact of my absence on the world. In this comfort zone I've created, I don't need to take risks, be inconvenienced or connected to what you are doing in the world. I've become timid and apathetic. I am not able to be moved towards the needs of the world. I don't want to minimize your comfort anymore. I don't want to remove myself from it. There are things that are hard to see and face, but you've asked me to be your hands and feet and I want to respond. I repent for putting my comfort above the comfort you came to offer, the advocate you want to be through me. I receive the blood of Jesus that we could move together again through and for this world you so long for.

Culture

Pappa, your view of culture is about what we till, tend, guard, keep and harvest. What we grow, not what we adopt or acclimate to. Your idea began in the garden. Our's began when we tried to make you into our image and likeness. A more palatable version. I can see that I've acclimated to much that was not Your original design and intent. I've sometimes aimed at adapting to the ways of the world instead of revealing you in it. I've seen differences as something that divides instead of draws. Oneness and sameness are not equivalent. I forgive all those throughout history who tried to culture and generation to sameness. Those who have tried to make You in their likeness and image. I repent for every way I have acclimated and stopped changing atmospheres for your presence. I receive the blood of Jesus and return to your ways of, ever looking towards establishing the Kingdom you have created.

BlueFlame Stigma

Pappa, you have called me to a community, a people that means much to me. Sadly, those around me, friends and family have reacted to rumor, gossip and fear surrounding Blue Flamed that has come with a cost to me. It is not easy to be doubted or accused. I haven't always known how to respond and a stigma has set in. It makes me feel like I always need to overcome something and it wearing. I want my Yes to You to stand. I want to be where you have for me, to dwell in the lines drawn in pleasant places. So I forgive all of those who have searched without looking, told stories without experience, accused without warrant, and maligned without merit. I forgive those whose fear brought forth false imagination, a false image that led to a renaming of a people that is precious to You. I wash all with the blood of Jesus that this stigma can be removed, the accuser hurled down and the stones surrendered.