

Meditations of a SOUL'S REVIVAL

Rebecca Cramer

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A Framework
as you begin

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This is meant to be a friend on your journey, a hand to hold, and pages you can come back to over and over as you find yourself crossing different thresholds in life. These are not trite words on a page but words lived and experienced. In faith, they will be filled with and baptized by the power of the Holy Spirit. I believe this to be holy ground. The Spirit will set the pace for you. He is with you wherever you go.

This is not a “Bible Study” per se or a 1,2,3 step guide.

This is an invitation from the Triune God to experience an untamed revival of your soul. Did you hear that? It’s an invitation, you have choice whether to engage with this or not. In John 5:2-6 there is a question I believe Jesus is asking you before you go any further.

“Now there is in Jerusalem by the Sheep Gate a pool, in Aramaic called Bethesda, which has five roofed colonnades. In these lay a multitude of invalids—blind, lame, and paralyzed. One man was there who had been an invalid for thirty-eight years. When Jesus saw him lying there and knew that he had already been there a long time, he said to him, “Do you want to be healed?”

Do you want to be healed?

Jesus said to him, "Get up, take up your bed, and walk." And at once the man was healed.

Healing is for the now, God longs to be gracious in that way. I have found that using metaphors and imagery allows us to get closer to stories and emotions that we would otherwise be too afraid to see or feel. In these meditations the flow of water will be used as imagery. The hope is that as tensions, stories and/or uncomfortable feelings arise in the meditation process that it will feel as though you are able to move and breathe- just like water.

There is a reflection shining off the water from Ezekiel 47 in the vision of restoration.

"And he said to me son of man have you seen this? This water flows and enters the sea; when the water flows into the sea the water will become fresh."

The word 'fresh' in the original language means to heal.

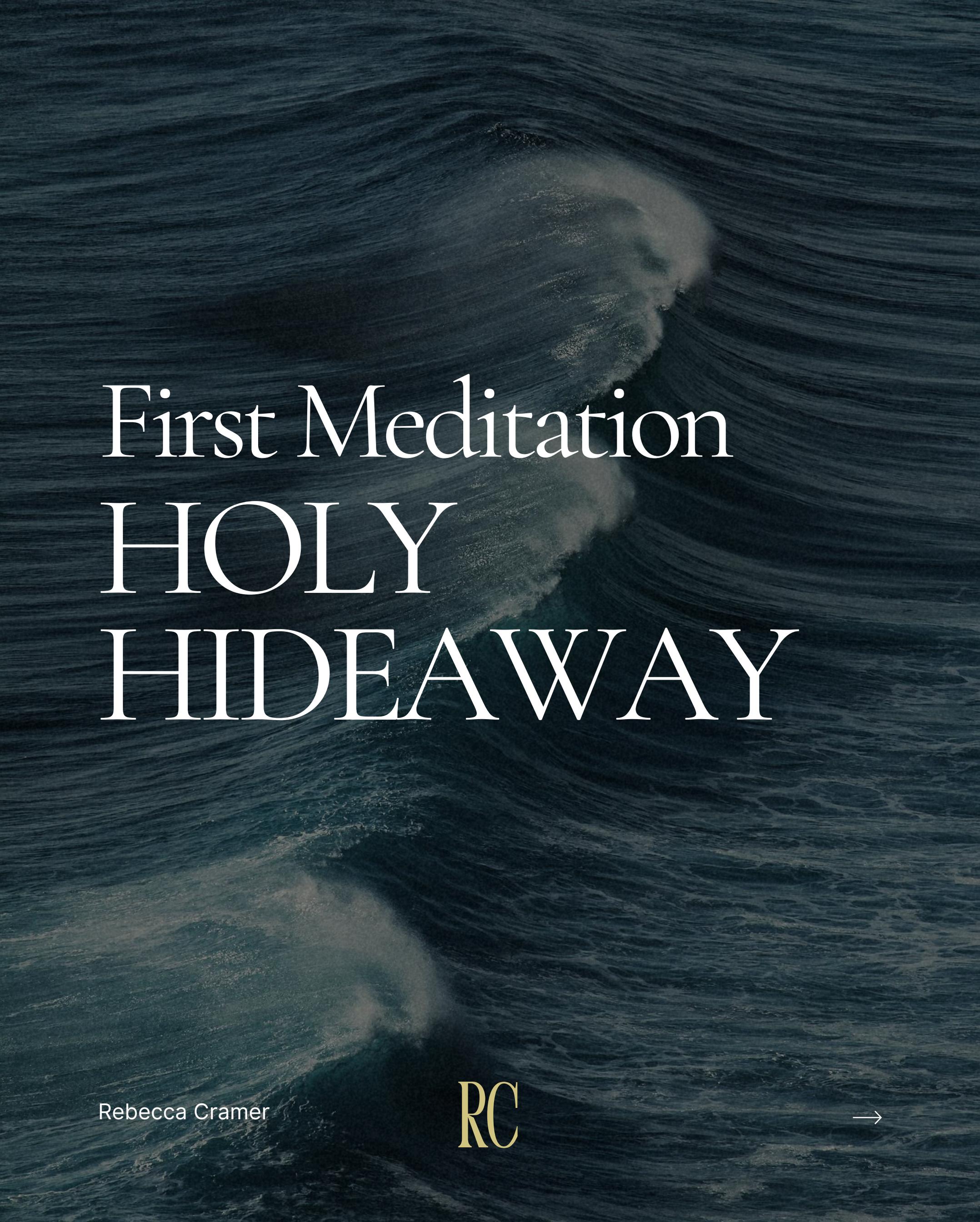
There are eight meditations offered here. They are not intended to pass through quickly as in an eight day time period. I suggest lingering with each one, or maybe even a word in the mediation that catches your heart- until you feel the call to move forward.

“If we live by the Spirit, let us also keep in step with the Spirit.” Galatians 5:25

I have separated this into segments that are meant to be engaged slowly. Possibly even one a week or month. With kindness to yourself, I believe deeply in the care of creating space so that you can linger.

There is no need to rush.

So, we begin here. Asking God the Holy Spirit to show us, open our eyes to see where is the best time to engage with and in this work.



First Meditation
HOLY
HIDEAWAY

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A Prayer To Find Space For Meditating

Open my eyes to the space in my day for this Holy work. The Holy work of seeking your face. I trust you will show me. Help me right now to scan my day with fresh vision for finding the cleft in the rock, like a hiding spot, in my day to be with you.

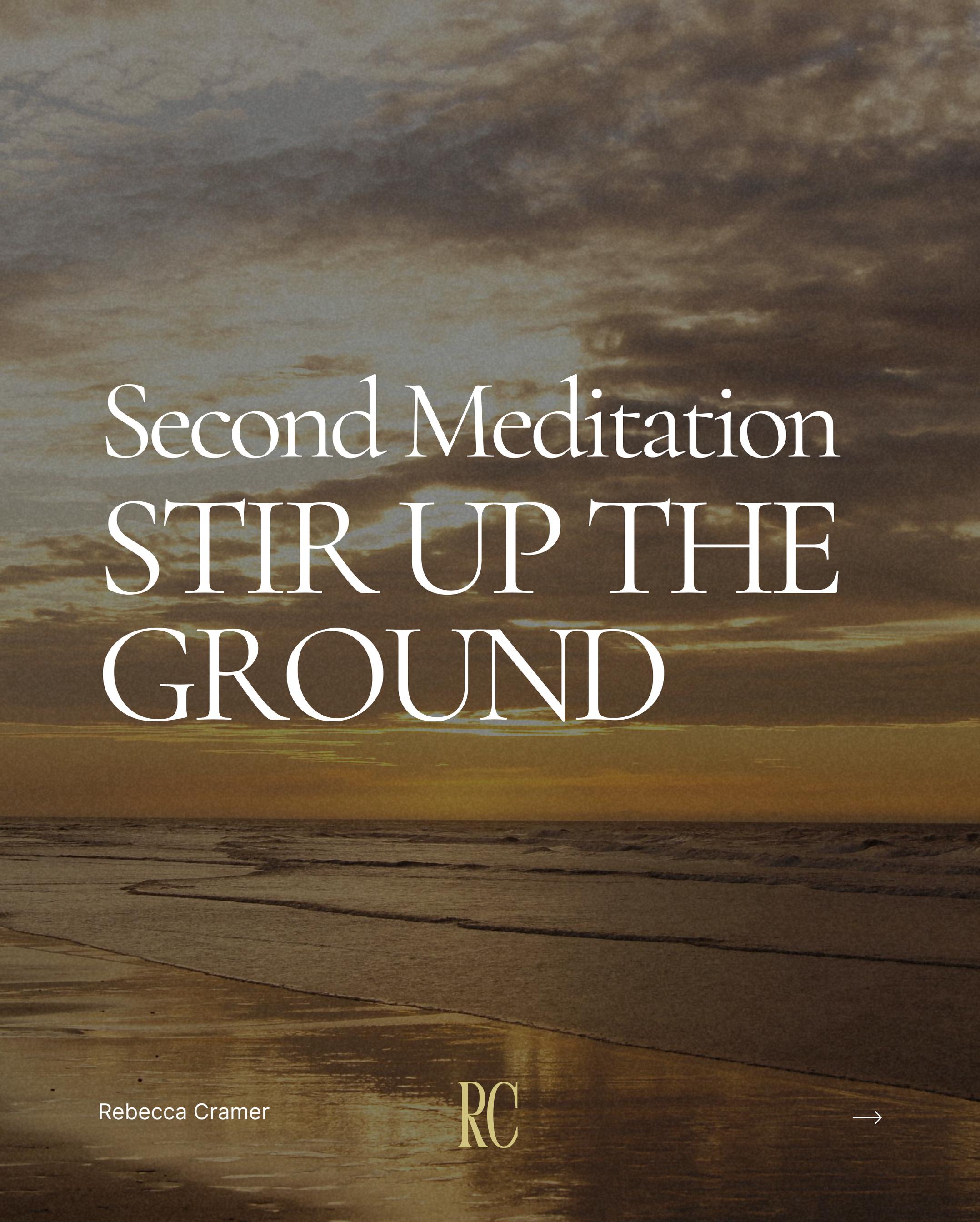
May it be a holy hideaway where you begin to wake me up. Open my eyes to the unseen. You have said, "Seek my face." My heart says to you, "Your face, LORD, do I seek."

Psalm 27:8

This moment is for you. It is for no one else, but you.

Where am I as I begin this work? Maybe you are feeling hopeful yet scared. Or maybe it's that you are choosing to engage because you feel desperate. Or even that you are lonely and want a safe person to do this work alongside you.

Where is the holy hideaway in my day to sit with these meditations?



Second Meditation
STIR UP THE
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A Prayer To Begin Each Moment of Meditation

God Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth. Now, in these moments, make me a fortified city; my mind, heart, and soul. Protect me from the evil one. Give me child-like faith to believe that what happens in these moments is sacred and real. God, You are sacred, you are real. You gave me a mind meant to imagine, eyes meant to see, ears meant to hear, a heart that beats, and a body that is in reality. Help me, teach me, guide me as I learn to bring my whole self to you. You made me. You say the sheep know The Shepherd's voice, and I am your sheep so train my ear to hear your voice, and train my heart to trust it. You are The Good Shepherd.

John 10:27

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me.

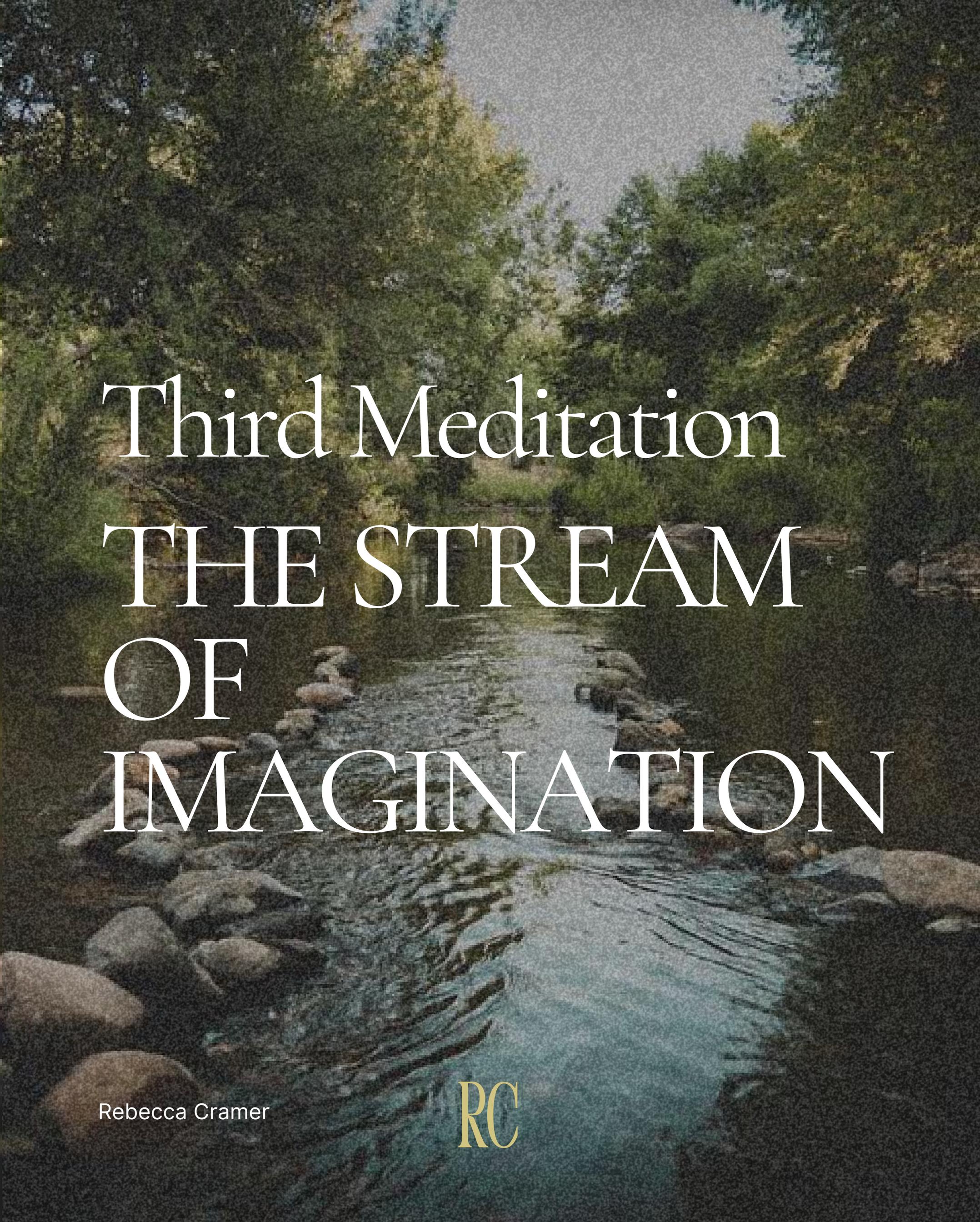
May it be that these verses begin to wash over you like rain falling from the sky. That the ground you're on would be puddled with divine revelation. This rain has been set apart for you to stand under with God right now in your reality. Maybe you need to throw your arms open wide and lean your head back to let the rain fall on your face. Or even curl up on the ground and get small. Maybe, though, you need to weep allowing the rain to mix with your tears.

Healing rain fall on me.

May it be. May it be so.

What is stirring in you? Just write it, whatever it is. This is not a performance no one needs you to answer this but you. I invite you to take the risk to write it down. Whatever it is. Is it a question you have rolling around? What is stirring... Is it pain? Is it a story coming to your mind? Is it a familiar feeling of being stuck? Just pay attention. Maybe, you need to read these verses once or maybe a thousand times. Just simply, with gracious intention, pay attention. Listen with the ears of your heart to what the Spirit is speaking.

The intercession, right here, of the Holy Spirit can be trusted. We are, in faith, believing that he is guiding you into the ground of your mind and heart. Where is he drawing your attention?



Third Meditation
THE STREAM
OF
IMAGINATION

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My friend, you have arrived to a stream, a small narrow river flowing and moving ever so continuously towards the sea.

You most likely are not at a stream, so what I have invited you into is your imagination. I don't know your story but what I do know is there is not one person who is not walking up a steep hill to have an imagination in general, but even more so, a healthy one. I also believe what the Bible says in 1 Corinthians 2:9.

But, as it is written,
"What no eye has seen, nor ear heard,
nor the heart of man imagined,
what God has prepared for those who love him."

I want to offer this prayer for you to commune with God as you arrive to the river in your imagination. May the Spirit awaken your senses to be ever present as your toes touch the pebbles in the water. Thomas Merton, a Monk, poet and writer said, "the deepest level of communication is not communication but communion. It is wordless. It is beyond words, and beyond speech, and it is beyond concept." I find this to be so true in the pilgrimage of healing.

I trust the Spirit to tend to your mind as you engage.

[A Prayer for Your Imagination]

For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that according to the riches of his glory he may grant you to be strengthened with power through his Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith—that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may have strength to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ that surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God. Now to him who is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think, according to the power at work within us, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, forever and ever.

Ephesians 3:14-21

God, I give to you my imagination. Lord may it be the ground for the revival of my soul.

Jesus, you tell us that unless we come to you as little children we cannot inherit the Kingdom of Heaven. I am longing for the Kingdom of Heaven, full of His presence and peace. Your kingdom come, your will be done. Little children are full of imagination. Fill my mind, Lord with holy imaginative thoughts.

I come as your child. Tend, Good Shepherd, to my imagination. In Jesus Name.

Fourth Meditation
A TRUTH TO
NAME

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As the river flows, winding through- never stopping but tarrying at times. It arrives. It arrives to the sea. To this massive, powerful, created boundary that the living God put in place. Had he not given the ocean a boundary it would have taken over the land, he is holding the line for us. With your toes in the sand and your eyes looking out as far as you can see, may the immense illusion of control break like the waves crashing on the shore.

Breaking the illusion to make room for more of God.

May your soul arrive to this truth and find comfort in the Creator God.

You do not hold all things together.

It may be kind to your body for your mouth to actually say the words out loud. I invite you to speak them.

I do not hold all things together.

May the sea breeze around you usher you back into your body after you have spoken this truth. The body that you did not create but that was created in the image of the Triune God.

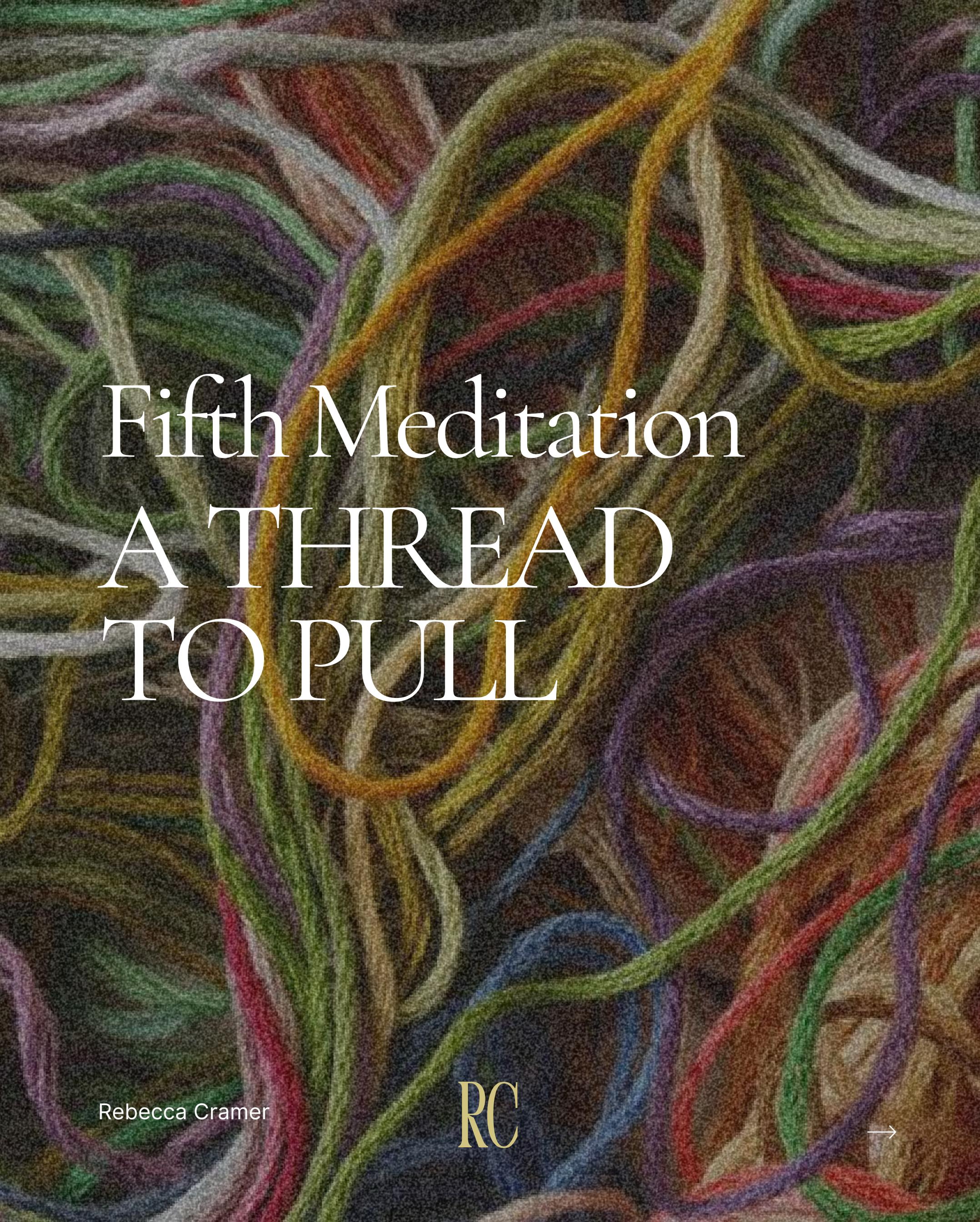
A Prayer for Your Humanity

With kindness, he gave you limits. You can not hold back the waves from reaching the shore, but you can choose to go in them. That truth can seem scary, but may the nature of the Creator's limitlessness bring you comfort right now as you live more into the reality of your humanity.

*God Almighty, All Powerful One, I hide myself in you.
Baptize me with your power. This can change everything. I do not hold all things together but I can call on You, the One who does.*

Honestly, the truth that I am not in control of all things has me full of anguish, yet in some circumstances I am relieved. Anguish because merely the truth as something spiritually moral to say cannot comfort me. Show me how to wrestle with you until the truth reaches the depth at which it is meant to pierce- where I receive a blessing. It is good and right to come to you in honest agony, that is communion. You stand, pouring out your mercy- like healing rain.

In the merciful name of Jesus, keep pouring as I stand in the shallows of the sea.



Fifth Meditation A THREAD TO PULL

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You may want to invite a safe person, friend, or counselor to engage with you in this meditation if it feels kind to you to not go at it alone. A kind witness can help bring healing too. Also, by the power of the Spirit and mysterious ways in which the Triune God lives and moves- we are believing that these words and meditations would be a kind witness. So, as you're ready I extend the invitation to take one more step.

A Prayer for Loosening a Thread in My Story

Creator God, I am not you. I am human and you said it is good this way. Though my story holds complexities seen and unseen, of harm done to me and harm I have done to others- will you begin now even in this moment to loosen a thread of my story. The knots are too tight for me to pull one out unless you loosen it. I am too blind by illusions to see rightly as you see. I am too afraid of what I might see. I am too comfortable in bondage. I am bound though I know Christ has set me free. I need the thread that keeps me tied up in bondage to dangle before my eyes so I can bring it to you for healing. I need you to give me the strength to see it. Strengthen the eyes of my heart.

Continued Prayers

Matthew 9:20-22

And behold, a woman who had suffered from a discharge of blood for twelve years came up behind him and touched the fringe of his garment, [21] for she said to herself, “If I only touch his garment, I will be made well.” Jesus turned, and seeing her he said, “Take heart, daughter; your faith has made you well.”

And instantly the woman was made well.

Her thread now touching the thread of his. The faith to bring her thread to Jesus. The faith to reach out and pull the thread, to actually believe in the miraculous. To believe in the power of God. To experience the love of Christ beyond comprehension.

Give me faith like this.

As I move through this meditation, anything that has been suppressed would you give it room to breathe?

And anything that is already exposed, would you allow the light of your wisdom to shine on it.

Like how the smell of the ocean air can awaken my senses, may the Holy Spirit move to awaken a wound that is aching to be healed.

What is it Lord?

Show me, in Jesus' name.

Sixth Meditation

AN

INVITATION

FOR YOU

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If a thread was loosened in the previous meditation maybe it would be kind to see yourself standing on the shore again. You look out into the deep waters. Jesus ever so graciously inviting you out with Him. It is always a with-ness, never alone. Will you watch, in your imagination, each passing wave now? Inhaling as the waters reach the shore, then exhaling as they drift back out into the deep. Over and over as many times as you need to breathe. I would suggest you watch at least ten waves as your body settles into this moment.

Coming more into your body and into the presence of the King of Glory.

This time is for you. How are you coming to the shore of your imagination today? To the shore of this meditation. These lines are not meant to be a performance, no one needs you to answer this or write anything down. It is meant to invite you back into your actual reality, the one you are living right now, today.

How do you come?

You hold the power of choice in your hands. You have indeed chosen to engage with this right now, why?

What is the longing of your heart?

[A Prayer for the Untamed Revival of My Soul]

I am making space for an untamed move of the Holy Spirit in my life. Keep me in step, Lord Jesus. Keep me in step.

Keep me as I hold the thread of pain or heartache and courageously continue to tie it to the thread of your garment. And knowing there are times, (possibly right now) when I can't move my arm to reach out. Thank you for the truth that you are a God that comes to me.

I know you will keep me. You are my Keeper. You are with me.

Psalm 121:2-5

*My help comes from You LORD,
who made heaven and earth.*

*You will not let my foot be moved;
You who keeps me will not slumber.
Behold, You who keeps Israel
will neither slumber nor sleep.*

*You LORD are my keeper;
You LORD are my shade on my right hand.*

Continued Prayer

I am important to revive my own soul. Important to un-know
what I now know.

*May the soil of my heart and mind, my soul, absorb
this truth- I am a child of God who is hidden in the
Omnipotent and baptized with power from on high.*

*I believe this truth changes everything for me. I am
impotent, and You are Omnipotent. All- Powerful
God, heal my mind. Make it a luscious, imaginative
garden that grows wildflowers with you.*

*When I am not praying this, Holy Spirit, never stop
interceding on my behalf with this prayer and with
the divine wisdom you have for my healing.*

*I pray this now in the authority of the Lord Jesus
Christ.*

A person is seen from behind, standing on a rocky shore and fishing. They are wearing a light blue t-shirt and dark pants. The background is a vast body of water under a twilight sky with soft, muted colors. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

Seventh Meditation AWAKEN MY CHILD

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All of it matters, it deeply matters. May Christ meet you on the shore today, or in the rain or in the river. May it be said at the end of this that you were not lulled to sleep by the sound of the waters of words on a page but awakened by the power of God in them.

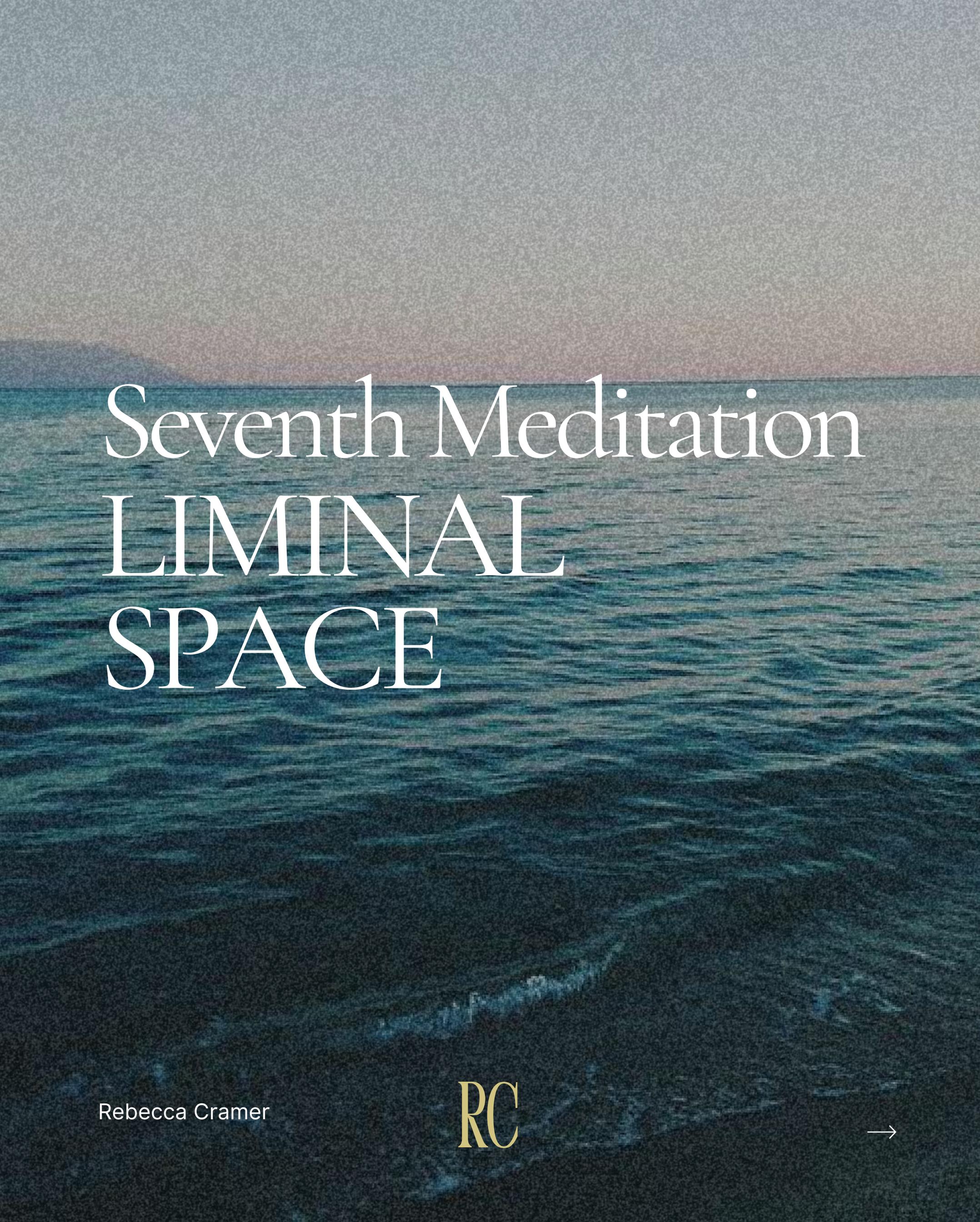
May it be that this hour, you also find an invitation. An old scroll that is bottled up and being pushed to you by the waves reaching the shore. It reads-

Your salvation requires you to turn back to me and stop your efforts to save yourselves. Your strength will come from settling down in complete dependence on me...

Or read like this,
In returning and rest you shall be saved;
In quietness and in trust shall be your strength.

[A Prayer for You]

Help me to receive your love. It is a gift not a demand.



Seventh Meditation LIMINAL SPACE

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Could it be that the arrival to the ocean's boundary line is marking an end but also a beginning? Liminal space is where you find yourself.

“At any time you can ask yourself: At which threshold am I now standing? At this time in my life, what am I leaving? Where am I about to enter? What is preventing me from crossing my next threshold? What gift would enable me to do it?

A threshold is not a simple boundary; it is a frontier that divides two different territories, rhythms, and atmospheres. Indeed, it is a lovely testimony to the fullness and integrity of an experience, or a stage of life that it intensifies toward the end into a real frontier that cannot be crossed without the heart being passionately engaged and woken up.

At this threshold, a great complexity of emotion comes alive: confusion, fear, excitement, sadness, hope. This is one of the reasons such vital crossings were always clothed in ritual.

It is wise in your own life to be able to recognize and acknowledge the key thresholds: to take your time; to feel all the varieties of presence that accrue there; to listen inward with complete attention until you hear the inner voice calling you forward. The time has come to cross.”

Excerpt from To Bless the Space Between Us /
Benedictus (Europe) by John O'Donohue

We have lived our lives trying to stay away from the deepest pain and grief. And oftentimes we had to in order to survive our realities.

As you enter more into this liminal space, the place where the wave breaks, crashing on the shore. Your toes have been in the shallows, being beckoned out into the deep. To the darkest, most deep part of the ocean floors of our lives where we ache for relief. I know it sounds insane, but if we're willing to go there, continue to sit with the truth and allow our hearts to grieve, wail, and mourn for however long it takes- waiting there for us and with us, hallowed relief on earth, as it is in heaven. God himself.

We are not meant to stay in liminal space but it is a necessary place in order for us to move forward in our healing.

A Prayer for Entering into the Depths of Healing

*I call out to you, God Almighty through Jesus and by
the power the Holy Spirit.*

Where shall I go from your Spirit?

Or where shall I flee from your presence?

*If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the
uttermost parts of the sea;*

*the farthest east where the sun rises, even there your
hand shall lead me
and your right hand shall hold me.*

*Revive my soul. Awaken me. Make room for more of
you.*

You are present.

Show yourself strong on my behalf.

*And in this liminal space with you, where the wave
crashes at the shore, I long to say with confidence, I
have looked upon the goodness of God in the land of
the living.*

Breathe on this work in my soul.

*As my human body flows and enters the sea, it will be
healed. It will be healed in the power of Jesus' name.*