

A D E C L A R A T I O N F R O M T H E D U S T

I declare the whispers of the dust
do not get the final word over my life.

The Lord is making rivers in the wilderness,
streams in the wasteland,
and beauty where ashes tried to settle.

I declare the King has been sowing seed
beneath the cracked ground,
planting a meadow where the Enemy
tried to leave barren land.

*I will worship before the answer comes,
and I will worship when it does.*

Nothing in this season is wasted.
Every tear is held.
Every hidden seed is known by Him.

I declare I will walk out carrying
the blossoms of what could only
have been grown in the dust.

ISAIAH 43:19 · ISAIAH 35:1-2 · ISAIAH 61:3
PSALM 56:8 · JOEL 2:25

TARA SIERRA MOSELEY