

THE SUBMARINE VISION

Hello everyone! I pray the Father is blessing you greatly in whatever He has you doing today for His Kingdom and for those you love around you.



Today I want to share something that has been one of the most significant things that has happened since I have been here. Most of you know that I live in a “glass house” and believe in being completely “open-chested”. I don’t believe in plastic pulpits. And this post will, for sure, reveal some personal things that Yahweh is doing in my life that almost makes me uncomfortable... and that’s saying something. I know that I, in doing so, put myself at risk to those online that like to use my vulnerability against me. But with all that said, here it goes:

Like Blake, my daughter Sierra also has a strong gift of prophecy. She consistently has visions and prophetic dreams as well as **“open visions”** (visions with her eyes wide open). I’m looking forward to the two of them meeting someday. Anyway, this was a vision that she saw on January 31st, 2016. Here it is as she wrote it:

“I saw you walking into the prison-like you had first gotten there. You were walking with these two guards or officers with their hands on your arms guiding you. All of a sudden these things started coming off your back and hitting the floor. At first, they were small so I couldn’t really tell, but then this huge heavy, thick metal door as tall or bigger than you

fell down and hit the floor. Maybe a couple more things fell off then this soapy water poured on top of you just like if you were in a car wash. The machine scrubbed you then all this clean water poured all over you and washed all of the soap off and cleaned you even more. Then, when you were done, this huge white towel wrapped around you and dried you. When the towel moved away there was this white robe that was on you. Then, you continued to walk again and you were in this plain hallway walking and the hallway turned left, then turned right, then right again and you were heading toward this opening kind of cave shaped. I saw this big rock that was shaped like this chess piece that I took a picture of last Saturday. (She is an avid photographer). When I saw this chess set at church last Saturday, I asked someone to set it up for me because I didn't know how all the pieces went. When they were setting it up, they both kept commenting on how the king piece didn't look anything like any other king pieces on any other chess boards. It was shaped more like a tombstone except really tall. Anyway, you came to the opening that was shaped like a cave and the rock that was shaped like the tombstone king chess piece was huge, but you just came up to it and kicked it down. After you kicked it down, there was like this drop off and the tall king chess piece was now like a plank that you see on pirate ships. You were standing on top of the king chess piece and you held your arms out toward the heavens looking at this beautiful land before you and praising God at how free you were. Then it ended."

When Sierra first told me about this vision, I had no idea that it would be one of the most profound visions and words from the Lord that I had ever received. When I first read it, I didn't really know what it meant other than some of the obvious parts of me getting cleansed while I'm here. It would not be until our midnight study that the Father would give the rest of the interpretation, an interpretation that would completely rock my world...again. Here is what God said:

The two guards that were holding my arms were not prison guards at all. This was surprising to me. If you remember the vision that was given from the Russian community a year before I was even indicted, there were two demonic generals that were assigned to me to destroy me. Remember that? Well, they weren't those two either, which also surprised me. The moment that I stepped into this place, those generals were replaced by two angelic bodyguards that were now assigned to me to MAKE SURE that the will of God is accomplished in my life and that I do not miss a single item of my cleansing and training. As I was walking there were small things that were falling off my back. These were the pins that were being taken out of the door hinges that held the door in place. Once all of the pins were pulled, the door that was on my back fell to the floor. (I will come back to what the door actually is in a moment.) Once the door fell off, the Father was able to send the water of His Word to cleanse me. Up until this point, the water was being prevented from doing its full work by the door that was on my back. When the true water of His Word covers you, you are naked before Him and fully exposed before His throne. And just like when you get out of the shower and are instantly made cold by the air around you, this cleansing of God's Word in my life would be a chilling experience that would make me feel extremely vulnerable. The towel represents the loving, warm arms of the Father that would wrap around me to keep the cold from overwhelming me.

The pressing in of the towel (the Father's love) turned into the white robe that is given to all that go through this cleansing process.

Up to this point, the entire process was to prepare me to be able to handle what would come next. After I was completely cleansed, there would be another journey that would lead me down another hallway to a different location that would bring me face to face with the large tombstone-like king chess piece that was guarding the cave-like opening. This was the final move that the Father was going to make to “**checkmate**” the adversary. This cave, or grave-like opening, was being guarded by the enemy king because he knew that if I went in there, it would lead to complete freedom. This was the end of this “chess game.” It was the King of Kings versus the “tombstone (dead) king” and lord of the flies. When he was knocked over, the very stone that was blocking the opening was now the very instrument that I would walk on that would lead me to complete freedom. Amen!

The real significance of this vision was the fact that the Lord said that the door was the door of a submarine. He said that just like the bulldozer vision, I had created a mechanical submarine to navigate the depths of His Word. I had all my gadgets, all the “electronics” that I needed to help me move through the caverns and valleys at the depth of the ocean floor. The Father said that He called me to teach His Word, and I was accomplishing that mission. But somehow, in my zeal to serve His people the meat of His Word, I had created a place that was not being touched by His Word at this level. In this vision, the entire ocean is His Word, His Spirit, and what He uses to cleanse us. I had somehow figured out how to use my gift of teaching like I was sampling the word at the bottom of the ocean and then broadcasting it from inside the submarine but never letting it do its full work inside of **ME**.

Blake has told me multiple times that he is astonished that when I start teaching in the Spirit, there will be things I say that I will not remember saying. Sometimes he will tell me the next day something I said or taught him, and I will swear up and down that, I never said that or even talked about it. The other day he said I quoted several scriptures out of Isaiah word-for-word, but I had never even remembered those verses, and never would have been able to quote them. It is a bit creepy, to say the least.

For some reason, somehow, it's like I'm holding an extension cord that is carrying electricity from the power of His Word, and people are plugged into the end of it and it is changing their lives. But I am not hearing my own teachings. I am not receiving the same cleansing water from His Word because apparently, I have been living in this “submarine.” It has a comfortable environment for me to do what I'm called to do but it is now preventing me from being washed by His water. My calling was preventing me from experiencing God at the deep levels that He desired! Sooooo, He needed to take the hinges off and let this big metal door fall down, and what happened next in the vision? The rushing water of His word started doing what it does best...preparing us for breakthrough and **FREEDOM!**

This revelation has rocked me to my core, and I am still meditating on all its ramifications in my life. It has me thinking in so many directions. How many pastors, shepherds, ministry leaders, and lay people alike are using their gifts and talents for the Lord but because the gifts are not of them, but are separate from them, are not actually receiving the full power that is moving

through them? How often does a pastor sit down and listen to his own messages (as strange as it sounds) and let the Father minister to him through the word that he gave to the people? You can be an expert carpenter, but it doesn't mean that you have ever used your skills in your own house. My spirit is grieved at how many pastors are burnt out, empty, and quitting the ministry every day due to this very phenomenon. They, like me, simply don't know how to slow down long enough to allow the Word that is passing through us to truly infiltrate us, as well. The only thing that saved me was that while I was in the submarine, I was drinking pure water 24 hours a day. So the water was changing me and giving me the strength to do what He was calling me to do and growing me at the same time. But because of all the success that He was giving the ministry due to the pure water that I was drinking; it was like I was blind to the fact of **HOW MUCH MORE** He would be pleased and **HOW MUCH MORE** I would be changed if I would just open the door and let the pure water completely flood the cabin! I was leaving so much on the table.

Letting the power of the water flood my submarine would short circuit everything that brought me security. It would leave me completely dependent on Him for everything. I would no longer be able to navigate with my hand on the wheel. And this is where all of us truly need to be...like a child in the womb, breathing the water of the womb, completely vulnerable, trusting the entire process will lead to new life.

The significance of allowing the water of God's Word to completely flood the cabin, being totally vulnerable to His pure power would mean that I would "drown" from my perspective. I would find myself like a character in a movie that has his head barely above the rising water, gasping for his last breath before he completely inhales the water into his lungs and drowns. The amazing thing is that is **EXACTLY** what the Father wants. He wants **US** to die, so **HE** can live in us. His water represents the Word and the wind in our lungs represents His Spirit. The natural world says that they cannot be mixed or combined. But, the spiritual world says that is exactly what is needed for real power and life. When we finally allow the fullness of God's Word to penetrate us, breathing in the true power of His Word as it mixes with the Spirit, we, at last, become true worshippers, worshipping in Spirit **AND** in Truth.

Father, forgive me for protecting myself and preventing myself from truly being transformed in every area of my life. Forgive me for breathing the air in my self-imposed underwater prison and teach me to breathe the very water of your word like a child in your womb. Amen.

Please pray with me this day for ministry leaders everywhere that are also stuck in their "submarines." Pray that they will be fully vulnerable and will allow the Father to open their chests for heart surgery. It's the only way to get the hinges off the door!

Shalom,
Jim Staley