

DRY BONES RISE

When the Valley Closes In

"The Lord is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit." – Psalm 34:18

"He drew me up from the pit of destruction... set my feet upon a rock." – Psalm 40:2

Reflection

Some valleys aren't just low—they feel like graves. The kind where silence screams and faith feels like dust in your mouth. This isn't polished pain. It's messy. It's lonely. And God meets you there. Not after you climb out—right in the middle of it.

Devotional Thought

Depression isn't weakness—it's warfare. The bones feel dry, the breath feels gone. But Ezekiel saw something in that valley of bones: God doesn't wait for your strength. He speaks life into wreckage. He breathes into silence. He commands things to rise. You don't resurrect yourself—He does.

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When David says, "Why are you cast down, O my soul?" he's not hiding the fight. He's acknowledging it—and setting his eyes on a Savior who doesn't flinch at brokenness. Jesus wept. He groaned. He endured soul-crushing agony—and He rose.

Call to Action

Speak truth over your own valley. Say it out loud. Write it. Pray it raw. Invite a brother into the wreckage—don't isolate. The enemy wants your silence. God wants your surrender.

Prayer

Father, I feel buried beneath the weight. But I believe You meet me here. Not with shame—but with mercy. Speak life into these bones. Breathe again into this soul. And raise up something that looks like hope.

