



PROFOUND GOOD

BLAKE K. HEALY

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FOREWORD

IN PAST GENERATIONS THE LORD poured out His anointing on individuals so that His goodness and power would be displayed to His people. Entire generations were impacted by the likes of Smith Wigglesworth, John G. Lake, Kathryn Kuhlman, and countless others. People came from around the world to receive from their ministries and to experience the presence and works of God for themselves. These heroes of the faith were amazing gifts to the church. But in recent days there has been a shift. It's not that God has withheld His anointing from individuals. It's that He is now pouring out His anointing on individuals who are positioned to equip a generation. God's desire is for His entire body to manifest His power and love, reaching the whole world through the beauty of the gospel.

Blake Healy is one of these empowering individuals. His focus is not only on what God has for him individually. It is also on the awakening of the body of Christ, that it might reach its full potential. In his book *Profound Good*, Blake takes us through his journey as a seer. I loved his first book, *The Veil*, so much that I could hardly put it down. It was one of those books that I felt disappointed to finish. *Profound Good* is the same. His encounters with the spirit realm are both moving and mind-boggling, but ultimately they will leave you hungry for more of God. This book is not just the memoir of a gifted man; it is the

journey of a teacher. With genuine humility Blake allows us to experience his learning curve as he expresses the reality of the spirit realm in a way that invites others to encounter God more fully. The kindness and generosity of the Father are at the core of this journey. As we read of Blake's unexaggerated visions and encounters with the Lord, we get to see a man who isn't growing just in his ability to see but also in his understanding of God's heart for His people.

We have been called to be naturally supernatural. In Matthew 5 there is an interesting verse. It says, "Pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven" (vv. 44–45, MEV). This doesn't mean that you become born again once you pray for someone who opposes you. It implies that when you do what is unnatural to people but natural for God, you step into who you are. And when you step into who you truly are, He is revealed. Nowhere is this more evident than in how we interact with the realm of the unseen.

We were born into a battle. We don't focus on the enemy. But to live without an awareness of the spiritual battle around us would be to limit ourselves to "acting like mere humans" (1 Cor. 3:3). Once we are born again, God's divine nature is within us. It is no longer acceptable to live within the limitations of humanity. God expects more; He anticipates more. He doesn't do this as an angry Father who is hard to please. He is well aware of what Jesus accomplished for us. Unfortunately we are just not always aware of it...yet. If you don't know you have money in the

bank, you probably won't write checks. The discovery of what He's put into our account increases our capacity to live with risk that He might be known for who He is. We have been called to live a life that is unnatural for people but natural for God. And because we know what He's paid for, we can know what is possible through Him.

This book is a gift to the body of Christ. I can't imagine anyone reading through *Profound Good* without being stirred up with a fresh hunger for what is to be the "normal" Christian life. The insights gained will last a lifetime. The stories of Blake's encounters are not written to add shock value. Instead, they are included that they might reveal the Father in a way that compels us to love the world as He does. It is a world that cries out to experience God's true nature as a Father.

Blake successfully writes in a way that helps us understand it is not about his gift or call in life. In fact, he states, "I cannot see in the spirit because I am a gifted person. I can see in the spirit because I have a heavenly Father who wants me to know Him. That is why I can see in the spirit; that is why you can see in the spirit." The rich conclusion of *Profound Good* is that Blake Healy writes as a prophetic prototype of a generation to come. May it be us. May it be now.

—BILL JOHNSON

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INTRODUCTION

I WOKE UP THIS MORNING to the sound of my daughter, November, wiggling around in her crib. My wife got up with her the past few mornings, so I decided it was probably my turn. I looked out the window. It was still dark but in that warmish blue way it is just before dawn. I threw off the covers, rolled to my feet, and walked around to the crib, doing my best not to trip as I navigated the short obstacle course of laundry and plastic toys on the floor.

An angel was floating over my daughter's crib. It lay facedown in the air, looking at November face to face as it hovered two feet above her. The angel had long golden-blond hair and was wearing a purple-and-blue robe patterned with hand-stitched silver stars. The stars ran down along the surface of the fabric and fell off its edges, pouring down over the face of the smiling infant in the crib, along with a gentle flow of liquid light.

I have seen angels wearing similar robes in the past, and most of the time the Holy Spirit told me that the starry robes represent an impartation of wisdom. I felt the same impression as I looked at the angel floating over my daughter.

Once November noticed me standing over her, she reached up with her pink hands, breaking eye contact with the angel. I picked her up and carried her downstairs to make breakfast. As I made my way down, I saw a protection angel standing next to the front door. He has been

standing in the same spot ever since we moved into this house, stalwart and constant. He holds a tall spear in his right hand and wears silver-plated armor. His armor looks like something out of the Middle Ages but less heavy and bulky. His expression made it look as if he were staring at something a hundred miles away. He did not make eye contact as I walked by, but he never does. Protection angels are nothing if not intent.

I walked into the kitchen, put November in her high chair, and placed a small handful of cereal on her tray. I opened the refrigerator and browsed breakfast options, finally deciding on eggs and toast. I was humming a worship song as I closed the refrigerator, so I was not surprised to see a half dozen sparkling lights drifting around me in rhythm with my voice. The lights traced simple patterns of color in the air as I continued humming my mostly in-tune song. Whether these small balls of light are angels, heavenly hosts, or something else, I cannot say. They are things that are attracted to the presence of God, no matter how pronounced or subtle it is. Any more specific definition I've tried to give them has felt at least partially incorrect.

Each of the lights was a slightly different shade of yellow, and the patterns they made left short streaks of light that hung in the air for a few moments before vanishing. The pattern of their little dance was consistent but shifted in shape and tempo as I hummed my way from verse to chorus and back to verse again. I was sure that the patterns meant something—I believe every detail I see in the spirit does—but experience has taught me that unless my curiosity or the presence of the Holy Spirit is leading

me otherwise, trying to discern the meaning behind every button on every angel's shirt or the purpose of every fluctuation of an angel's wings is the short path to frustration. There is deep meaning in it all, but only the guiding hand of the Holy Spirit can lead us to it.

I started cooking the eggs; scrambled was all I was ambitious enough to attempt this early in the morning. I'm mediocre at making omelets when I'm at the top of my game, and November was not going to be satisfied with staying in her chair for long. I looked over at her and saw her personal angel playing with her hair and tickling her nose. November laughed at every playful poke and reached out to grab at the angel's blond curls. I figured I had at least a few more minutes.

As the eggs continued to cook, I ran around the house, grabbing things I would need for the rest of the day. I am about as good at remembering everything I need for a day's work as I am at making omelets. November started to cry, upset that I kept leaving the room, so I picked her up and carried her around with me as I packed my things. Trying to carry my energetic infant along with my computer bag, notebook, and coffee tumbler quickly became more than my arms and hands could manage, so I set November down in the living room near a small basket of toys, which she promptly dumped over.

I then began running the day's events through my head. I had to drop my oldest son, Haydon, off at school at nine, and then I needed to head straight to the office for a meeting. My two-month-old son, Finnley, had a doctor's

appointment after that, and I was sure I had made plans to meet someone after lunch... Then I started to smell burning eggs.

I am not sure if it was the harsh smell or because I had taken too long to get her more food, but my daughter began to fuss and whine. I snatched her up in one arm, cringing as I stepped on a small pile of surprisingly sharp toys, and continued into the kitchen to see how bad the damage was.

I did my best to salvage as much of the scrambled eggs as I could while also blocking my daughter's attempts to snatch the hot pan out of my hands. My back started feeling sore from carrying November around all morning, and I began feeling sorry for myself because of my failed attempt at making breakfast for everyone. I now needed to figure out another food plan in half the time.

I felt my frustration begin to mount as the rest of my to-do list resounded like a chorus in my head. Then I began getting frustrated that I was getting frustrated—burned eggs and a delayed breakfast are hardly the worst of the world's problems. What right did I have to be moody? It was then I saw a demon come around the corner.

There wasn't much to it. The demon was a little under three feet tall with grayish skin and a potbelly. It had dark eyes and a blank expression as it shuffled forward, its pace and posture that of a toddler who has smelled something tasty.

I could have commanded it to leave. "In the name of Jesus be gone. I banish thee from my household," or something like that. But that would not really solve the problem.

The problem was in my head. The problem was that I had let my circumstances, as trivial as they were, determine my level of internal peace.

Then I found myself humming again, the same worship song I was humming before. I gave my head a little shake to clear it, smiled at my daughter, and went back to the refrigerator to get more eggs. The demon turned around and skittered away after that. The mind-set that attracted it was gone.

I hummed the song all the louder, proud of my minor victory. November's angel turned to me and gave a quick nod of approval.

Seeing in the Spirit

I have seen angels, demons, and other spiritual things for as long as I can remember. I see them with my eyes, the same way I would see you if you were standing in front of me right now. I did not understand what I was seeing for the first twelve years of my life, partially because I was raised in a home that did not have a context for the gifts of the Spirit and partially because what I saw did not seem out of place to my young mind. Angels in gold cloaks and demons with sharp fangs were just as commonplace as mailboxes, telephone poles, and vending machines. To me, they were no more unusual than anything else.

When I was twelve, my family started attending a church that taught about the gifts of the Spirit, praying for people to be healed, hearing the voice of God, and learning to follow the Holy Spirit. It was the first time I

ever had a context for the things I saw and the first time I realized the things I saw might have some greater purpose.

I spent the following ten years trying and failing to make good use of what I saw. I made a lot of mistakes. I did a lot of growing. My first book, *The Veil*, is about how I learned to use the gifts God gave me and how I discovered the purpose behind the things I saw. This book is about where God led me from there and how you can go there too. It is about why I can see in the spirit and why you can too. And it is about what seeing in the spirit tells us about who God is and what He is ready to do.

I wrote my first book three times. With the first attempt I tried to create a clear outline of the purpose, function, and availability of the gift of seeing in the spirit. I used regular scriptural references to support my claims, detailed my understanding of the reason why each angel looked the way it did, and attempted to create a clear framework for how each thing I saw functioned and interacted with the other things I saw. It was thorough, meticulous, and almost completely worthless. It was dry, dense, and, worst of all, mind-numbingly boring. Ironically, in trying to be as clear as possible, I created a completely inaccurate view of the world of the spirit. I threw away everything and started over.

My second attempt did not go much better. I just could not figure out how to be clear, how to teach someone about the things I saw in a structured and orderly manner. It never came out right.

It was then the Holy Spirit said to me, “You are not trusting your readers.”

“What does that mean?” I asked.

“You are not trusting them to learn.”

A series of memories flashed through my mind as He spoke. I saw my first few months of trying to learn to use the things I saw. I saw all the times when I was younger and did not even understand that the things I saw were the result of a gift. I saw the hours and hours of questions and conversations between me and the Holy Spirit that led me, step by step, to begin to understand what I was seeing. And then I understood what He was saying.

Seeing in the spirit is not like watching a nature documentary. You do not get detailed explanations of every angel, demon, and spiritual thing you see. You do not get helpful references to expand on the background and history of every spiritual situation you encounter. In fact, more often than not you do not get much of an explanation at all. You just get something new to talk to the Holy Spirit about.

With these thoughts in my mind, I knew what kind of book I was supposed to write. That version of *The Veil* was not as straightforward and clean as its previous iterations. It was messy in places, nonlinear, and occasionally obtuse, but it was also the truest book I had ever written about seeing in the spirit.

I share this story with you because this book was written the same way. It is not as direct as it could be. There are many more stories than there are explanations and commentary. It is not full of scriptural references or defenses of the claims found within. It is, however, the best way I know to give you what seeing in the spirit has given me, and it is the best way I know to teach you to see in the spirit yourself.

People sometimes ask me if it is hard to see in the spirit.

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They wonder if seeing demons is too scary or if seeing spiritual wounds is too painful. The truth is, though I have compassion when I see them, demonic torment and deep spiritual wounding do not bother me all that much. I can feel God's plan for each of these situations, and He does indeed have a perfect plan for each one. The hardest and most painful thing about seeing in the spirit is seeing how abundantly God pours out His goodness on His people and how much of that goodness falls to the ground, unclaimed because we do not know it is there or ignored because we do not believe it is meant for us.

I believe every Christian can see in the spirit. I believe we are all fundamentally designed to have communion with God and to see the works of His hand across all the earth, both in the physical and spiritual world. And I believe learning to see in the spirit is one of the best ways to learn to see His goodness.

In this book I hope to give you three keys to help you unlock the gift of seeing in the spirit for yourself: pursuit, revelation, and intent.

1. Pursuit

Diligent pursuit of God's gifts and consistent practice using them creates comfort with and confidence in what He is saying, while conditioning our minds to receive revelation. We pursue gifts we have yet to experience by studying them in God's Word, seeking impartation (through laying on of hands, reading books, and listening to teachings) from others who have had breakthroughs in these gifts, making the pursuit of these gifts a part of our conversation life with God, and practicing them to the best of our ability.

While we do not and could not earn spiritual gifts, we can grow and mature in our ability to use them to their fullest.

Much as a violinist spends hundreds of hours practicing to be able to pull every nuance out of each note he or she plays, we grow in our mastery of the gifts God has given us through practice. Just as the violinist's ability to get beautiful music from the violin is correlated with his or her mastery of that instrument, our ability to effectively use our God-given spiritual gifts is at least partially dependent on our mastery of them.

God gives His gifts freely, but we develop them with diligent pursuit and plenty of practice.

2. Revelation

Seeing what God is doing and hearing what He is saying are meant to transform the way we think and the way we act. Everything He does and everything He says *reveals* a part of who He is—revelation. The transformation that comes from seeing His works and hearing His voice prepares our hearts and minds to receive all that He has for us. Without this preparation we may not recognize Him or His works, even when they happen right in front of our faces.

We can practice hearing His voice and study His written Word all we want, but if we do not allow the revelation we find there to transform the way we think and act, then we will never grow the spiritual muscles to carry what He has for us.

3. Intent

It may seem extreme, even hyperbolic, to say that the gift of seeing in the spirit is available for every Christian.

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That is because many of us misunderstand God's intent toward man. If we are meant to be only obedient servants, then it makes sense that we should only be equipped to do the tasks we have been assigned—no more, no less. If, however, we are meant to be sons and daughters, heirs and ambassadors of His kingdom, then it makes sense that we should be invited to know and be equipped for more than what falls within the boundaries of our specific assignment; we would need to understand how His kingdom works.

Our belief in God's intent toward us sets the standard by which we see the world and the way we see Him.



We will be diving into these concepts in greater detail in subsequent chapters, but as you read through the encounters and stories in this book, be looking for the seeds of these ideas. It is one thing for me to share the revelations I have found and another for you to discover them for yourself.

My last request before we move forward into anything else is that you read this book with the Holy Spirit near and by your side. He is a much better teacher than I ever could be, and getting closer with Him is much more valuable than anything you could find in this book. He is the Teacher, the Advocate, the One who will remind us of all God has taught us. Nothing I see in the spirit is as meaningful, powerful, or transformative as what the Holy Spirit says about the things I see. Seeing in the spirit, or any other spiritual gift, is all but meaningless without a connection

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to Him and His voice. Without a connection to God, every gift is at most a shadow of what it is intended to be.

So keep your ears open to His voice, your eyes open for the works of His hand, and your heart soft toward His. In this I hope that you will discover the same truth that I have—that God is not just good; He is goodness itself. He is profound good.



SEEING-IN-THE-SPIRIT TRAINING— DAY 1

I WALKED INTO THE BACK of the church feeling more confident and alive than I had in years. For the very first time in my twelve years of life, the dancing lights and streaks of color I saw flitting around the church sanctuary were a source of curiosity rather than confusion. My eyes naturally skimmed the room, taking in what was happening in the spirit.

A tall angel wearing a silver-and-gold robe stood behind the main worship leader as he strummed the first few notes of the night's worship set on his guitar. The vibration of the strings sent out hazy waves of glitter-laden mist that quickly moved from where the worship leader stood to fill the whole room with glistening light. Two more angels trailing lengths of crimson cloth behind them skipped through the air above the chairs where the rest of the congregation sat. The crimson cloth snagged on some invisible hooks or lines at intervals throughout the room, making the cloth look as if it had been artfully hung for a wedding, reunion, or some other special occasion. A half dozen more angels, each wearing brightly colored clothes, leaped into the room as the rest of the band joined with the worship leader and led the congregation into worship.

I started looking for a place to sit, excited to continue watching what was happening. I was especially

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excited since I actually had a context for what it all could mean. Settling into a seat near the back of the room, I could not help but reminisce about how just a few weeks earlier I was completely confused and frightened. But now I was elated and empowered by the things I saw.

I had always seen things other people did not—even my first memories are interlaced with visions of angels and demons—but it never caused much of a problem until I turned nine and the scariest things I had ever seen started visiting me on a nightly basis. Each night for three years I saw every kind of imaginable and unimaginable horror in full, 3-D living color. Though these terrors never invaded my day-to-day life, they were always there waiting when I went to lay my head on my pillow. I saw angels and demons during the day, but for some reason the demonic beings I saw during the day did not scare me at all, while the ones I saw at night left me so terrified I could hardly breathe. After trying everything I could think of to dispel or drown out these dark visions, I became resigned to the fact that I was either crazy or the devil had just decided to ruin my life—neither of which left much room for hope.

My salvation came suddenly and unexpectedly. We had only been attending our new church for a few weeks when one Sunday morning someone stepped on the stage to announce what he called a prophetic training class. “Learn to hear God’s voice, and discover how He is speaking to you,” he said. “Everyone is meant to hear His voice; anyone can learn to do it.”

It sounded interesting, but not quite interesting enough for me to want to go to church twice in one

week. My mom, however, was interested enough to make sure the whole family went together. I didn't know it at the time, but my whole life was about to change.

At the class they taught that God speaks in a variety of ways. He speaks through pictures in our mind's eye; dreams; impressions; His still, small voice; divine coincidences; and many, many more methods. They taught that we are all designed to hear God's voice and that He is always speaking—we only need to learn how to listen.

I sat and listened with my jaw on the floor. Though I realized around the age of eight or nine that other people were not seeing some of the things I saw, I never considered the possibility that what I saw could be because of a gift. By the time I realized I saw things differently than other people did, the nightly terrors had made me too frightened to share the full extent of what I saw with anyone. I had only told my parents that I was having nightmares.

The person teaching the class did not describe anything quite like what I was experiencing as he spoke about the prophetic gift, but the things he shared reminded me of things I had seen. It was only a start, but it was more context than I had ever had for the things I saw—enough that I was finally able to work up the courage to tell my parents exactly what was happening with me.

I told my parents, and together we went to share with the leaders of the prophetic ministry at the church. Though none of them had experienced the same things I had, they had at least heard of other people like me. Something changed in that moment. I don't know if it was because I finally shared what I was experiencing

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with someone else, or if it was the discovery that my nightly terrors were not caused by slipping sanity or simple demonic attack but were instead the result of a gift I had not yet learned to manage, but over the course of a week the nighttime fears completely ended. I still saw demons every night that week, but the wave of fear that used to accompany them was almost completely absent. By the end of the week they had stopped bothering to come at all.



So there I was, sitting at the back of the church, ready to learn how to use this gift God had given me: seeing-in-the-spirit training—day one.

The angels finished hanging the last of the red fabric around the sanctuary and then moved to the area in front of the stage and began dancing in perfect time with the worship team's music. The angel wearing gold and silver stood solemnly just behind the worship leader, and the glittering mist emanating from the worship leader's guitar continued to fill the room with sparkling light.

I saw a handful of other angels as I looked around the room. Most were either standing near one of the other people in attendance or dancing around the room. I saw little blurs of light in some places. I could see movement, but it was too unclear to discern much else. It looked like someone had smeared a handful of petroleum jelly over that part of the room, obscuring beyond recognition whatever was there.

I saw a large black snake at the back of the room. Its tree-trunk-sized coils were covered in dark, leathery scales, and its bright-yellow eyes were glowing as it lowered its head from where it hung high in the rafters. The familiar fear that had been such a consistent part of my nightly life scratched at the back of my head as I saw the snake, but the feeling was easily suppressed, especially when I noticed how hard the snake was pressing itself against the back wall, as if it were afraid to get any closer to what was happening at the front of the room.

I continued my survey of the sanctuary, trying to recall more memories of seeing angels and demons from my past so I could apply my newfound understanding to the old experiences. When I was young, seeing in the spirit did not feel at all different from seeing in the natural. The angels and demons I saw on a daily basis fit naturally into the background of my daily life. Now that I was paying special attention to the things I knew were spiritual, even though I could see them as clearly as the person sitting in front of me, the spiritual things looked as if they were made of something else.

Everything moved a little differently than it would in the physical. The angels rose and fell as if gravity were an optional part of their dance. They glowed as if their skin and clothes were themselves a light source, rather than reflecting light from elsewhere in the room.

I never intentionally saw in the spirit when I was a child. It would just happen, naturally woven in with everything else I saw. Since I now knew what I had was a gift, I wondered if I could switch it on or off. Furrowing my brow in concentration, I gave it a try. It worked

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instantly. Like choosing to focus on one person rather than another or on something in your peripheral vision rather than something at the center of your vision, I was able to focus on the physical world, making everything spiritual fade away. With another adjustment I was able to focus on what was going on in the spirit.

I sat there for a moment, switching back and forth between the spirit and the physical. It took energy and focus to intentionally stay fixed on one or the other, similar to exercising an infrequently used muscle, but I could do it. I noticed that when I concentrated on the spirit, some of the spots that were merely blurs of light began to come into focus. A blur near the front door of the room resolved into an angel in shining silver armor standing sentinel with a longsword in his hand and a look of determination on his face. A greenish-blue smudge was actually a small childlike angel in a blue robe pouring a vase of green liquid onto the stage. The liquid flowed over the edge of the stage and spread across the room, covering the feet of everyone it passed with its emerald light. There were still several dozen blurry places around the room, but I could see much more when I remained fixated on the spirit.



And so it went, week after week, month after month. I looked and I saw. I watched and I learned. Progress was slow, but it was also steady. I understood the purpose of less than 10 percent of what I saw, but every-

thing I saw added more notes to sections of my growing internal encyclopedia of the spirit realm.

One week I saw a fifteen-foot-tall figure made of milky light. I did not know why it was there or what it was doing, but it stood on the right side of the stage for the entire worship service. The next week, I saw the same figure of blurred light, but this time I could see its feet clearly. It was wearing jewel-encrusted sandals. What did this mean? What was its purpose? I had no idea, but it was a little more detail. The following week, I could see the angel's feet, legs, and hands. It wore rings on each of its fingers that matched the ornamentation on its sandals. It was holding a large golden staff with a square, shovellike platform at its apex. The following week, only the angel's face was still obscured. The angel was wearing a robe covered in gold and jewels that complemented the adornments on its feet and hands.

For the first time I could see what the angel was doing. It extended the staff toward the crowd of worshippers. As they sang and lifted their hands in praise, thin wisps of smoke emerged from their mouths and fingertips, swirling and flowing together as they moved forward and collected together in the shovel part of the angel's staff. Once it was full, the angel lifted the staff high into the air. The contents of the shovel burst into flame, burning hotter and hotter as the tempo of the worship music intensified. Then the angel flung the red-hot contents of the staff—a swirling cloud of embers—back into the crowd. The embers ignited the smoke still being released from the worshippers, whipping up a churning maelstrom of particulate light. All

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of it rose into the air in a rush that flowed perfectly with the crescendo of the music.

The response of my heart, matched with the violent beauty of the display, made the angel's purpose clear: it was here to increase our capacity to worship our God. The moment this thought entered my mind, the smear of light obscuring the angel's face cleared. It was the face of a man in his mid-forties. His skin tone and facial features did not evoke any specific ethnicity or race. This is not to say that he looked bland or featureless; in fact, as I looked at his expression as the next song began, I was shocked to see how much of this angel's personality and character came through his countenance.

The same procession of smoke gathering in the shovel, being ignited, and then being returned to the worshippers happened again almost exactly as it had during the first song, but seeing the look of sincere passion and commitment on the angel's face as he performed his duties made the entire experience even more overwhelmingly impactful. He was so intent on the service he was performing for the congregation and for the Lord that it convicted and inspired me to my very core.

Month by month my ability to focus on the things I saw grew more and more refined. I could choose to focus on what was happening around a specific individual or what was happening to the room as a whole. I could choose to look for the demonic or the angelic. I could choose to look for soul wounds in and on the people around me, or I could choose to look at the presence of God moving around them. I could choose

to focus on people's prayers and how they shifted and made changes in the atmosphere, or I could focus on the worries and fears that popped around their heads like a mini fireworks display. Though I definitely did not understand everything I saw, I felt that I was beginning to understand some of how the spirit realm worked.

After a few months of practicing, I decided it was time to start sharing the things I saw. After all, why would God show me these things if He did not want me to share them with the people around me? I told the worship team about the kinds of angels I saw during worship that week, and I told my pastor about how the presence of God was moving around the room during his teaching. This always seemed to encourage them. Sometimes they had further questions about why a certain angel was doing this or why another angel was doing that. This usually made me anxious, since I generally only understood the bit I shared. Further details were either completely absent or like scattered puzzle pieces on the table of my brain; it usually took me several weeks to get a clear picture of how everything fit together.

I tried to tell people about the demonic things I saw on them, but this usually didn't go so well. Some people got very angry at me, some panicked, and some felt deeply ashamed when I told them about what I saw. It was hard to understand why people reacted so harshly. I did not feel angry at them when I saw a demon was trying to bother them. I was not scared of them, especially when I was talking to the Holy Spirit about what I saw. I didn't see why they should feel ashamed because of something a demon was trying to do.

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Despite the bumps, the path ahead seemed clear. I was learning more and more about how the realm of the spirit worked, and I was learning how to use the things I saw. I knew I still had a lot to learn, but I was confident that God would show me how to use the things I saw for His glory.

PART I

Life on Earth

THE SPIRIT REALM IS AN intrinsic part of our daily lives. It is not a secret dimension we only access through spiritual rite or religious ritual; it is as fundamental to creation as the laws of science and mathematics that God designed as the background of our day-to-day human experience.

God's presence and plans extend well beyond the boundaries of our homes and churches. He is everywhere. Angels do not hide in church sanctuaries, waiting for the next Sunday service to come around; they go where we go, looking for ways to enact the purposes of God and support the ambassadors of His kingdom.

So what does that mean when I am at the grocery store? Or when I am picking up my kids from school? Or when I am waiting around in the doctor's office?

In the following section you will find stories about what happens in the spirit during the normal, the mundane, and the routine. Look for the significance that heaven places on your day-to-day journey and the value that God has for every detail of your life.



A DAY AT THE POOL

WE ARRIVED AT THE PUBLIC swimming pool with our arms full. I had bags overflowing with towels, flotation devices, bottles of water, and plenty of snacks. My wife, April, had our newborn, Finnley. Haydon, our three-year-old, was running ahead, desperate to spend every available second playing in the water. I followed close behind, eager to strap him into his life vest as soon as possible since three-year-olds are not the most buoyant things on the planet.

With our bags emptied and our chairs claimed with beach towels, Haydon and I jumped into the pool, while April and Finnley sat and played in the shade. April's angel, wearing a pink-and-white dress, knelt down just behind her. The angel was popping her head over April's shoulder periodically, making funny faces at the baby in a perfectly complementary rhythm with the funny faces and sounds April was making. I call April's angel "she," not because I think her angel is a girl, but because the angel's dress, long sandy-blond hair, and features all look feminine to me. I don't think angels are female and male, at least not in the same way we are, but I do often see them personifying more masculine or feminine traits.

Haydon and I swam all around the pool, splashing and playing. His angel stayed right by him for the majority of the time, leaving only occasionally to point out something interesting elsewhere in the pool. The angel would

zip across the water with his green cloak flapping in the wind, then stop at a spot and flap his arms wildly. Haydon would then begin paddling in that direction. Sometimes we would find something interesting there, such as a small insect skating across the surface of the water; other times there would be nothing interesting as far as I could tell, though Haydon always found something fascinating about every location. We didn't go to every spot Haydon's angel pointed out; sometimes my toddler's natural curiosity took us in a different direction. The pool was large and winding, with little waterfalls and other fun features, so sometimes he just went after those.

I wondered as we paddled back over toward the side where April and Finnley were playing if Haydon could actually see his angel pointing out places for him to go, or if the way his personal angel interacted with him was so natural and familiar that it was all but indistinguishable from his own internal processes. Was the angel actually telling him where to go or just gently tugging on his childish curiosity? I would have just asked him, but it is challenging to get clear answers to these kinds of existential questions from a toddler.



We had the whole pool to ourselves for a while. After we had been playing for fifteen minutes or so, a woman in her sixties came to swim. She wore a navy blue one-piece bathing suit with white ruffles on the shoulders, a white ruffled swim cap, and a neon green diver's mask. She had

bright orange inflatable children's water wings on both arms, three or four foam noodles tucked in the crook of her arm, and two small foam kickboards in her hand. As a child I was taught it is impolite to stare, but I was having a very hard time not staring at that particular moment.

Gingerly the woman lowered herself into the water, making sure none of her equipment got loose. She held on to the edge of the pool, tucked the noodles under both arms, and lay across both kickboards. She then dipped her face about two inches into the water, pushed off the wall, and started paddling. She made it about ten inches before she whipped her face out of the water and stood up, huffing, spitting, and sputtering. She straightened out the various implements that had gone astray during her journey and kicked her way back to the pool's edge. Before long she was all set up once more and launched into a second attempt. This time she paddled for at least a full twelve inches. Again, she came up coughing and sputtering, and again, she returned to the edge of the pool for another go. She went through this routine over and over and over again for forty-five minutes, never stopping for more time than it took to catch her breath.

Though I was doing my best to give her privacy, I couldn't help but be fascinated by what this woman was up to. Without really thinking about it, I looked in the spirit during one of her attempts. I saw her angel standing on the water over the woman as she pushed and paddled her way through the pool. Her angel could not have looked more excited. She was jumping up and down, pumping her fist, and shouting, "You got this! You can do

it! Go! Go! Go!” Her angel looked like a parent watching his or her child score the winning goal during the championship game.

I looked a little to the right and saw a demon floating over the woman. It was short and spindly, with sharp, pointed fingers. Each time the woman dipped her head in the water and started paddling, the demon reached down, poking, jabbing, and scratching at the back of the woman’s head. Though I could both feel and see the viciousness and disdain in the demon’s action, when I looked at the demon’s face, I didn’t see a look of aggression but of sheer panic. It looked terrified.

Stepping back and looking at the scene as a whole—the woman swimming with all her might, with noodles and kickboards flopping everywhere; the angel dancing and cheering; and the demon scrabbling and scratching—I couldn’t help but ask the Holy Spirit, “What’s going on here?”

“She has been afraid of water since she almost drowned when she was three,” He replied without hesitation, “but she decided today that it was time to get over that fear.”

He spoke with a tone of such fatherly pride that I found myself speechless. It was so infectious that I found myself feeling proud of the woman myself—that she would be willing to put so much effort into overcoming something that surely must have become a normal part of her everyday life, that she would keep going and trying not for ten minutes but for forty-five, and that she would keep it up even though a three-year-old was literally swimming circles around her. I felt overwhelmed with joy at what she was doing.

After Haydon and I swam around for a while longer,

April waved me over so she could take a turn swimming. I hopped out of the pool and sat next to our newest baby, who was now sound asleep in a small portable crib.

April is much more personable than I am. I did my best to avoid staring too long at the woman in the navy blue bathing suit. I tried to keep Haydon from swimming over and bothering her. I tried to stay on one side of the pool so she could keep on with her practice without being disturbed.

The moment April saw the woman, what she was wearing, and all the equipment she had with her, she swam up to her and said, "Hey! What are you doing?"

The woman stopped, straightened her swim cap, laughed, and said, "You know, honey, I realized at the beginning of this year that I have way too many dreams to let fear hold me back from any one of them. So I decided that this year I am going to face every one of my fears. This week I'm learning to swim, and next week I'm going skydiving."



It's easy to believe God gets excited about the big things. It's easy to believe God is excited when you share the gospel with someone, when you pray for someone and he or she is healed, or when you give a prophetic word that brings insight and blessing to someone's life. It's easy to believe God would be excited if you gave all you had to the poor or moved to a third-world country to serve the people and His purpose there. But it is sometimes difficult to believe God is just as excited when you make it to

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work on time, when you replace the light bulb that has been out for a month, or when you have an opportunity to be harsh with your children but instead walk the path of peace. It's difficult to believe God is actually excited that you installed a key hook near your front door so you won't lose your keys as often, that you found a more efficient way to run the spreadsheet of your company's budget plan, or that you made muffins that taste really good. It's harder to believe those things could make God excited because we have an incomplete view of how great His love is.

Every victory is celebrated in the halls of heaven—no matter how big or how small. Why? Because every victory has reverberations that go so much further than we see. That woman was not just learning to swim—she was learning to overcome fear. Overcoming fear is a skill she can apply to other areas of her life. It is a skill she can teach others. The demon had a look of terror on its face because it was losing its place in her life. The little crevice of normalized fear that had been its hiding place was being filled in with boldness and courage. Getting over a fear of swimming may not be the most significant thing a person could do, but learning to get over fear is a victory that can change every part of your life.

Thoughts to Ponder

- The woman's angel was celebrating her victory over fear with great enthusiasm. What does this angel's behavior tell us about the kind of relationship personal angels have with their people?

- The demon was terrified to lose its place of influence in the woman's life. What does this suggest about its goals? What does it teach us about how to get rid of demonic influence in our lives?
- My wife, April, asked the woman a direct question. Do you think the story would have been as impactful if we did not know the background of why the woman was doing what she was doing? Learning to ask questions, and developing the boldness to actually ask them, is one of the quickest ways to grow in wisdom and revelation.

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