



The WARsh Room

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Eternally Speaking Now

On Saturday night December 14, 2019, I had a dream. When I awoke, I had no idea it would change my life forever. Three and a half years later, it's finally time to share the dream and what it has produced in my life.

What is amazingly supernatural is that my dream eventually **poured** into a friend's life, and *it* impacted *her* in the same way that a dream *she* had been given **spilled** over to affect *my* life. Alongside all this, the timing of the two dreams merged mightily with an assignment God had given me to do (which I'll explain soon).

This writing documents how these three things-- my dream, my friend's dream, and what the Lord told me to do-- **swirl** together to testify of our Almighty Father and the gorgeous way He connects the body of Christ together.

As I do my best to document what has transpired, I do so in full expectation that Jesus will multiply Himself yet again through this testimony in a way that unmistakably **overflows** into *your* life as well.

So, put on your **swimming** gear,
dear child of God.
You're about to **dive** into **deep waters**,
and it's going to be exhilarating!

My Dream: Wall of Water

Following is the dream I had in December 2019.

**I was standing in front of an isolated wall of sorts,
and it was all water.**

**The 'water wall' was beautiful, vivid, and intriguing, capturing
my attention and interest.**

**The water was fresh, bountiful, and inviting,
its bubbles and shimmers summoning me to
stand still, observe, and examine the phenomenon.**

**Before the dream ended,
I sensed the Lord saying the type of thing
He'd ask His people in the Bible:
"Son of man, what do you see?"**

**Pausing to consider,
still mesmerized by what stood before me,
I contemplatively responded,
"I see..."**

Caught up in awe and wonder,
I could find no words to describe what my eyes beheld.
Then the dream ended.

Confirmation

The following morning during breakfast, I shared the dream with my family. My parents had been visiting us, so they were there as well, with plans to return home to Michigan that afternoon. It was out of character for me to tell anyone about this kind of dream, as I would usually bring something like this to God first before 'releasing it' to others. It didn't take long, though, to discover that *it was the Lord's design* that I speak it to my parents.

Later that evening, my mom and dad, who had departed from Fairmount after lunch, texted to say they'd decided against traveling the entire eight hours to get home that night. They'd checked into a hotel half-way-- a place they'd never stayed before. *This too was of the Lord.*

My Mom then attached pictures to her text.
As I viewed them,
I was *astonished*.
Speechless.



Along the hallway of the hotel were walls...of...**water**.

Pictures of **water flowing** down the walls from floor to ceiling adorned each side.

What she described, portrayed in these pictures (left), was exactly what I'd seen in my dream!

Exactly.



Her text read,

"The slanting line in this picture is the surface of the **water cascading** down the right.

As you walk down the hall, it is like you are **surrounded by water**."

With that, I immediately consulted the Bible, where I searched for and discovered six verses that contain both the words wall/s and water/s.

To report all Jesus did the following couple months would take hours and pages. Those weeks were **saturated** with conviction, comfort, and counsel from the Holy Spirit, as He guided me into all truth through these precious six Scriptures. (Maybe some of those insights and lessons will **seep** into future writings. In the meantime, [access the wall/water verses here](#) if you'd like, prayerfully seeking the Lord to see what He may personally speak to you.)

Then came my phone call with Brandy.

Brandy's Dream: Freedom!

On 2-20-2020, during a call with Brandy, a beautiful friend and dear sister in the Lord, God did something supernatural (*surprise, surprise, right?*).

As we chatted on the phone, she mentioned that a friend had been given a dream for her. Right as she said that, unaware of any details to come, the Lord expressly instructed me at that very moment to jump up and go get a pen and paper.

"This is for you, too," the Holy Spirit said.

What? That made me a bit uncomfortable: I was listening to my friend tell *her* story; I didn't want it to be about *me*. Well, the Lord knew my heart, and His Spirit assured mine within a split second that her dream may be *for* me as well, but it was not *about* me-- it was about *Him. Jesus. (Of course!)* Humbled and relieved, I obediently poised myself to jot down the dream and then shifted all attention and concentration to my friend and her personal experience.

Intermission:

Remember,
there is **one** Holy Spirit,
and we believers are all **one** Bride of Christ.
We are many members, but we are **one** Body.
God loves to speak the same word, theme, or Scripture
at the same time to many of us,
and He often uses creative ways to do so.
Please pay attention:
Maybe these dreams are for you, too.

**"There is one body and one Spirit,
just as you were called in one hope of your calling;
one Lord, one faith, one baptism;
one God and Father of all,
who is above all, and through all, and in you all."
Ephesians 4:4-6**

Back to Brandy's 'Freedom Dream'. Here it is:

**She was in a home,
trying to leave through the back door.
As she approached the door, she gained momentum.
When she reached the door, she flung it open and
landed in a giant ocean.
The dream concluded with the word, "FREEDOM!"
appearing in the midst of the waters.**

What the Lord has accomplished in my friend's life since this dream would leave you in awe. Seriously, it would blow you away; but that is her testimony to share (except for a surprise I'll include near the end of this writing). For now, I'll report what He did on my end of the phone:

He blew me away.

The Back Story: God's Assignment

Before I go further, it's important to mention that two months prior to my hearing the dream from Brandy, God had called me to get out of bed in the middle of the night-- every night-- to pray. (I wrote about this a while ago. Read afresh the exciting details in [**Speak the Symphony, here.**](#))

Intriguingly, the prompting for mid-night prayer had come
at about the same time as the Wall of Water dream;
I just hadn't yet connected the two.

My greatest obstacle to obeying the charge to get up and pray was that I didn't *want* to get out of bed. Every night I'd awaken, but it was a fight to get up. In the moment, I'd lack motivation and physical determination to keep my eyes open and actually stand up. To frustrate things further, I didn't have a location set aside yet where I could comfortably meet with the Lord and not wake up the family.

So, at the time of hearing Brandy's dream, I was still stumbling through not only discerning the Lord's specific design for mid-night praying but also doing it faithfully and consistently.

Well, at some point,
all the pieces I've shared in this writing thus far
gathered together
like **drops of dew** in the clouds of heaven,
flooding down to little ol' me
on the face of this earth,
forming an enormous, powerful **downpour**, culminating in a glorious,
holy **tidal wave**.

The Lord merged together
my Wall of Water dream,
Brandy's Freedom Dream, and
His assignment to get up and pray in the middle of the night,
resulting in...**the WARsh Room.**

Continue reading, and be wowed by God!
Specifically take note of what the overlapping, parallel themes reveal.

The WARsh Room

Within my **home**, in my bedroom, there is a **door** in an area of the house that I'd consider the **back** of the building. Yes, it's like a **back door**, and it happens to lead to the master bathroom. As I've already reported, when the Lord told me to get up every night to pray, it was like moving a dead log. I did not want to budge, let alone leave my comfy bed. It was so difficult to get myself to that **back door**-- the **door** to the master bathroom. Yet, with every step I took towards that **door** in the wee hours of the night, I gained more and more **momentum**.

Intermission: Yes, I openly admit that my prayer closet is...the bathroom. *There is no emoji that can capture my cringing face as I share this publicly.* Believe me when I say that this is not the prayer room I'd envisioned for myself. It's far from glamorous, has no pretty scenery, is humble and sometimes sloppy, and is definitely not a spot where I can curl up and feel all cute and cozy with Jesus.

Nevertheless, the bathroom is where God Almighty has chosen for me to worship Him, so it is where I 'go' every night. *(Sorry, I couldn't resist.)*

In Deuteronomy 12, God refers to the place where His people are to worship Him as a place that *He chooses*. In fact, He says this four different times in that one chapter. Here are verses 5 and 6.

**“But you shall seek the place where the Lord your God chooses,
out of all your tribes, to put His name for His dwelling place;
and there you shall go.**

**There you shall take your burnt offerings,
your sacrifices, your tithes, the heave offerings of your hand,
your vowed offerings, your freewill offerings,
and the firstborn of your herds and flocks.”**

*Whether it's a decision about where to live, work, eat, travel, worship,
rest, or pray, are you letting the Lord be the one to choose your 'places'?*

One night as I was pondering the lack of comfort in my prayer room (and sighing because it was time to clean it), I chose to be grateful and said aloud to the Lord, *"Thank You, Jesus, for this room. You chose it, and it is good."* Then I added, glancing around the little space with a genuinely contented smile, *"It's my War Room."*

The Holy Spirit then replied,

"No, Leanna. It's your WARsh Room."

Okay, final intermission: This was hysterical. I mean, I really did laugh out loud with the Lord on this one. At that time, I'd been blatantly aware of the strong accents in this region of Illinois. Yes, many of the dear people here literally say 'warsh' for wash, 'childern' for children, 'spayshe' for special, and 'aiygs' for eggs, to name a few. After having lived here now for five years, this is still foreign to me, but it is accompanied by an endearing connection with the local people who have become very meaningful to me.

WARsh Room.

Giggling aside, I hope you grasp the **depth** of all this. Allow me to ask a few questions.

- Do you have a War Room? It's the place where you go to battle against the enemy in prayer. It's where you have a special space and time set aside for concentrated focus on the Lord your Creator. Yes, we talk with Him all day, but regular, habitual appointments in our War Room are truly like none other.
- If you don't, will you consider seeking God about where He has chosen your War Room to be?
- And then, will you convert your War Room into a WARsh Room? (No, it doesn't have to be your bathroom literally, although it is quite apropos, is it not?) Think of your WARsh Room as an intentional approach to prayer that extends beyond the 5-minute needy checklist and into longer, deeper, intimate communion with the Lord.

The WARsh Room is where we're bathed
in the refreshing truth of God's word,
as we humble ourselves before Him and confess sin;
it's where we are specific and honest with Him
about the waste that needs to come out of us
and be flushed away forever.

It's where the **makeup** comes off, and
we're willing to face what we see in the **mirror**--
with Christ as our Advocate.
It's where the Living Water
runs freely, cleansing our bodies and souls.
It's where the **fragrance** of fresh anointing comes,
as we lay ourselves **bare** before Him in prayer.
It's where we **dress** ourselves in the armor of God,
worshiping Him in spirit and in truth,
interceding for others for their blessing, provision, and deliverance.
*It's where the Lord has chosen for us to worship Him--
where He dwells and His name abides.*

Indeed,
when we **awaken**,
when we **get up** and **keep moving**,
when we **leave the flesh** behind,
when we keep moving, gain **momentum**, and
fling open the **back door**-- the entrance to our WARsh Room--
when we **dive into the wall of water** in front of us,
then we're **submerged** into the enormous **ocean** of God's
living,
sparkling,
refreshing,
cascading,
bubbly waters,
and we find
freedom.

Challenge: Your Dream?

The wall of water the Holy Spirit presented in a dream years ago turned out to be my WARsh Room, the place where He chose for me to worship Him. As I've been willing to pray in His way and at His time, He has been faithful to **surround** me with His **freedom** in ways I could never have imagined. In turn, that **freedom** has extended eternally beyond the physical walls of a man-made bathroom.

Our Heavenly Father works in mysterious ways and often through other believers. Recall what He whispered to me on the phone with Brandy:
"This is for you, too."

May it be that He has a unique dream for *you*
that will be fulfilled as *you* experience
what's been written *here* today?

Of all the times I've witnessed the Lord work
in countless ways for countless people,
I have yet to see Him teach a lesson
or impart a blessing that was meant for **only one** person.
Yes, He is extremely personal;
but He is also abundantly generous,
especially when it comes to sharing Himself.

Like **ripples on the water** when a rock is thrown in,
the Holy Spirit delights to **splash, multiply, and spill** Himself
from one person to another.

Allow me to conclude with a few exclamation marks.

Guess what happened to Brandy after these two dreams occurred? At age 46, she conceived. Yup, she got pregnant. It was gloriously unexpected and joyfully celebrated. She later delivered a perfect, precious baby girl who is now 2 years old and thriving.

That's not all. Would you like to know the name of the friend who told her the Freedom Dream? Diana. It is no accident that the name Diana means divine, perfect, and FERTILE.

When we experience God in our WARsh Room,
He revives and resurrects us.
He is all about new life, fertile ground, and revival!
He loves to breathe life into dead or empty things,
whether physically, relationally, financially, or spiritually.

It is also no accident that the Wall of Water dream came to me on December 14. That date is the anniversary of the day my husband asked me to marry him. It's like Jesus put an exclamation mark at the end of that dream, saying to each and every one of us,

"I want you! I'm asking for you, and I make a proposal:
Betrothe yourself to Me.
Dive into Me with your entire being, and I will take care of you.
I'll cleanse you, surround you, and satisfy you. My love will set you free!"

His proposal goes even further.
Here is the Word of God in its purity, straight from the Bible.

I sleep, but my heart is awake;
it is the voice of my beloved!
He knocks, saying,
“Open for me, my sister, my love, my perfect one;
for my head is covered with dew,
my locks with the drops of the night.”

My beloved put his hand by the latch of the door,
and my heart yearned for him.

I arose to open for my beloved,
and my hands dripped with myrrh,
my fingers with liquid myrrh,
on the handles of the lock.

Song of Solomon 5:2, 4-5

There's your invitation, followed by an exclamation mark!
Your Beloved has given you His proposal.
Now respond with a resounding, "Yes!" and
go with Him to your **WARsh Room**.

There are two writings I'd done after the Lord instructed me to get up for mid-night prayer every evening. The first one was 'Speak the Symphony,' and it is mentioned (including its link) at the beginning of this blog. The second writing, 'Your Such A Time As This,' can be accessed via the link below. I cannot encourage you enough to revisit these writings. Their messages are as timely today as they were when originally published. May the Holy Spirit speak profoundly, with encouragement.

Flashback: "Your Such A Time As This"

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