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SCROLL OF REPENTANCE

June 20, 2026

Father in Heaven, we come before Your throne in the name of Yeshua HaMashiach who is come in the flesh, and we bring this scroll of repentance. Not performance. Not ritual. Not words arranged to sound holy while the heart stays where it is. We bring actual turning. A change of direction. A full stop on the road that leads nowhere and a step toward You.

We repent.

We repent for choosing ease over encounter. For treating You like a problem solver and not a Person. For bringing our list and leaving before You could speak. For wanting the answered prayer more than we wanted the One who answers.

Rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness. Joel 2:13.

We rend our hearts now. Not our clothes. Not our social media posts. Not our Sunday faces. The actual heart. The one we hid behind comfort, behind noise, behind busyness, behind religion that never cost us anything.

We repent for the Baal we built without knowing its name. For the idol of comfort we placed on the altar where You should have been. For every sacrifice we made to keep our lives undisturbed while You stood at the door and knocked and we pretended we were not home.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me. Revelation 3:20.

You knocked. We heard. We turned the television up.

We repent for that.

We repent for the partial obedience that kept the parts we liked and called it worship. For the ninety percent surrender that held back the ten percent we were not ready to release. For every Agag we kept alive because he was useful, because he was comfortable, because we were not ready to let him go.

Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the

Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. 1 Samuel 15:22.

We chose sacrifice over obedience because sacrifice let us stay in control. We gave You the offering and kept the steering wheel. We repent for every time we performed worship while avoiding surrender.

We repent for the avoidance. For changing the subject when Your name came up. For making a joke when the conversation got too close. For using Your name as profanity a thousand times and never once using it as a prayer. For knowing the stories, loving the echoes, weeping at the copies, and never turning to face the original.

We repent for mocking those who carry Your fire. For belittling the ones You called. For throwing spears at the anointing we could not carry ourselves. For every kitchen conversation where we poked at holy things for sport because something in us was provoked and we could not name it.

Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm. Psalm 105:15.

We touched. We harmed. We mocked. We repent.

We repent for the shame we carried that was never ours. For believing the lie that said we were too far gone. For letting the enemy convince us that the door was locked when it was open the whole time. For every year we stayed away because we thought You would not want us if You saw what we had done.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John 1:9.

We confess now. Not to earn forgiveness. To receive it. It was already paid for. It was finished on the cross and we have been standing outside the open door arguing with a lie about whether we were allowed in.

We repent for the generations before us. For the altars they built that we inherited. For the Baal worship they practised under different names. For the blood they spilled, the children they sacrificed, the comfort they purchased at a cost they never understood. We do not carry their guilt but we break their patterns. We say the cycle ends here. The loop is broken. The altar is closed.

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land. 2 Chronicles 7:14.

We humble ourselves. We pray. We seek Your face. We turn. Not partially. Not with one foot still in

the old life. We turn completely.

We repent for every moment we chose the comfortable Christ over the real one. The manageable Jesus. The greeting card Jesus. The one who affirms everything and challenges nothing. That is not You. You flipped tables. You called Pharisees whitewashed tombs. You told a rich man to sell everything. You said take up your cross and follow me and You meant it.

We repent for making You small enough to fit our lifestyle instead of letting You burn our lifestyle down and replace it with Yours.

We repent and we turn and we stand before You now with nothing in our hands. No offering. No performance. No defence. No justification. Just the turning. Just the rended heart. Just the open hands and the words that cost everything to say:

We were wrong. You are right. We are Yours.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise. Psalm 51:17.

This is our sacrifice. The only one You ever wanted. The broken spirit that stopped pretending. The contrite heart that stopped performing. We bring it now and we hold nothing back.

We seal this scroll in the mighty name of Yeshua HaMashiach, the Son of the Living God, the Lamb who was slain, the One who paid once for all, who shut the altar, who opened the door, and who is waiting on the other side of every excuse we ever made. It is done. It is written. It is sealed. Amen.