SCROLL OF RESTORATION OF EVERY LOST YEAR

June 21, 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 restoration. Not partial. Not symbolic. Not a consolation prize dressed in spiritual language. We come for the full return of every year the enemy stole, every season he wasted, every decade he consumed while we were lost, deceived, delayed, diverted, or held captive in systems that were never ours to begin with.

And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the cankerworm, and the caterpiller, and the palmerworm, my great army which I sent among you. Joel 2:25.

The locust. The cankerworm. The caterpillar. The palmerworm. Four stages of destruction. Four different mouths feeding on the same life. That is not bad luck. That is a coordinated devouring. One took the childhood. One took the twenties. One took the marriage. One took the years of wandering in the wrong direction. Different insects. Same assignment. Eat everything and leave the branch bare.

We declare that devouring finished. The insects are dead. The branch is not.

We come for the years lost to ignorance. The years before we knew You. The years we spent building on sand because nobody told us the rock existed. The years we gave to false systems, false gods, false relationships, false careers, false identities that consumed our time and returned nothing. We do not carry guilt for what we did not know. But we come for the time. Every hour. Every day. Every year. It belongs to us and we take it back.

And the Lord turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends: also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. Job 42:10.

Twice as much. Not the same amount. Not a fair replacement. Double. The Lord does not restore to original condition. He restores with interest. He restores with a fury that matches the fury of the theft. Everything the enemy consumed comes back multiplied because the thief must repay sevenfold.

But if he be found, he shall restore sevenfold; he shall give all the substance of his house. Proverbs 6:31.

Sevenfold. We invoke that verse now over every stolen year. The enemy was found. He was identified. He has been named in scroll after scroll, exposed in prayer after prayer, and he is found guilty. The sentence is sevenfold restoration. Not negotiable. Not reducible. Not subject to appeal. He gives back seven for every one he took.

We come for the years lost to the occult. The years spent in false spiritual systems that promised power and delivered bondage. The years in divination, in tarot, in ceremonial magic, in every practice that mimicked spiritual authority without the source. Those years were not wasted. The Lord redeems even the time spent in the enemy's camp because the knowledge gained there becomes a weapon when turned toward the light. But the time itself is owed and we collect it now.

We come for the years lost to bad relationships. The years poured into people who consumed without returning. The years spent carrying someone else's weight while your own calling sat in a corner gathering dust. The years of being diminished, mocked, overlooked, and told that who you are is too much. Those years fed someone else's comfort at the cost of your purpose. We take them back.

We come for the years lost to the wrong career. The years spent building someone else's kingdom for wages that never matched the value. The years of expertise exploited, of talent underpaid, of calling suppressed because the system needed a worker, not a prophet. We come for every year that was spent making another person rich while the assignment from God sat unfunded and unstarted.

For I will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist. Luke 21:15.

We come for the years lost to fear. The years spent too afraid to move. Too afraid to speak. Too afraid to write, to create, to publish, to declare. The years paralysed by the spirit of rejection that said if you step out you will be destroyed. Those years were stolen at knifepoint by a spirit that had no authority but had a convincing voice. We silence that voice and we reclaim the time.

We come for the years lost to illness. Physical, mental, spiritual. The years spent in the fog that should have been spent in the fire. The years medicated, misdiagnosed, dismissed, or told it was all in your head. The years the body was under attack and nobody could name the source because the source was spiritual and the doctors only read the physical. We come for those years with the authority of the One who heals all diseases.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. Psalm 103:3-5.

Youth renewed like the eagle's. Not patched up. Not managed. Renewed. The eagle does not age gracefully. It breaks its own beak against the rock, sheds its feathers, and waits in the cave until it

emerges rebuilt. That is violent restoration. That is what we are asking for. Not a gentle return of what was lost. A violent rebirth that makes the years ahead more powerful than the years behind.

We come for the years lost to the spirit of delay. The almost. The not yet. The it is coming but never arriving. The applications rejected. The doors closed. The opportunities that appeared and vanished. The provision that circled overhead but never landed. That was not timing. That was theft. A spirit stationed on the provision line intercepting what the Lord had already released. We come against the spirit of delay and we demand the backlog delivered now. Every held blessing. Every intercepted assignment. Every delayed breakthrough. Release it now in the name of Yeshua HaMashiach who is come in the flesh.

The Lord shall open unto thee his good treasure, the heaven to give the rain unto thy land in his season, and to bless all the work of thine hand. Deuteronomy 28:12.

We come for the years lost to generational patterns. The cycles inherited from bloodlines that worshipped other gods, that carried curses, that passed down poverty, addiction, failure, and defeat like heirlooms. Those patterns ate years from lives that had not yet begun. Children born into cycles they did not choose, spending decades climbing out of pits they did not dig. We break those cycles now. The generational devouring is over. The locust line is cut.

We declare that the restoration begins today. Not when circumstances change. Not when the finances arrive. Not when the family comes around. Not when the body heals. Today. Because Joel 2:25 is not a future promise. It is a present declaration from the mouth of God, and we receive it now.

We declare that the years ahead carry double the weight of the years behind. That the anointing increases with every restored year. That the assignments come faster, the provision flows freer, the doors open wider, and the enemy watches in horror as everything he spent decades consuming comes back multiplied and on fire.

Instead of your shame you shall have double honour; and instead of confusion they shall rejoice in their portion: therefore in their land they shall possess the double: everlasting joy shall be unto them. Isaiah 61:7.

Double honour for the shame. Rejoicing for the confusion. Everlasting joy for the years of sorrow. This is not compensation. This is the economy of God. He does not break even. He overwhelms. The restoration is not proportional. It is excessive. It is embarrassingly abundant. It is so far beyond what was lost that the thief himself cannot believe what he is being made to repay.

We seal this scroll in the mighty name of Yeshua HaMashiach, the Son of the Living God, the Restorer of all things, the One who makes all things new, who turns mourning into dancing, who gives beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness. Every lost year is returned. Every stolen season is repaid. Every devoured decade is restored sevenfold. It is done. It is

written. It is sealed. Amen.