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Prophetic over South Dakota

By Regina Shank

You can bank on it. My promises written on your hearts are safer than the money in your banks. I paid your debt of sin. Don't repeat them again. I paid the price for you. You are my stewards. Steward not only the ministries you serve but steward the land. From the highest peak to the lowest valley, I am with you.

Walk the land, speak to the land, tell it to produce for you. Speak to the mountains of opposition, tell them to move. Speak to one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and giving thanks to the Lord. The land must hear the voice of worship, take it to the hills. The hills must be alive with the sound of music and worship.

Some have said, "just pray" and God will do it. Pray, yes, but use your voice. Cry in the wilderness, prepare the way. Open your mouth and I will fill it. Your realm of stewardship must be voice activated. Activate healing; activate salvations; activate the gifts.

Deliverers will be born in South Dakota. Watch and see as I bring forth those Josiah's, Hannah's, Deborah's, Elijah's, and David's. They will pave the way for worldwide revival. A new wave of sending is upon you. Send them out to bring them in. Sing and shout to move them out. This is what I am about in South Dakota.

The dry bones will come alive; the dormant promises will suddenly spring out of the clay of my plantings. The seeds you planted in prayer and travail will come forth in their season. Well done, good and faithful ones. Faithful is He who called you and He will bring it to pass.