

April 12, 2023  
Prophetic over Kentucky  
By Regina Shank

When I saw the outline of the state of Kentucky, I saw eyes, one in Louisville and the other in Lexington. Kentucky appeared in the shape of an alligator head. I discovered in my research that an albino alligator, King Louie, lives at the Louisville Zoo. He lives in captivity. He cannot live on his own because he has no camouflage, no outside covering to protect him from being discovered, attacked, and/or destroyed.

The Lord showed me that King Louie is a picture of the isolated church in Kentucky that has no alignment, little protection, and lacks relational warring power. I heard the Lord say, "Come together Kentucky. Your isolated structures are prey for the enemy. You are stronger together; your warriors move forward slowly some without apostolic leadership and prophetic insight. Find your tribe Kentucky. Come out of captivity to a system that has no ability to protect you from your enemies. Even as the alligator is white in color, it is still an alligator. It is not the outward that determines identity; it is the inward character of the heart. Take on the character of my Son, the fruits of the Spirit, must be developed in a greater measure to carry with integrity the gifts of My Spirit. I am bringing you out of captivity to a system; I am changing your identity; I am opening the eyes of your heart to see the benefit of the corporate anointing that carries with it the unity of my heart. Denominations come and denominations fail, but my Word stands forever. "

I, Regina, then saw a redigging of an ancient well, a reopening of revival. I was reminded of Cane Ridge: FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1801—wagons and carriages bounced along narrow Kentucky roads, kicking up dust and excitement as hundreds of men, women, and children pressed toward Cane Ridge, a church about 20 miles east of Lexington. They hungered to partake in what everyone felt was sure to be an extraordinary "Communion."

"Communion can be taken individually, but this is a day of corporate communion. Take your sword and slay the demonic alligator that has caged you into a structure that will hold you back from my meeting place. My meeting place is a hillside; it's a landslide; it's an ironside; it's a new stride; walking in step with my revelation, my timing, and my plan. Listen, you will hear the marching of my angelic army in the treetops on the hillside of the old well. Find it. It's not a natural place, but a place in the heart of Kentucky herself. It hasn't been forgotten, just tucked away to now be found.

Throw down the bucket, fill it with living water, take my ladle and give everyone who is thirsty a drink from my well of salvation. Kentucky, it is your time to shine, escape the doldrums of "whatever will be will be", lift your eyes and see those who are with you are more than those who are against you.