

Prayer: Under the Covering of the Oil Pressing



Father, I come before You in faith,
You see the unknowns and I trust that You are working in layers I cannot see.

Holy Spirit, I yield to the pressing.
I do not resist the process—for I know the oil is coming.
Not oil from striving, but oil from surrender.
Not oil from performance, but oil from intimacy.

Lord, cover me in this hidden unknown place.
Let the fruit of my life not spoil, but ripen in the heat of this season.
I refuse to believe the whisper of the enemy that say you're asking too much, Abba.
I declare: Heaven is not stripping me to harm me, but refining me to reveal you in and through me.

I receive the anointing of preservation.
I receive the sweet oil that comes from deep pressing.

Jesus, You were pressed in Gethsemane, and You understand what it means to sweat blood under the weight of purpose.

So I invite You into this moment—to walk with me through the unknowns,
to hold me steady and to remind me that resurrection always follows surrender.

I rest under Your wing.
I rest under Your word.

Even now, I feel the healing balm of Gilead soothing the places scraped raw.

Even now, I sense the sweetness of Heaven overtaking any bitterness from this transition.

Let this not be a time of breakdown, but breakthrough.

Let this not be the end, but the entrance into new beginnings.

And I declare over my life:

“Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.” (Psalm 23:6)

Let Your oil mark me,

Let Your angels guard me,

And let Your glory rise upon me—

In Jesus’ name,

Amen.