

HEALLED!

PRAYER IN THE  
CAVE

*John Burton*



## PRAYER IN THE CAVE

John Burton

### **There's Fire on Your Hand!**

**O**ften when I travel to various churches and conferences to minister, people tell me they see or sense fire on my right hand. I'll admit, it was strange the first time someone asked me if I could release the fire they saw burning on my hand into them. I glanced down at my five fingers and my palm and didn't see anything remarkable whatsoever. It was an average looking hand. Not even big enough to confidently palm a basketball. Of course, I did as she requested. I placed my hand on her shoulder and prayed that she would be filled with the fire of the Holy Spirit. That scenario has become a regular occurrence for me.

Several years prior I was leading a ministry in Manitou Springs, Colorado called Revolution House of Prayer. Some people consider Manitou Springs the most demonic region in the nation. It sits at the base of Pike's Peak and has been steeped in witchcraft and the occult for decades. While involved in that unusual town we experienced some dramatic encounters both with God and the enemy. I've written about these life-altering interactions in two books: *Revelation Driven Prayer* and *The Coming Church*. I've told these stories in churches around the world, but this particular story rocked me to my core.

### **Mission Manitou**

In Manitou Springs there is a large cave system where we would often host an event called Mission Manitou. We took visiting teams into the caves and prayed in there in perfect darkness, without moving

## CAPTURING THE SUPERNATURAL: HEALED!

around or leaving—for four to five hours. It was even more powerful and transforming than it sounds. People met God in the caves time and time again.

One particular week, a team of thirty young adults arrived for seven days of training, prayer, and encounter at a Mission Manitou event, but nobody realized just how significantly God was going to move.

As they disembarked from the van they rented to shuttle them from the airport to the church, they filed into Revolution House of Prayer (RHOP). My team was waiting for them. Even before we welcomed them, we began praying over them and prophesying. It was quite a first step for these new recruits!

I prayed for one young lady named Chelsea and was overwhelmed. My spirit was burning as I was contending for her in prayer. I felt tears flood my

---

I felt tears flood my eyes as I had a revelation that Chelsea was in store for a major breakthrough. Little did I know that she had never experienced God in her life.

---

eyes as I had a revelation that Chelsea was in store for a major breakthrough. Little did I know that she had never experienced God in her life. Little did I know just what was going to take place as the week came to a close.

The days were filled with prayer meetings, teaching, prayer walking, and prophetic exercises. The young men and women of God were coming alive as they allowed the Holy Spirit to pour over them, wave after wave, day after day. We were witnessing amazing miracles and their hunger was increasing. In the midst of all of this forward momentum, Chelsea remained frustrated.

Chelsea was a very sweet, soft-spoken young lady in her early twenties. There was nothing harsh or aggressive about her. As I continued to passionately pray for her to have an encounter with God, she maintained her kind disposition. She was disappointed that her meeting with Jesus was delayed, but she didn't disengage. She held out hope that a visitation would be hers. I was holding out more than hope,

## PRAYER IN THE CAVE

however. I was angry. I was furious that the enemy would so brazenly assault such a hungry soul, and I was determined to annihilate him.

As the week progressed, more people were getting transformed by God, and Chelsea simply wasn't. I continued to share prophetic words to encourage her with tears in my eyes.

The last day of this Mission Manitou event was on a Sunday, and it was to be a day of impact. After a morning and then an evening service, we were scheduled to venture into the caves for the climatic conclusion of our time together.

Time was short and I was becoming increasingly agitated in my spirit. Chelsea was seemingly no closer to a breakthrough than the first day she arrived. After the evening service concluded, the group started to get their equipment together for our night together in the cave. I walked up to Chelsea and asked, "So, have you had your breakthrough?"

She said in the soft voice that I had become so accustomed to, "Not really."

I looked at her with fire in my eyes and determination in my spirit and said, "You're going to!"

I was attempting to find any way possible to encourage Chelsea. The thought of everybody else having a life-changing experience with Jesus except her was maddening! God had put her on my radar the very first day, and there was no way she was leaving without an encounter with Jesus Himself!

In the middle of all this, I heard that Chelsea was about to enter chiropractic school. Maybe she could help me. I had what I called the pinched nerve from hell in my right shoulder. Oftentimes the pain was unbearable, and it had been constant for at least eight months. It felt like someone was driving a nail through my shoulder. I had gone to a chiropractor and massage therapy with no success. I was grasping at straws regarding Chelsea, so I went up to her just before we got into the vans to head to the caves and said, "I heard you are going to chiropractic school. Maybe you have a special anointing in that area!" I told her