

# THE LION'S LAIR

*Pastor Steven L. Shelley · November 25, 2001*

I saw in the Spirit an entrance way to a cave. I saw some detail that I wouldn't have noticed otherwise, but the Spirit was calling it to my attention. I saw that going in to this cave, I saw how it went straight in, and then it made an abrupt turn to the left. So that when you were standing at the mouth of the cave, it looked as though it were a dead end. The curve was so sharp in the entrance way, that standing at the mouth, you would say, "It's just a little cut out in the mountain."

But when I made a few steps in, I noticed in this vision that the path was very well worn. I noticed that there had been a lot of traffic in and out of this cave. And I said, surely, this that I see in front of me is not a dead end. Otherwise, why would there be so much traffic in and out, in and out?

I could see the worn path, the little cut out in the dirt path, where people had been going in and out. It appeared to be so. And I made a few steps in this vision. And I'm not at all uncomfortable to talk about visions because I know they come from the Lord.

And as I made a few steps in, I saw that abrupt curve. I looked to the left and I saw that the cave, the passage way went on. And I made a few

steps in, and it opened up before me a large cave. And the thing that stood out in my mind the most (And I want you to hear this.) was, everywhere I looked, there were piles of bones. Everywhere I looked in that cave were piles of bones. I looked down and I began to see all kinds of debris. And I noticed, that it looked to me like pieces of clothing that had been torn in shreds, and was scattered around in the midst of these bones.

Then I saw what looked like pieces of hide, or something like fur from animals that had been ripped to shreds, and was scattered around. I noticed that these bones were picked clean. And as I got closer, I realized that although some of these bones were probably the bones of animals, the majority of these bones were human bones.

There was nothing gory about it, but there was a feeling that came over me in prayer that caused my spirit to tremble. I knew that I was standing in a place where great people had stood before me. I knew that I was standing in a room, not only surrounded by bones, but I was standing in a room that had been filled with the destiny of great chosen people. And all that was left of their vision was piles of bones. All that was left of their destiny was piles of bones.

All that was left of that which God had sowed into them was piles of bones, bleached white, picked clean. And a few scattered pieces of garment, and a little bit of fur where an animal or two had also found its way into this cave.

Listen to this.

I asked the Lord. I began to weep because it was very, very real and vivid. And I asked the Lord, “Where am I standing? What is this cave?”

And He spoke this to my spirit. He said, “This is the lair of the lion.”

And I said, “I don’t really know what that means.” But I assumed and later confirmed that it meant the den of the lion.

Now since I’d been preaching last Sunday on our adversary, the great imposter who is always trying to imitate The Lion. You see, there is a Lion. We spoke about it Tuesday night. There is a Lion of the Tribe of Judah, who has prevailed to take the Book, to open it and to loose the Seals thereof.

## **New Hope Revival Ministries**

Pastor Steven L. Shelley

3668 Lee Road 379

Smiths Station, AL 36877 USA

TEL: 334.732.0050

FAX: 844.272.5845

NHRM@REVIVAL.ORG

REVIVAL.ORG

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*"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." Hebrews 13:8*