

THE WATCHMAN'S OATH

The Covenant That Binds the Watchman to the Wall

I am a Watchman.
Not by ambition. Not by acclaim. But by assignment.
I did not choose this wall—it was given to me.
The trumpet was not in my hand until the fire was in my bones.

I have seen what others ignore.
I have heard what others silence.
And though I am not worthy, I must not withhold.

The Watchman stands where comfort ends.
He walks the line between silence and sound.
He weeps for what others applaud.
He warns when warning is no longer welcome.

This is my vow:

I will not trade clarity for comfort.
I will not dilute the truth to keep the peace.
I will not remain silent when the trumpet must sound.
I will stand, even when I stand alone.

I will walk in purity of mind and body, lest I defile the tower I was called to guard.
I will speak truth and reject every shadow of deceit.
I will guard the flame, even when others fan the smoke.
I will eat the scroll—even if it is bitter.
I will name deception—even when it is dressed in light.

I will not enthrone myself or seek applause.
Let me correct in mercy, as I have been forgiven.
Let me steward not just truth—but my time, my witness, and my resources, for the glory of Your name.

For the Lord said: "Son of man, I have made you a watchman..." (Ezekiel 3:17)
And He has not changed His call.

If the blood is on the wall, let it not be found on my hands.
If the fire has dimmed, let it not be because I slept.
If the tower crumbles, let it not be for lack of warning.

I will speak—not because I am eloquent, but because the Word burns.
I will cry aloud—not for attention, but for awakening.
I will remember that the trumpet is not for applause, but for alarm.

Though my words may be rejected, my silence will not betray Him.
Though my name may be unknown, my obedience will be seen in heaven.
Though I may feel alone, I am not forsaken.

I am a Watchman. Set not by men, but by God.

Let the scroll be sealed in my bones.
Let the fire purify my voice.
Let the blood of Christ cleanse my hands.

Let my life burn brighter than my words.
Let me not divide in pride, but contend in love—speaking truth that heals, not truth that wounds.

*"Son of man, I have given you as a watchman to the house of Israel; so you will hear
a word from My mouth, and you shall warn them from Me."*

— Ezekiel 3:17