
Revival Campaigns in Africa 2019

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Introduction

I am writing this book for those who have supported us in this great adventure we have undertaken. Naturally, we would want to make it available to anyone whose curiosity is piqued by all these tales, but this book is primarily for our donors.

But this book about this last year of my ministry is for our donors. They are the ones who have paid for these trips. These victories are yours. We have done something together that has sent a ripple through the spiritual world that will continue to bring forth fruit in these last days. Some of the warriors that God will rise up in these last days will have gotten their initial inspiration from the seed we have planted together.

I believe the final chapters of the end times are upon us. Things will be magnified in these coming days, both good and evil, and the effects of what we do now will have multiplied results. We will not realize how great they will be until we are settled in heaven and able to look back.

2019 was an intense year for me. I had a strong feeling from the very beginning that this might be my last year going to Africa, so I pushed hard. I no sooner got back from Nigeria, and I took off for Liberia. After Liberia, I rushed to Uganda and then finished up in the Congo. The spiritual warfare was intense and took its toll on this old body. I made it home, as they say, running on fumes.

Not everything is recorded in these articles, but I hope you can capture the feeling of what it was like to be there. That is the gift that I hope to bring to you as a deeply sincere thank you. You believed in us and we have invested your trust in the seeds for this next revival

May God continue to bless you for all that you have done to help establish His Kingdom and prepare the ground for this last great harvest that is coming.

Brother Dale

Nigeria

Letting Go of the Seed

*“And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; And should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.”
(Mark 4:26-29)*

I am sitting in the airport waiting for my flight that will take me back into Africa, the Dark Continent. This is the beginning of this year's retinue of revival campaigns. There will be a total of six of them from Nigeria to Kenya. But this will be the last sweep before I turn the commission over to the next generation.

Back in 2004, when I first came here, the Lord gave me a vision of a harvest field of wheat that was so dry that it had turned a brittle white. I watched as I stepped into the field, struck a match, and dropped it into the dry, brittle grass. The field exploded on fire and spread across Africa from Kenya to Nigeria.

That was 15 years ago. I have seen lots of fires break out in several countries, I have listened to many pastors and leaders who have been set on fire themselves, and have heard of thousands of souls that have been saved and lit up, but the Great African Revival, the explosive blaze that I saw has yet to come. The Lord didn't promise me that I would see it - He just told me to strike the matches that would light it.

It is time to step back and let the seeds that have been sown across the landscape to settle into the soil, die and germinate, and then grow up into the harvest. I have sown; someone else will reap.

There is time for one more run through. I will start in the west with Nigeria and go to Kenya in the east. How fitting that I should end up where I started 16 years earlier!



There is a lesson here that I have learned. Actually, several lessons. One is to learn to let go of the vision and allow God to bring it forth. No matter how vital that vision is to your self-identify as a Christian, nevertheless, it is God's vision to fulfill. There is an element of faith that must be exercised to allow that to happen. You have to trust God that He will finish the vision. It's okay. You can let go.

The other lesson, at least for me, is that none of us stands alone. No matter which part of the process we are part of, we all share in the victory, but God gets all the glory. The guy preaching to 65,000 people is part of the same body as the little woman who gave two mites. Understanding the quicksand of desire for recognition and self-glory is paramount to have any effectiveness in the battle to win souls. One of the 6 Principles of Revival is that the Gospel is not about you; it is about others. It doesn't matter which part you played. It just matters that you were part of it.

I wonder if Paul felt this way on his last journey. He had imparted his very soul to these Gentile churches only to see the enemy try to wrench them away with every kind of demonic tactic. He saw those close to him leave him. At one point only Luke was with him. Did he wonder if the seeds he planted would really take growth and spread? There was no guarantee that anything would happen other than the commission from God to spread the message amongst the Gentiles. Did he know? Did he wonder?

I have to believe that whether or not Paul had a firm grip on what the future would bring, he set his face toward the goal and claimed victory knowing that regardless of his best efforts, God was and always is in control.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:" (2nd Timothy 4:7)

Off to Nigeria Again

I'm sitting in the airport surrounded by Nigerians on their way home. This will make the 5th or 6th trip to Nigeria for me, but unlike the crowd of Africans around me that returning to familiar homes, I feel like an invader coming into a foreign land. Nigeria has never been comfortable for me.

There are two reasons: one is cultural; the other is prophetic.

I have found Nigeria to be a hard place. This is a strong people in a difficult country. Whether that is because of the over-population, the incredible amount of corruption that comes as a result of huge amounts of oil money, or something in their blood, Nigerians are a strong people in the midst of a social conflict in a hard land.

The other reason may be considered debatable depending on what your end-time view is. I believe that Nigeria is key to the rest of the sub-Saharan continent. In order for revival to fully sweep across Africa, Nigeria must fall to the dominion of Jesus Christ. There is just something about these people that strike me as a cornerstone for Africa. I believe that Satan knows that also, and for that very reason he has entrenched himself deeply into the Church.

It's not the Muslims that are the biggest threat, or even the criminal element. Even the wickedness in the political leadership is being driven by, not driving, this darkness. It is the wickedness that is found in the depths of the established Nigerian Church that is the fountain that contaminates the society.

On the surface, it would seem that Lagos is the most religious city in the world, but underlying that are deep pools of wickedness. No matter where you go, you will see posters and signs declaring the next Night of Miracles at one meeting or the Showers of Blessings at another. Religious names are everywhere as if it is a lucky charm for retail businesses to be called the Glory to God Cafe or the Heavenly Blessings Gas station.



And yet, Lagos remains one of the most corrupt cities in the world. Why is that? Reinhardt Bonke can have his million person crusades, but the next day nothing has changed. There is something endemic that Satan has buried deeply in the Nigerian culture that resists true holiness in God. The signs are there; the talk is there, even the outward show is there; but something is missing.

I am here to preach revival and to plant a seed of resistance to the debilitating messages of corrupt prosperity and the weakening influence of their false prophets. I am not the usual evangelist with the usual message of peace and love and grace. I have a truly Biblical prophetic message: repentance, righteousness, and the fear of God. Real peace and love and mercy grow out of righteousness into true charity and a deep, driving burden to win the lost. There is a huge difference between the two.

And I think that is what is missing here – true holiness and unselfish charity. It is the message I have brought across Africa for 15 years and has worked everywhere I have preached it. I pray God it will work here.

The world is waiting for this last, great revival to start, and this is the last obstacle to be removed.

First Day Skirmishes

Well, I don't know when this update will get to you because communication is so bad here in Nigeria. I feel like I am writing this for posterity sake, or as a last message from a dying man on a desert isle. Just tell the story, and somebody will eventually get it. This is actually kinda fun.

Things started going bad when the local Nigerian airline that was to take me to the city where I will be ministering just decided to cancel all flights that day. Gee, did you forget to tell me that when I purchased the tickets? I should've know then that the fun was about to begin.

So I had to fly to an alternate city hours away from where I was to end up. That's okay. I got to see the countryside. I'm just hoping that they don't decide that I have to return through that same city and not the original one. This is Africa. Things don't always make sense.

Then when I came out of the terminal, no one was there to pick me up. I figured with the distance they had to travel to come get me, I should not be surprised. And if not, it would just add to the adventure!

I went back in the terminal to buy a SIM card for my phone and a WiFi hotspot so I could stay in touch with back home. 17,500 Naira later, which is around \$55.00, I thought I was pretty slick. I not only now had full cell phone coverage but also full internet access wherever I went.

I should've known.

The telephone carrier did not have coverage at the hotel I am staying at. And guess what? That also means the WiFi doesn't either.

And do they have WiFi at the hotel?

"Oh yes, we have WiFi."

"Does it work?"

"Oh yes, it works."

"Does it work now?"

"Well ..."

In the meantime, Cindy hasn't heard from me since two continents ago. Is he alive? Dead? Crashed? Or just stupid. Uh, last choice is closest.

But hey, services were great! Today was a national convention for a large network of Nigerian churches. And they were all there from the 90 year old Archbishop to the pastors, singers, and choir. It was a 6 hour long meeting that included everything, including an hour long message from me. It was an opportunity for me to insert a non-conformist message into their lives – something they are not used to hearing, especially from a preacher from America. Yeah, talk about "preaching to the choir", that's exactly what I did.

At the end when I was almost wrapping up the message, I felt the Lord shove me into an Altar Call for these pastors. I could feel the Lord push me hard. So I pushed them. I didn't much care if they were pastors, bishops, prophets, or what they were. I have been down too many miles on too many roads to be impressed with titles. If God was pushing me, then I was pushing them.

And here they came. A dribble at first, but as the fire caught, here they came. Not just repentance for sin, but for a fresh anointing, a new fire, a bigger vision. They want a gospel that is not in name only, but in the Spirit and power of Elijah. They believed me when I proclaimed that the greatest revival is coming and will start here in Africa. They believed me when I told them that God doesn't use the big and powerful; He uses the "foolish things of the world to confound the wise", the little people, the weak, and the people just like them to bring about the great works of God.

They believed me, and they believed God and grabbed hold of the substance of things hoped for and came to the altar.



Miracles, Money, and Faith

The Bishop's wife got healed last night, but the blind lady did not. Don't know why.

Yesterday was the first day of a 3-day session in Ashaka, Nigeria. My main objective is to somehow inspire the people here to not just hear and believe the message, but to be driven to the point that they will go out into the streets to bring in the lost and start the process for a true revival. Healing the Bishop's wife wasn't part of it.

It was a great service, but as I was heading out the door after the service, this skinny, little old lady stopped me and asked me to pray over her. I wasn't sure what was wrong with her or who she was, but she didn't look too good. She was definitely sick. We prayed and her face lit up as the Spirit came down and touched her. She was healed! I didn't know what to do at that point other than get in the car and collapse in the seat for the ride back to the hotel.

Well, it turns out she was the Bishop's wife and she was sick with Malaria and some other nasty diseases. And she really did get instantly healed, and she told everybody. So as you can guess, they all want to have a healing line after the message.

Now, when I do healing lines, I don't pray for the whole group at one time; that just does not work for me. I have to do it one at a time. I want to know exactly what is wrong with them and we pray for that. Then I ask them if they are healed. If they are not, then we pray again.



Some got healed; some did not. There was a blind lady that I just could not lift the covering that lay over her faith. It was as if she was afraid to believe. Sometimes you will pray over someone and you can just feel that resistance hampering the prayer of faith. Getting past that barrier can sometimes be nigh unto impossible, at least as far as I have experienced. That barrier has to be broken to release their faith to believe that God sees you, He hears you, He cares about you, and yes, He will heal you. That is the key to releasing their faith to believe and be healed. Sometimes that is so hard that you just can't pray through it.

I prayed twice over her and it just did not happen. But next to her was someone with a sickness who did get healed. Several others also came up with pains, headaches, stomach things, and a couple of weird things that I have no idea what I was laying my hands on – they all got healed except the blind lady.

I have absolutely no idea why that happens like that. I have experienced this hundreds of times and still have no idea. It just does. Period. Was it my faith, their faith, sin, doubt, or just plain "that's the way it is"? I'm going to go with the last one. Somebody who has never healed anyone in their life will probably write a book and tell us all about how it is supposed to be done, but in the meantime, I've done this hundreds of times and I know less than I did when I started.

I believe, however, that healing miracles are not the prime focus of ministry, but are God's seal of approval. The focus of our ministry should be to save the lost. What good would it be to have someone healed and wind up in Hell? The Lord once told me that miracles take away from the message. Once you start the stampede for the miracles, they no longer are listening. I have found that to be true, which is why I try to wait for the end before we have healing lines. But tonight, everybody wanted what the Bishop's wife got last night.

My great concern is that after all that is preached, prayed, and repented, I would be little more than a temporary entertainment, and the fire that I had kindled would be allowed to slowly die out. I want them to do more than just cheer and shout; I want them to do. I would love to see everybody get healed, but, more than that, I want to see them start a fire of revival so that everybody got saved.

I have had great successes in East Africa, Uganda, Burundi, Rwanda, and the Congo, but Nigeria is a tough venue. We are being told everywhere we go that this message is what Nigeria needs and pastors are excited to get the book and spread the message further. But we are up against an incredibly strong Prosperity, wealth, and cheap grace movement in the Nigerian Church that is diametrically opposed to the doctrine of repentance, holiness, and the fear of God. It will be a long and hard battle to crack the wall of this corrupt established Church, but these are strong and hard men and women, so when this message of revival does get a foothold, I believe it will explode.

The odds do not favor us. They are the same odds that were against the children of Israel in Egypt, of David with King Saul, of John the Baptist with King Herod, and of Jesus with the Sanhedrin. Paul faced the challenge of converting the entire known world all the while being attacked by the Circumcision heretics, but it was said that he and Silas had turned the world upside down (Acts 17:6).

We are facing the same odds.
May the best man win.



Head Fire

I would like to talk about an issue of spiritual warfare that I don't hear in most Christian circles. We used to call it "head fire" back in the '70's during the days of the Jesus Movement. As young former hippies, that is how we viewed it. It was like being on a bad "trip" or tormented with some bad drugs. This is an invisible storm that comes in like a hurricane that no one else can see. No one understands the intensity of what you are going through because, to others, it just seems like your just experiencing a bunch of random thoughts that carry no weight or substance.

This is the stuff that the mentally ill go through. Like a fire raging through your brain that will not be abated or quenched, it can literally drive you insane. Like Chinese water torture, it never stops, but instead continues until it has weakened your defenses enough to cause you to surrender or rebel. People do not commit suicide because they think it will solve anything. They kill themselves because they can't stand the torment any longer and are so battered, beaten, and weakened by the unrelenting onslaught that they can't take it anymore.



This is spiritual warfare on a much deeper level than most people experience. And it can only be fought with spiritual weapons. The key to defeating this is to first realize that the source of this torment is not from your thoughts, but from the devil. That may sound like it is straight out of the Middle Ages or the Exorcist, but if you do not first recognize the source of these thoughts, you will not defeat it.

It sounds so simple to just shut it off or ignore it, but this stuff slides in so subtly that you don't notice when the course of your thoughts has changed and has begun to slip back into the swirling storm. By then, it gets harder and harder to pull back and rein in the rampage. One trick I used to use was to sing old Blood-washed Gospel songs because just the mention of the Blood is enough to repel Satan. But it's difficult to snap out of it and start singing when you're mesmerized. Like when you are getting pummeled in a fist fight, it is not that easy to remember to quit covering your face with your arms and start punching back.

You need to be aware of two things about yourself: your biggest weakness and your greatest fear. You better know what they are, because Satan does, and those are the things he will attack. They don't have to be rational or even make sense. They can be silly, stupid, or seem inconsequential but, just like in business marketing, perception is reality. The facts do not matter. The human mind is not always rational, and even when it is, it can still be overruled by your emotions and inner feelings.



So what do we do when we find ourselves under a major attack like that? The best thing I have found is to go find another brother or sister and throw it out in the open. Satan cannot stand the light because it exposes the fallacies that you could not see while you were in the storm. Jesus said that where two or more are gathered, there am I also. That alone is enough to scare the devil away. The problem is that the devil will tell you to not tell anybody. He will give you a whole list of reasons. The crazy thing is that he is telling everybody the same thing. All those lies get exposed when you bond together with another saint.

Prayer, singing Blood-washed Gospel songs and hymns, and praise will all work. Repetitious chanting does not. Shouting, "The Blood of Jesus, the Blood of Jesus!" over and over does not always work. Paul said that the kingdom of God is not in word but in power. Words do not have authority in themselves, but must be inhabited by true power in God that you have received through seeking the face of God. Satan laughs at sinners who pose as Christians. Just ask the seven sons of Sceva in Acts 19.

If you have not experienced this kind of spiritual warfare, be thankful. Don't write this off as something that only weak-minded personalities go through. I believe this kind of firefight is reserved for those warriors who have become such a dangerous threat to Satan's kingdom of darkness that he must pull out all the stops to attack them in a raging intensity. Perhaps more people go through these kind of battles than I realize. After all, Satan is most likely telling everyone not to tell anyone else. But I am not hearing much about this kind of warfare or how to defeat it in the Christian media.

Perhaps no one goes through this besides me and crazy people. If that is the case, then maybe I'm just nuts. But if not, then this is a distinct part of warfare that you will have to face if you are going to dedicate yourself to serious ministry. Puppet shows, building buildings, giving out health care and eyeglasses are all important charitable things of ministry, but when you step into the next level of battle with deliverance ministries, soul-winning crusades, serious revival meetings, where you confront the devil to his face and cut deeply into his hold on people with messages of repentance, power, and grace, then you will encounter an enemy who, as a wounded dragon, is fierce for revenge.

This is, after all, war.

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour:" (1Peter 5:8)

With Such People

Wow, what a service. This is the kind of thing that makes it all worthwhile.

We are in Abbi, Nigeria, a small town buried deep in the delta country around the Niger River. Driving through the lush countryside to get here, you pass scenes of deep poverty everywhere. There is little to sustain an economy here other than subsistence farming, and it is reflected in the shambles of wooden shacks and unfinished buildings.

You feel rather than see the poverty, but there is also a feeling that, even here, life is not that bad. The kids are running around having fun, adults are working at peeling cassava or other agrarian tasks to provide dinner. There isn't a feeling of stress or anxiety at not having all the luxuries of modern society. Maybe our idea of what to strive for in life is a bit inflated. Maybe they have something, small though it may be.

Heading into services, I am pressed with what message to present these people. This is not a big, powerful church with a thousand members. This is the same kind of small, personal congregation that I am used to ministering to. They are just little people, but I have to somehow convince these people that they can change the world.

Sometimes I have to look up and double-check with Him, "Are You sure this is where I am supposed to be?" The answer is always, "Yes, this is how I show my glory." He uses small things. Broken things. Things that others discard for being too weak, too small, too poor, too useless, because He will not share His glory with man.



I fit right in there with them. Who am I really? I'm a nobody. I have no credentials, degrees, church or even a small organization. I have no money of my own to speak of, and back in America, no one knows who I am, and neither do they care.

But here, I fit in like a hand in a glove. They know who I am. And they have a long list of titles for me: Doctor, prophet, bishop, pastor, apostle, father, and now just recently, Mentor. But it's not me they honor. I am a nobody who carries the anointing and presence of God to them, and that's what they are hungry for.

I am very much aware of the fact that I can't do that - only God can - but God will use anyone who is willing to humble themselves, throw away the pride and positions of ecclesiastical authority and just show up crucified, broken, and poor. Since I possess so little anyway, that is not hard for me. I just show up; God does the rest.



Last night, the entire congregation was on its knees before God in sincere repentance for not winning souls. Everybody. Including the ushers, including the pastor, everyone. Try that back in America. Have we become so enamored with ourselves and our prosperity that we can no longer humble ourselves to that degree, but instead have become the Church of Laodicea? Jonah said, "*They that observe lying vanities, forsake their own mercy.*" (Jonah 2:8)

I may be a nobody ministering to small, seemingly inconsequential churches in a poor land beleaguered by satanic forces, fake prosperity preachers, and false prophets, but it is with such people that God uses to build His kingdom.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty" (1 Corinthians 1:27)

Corruption in Nigeria

I am in Ughelli, a small city in Delta State of Nigeria. I'd try to google what the population is but the internet is so slow here, it would take 15 minutes just to get an answer. Probably close to 100,000. There are people crawling all over the place no matter where you look.

Nigeria is very crowded in the south, but the infrastructure is undeveloped. There are lots of people, but not a well-developed retail environment. All those billions upon billions pour in from the oil that is being drilled, but they can't fix the roads, keep the electricity on, or build a modern infrastructure. I am repeatedly told that it is because of the deep level of corruption here. It's in the air, in the way they think, and the way they act. They could be one of the most developed countries in Africa except for this cancer that has robbed them of their prosperity.

I wonder if there is a correlation with the Church in Nigeria. You see signs and banners everywhere advertising the next great miracle conference, the next Night of Miracles, or the next incredible, spectacular, fantastic, death-defying, miracle-generating, prosperity-showering, supernatural three-ring circus. Step right up folks! Get your once in a lifetime anointing to fix all your problems, solve your money worries, and generally make you feel a lot better.

And yet, sin is endemic and the corruption leaches out of these religious snake oil salesmen like the ooze of a poisonous wound. The people are so starved for the truth that they will grasp for anything, hoping that God will somehow see their plight and bestow upon them their showers of blessings. And so they flock to these false prophets that are everywhere like fleas on a dog, and end up feeding the very corruption that is destroying them.

But there are those who see and understand. They know that the Gospel is not about them; it is about others. This is the great challenge for Nigeria, for revival cannot take root in poisoned soil. They recognize the darkness for what it is and are determined to stand for the truth. But you rarely find them in the big churches. It always seems to be the pastors of the small congregations who recognize that this fake prosperity message is nothing more than Satan's plan to keep the Church away from repentance, from true holiness, and from a willingness to carry the cross in sacrifice so others can escape Hell.

Hasn't that always been the way? Throughout history, revivals have most often been birthed outside the theological established halls of religion and have been more revolution than revival.

I have visited some these churches this week. I can tell they are ready for a true Holy Ghost revival because of their overwhelming response to the message of repentance, righteousness, and revival. They get it. And they're excited to hear it. And they want more. They want revival and they recognize that this old-fashioned message is the way to get it.



I am looking forward to a time when not the fiscal but the spiritual prosperity will bloom and the infrastructure of the gifts and operation of the Holy Spirit rises up out of the rubble of this failed religious chicanery. For that to happen, these men and women will have to challenge this endemic corruption in the Church. It will not be easy or quick, but I believe there are heroes-in-the-making here who will hold up the Blood Stained Banner over this country and declare victory.

Getting Out of the Way

“In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea, And saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. For this is he that was spoken of by the prophet Esaias, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.” (Matthew 3:1-3)

I have finished the 2nd day of conferences. We have one in the morning and one in the evening, and they have been on fire!

I have a long list of messages that are connected together for the seminars that I hold. Normally the messages may switch around or meld into each other as the Spirit leads. They don't follow the chapters in the book, but they generally get the message out. I never know where we are going to preach from until I am sitting in the church praying for God to tell me what to do. He always does, even though I am always scared that I will fall flat. I never do.

But it has been different on this trip. Maybe because I've been here before and these people know who I am, or maybe the times are changing, but the Lord just inserted two completely brand new messages to sew into the fabric of the campaign. One has to do with tithing your first fruits and how that affects opening the way for revival. The other has to do with loving the brethren so much that you are willing to lay down your life for them and how that affects not only our love for lost souls, but for God Himself. Without a genuine love for your brothers, the lost, and for God, you won't see a genuine revival.

Yeah, I'd try to explain it all, but I don't have enough paper and I am way too tired to type it out. You just had to be there. Sorry you missed it.



What was more exciting than the messages, however, was the services themselves. In each service, I could tell they were going to be good because I'd get that same old fear that I was going to fail because I didn't know what to preach, along with that little puff of the Spirit that always reassures me not to worry because He's got this. I remember one time in Nigeria, the Lord actually spoke to me, "Do you trust Me?", and my answer was, "Yes, Lord. You lead, and I'll follow."

I told them today that my job is to first show up, and then get out of the way. I showed up all three days and I will show up the rest of the week. I also got out of the way, and when I did, He took over the message.

I can't explain to you what it's like to have God take over the message. Today's ministers do allow for that because they've been trained to prepare their messages long before they come to the pulpit. I was taught to prepare yourself in the Spirit, surrender your control, and open your mouth, and He will fill it. It's like He is riding on top of you, leaning you into every direction that He wants you to do in. All you gotta do is let it go and hang on for the ride.

When the Spirit of God is giving the message, it is always filled with fire. And that's what these messages have been like. And that's coming from the pastors that are experiencing these services.

When I was coming to Nigeria last week, I was dealing with the question of how to create inspiration and desire in the hearts of people for revival, for serving the Lord, and for going out to win souls. Once again, I got my answer - Show up, and get out of the way! This is not your battle, they are not your people, and it is not your message - it all belongs to God. You just have to prepare the way before Him.

That's what John the Baptist did, and it worked pretty good for him.



First Couple Days of Excitement

Services have been electrifying here. We've been having one service in the morning and another in the evening, which, considering the intensity that I preach with, makes this very exhausting. I end each service soaked with sweat and limp as a wet dishrag. And yet, I have been at my best and in my prime, which is saying something because it has been months since I have been in the saddle.

Each message has had a brand new element added to it. One such message added how tithing your first fruits was tied to revival. Giving your firsts, not only money, but time, heart, and soul, to the cause of winning the lost releases you by breaking that spirit of selfishness and greed. The 2nd Principle of Revival is that the Gospel is not about you; it is about others, and tithing breaks that hold that "self" has on you. You cannot serve God and Mammon. If you are really committed to revival, then for Heaven's sake, invest in it! Where your treasure is ...

At another service, I read out of James about being doers of the Word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. The deception is that you can languish in your apostasy without ever doing anything but sitting in that same pew for years, and still believe that you will still go to Heaven. Maybe you will, but I'm not laying odds on it. But one thing's for certain - you will not see revival burst out over you.

My business cards have my ministry information on one side and a 6-point Plan of Salvation on the back. This morning, I handed every person two of my cards - one to keep (otherwise they'd never give the other one away) and one to pass out to a complete stranger. The idea was to kick-start the idea of witnessing. Guess what? They did it! I really thought I was going to catch them in this, but instead they were on their feet excited because they had actually done it - they had overcome their fears and handed a Gospel tract to a total stranger. Revival is on the way.

Something else happened yesterday morning that I felt pretty good about. I could feel that there was someone that needed prayer, whether for sin or some demonic stranglehold and that they should come up at some point in time. This is one of those things that many preachers understand. You just get this chilling feeling and you know there is somebody out there who has to come to the altar today. At the end of the service, a small woman pastor came up who was in bondage to a spirit of fear. (Don't ask me. This is another one of those invisible things I don't understand). I laid hands on her and it was like a bolt of lightning shot through me. Bam! Down she went, and that spirit of fear was broken. She was so happy she was jumping up and down, grinning from ear to ear. And she was like that the next day also!

Today, however, I got to do something really cool. I wanted to demonstrate the power of healing that is given to all of us to exercise. Mark 16 says so. So I asked if anyone had a headache, and some lady stood up. I laid hands on her and, bingo! she was healed. Just like always. I have yet to meet a headache that I couldn't cast out. But then, I asked for another person with a headache and another lady stood up. This time I took a guy at random out of the congregation and made him pray over her. Yup, you guessed it - she was healed. Can you imagine the excitement that went through the room? Wow. Nobody had ever done that with them. Just the idea that they could do this - not somebody else - them!

The idea of healing is more than God's mercy to us in our infirmities. It is a sign or a seal of approval that God is truly with us. And if He can heal, He can deliver. And if He can deliver, He can save us. I sincerely believe that once you start healing people out there, they will start coming. But the people of God have to believe that God has really given us this promise and that if we will just exercise our faith, what wonders we will see happen.

That's enough for today. I'll try and fill you in later with what happens during the last couple days. I'm pretty jazzed (did you notice?), and I can see that these people are too. Good things, — BIG things— are bound come out of these meetings. And that's why it doesn't matter what it costs, how hard it is, or what I have to sacrifice to be here, I have got to take this message of revival to as many places as I can. Before my knees buckle, my back gives in, and my voice goes hoarse, Lord, let me see this fire explode around the world.

*"Now also when I am old and grayheaded, O God, forsake me not; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to everyone that is to come."
(Psalms 71:18)*



Last Day of the Campaign in Nigeria

"And Saul was consenting unto his death. And at that time there was a great persecution against the church which was at Jerusalem; and they were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judaea and Samaria, except the apostles." Acts 8:1

I threatened them today.

Well, actually the Lord threatened them. Acts 8:1-4 talks of the persecution that came upon the early church at Jerusalem. God had commissioned them to go into all the world and make disciples, but they were comfortable right where they were at and were not in any rush to leave. Life was good. Thousands were getting saved. Miracles were happening daily, there was joy in the streets and real love amongst the brethren. Why would anyone want to head off into the world of the Gentiles?

Because they wouldn't go forth out of Jerusalem to preach the Gospel, God used persecution to chase them out. Don't believe God would do that? Compare that to Egypt. They were there in slavery for 430 years, but when they finally cried out to God, He sent the Deliverer. Why did it take so long for them to cry out to God? I don't know, maybe they just got used to the way things were. Maybe the slavery you are used to is better than taking a chance on a liberty that you don't know. But when their babies began to be murdered, they started crying out to God. And when they did, God sent Moses. I gave them a chilling prophesy of what is coming to them if they don't get out of their lazy white plastic chairs and go make disciples. You could feel the cold seriousness in the room as they sat on the edge of their chairs staring at me. It happened then; it could happen now.

Yesterday was also question and answer time. Boy, they came up with some sharp questions – they always do – and kept me on my toes. But I answered every one of their questions, even the tough ones. I will be first to admit that I don't know everything. One of the most important lessons I ever learned was that is it okay to say you don't know. But I have one advantage in these sessions – I got God. I'm not just saying this cause it makes a good sound byte. No, it is true – He gives me the answers. I might stumble around for a minute or so, but it always comes. And when it comes, it is always perfect. That's how I know it's not from me.

One of the questions was about how to tell when it is the Spirit that is leading you and when it's your own spirit. They are very aware of the dangers of the false prophets that plague their churches as well as ours. Just like us, they have a whole raft of well-known personalities posing as "God's Generals" to hand down meaningless prophecies of peace, prosperity, wealth, and blessings. Never about repentance or about holiness. How is it that they are so much more aware of this than we are? I can only guess it is because they are more spiritually sensitive than we are in the West. So this was a big question for them. And yes, God gave me the answer.

I can't remember the other questions. Maybe in the next couple days, I'll write them down in another column. And maybe not. I'm so tired, I don't think I can remember them anymore and, anyway, I'm not sure I care.

We're almost done, and I am tired. (Can you tell?) My voice is so hoarse that I can barely speak, but somehow, I keep punching out one more service. You've seen how it works - when there is no strength, the Anointing carries you. They have seen that and they realize what it is.

It just makes the message so much more important to them. God is talking to them. And they are listening.

Signs of Revival

I am on the way home. It has been three weeks of intense spiritual warfare, and while I may not have won every battle, we have come through in victory. Only eternity will reveal what has happened during this 3-week campaign.

This trip has been one of the hardest that I have been on in years. The spiritual "head fire" that I went through was like being in the midst of a hurricane blowing at full force while in the middle of a swarm of angry bees. This was not everyday stuff, but something that reached a level of intensity reserved for deep, serious battle. I'm not going to say I won every battle, but I did make it through. But it was not easy.

I have always believed that, whenever there is a lot of resistance and spiritual fire from Satan, something big must be going on. He is not stupid and knows when there is a strong threat to his hold and he will fight like a wildcat to stop it or at least slow it down. So the question is, what had Satan so riled up? What happened that he had to go crazy on me like that? What are the indications that we were so effective that he had to pull out all the stops to fight us like that?

A lot of souls came down to the altar and either gave their lives to Christ or repented for sin and made a rededication. Scores of people were healed, some of serious afflictions. At least three blind people received their sight. But, while these things are exciting and seem to indicate that the campaign was a great success, they are not the true signs of our effectiveness.



Just like you can tell the depth of any church or ministry by certain telltale signs (blood, fire, fear, and souls is a message I have written about before), so can you tell the effectiveness of any campaign by some signs that, on the surface, may not seem so obvious.

Counting the number of souls that came down to the altar is not one of those signs.

Evangelism is easily promoted with things that will draw a crowd and even bring them down to the altar. I have watched evangelists call out to the crowd that everyone that comes down will get a free book on how to live for Christ. Guess what everybody did – they went down to get something for free. And the evangelist can now count the books and tell his supporters back home how many thousands of souls have been saved.

Or an internationally known evangelist can hand out \$60,000 dollars in cash to the local pastors to bring their people to the meeting and he will report that a million people attended and boast of his great effectiveness to the folks back home. The only problem is that this happened in the most corrupt city in the world, which, the day after the evangelist left, still remained the most corrupt city in the world. Nothing really changed. It sounded good, but its long term effectiveness was only a ripple.

Oh yes, I know soul winning is the primary goal of the Church. It's what we do, what we strive for, and that burden for souls is the secret to revival, but just having a large soul count is not an indication of the long term effectiveness of any campaign. What counts is how much the churches that were part of the campaign have changed over time. A month later, have those churches gone back to their same old ways, or have they been revolutionized, turned inside out, and set on fire? Let's take another soul count after a month or so and see if the seed has not only been planted in good ground, but has germinated and is beginning to push out of the fallow ground that has been broken up and watered with tears of repentance and prayer for souls.



The sign of the campaign's effectiveness is not the number that came down to the altar during your campaign, but the number of churches that were planted as a result of those initial meetings.

Prayer is the other sign. Serious, passionate prayer is essential to any move of God, and is the true sign that the campaign for that church has been effective. Some places face difficult persecution and hardships that make any growth slow. Their challenges, like a huge boulder in the path, must be moved slowly with patience and a persevering faith that will not be discouraged because of a lack of fanfare and showmanship. But what you will find in those places, if the seed has been planted well, is a greater depth and dimension of prayer.

Nothing moves without prayer. No battles can be won that are not first won in the prayer room. Every move of God must first be birthed in that labor room of prayer. No revival happens without it because prayer moves God. Some campaigns grow faster than others. Some have initial successes that fizzle out, while others continue to grow over time, but in order for a move of God to be established, the atmosphere of prayer must be established and be foundational to any campaign. When you do not see a church saturated in prayer, no matter how exciting their initial success is, it will not prosper.

If you want to see how any church is doing, check their Wednesday night prayer meeting. That is the thermometer to measure the fire in any church. We can all make a lot of noise about all the great things that have happened, but the real fire is only lit by the torch that burns in the prayer room.

So how did we do in Nigeria these past three weeks? I'll tell you in a month or so when we see if the seed has germinated in good ground, if the repentance was true and heartfelt, and if the door to the altar of prayer has been opened in their lives to light the torch of revival.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. (John 15:5)



Liberia

Fourteen Souls in Liberia

There's not much to write about so far. We had a rush of an airplane ride, hopping from one plane to another, almost missing our flight in Chicago, but we are here in one piece. With our luggage! That's a nice relief.

Our first service is on Sunday at a little church nestled in the back dirt pathways just outside Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. To get to this tiny church, we have to drive through some enormous puddles – no, they're not puddles. They're great big mud craters 10 feet across, filled with a foot or two of water. This is the rainy season, and let me tell you, it rains buckets every day, so these mini lakes will not dry out for a couple months.



After we have successfully negotiated the mud waterways, we are led down some dirt pathways through the neighborhood to a colorfully painted church. Some folks are outside waiting for our arrival and we are greeted with huge smiles, waving hands, and gushing displays of greeting. The first thing I'm wondering is, do these people even know who I am? What are they expecting to initiate such an overwhelming response? Just exactly what did my host and friend tell them about me?

I have been through this before. You just smile, wave, and keep going. I have a message that I have to deliver. Whether it is to a mighty church of thousands or some tiny congregation nestled in the back pathways of a slum in Liberia, it does not matter and neither does it change the focus of this message. I have found that God can save by many or by few (1st Samuel 14:6). As a matter of fact, I'm pretty sure He favors the few.



As you can expect, services were great. They were on top of everything that I had to say. The "Amen's" were loud and clear. This was not the seminar where I would lay out the plan of revival that is in the Bible, but was just supposed to be a normal Sunday service. But I touched on different points of the seminar just to whet their appetite. And they were hungry. This should be a really good seminar. How we will fit the expected 150 people into a church that only holds 70 will be quite a trick.

I almost always end my messages with a call to corporate prayer. I try not to lead them in prayer, but I try to encourage them to do the praying. It's too easy to hide in the crowd and just let the pastor do the praying while you skate in the background, so I make them do the praying. And they did. Loud and intense. These people were serious. If God really does have a revival for them, then they want it and are ready to go up and take it off the Altar of God.

Before closing, I had a quick altar call. This was not an evangelistic crusade, so I did not expect a crowd of sinners coming down. This was to the church. I have found that in too many of our churches, both in America and across Africa, sin has a way of hiding in the shadows, lurking in the recesses of the souls of the Christians who come every week, struggling to get free from their sin.



All it takes is a call to come down. As soon as I called for them to come, they were already scrambling out of their chairs. Fourteen people came to the altar to free themselves from whatever was weighing them down. As they closed, they started praising and thanking the Lord, and didn't stop. They just kept going and going. They were changed. They were set free. They were alive again. What a wonderful gift is Salvation!

I sometimes read about objections that some Christians and would-be theologians have about the Sinners Prayer. Let me tell you without hesitation that in 50 years I have seen countless thousands set free by that little prayer of repentance to God. I've seen the overwhelming changes across their faces as they receive new life at the altar.

As usual, theological scholasticism would eliminate this wonderful experience because it doesn't fit their intelligent carnal reasonings. Eating off the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil has not made them wise like they thought it would, but rather has allowed spiritual pride to make them stupid.

The proof is in the pudding. Fourteen people were set free today.

Stones

"And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." (Mark 16:17, 18)

I'd like to clarify one of the things I wrote about yesterday.

I have started doing something new in my revival meetings. I used to have healing lines where almost the whole church would line up to get prayed over. I'm not sure about the early years, but for the last 10 years, everybody that would get in line would get healed. Sometimes, they would get healed while still standing in line before I got to them. Sometimes they would get healed when they stepped inside the door of the church or under the canopy. I know because I ask them.

When I pray over someone, I first ask where the problem is, and then we pray over that spot. If it is a woman, I ask her to place her hand where the pain is and I place my hand on top of hers. If she does not get healed, we pray again. Either you believe or you don't. If she doesn't get healed the 2nd time, we pray again. Rarely have I ever had to go more than three times.



Once the people in the meeting see others getting healed, guess what happens. The line goes out the door, and it usually takes over an hour before we get to the end. Everybody has something they need prayed for.

All that is great, but what happens when I leave? Do the promises leave with me? I believe that it is important for these people to realize that they have the same access to the Throne of God that I do, and that if they begin to take hold of the promises God has given them, they can start performing miracles. When that happens, what do you think the unsaved community around them will do? They will come. When they see that the power of God is real, that it can deliver them, it can heal them, and it can save them, then the wheels of revival will begin to turn.

So I am doing a new thing. I am making them pray over the sick themselves. I start by getting someone that has a pain or a headache to stand up. Then I look for an unlikely candidate to pray over that person. At first, many of them are looking away, or down, or hiding their eyes, hoping that I don't call on them. But those are the ones that I'm looking for. I bring them forward and tell them to pray with authority to cast out the sickness and take power and dominion over all sickness, pain, and weakness. Pray like Elijah! And they do!

Guess what happens. That's right. The sick are healed! And THEY did it, not the white guy from America. Then I do it again with another set of candidates. And again. You can watch the realization dawn across their faces that this power is not reserved for special people or big shots, but it is for them. God uses the foolish things of the world to confound the mighty.

There are two things that I want them to understand. One is that once the miracles start flowing, the unsaved will begin to believe in the gospel once again. Right now, they have dismissed church as something good people do, but that it has no power and is not for them. All that will change when they see and hear the power and glory restored to the church.



With the Speaker of the House of Liberia 1

The other thing is even more important than that. I want them to fully realize that they can change the world. Not somebody else. Not some well-heeled preacher from the West. Not the apostle or the bishop or the big-time VIP, but them. The little people. The foolish things of the world. The fishermen at the Sea of Galilee. The little shepherd boy. The widow with two mites or an alabaster box.

Once this concept awakens in their heads and they rise to the challenge that God has placed upon them, they will be the stones that God will raise up to change, not just their community around them, but the entire world.

Stale Bread

It feels like I've been in a whirlwind here in Liberia. After a quick introduction on Sunday, I was launched into a fierce set of meetings, morning and night, for three days.

I am not a calm and casual preacher. I pour my heart and soul into the message the entire time I am on my feet. Actually, it is more a matter of allowing the Holy Spirit to pour through me like a river. When I am done an hour later, I am completely drained, soaked in sweat, and barely able to stand. This is how it always is for me.

After the morning service, my driver takes me back to the hotel where I collapse for a couple hours, shower, before heading back for the evening session. After that, it's back to the hotel and repeat the next day. I'm okay, but I'm starting to get a little fuzzy.

But their response is great! The Spirit of the Lord connects with everyone immediately. It's as if they are already prepped and ready with open hearts to receive everything God has for them. And He rejoices in giving it to them. I rarely know what I am going to say before I get up, but as soon as I do, I can feel the Lord turn me into the direction of His message for the service. Then it is a matter of just hanging on and following the flow of the river that He pours out. For the next hour, I am in that flow and am barely aware of anything else. And then, when it is done, it is done.

I am told that this is the way preachers in America used to preach back a generation or so ago. It was never a matter of preparing your message, but more a matter of preparing yourself to yield unto the leading of the Holy Ghost. Open your mouth and He will fill it. But now, Bible colleges teach our young all the methods of outline and organization to fully prepare your speech or lecture to the congregation. And if you feel lost, that's okay because you can simply purchase your message off the internet for a small sum, complete with video, outline and bulleted points. How convenient! Maybe they also have the canned applause.

But stale bread and sour wine will never inspire hungry souls.



There's no faking it here. The Spirit of God is moving too strongly with these people. I have been told literally hundreds of times that they don't like American preachers because we do not preach the same message we did 50 years ago. They like our money and will come to the great mega crusades because we pay their pastors to bring their congregations, but the next day after they are gone, everything goes back to the way it was.

Is it a small wonder that we are seeing so many miracles here but so few in America? Yesterday, just to make a point, I had one person who was in pain stand up and another person come over to pray over her. Healed! Then I did it again. And again. Each time the healing was immediate. I can do this all across Africa, from Kenya to Liberia any day of the week.

Why is that? Maybe they just expect a miracle. Maybe they just need God more than we do. Maybe a lot of things. I honestly don't know. I will leave it to the smart theologians to write a book on how to do healings - they've never done it themselves, but I'm sure they can tell us all about how it's supposed to be done.

What is my point? Theology and modern religion has lost its heart. We've become institutional and programmed to the point that we have lost the art of surrender. We know too much. The Bread we bring forth is no longer fresh and hot off the oven of the Altar of God. It's stale, hard, dry and tasteless. Our wine has gone sour and is more like vinegar than the wine of the Holy Spirit. We need revival so bad that it hurts.

But we are the last to realize it.

Finishing Up in Liberia

I'm sitting in the Brussels airport on my way home. This has been a hard trip. I'm not entirely sure why, but the two weeks I have spent here have felt like two months. True, the pace was intense, but it was more than that. There was an oppression in the air that weighed heavily on us that made everything harder. I was so exhausted most of the time that I could barely manage.

But it didn't affect the services. They were great. Each place we went to lit up like they were on fire. I would step into each meeting with a bit of apprehension because I never seemed to know what the message was going to be, and each time in less than a minute, the Holy Ghost would click on like flipping a switch, and away we would go.

Even though I was bound up in exhaustion, there was a complete freedom for the Spirit to move throughout the messages. Most of the time, I felt like I was riding a wave as the Lord shaped, molded, and turned the message in the direction He wanted it to go.



And the response was great. The pastors were rejoicing for the tangible hope for a real revival from God. They now had the blueprint for revival in their hands and they were excited. I watched as they sat on the edge of their chairs with eyes wide open, shouting their "Amen's" every time something new was revealed to them.

It's funny, but after having preached over a thousand messages over the last 16 years, I still feel apprehensive going into each service. It's as if, even though God has been there every single time for me, I am still afraid that this time I will fall flat on my face. God and I have a little running joke between us, like a little dance that we do. He will remind me as I am sitting there, that the deal we have with each other is, "You lead, and I'll follow."

"Yes, Lord. I know. I'm just a little scared that I'm not enough in the Spirit.

"Have I ever failed you?"

"No. I'm just afraid I'm not good enough."

"You aren't; I am. I'll lead; you follow."

And every time, He does. He goes right around me and deals personally with the hearts of His people.

I really believe this is the way it is supposed to be done. Let God do the work. He does a much better job than we can. My job, oppression or not, is to show up

... and then get out of the way.

REVIVAL CAMPAIGNS IN AFRICA - 2019



Uganda

Rain in Rubirizi

It has been a long journey with dozens of obstacles to get here, but I have finally started the first conference of my last visit to this country. It is bittersweet. I can't even remember all the miracles that have happened here nor all the exciting services we've had when the Holy Spirit would electrify the room and you would be literally swimming in the glory of God. But at the same time, it is hard to hand this commission to others who have heard the message and have taken up the challenge. But it is time.

The first set of meetings on this campaign are in Rubiriza, a small town on the edge of Queen Elizabeth National Park. They have set me in an exclusive Safari Lodge in the midst of tourists who have come to see all the Big Five animals that are here. This place has really cool African style rooms, complete with incredibly tall thatched roofs, luxurious bathrooms, soft Master beds, and a glorious view of the park laid out along the escarpment below us. It was either this or one of those \$10/night African hotels. Guess which one I chose.



I am pretty tired from traveling for three days but we still have to drive for 5 hours, then pick up the 100 Bibles we just purchased and the 300 revival books that we had printed, and then drive another hour or so to where the meetings will take place. It feels like we never stopped going, but first thing in the morning it's ShowTime, so we push through to get there.

In the morning, I head to a large cement building with over a hundred souls waiting for me. And then two hundred. They keep coming. This is "arrival day", which means people will be arriving all day long. None of them have a vehicle, so they walk, some of them for 8 to 10 hours just to get here. We saw one group riding in the back of a large dump truck heading for the church. It reminds me of the herds of animals heading for Noah's Ark, streaming in from every direction. They are hungry and are expecting to be fed. They are desperate for revival.

As usual, services in both the morning and evening were great. I have brought this message close to 1,000 times and have seen the Lord work amongst them the same way almost every time. The Anointing will build as the Holy Ghost conviction begins to work, leading up to the climax of victory on the last day.

This is just the first day. Tomorrow it will heat up, and the third day should be explosive. Then we move on to the next conference and do it all again.



She Ran!

It has been almost a week since I have written about this trip. It has been explosive every day, and each day I try to write, but the days are so exhausting that all I can do is put it off until tomorrow. Or the day after. And now, it's a week later.

On the 2nd day at the rural town of Ruburizi, we had a parade! That's right, a parade.

It was at the start of the 2nd service when there was a disturbance in the back of the room. People were moving out of the way and there was a banging noise coming this way. And then I saw a contingent of Ugandan Army soldiers, complete with drums, trumpets, trombones and an old beat-up tuba, marching through the crowd toward the pulpit.



Yeah, I'm a little shocked. That's not quite the word to describe it, but you can just imagine.

They marched right up to the front and began to play a gospel song, and then led the entire congregation, 300 to 400 strong, out into the streets to march through the entire town with everyone from the church following. What a scene! I have never in my 70 years ever seen anything like it.

Obviously, we started the evening service late, but no one seemed to care. After the parade, everyone filed back into the church. As a matter of fact, we may have picked up a few strays. I don't remember how late the services lasted, but the intensity was now set. This was not a polite, accommodating crowd; this was a loud, hands raised, hallelujah-shouting, boisterous crowd. Just the way I like it. This was about revival, parade or no parade, and these people were excited with a message that not only clearly described what revival really is, but also what must be done to get one.



I find that many Americans do not realize how well Africans understand deeply spiritual issues. They understand better than many Western preachers that revival is not free. The soft messages they get from Americans of "Come to Jesus", "God is going to bless His people", and "Jesus Loves You" make for fine services to encourage everyone, but they will not bring real serious change. Only a true message of repentance will do that. I have heard Africans tell me so many times that Americans no longer bring the same message that they brought 50 years ago. We have slid into a kinder, gentler message of grace, love, and blessings. Sounds nice, but they know better. The message that both Jesus and John the Baptist brought (and what we brought 50 years ago) is what brings the revolution that spawns any true revival.

We closed the revival meetings on the third day. The place was packed. I guess the parade did its work and made enough of an impact to bring even more people. There must have been 500 people packed into this huge open building. It was great, as if the momentum was still building and this was the culmination.

And then, as we were done, a woman came up with problems in her legs. I got on my knees and laid hands upon her hands where the pain was and prayed. Gone. Just Ike always. She believed God, and He heard her and healed her.



And then there was another. And another. I looked up and saw a dozen or so people heading my way. Oh boy, here it comes. Normally, once the healing starts, it is like an oil that flows. You can sense it flowing (it's hard to describe what that feels like), and once it starts flowing, everybody starts coming up to get healed. It usually means another hour or two before we will be done. But not this time. Only a couple dozen came to the front while most everyone else was heading out the back.

And then here came the blind girl, led by hand by her caretaker.

Now, I have prayed over six blind people and seen each of them healed. Amazing, incredible miracles. But I have to tell you, I am still intimidated by the prospect of praying for such an monumental miracle of God. Yes, I realize it is God doing the miracle and I am just an instrument of His power, but Jesus didn't tell us to ask the Father to do the healing; He told us to do it.

So I did what I always do – I laid hands on her eyes and I took power and dominion over all sickness, all pain, all darkness, and all blindness and I commanded the blindness to depart and claimed the healing power of God.

She just stood there. Did it work? Can you see? If not, we will pray again.

“How many fingers to I have up?”

“Three”

Bingo! She was healed! Not only did God heal her blindness, but I found out later she was also deaf, and God healed her deafness at the same time. How cool is that?

Later on, when my host, Pastor Peter, went back to the church, she ran out of the church to meet him, looking for me. No longer was she being led by the hand as she carefully stumbled over the rough ground. No, she ran!

Each time that I have seen the blind healed, I get choked up when I hear that cry, “I can see!”. It strikes me that this is what revival is all about. The church, like Lazarus, coming out of darkness into the Light of God's Word to bring life, light, and salvation to a world that is lost in the dark.

I hope I never lose that feeling.



A Crack in the Wall

It's Saturday and I have the day off. The pastors that came to the revival meetings in Bushenyi need today to travel back home and prepare for their Sunday services. So we had 3 services yesterday instead of two. Actually, more like two and a half. I thought we were getting ready to leave after the first service but while I was waiting for Peter, my host, to close the service, all of a sudden he called me up for a short message. Surprise, surprise.

But I am nothing if not ready. So I gave them my Isaiah 58 message about why your prayers and fastings are not being answered. They loved it! It was God's answer right from the Word of God to a question they have all been wondering about.

In the evening service, I took them on a quick trip to Joel 2:23 to show them the prophesy of the coming revival. Wow, were they jazzed at seeing this promise right in the Bible of a 2nd Day of Pentecost coming to their generation that would be greater than the first one.

Then I gave them a demonstration of how to make witnessing easy using business cards as invitations. This is the culminating point of the entire revival campaign. First we have to recognize that our church, if it is not winning souls, is not in revival right now. Then we have to come to repentance for not winning souls like we are commanded. No revival comes without repentance. Then we have to build a fire in the church otherwise new souls will turn around and leave as soon as they come in. Then we have to go get them! Witnessing is the final step. Once they saw how easy this method was, it changed everything for them.

This campaign in Uganda is over. Each service has been on fire. They are on top of the messages. They “get it”. We have seen several miraculous healings, including two people who were blind and three that were deaf. And the closing prayers and altar calls have been overwhelming, sometimes lasting 30 to 45 minutes long. That’s a LONG time to pray at that level of intensity! They are really lit up here!

And yet, something’s got to break. I have seen this kind of intensity in meeting after meeting, village after village across Africa for 16 years. If I hadn’t seen the vision of me dropping a match into the field of dry grass and watching the fire explode, I might be wondering if I had made a mistake. But I heard the voice of the Lord tell me that this field of harvest was His people in Kenya, and because it stretched across Africa from Kenya to Nigeria, that meant all of Africa was going to see this explosion of holy fire.



Revival is coming according to Joel 2:23 and Isaiah 32, with hints in several other places, and I believe it will start here in Africa. Nowhere else have I seen the intense hunger to hear the Word of God. The question is, do they have the desperate willingness to pay the price that a true revival requires. Revival is not free, and neither is it cheap.

The other question is, do I have enough steam to see this to the end? After all this, I do not want to miss it when it finally comes.

There was another vision that the Lord reminded me of that I had almost 20 years ago. I was hammering at a great stone wall with a sledge hammer. The wall was about 10 feet tall and was dark and solid. I kept hammering and hammering until I was completely worn out, wondering if the wall would ever crack. I was about to give up when finally on my last stroke there appeared a tiny crack at the top of the stone.

I am at that point. These last few trips have completely worn me out to where I can barely climb a flight of stairs much less deliver the intensity and passion that I pour into these messages. The responses are always great wherever I go, but where, oh where, is the outbreak of the Great African Revival? When will that crack begin to splinter that great stone wall?

Maybe on this next swing ...

"Is not my word like as a fire? saith the LORD; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" Jeremiah 23:29



Blind Man that was healed

The Congo

Back to the Congo

Eastern Congo has no serviceable airport that can be reached by major airlines, so I have to fly into Kigali, Rwanda and then hop a prop plane to the border. From there, the brothers and sisters will pick me up to cross into the Congo.

While I am here in Kigali, news of the new emerging Ebola Crisis in the Congo is filtering through. Rwanda briefly closed their border because of the increasing deaths in the Congo. They have since reopened them, but the tension is wavering about what will happen next, especially if the outbreak continues to grow. So far, almost 2,000 have died.

Rwandans kind of look down their cultural noses at the Congo. It is evident that there is a huge difference in the two societies in money, prosperity, infrastructure, business, social responsibility, and much to the point, health. There's all sort of reasons for this, most notably is the huge influx of cash into Rwanda from Western nations trying to assuage their guilty feelings from sitting by during the Genocide in 1994. In contrast, the Congo has been in a constant state of war for 10 years, both from militias inside the country and invasions from other countries trying to steal their mineral wealth. One country is clean, organized, and prosperous while the other is in tatters, shattered, poor, and under a cloud of darkness.

These are the kinds of places that we as Christians are sent into. While the bulk of American Christians will run to Kenya, Uganda, and Rwanda because it is safe there and has an established infrastructure, the real battle and desperate callings are to places like the Congo. It is a difficult place, but it is in such places that the Light shines brightest.

I'd be lying if I told you I wasn't a little scared, and I sure haven't told Cindy yet. I have already been through this same thing when the Ebola Crisis broke out in Liberia. There was a feeling of death in the air that was palpable. I felt it then, and I can feel it now. Is that the devil? Probably. Does it matter? You still feel that ominous weight of fear in your soul. You can tell me how brave you would be if you were here, but it would sound a lot more convincing coming from you if you were here standing in the midst of it.

But we go anyway, don't we? To quote a friend in Florida, "It's what we do." We go. Anything less would be treasonous. We are dead in Christ and called to the sufferings of the Cross, so nothing matters. Those people that are there are souls that are precious in His sight and someone has to bring them the Light. So we go.



When I landed at the border, I was met by a whole contingent of brothers and sisters who came to greet me, all wearing polo shirts emblazoned with my cross-and-fire logo on their breasts and "Revivalfire Ministries" printed across the backs. Talk about a welcome!

This is why I come. The fire is not only already burning, it is growing and these brothers are fanning the flames. The Ebola Crisis is only adding to the fire. The same thing happened in Liberia. They started packing the services every night while the disease was devastating the area around them. When mortality is staring you in the face, people tend to turn to God.

In "The Hiding Place", Corrie Ten Boom wrote "thank God for the fleas" because they kept the Nazis from coming into their barracks. If Ebola is drawing people to the meetings and causing them to seek the face of God, then I thank God that He is able to use something so deadly to save souls. The trick is that someone has to come and bring the Gospel to them.

And so we go.

Sunday in a Tea Plantation

Sunday is my first day on the ground here in the Congo, so naturally we are headed off to one of the local churches. I say "local" with some literary license. This place is not exactly local.

After I left the Congo last year, the brothers here were on fire to spread this message of revival everywhere. This church is just one of the many churches that were planted. As I heard it, this pastor heard of me and came to last year's meetings and asked if they could plant a church in his village. So I started this time in a church that is one of my seeds. I thought that was pretty cool.

But local it is not. We drove up and over the mountains that surround Bukavu, and then we drove down the other side and kept going. Maybe it really wasn't that far, but it sure felt like they were taking me way out into the bush. Then all of a sudden, we took a left hand turn straight into a tea plantation. This is a road? Well, sort of. But then, we took another turn straight up a rocky, muddy path. Are you kidding me? Horses can't go up that path, and you're going to drive up there with this little Toyota?

Out on the outskirts of this huge tea plantation was a tiny village. It was nice, neat, clean, and orderly. Nothing like the squalor that you find in the cities. And in the midst was a tiny church packed wall-to-wall with about 100 people singing and praising the Lord.



Services out here are nothing like you experience in America. First of all, the service lasted over 5 hours. Let's sing another song! Let's pray again! How about another message? Add to that an altar call for the nine souls that got saved and a water baptism for another 8 souls. My little message was only a small part of all this.

Africans do not do church like we do in the West. The level of intensity would blow most of us out of our pews. The music is loud and boisterous, and the dancing is ferocious. The praying is so intense it lifts the roof up a few inches or so. And the preaching is serious and anything but the boring lectures we receive in American churches. You got to really want God to dive into church at this level. The thing is, they do. And we don't.

I think that's the thing about Africa that I find the most telling - they are desperately hungry for God. From what I've read about revivals, that seems to be the one initial ingredient that is necessary for any outpouring the Holy Spirit. You gotta be hungry. So hungry that it will push you past the traditional limits of your typical staid and organized church. You can't fake this. That "churchy" thing has to go along with the half-hearted sincerity and the affected holy voices. The "unchurched" know what I'm talking about. Most of you church-goers do not.

The fervency extended to that evening's radio broadcast. They had me on for an hour with a salvation message. People not only get saved, but they also get physically healed just listening to these broadcasts. I experienced the same thing when I had a radio broadcast in Liberia. It's not me that makes the difference; it's their desperate hunger for God. They need Him and they need Him desperately, and they expect the miracles, and so He brings them.



Us in America? Um, not so much. And that is why I believe revival will break out in Africa first before spreading around the world. We may be the last to get it. And that is if we are willing to give up our comfortable religions, our weak, insipid messages, and our arrogance of being from "Christian America".

We are the Church of Laodicea.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches." (Revelations 3:32)

Three Days in Kavumu

It has been a while since I've written. Food poisoning took me out for a day or so and three days later, I still have no drive or energy. So much for believing that the food is safe at the hotels.

I missed the first day of a 3-day seminar. There was no way I was going to make it to this place that was 2 hours away, so I turned it over to my host, Pastor John, to fill in for me. He did a great job, which is proof that they really can do this without me.

The next day I showed up to a group of over 500 pastors, most of whom belong to CEPAC, a conservative Pentecostal organization that started during the revivals that swept through Africa during the early '70's. I knew they'd be scrutinizing everything I said, but I also knew that this younger generation chafed at the legalistic restrictions that the organization had put upon them over the years.



Like all religious organizations that are birthed in times of a move of God, the fresh excitement of revival slowly fades into a more organized replica of its original raw and wilder version. They retain the same vision, believe the same doctrine, sing the same songs, but they just get polished and sophisticated and begin to add more and more rules to maintain their perceived place on the path to Salvation. It's like they grew up and became adults and lost the freshness of their youth and vitality. They become boring and are no longer fun.

They also change their status in society. Whereas they used to be on the other side of the theological tracks, they have now moved into the respectable section of town. But they have lost something in the transition. They become stiff with a programmed approach to the things that used to be led by the Spirit. And along with that they develop a “churchy” personality, but they never see it.

So I knew what I was stepping into when I stood up to address all the dark suit coats sitting out there. But I also knew that everything I was about to say for the next two days was based solely on the Word of God. I don't troll all the latest Christian self-help books, subscribe to the podcasts, or view everyone's videos. I don't want to replicate someone else's ideas. I want the Word of God to direct the message so that everything I say can be backed up by God.

I needn't have worried. They were with me every step of the way. Yeah, there were the expected questions when it came to Question-and-Answer time, but it was more because they wanted to know how to answer these questions. Questions like makeup, lipstick, a glass of beer, women wearing pants, and a variety of the same old issues. When I answered that they were more concerned with a tube of lipstick than the fact that souls were dropping off into Hell, and that God blamed them for allowing the harvest to perish, you should have heard them cheer. Yeah, they cheered! They got the message.

Both days were great - they always are - and I left with a confidence in these simple, humble people that they would take the message I left them and begin to put it to work. They were so happy that they gave me a goat to take home. Yes, that's right, a goat. And a strange twisted rope that contained a dozen hard boiled eggs. I guess that means they like me.



We tied the goat up in the backseat of the car and waved goodbye. I don't know if I will ever see them again. Kavumu is a bit out of the way, but God knows exactly where it is and He is able to start a fire in a place like Kavumu that no one has heard of and send it around the world, because He is God and that's what He does.

Like so many out-of-the-way places that I've ministered to, you can only deliver the message God has given you and leave the rest in His hands. He will water the seed you've planted, cultivate it, and bring it to harvest.

Last Ride Home

The smog lies like a thick grey haze over the whole city. At first, I thought it was fog or a mist from off the lake, but finally realized that this was just like the smog in L.A. back in 1970. You could see the slight veil of grey even down just one block. Add that to the poverty, squalor, and the overpopulation here, and you have a scene from some apocalyptic movie. It's also a good picture of the spiritual landscape here. There is a layer of spiritual darkness and oppression in the air that lays like that smog over this whole area.

Life is hard here, especially for the masses of humanity who are under the poverty level. I see them every day, trudging up the roads, looking for work or some opportunity to make it through this day, and go back to their hovels at night only to start it over tomorrow. What resilience there is here! They just keep trudging along, pushing through life for one more day of survival. Somewhere buried down there has to be a slender ray of hope for something more.



But underneath this is a widespread faith in God, maybe born out of that same desperation. And that may be why their faith is so easy to ignite. Each African country that I have been to has a different type and level of sincerity and faith. Here in the Congo, it is simple, hard, and uncomplicated. They just need God more than others, and that desperation acts like vinegar to cut away the grease of superficial Christianity. The world does not offer them much of anything. Their only hope is in God.

Maybe that's why I got so sick over here four times! Twice with food poisoning, once with a flu-like cold, and once with who-knows-what-it-was. We did two 3-day seminars on revival and somebody must have telephoned Satan to let him know I was here, because all of a sudden, he woke up and for the next two weeks, I went through a deluge. I had to cancel two church services and missed the last day of the 3-day crusade because I could hardly stand up, never mind preach. The good thing was that the brothers here stood up in my place and took over. Proof that they don't need me anywhere near as much as they claim.



One of the things that is like the highest praise is that during the crusade that I missed, the pastors that were there said that my host, Pastor John, sounded like himself when he started preaching, but once he warmed up and got going, he sounded just like Brother Dale. To be more correct, he fell into the same Spirit that flows through me. If I am able to affect the next generation of preachers like that, then that is truly high praise.

So now I am on my last ride home. I will not miss the long hours on the planes, the hotel rooms that begin to feel like a shoebox after a month or so, the African diet, the dirt and mud that is everywhere, the broken fixtures, the insane traffic, and the constant need for more than you can give. But it's the faces that I will miss. Always the faces. So many stories written into the eyes that look at you with longing and hope for what only God can give them.

Tens of thousands have been saved, hundreds have been supernaturally healed, and there's no telling how many churches have been revived and set on fire. I didn't start the fire or fan the flames - I just planted the idea that was written in the Word of God. The Anointing accompanied me everywhere we went, and that is what made it all come alive. They recognized God, and they believed Him, and the seed that was planted in them will germinate and grow into the harvest that is surely coming. I am done and have transferred the anointing and commission to the leaders that are there on the ground that God has chosen. They will take it the rest of the way.



As for me? Oh, there'll be something come along in due time, I imagine. I'm not rushing it. I been talkin' for a while about sitting on that porch with Cindy and watching the grass grow. I think I might give that a shot for a while.

Other Books

Books by Dalen Garriss:

Four Steps to Revival
Fire in the Hole
The Kenya Diaries
A Trumpet in Nigeria
A Scent of Rain
Into the Heart of Darkness
Fire and Rain
Do You Have Eternal Security?

Booklets by Dalen Garriss

A Volcano in Cape Verde
Tanzania, 2011
Nigeria, 2012
Planting a Seed in Liberia
A Whisper in the Wind
Finishing What We Started
Two Covenants
Calvinism Critiqued

Please visit our website for more information about our ministry. <http://revivalfire.org>

If you or your church would like us to minister, please contact us and we would be more than willing to bring this same message of revival to your group or congregation.

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