

Book I



Into the Heart of Darkness

By Dalen Garris

*This is a work of history. Historical individuals and places
and events are mentioned.*

Copyright © 2018 by Dalen Garris

Published by Revivalfire Ministries

Cover artwork by Christy Plilar

ISBN 13: 978-0-9994694-7-7

All rights reserved.

*No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner
whatsoever, without written permission, except in the case of
brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews, as
provided by U.S. Copyright Law.*

*For information, address
dale@revivalfire.org*

Printed in the United States of America

Table of Contents

Book I – Into the Heart of Darkness	1
Introduction	5
Black Volcanic Rock	10
Goma	12
A Tumultuous City	15
Keeping the Focus	17
Six Principles of Revival	19
Goma to Bukavu	23
Bukavu	26
Woman’s Meeting at Penuel Church	29
More Congo Culture Facts	32
A New Thought	35
Slogging Through a Spiritual Swamp	37
Prayer Intercessors	39
Altar Call in Bukavu	41
A Letter from Our Host	44
A Second Letter from Noah	48
A Call to Action	51
Changa Moto	54
Leaving the Seed	57
Coming Out of the Congo	59
City on a Hill	63

Book II - Return to the Congo	67
Back to the Congo	68
Sunday in a Tea Plantation	71
Three Days in Kavumu	74
Last Ride Home	77
About the Author	80
Other Books by Dalen Garris:	83

Introduction

Ten years. That's how long it has been since I first came to Africa to preach revival.

Ten years. Sounds like a long time and makes me feel old, but honestly, the years have just flown by. I can't tell you how many trips I have made here, but I can tell you that my passport had to have a bunch of extra pages added to it, and it is nearly full.

I never did keep a count of all the churches I've preached at, how many pastors I have ministered with, or how many souls have been saved. It never seemed pertinent for some reason. Looking back, I can see that I would have just lost track after a while. I'm not too good with keeping details like that.

I can't tell you for sure what kind of impact I have had here. I know it has to be something deep and wide, but I can't point to anything concrete that would show the extent that this message has traveled. I know there are many pastors - some of whom are reading this column - who would vehemently disagree because they were there and saw the Spirit of God at work during those revival meetings and witnessed the results. Nevertheless, I am still a relatively unknown with no established ministry. Of course, that was never the point anyway. I didn't come here to build my ministry; I came to build theirs. Still, it would be nice to know.

And now I am about to launch off into a new adventure. In a few days, I will be heading into the Congo, right into the area that has seen so much warfare these last 15 years. If there was ever a place that needed God, this would be it. The devastation from so much warfare has

created an intense need for God in these people. They are desperate for relief.

This will call for a very different message than I usually bring. There will be no need here to reprove them about an easy-going, lazy “church as usual” attitude. That message of reproof is reserved for calmer areas of the world with established churches that are settled back on their lees and have lost their zeal and fire. No, there is no lackadaisical spirit here that would be a barrier to a move of God. What I expect to find instead are deep, festering spiritual wounds that are debilitating their faith in a God who seemed to be missing in their time of horror. I have had people from Rwanda ask me where God was while a million people were butchered in 100 days. That is a tough question to answer when looking into the face of someone who had to watch as their little children were hacked to pieces, tortured, butchered, and raped in front of their eyes.

Satan had his holiday and reigned supreme over these people during that time and through the years since. But now it is time for God to burst through the darkness. We are going into the midst of a fog of despair to bring hope. I don't have all the answers – I don't even have most of them – but I do know that the only hope and salvation for them is through the Blood of Jesus Christ, and that somehow through all the pain and suffering that these people have been through, God will reign supreme over Death, Hell, and the grave.

This next month should be a high-water mark in my ten-year campaign. I expect to see the power of God revealed in ways that overpower and exceed the intensity of pain. The glory will outshine the darkness, and we may see God move in ways that have not been seen since Jesus

walked the streets of Jerusalem.

Tomorrow we start our campaign for the Congo in earnest. It has been a week getting here, stopping first in Nairobi to meet with two different large church denominations based in Kenya. Both have read my message and have followed me for a few years now, but this is the first time I have met with either of these church groups. They want revival and fully understand that it will not come through any easy message of blessings and prosperity, but only through a hard message of repentance. The attitude in the churches is changing. The old-timers still remember the old-fashioned message of holiness and the fear of God when true revival blew through their churches. And now this new generation's message of a soft gospel of blessings, love and prosperity is beginning to lose steam. They're finally realizing that it's not working, and it's not going to.

From Nairobi, I flew to Kigali to hire a taxi to take me into the Congo. What a beautiful ride! We climbed mountain after mountain on a perfectly smooth road up into the fresh mountain air. The sun was strong, and the air was cool. It felt like northern California or Colorado. If I lived in Africa, this is where I would want to be. Rwanda is unlike its African neighbors in that it is a controlled society when it comes to cleanliness, order, and industriousness. They actually fix things when they break!

Of course, that all changed once we hit the border of the Congo. Corruption, dirt, squalor, and poverty rose up out of the ground within a matter of a hundred yards. But this is where I have been called, and this is where the challenge is. If they didn't need me, I wouldn't have

come.

This evening, I met with the leaders of the churches that have invited me. This is another large organization of churches like what I met in Nairobi, but what a different situation! Here we have a monumental challenge of some of the world's worst suffering. Almost 5 million people have died, along with countless atrocities and untold desolation for millions more. There are not words to adequately describe the suffering and pain that is found here. And I hardly know anything at all. I would imagine that I will go through a baptism of sorts this month, entering into a depth of human pain and raw wounded emotion like I have never seen. I will probably be a very different person by the time I leave.

I asked about what message they expect me to bring. Obviously, this is not my usual audience. Where I am usually called to wake up churches and set them on fire, these people are coming looking for even the smallest ray of hope that God is mindful of their sufferings. I cannot fail. The wrong word spoken can destroy these fragile souls. I will have to have a message that is completely from God, no fooling around, no maybe, no "I hope God answers" - totally crucified, sanctified, and straight from the Throne.

I am totally out of my element in a situation that is so desperate that it defies description where there can be absolutely no mistakes. And yet, here I am. I have to believe that He knows what He is doing, even if I don't. If ever there was a time to "lean upon Jesus", this is it. I cannot take a chance in figuring out what the message will be and come in with my own pile of disheveled notes and spiritually sounding lecture. There is no room for theological dissertations from some carnally based Bible

scholars. This has to be released from the mind, from perceptions, from what I think and what I have learned. I have to let go, surrender completely, and step off the edge of the cliff. Get out of the way and let Almighty God preach the message. Only He knows what to say.

Keep praying.

Black Volcanic Rock

Black volcanic rock. That's Goma. The roads are made of it, the houses, the walls, and yards, everything. The streets are littered with piles of jagged black boulders that create a depressing backdrop for this dingy city on the edge of western Congo.

I've been told that the climate and topography of a place defines to a certain extent the personalities of the people who live in it. It sure seems to be true here. There is little joy, color, or laughter found here - not quite the grimness you find in Nigeria, but sort of a subdued submission to a colorless existence ... like the color of the rock this city is built from.

As in any place here in Africa, there are strong believers of faith and passion here, interspersed throughout. They are the ones for whom I have come. Many remember the great move of the Spirit that swept across Africa in the early '70's but that zeal had been bridled by denominational control. I suppose the fear that the fire would turn into wildfire and veer from the true tenets of the Gospel caused them to clamp down on how Christianity should be dictated, administered, and preached.

I was forged in the fires of that same revival in the '70's, but I was never had to conform to the constrictions of the Assemblies, the Pentecostals, the Baptists, or any of the other well-meaning denominations that tried to piggyback on that move of the Holy Ghost. I guess I just never learned any religious social graces, so I preach it the same way I got it preached to me 45 years ago.

There is something about the anointing of the Holy Ghost that trumps all that theological stuff. When

the Spirit of God is running – and I mean running hard – nobody cares what the rules are. They just want a piece of that anointing. That’s what I am finding here.

There are people here who tell me that they have seen my face in a dream or vision or something like that long before I got here, that the Lord had told several of them that I was coming and bringing revival with me long before I had decided to come. I never know what to think about that kind of stuff, whether it’s over-active imaginations or projected hope, or if the Lord really did tell them that. Don’t know. What is important, however, is that THEY think He did, so they pack into the church to listen to the prophet that God has sent to bring revival. They scramble to get a copy of “Four Steps to Revival” and devour it. The hungry look on their faces and the feeling of desperate hope in the air stands in stark contrast to the black volcanic rock that surrounds them.

I don’t know what will happen here after I have left. If they take the message to heart, then they will see God move; if not, then it will be back to “church as usual”. That’s not for me to stress over – my job is to deliver the message that the Lord has given me, to deliver it in the Spirit, under the power of the Anointing, and with the passion of the Holy Ghost flowing through me. They will make their decision from that.

“And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power” (1 Corinthians 2:4)

Goma

We are in Goma, a city in eastern Congo that has seen so much war during the last 15 years that it has become as much a military camp as a bustling city. There is little infrastructure here because of the constant instability. You can feel it in the air, like a dust that hangs over everyone and smothers peace and freedom. Even the US Embassy has issued warnings to stay out of North Kivu, which is the area we are in.

But this is where the need is, and this is where God has sent us. I keep wondering what message I could possibly bring to such a war-torn place that is steeped in such suffering. In the face of such desolation, what do you tell people? Since I really do not know what to say, I have decided not to try and figure it out. If God had truly sent us, then surely, He has a message for them, and if He is big enough to create the Universe, then He can surely speak out of my mouth. So, I will let Him preach.

About two hundred pastors have come from hundreds of miles around. I think most of them expected the same old soft “Jesus loves you” message that they usually get from American evangelists, but that is not what the Lord gave me. Instead, I challenged them not to fall back on their pain and suffering as an excuse, but to use it instead as a springboard that would propel them to bring the Gospel to the lost.

I took it from John chapter 5, the Pool of Bethesda, where the cripple responded to the call from Jesus with weak excuses of why he couldn’t get into the pool to be healed. Thirty-eight years lying beside the Living Waters, making excuses for why he couldn’t be healed is just like the Church here, wallowing in their self-pity for thirty-

eight years since the last move of God had run through this area. Instead of leaning on excuses, I challenged them to overcome and have the courage to believe God for victory.

Of course, you can't just tell everybody to rise up, take up your bed, and walk. You have to show them how, and that's what the three days was all about. Once they caught the vision and could see in concrete terms that, yes, they can do this, it was "Katie, get up and bar the door!" They were as excited as a bunch of kids ready to charge back to their churches and spread the message. They were on fire! It was really something to see.

We start again on Monday in another town nearby. I expect to see the same thing again. Leaders from this organization of almost 1,000 churches throughout the Congo have come to hear the message and have opened up their entire organization to me. They believe this is the message that is needed to stand the Church back on her feet.

A broken, whimpering, weak Church that has been defeated by adversity can never overcome the powers of darkness that run rampant in this land. Only a Church that is made up of warriors who will take the fight to the enemy and charge into the battle, knowing that the Lord of Hosts is going before them, will ever be able to break the demonic hold that Satan has on this people.

We are here to fight. This is a dangerous place, made more so by the fact that I am driving a spear right into the heart of Satan's stronghold. He has not been challenged like these pastors are about to challenge him. He knows that the fury of the Lord is about to break through the spiritual barriers that have oppressed and

destroyed this area, and I am sure he will fight back, tooth and nail.

Well, I'm from Jersey, and I love a good fight! Especially when I know who is going to win.

Keep on praying.

A Tumultuous City

What a tumultuous place this is!

It's not just the winds of war that shift back and forth across this city, or the very real threat of an active volcano looming over it spewing out its smoke and grit, but there is a spiritual unrest here as well. Goma is a city in the Congo that has not had rest in an entire generation or more. Probably longer than that.

I am leaving on a boat tomorrow for Bakavu, a city on the other end of Lake Kivu, and I am not sorry to leave. I will miss the people, but not the grit, smoke, or the unrest. Nevertheless, something happened here during these services that has broken spiritual barriers. It's one of those things you can feel rather than explain, but ask any of these pastors and they will launch into a tirade of excited Swahili to let you know what has happened to them. Counting the service tonight, there have been somewhere between 400 to 500 people who have come forward during the altar calls this week, and many more who have been energized to take the message of revival to the streets. I think we have had a major impact on the churches of this city that will transform them from helpless, wishful dreamers to active, on-fire soldiers for God.

Today, I met the lady who started this whole thing. This is just like one of the stories you hear about how revivals have gotten started in the past. She and her husband had a little church that just would not grow. Determined to get a hold of God for revival, she started contending in prayer four years ago for God to send revival here.

Two years later, God told her He was sending someone, and that revival would break out in her very own church. Then He showed her a vision of what the guy looked like ... which explains why she has been hanging on me ever since I have arrived. She saw me long before I ever got here! This was God's absolute confirmation that He had not only heard her, but that, like Cornelius, her prayers had come up in remembrance before Him and He was marshaling Heaven to answer her prayers. Wow, I get chills just thinking about it.

There have been several times in Africa when the Lord has shown someone an image of me long before I came. These people have such open souls with God and have such desperation in prayer that He can easily do the supernatural with them. I don't know how to explain it but they just don't have the barriers on their hearts that we have. If we were as desperate as they were and if we would rend our hearts in prayer like they do, maybe we would have the same intimate relationship that they have. It has something to do with simplicity, need, and desperate hope that spawn a faith that drives them through to the Throne of God.

Tomorrow we start in a new city - we have three more cities to go to before we head home. Usually, the intensity and tempo speed up as I enter into the second and third weeks of a campaign, but the fire has already started to burn. Only God knows what awaits us as we take this message further into this country of desolation, war, and darkness.

Keep praying.

Keeping the Focus

Money, money, money. Have you ever considered how much money affects your life? Too little and you are consumed with trying to get it; too much and it consumes you with trying to keep it. The only time it turns invisible is when you no longer care.

Money is certainly an issue here in the Congo. Every time I turn around, it is another unexpected expense - visas, gas, Bibles, extra fees for this and extra fees for that. And that is besides the pastors who are always coming up to you asking for just a little money for their families. Just the hotel bill for the next couple weeks for us will be expensive -- and that is staying in hotels that don't have running water. Well, that's not exactly true ... they run the water up the stairs to you in a bucket with a scoop. (Oh, did you want warm water?)

But all that is a distraction. I have to keep my eye on the goal and not be swayed or derailed by the pressure of continually mounting expenses. If I allow myself to get vexed over this, I will not be able to deliver the message in the Spirit. The Spirit of God does not flow when you are vexed, and if I fail, the cost will not be in dollars, but in the inestimable cost of souls.

Many years ago, my pastor told me something I've never forgotten: "Mistakes in this business", he said, "unlike any other business, are fatal". That kind of shocked me when I first heard it, but I soon realized how right he was. We cannot afford to make mistakes because we are dealing with human souls, and what we carry to them, and how we carry it, will affect their eternal destiny.

I may only be able to minister to these people here

one time – I get one shot at igniting a flame in their hearts – and I cannot afford to let the vexation of money to get in the way and take me out of the Spirit. If I do, I can say the same exact words to them, but those words won't be able to pierce their hearts and touch their souls. It's not the words, but the Holy Spirit that make the difference.

So, I'm just going to plow ahead and get into my "Alfred E. Newman" mode ("What, me worry?") and focus on what is important. I'll let God worry about the small stuff.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of the power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." (1 Cor. 2:4,5)

Six Principles of Revival

The message of revival that I have been bringing is predicated on the prophesies that are in the Book of Joel, both those about the last great revival that is coming and those about the times leading up to it. But the foundation for the whole message rests upon a base of 6 vital principles of revival. These principles never change. Throughout time, they have been the bedrock foundation that all revivals have been based upon.

The first principle to understand is that revival is not about feeling good, having exciting church services, or receiving wonderful blessings. It's not even about the miracles or the outpouring of the Spirit. Those are all results of revival, not the core focus. Revival is about winning souls – first, foremost, and always. The primary reason God sends revival is so that the Church will rise up and shine the Light of Salvation to the millions of lost souls who are on their way to Hell. God is not willing that any should burn in Hell, and He uses His Body to bring that message of hope to them. Jesus said that if He be lifted up, He will draw all men unto Him, and that is what revival is all about.

The second principle of revival is that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not about you. The Gospel is about others, others, others. The Church has been flooded with messages that are all about what God can do for you, how Jesus wants to bless His people, and all the blessings and good things that God will give you and how you can have a deeper spiritual walk. It's almost as if all we want to talk about is not how we can serve God, but how He can serve us. Gone are the admonitions about taking upon ourselves the sufferings of the Cross, walking a crucified

walk in subjection to His Will, and the call to sacrificing it all for the Cross.

We need to take our focus off of ourselves and place it on others. This is the very essence of Charity in 1 Corinthians 13. Agape is not just a “love” that is little more than some warm fuzzy emotion; it is love in action, the giving of yourself out of love so that souls can be saved. If you don’t grasp this concept, you will never be able to understand the Cross. Jesus died to save sinners, and He calls us to follow Him into that same calling. *“Deny thyself, pick up your cross, and follow me.”* Until you get your focus off yourself, God cannot begin to bring revival.

The third principle to understand is that there is a price to pay for revival. Nothing in God is free. And the price for revival is high – so high, in fact, that that is the reason why true Holy Ghost revivals are so rare. You cannot expect to sit in church and wait for God to drop a revival into your waiting lap – it will not happen. If you do nothing, nothing will happen. At some point, you will have to get up and do something. God will not send His precious souls to a people who do not care enough to answer the call to battle and fight for them. If you draw nigh unto Him, He will draw nigh unto you. There is a price to pay for everything in God.

The fourth principle is like the third in that revivals have to be prayed in. This is not a light statement. Throughout history, before every revival you will see the saints laboring in intense prayer, sometimes for years, before God begins to move. This is not the light, easy-going “little talks with Jesus”, but a ferocious contending before the Throne of God that moves the Almighty. Prayer moves God; but if you want a great move of God, it takes

great prayer. We must be as desperate as Rachael in Genesis 30:1 when, as a barren wife, she cried out to her lord, "Give me children lest I die!" If you want it to rain, you have to pray like Elijah.

The fifth principle is that no revival comes without repentance. If the cry for revival is not accompanied by true heart-rending repentance, then nothing will change, and we will remain stuck in the same apostasy that killed the last move of God. Two good examples are in Nehemiah and Daniel. Nehemiah was the king's cupbearer and heard of the desolation of Jerusalem. Before going to the king in supplication to restore the city of God, however, he first fasted and prayed day and night in repentance for the children of Israel. Daniel, likewise, when he read Jeremiah's prophesy that after 70 years, Jerusalem would be restored, did not call his friends to sing and rejoice, but rather, he fell to his knees in repentance for his people. Daniel knew that even though it was written in the Word of God, revival would not come without repentance.

The last principle is a little different than the others. It is not about something we need to do, but rather what God provides for us. I have noticed that every revival is started by someone who has a vision for revival. There is always someone whose faith sees way past the horizon and who is set on fire by a vision that is greater than what he sees around him. He is the lightning that starts the fire. Gideon sought the face of God in secret and would not compromise with the Church that had been taken over by the world. Jonathan was willing to climb up the rocks on his hands and knees to take on the enemy, no matter what the odds, because he believed God could deliver them. In every place where you see a picture of

God's deliverance and ensuing revival, you will see a man of God who looked beyond his circumstances and believed God for revival. All the other conditions for the fires of revival may be there, but it takes a man or woman with a vision to strike the first match.

Revival is coming, folks. Where it will strike first and how fast the fire will spread is a matter of conjecture, but wherever it strikes, you will find all of the above underlying it.

Goma to Bukavu

It's been a couple of weeks since I have written. We've experienced two weeks of difficulties and stress, but we are through that now and heading down the next leg of our journey.

I spent 10 days in Goma, DRC, a dreary place carved out of volcanic rock with a stark perspective of life. Goma sits in the shadow of a huge live volcano that is still spewing smoke that lies over the city in an acrid haze. Why people would live here is beyond me, but they do, and they reflect the dreariness and drudgery that the volcano projects on their city.

Jealousy amongst the different churches runs high. On the surface, they all want to help each other in the quest for a real move of God, but beneath the pleasantries runs a constant current of maneuverings to get the Mzungu (white man) to preach at their church. I don't know if it is part prestige and part honest desire for revival, but it is certainly an ongoing competition between them. They beg me to come to their church, but they won't even pay for the gas to get me there. Instead, one church hands me a \$300 car rental bill for the morning services and then the other church wants to be paid another \$300 for the car that takes me to the afternoon services. It never stops. This is the Congo, and there is an unrelenting drive for money ingrained in their psyche. This is the stress we have to deal with whenever we come here.

But services were terrific ... at least on the surface. One old woman who was crippled got healed the very first day, so that got everyone's attention. The excitement

always runs wild, but then, this is an emotional culture. They do have a genuine hunger for God, but the proof will be to see what will happen after I am gone.

In many places we have been and planted our seeds of revival, we will hear later how the churches grew so fast that they had to build a second and a third church, sometimes more, to accommodate all the people who were getting saved. Time and time again, pastors would plant sometimes up to seventy churches based on the message they read in our booklet, "Four Steps to Revival". But sometimes, they just sit there and do nothing, waiting for revival to drop out of the sky on them ... or for Brother Dale to come back next year and preach the same message to them again. Some will; some won't. You just never know.

After a 2 ½ hour boat ride, we have now come to Bukavu. I have spent three days here in a loud, jumping-up-and-down, exciting church that was planted by a pastor I met in a bank last year. Like the widow with the Unjust Judge, he never quit haranguing me to come to his church until I finally agreed.

I am glad I did. If the seeds of revival were ever planted in fertile ground, his church is it. Unlike so many times when I just don't have enough time, I was able to go over the Practical Steps on things to do. They ate it up. I have to believe that the Lord led me in that direction and made time for that because they will actually go out and do it.

And if they do it, it will work.

One more week here before I head for Rwanda. They have this week packed with places to preach at, both me and Cindy. I am in the hands of a man of God whom I have an enormous amount of respect for and who shares

my vision for revival down to the details. I fully expect a fruitful and exhilarating week.

Bukavu

Bukavu. Sounds like a place out of a children's fairy tale, but it is real enough. Carved out of volcanic rock, the city spills over steep hills and narrow inlets hugging around Lake Kivu like a child hugging its' mother's leg. There are well over a million people here, scrabbling out a living on the busy, clamorous streets that are lined with kiosks, street vendors and stores that are little more than small caves in the long line of buildings. Bukavu is a riot of activity and squalor, but there seems to be a rhythm beneath the surface that keeps it humming. I enjoy the buzz of the constant activity even though it is coated in a ubiquitous layer of dirt. It almost feels like the streets are alive, like a beating pulse of the city.

Bukavu is on the other side of the lake from Goma and has a completely different feel to it. While it may be dirty and clamorous, it has none of the dingy feeling that made Goma so dismal. It should be a small wonder that the difference is reflected in the attitudes of the people here. Maybe it's just my imagination, but services here seem to be much more vibrant and alive and the people much more responsive.

I preach a hard message, to be sure, but it is what is necessary to break the outer shell of "church as usual" that has encapsulated our churches. The vibrancy and fire they once had has turned to embers, some not even glowing. To break through that, there has to be repentance - not the superficial kind that keeps us sitting in our pews, but the heartbroken kind that forces us to our knees. To rip away the cloak of mediocrity takes a strong message. Every place I have been acknowledge the truth of the message I bring - it's hard not to when the anointing

of the Holy Spirit is flowing – but not every church takes the message to heart. Some will; some won't. Here in Bukavu, they get it; I'm not so sure about Goma.

I spent my first three days at a small church with a raucous crowd. They were alive and shouting! They were so thankful for the message that they kept calling the pastor into the night to tell him so. Will they go to the streets and start reaping the lost? I believe they will.

Now I am at another church with a large congregation and several satellite churches. There is a notable difference here that can be felt as soon as they start singing. The Spirit of God is flowing here; you can feel it sweep you away in praise as the music takes you from one song to the next. The Congolese can really sing!

The first night, I felt energized throughout the message and then called for prayer. And pray they did – loud and with passion for almost 30 minutes! They just couldn't stop. During that prayer, some people actually received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost with tongues. Yesterday, it was the same, but this time after they prayed, they wanted a healing line. The Spirit of God was moving, and they wanted more.

There are times when you pray and not feel anything. You just sort of hope something happens. This wasn't one of those times. I don't know how it is for anyone else, but for me, when the oil is flowing it feels like a gentle flowing of thick oil. It's hard to describe, but that's what happened last night. I know at least one old lady who was crippled and could not walk without a walking stick, told me that she was now healed. I suspect I will hear more testimonies when I return tonight.

The Congo is a hard place. The suffering they have

gone through is terrible, the conditions are stark, and life is hard. It's not hard to see why so few evangelists, especially from the West, ever come here. But these are the kinds of places where the mercy of God really shines. I'm glad I'm here - I'll be more than ready to leave when it's time, but I'm glad I am here to take part in what God is doing here.

Woman's Meeting at Penuel Church

This is a large building with many people in the congregation. When I got there, one of the pastor's wives was teaching. Her husband was to be our translator, and he did OK for a short while. Judith came and took his place shortly. He was glad that she came and so were we!

Same format: talked about Dale, my testimony, asked them questions. It seems like they are rather quiet until they feel comfortable. I asked for a couple of women to give their testimony of how they got saved. I will have to be more specific in the future. One older woman talked and talked until I told Judith to ask her to basically get to the end (in a nice way). Judith understood but the woman said she was getting to her healing part and kept on going. The other woman, Ruth, had an interesting testimony.

She and her husband were both Catholic. They had two children and then he went to Germany to find work and a better way of life. He did not return for five years! I couldn't grasp that: was he planning on staying that long to begin with or planning on never coming back? In that time, she got sick with some kind of swelling or tumor in her throat. She got saved and the women in the church helped her a lot and prayed with her. The Lord healed her! Her husband returned home and gave his life to the Lord. They have four children and are serving God.

They asked why I only had three children. (The Bible says to produce and multiply. The men expect that.) I told them that was all the children the Lord chose to give me. There are distinct customs here in the Congo and I was not going to go into birth control. I have to be careful about two things: the constant harangue about African

poverty and American wealth as well as the attitude of women being suppressed by the men. They have has many as 16 children. They try to have them in the local hospitals but if they don't have the money or are not in that vicinity at the time of birth, they just give birth where they are. One woman had her first four children on the side of the road walking home. By herself. They all laughed at my shock about this. Also: the children "belong" to the man. Is it like that in America?

This particular denomination has strict guidelines on what the women and men wear, as well as the culture of women doing almost all the work while the husband is the chief and lord of the house. The customs are slowly changing but women always wear dresses, no jewelry, and a head covering. If the man is a pastor or preacher, he is supposed to wear a suit or jacket. I have worn skirts to the evening services, but I wore a pair of dress pants, top and scarf at the woman's meeting. The pastor commented to Dale about it. (The women didn't say anything to me at all.) Dale said they should be concerned with the weightier matters of the law. If men felt superior or righteous by the clothing that they required themselves and their women to wear, then they were missing the point of the gospel.

One interesting fact came up about this particular church. The wars have brought many refugees into the city. Fear of rape and murder made the different tribal women flee out of the outlying fields because they couldn't plant or harvest without being accosted by either warring side. These church women have taken in 26 Pygmy women. They have opened up their homes to let them live with them. They are members of the church and are learning a trade to help support themselves in the city.

Most of them are learning to sew. The Pygmies are more accepted in this area than in the area in Uganda where Noah lives.

Our coordinator, Michael, is a Pygmy I saw many more in the congregation but didn't put it together until the women told me what they were doing. And these women do care for each other spiritually and physically. But they tend more to have a woman leader preach/teach to them instead of reading the Bible and praying by themselves in order to grow in God. So, we talked about all that. I asked them what kind of marriage they would have or communication with their children and their friends if they didn't talk and share every day? Why wouldn't they want God to talk to them through His Word? They acknowledged the point! Share Bibles if you don't have one. If you live too far apart, then a few of you get together at the church and read with each other.

All in all, it turned out well. Again, the women are happy and excited that someone would come and just listen, talk, and share. I tell them that I am just like them. No special answers because I am a white woman from America. Our common bond is the salvation of Jesus Christ.

More Congo Culture Facts

Gasoline is about \$7.00 per gallon. The city is so spread out that even though there are gas stations it is not always convenient. Little markets and kiosks or booths line the streets and sell anything and everything. So you just pull up to one that has gasoline in recycled water bottles (1 liter, 2 liter and 5 liter) and they will pour it in your gas tank. A little more expensive, but at least you don't have to maneuver through the crazy traffic to get to a gas station. If you do, they plug in a generator in order to turn on the pumps!

Women take long scarves or rags, tie them through handles of buckets, and then strap them on their back and across their foreheads. They will wrap a baby around the front of them, and whatever they are carrying on their back. Then they "hunch" over and start walking. Everything: water, sticks, charcoal, grass, carrots, sugar cane, live chickens!

Pastor Gerard drove all three of us to the top of the mountain that Bukavu is built on. That road was actually paved. It is about 5000 feet in altitude. About 30 kilometers square with a population of 1,200,000 people.

We have been hosted by a woman in the church for lunch and dinner. Her house is very nice. But we had to walk up 60 steps to get to it. That was hard. Dale had a hard time breathing. He took a picture of me. I think her name is something like Iris. She said she has a Martha ministry. Her business is catering for weddings and special guests. She had a very fancy layout for us each time. We ate a little bit of everything, and it was all good. I politely backed out on the weird little fish. They are about 2 inches long. Women sell them in the street

carrying them on big flat straw trays on their head. Sorry – we told Iris we had a hard time eating something that still had the eyes and tails attached. They thought that was funny. It made me feel better because Noah wouldn't eat them either. I'll tell more about the food in another email.

In their home, the wife feeds the husband first. She eats with the children later. They have 10 children. They were also Catholic and had been married 10 years with no children. They got saved, and the people prayed for them to be fruitful and multiply. One year later, they had their first son, and 6 boys and 4 girls followed quickly after that. The Lord is faithful to answer prayers!

They take fitted bed sheets, put a rock in each corner, then lay out the clothes they are selling so they don't get dirty on the ground. If it starts raining, they take a plastic tarp and lay it over their stuff, put more rocks on the corners, then find some place to wait out the storm. It rains 9 months out of the year – only June, July, and August are dry. A storm comes almost every day, anytime and usually pretty intense. The potholes in the streets fill up with muddy water.

The public buses are big vans. People cram in them and the last person will shut the sliding door, open the window, and sit or hang out the side. Policemen are at some of the main roundabouts during "jam time" (rush hour traffic), blowing their whistles and trying to direct traffic. One guy walking wouldn't get out of the way of the bus and so they hit him! He hobbled over to the sidewalk and people gathered around him while he was doubled over in pain. The bus kept on going. He eventually straightened up and lowly, painfully walked

down the street. Someone said they thought he might have been on drugs.

A New Thought

A new thought can be a fragile thing. The slightest grimace or frown can extinguish it from blossoming. But sometimes a new thought, can get a foothold on possibility and can be a powerful catalyst in creating great things. That's how it appears to be here in the Great Lakes of the DRC.

We started in Goma at the top of Lake Kivu, moved down to Bukavu at the bottom of the lake, and now we are in Uvira at the top of Lake Tanganyika. Next week, we head further down Lake Tanganyika to Kalemie. This is a rift in the topography like a vertical line that produces lakes that are deep and long. It also may be the place where the Great African Revival begins.

It's just a new thought; a gut feeling, if you would. Back in America, folks would probably smile condescendingly at my ambitious optimism, but here that thought is gaining traction, not as a possibility, but as an exciting reality.

I spoke to one of the main bishops here today. He has heard about the explosive services that we have been having. He sits there and stares at me as I recount the vision I have for revival - a new thought to us perhaps, but a living reality to him. This is what they've been waiting for - praying and fasting and crying out to God to revive them again like He did in 1971.

They are convinced that the Lord has told several of them that He is sending someone to bring revival to this Great Lakes Area. They know it, they feel it in their bones, it cries to them out of their very soul. Just a new idea, but when they hear the message we are preaching and

experience the Anointing that comes down in our services, that idea becomes a burning light, a flaming torch.

Maybe this is why this trip has been such a never-ending battle. Satan knows. Or at least he can see the signs and can figure out what is coming. This is not a new thought for him; it is an old nightmare.

Like the bud of a tender plant breaking through the clods of dirt, reaching up to soak up the sunshine, this idea is coming up fast. Once it takes hold, it can grow to be a mighty Oak tree. Even a tree as great as the Tree of Life had to start from a seed.

Such are the ways of a new thought.

Keep praying.

Slogging Through a Spiritual Swamp

I came pretty close to tossing it all in and heading for home yesterday -- too close. Thankfully, I could feel the Lord warning me not to abandon the rest of this campaign. I really think that had I quit, He would have made this my last excursion.

It isn't the big things; it's the constant dribble of small things and things unseen. Noah feels it too. Sometimes it's like walking through a swamp, sloshing your way through the mud, or like walking across loose sand. Everything seems so much harder, and little things become so much more difficult as you drag yourself through one scene after another.

I know we're all supposed to always sound upbeat and positive all the time, but it is also good for folks to understand what kind of stuff you have to go through out here. Spiritual warfare is not waged so much in big, dramatic battles as it is with the slow, ponderous strain of pushing through a spiritual fog with little weasels nipping and pecking at your every step, like little mosquitos that drive you insane.

But we will finish this mission. A couple more days here and then we take a 10 hour boat ride to Kalemi. Both Noah and I dread going for some reason, but at the same time, we know we have to go. Kalemi is like a frontier post. The only easy way to get there is by boat, so you won't find any white evangelists stopping by there to hold a crusade. But it is at the bottom of the area for the Great Lakes Revival that everyone is expecting, and somebody has to go there and deliver the message of revival. I guess that's me and Noah.

Sometimes I wonder if we are imagining all this. Have we become legends in our own mind, expecting grand panoramic sweeps of the Spirit of God and imagining ourselves as part of some grand victorious battle? But if that's true, then why is the devil giving us so much stinkin' trouble? I'm telling you, we must have struck a nerve on that weasel. Still, the Lord is not giving me much more than a few glimpses of what we are really doing. I hope they are true glimpses and not the illusions of Quixote optimisms.

Ah, but there we go again, peppered with doubt. See what I mean?

Prayer Intercessors

“And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” (Matthew 11:12)

Yesterday, I was asked how many Prayer Intercessors I had backing me up. They were shocked to hear that I only had one, a lady down in Pensacola Florida. How do we manage without backup, they asked? Not sure. We just do. I have lots of folks praying for us – lots of them – but when you’re talking about Prayer Intercessors, you are talking about an entirely different breed. I know several in Africa, but I only have one here in the U.S. who is actively interceding for me.

These are people who know what it means to be prayer warriors, to contend in battle on their knees for hours at a time, to fast for days, even weeks, at the slightest call. When I talk about “storming the gates of Heaven”, that is what they do on a daily basis. They don’t just pray; they conquer. They don’t send up polite requests to a God that they assume is listening because the Bible says so; they crash the gates, shake the foundations, tear down strongholds, and move mountains.

It seems that all the Prayer Intercessors that I have met were women. But make no mistake, this is not for the faint-hearted, the polite, or the weak. This is war, and these women are the heavy artillery, the special commandos, the elite of the elite. There is no quarter shown to the enemy in this war. Satan knows it and he fears them far more than whole denominations of

preachers, evangelists, and big shot apostles.

These are people who dwell in that secret place of the Most High, that secret garden of God that most Christians know nothing of. It is a place that is most holy and sacred and is reserved for only those who dwell in the depths of a crucified walk in God – a place of total immersion, total yielding, and total release. It is a place of death, and a place of holy communion with God on a deeply personal basis. Ordinary Christians do not enter this holy place – only those who have submerged themselves in the depths of broken-hearted passion and desperate prayer.

These are the real heroes in Eternity. Guys like me, the Lord sends out to go do the work, but ladies like these, He keeps in close to Him and covers them under the shadow of His wings because He loves to spend that close and personal time with them. They are the ones that make it possible for guys like me to do what we do. There is no victory accomplished out in the mission field that has not first been won in the prayer room, and these prayer intercessors are the ones winning those battles.

Thank you, ladies, wherever you are. I would never be able to weather this storm without you praying like you do.

Altar Call in Bukavu

I knew it was going to be good; I just didn't expect it to be that good.

My last service here in Bukavu, Congo is at a fairly large church where we have been having the seminars for the pastors from this organization. CEPAC is one of the largest denominations in the Congo, and these pastors have come from all over the country.

I knew I was going to have a good message because I got something special from the Lord at breakfast. I didn't know what I had yet, but I knew it was coming from John chapter 5, the Pool of Bethesda, and from Jeremiah 23, about the false prophets. Somehow, they were linked, but I had no idea how. Oh well, let Him lead and I will follow, and we will see where He takes us.

Stepping into the church was a surprise. The place was packed to the gills, the whole floor, both wings, and up in the balconies. If there was room to sit somewhere, I don't know where it would have been. As I started getting ready (I still don't know what the message is going to be) I started praying and the Spirit just came down on me like a bang and I started laughing. Not a silly spirit, mind you, but that laugh of faith when the Holy Spirit drops down on you. "Faith Laughs" is the old Brush Arbor Revival saying. I knew it was going to be good ... whatever it was.

Well, the message fit together like a jig saw puzzle, as is always the case when God is preaching the message, and then all of a sudden it was over and time for the Altar Call. At first, no one responded, but I could feel that there were people out there that were harboring secret sins.

They needed a revival to visit this church, and all sin had to go.

I was about to close the altar when an old man came down. Wonderful, we have a soul. Then a woman came. Great, we have two. ... then a couple young people ... then two or three more ... and then here they came. And came. And came. They just kept coming! I was beginning to wonder where they were coming from. Close to 250 souls answered the call for Salvation.

Were they first-time salvations? I don't know, but does it matter? They had sin on their soul that they had to get rid of, saved or unsaved, and revival was not going to come unless the church was clean.

What happened here? It has been like this everywhere we have gone - maybe not as big, but at least as emotional. I believe that their desperate hunger for God is born from the terrible suffering they have gone through ... and are still going through. War is still going on around us and life is hard.

I try to imagine what it would be like to have lost your husband, to have your sons butchered in front of you, to have you or your daughter raped multiple times, have lost everything you ever had, and now you are living under a tarp in a refugee camp until the next outburst of rebels comes through with a new round of slaughter. True, not everyone is a refugee, but the war has deeply affected everyone. No one has been unscathed. 5.7 million people have died here - how could they NOT be affected.

Revivals are born out of desperation. This may be the people that God chooses to confound the wise, the mighty, the rich, and the comfortable so He can show forth His mighty power. That would be just like Him.

They are certainly praying like they are.

A Letter from Our Host

Dear Friends,

First and foremost, I would like to say thanks for your Prayers.

We reached here well, and started with a Leaders and Pastors Conference. We organized leaders and pastors because we know that if leaders can get this message and can apply them in their churches, we shall have reached their flocks. The Lord was good to us. We have 230 pastors here. These people have got the message! Congo has many Christian organizations, and the organization we have visited is one the first 8 organizations in the Congo. It is well known that the founders of this organization are the ones that brought Revival here in Congo many years ago. They spread the Gospel to many people and planted churches throughout the whole Congo.

God blessed them. They have schools, a university, Hospitals, and many other projects going on. But when they got everything in place, they lost their zeal. Their thirst and hunger for God disappeared. They know it! They lost what they had in those days - no more power that their fathers used to walk in, no more healings, no more spirit that draws sinners to repentance, no more fear of God. They just fell back and begun to do business!

On the first day in Uvira, Dale spoke about the power of the Word of God and the power of witnessing and prayer! The Israelites allowed their enemies to enter in their territories, and at the end their enemies took over their harvest fields. He related it with how the Church has allowed the things of this world to enter into the Church. The enemy has taken over our possessions,

which are souls. He explained this and went deep; to the extent every Congolese was able to get this. This Church had just failed and had turned into a religion. You could just see that they were cut to the heart for the affliction of lost souls.

The Congo has been in wars and famine, and they have suffered enough to care. There is nothing that impresses them, but the Word of God that comes at the right timing is powerful! One pastor reached to me and told me that, "You know what? This message has come at the right time." He told me that he felt the Spirit of God burning inside of him. It has been a long time since he has had this feeling. He screamed and yelled when Dale asked them to go to the Throne of God. Wow, you could feel in their voices a real desperation asking God to forgive them and recommitting themselves to go again and fulfill the Great Commission! We have done a real good impact! We have really sown good seeds of revival. I am looking forward for the Great Lakes Revival here in the Congo. They got it. You could see the attentiveness on their faces, listening and sucking up the truth. After they prayed, I realized how their churches were so dead

I like it here! All the time, I ask God to forgive my unbelief. I am glad I came. I was worried because of all this war that was going on here, but we are at peace. Everything is going on well.

I have learnt something too! When we pray, know that God has heard, and He will answer!!! They prayed asking God what they might do to have the power that their fathers had. God sent Dale, brought the message in the Four Steps to Revival book, and also speaking it himself. Pastor Pascal in Goma has begun to do the

practical steps written in the book. Men are calling us saying, "Noah, it is working." These people were stuck. They had nothing to do. Now God has given them another way of doing it.

They are excited. People love Dale. He has really brought a real transformation in the hearts of the Congolese people. It is not that alone, after the Conference, we had an evening service that they had planned for us. Yesterday we visited a Methodist Church where we had 34 people come to the Lord. This Pastor was excited, rejoiced and gave Dale a seed of many shillings. It was out of too much joy to see people come to the Lord. This was a history in their Church; He only had a handful of people. He stood out, Dale taught them to have a vision and trust the Lord to give them the whole Congo. It was nice. The pastor has stood up and the flocks have got the fire. They are ready to go! I like this. I wish someone was there to see this. Nobody was expecting anything good to happen in the Congo.

Today we won almost 23 souls! No healings have happened yet, but great miracles of people coming to the Lord are happening. We are remaining here tomorrow. Monday is our resting day; Tuesday we head to Uvira, for a week. How I pray that healing miracles also take place so that this people may also learn to trust the Lord for healing. Wow, this message has also ignited me.

I want to go home and ignite my people more and reach where I have not yet reached. I am an evangelist; I love to see souls come to the Lord. I used to be out there winning souls to my God. My wife loves to help orphans and people who are suffering. She has a big heart for them. They tell her their story and she cries with them and think of ways she can be of help. Cindy and Dale came

here two years back. She attended Dale's meetings and heard him teach about a Good Samaritan heart. Diana and Cindy went and visited two ladies who had lost their husbands in a car accident and prayed and read Bible with them. Cindy prayed for them and encouraged Diana to keep visiting them. Out of this Bible study, prostitutes, women, and orphans have found rest and hope in the hands of God.

My wife and I look after 14 kids who are staying with us, plus 54 kids for the former prostitutes. All this causes me to spend funds which I used to spend on my evangelism outreaches in the unreached areas of Uganda. I am glad God is doing great things, but man, you stay with Dale for a month and he just lights you up. You feel as if like you could run and fix what you haven't done right.

I am to ready to go! Set my people on fire because I am ready. Please pray with for me that the Lord will stand with me too, so that I get funds to go take a message to places where it has not been before. How I pray Oh Lord that you could send revival, send funds that we may reach souls. I am ready, ready, ready. I feel on fire!!! Thanks for all your prayers, because we couldn't see this if you are not there praying for us. Praise the Lord, I feel a lot of joy to see this people set on fire for God. Please send more for Dale. It's not easy to stand preaching every day for a month. He needs much prayer.

Praise the Lord, report to you later.

In His love and prayers,

Brother Noah

A Second Letter from Noah

Dear Brothers and Sisters in the Lord,

I would like to say a massive thanks for praying for us. This trip was not easy; it was hard. It is always hard to be away from your job and from your family, but your prayers, has made us who we are. We are praising the Lord that it is only three days remaining to end this trip.

We are now in Uganda. It was my heart's cry to the lord that He would send Dale to come to Uganda and see the Pygmies who he, through his prayers and supporting financially, has helped us to reach them for the Lord. The Pygmies and I prayed so hard that the Lord would do this for us, and finally God did it in His own way. These guys were so excited; they treated us to singing and dancing according to their culture. Each one of them wanted to take Dale to his own home; they loved so much, showing Dale how they make fire, claiming that they are the ones that discovered fire! They made for us fire right there, we enjoyed their presence.

They were happy with us because of the love we showed them and help. They wanted to open up their heart to us because they had nobody to share their heart with. Everyone here judges them and condemns them of anything that happens in the Village. Everyone wants love and also to get someone they can speak to and can also trust. This short time we had with them brought a great joy in their lives. The ones that got saved the last time we were here are still going on and they are excited. They want to share their testimony of transformation with everyone!!! This also brought a great joy in my life! I was just sitting there listening to them talking to Dale, everyone wanting to share how they are feeling after he

came to the Lord, and everyone wanting to ask questions , so that they can get to know more about Jesus. It was fun.

Remember nobody had made a step to reach these precious souls. Everyone had judged them as not fit for eternal life saying that they are sub-human. They would invade their homes and set them on fire because they knew that they won't go and report them to the police. This people suffered, but the Lord has heard the cry of their heart!

Conferences are still needed to be able to teach them social work, plus also teaching them the word of God. I will be going to Kampala to get more Bibles for them when I am done with the conferences. Dale did a great job on Monday. He shared with them the plan of God for mankind and hope in Jesus. They asked him questions, and he answered them perfectly. After the service fifteen more came to the Lord!

Last night, we headed up to Kiruhura District to visit Pastor Patrick's Church. Pastor Patrick attended the first conference when Dale first came to Uganda. He got the message and the booklets of Four Steps to Revival. Later, he set his people on fire. From this time up to now, people have been taking the Gospel, going all over planting churches in all the unreached places. Now He has 70 churches, and he is training more pastors every year to plant churches in places where it has not reached

Kiruhura is a place where a large amount of people are into witchcraft. The Revival message has lifted up the faith of people. They are now on the front lines. So far, churches are growing in numbers at high speed.

I am so grateful to the Lord, and may the Lord

continue to bless you all for all your efforts, and your generosity for all the Bibles you have given out to be able to help the people here to extend the Gospel of the Kingdom to reach to us many people as possible! I am so grateful of what I can see now. I hope in a near future, Uganda and all other neighboring countries will all say that Christ is the King!!!

My wife Diana, plus Cindy has been working hard to help girls who the Lord has saved from prostitution. From the time Sister Cindy was here up to now, a huge difference has taken place. These ladies were so glad to see Dale. Everyone wanted Dale to film them and hear their story of how God had changed their life!

They are so glad that the church in Texas purchased all these sewing machines for them! Not only that, now they have something they can do. God has transformed their lives and gave them a hope in the Lord.

We are now in Ryantode and we need your prayers. We are remaining with one day left, so that Dale heads to Kigali and I also start my daily work. Otherwise, I would again like to say that God Bless you. Your prayers were a great tool to us. We would not have made it alone without you.

In the Congo we had 800 people that come to the lord. Here in Uganda, 15 pygmies have come to the Lord and in many churches that we have visited, a revolution has begun!

We are so much excited that we have seen all this take place. May the Glory turn back to God.

In His love and prayers,
Brother Noah

A Call to Action

The sigh of relief was palpable as our car crossed the border from the Congo into Rwanda. I've told many people that there is a demonic spirit of oppression that lies over this country, similar to what grips Nigeria. We could feel the instant relief as we crossed the river.

While that may cause some to want to stay away from the Congo, it strikes me as a spiritual call to action. Yes, this is a really hard place to minister in. There is a constant push to get money out of you, almost ingrained into their culture. Couple that with an unrelenting pushy attitude to get what they want regardless of whatever you say. I don't even think they see it in themselves, it is so ingrained in the way they are, but it sure makes you want to scream sometimes.

But in the midst of the crowds, there are heroes. that fully understand that the Church has diminished into a hollow structure, echoing the glory from 40 years ago in a vain attempt to convince themselves that everything is good. They know how badly they need revival and are desperate for the messages that I bring.

Others are shaken to the core with the message (it is a very hard message). They readily admit that they know it is true and that they have been coasting on the ripples of the last move of God. They finally realize how much trouble they are in.

So why is there such an oppressive spiritual cloud hanging over this place? I know that a lot of the answer lies in the 15-year war that has cause over 5 million dead, untold thousands raped and tortured, and an entire generation warped with pain. Corruption and hate are the

two ugly children that are birthed from horrors such as that. But perhaps there is more to it. Maybe Satan is scared of what might happen here and is doing his ugly best to keep the Spirit of God from piercing the darkness.

Could it be that all that pain might be a catalyst to break up the fallow ground to create a fertile soil for the Gospel to take root and grow? Is this a place where God's mercy becomes magnified? He spends a lot of time talking about how much He loves widows and orphans. Well, there are plenty of both here. This place is rich with opportunities for God to bestow His mercy.

So, instead of running to easier venues like Kenya or Rwanda, should we instead be like the FDNY firemen who rushed into the Twin Towers while everyone else was trying to get out? They gave their lives so others might live. Is that not what we are called to?

We saw mighty outpourings here in service after service that those in the sedate churches in the West have not experienced in over a generation. Many received healing miracles, including two old women who were crippled but can now walk. Others received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit in tongues during the altar calls. Is this not evidence of the heart of God?

And if this is where His heart is, should not ours, in spite of the difficulties, be here also?

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and

shall not he render to every man according to his works?" (Proverbs 24:11-12)

Changa Moto

- a letter from one of the churches

Dear Bishop Noah,

It has been quite long since I last heard from you. How are you and how is our Revivalist Dalen. It was a great blessing to host you brothers in the Lord,

Am sorry for taking so long to tell you about a prayer Request I had. There was a conflict we got into with our leadership after the conference. After the fire broke out in Goma, I right away began to do according to what Pastor Dalen had taught us. According to our religion, you are only allowed to do any ministry Work, praying for the sick, or preaching the Gospel to the lost when you have been in our Church for at least 6 years, when you have been fully trained and know how to rightly handle the word of God to avoid distortion of the Gospel message. Dale came and challenged us that the only way to bring Revival is when everyone goes and invites them to come in.

It was true that He did it Himself and on Sunday the church was very full, to the extent that kids had to go out to create a room for the elders.

That very day 49 people responded to Christ. We did it the same way on a following Sunday, we asked people to go and invite them. More than 20 people responded to Christ. I publicly declared to people that this system works. We kept doing this until there were no more room to accommodate people. We have stopped for a moment because of the persecution we are getting from our elders. They are accusing us of breaking the

rules of our traditions. Our people want revival. We were stuck, the church was not going anywhere. For all these 46 years in this area, we have not created any difference. It was just after you guys came and visited us and gave us those small booklets and the hard drive I got from Noah with the brother preaching about transformation. I tell you the truth; your coming was appointed by God that our land would get a healing. I am glad that you came this side, am so very happy that this happened.

We would like to start a second service because of a huge number of people that are coming, but we are still waiting for the next meeting to decide. It looks like our elders are looking for a way to transfer me so that they bring another parson who will not bring any revolution in the church. I am ready to move and start a new ministry if they keep giving me a hard time. I HAVE RECEIVED WHAT I WAS PRAYING FOR; I CAN NEVER BE STOPPED BY ANYONE, WHATEVER THEY ARE.

I ask you kindly to pray for me and Mathelic in Kamue because He has also begun to do exactly like what I am doing, so any time we are going to be chased out.

CPAC began under the power of the Holy Spirit. Miracles were happening, souls were coming to the Lord, and all things were great. But people who are self-centered lovers of themselves and lovers of money, when they came, they looked at other things and forgot about God, exactly as how Dale said, and the fire of revival grew dim. We are now hearing from our neighbors of what the Lord is doing in other Pentecostal churches, but not with us here. This has been paining me a lot, but you came with a solution - Congo people call it "*changa moto*", simply meaning set them on fire.

We are lit, no more going back, no more fear or worry, we are going forward, we are pursuing it, and we are fully equipped with the message and the discipleship lessons.

We are determined to see Congo being revived for changed and transformed for God's glory.

Otherwise, it was nice to talk with you on telephone. I am glad and excited that the book, *Four Steps to Revival*, is translated in Congolese language. We are looking forward it soon, but please pray for our organization. They are a very backward like Anglicans and Catholics. You guys, this white man is a very different from any other Bajungu we have ever seen. He has a lot truth in Him and boldness; we were encouraged by His sacrifice.

Do you communicate with him a lot? Please as soon as you get Him tell Him that He was a medicine to my souls. I wish all white people would be like this. Man wow, He prayed for people and they got healed. For us, we thought that miracles stopped in the days of the apostles and were not for now. But from that time, I was encouraged, I have been now seeking the power of God to do the same. Why not?

Please you are always well come again in Congo. As soon as you let us Know when you are planning to come, we will easily go ahead and plan with you.

I will hear from you soon when you need to come to Congo.

Your Friend in the Lord,

Rev /pastor Pascal Nionzima . Congo

Leaving the Seed

Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the LORD cometh, for it is nigh at hand;
(Joel 2:1)

And if ye go to war in your land against the enemy that oppresseth you, then ye shall blow an alarm with the trumpets; and ye shall be remembered before the LORD your God, and ye shall be saved from your enemies.
(Numbers 10:9)

I'm on my way to Uganda for an unexpected part of this trip. I pray we have left the Congo in the hands of men and women of vision.

Not everyone we have met has the ability to see beyond themselves. The Congo is in such desperation - emotionally, financially, and spiritually - that it is difficult for these people to loose themselves from the grasping neediness that plagues them. The Congo is a lawless place, and that only serves to embolden the corruption that infests all levels of the society, including the Church.

But God always has His men and women of vision. Noah, Abraham, Gideon, Jonathan, Daniel and others - there has always been a man who will stand in the gap for the people of God. I believe there are men here who have heard the message and are willing to do more than just sit and acknowledge the truth of this call, but

will rise up and answer this call to battle.

One of the most frustrating things of the ministry that God has given to me is to leave the seed that I have planted in the ground and walk away to other fields to plant my seed there also. I have broken up the fallow ground as best I could and have attempted to plant the seed deep in good soil, but it is left to the men and women I leave behind to nurture the seed, water it, keep out the weeds, and allow it to grow.

I am almost always asked to please come back to see the fruit that will come, but it is rare that the Lord sends me back. If I need to come back, then I haven't done my job right. If I have done my job right, then I don't need to come back, and I am on to other fields with the same message.

The Lord told me once that I would not receive the accolades of thousands. On another occasion, He told me that when the great revival finally breaks wide open, no one would remember me. I can only believe that it is because this will not be any one man's revival but will be something that will burst out across a wide expanse of churches, led by men and women of no earthly renown, but who have found that secret place of the Most High and who, like Gideon, refused to compromise with an increasingly worldly church, but threshed their wheat in secret by the winepress of prayer and fasting.

They heard the sound of the trumpet and answered the call.

Coming Out of the Congo

We're done in the Congo. What a different experience that was! I am glad to be done but I feel like I am missing something and there's a slight heaviness inside me.

There was something about the Congo that was very hard and dark and was like pushing through a swamp of thick darkness, like wading through soup. Hard to describe, but you'd know what I meant if you had been here. Nigeria is similar, but with a different feel. Don't ask me to explain it.

I've been in dark places before and they are always hard, but something about the Congo wore me out. True, I was preaching two and three times a day with few breaks. Typical "church preaching", which is more like giving a spiritual lecture to your friends, does not wear you out, but when the anointing falls down on you and washes through you and pours out over the pulpit, it drains you like nothing else. You can ask Noah. He can tell you what it has been like and how drained I am at the end of each day.

Still, there was something hard about the Congo that wore me out after barely 3 or 4 weeks. Maybe if I had read more or prayed harder; maybe my physical health was not fully recovered from the heart attack; maybe it was the weather... Whatever it was, I ran out of gas after Uvira. They had cancelled the meetings in Kalemie because the rebels were fighting along the road that led to that city, and they made some quick arrangements for a small place called Baraka. I could have gone. Actually, I could have gone to Kalemie if I had just taken the boat around the fighting. But I didn't. I grasped at what

seemed like a opportunity to run.

Nobody blames me, especially Noah. He was going through the same stuff that I was and was just as ready to go as I was. Baraka seemed like a poor substitute for Kalemie. It was hastily slapped together and I'm not even sure the people in Baraka were expecting me, so it was not a big deal if I didn't go. Everyone knew I had been pushing hard this past month, even too hard.

But none of that reassures me. I could have gone. Maybe I could have made an eternal difference in who knows how many lives. Maybe they would have burst into revival and lit the fires everywhere else. Maybe, maybe. But I didn't go. I simply ran out of gas.

I am now sitting in Uganda in a nice hotel, burning up \$75 a day. True, I needed to come here to organize the Ladies of Hope with their purses, get pictures and videos, and figure out the shipping and whatever else is needed to streamline the process - a much needed thing that cannot be done from home. I will also visit the Pygmies, which will do wonders in encouraging them since they look at me as the grandfather who was started the whole movement that led to their salvation. And I will visit some churches that have been pleading for years for me to come. All good things, but did I miss a calling when I did not push through to Kalemie?

Folks will say not to beat myself up, look at all you have done, but I remember learning early that the call of God will press you to take it all the way through and not stop just short of total victory. 99% is 1% short. The heart of the struggle is in that last 1 percent. That is true about all aspects of serving the Lord, including prayer and fasting, seeking His face, and overcoming sin. It's that last

push to overcome that makes us victorious.

Some will say that I am preaching a hardline Gospel that is extreme -- and they would be correct -- but it is against a backdrop of the stark reality of a vicious, intense spiritual war that cannot be seen with the carnal eyes but which is more real than the world we see. Wars are not won by compromise, neither are battles won by giving in to excuses. God gives us the power to fight those battles to the victory, but we must avail ourselves of that power. He won't do it for us, but He will give us the power to do it. And He never said it would be easy.

I don't know if I was supposed to soldier on to Kalemi or not. Maybe I would have been so worn out and empty that I couldn't have delivered what they needed to receive. Or maybe He would have picked me up and kept me going. Who knows? I do know this, however, that the battle for the Congo has only just started. These were the opening salvos in what will be a ferocious struggle to break through the decayed walls of dead religion and rekindle the fires of revival. They know that the message I bring has shattered the chains that they are under right now. They can see the victory. We just have to push it all the way through.

I don't know if I will be able to get back there. Money is always the biggest challenge facing me. I am only able to do what I do because of a handful of faithful donors, but so much more is needed, and while I may be a hero in Africa, I am a relatively unknown in America ... and that is where the money comes from to finance these campaigns.

Ultimately, however, it is not up to me to fight their battles for them - my job is simply to point them in

the right direction. I may strike the match, but they have to fan the flames. Wars are not fought by single persons but by the entire army.

You may say, what does that have to do with me? I am sitting in Christian America, sedate and secure. We have churches everywhere and everyone knows the Gospel. Yes, but you have no revival. What we have are a bunch of Laodecian churches, smothered in their comfort and mediocrity, and not cut to the heart for the "afflictions of Joseph" as it says in Amos 6. We are the Esther Church - we see the trouble of the Mordecai Church, but do not realize that our own spiritual survival depends on our decision to stand for them in their time of need. I am convinced that our own spiritual revival depends on the battles that are being fought right now in Africa. The fire will begin there and spread around the world.

The War of Armageddon has begun. It is being fought in prayer rooms as true Christians rise up to meet the challenge and tear into the fervor of battle on their knees. It is just beginning, but the intensity will rise as we approach the focal point of the final battle. Warriors will be forged and heroes will rise; battles will be fought and victories will be won; but they will not be won through compromise or excuses.

We have been called to fight, to overcome, and to win.

City on a Hill

I'm sitting on the porch of my hotel listening to Country & Western music in the middle of the Ugandan jungle. The contrast strikes me as funny. I have this feeling come over me that I'm coming home. Soon. Just a few more things to do before I leave.

Yesterday we drove 4 hours out to western Uganda to visit the Pygmies. A couple of years ago when we visited this area, we sparked a move amongst the churches here to reach out to the lost and bring them into the House of God. I have preached the message that revival depends upon our obedience to the Great Commission, not the other way around. The prophet Joel is very clear that the reason God has cut off His Spirit - the corn, the wine, and the oil - from the house of God is because we have let the harvest of the field perish. Simple. Fix that, and God will restore us.

The pastors here realized that they had oppressed and persecuted the Batwa (Pygmies) because they considered them as sub-human, even to the point of killing them as if they were pests. All of a sudden, Holy Ghost conviction crushed them to their knees to cry for forgiveness and sent them out to save the lost.

It worked. Pygmies, for the first time in history, began to get saved. It started with a couple of parents and a healing miracle for their son and has grown now to multiple churches here in the forest. I was at one yesterday and watched as 15 more came down to the altar to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Savior.

There is so much more that needs to be done. They are desperate for survival because the government has

pulled them out their forest homes and dropped them off in the surrounding villages with a tiny plot of land and some mud huts that are crammed together. They do not have sufficient land to grow food and no skills to make a living, so they are starving. Sickness is rampant among them, but there is no medical clinic anywhere near, so they die in alarming numbers. There is little hope.

What can I do? I purchased a couple big sacks of maize for them, but what happens when that is gone? I tried to buy them some Bibles, but the price out here is \$25 each, a price I cannot afford. I will have to wait and get them in Kampala and have them shipped. I am just one little guy with no organization or church supporting me.

A large Baptist church in Waxahachie has said they want to get involved – oh, they feel the burden! They want to come out here and help with this wonderful move of God! – but almost a year later, there is not even a single dollar bill or even a whiff of interest in extending themselves past the empty wind of inflated words. What does Proverbs say? “The talk of the lips tendeth only to penury.” Talk is cheap.

I have heard people say that we have enough of our own problems here in the U.S. without sending our money to foreign countries to help those in need there. But I am reminded of Mordecai’s chilling words to Queen Esther:

“Then Mordecai commanded to answer Esther, Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king’s house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou

*and thy father's house shall be destroyed: and
who knoweth whether thou art come to the
kingdom for such a time as this?"*
(Esther 4:13-14)

Just as Esther was a type of the church that is insulated behind the palace walls of comfort and prosperity, so we of the Western world would do well not to ignore God's warning to us lest we fall into the trap of Laodicean prosperity of being rich and increased with goods, but not realizing that we are, "...wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked".

America has had a rich history of bringing the Gospel to the entire world. We set the world on fire at one time, but now there are but glowing embers where once a flame burned with holy zeal. Our restoration, revival, and even our salvation relies not upon our previous laurels and accomplishments, but on a determined zeal to reach out again to the lost and fulfill the Great Commission that God placed upon America to be a light to the world, a city on the hill to bring the Gospel to a dark world in these last days just before Jesus returns.

If we miss the time of our calling, enlargement and deliverance for the world will arise from another place, but we will face the judgment of God reserved for the unmerciful.

*If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn
unto death, and those that are ready to be slain;
If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not
he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he*

that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works? (Proverbs 24:11-12)

Book II



Return to the Congo

Three Weeks of Revival in Bukavu

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

This 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 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 lies 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 feels like the highest praise to me 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 setting on that porch with Cindy watching the grass grow. I think I might give that a shot for a while.

About the Author



Dalen Garris has been in ministry since 1970 during the Jesus Movement in California. In 1997, he began a radio broadcast that ultimately spread to dozens of countries, from Israel and Saudi Arabia to Africa and the Philippines. His program, *Fire in the Hole*, was selected for broadcast four times a week for several years across North America on the Sky Angel network as the Voice of Jerusalem.

A newspaper column followed, for which he has written over 700 articles, which have been published in local newspapers and Christian magazines in several countries. He has also written over a dozen books and several booklets.

Since 2004, he has been lighting the fires of revival in churches spread across sub-Saharan Africa. During the course of 17 years, he has preached in over 1,000 churches and has seen hundreds of them set on fire and explode with growth, and hundreds of new ones planted across Africa.

Hundreds of people have been supernaturally healed during the healing lines that so often sprang up during these revival meetings, and tens of thousands have been saved. And the fires are still burning.

Because of his work across Africa, Dalen Garris was awarded an honorary Doctorate in 2017 by the Northwestern Christian University of Florida.

Dr. Garris currently lives with Cindy, his wife of 43 years, in Waxahachie and is still heavily involved with churches across Africa.

His pressing hope is in seeing this powerful move of God in Africa ignite us here in America to see those same revival services that made such an explosion in Africa. He believes that this upcoming generation will be the Gideon Generation that will usher in this last, great revival that he has preached about for so many years.

Brother Dale, as he is known across Africa, has settled in Waxahachie, Texas, with his wife and three grown daughters and their

children. You can contact him and find his pamphlets, books, videos, and podcasts at www.RevivalFire.org.

If you would like him to speak at your church or organization, please contact us for times and schedules. We do not charge, nor will we ever charge, to preach the Gospel anywhere in the world.

He is willing to take this message anywhere people are hungry for a God-given, Holy Ghost revival.

Other Books by Dalen Garris:

Four Steps to Revival
Do You Have Eternal Security?
Standing in the Gap
Two Covenants
Fire in the Hole

Revival Campaigns

The Kenya Diaries
A Trumpet in Nigeria
A Scent of Rain
Into the Heart of Darkness
Fire and Rain
Revival Campaigns in Africa – 2019
The Battle for Nigeria

A Voice in the Wilderness series:

vol. 1, the Journey Begins
vol. 2, the Early Years
vol. 3, Prophet Rising
vol. 4, Revival in the Wings
vol. 5, Sound of an Abundance of Rain
vol. 6, Watchman, What of the Night?
vol. 7, Mud and Heroes
vol. 8, Ashes in the Morning
vol. 9, Shaking the Olive Tree

Available at: www.revivalfire.org/books

RevivalFire Ministries

PO Box 822
Waxahachie, TX 75168
dale@revivalfire.org



Visit us at: www.Revivalfire.org