

ARISE!

The Revealing of the sons of God

... In this new community, The Counselor was waiting to open my mind. I began to experience free worship in a new church fellowship, that helped me come alive inside. My relationship with God was no longer summed up by the dead recitation of words in a church bulletin. This atmosphere was warm, open and friendly. I thought to myself, everyone seemingly wants to be here – not just out of a sense of religious duty, but like they ‘live it’. Also, they were not separated from each other by rigid old benches, fashioned for an audience in a religious theater... and the music they sang were songs to God, not simply about him. My hands were free to reach out to him because I wasn’t reading along in a hymnal. Instead, my eyes were focused more toward heaven, as I followed along with the words on a video screen. As the songs began to help me open my heart to God, I felt Him! His Presence began to fill my heart and remind me of my heavenly encounter with Him! As I continued to pour my heart out to Jesus, I became caught up in his Presence and my own words began to flow, along with tears of joy... Then I realized that this is how I could continue to feel connected to Him again... “God inhabits the Praises of His people”! Psalm 22. I remembered this passage from the bible, and I had now found a secret key to remaining conscious of His Presence with me. I thought “inhabits” ... like I inhabit my house, God was inhabiting me! The word “enthroned” had much more profound meaning than this word, sometimes translated as “inhabits”, but together, they provided a fuller explanation of why I could feel Jesus - here, similarly to how I felt him in Heaven! (Only less intensely) Wow! I’m often reminded of how difficult it is to find words to adequately express His majesty.

After experiencing His presence in 'church' (for the first time in 21 years...) my attraction to God was growing stronger. I was reading as much as possible about Him in the bible, and I discovered, how, throughout history, God revealed his presence and power with believers as they praised him! With this revelation, I could better connect with him and commune with him - like when I was taken Up! Like a schoolboy who has just fallen in love with a new girlfriend, I rushed home each evening to be alone with Him. I entered my room and closed the door, singing worship to Jesus, until his presence surrounded me. One night after such worship and praying for his help to begin my Internship - I fell deep asleep and was awakened by a "still small voice":

At First it called, "Todd ... Todd," gentle and full of love - soft like my mother or Tracey would wake me. I began to tune my ears to it, when I suddenly realized, Tracey is gone... mom is in New York... and I'm here, in Nebraska! ATTENTION! Just then, the voice thundered! "Todd! Todd!" I was sure the house shook! ...and that everyone inside was now awake. The voice was like a trumpet blast of thunder, sent directly through the ceiling of my bedroom, bouncing me above my bed! How could anyone sleep through this! ...My thoughts raced! ...surely, others in the house would search for the source of the explosion. Was this a sign, a premonition...is everything ok back home? I proceeded to look around the house, wondering why everyone wasn't outside, in the street, after such an explosion... It was very late, in the wee hours of the morning. I quietly searched the house and then called home. Everything was fine in New York - the sleepy voice of my mom said, its Todd...Thanks for waking us up, the alarmed voices of family members chimed in. My Aunt, whom I was staying with, got up, carrying her Bible. You heard it too Diane, I exclaimed! No, I couldn't sleep... she replied, with a perplexed look. Did you call me? I suggested... I was sleeping and... She gasped saying, Todd! God spoke to the Prophet Samuel like this too, look! She opened her Bible to 1 Samuel 3. So, I went back to bed and the Spirit called again, in a "still-small voice". At first, I just lay still waiting, then I looked up. I saw no one, nothing. I closed my eyes again. "Todd! Todd!" - the voice thundered again.

As did Samuel, I said, "Speak Lord for your servant is listening". The Spirit continued, "Elio ... boom ... bom ba an de asse ... keelio ... dshem ... rala don avan de ashanta" ... My hair was standing up! He was speaking to me in Tongues... like the first Pentecost? As He spoke, I was being immersed in a fiery, ethereal current, that permeated throughout my entire being! I felt like I was being lifted up from the bed too... As stillness began to resume, I thought, God knows I can't understand.... Why? In that very moment, just before I could ask, it was all interpreted for me - by an Angel ... the Holy Spirit... I wasn't sure, but I was sure this was Jesus, and that The Counselor was here - I knew HIS PRESENCE. Follow me -The Way, he said. I will do something in your days, that you would not believe, if it were told you... Write these things, as a Herald for all to See! "Write these things, as a Herald for all to See" ... I stood at attention, with my pen in hand. It would be Supernatural - he impressed upon me... I was not Called to form religious sermons. I would write with Fire! However, the only Herald I knew, was a newspaper, and the only demonstration of supernatural power I had previously seen was an Evangelist on TV... Behold! ... My heart was overwhelmed! I could hardly speak... What he had prepared was indeed more than I could take in! I asked for confirmation in scripture: Habakkuk... "The Lord answered me and said, write the vision and make it plain on tablets, that he may run who reads it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time ... Though it tarries, wait for it." Habakkuk.

Morning came and I began this new day in prayer, talking with my best friend, Jesus. Today was the first day of my internship, and I began it with peaceful certainty and a confidence in His plan for my life. Although I didn't hear Him speak to me so dramatically, I maintained an awareness of His presence and I knew The Counselor would always be with me.

I arrived at the clinic at 9:00 am and prepared for my first patient. Mrs. Sumter was a seemingly healthy woman of medium build with brown hair and eyes. She came for help with deep pain in her upper back. Soon into the session, I

sensed there was an emotional source to this problem, which I gently questioned. There was apparently an issue at home troubling her, but she didn't want to talk about it. I began to search her Lower back, hips and pelvis for abnormality, as this area usually manifests problems of 'base issues' - home, basic needs, and related intimate relationships etc. With the tissue, 'armoring' and resisting my efforts, I began to consider the situation - just then I heard The Voice again, "Let go." My hands lay weightlessly, ethereally on Mrs. Sumter. My hands were gently guided by His presence. Guided, similarly to the subtle lead of a dance partner, my right hand stayed over her hips, and my left hand was guided up her body to a scapular area, about the heart. They felt gently positioned by a celestial hand. My hands laid still, but I felt everything inside the patient come into harmony. She was better, the pain was gone! She received healing ...

A special quality began to flow through my work from that day on, and I lived with a constant awareness that He was with me. I continued to pray for each patient and our time together, and the Lord awakened me to His guiding presence in my work. He was preparing me to receive a greater expression of the Holy Spirit's power. Anyone who has ever watched or done work with cement, may have noticed that sometimes water was poured on it 'to help it dry'. Seems foolish, without understanding - who would make something wet to help it dry? God does things that seem foolish to us too. However, the wisdom God uses as he fashions us into our intended design must not be rushed or out of order. Just as the extra water 'helps' the cement to dry slowly and grow consistently strong, so does God's enduring love, timing, and patience; working through frustrations, setbacks and failures, mold a solid and faithful Saint. "In all your getting, get understanding" – Proverbs 4...

The following week, I was invited to minister at the Apostolic Center. Leaving Orlando, I took the 'B- Line' to the beach – Wahoo! We we're launched – Holy Ghost and I were cruising to meet Pastor Riggs and the Fellowship. There was a familiar warmth of God's Presence as I entered, and it was also released through Pastor Riggs' smile as he greeted me.

There was an unusual crispness to the air, as several of the men and women began to introduce themselves. This I perceived as the God Consciousness and expectation each visitor brought to the meeting.

We entered into worship, singing songs of praise and thankfulness to Jesus. As the Presence of the Lord brought stillness, Pastor Riggs motioned everyone to their seats and opened the meeting with prayer. I began to share what God has been doing and explained the essential need of abiding in an experiential relationship with Him. I paused, waiting for the specific 'word' God had for this gathering. The intensity of expectation began to fill the air, and before I knew it, a line had formed before me - like before The Prophet Samuel, at Jesse's place (When He was sent to anoint the next King of Israel). I can't do this, screamed in my mind! I don't like this. I'm not a vending machine - I wanted to wait for the lord to put a 'spotlight' on those he wished to speak to or tell me who He wanted to touch through me today. However, the line was before me now - waiting! I yearned to deliver a miracle or something 'God-sized' for each one of these beautiful folks, but I wasn't getting much... I remembered, Jesus' words, "the Son can do nothing of himself, but only what he Sees the Father doing" -John 5. I began to move along the line, praying for each one, and I received some words of exhortation for a few. Then I came to Pastor Riggs...

As my eyes fell upon him, I relaxed, and my hand was drawn immediately to his heart. As I reached my hand to lay hands on him to pray, the Vision of the Lord began to open before me: What a beautiful brother, I thought... I See the long arm of the Lord, I said. (It is never too short.) It reaches out and holds this heart. The Father holds this heart in the palm of his hand... A couple of the Elders began to giggle... "The heart of the King is in the palm of my hand says the lord, and I turn it wherever I want it to go". As I declared this to him, a couple was now, joyfully laughing... Pastor Riggs 'teared up' as he whispered to me, they are giggling because I have been praying to receive "The Father's heart" - you could never have known that. Yes, but I'm sure that they See it in you too, I said. It is more important that The Father has

'your heart'. For, as your heart is continually yielded to Him, Father directs its flow! You are a beautiful brother. He gave me a big hug, saying, God bless you Todd... Bless you Father – thank you. The congregation saying Amen!

Internship was ending and I sensed we were not staying in Florida, but Holy Ghost wanted me to focus on where I was now, and he wouldn't tell me where we were going next – only giving me a Vision of a lake...in North Carolina...

To be continued in Paperback ...

...Vision opened before me, and behold, I saw as it were, a classroom. Yet a special meeting was being held here... As the party ended, and the people were leaving for the night, I noticed oil-stained dollars were left behind – with the trash on the floor...