

A Whisper in the Wind

*A last circuit through the center of Africa
Oct-Dec, 2014*



***Dalen Garris
Revivalfire Ministries***

© 2014 by Dalen Garris. All rights reserved

All Scripture references are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

Printed in the United States of America.

Duplication this publication is free of charge but only with permission from the author.

Please contact:

RevivalFire Ministries
PO Box 69, Waxahachie, TX 75168
(972) 923-3284
dale@revivalfire.org

A Whisper in the Wind

I'm writing this to update everyone on where we are and how things are going.

It struck me as interesting that I have done so many revival meetings in these last ten years that they are beginning to seem mundane – nothing out of the ordinary, just the same old stuff. But to the people who experience these services, it is anything but mundane. It's not the excitement that is generated, because you can get that kind of excitement anywhere. It's something that runs beneath the surface. It's a whisper of revival that you can sense in your heart, a whisper in the wind, so to speak, of hope. Revival is really coming.

I forget sometimes ... well, most of the time. I have preached this message so many times that I've forgotten what it is like to hear for the first time a God-written promise of a revival to this generation that will be far greater than even Pentecost. What exciting news when the reality hits you that this is not some ethereal promise based on a nebulous timeframe of something that might happen but most often does not. No, this is real and written!



The real gauge of the effectiveness of these services is not in the excitement we see during the service, but the light in the eyes of the pastors and ministers who come up later, beaming with hope and a vision. They are ready to light the torch and send out the word that not only is Jesus coming, but that He also has promised to send the greatest revival of all time. They have heard that whisper in the wind, Elijah's little cloud on the horizon, and they hear the sound of an abundance of rain.

We are in Bukavu, Congo, meeting with 100 pastors and leaders of the churches here. They



have come because they recognize that they have lost that revival power they once had a generation ago. The power is missing, the miracles are no longer evident, and the excitement and draw for people to come to the Lord has vanished. They remember what it was like and they want it back.

We did two services today and will do four more tomorrow and the next day. That feeling of anticipation, hope, and a reestablishment of the dream is rising. They can hear the whisper. Revival is coming.



The Road to Bukavu

From Cindy

It's usually little kids in the backseat asking this question. But it was me in the backseat asking this last night. How much farther? Are we there yet??

Our ride to Bukavu, Congo from Kigali, Rwanda should have only taken 3 1/2 to 4 hours. But with one mistake in the beginning of the trip, and a series of other unfortunate events (or comedy of errors--whichever you prefer), our ride took 12 hours. And we didn't even make it to Bukavu. Our host has a taxi driver that he uses and he arranged our ride. But he misunderstood where we were going and told our driver to go to the border at Goma, Congo instead of the border at Bukavu.

Two hours into the ride, Dale noticed some traffic signs and realized we were going north instead of south. We told the driver (even before we left the hotel) we were going to Bukavu, but all he understood was take the Americans to the border at Goma. Ahhh, so here we are in Goma. Our interpreter and contact people at the church are calling us from Bukavu wondering where we are. They are ready to pick us up. You are in Goma? What are you doing there?

The driver didn't want to drive us to Bukavu, but he did. How long to get there from Goma? About 4 hours. OK, not a problem. We will pay you more money to take us there. So begins

the adventure. Wrong city, language barrier, road conditions, serious speed bumps, "S" curves up and down the mountain, no network connection to communicate, phone time running out, battery running low, no bathroom facilities (for me), and more. Four hours later, how much farther? Another 3 hours. Really? The border closes at 6 PM, so what do we do now?



curves, through the National Forest for the gorillas, with some good roads, but lots of construction and gravel roads halfway through the forest. I thought, is this ever going to end? I made sure not to drink anything before we left at 10 am, but now it is about 7 pm. NO civilization; NO lights except oncoming cars and trucks, NO anything. I hung in until about 9 pm, then little tears starting running down my face. Dale knew but didn't want to press the issue.

I started praying for light in the darkness. I started praying for our driver. (Dale asked if he was tired; he said, "No, I am strong." OK.) I started praying very specific requests--a place for me, a hotel, any village or town with lights, get off this road, find a traffic sign with information, good phone connection, someone who speaks English!

Communication picked up between our interpreter (Etienne) and our driver. He was calling us about every hour checking our progress. Evidence of life started showing up after we finally got out of the forest. People in Bukavu were looking for a hotel for us so we could spend the night somewhere

close and then finish the trip. Etienne found someone to meet us in Cyangugu at 10 PM, made arrangements at the hotel, and pick us up in the morning. We paid the driver for his room and the extra driving time, and headed for a hot shower and our room.

When we woke up this morning, we had a great prayer hour full of thankfulness and more! I looked up scriptures about light in the darkness. Dale looked up the route we traveled and discovered we missed the turn for the direct road and that's why we ended up going the super long way through the forest. We were fine; (just part of the adventure), but I was very glad to see daylight and to make it through the border, customs, and to the hotel where we will be for the next days.

Here are the scriptures I hung onto last night:

Psalms 112:4 – *“Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteous”*

Psalms 119:105- *“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”*

Isaiah 42:16- *“And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.”*

John 8:12- *“Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.”*

Even though I could see no light at the end of the road, He brought His Word to me in the darkness and now I have a story to tell!

Cindy Garris



Meetings in Bukavu

The last three days have been a total of six services. Thankfully, the hall that we rented was directly across the street from our hotel. Dale and I could walk across the street and rest between services. He was able to get the full message to this group of pastors from mixed denominations along with some question and answer time as well. Because it was “neutral ground” pastors came from different churches. There were 4 women there who came all three days. The musicians had beautiful voices. Our translator was right on! He kept up with Dale, picked up on the issues and told them exactly what Dale said. It was great!

Many times we wonder, with all the spiritual battles we go through, the cultural differences and the general confusion, if we are making a difference. But we always get encouraged by someone or something. I watch Dale pour himself into the message and pour himself out to these people. I watch the people respond by sitting on the edge of their chair, writing notes or reading along in their Bible. I watch their faces either gather darkness or shine in the light of understanding.

They received the Four Steps to Revival book on the morning of the third day. It was printed in Swahili and many of them were reading through it before the service started. Dale had time to talk



about agonizing and desperate prayer that last service. This is not prayer for what You need, but prayer for what God wants: souls to be delivered out of sin. Souls to be freed from Satan’s lies. Souls to ask Jesus Christ to come in their heart. Souls to hunger and yearn for righteousness and commit their lives in service to God.

The questions they asked were good—about the trend in America tolerating homosexuality, should they observe the Sabbath, can you get saved if you don’t say a prayer in front of a priest or pastor, why do different denominations have different rules, and should women wear makeup? Dale’s answers were right on the spot and in the Spirit. Some cheering and clapping happened on some of the answers! And everything he answered started with: what does the Bible say? What does Jesus say? I’ll show you in the Bible what that means or what to do. They can argue with our opinions and answers, but their soul knows when the Word speaks the truth and there is no argument with God.

Pastors came up to Dale at the end and asked for a few more books so they can give them to others and spread this message of revival. They understood the practical things he explained on how to read Bible, how to pray, and how to witness. Build a fire in your heart and others will see it and want the same. Take care of the new souls that get saved. Yes, it will work for you here in the Congo. He has planted the seed in their heart and now it is their choice of what to do with that seed.

Some of them are so bound by their denomination’s church regulations that they are afraid to step out and do it God’s way. They have their congregation bound up in the grave clothes of man’s attempt at righteousness. Dale preached about Lazarus being in the grave, bound in the grave clothes,

with a stone on the grave. He commanded the stone (the old law) to be rolled away, He commanded Lazarus to come out, and He commanded the grave clothes to be unwrapped from Lazarus. Lazarus was free! You can be too!

Sometimes we have to wait a little while to hear about the results of the meetings. Sometimes we get to hear how God has moved right away. Dale received an email from Pastor Theo and Pastor Momo in Liberia. Dale has already forwarded that on to others. In spite of the Ebola issue, they have had 3 days of services and people are bold to preach and bold to come. When you are given truth and deliverance, Ebola does not overwhelm you. God gets all the glory!

Saturday is our day off and we needed it. Dale will be giving the message in a new church on Sunday morning. Then we will travel to Burundi on Monday. I think my prayer request is this: for the starving souls to be hungry for the truth, for the pastors to be true shepherds to their congregations, and for the people in the church to stop thinking about themselves and their problems and pray for others.

Pray for the seed that has been planted to be watered and grow. Pray for an incredible move of God and that we hear that at least Bukavu, Congo is turning to the Lord!

Cindy



French Restaurant

I ate in a French restaurant yesterday. Trying to order in a French restaurant off a menu that is written in a language you don't understand can be a little disconcerting. You really don't know what you are ordering and can only hope that it won't be too weird. It's like a Pentecostal trying to explain what the Baptism of the Holy Ghost is like to a Baptist. You know they aren't going to fully understand the concept, but you hope they can at least get the general idea.

I ordered Lapin, which is rabbit ... I hope. That's as close to a rat as I want to get – a rodent with long ears and a short tail. I just hoped they didn't bring out Fried Lapwing Bat or Muskrat Stew. You never know with the French.

And I hate to say this, but guess what? It tasted like chicken! Surprise, surprise. Next time I will order spaghetti.

Revival ministry in Africa is often like that. You don't always know how everything will turn out, but you go ahead with the same message you have been bringing and hope that the results will be something good.

Sometimes the whole place ignites; sometimes they all are crying in brokenness; and sometimes they just sit there and stare at you. Go figure.

You could worry yourself sick about the different results (the devil always tells me that it is my fault because I didn't pray hard enough), but the truth is that your job is just to show up. It is God's job to take it from there. It is His anointing, not yours, that will pierce hearts and touch souls. All you can do is be enough in the Spirit to deliver what He gives you. The results and the timing of their effects are His responsibility.

That takes all the sweat out of it for me. Sure, I have a responsibility to seek His face in deep prayer and to saturate myself in His Word, but that only serves to allow Him to use me as a conduit. He is the one who does the work.

So I ordered the lapin. Not bad, even for chicken.

Bon appetite.



A Fire in Gitega

What a week! Four days of services in Gitega, Burundi were the best we've had in a long time. Gitega is in the center of Burundi, which is in the center of Africa. I had been here two yrs ago when the church was small. Now they are huge. They say the messages I brought them back then was what lit a fire in them to go out and win the lost. They now have 34 churches and over 2,000 members.

There are times when I look back over the path and wonder if I am having any impact at all, did



I make a difference, or was it all just a bunch of flashes in the pan? And then you see something like this that they say is because of the fire I started in them. I'm not sure if I'm supposed to feel this way or not, but it makes my heart swell inside me.

The song services were so good – they lifted your soul! They lasted over an hour each time, but you didn't want them to stop. it was that good.

Each time I got up to preach, there was an anointing that was so strong that it literally carried me

along in a rushing wind. Just before the 2nd service, as I was worrying about what to say, the Lord slipped me a small piece of Scripture – "...having no confidence in the flesh..." wow. I just sat back and smiled. Everything was going to be okay. He had this one.

On the last day — Sunday service — it was like a goodbye service. I ended with an altar call, my usual plea for people to shed those sins and chains to come down and get set free. At first, there was nothing. Then I noticed a young man standing over on the side. C'mon down, I called. He did ... and so did over 100 others.

They came pouring down to the altar! There were about 600 people there and I began to wonder if the whole church was coming down to the altar. What a way to end a campaign!

We are in Rwanda now, preaching in a little tiny church on the border. I had to remind myself that I told the Lord I would



go wherever He sent me, even to the places no one else would go. I'm in one of those places. But you know what? The Spirit of the Lord showed up. We packed over a hundred people into a tiny little ramshackle building about the size of our Fellowship Hall. What a service!

But that story will be for another post ...



Leaving Rwanda Behind

– *another letter from Cindy*

WOW—What a HARD week. Kitimuruzi, Kabarondo, and Kigali. We have been ministering; Dale has been preaching; and we have been traveling non-stop since Gitegi, Burundi. That is 13 days. Sorry, but we are made painfully aware that we are no longer young and spry! And that pouring out to others all the time means we need God to pour into us also.

Many times Dale gets emails or FB messages and pictures from all across the countries that he has preached in over the last 10 years. “Look at the fruit of your labor, Dale” “Look at what God has done to our church when we took His message that you brought to us and we followed through.” “God has increased our church and we are winning souls.” “In spite of the Ebola threat, God and many, many people showed up at our conference here in Liberia.” “God has used two humble pastors and one obedient American to bring a revival in our city.”



But seeing it in Gitegi really did something for Dale. When he first came to this church two years ago, it was just a small congregation, but the services he had here were so powerful that they never forgot him. They took his booklet, *Four Steps to Revival*, and applied its principles to their church. They now have a huge church of a couple thousand members, and 21 satellite churches! They told us that it was all because of the fire that Dale lit here two years ago. God has answered all of us.

Rwanda has had so many issues that a hard shell surrounds them. I still am shocked at the devastation from the genocide only twenty years ago. They have recovered remarkably well on the outside. After being here in the spring and watching a weeklong memorial marking the 20-year anniversary of the genocide, I need to remember to continue in prayer for healing.

Both Sunday services in this final church started opening up fertile ground. Dale would be sitting in the chair and say, pray for me. I still have no message. Then 5 minutes later he would be standing in front of all these people and have to be ready to feed them. He opens his Bible, and starts reading and then the Lord guides him along. I can feel the shift in the Spirit and then I know he has got the answer he needed from the Lord. This is hard to do when it appears their whole church service is focused on their dance team for the highlight of worshiping the Lord. Then they settle back in their chairs and kind of fade away.

Not all of them though. Some of them open their Bibles, lean forward to hear better, and get their little composition books out and write down notes. Sunday night the place was full with a couple rows of neighboring pastors in the front. One pastor stood up with his hands in the air and started quietly praising the Lord while Dale and Emma were talking. So the hard ground is starting to break up and the seed Dale gave them is dropping in.



They prayed for us (just like Gitegi) and then we were on our way back to the hotel. One pastor met us at the car and told us his congregation is ready for this. Emma rode back to hotel and we gave him the last package of 4 Steps to Revival to give to this pastor (100 books in Rwandan language).

What is next for them? What is next for us? We drive to Uganda, minister in Noah's church, his brother Peter's church and a couple more. We will visit the Ladies of Hope. We will see the Home of Hope children, the new director, and address many issues while we are there. Then we will be home on December 7th.

Thank you for reading the emails, following on Facebook, praying for all of them and us, and financial support that has been sent.

Cindy



A Fire in Butare

We just finished the 3rd day in Butare, Uganda. I promised this pastor that I would come some day and hold revival services for him. I have finally arrived. The place was packed all three days. I did a service in the morning and in the afternoon and Cindy met with a packed house of women in between. Terrific response for both of us, but wow, I gotta tell you, that last service was through the roof!



We started picking up momentum right about when the Lord changed the message on me. I was just about to launch into a message about the Alabaster Box and the power of praise – I was so excited with what the Lord had shown me – and just as I am about to get going, He changed it to Jonathan and the power of having a

vision for God.

I should've realized that we were about to take off like wild horses, but it was all I could do to just hang on. We ran for 45 minutes and ended with Noah and his brother praying with everybody standing on their feet. But then it began to settle down a bit and I felt this little nudge to ask who wanted to make a holy commitment to God for revival. Whoa! Here they came! Chairs and benches tumbled out of the way as the whole place rushed forward.

I don't know how long we prayed, but it was so intense that several people lost it. It was overwhelming. These people will not forget this service for a long, long time. It may just be the match that lights a revival fire in this area.

That seems to becoming a pattern out here with these out-of-the-way places that are just primed and ready for God to pour out His Spirit on them. That was the case in Gitega, and in several other places that we revisited. Transformation comes and changes a little church to a large, on-fire church with several



planted churches birthed from them. All because of one meeting when the glory came down.

I don't know if I'll be back this way again. I have a feeling that after 10 years, this may be my last excursion to Africa. Regardless of what path the Lord sends me down, we lit a fire here. I have no doubt that God will begin to move way out here in this back country rural area in ways that were never expected.

You just never know what God will do, where He will choose to do it, and how He will do it. That's His prerogative.

He is, after all, God.



African Mornings

Mornings here are crisp and fresh and the sun feels sharp and strong. How refreshing it is to get up and meet the morning here!

My focus, however, is not so clear. We have been hard at it for over a month, starting with a 3-day conference in Rwanda, on to a week of services in the Congo, Burundi, back to Rwanda, and now finishing up in Uganda. We'll have done 35 services by the end of tomorrow and I'm getting a little foggy. That's why I haven't written many articles on this trip. I'm just too tired.

But the reactions have been great. Service after service, these people get lit up and excited about the message. I suppose I should feel good that it feels like it has almost become routine. You know (yawn), just another supernatural service with the power of the Holy Ghost coming down. What else is new?

But it is anything but routine to these people. The Africans I meet in these small rural churches, and even in the bigger urban ones, have incredibly soft hearts. It is not hard to fall in love with them just by looking in their faces. Small wonder that after 10 years I keep coming back.

I will miss them. I will miss the rousing song services that lift your soul into the arms of God. I will miss the fresh exuberance they exhibit when they grasp what you're saying and the light goes on in their heads. I will miss hearing them pray. And the altar calls of broken hearts crying out to God in deep passion for who knows how long. I will miss getting the reports of how the message transformed them and gave them the impetus to win souls, not only expanding their church, but planting more and more. They tell me, "You said to go out and win souls. So we did." Haha. So you have. Keep going!

There comes a time when you have to step back from the sowing and allow the harvest to grow up out of the ground. Others will water and prune. And still others will harvest the crop. In the end, it is enough that I was here and had a part of what God is doing. I have always believed that the Great Last Days Revival spoken about in chapter 2 of Joel and in Isaiah 32 will begin here in Africa. Nowhere have I heard of a people with such a desperate hunger for God. God has to answer them.

The mornings are crisp and clear here and full of promise. A new day is beginning here. I may be tired and foggy, but I can feel the rays of promise cutting through the air.

Revival is coming.



