

PLANTING A SEED IN LIBERIA

Dalen Garris

© 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

Table of Contents

_Toc406423104_Trust	4
Beginning Excitement	5
Picking Up Speed	7
Love Letters	8
A Day of Small Beginnings	10
Letter from Michel Musombwa, a minister in the Congo	12
A Final Test	13
Valleys	14
Liberian Harvest	16
Good News From a Far Country	18
A Last Letter from Pastor Theo and Pastor Momo	19

Trust

I am traveling on an empty plane to a place that many people think I should not be going to. Apparently, most of the would-be passengers have thought the same. I counted only 9 passengers on a jet that usually holds well over 200. Oh well, that just gives me room to stretch out and take a nap.

I have never been to Liberia so I am not sure what to expect, neither am I sure that Liberia really needs me so much that I need to risk entering into an area plagued with this Ebola virus. Why not go sometime later? Why persist in keeping my schedule now? I promised the Lord many years ago that I would go wherever He wanted me to go. I didn't say anything about time when I made that promise, but implicit in the promise was a surrender that was total in order to seal the deal. I meant it then, and He has called me on it now.

Perhaps I will never know what was so important to send me into the middle of an outbreak like this. Perhaps it will be a testimony to someone there that this American left his comfort and safety to come into this situation just to assure him that this Gospel is real, and maybe that person will turn into another John the Baptist and take it the rest of the world. Or maybe it will be a testimony to someone back home that there is another level to serving the Lord besides riding in comfort to church on Sunday and dropping a hundred dollar check in the plate and maybe that will turn that person into a firebrand that goes out to win souls. I may never know. I was just told to come. Period.

I will be here for three weeks of conferences and a smattering of church services. I have not even begun to think about what I am going to preach about or what I will tell them, but I have a strange sense of tranquility over me that just says, "Trust me. Just as you trust me to come into this place, trust me that I will speak through your mouth and work My works through your hands." And I do. I don't know any other way to do it.

God works best when we let Him have control. When we attempt to direct, organize, and control everything, we tie His hands. We think we are being diligent, organized and accomplished, but if we really want Him to take over, we have to learn how to surrender completely. God uses broken, crucified vessels that have emptied themselves out so that He can fill them up. While we are crossing our t's and dotting our i's, He is waiting for us to quit trying to do it ourselves and learn to trust Him.

Trust only comes through subjection, something that is rarely taught in the Church today. When we release God to be God, we open up our lives to experience the true power of God. But that takes subjection, brokenness, humility ... and trust.



Beginning Excitement

I flew into Monrovia on a Saturday night and there were only 9 people on the plane, so we whisked right through the line for customs. They checked everyone's temperature with this little gun-looking thing that they pointed at your ear and clicked the trigger. The virus is already here so I'm not certain why they were checking people as they came in. Maybe there wasn't much else to do. I had expected a lot of medical personnel on hand, but there were only a handful. I think the old guy who was clicking the temperature gun was drunk. He seemed unusually happy to greet us and shoot his gun in my ear, and then He got confused and shot me again. It made him even happier. Just exactly what am I walking into here?

Pastor Theo and a couple others met me and drove me to the place where I will be staying for the next three weeks. I have to admit, with all the noise about Ebola, I was a little worried about staying in someone's house rather than in a hotel which I could depend upon for maintaining sanitary standards. You would have to have traveled into the interior of Africa to understand my concern. Pastors (at least the ones I often minister with) are usually very poor and their homes are often not that great. Their sanitary facilities, if they even have them, are a far cry from what we are used to in the West. Nevertheless, this home was clean and well apportioned. No running water, but I'm used to that. But it did have an American toilet! That's a big plus.

The Ebola crisis is taken seriously here – washing hands everywhere and no shaking of hands or touching. There are warnings everyday on TV, but there are no cases in the area I am staying in, so the concern is only cursory. This is a serious crisis, but honestly, there is not much else people can do other than not touch each other. We have to trust God for the rest.

Sunday service was bright and early the next morning – no time for jet lag – but I was ready. I'm an old soldier and I am used to stepping into a pulpit situation with little warning. I gave them an overview of the message that I would be bringing in the next few days so that it would pique their appetite to come to the meetings.



This is a small church and I sometimes wonder why so many of the places I go to are so small. There are 30 people here instead of 300, but that seems to be the way things usually go. I know that the Lord is definitely in this because not only is this the way He has led me for the last ten years, but this is where the Spirit of God usually shows up. He did the same thing in Acts chapter 10 with Peter and Cornelius. I guess if it's good enough for Him, it's good enough for me.

Monday, the seminar began. 9:00 am became 10:30 with few people showing up. This is how things usually go when you are on African time. Hakuna Matata. When they were late in picking me up to bring me to church, I began to worry that maybe no one had shown up. Sure

enough, after almost 2 hours, there were only a half dozen people there and half of them were ushers. I really was beginning to wonder if coming here was a mistake. But not to worry, once I got up to preach, they started coming in and filled the place up.

The evening was supposed to be for Revival services. I'm not sure exactly what they mean by "Revival Service" – I'm not much of a "church" guy, so these definitions are often lost on me – but I assume they wanted me to preach a regular message to either the unsaved, the regular people of the church, or both. I preached something brand new for me – I preached on the power of praise and how it is the underlying power in any relationship with God. I thought it was pretty good. There was a lot of stuff that came up in that message that I never thought of before. I hope that's a sign that the message didn't come from me but from Him.

Picking Up Speed

Tuesday went like Monday, only with an increasing intensity. The word is out. People are coming to witness the power that is pouring out here. The excitement is growing as their expectations are met and even exceeded. God is in the house, and these people are hungry for something real. They are literally sitting on the edge of their seats, eyes wide open, Amen-ing and shouting while they soak up the message.

They have a lot of complaints about false preachers from America that come with messages of prosperity, blessings, and success. I have been hearing this all across Africa. These people know enough about the old-time Gospel to recognize how false that modern message is, so they are excited to finally hear a message of repentance and righteousness, of paying a price and of turning our focus onto others – in essence, a message of the Cross instead of the Crown.

I have been told for years that they remember this same message from 40 years ago when revival swept through the land. But something changed and they began listening to a message of prosperity and blessings, and an easier Gospel without the strong admonitions to fear God. As their ardor for righteousness moved over to make way for this new infatuation with the Love Gospel, they lost the soul and substance of the old fashioned Gospel and the power that accompanied it. The fire went out and along with it, their zeal to win souls. They were left with a nice message by a nice preacher for nice people in a nice church ... but no fire.

That's about it for now. We've been struggling with the guy that does the printing to get the "Four Steps to Revival" booklets done in time. Pastor Theo has been through two or three printers already and this last one still hasn't finished and the first conference is almost over. The devil must hate that book. But that is just a day in the life out here. We just keep plugging through.

For those of you who want to know what you can do for us, pray for revival. I believe God wants to do something special here for a lot of reasons, but it is always prayer that activates the moves of God, so pray like a warrior as we step into the battle.

Love Letters

From: Cindy Garris

Date: Tuesday, August 5, 2014 at 3:52 PM

To: Dale Garris

Subject: Hi

I hope you are doing good. If you have time, tell me if the Ebola virus has affected the area where you are. It is still very much in the news here. I just finished reading a book that mentioned the Ebola virus in it. Pretty weird. I'm going to check the date that it was published--but the point is, this disease has been around for quite some time.

When I pray for you, I really, really want you to feel it. I feel my heart and mind want to envelope you in peace. Like a bubble of protection, victory, invincibility, secure and confident. I close my eyes and picture you kind of bouncing inside this unbreakable bubble, not touching the street but tall and strong inside this bubble. Satan can't penetrate--demons won't come near you, people are walking around you and can feel something different about you. I hope that is how you feel. If not, let me know...I don't want you to be stressed and attacked.

Love,

Cindy

From: Dale Garris

Date: Tuesday, August 5, 2014 at 4:57 PM

To: Cindy Garris

Dear Cindy,

The internet is so slow here that it is 2G – not 4 G or even 3G. I didn't know they even had 2G – so I just spent all my free time trying to upload a column to send out to everyone. I will write again after this evening's service.

In short, the services are going great. They have not heard this side of the Gospel but they are all saying how right it is. I'm telling the truth; they really feel that way. They extended my 2 seminar days to 6 days. And they are starting to pack the house!

Several souls got saved yesterday – around 20 or so. I didn't count.

The Ebola crisis is serious here but there are no infections in this area. Nobody wants to shake hands. They just placed a law to wash your hands outside every business and home before you enter. Those are reassuring things for me. I think they will contain this thing if they can get the villagers in the upcountry to cooperate.

I am eating well. Staying in a nice house – no running water, but still nice – and the guy's girlfriend cooks and washes my clothes, makes the bed, and cleans up. I feel funny,

but he says I am like a father to them and she has come especially to do this. I am treated like royalty here. (Eat your heart out.)

I hear that the American doctor that I prayed for that morning is getting better. I knew it when I felt the answer come down while we were praying that he was going to be healed!

I have to get ready for the next message. I don't know what I will say but it might be about finding the inspiration to serve God. Last night I talked about the power of praise, and how it is the thing that fuels our ability to read and pray. I can't remember much, but it was a blockbuster. Oh well.

Later,

me

A Day of Small Beginnings

I had a special service last night and a special prayer hour this morning. As I sat there in church getting ready to give the message last night, I wondered why the Lord had sent me to this little church in the outskirts of this little city in this little country, especially at a time like this. What on earth was I going to accomplish here? And at such a great price! Was I crazy? Did I really think something great would come of this? Had I gambled my life on something stupid?

The scripture passed across my mind from the Book of Nehemiah where Sanbalat said, "What will these feeble Jews do?" They'll never be able to build this wall, and if they do, even a fox would be able to break it down. Rebuilding the wall and the old foundations is a picture of revival. In the Book of Nehemiah, there are nine different attacks from the devil against Nehemiah to stop him from building that wall. They are the same tactics Satan always uses to stop us from bringing revival. The first one is to try to convince us that we're too small and weak to accomplish anything big for God. But God chooses the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.

Immediately, I was up and running! Wow. What we have here in this little church is just like in Nehemiah! And with Gideon in Judges! The same thing happened in Acts chapter 10 with Cornelius when God sent Peter, His number one guy, to a Roman and a small group of people – a tiny meeting smaller than this one, but that was the meeting that opened up the Dispensation to the Gentiles! No small meeting in the eyes of God.

And the same was true of Jonathan. His father Saul was a picture of the established Church, but had lost his anointing. Saul relaxed and sent most of his army home after his victory. When the enemy saw that, he attacked. Now his 3,000 men had fled leaving 600 men with no swords to fight with. It struck me that if 6 is the number that represents man, then this was representative of man's best effort – 600 against 30,000 - and man's best efforts was not going to be good enough.

But Jonathan was cut from a different cloth than his father. "God can save by many or few" he declared as they scrambled up those rocks on their hands and knees. "... and they fell before Jonathan." But killing 20 men was not going to bring a victory over an entire army of 30,000. It wasn't Jonathan's efforts that brought revival; it was his faithfulness and trust in God. And God took the foolish things of the world to confound the mighty and broke the enemy with a great earthquake so that even the Jews who had backslidden returned to chase the Philistines.

My wife and I knew I was supposed to go, not because we assumed so, but because we prayed and received an answer. God led us to that decision, not our presumption. And now I am here. Just like David at Pasdammim in 1st Chronicles 11:13 and 2nd Samuel 23:9



when David and two other guys stood in a field of barley against so many Philistines that the entire army of Israel got scared and ran. Did they think they would somehow live through that day? I doubt it. But live or die, they refused to run. They stood their ground and fought for the honor of God. The Bible says, "And God wrought a great victory that day." How, I have no idea. I just know this is how God operates. This is how He does it and that is what I am doing here.

I don't know what will become of the seed I have planted here. That's not my job. My job is to show up. Years ago, I made a promise to God that whatever, whenever, and wherever He sent me I would go. I have kept my word. And He has reminded me in times and places that were difficult and dangerous that He had sent me to those places because I said I would go. More than that was not promised.

I have kept the commission of God, I have worn the mantle He placed upon me, and I have stood up in the face of all adversity to declare the message He gave me. The things I have seen and experienced have been remarkable, many that are even Biblical in nature. I have walked in the glory of God. Whatever happens is in His hands and as I have trusted Him all these 45 years, I know I can trust Him now. I am here because God has a plan. He needed somebody to go, and I was the guy He sent.

It is entirely possible that I could die – it would be foolish to ignore that – but that just wouldn't make sense. If I'm dead, then who is He going to get to go to these insane places? Like the good Jewish businessman that He is, God will protect His assets. I walk under the Anointing of the Most High God, I operate in the power of the Holy Ghost and I stand in that secret place of the Most High under the shadow of the Almighty. I have seen hundreds of miracles done and thousands of souls won through the anointing of His Spirit. What could I possibly be worried about?

Others may wonder why God would send me here at such a time. I will not. It is enough that He sent me here, and He will send me home when He is ready.



***Letter from Michel Musombwa,
a minister in the Congo***

Greetings in Christ Jesus,

I am thankful for having forwarded to me this so touching email from Brother Dale, in Liberia. This is a letter that strengthens our faith as believers. It bears strong and heavenly marked perceptions that remind us of the very spirituality that characterizes the biblical apostolic times as described in the book of Acts. The God we are serving is a Faithful and Mighty God, and our time is in His Mighty Hands. As long as His time has not come yet to call us out of our ministry on earth, nothing will make us leave the earth. His blessed word is clear about it in John chapter 8.

Humanly speaking, all the conditions were united for the Jews to seize Jesus and lead him to death. According to their opinion He had pronounced a blasphemy, Their Law required them to seize and kill him. The Word says he then was within their temple at a place where it was easier to seize him BUT: nothing bad happened to him because "His time had not come yet." John chapter 8:20.

Praise God as this is the same with each of us, born again Christians. We are encouraged by Brother Dale's faith that proclaims this eternal truth better than do the lines of my present email. We will keep praying, hoping and expecting for the time planned for you to come and plant seeds for His kingdom in the Congo soon.

Looking forward to read and hear from you

Forever Brother, within the one who gave Himself so that we can be reconciled with Our loving Father,

Michel.

A Final Test

I'm still in Liberia. I have one more day to go before I can leave. British Airways has canceled all their flights in and out of Liberia leaving me stuck here. There might not be an available seat out of here for a couple of months, so we booked whatever we could. I am leaving tomorrow night.

This is that time when you just know that the devil is going to throw whatever he can at you in a last ditch attempt to unseat you. There is a certain turmoil out there in the darkness that you can sense rather than feel. Whatever is going on in the spiritual realm must be pretty big because there is an unrest that accompanies the troubles that we are experiencing. On the day I arrived, the pastor had his house broken into and \$800 was stolen. Three days later, someone else broke in and stole all their phones. Others have had similar troubles. But there is this weird feeling that goes with it that is hard to explain. Something is going on out there in the darkness.

It was a real scary last night. I started getting a sore throat from the preaching. Then it settled into my chest. Then I started feeling like a cold was coming on from wearing sweat-soaked shirts and then getting in a breeze to cool off. I thought, Oh no. Not now. The security at the airport will think I'm sick with Ebola and will not let me leave.

Then I felt like I was getting a fever, and then that weird sick feeling you get when the flu is coming on started to creep in. And then my guts exploded in the bathroom from the change in diet. Oh no. Dear God. This can't be happening. Not to me. Not here like this. I don't want to die in Liberia. At least get me to Accra, Ghana. I will never see my wife again. And yes, I do want to see Jesus, but not right now.



I'm telling you, that cold fear is chilling that grips your guts that this is really happening, and it is happening to you. Needless to say, it was a long night waiting to see which way the symptoms would turn.

I have to say, if this was a test, I think I did pretty well. I maintained my trust in He who had sent me here. It was not easy, but I held on. It was quite an experience. Not something I would recommend.

Just 12 more hours to go. Please God, get me out of here ... alive.

Valleys

I've been sitting in a resort hotel for the last four days waiting for a flight home. Tomorrow I will finally board a plane for the US. What a relief! This has been a long couple of weeks.

Some kind of a very big disturbance is going on in the invisible world in Liberia. I could feel it in the air when I arrived. The Ebola outbreak was only part of it – a large part of it, perhaps, but still only a part of it.

We started experiencing trouble as soon as we started trying to print the booklets. Then, the day I arrived, the pastors house was broken into, and again three days later. It continued even up to the last day. The pastor who drove me to the airport got involved in an accident on his way home. Then the airport security was not going to allow me to board the plane because of visa problems. It seemed like it would never end.

And then I got sick. My first day at the resort was spent in bed sleeping it off trying to shush off those wispy fears that, after everything else I had been through, I had contracted Ebola and would never see my family again.

What was the big deal with Liberia? Why did we go through so much trouble? I can only surmise that an intense battle for the soul of that country is going on. Liberia is like the United States in that it was founded with a strong Christian foundation, and like us, the churches have degenerated into a mediocre “church as usual” existence and have lost their fire. Perhaps this is an attack, a judgment, or a warning ... or all three.



A couple of days before I was scheduled to leave, the Lord began to deal with me about staying in Liberia. I was jolted by the very idea. What? Stay here with this disease raging through the area? Isn't that tempting the Lord? No, not if He is the one asking you to stay.

He reminded me that I had made a promise to do whatever He asked, to go wherever He sent me, and preach whatever He told me to preach. I literally hung my head down in defeat. What could I say? I made a promise; I would have to keep my Word. I imagined that this is what many missionaries must have gone through when being sent into dangerous lands.

And then a brother told Cindy that when he was praying for protection for me, the Lord kept leading him to pray for strength instead. What's that supposed to mean? Now I am beginning to expect that I will have to stay. I had become fully resigned to my fate when

they told me that they would not allow me to board my flight because I didn't have a visa. I would have to stay in Liberia probably until September. My exposure and chance of contracting Ebola just skyrocketed.

I had a couple of things going in my favor. One was a promise He made to me back in 2003 when I was heading into the island of Mindanao that at the time was in the midst of a war with Muslim rebels. He literally spoke to me when the issue of safety came up, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." I took that promise into all kinds of dangerous places over the next 10 years, walking into dangerous areas that even the local natives would not go. No one ever touched me. As a matter of fact, the Grace of God always seemed to go before me and brought peace wherever I went.

I had another advantage. Years of subjection, not unlike the 21 years that Jacob spent under Laban, had trained me, toughened me, and broke my spirit into yielding to His. This was not Christianity Lite. This was a call to operate on a much deeper level. As a result, it didn't matter what valley I was asked to go down; I had been down enough of them that it became just another valley – not pleasant, but neither was it a sentence of final doom. There is always another open end to every valley. You just have to walk it out.

There are some jewels and riches of God that are so precious that many of us are not even aware that they exist. They are not found in the usual places. They rarely make any appearance at all during our mountaintop experiences or in fancy churches or glitzy televangelist programs. They do not give off a shine and luster like the other blessings we see in our modern churches. They are rough cut, sometimes unpolished and seemingly dull in comparison. And they are only found in one place – on the valley floor when you are down on your hands and knees crawling through those hard places. When it seems that the only Light you can see is a desperate hope of faith in a God that seems a million miles away, while you are crawling on your hands and knees in broken, desperate prayer, it is then that you find them.

I can't say that I have traveled down the deeper valleys that many of the brothers and sisters who have gone on before me have, but I've traveled down my share. Whenever I start to descend into another valley, I can see all the other footprints heading down before me into the valley. I've noticed that there is always one set of footprints from some really big shoes. Those belong to our Savior. There is no valley that you go down that He has not gone down before you. There is no pain or suffering you will go through that He has not gone through first. And there is no challenge that He will ask you to face that He will not face it right by your side.

I was fully prepared and resigned to stay for the next month or two in a place that looked like it was going to become a hellhole. Hey, somebody has to do it. It might as well be me.

And then I felt a little nudge to go ask again, just one more time, and lo and behold, for some reason Security changed their mind and let me on the plane.

Liberian Harvest

I received a phone call yesterday from one of the pastors in Liberia that I visited last month. I had only been able to preach at his church for one service because of the Ebola Crisis, but I was able to give out copies of *Four Steps to Revival* to everyone. It was a great service, but as soon as it was over I had to leave.

Sometimes you wonder what is going to happen next. No matter how exciting a service may be, there is always the possibility that in a few days or weeks, everyone will settle back into their old routine and the fire will dissipate. Just as water seeks its own level, the human tendency is to settle back into that “comfort zone” that you have been used to. It is the evangelist’s job to light the fire; the pastor’s job is to continue to fan the flames, but it doesn’t always happen that way.

I am not like Paul who would sometimes stay with a church that he had planted for years to make sure it was established on solid ground. I



am more like the disciples whose directive was to go out and spread the message to every town and village in Judea. I have to keep going. But I do a lot of looking over my shoulder.

Sometimes I will leave a place and never hear from them again. What happened after I left? Did they take the message to heart and go out and win souls? Did they continue to have exciting services? Did the church

grow? Was the fire still burning that I had lit? Sometimes you just never find out.

And then sometimes, you will hear back from a pastor or a church that you were at three, four, or five years ago to find out that they had doubled, tripled, and quadrupled in size all because they took the message you brought to heart. Last month, we heard from a pastor in Tanzania whose vision was to plant 300 churches, but he just didn’t know how to do it. He called to tell us that because of the message in the book, he had done it -- 300 churches in 3 years! That makes something bubble up deep inside you that chokes you up and comes out in tears.

Yesterday’s call had an added twist to it. I could tell when I was in Liberia that something was going on in the invisible world of the Spirit, but, because I had to leave so early, I wondered if I was going to be able to accomplish anything at all. What was the point of me coming to a couple tiny churches in such a small area and then leaving so quickly? Had I made any kind of difference at all, or was this just an exercise in futility? Sometimes you just never know. But it’s not your job to figure out; your job is to show up. God’s job is to take it from there.

The pastor told me that because of the message I preached, his youth were heading out into the streets and marketplace every Friday to witness and win souls. Let me remind you that this is in the middle of an outbreak of a deadly disease that has killed thousands in Liberia. Few people venture outdoors unless they absolutely have to. But these kids don't care – they are full of the fire of God and they cannot sit and do nothing. They have got to tell somebody about Jesus Christ!

The pastor told me that the church has been packed! More and more people are coming in every week. They are on fire! This was because of one service in a small church. What would have happened, the pastor wondered, if I could have been there for three or four services? I don't know. It is enough for me to know that God really is not only in charge, but He is actually engaged!

A few days later, I heard from the pastor from the other church that I visited. He told me the same story – his people were inspired by the message and had taken the message in the book, *Four Steps to Revival*, to heart -- they actually believed what I told them! -- and they went out into the neighborhood to put it into practice. If God promised, would He not deliver? If it was written, would He not bring it to pass? Yes, He would, and yes, He did. They went out spreading the Gospel throughout their entire neighborhood, even though the Ebola disease had struck in their area. The church filled up so much that they had to move into another place that they had not finished building yet. So now they are in a church with no roof, no windows, and no doors. You know, maybe that's how church should be – open to the whole world!

The brother whose home I stayed in when I was there called me. He normally did not attend either of these two churches, other than when I was there. He was a believer ... sort of ... but had never found a church that inspired him enough to attend. He told me that now for the first time in his life, he has felt the Spirit of God in church. Everyone is excited, he said, the church is on fire and the word is spreading.

When I look back at this trip and I think about how much we spent and all that we went through for just a few days in a small place with a few dozen people and wonder if it was worth it, I remind myself that this is how God always does it. This is how great moves of God are birthed – one simple act of faith at a time. We brought hope to a place that was hopeless, and shined the light of the Gospel as a beacon of God's love in a place that was dark with the shadow of fear and despair. Was it worth it? Oh yeah. Would I do it again? In a heartbeat.

When you trust Him completely and allow Him to lead you –even into the midst of a deadly plague – there is no telling what God will do.

A match was struck and a light has shined; a seed was planted and a harvest will come. And every once in a while, as you glance over your shoulder down the path you have so laboriously trudged down, He will let you see a glimpse of the harvest that is coming.

Good News From a Far Country

I just got some good news from a far country.

Pastor Momo, one of the pastors that I ministered to in Liberia back in August called to tell me that revival is breaking out in Liberia. People are gathering together to pray and are coming to church in great numbers because they can see that there is no other place to turn to in times like these. They are running to the Light in the midst of darkness.

The pastor quoted the passage in 2 Chronicles 7:14 that if God's people would humble themselves and seek His face and turn from their wicked ways and pray that He would heal their land. He says he feels deep in his spirit that the healing is beginning.

All this started, he said, when I came with a message of revival at the perfect time – at the very outbreak of this deadly disease. They have spread the message and the booklets I gave them to other churches and are now planning to have a huge gathering to preach this message of revival that I brought to them. The excitement, he says, is growing.

What's more is that people are getting healed from this disease as they pray! The pastor put a young boy on the phone to tell me of how his father contracted the disease and went into the isolation clinic for 4 days. The church started praying and he walked back out healed. They said this is happening for many others also. The pastor told me that the only antiviral for Ebola is the Blood of Jesus. That is the only thing Ebola respects.

How encouraging this was for me to hear! When I was in Liberia, I wondered what good could I possibly accomplish there – in a couple of little churches with a few small groups of believers, and then leave in a couple of weeks. Never, ever underestimate what God can and will do if you just have the courage to believe Him and step out in faith, sometimes into a situation that makes no sense at all.

I am in a similar situation now. The situation I am facing right now would dictate that I will have to shut down the ministry, at least for a while, and take care of our personal financial situation. As it stands, I don't have much choice. Nevertheless, I believe that God will make something materialize out of thin air to keep us moving forward. He just likes that last-minute rescue that He is so famous for. It not only keeps us praying, but it reminds us of how much we need Him.

When we forget, He can send Ebola, Katrina, 9/11, or any of a host of other troubles our way to remind us, so that He can in turn bestow His great mercy upon us when we turn to Him.

It's a classic move to keep us close to the Cross.

A Last Letter from Pastor Theo and Pastor Momo

Bro Dale,

The 2014 power packed revival for 7 days with the use of the *4 Steps to Revival* written by Dalen Garriss has demanded another call for said program in early 2015 specifically January 15-19.

During the last revival the book *4 Steps to Revival* was widely circulated amongst pastors, church workers and other well-meaning people who attended.

We are overwhelmed and delighted that is another call to host similar program early next year. This revival now takes us to the provincial city of Kakata about an hour drive from Monrovia. Meetings are being held with the body of Christ in that commercial city, and the momentum is being built in order to begin the new year with "Building a perfect relationship with God for God's people to walk in newness, peace and joy".

The last revival witnessed an influx of new converts- some of whom are presently members of Pastor Momo's Church. The body of Christ, pastors, church workers and Bishops were in attendance. The *4 Steps to Revival* given to them is being used by most as a manual for Bible Studies and Sunday school lessons. The process of reviving Liberia is gradually unfolding through the use of this book because it's seen in the hands of many Christians. Glory to God for this move to educate and enlighten our people in such a simple manner.

Based on what we saw, experienced and envisaged, the process of revival and migration from one city to another has just begun and will be an activity of continuity. Thanks for your support through these books that makes the whole matter simple in getting the message in a clearer manner.

This is another invitation to you all that love God, and love to see Liberia revive and returning to the old time religion message of repentance, renewal and re-dedication.

We are happy that what has been planted didn't perish. The Hope Temple Church is a glaring example and many other unfolding testimonies yet to come.

One thousand books in the hands of one thousand people(I mean well-meaning people) who love God and want to see revival is a profound success for Brother Dale who authored this book. We look to print more because there is more demand.

We are actually on our way to meet with the leadership of the host church in Kakata.

Your coming to Liberia was a success. God will fervently reward you again and again.

Pastor Theo and Pastor Momo

Liberia