

Author:	Festo Kivengere
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(4th copy)

Rem. 5:1-5

Renewed in each other
Fullness of the Spirit
WHAT HE CAN DO Romans 5:1-5 - *messy*
What He Came To Do
He Came For This

I'd like to read a word from Scripture because then that becomes the criteria on which we can base our sharing. The Spirit of God enjoys taking the word and giving it flesh and bones and make it into that kind of water that you and I need to drink.

Just a verse which has been a tremendous blessing in my life. I take it from that beautiful passage from a liberated Paul. You know Paul was a man who was very upright in his religion, completely confused although very well trained, quite a bigot, he had fences all round him. And his religion did not help him to get outside of his fences either. Instead, it created higher and higher fences. And he became so proud that he became isolated, as most of us do. Here are the words of St. Paul = a testimony when the liberating Spirit of Christ came to him.

Romans 5, verse 5. I will start a little before this:

"Therefore since we are justified by faith. . . " A rather overworked word

"justified"--theologically people spend hours and hours in seminary rooms

thinking about justification until it becomes a philosophy. Of course, you

realize there are no philosophies in this book, there are realities. Here

are concrete truths, because He who is the truth is concrete and so real that

He can meet your real need. And my need is not philosophical, it is not even

intellectual. Most of the problems we call intellectual are spiritual and moral

problems. Anyway, justification means acquittal. I have been given permission

to step out of my condemnation and walk ^{away} free because Another One has taken

my condemnation. I can walk through that door with my little head lifted up,

saying, Thank you, Jesus. That's Christianity. "Justified by faith, we have

peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Through him we have obtained

access to this grace in which we stand. . . "

What a beautiful thing to say! You mean you stand in this grace tonight?

Surrounded on every corner, grace to cover all my sin, grace to meet all my

needs, grace to lift me from weakness, grace to take me and give me the capacity

to pass through the breaking point without breaking. That is something to praise

God for. And if you have not been praising Him for that, you had better ask Him

to touch your tongue afresh, and warm your heart a little bit, that you may know

what it is that makes men get excited. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~

He can make a cripple walk. I have seen -- I don't simply mean cripples

in the physical legs, although those do walk. My wife and I did give a lift

to a cripple who walked in a prayer meeting who had never walked before - God

does it. But don't misunderstand me, there is another shattering lameness which

brought Jesus this side of heaven. Even when my legs can run 100% I may still

be a shrunken, shrivelled, corrupted broken up human being, and it takes the

Answer

Justified

a little different

miracle of grace to speak a word of peace. And this is the grace which surrounds a man and in which we stand today. I want to say, Praise God, I stand in the same grace. I don't stand in the fact that I'm a bishop, not at all. I don't

stand in the fact that I am Episcopalian or Anglican, I am that by tradition,

but I am what I am by grace, and there is a difference in that.

More than that, let us just go on -- "and we rejoice in our hope of sharing the glory of God. More than that . . . " More than what? More than even

sharing the glory, "we rejoice in our sufferings." Do you know that that is a

unique aspect of the Spirit of God. Doesn't it sound strange? That you can

suffer and take advantage of ~~the~~ suffering -- have you ever taken advantage of

suffering? and pray with it so that it loses its meaning? maybe you don't

know what I mean -- let me tell you one story. Maybe some of us think that

Christianity means I sit on lovely rosy beds of ease, and then I simply go on

a space-ship into heaven. That's not the Christianity of the N.T. The Christ-

ianity of the N.T. gives a person ability to take advantage of any situation.

The other day, in my own town, in February of this year, in Kabale in Western

Uganda, a number of men had to face execution by a firing squad before 3,000

people. And the three men belonged to my church. I couldn't change this, it

was the judgment of the government. There were 12 men who had come under con-

demnation and three of them happened to be members of my community, members of

my church. My wife and I have known them for years and years. Yet they had not

yet come to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal friend and Lord. We

knew that and they too knew ~~that~~ it, which is a very good thing.

And so we had this terrible thing that was going to take place, and I

as the bishop, went and got permission from my government to be allowed to go and

speak to these three men, trusting that my Saviour could lift the burden and

introduce them to the eternal Father in the few minutes before they died.

Trusting - this was by faith. I asked permission, ^{and} my government gave me

permission, for they respect the fact that a Christian man, a minister, should

tell people when they come to the end the way to heaven. They respect that.

They gave me permission.

The day came and I was going to go and there were many people, thousands

of them standing there all frozen with fear. The atmosphere was thick. And

the three men were ordered out of their jeep and ^{of us} three came to say the last

words and encourage them, to see whether they could see Jesus Christ, trusting

the Holy Spirit to do a beautiful work under those circumstances in the shortest

time. But I had never caught in this before. I had been in all sorts of

situations, but I had not been in this one. And as I walked, my heart was bleeding.

What do you say to three men who have only five minutes to live. A firing

squad is ready in front of them with their guns. Guards are guarding them, guns

Handwritten note:
I don't know
if this is
the right
way to
do it

are touching their bodies. Perhaps they feel bitter, as you would feel bitter too, humanly speaking, and it's not a perhaps, it's true. When you are caught in those circumstances, being a human being, you feel bitter. You resent it. Their wives and children are going to be left behind, what can you say? What is going to make sense in this situation? Are you going to quote a verse? Are you going to crack your lovely theological sermon you learned in the seminary? Are you going to sing when these men are breaking from within? What are you going to do? Does "love" make sense? Does "justice" make sense when I have only three minutes to live and I am going to leave my wife and four children behind? What is it that makes sense that you are going to say? I was in a dilemma. I had to go, I just felt a compulsion from within to go and say something somehow.

And then Jesus the Holy Spirit is wonderful, when you are just like that, and utterly confused and you don't know what to say, He comes and whispers in your heart. And He said to me, "Anything you ~~xxxxxx~~ say - your religion, your churchianity, your tradition, your evangelical cliches, won't make any sense here. Shut your mouth. There's only one thing that is going to make sense here..

my friend, my friend, my friend

Two thousand years, nearly, a lonely figure hung on a cross outside the city, in blood and sweat and nakedness, a heart torn to pieces, a big question round His head, My God, My God, why have you forsaken me? I will make sense. You go and tell them who I am in the shortest time you have. It's only I, Jesus, bleeding, suffering, loving, sweating, naked, alone. I will make sense. My heart was lifted, but I was still melting under the burden. And we went. And let me tell you the beautiful part.

As we drew near the three men, they turned to look, aware that some new people are coming near. When they turned to look, I shall never forget what I saw. The eyes were absolutely shining with reality, the faces were completely full of glory. I could hardly believe what I saw. My friends - there were two other men, with me - we did not know what this thing was. Why do these men look the way they look? We three humans stood in front of them and before we could open our mouths, one of them started immediately. Remember there are guns in front, guns behind, and the moments to live are few. And the man started, "Bishop, I want you to know that three weeks ago, the day when I was arrested, Jesus came into my heart in my cell. I accepted Him as my Saviour. Heaven opened. There is nothing between me and my God. I am going straight home. Tell my wife and my children to love Him." Shock! Blessed shock! And he had hardly finished when his friend began. And he told the same story, excited -- his hands were tied and he was so excited he was lifting them up and down all the time. And I looked on and I was weeping, and my

Fellow ministers were all melted.

And a young student of twenty started, he said,

I

"I knew Jesus as my Saviour, but I lost my faith in the world and became confused, until two weeks ago when I was arrested, the Spirit of God brought me back to my Jesus. He received me, forgave my sins. Tell Mom and Dad I'm

going to be with Jesus."

Oh, what words. You know what happened? The three men were absolutely

shining. It was like looking at Stephen in the Acts of the Apostles. Their

eyes were full of glory, no complaint. Heaven was near. Jesus was just right

there, you could almost touch Him physically. The Spirit of God had done a

beautiful thing. Talk about the atmosphere - it did not smell of death - it was

fragrant with reality.

And the soldiers, the men who had the duty of executing these men. Their

little fingers were frozen on their guns. They did not know what to do. I

turned around and saw their eyes all looking rather shaken. I forgot to speak

to the men, for they did not need a message, and I can speak to the soldiers!

And truly, exactly, they needed the message, the liberty. They needed to know

what had happened. And listen, bless them, they listened. For the next four

minutes I was speaking and giving them the testimony to these men in the language

which they knew. I didn't preach, I simply told the miracle which God had done

in the hearts of these three men in a language which these other men would under-

stand. It was a beautiful thing.

Why am I telling the story? The men had to die, because they had been

condemned to death. But my, what a change, what a new world. There they stood

and everybody could see these men are beyond death. The Spirit of Life in

Christ Jesus had completely liberated these men so that when they stood there,

death was at their feet, judgment was at their feet, condemnation was at their

feet. Their eyes were shining. My dear brethren, talk about the fullness of

the Spirit! There you could just see what it means to be filled with the Spirit.

Here were three men who took advantage of a nasty situation and they used it to

glorify the Lord Jesus.

I want to tell you we can even ^{knowing that} "rejoice in sufferings," suffering produces

endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and

the hope we receive does not disappoint us." Those men were not disappointed

"because God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit which

has been given to us." The Holy Spirit floods our hearts with God's love.

Those men - absolutely liberated with another power beyond any power. That is

a fact. Our hearts have been flooded with the Holy Spirit, rather the Spirit of

Life has flooded my heart and your heart with the love of God. When the Spirit

of God takes up His residence in the heart, it happens there. And I'm speaking

from a little experience, if you will permit me to speak. What happens when

the blessed Comforter comes and takes residence in the heart? Husband, what

happens? What happens is that if you and your wife were at loggerheads, as soon as He comes in, barriers go down. You will love that wife of yours, you won't know what to do. I have seen these happen. If you had an enemy - some-one you don't like to talk to - and the love of Christ come flooding into the heart. Do you know what happens? You will rush round like a mad man ^{and} embrace the enemy, even ~~at~~ at gunpoint. That happened in Kenya. I'm just using these countries. Don't worry. It's happening in America, it's happening here. But what I'm saying is that the Spirit of Life, the Spirit of Christ, is in the heart with the reality of the living Christ. Then when the heart is under His influence, it becomes a river of love. Walls of prejudice, walls of race, walls of tribalism, of denomination go down.

This happened in my church 40 years ago. I wasn't there as a big man. My wife and I were there as little children. I don't come from a Christian home. I am a man of two worlds. My parents were not Christians. I grew, worshipping in the traditional African way, seeking God in all sorts of ways, trying to receive Him whom you can't touch or draw near. And then, through the work of some missionaries who came to preach the Gospel, I was introduced to Jesus Christ - his teaching which was wonderful. I received the teaching in the head. The heart remained empty. The life remained unchanged. The teaching I appreciated, and I assented to it, and there were many thousands of people who had shifted from another religion of the traditions of the people to the teachings of Christianity, but who had never met the wonder of the N.T., the living Christ.

Then in 1936 in my part of the world, and in other parts in 1930, the wind began to blow, a Breath of Life began to sweep in the dry valley of bones, as Ezekiel prophesied. Because ^{was} that ~~that~~ what that church was like. It was full of us and we were all like dry bones, spiritually. We did not know anything about it. We read about the N.T. life bubbling, rejoicing, loving, singing, witnessing, but this was not the life we saw. And we thought, This happened perhaps during those early days, but this is normal Christianity, normal meaning lifeless Christianity.

Then God, because He is the God of Life and Love, He started moving. I'll tell you how He began. He began beautifully as He always begins. Two lonely Christian men, one an African working in a government office, one a doctor, a missionary doctor from England, became desperately hungry. Do you know that that is the beginning of the fullness of God? Have you ever felt desperately hungry? Then you are really on the right path to the fullness of the blessing, for He said, Blessed are those who are desperately hungry and thirsty for righteousness -- right relationship -- they will be satisfied. So these two men ^{were} ~~are~~ desperately hungry. One day they met in our ^{city} ~~town~~ of Kampala and the African said to the Englishman, "I am desperately defeated. I am a hungry Christian. Will

you please come and pray for me that I may be filled with the Spirit? The

missionary looked at him and said,

"What are you talking about?" Don't you think that he did not know about

the fullness of the Spirit. He did. But he said to the African, he was realistic:

"Don't you ask me to do that, I am much worse than you. I am in fact so

defeated that I am about to live the mission field and go back home because I am

miserable. My language is bad, I beat the Africans to whom I came to preach,

I spend most of my time hunting instead of preaching, I am miserable. I'm going

home."

The African said, "You are my brother, then. We seem to be the same. Come

along, let us sit together and open our hearts to God and see what He can do for

the miserable." And the missionary agreed. So the African government man and

the doctor sat ~~and~~ under a tree, their Bibles open, expecting heaven to come to

meet the miserable. Oh beautiful! That's how revival always begins. And they

read and they read ~~again and again~~ and they waited and they read again expect-

antly. And God, because ~~He~~ never can leave the thirsty without satisfaction

can never leave the guilty without forgiveness came upon them. And He shattered

their barriers and He broke pride and He made their sins come to the surface and

He opened the fountain of the cleansing blood. And they were completely liberated.

The African went back to his office absolutely excited through and through.

The missionary went 300 miles to his little mission station so excited -- The

first thing he did when he got there, he said to the missionaries,

"I want to ask for forgiveness." He went to his hospital, he gathered the

nurses together and he asked for forgiveness. So full of love, so full of a new

thing, call it "new wine" if you like -- the Spirit of God. A liberated missionary!

Every time he gave his testimony, another missionary became hungry and came.

The African went and began to share in his home, in his office. People became

hungry and one after another, they began to come to Jesus. Do you that I am

telling you a story which is now commonly known, the story of a mighty movement

of the Spirit of God in East Africa. Don't you feel that is a very tiny little

beginning? Only two desperate men? What are they going to do? to the millions

of East Africa? Are they going to become big evangelists? No, they don't have

to. They are going to live, and they started living. What matters, you see, is

to live. And they began to live and to walk and they began to testify and they

couldn't stop. Everybody thought they were a bit mad, particularly in the Anglican

circles, we are very careful -- almost to death. It's good to be careful, but

sometimes you overdo it and then you become so completely orderly that you are

no better than a corpse in a coffin!

So these men began to talk quietly, a testimony here and there, a liberated

life experience, and God began to make the whole church hungry. My wife and I

came in much later. We were high school children. She was at a girls' boarding

school and I was at a boys' boarding school.

And then God brought these men. They were invited because there was hunger.

People heard, something wonderful is happening there. Get them to come and tell

us. They came. For a whole week they preached, not successfully. Not many people

came to Christ, but the truth went deep. It was a time bomb. These men just

put in what they put in and nothing very much happened. Most of us were taken

aback, surprised. They taught us such a lovely chorus: (That was 1935) "Spirit

of the Living God, fall afresh on me." We sang that in our mother tongue again

and again and the Breath began to come, and you began to sense that you were

really in the presence of the Eternal. And the Spirit of God had begun, but

we didn't know it. We didn't call it charismatic as you in America call it,

we didn't even call it revival. We didn't know anything about revival anyway,

and we were not interested in revival. We were interested in Life. That is

what is in the N.T. We wanted LIFE. God sent LIFE.

So they sang and they went to their homes and only two people had stood

up. But the Spirit of God had smashed them open. One of them was my wife's own

brother, a young school teacher. He publicly confessed sin and he shocked all

of us. So much so that the respectable members of the church took him aside

and said, "How on earth could you say that without first of all consulting us!"

He said, "I don't know. Somehow I couldn't do it, but I was under pressure, so

I said it."

"Who pressured you?"

"Someone called Jesus pressured me. And I am free." And he was in tears

of joy and rejoicing.

That is how it all began. In December, 1936, a unique thing began to happen

in the community. We were both at boarding schools. Wonderful things began to

happen. In September they went away, they didn't appear again, those men. They

went back to their places. Three months nothing happened. In December some

unique things began to happen. You know, people could not sleep in our town?

Visitors who came to the town could not sleep, God was too close. That's when

I came to the Lord. That's when my wife came to the Lord. In the dormitories,

boys did not sleep. They woke up and prayed and you heard them pray and you

became shaken and you began to find God. People dreamt dreams, and they came

after midnight, walking 20 miles to tell the dream they saw. They saw hell,

they saw heaven, they saw angels, they saw Jesus walking. Everything was just

shaking you know. A sleeping community needed that experience.

When the community is dead, God uses means to shake it. And He will use

visions of the night, dreams. You know sometimes why God speaks in a dream?

Because he can't speak to you when you are not asleep! You are too busy and

He has to put you to sleep in order to speak to you. You won't listen, and so

God uses dreams. You can imagine these rushing Americans - He doesn't have a

chance. He waits until you go to bed and then He begins to speak.

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Mc Jones & Anderson

We were like that. We were busy doing things, we were growing up and becoming interested in the church. There were many things to keep us in the African setting. It was different from an American setup. However God used that. We used to see people -- I hadn't come to Him yet, I was a kind of spectator -- being led by the hand. I remember in our school, and this man is still alive. They were leading him by the hand past our school because in the revelation he was blinded. He had the same light as St. Paul had, and he had to be led by the hand to give his testimony to the church. These things were happening, but do you know the beauty? People began to say, Ah, that's the N.T. Christianity no wonder. Then things began to increase. Conviction of sin. The Word became alive. I think you ~~xxx~~ in America are beginning to see it with some of you young people feeding on the Word. In my country usually when you are preaching you are interrupted. You are preaching and you come to a Word and the entire crowd bursts into song. You have to stop for awhile, which is a very beautiful thing, for then you catch your breath! And also they encourage you. But what broke through? Perhaps not you the preacher, but the Word. I've seen in my church, and this was before I came to the Lord, an Anglican priest, and we had only very few, with his Bible in front of his congregation. The church was packed, the atmosphere was charged with the Spirit, and some of us were scared. Many young people used to fear to go to church, and old people couldn't come near because the church was no longer comfortable. If you go into there, things can happen, so you had to be careful how you went about it. My wife had another brother whom God used to help me to come home. You know that's why I got married. In that family! They helped me tremendously.

This man was very religious, a very good church man, not like me, I was the opposite. And this man used to go near the church where the brethren like you were gathered for fellowship. And I used to say to my friend, "Be careful those people are dangerous!"

My uncle was very tough against revival - it is now "revival" - and people were now rejoicing and talking from experience and singing all sorts of praises. ~~They~~ Jesus was so close, they talked about Him when they were shopping, they talked about Him when they were drawing water. People were converted at the water ing of cattle - cattlemen speaking to cattlemen - it was wonderful! It was N.T. But if you did not like it, it was very scary experience. So my uncle said, he was a good chief, church-going: "This kind of religion is bad. It's dangerous It invades every privacy. You don't have any little thing remaining. You are invaded." He began to tell his people to stop these Christians, to beat them up. "If they begin to tell you about Jesus, you beat them up." So many of them were beaten badly. ~~xxxxxxx~~ a man beat up a Christian because he gave a testimony, when he went home, he couldn't sleep at night, he woke up under conviction and was saved and came and gave his testimony. Then my uncle said, "Be careful about

them. Don't beat them any more, because if you keep beating them, you are going to be converted. So keep off." You see these men and women were completely in another world. Whether you beat them up - and I was among those who wanted them beaten -

One day my uncle arrested them, ~~xxxxxxx~~ in 1941 he arrested 20 of them. He passed the story around that they were refusing to help the war. Because we were under the British, you know, and there was that terrible time of the second World War. And these brethren were arrested and taken to be put in prison. And they were given a policeman to take them. And they had to spend a night on the way, because it was walking, not by bus as these days. And when they spent the first night, the policeman was saved who was talking them to headquarters so when they got to headquarters, the British officer, he brought these prisoners and he gave a report. He said,

"These are men who were arrested for not helping in the war." Then he concluded by saying, "Sir, I am like them, I was converted last night!" And they were put in prison for two weeks without trial. And one day they were tired and refused to give them food and water, made them work hard, and stopped them from praying. But one day when they became tired, they came into the main cell, the hall of the prison, and one of them said, "Brethren, let us pray. We are going to die anyway, so we may as well die praying." So they gathered together and they prayed. And immediately as they were praying, there was an earthquake. And the prisoners began to run, some crying to where these men were. Some fell at their feet. ^{About 20 of them} Many of them were converted right that day. Then the guard took the report to the ~~xxxxxx~~ officer and said, "The prison is all becoming like that!" And so the government officer said, "Get them out quick!" So they got the brethren out and gave them permission to go home. I wish you could have seen what happened!

They walked, just like soldiers, and the whole crowd of those who had been revived, when they had marches, joined them, and there was a whole procession for about four miles walking, singing, and people being saved and under conviction. I didn't tell you what happened to the guard, because when he brought them, he went back to report to my uncle that he had delivered his goods. He went to my uncle and said, "I have to report to you, sir, that I took the prisoners and I left them there, but I was converted, I couldn't help it. These men were terrible, wonderful, I couldn't get away from them, so I am now saved like they are. You can imagine the problem of my uncle. He didn't know where to look. What do you do next? You take them to prison and the one who takes them gets saved! When you beat them, you can't go to sleep. What are you going to do with them? This is Spirit-filled Christianity. It's amazing.

One day my uncle was sitting in his house and in the village wonderful things were happening - miracles of grace. A pagan man who was not a Christian

Uncle
converted Christians

met these witnessing Christians in the country-side. It was wonderful to see all

these Anglicans - not pastors - but just everywhere spreading the Good News through personal testimony and sharing. And-so as they met this man who was a pagan, a

rich man in cattle, a cattle-keeper, they gave their testimonies realistically

that a man took back a cow he had stolen. He returned it to the man he had stolen it from, saying, "This is your cow. You didn't realize that I was a thief, but

I have come to confess to you that I was a thief. Please forgive. I give you one kruk and if you want I'll give you an extra cow on yours, but I am free." This was

the kind of testimony that made sense. It was tangible reality.

So the man was converted outside there on the road. (I also was converted

on the road because I no longer went to church). And he went home and when he got there, he was excited. Remember he was a completely raw pagan, illiterate,

but wonderfully born again on the road. He went back to his wife and tells her,

"Things are changing. I've found Jesus!" The wife looks on and says, What do

you mean?"

Then in the evening, the cows came home. You know they bring them back

home in the evening. These man says to me, "Thomas is his name," When I looked

at my herd of cattle that evening, there was a Hand saying to me, "That cow is

not yours, and that one is not yours, and that one is not yours." I was shocked.

They were all counted. And He said, Do you know where they belong? They belong

to the chief. You stole them, swindled them. He said, But what shall I do?

You take them back. . . . You mean I take them back and tell the chief? . . . Yes

. . . But he will put me in prison! . . . Exactly. You deserve it.

The man went and told his wife, "Look here, this God of ours has told me that

all those cows, so and so and so and so, he called their names, are not ours, I

stole them from the chief and I must take them back." And she said, "He must

be sick!" This doesn't happen among herdsmen at all. You'd rather kill him than

take his cow.

So the following day, the man takes the cows with him five miles and my

uncle was sitting in court and he had his courtiers around him. Here comes this

man and he puts his cows 20 yds away and comes and bows in the African way and says,

"I have come, sir, for a purpose."

"What are those cows for?"

"Sir, they are yours."

"What do you mean they are mine?"

"They're yours. That's why I came - what I came to tell you. These cows

are yours. When I was looking after your ~~xxxx~~ cattle, I stole four and now they

are eight. And now I am bringing them."

"Who arrested you?"

"Jesus arrested me, sir, and here are your cows." There was silence. No

laughter. Quite a shock.

Cows returned

*Rich
Krupp
converted
cattle*

And my uncle looked at him rejoicing and ~~was~~ the man said,

"You can put me in prison or beat me up, but I am liberated. Jesus has

come my way and I am a free man." - And my uncle looks on, and he said,

"Well, if God has done that for you, who am I to put you in prison. You go

home."

Later, I hadn't come to the Lord yet, I was still a hard nut to crack in

those days, I went to see my uncle two days later and I said,

"Uncle, I hear somebody has brought you eight free cows!" He said,

"Yes, it's true." I said,

"You must be happy." He said,

"Forget it. Since that man came with his cows and gave me eight, I

haven't slept!"

"But, uncle, you should be sleeping. You got eight free cows!"

"I haven't slept. I still remember the face of that man, the sparkle in

his eyes, the freedom, the peace he had. And if I want that, I won't have to

return eight, I would have to return a hundred, my dear."

Indeed my uncle resisted for fifteen years, but in 1956 he came to the Lord,

and indeed he had quite a lot to return. He had quite a lot of letters to write

He called all the other chiefs, and he wrote letters of repentance and he ~~was~~

~~xxx~~ called people he had actually misjudged and he paid back the money. So you

see bank accounts are affected. Relationships are ~~xxxxxx~~ put right, and you

know, he died soon after that experience and at his funeral, hundreds of God's

people came to rejoice. Funerals are wonderful back home in revival. And you

know, 40 people came to the Lord at the funeral. What a beautiful funeral!

Forty people including his own elder brother, a raw pagan, came to the Lord.

My wife's mother, when she died, and she died a saint. She was converted

at the age of 65 and was a sufferer. She had terrible pains, but a sweet Christian

~~xxxxxx~~ we used to pray together. She believed the Lord could heal her, but she took the suffering -

my! Sometimes when we went to see her in the morning after she had had a sleepless

night, she would greet us with this greeting, before we could say, "Oh, what a

difficult night you must have had," she would say,

"My children, last night I had a special interview with my Lord. It was a

sweet night. He was sitting by my bed and the whole night was just heaven on earth."

This person is suffering and she says this night was all sweetness and that He

was sitting by her bed. You realize I am telling you about revival. This is

what revival is all about. You realize I am telling you about fullness and walk

and life and hope and things being put right.

And let me tell you another experience and I finish. This was when my

turn had come. I avoided, I fought, I ridiculed, I mocked and I did everything

you can think of, but the Hound of Heaven was behind me all the time. Until in

1941, years had gone and I had become a rebel, then God beautifully met my need.

more
more
more

He met me an agnostic coming from a drinking party, tired but too proud to admit it. Torn to pieces, but miserably proud. He ended that misery beautifully through my wife's brother. We were teaching in the same school. This dear man had accepted Christ in the service on Sunday. Three hours later he met me on the road and gave me his testimony. A three-hour Christian - a beautiful baby! He had only just known Christ in the church, but the Spirit of God had liberated him so that when he met me on the road, he stopped and gave me what God had done. You wouldn't call that a professional testimony. He was bubbling over and all he wanted was to share the goodness of the Lord. And he bubbled beautifully in the Lord. He just said,

"Jesus has become a living reality in my life. My sins are forgiven, heaven is now open, and I want to put a few things right with you." And he began putting those few things right with me there on the road. How practical! Do you know that is ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{how} to open for the floods of love to sweep in your heart. He put the things right and said, "I shall never ^{live} like that any more, Jesus has given me a new life and a new better way." And he went off on his bicycle and left me standing on the road like that. And I went home that hour and I knelt, agnostic as I was, under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit. Of course I did not know He was the Holy Spirit then. I thought there was some kind of pressure on me. Only the pressure was pressuring me to Jesus, and that is the Holy Spirit. I knelt in my bedroom, opened my miserable heart and asked Jesus if He could come in. In fact I didn't ask Jesus. To be realistic, let me tell you what I did. I said,

"God, if you happen to be about," because I wasn't sure He was about. And God knew I wasn't sure, so you see I was not telling a lie. And if Jesus really lived and died and rose again as they said, if it is not a faked story, because I wasn't sure again. If the Bible is not a cooked up story to deceive Africans, O.K. here I am. I am so empty, you can come and help me as you did my friend." And I kept quiet. And Heaven answered quickly.

The next moment was a glorious moment. In my darkness and ~~xxxxxx~~ confusion, in the fear and apprehension, the gloom was broken open and the Spirit of God brought the risen, crucified Jesus in front of my heart. It was as if I stood alone in the entire world with Him, and the interpretation was clear: "This I did because of you. This is how much I love you, Festo." I shook my head. It was too much. It broke my pride, lifted my burden, cut my chains, satisfied my hunger. The next moment I jumped to my feet and I jumped, ~~and I wept, and I~~ ^{I laughed} I did everything in that room. If you had looked in and you were not Spirit-filled, you would have thought I needed to see a psychiatrist. I was all over the place. But praise God, I experienced that liberty and it was a tremendous liberty. And then, the practical touch. You know I could swim in that. You know

For months I didn't even know there was temptation! In fact I didn't speak - I spoke to a group of Christians and said, "You think the devil exists. He is dead!" I thought he was dead. He no longer touched me. I had forgotten that that was just grace. Knowing how weak I am, He was giving me a foretaste of Heaven, so that when the devil comes I may know who he is.

Anyway, after a week, the Spirit of God began His practical work of liberating this man. I had so many hang-ups. Some were hang-ups about Africans I hated, some were hang-ups about white people I didn't like. And you see when you are like that with these hang-ups, you are a prisoner. So the Spirit began to do His beautiful work of liberation.

First of all He sent me to an African. I had hated him for five years. The Spirit said, "Go to him." He ~~was not~~ ^{was not} a Christian. ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{xxxxxx} love him. Ask him to forgive you." I went, tremblingly, but I went - five miles away. And I went to this man as he was, half-drunk and I said to him, "I have come to love you." He was shocked to death. And he said to me, "I knew you hated me." I said, "Forgive me, but you only knew a little bit. I've come to tell you the whole story. And having told you the whole story, I want to tell you it is finished, completely gone. Jesus has come." And then when I told him that, I saw tears coming and he lost his hardness. He put his arms round me. He didn't become a Christian, but he became a friend. And now he's a Christian. And I left that man's house, going back home - my! talk about the fullness. I thought I was walking on air.

And then, two weeks later, another shock of liberation. This time it was not an African, it was a white man - a missionary I hated, I nearly said I resented. You see, sometimes we want to use better words, particularly if you are educated you don't like to use crude language. So you water down the words and say "resent" instead of "hate." It was hate. The Spirit said it was hate. If you don't love you hate, and if you have hated your brother . . . I said, "Brother?" He's white! "Yes, he's white, but he's your brother. You see, I died for him as I died for you." "What shall I do?" "Take your bicycle on the weekend. Cycle 50 miles through the mountains, go to the missionary."

On the weekend I took my bicycle and went 50 mile through the mountains to the mission. I came near his house and I shall never forget the experience as I drew near the house, I was scared to death and I began to wish he were not at home. But that would have been a waste of time, wouldn't it? So I came and knocked reluctantly, and the missionary opened the door and there he was! And when I looked at the man I had hated for five years, there was no longer a man to hate, there was a man to love. I walked in, I embraced him. Of course he was a little bit embarrassed - an Englishman, they don't embrace. However, the embrace was not African, it was not English, it was not American, it was the embrace of a liberated man who had come to ask for forgiveness, who has come to

the death
forgiveness of
with a little

job. He began to weep and I began to weep and then we sat and we prayed and we talked, and when I left his house and got on my bicycle, I thought the bicycle had wings!

It was a new life and a new home and what I want to tell you is that you are in for good things. Jesus is a liberator, and that's what that revival has done. It has touched the home. It has touched race. It has touched strife and denomination. In man and man, woman and woman it is a beautifying work. It does not leave any area untouched. And let me say this. If you want the Spirit of God, never only expect Him to warm your feelings alone. Oh, let Him touch those corners, those little colonies you keep behind. For you will never know the fullness and the liberation till every corner has been brought into the light, until every chain has been cut by grace, until the Comforter has permeated every department with life. That is what has surprised East Africa, what has saved men and women -- bishops seeing God. Our Archbishop, if he were here, he would be giving you the same testimony. I have a whole range of men, bishops in the Anglican church, Presbyterian moderators, Superintendents in the Methodist Church coming into this liberation. And I'll give you their testimonies back home.

So I am praising God for Melodyland. I am praising God for what you have experienced. I am praising God for the joy, the freedom. You know we Anglicans were shocked when we began to clap in the church. Oh, the clapping! And not only clapping, Africans are emotional. Sometimes when the Spirit has worked they get up and dance. And it's Scriptural. Jesus said, leap for joy. There is nothing wrong about it. And the psalmist said, clap! Xmas And the mountains and valleys - there is nothing wrong with it. The only thing that goes wrong with us is that when you jump, sometimes the devil comes round and says, "Jumping is spiritual, so jump higher." That's where you want to repent, so he may keep the balance. When he tells you to jump, ~~xxxxxxx~~ sit when he tells you to sit, rejoice and weep when he wants you to weep, laugh when he tells you to laugh, and then sometimes quietly receive the burdens of humanity in your heart, because that's how He works.

May God bless you. I'm only touching the bridge. I wanted you to know He liberated me, and it wouldn't be fair if I didn't tell you that the Spirit-filled life, revival, or whatever you call it. In fact in East Africa we shy away from calling things names. Names are dangerous. Let it remain "Christianity" - it is enough. I mean, if it is N.T. Christianity and you are walking with Jesus, what do you want a label for? Isn't it enough if you know my hand is in His hand? My sins have been forgiven, my emptinesses are being filled by my Lord. The peace of God is in here. Isn't that enough? Do you have to carry a label? A little testimony here and I close.

My wife and I were married. Here we've been together for 30 years. And when we started our home, the Lord Jesus taught us that a home can only be a home if two different people have One in the center who can unite the two. And that is not going to be Feste or Mera. We knew very well it was ~~going~~ to be another one - the Third. So we started beautifully. And it was a wonderful thing to be together in the Lord, and to pray together and to have fellowship, and to go out and give our testimonies.

But let me tell you the shock. One week we had been married, and you may think it is a great Christian home. Wait a minute. Just a little smog -

little dirty things like a cloud which comes between two people. Well, during the first week I learned my lesson. We were just in our honeymoon. And I used to have a little decorated calabash in which I used to put a flower pot or something. I kept my flowers before she came in a particular place. Now when she came, of course she had to remake the house. So she moved the little thing and put it in the right place. When I came, I moved it back to the other place where it used to be. And I tell you, I didn't think about it, I didn't think I was doing anything wrong. I thought it was just wonderful. And immediately a cloud came between me and her. And actually it took a day to sort it out, before we were again in the clear and the Spirit had free course. And then I learned my lesson. The lesson was not about the flower pot, the lesson was that I was still self-centered. I was, as it were, still living alone, when I had already received a second person to make me complete. Now, it was painful, but I remember kneeling down and for the first time I had to repent and ask for forgiveness. Then the Spirit of God said, "Repent of pride not of the flowerpot."

Pride. So I repented of pride. And oh, how sweet it was. God deepened our fellowship, then I began to see my pride in different places.

/And later, we had had children and we were rejoicing and God was teaching

us wonderful lessons in the Spirit. One day we were going to preach ^{at} a weekend meeting, having fellowship as you have. In East Africa we have weekend fellowships - about 7,000 people, or 600, it varies in each place. My wife and I were excited - we were going to go and have a wonderful time on Saturday. Friday night we prayed and then we were planning some things to put in the car in the morning. And I made suggestions, and she made her suggestions, and we came to a point and she made a suggestion about a little thing. I said,

"Dear, I don't think you need that." You see the language is all right - dear, honey is your American word - "Honey, I don't think we need that." And then I waited to hear my wife, knowing that I am the head of the home, she was going to bow and say, "Yes, darling, we don't need it." Instead she said,

"But, darling, we need it." And then I said,

"But, dear, we don't need it."

"I reported
of pride
"Calabash"

But you see the more we are talking we are not drawing closer to each other. We are actually going apart. The more we talked, the farther away we got. And the farther away you get the more-cold it becomes. Language is becoming confusing. You are not communicating at all in the Spirit. You know, in the end I kept quiet. Those silences! You think there is peace because there is silence - not a bit. The Spirit of God knows there is much noise in the silence. And so in the end we went to bed. We went to bed on it - it was not a very happy one. And you know, I couldn't sleep. Bless my wife, she slept. I don't know how she did it, but she slept anyway. And I heard that she was asleep and I was not sleeping at all. I was complaining and I was saying, "These Christian women, they are too fussy," talking to myself. It was a miserable night - wasting God's hours - can you imagine that?

And then about midnight he had mercy on me. Wx He said, "Festo, why are you not sleeping? Is it because you are too holy? You mean to say that when people are holy and right they don't sleep? Your wife is asleep and you are judging her. You think, she's wrong, she's wrong. But you are not sleeping. Are you sure you haven't got anything wrong there?" I said, "I'm not quite sure, Lord."

"Then it was your pride again which made things difficult unnecessarily. You were in the wrong." I said, "Yes, Lord. What shall I do? Shall I apologize to her? Wake her up?" "No, no, no, don't interrupt her sleep. Early in the morning do that. Ask for forgiveness."

Early in the morning, I woke her up and said, "Please forgive me. I made life miserable for nothing." First of all she didn't take it, ^{being} human. She wondered whether I was genuine in that repentance. In the end, I said, "I'm sorry about it. Please forgive me." And I want to tell you a beautiful thing happened. She forgave me. The Spirit did a wonderful job. She forgave me. But, darling, you were not wrong, I was also wrong in being unnecessarily fussy." I said,

"No, no, no. You were not wrong. I was wrong." So in the end we are both fighting to be the wrong one. Which means that actually someone had sorted us out. We are no longer pointing the finger at sin, how wrong he, ... and how wrong she was. Everything is becoming beautiful. And we prayed and rejoiced together and we put the things in the car, and of course she put the thing in. And we went rejoicing and gave our testimony to the brethren, it was a beautiful day. A revival day. This is what I long that all of you who have experienced this beautiful work of the Spirit of God may see how practical it is. Actually, those of you who are married - oh, the bedroom is the best laboratory for

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experimenting the fullness of the Spirit. It is a beautiful place, because there you are real. You can't pretend. You may look like an angel in the church, when the pastor is on the platform, but in the bedroom down there. You can get ~~really~~ really become very nasty. Christians can be nasty and mean and grieve the Spirit of God. So if you want a lovely revival, start there, asking each other for forgiveness. It will sweeten you, and make the home beautiful. My wife and I call these times of getting together upon the Blood of Jesus - "re-weddings." You can take it if you like. "Re-weddings" by the Holy Spirit. So I am just going to stop here, having shared what God has been doing for us the last 42 years.

I am not giving you the impression that we are angels and don't have weaknesses, or get dry, we do. When we get dry, we face it and say to the Spirit of God, "I am dry. Please! Water! I am difficult, soften me. I was hard against my wife or my friend or my co-worker, please make me love him. Flood my heart with love, liberate me!" And when that happens, the community will sense a great movement - which has already begun in America and America desperately needs this movement. Desperately. Your government, society, people breaking homes, churches, we need this and those of who have received this blessing, my challenge is this: Unbroken bread can never be eaten. In order for the bread to be eaten, it has to be broken. ~~And~~ ^{It} poured out wine can never be drunk - or water. It has to be poured out. So if those of you who have received this wonderful blessing with America and the community, you have to be willing to be softened, to be challenged, to be broken, to be released, refilled and refilled. And I want to tell you, you are going to be more beautiful, because when the Spirit of God fills and refills, life becomes beautiful.

May God bless you. As you open your life for the floods of heaven, He will come flooding in. May the Spirit of God have His way tonight.

I was amazed, I was really thrilled in Salinas. I was standing outside a Baptist church after speaking on a Sunday. A young man came up with tears in his eyes and said, "You spoke about writing a letter to a friend whom you didn't like. I'm going to write one as soon as I get home. I have been reminded that there is a friend I don't like and I'm going to do it tonight."

So tonight, brethren, if you want this work to deepen which God has begun in your midst, in your hearts. Just open up. Just be open to the Spirit and repent of hang-ups. If you get a hang-up on a certain thing, just repent of it. You won't grieve the Spirit through repenting, you will grieve the Spirit through refusing to repent. If you keep repenting, He will keep filling, filling.

Heaven is waiting for you and for me, for I am no better than you are.

May God bless you tonight as this church becomes the center of new life