

A Church Quake: ‘Come Again, Holy Spirit’

One of the most consistent ways the Lord speaks to me is through the avenue of dreams. Many of my writing and speaking assignments are given to me in such a manner. Prayer assignments over the years have almost always come in the forms of visitations and visions. This is true especially if it is a strategic assignment.

While ministering in Brazil a couple years ago, I was seeking the Lord for His mind and thoughts concerning future movements of the Holy Spirit. I went to sleep in my hotel room in Belo Horizonte and woke up out of a *“stunner of a dream.”* The manifested presence of God was riveting on my body as an aftereffect of this dream encounter. It shook me.

I SAW SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AS A WOMB FOR THE BODY OF CHRIST!

Like an eagle in flight, I was hovering over the globe in search of a place to land. Suddenly the entire west coast of the United States came before me. I was zoomed in upon the state of California and with the eye of an eagle I saw glimpses of redemptive purposes and plans.

I then turned in flight over portions of southern California and I saw something that seemed unusual. Southern California was a womb for the body of Christ. She had been used to conceive the Word and the Spirit over the last 100 years of the church and to bring forth different movements of God.

My “knower” was on high alert as I flew over Los Angeles and Orange County that this womb had already received another word—implanted at least a year earlier—and that another long-term, almost overdue, birth was imminent. I then soared over Pasadena and the next thing I knew, the eagle suddenly flew into the historic Mott Auditorium on the hallowed grounds

of William Carey University.

I SAW JOHN WIMBER STANDING ON THE PLATFORM!

The Mott Auditorium was packed with worshipping believers with standing room only. The place was electric with the presence of God. Rabid worship was happening with occasional authoritative declarations by various leaders. I noticed a few desperate pastors now crying out with anguish for God to visit them once again. Then things suddenly shifted.

All of a sudden, the late John Wimber, former leader of the Vineyard Movement and voice for the Third Wave, was firmly standing on the newly purple-carpeted platform. The cultural atmosphere was now pregnant with a realm of the glory and the thick majesty of God. Then I heard and felt the voice of John Wimber echo an invitation that rattled the entire place. He simply declared, "COME AGAIN, HOLY SPIRIT!"

People starting crashing to the floor en masse under the impact of the power and authority that resonated in those simple words. Once again another sound wave was released: "COME AGAIN, HOLY SPIRIT." It was not gentle Jesus showing up or the comforting dove of God manifesting. It was not just another renewal or revival meeting—though it seemed to include all of those qualities. It was the violent invasion of heaven entering a time and space world. It was a church quake.

I felt the reverberation coming off the sound waves of the voice of the invitation. It shook the very building, the grounds and all those present. The fear of the Lord fell and an earthquake of a 5.7 magnitude resulted. The quake resulted in an anointing resting on Psalm 57: *"Be gracious to me, O God, be gracious to me. For my soul takes refuge in You; And in the shadow of Your wings I will take refuge until destruction passes by. I will cry to God Most High, to God who accomplishes all things for me. He will send from heaven*

and save me."

People screamed in terror as the entire grounds and buildings were rattled by the sound of God's voice being heard and felt once again. Signs and wonders broke out but it appeared as an aftereffect, not the primary goal. Then a third time I heard the pronouncement from John Wimber: "COME AGAIN, HOLY SPIRIT!" People crashed onto the floor in droves.

As I pen this, I just now realized some things I had forgotten. I was reminded of them as they just flashed suddenly within me as I compose this. I also saw the late Jill Austin, one of the fieriest prophetesses of the last decade, gazing in upon what was happening and smiling. I heard her laugh echo over the occurrence as to say, *"I told you He was coming!"*

I saw a great cloud of witnesses including Aimee Simple McPherson and others who were gathering around to peer in upon this strange outbreak. The convergence of old anointings—still seemingly resident upon California—were now colliding.

SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKENED!

My senses were heightened. It was July and I was ministering in Brazil—a land pregnant with revival—but suddenly it appeared to be another season. It was autumn—right at the time of the Jewish New Year of Rosh Hashanah. Then pages of a book flipped quickly from one chapter of time to another and suddenly it was 40 days and nights later. I smelled smoke in Mott Auditorium as if the place had been filled with the burning fiery sacrifices of violent praise and worship. I smelled burnt flesh. I smelled aromas of life and death simultaneously at work.

Short messages from different anointed vessels were a part of this new sound wave but again it was not the main thing. Miracles happened—they just suddenly occurred. But again, this was not the aim. It was not why the people even assembled.

Yes, there were even short passionate pleas and desperate cries for help! But even that was not the central focus. This move of God centered on the radical worship of the One—Christ Jesus the Lord—and the welcoming with abandonment of the third person of the Godhead—the Holy Spirit! The jealousy of God permeated the experience.

It was not a conference. It was not polished. It was not even 24/7 as we presently know it. It was raw and overpowering. It was not rehearsed. It was an invasion of the Holy Spirit Himself.

A window of opportunity had opened and this uncontrollable surging sound wave jumped spontaneously around the globe. A man appeared on a pogo stick gleefully jumping from city to city and nation to nation. The man on the stick was William Seymour of the historic Azusa Street Revival. He leapt across the nations and everywhere his pogo stick landed, light came for a brief moment! The nations were in an uproar—and fire and light were falling around the globe.

THEN I HEARD ONE LAST WORD

“A Line Has Been Drawn in the Sand.” Terror gripped me. I shook. I honestly did not know what was coming next. I still do not know having pondered deeply on this experience. Was it Days of Glory or impending societal chaos? Was it times of economic collapse or reformation where a new order was created out of tumultuous uncertainty? I honestly was left not knowing what the outcome or the result was or would be.

But this I knew. Hope for the fragmented body of Christ and the nations was being released. An invitation was being sent from heaven to earth and a line was being drawn in the sand.

The word went in me. The word penetrated me. The word has disturbed me. But this I know, heaven has a word that must be heard in the earth realm, “COME AGAIN, HOLY SPIRIT!” And the invitation must have an urgent and appropriate response.

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