

Have You Experienced a Genuine Heavenly Outpouring Like This?

When you've experienced the real stuff;
You can never be satisfied with mere fluff.

It was the revival in which I was baptized in the Holy Spirit and called to teach and preach the everlasting gospel. In one evening service, the presence of God was so real that no one would leave, even after the pastor prayed the benediction around 10 p.m. As everyone sat in silence, the front door of the wood-frame church suddenly opened, and teenagers began streaming to the front, kneeling at the altar and pouring out their hearts to God with many tears.

The Spirit of God moved outside the walls of the building and between 10 p.m. and midnight, 17 young people were drawn from outside and came and gave their hearts to Christ. God was apprehending people with powerful conviction, even while in their cars.

Around 11 p.m. I walked outside to get a breath of fresh air, and I encountered two more individuals that God had just apprehended. They were well-known to me as a couple of wild, party-type individuals in their 30s. Rayburn's upper body was face-down on the hood of his car, and he was sobbing. His friend was walking nervously back and forth saying, "Let's go!" "Let's go!"

I asked, "Where are you going?" He stood gazing at the church and replied, "I have to go in there. There is something in there." I said, "Let's go," and escorted them to the door. I opened the door and was amazed at what happened next. They literally ran to the front, fell on their knees at the altar with the others and cried out to God with all their might.

Shortly thereafter I noted that one young man, who was the first to come forward, was missing. I opened a door to a small Sunday school room, and there was Billy, lying spread-eagle on his back, alone in the dark, praying in other tongues. He was so lost in the Spirit he did not notice me. I quietly closed the door and rejoined the service where salvations, fervent prayer and rejoicing continued unabated. That service lasted until 1 a.m.

There was no official youth group in this church, so several of these young men decided to have an all-night outing one Saturday night at a recreational area on Pat Mayse Lake. There were probably 12-15 of them between the ages of 16-20. About 9 p.m., I decided to find their camp and see how they were doing. I didn't know where they were, but as I drove slowly around the area with my windows down, passing many campers and RVs, I heard loud praying in the distance. I followed the sound of prayer and located them.

I spent about an hour with them, joining them in prayer and discussing the things of God. Their hearts were so on fire that they spent the entire night in fervent prayer. As I drove away past the flickering lights of numerous camp sites, and heard their prayers fading behind me, I thought, *The people here must think this is the strangest bunch of teenagers they have ever seen.*

That was real revival. Not something worked up from below, but a genuine outpouring of the Holy Spirit. It was a sound from heaven. My life and others were forever changed. {eo}

This article was derived from Eddie Hyatt's book, Revival Fire: Discerning Between the True & False, available from Amazon and his website at .