



KIM M. MAAS

# PROPHETIC COMMUNITY

God's Call for *ALL* to Minister in His Gifts

FOREWORD BY CINDY JACOBS

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KIM M. MAAS



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In memory of my courageous,  
brilliant and supernaturally  
gifted mother,

Gloria Edna Mulloy.

We kids could never keep a secret from you because you just *knew* things. Because you had no other language to describe such a gift, you called it ESP. I know better! I love you, Mom.

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# Foreword

You have just opened a very important book. The title of the work, *Prophetic Community*, gives you a clue as to why. Many people who are followers of Jesus feel alone. They want to use the gifts of the Holy Spirit but they might be unsure, uneasy or afraid. Kim Maas in her excellent book will help you to understand—in a user-friendly way—that there are many others like yourself who are hungry to be used by God.

As I read its pages, I wished I had had a book like this available when I was first trying eagerly to be obedient to the Lord to develop my own prophetic gifting.

When my book *The Voice of God* came out in 1995, I found that I had to build a glossary into the text to describe such things as prophetic prayer. Other than Bishop Bill Hamon's excellent writings, there were not that many books available to help people like me.

Kim's chapters lead you through practical, warmhearted stories that are vulnerable and transparent. They will help you get started—all the way to the full implementation of flowing in the power of the Holy Spirit.

One particular thing I appreciate is that, in addition to being down-to-earth, *Prophetic Community* is well researched. Kim not only gives her opinions but backs her conclusions thoroughly with sound biblical research worthy of the degrees next to her name. Don't let that scare you, however, from studying this wonderful book. It is neither dry nor boring!

The Church in general is rapidly breaking free from the humanly contrived doctrines that say the gifts of the Holy Spirit are not for today. Many churches are finally coming out of the "seeker-sensitive" mode that puts the work of the Holy Spirit on a day or time of the week other than Sunday morning. No, God's power is to be displayed in full manifestation anytime, anywhere and any way the Third Person of the Godhead chooses to move in and through His children.

This book is good to use for Bible study groups. And for anyone who wants to fulfill the biblical mandate in 1 Corinthians 14:1 to "earnestly desire spiritual gifts," it is a must-read.

You are about to have a personal encounter with the Holy Spirit. Don't be in a rush; lean into its pages. Enjoy its life-changing message and then go have your own adventures with the Holy Spirit!

Dr. Cindy Jacobs  
Generals International  
Dallas, Texas

# Acknowledgments

If I could give you information of my life, it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God in strange and unaccustomed paths to do in His service what He has done in her. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all, and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard, that is all; and I have never refused God anything.

Florence Nightingale<sup>1</sup>

**T**he primary definition of *acknowledgment* is not expressing gratitude, it is the acceptance of the truth about something. Thank You, Jesus. I know better than anyone how much You have done for me. I know it is only by Your grace that my life is not still in the pit. I am grateful every day. I am also grateful for the extravagant gifts You have given me in the form of people.

Michael Maas, my loyal, humble, faithful friend and husband, love of my life: I am grateful for your love and ever-present support of every crazy thing God has called me to. Jeannette Storms, my charismatic and wise spiritual momma: I am grateful for your mentoring in my early development,

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friendship in time of promotion and kindness in my time of loss and grief. Jon Ruthven, my brilliant doctoral mentor: Thank you for finally answering my theological questions about the traditions of my childhood and cheering me on in my own academic and prophetic quest. Cindy Jacobs, pioneer and prophet to the nations: You have been an inspiration to me from the moment I was called to prophetic ministry. I am grateful to have your friendship at this time in my life. Kim Bangs, supreme navigator: Thank you for reminding me none of us can do any of this unless the Spirit does it first in us. I am grateful for your guidance. Randy Clark, the one I have looked to as a spiritual father since 2011, when God introduced me to the Randy Clark Scholars and gave me unexpected and delightful friendships: Your touch in my life cannot yet be measured. I am grateful to reap where you have sowed and be counted in your legacy.

# Introduction

Look among the nations, and see; wonder and be astounded. For I am doing a work in your days that you would not believe if told.

Habakkuk 1:5

When God uttered His voice, creation exploded into being. He is still speaking and sustaining the entire universe by the word of His power. Life, yours and mine, is transformed by the release and reception of the voice, the speech, the word of the Lord.

It happened again yesterday. I was worshiping when the Lord nudged me to find the young man who had asked to speak with me, an opportunity time never afforded. I found him in the crowd and whispered into his ear, “I want you to know that though there was no time, I see you. More than that, the Lord sees you and says yes to the question on your heart.”

The young man’s eyes grew wide and rimmed with tears. “You have offered your life wholeheartedly to the Lord for His service, and He accepts,” I continued, as he began to visibly tremble. “There is an evangelistic call on your life. If you step

into it, many will come into the Kingdom because of your *yes* to the Lord.” He dropped to his knees in worship.

Later, as many at the meeting gathered in the hotel restaurant, I was heading to my room when I heard a gleeful voice behind me. “Dr. Kim! The server at the restaurant just got saved!” I turned to see the young man to whom I had prophesied bounding up to me. “You told me God said I was an evangelist, so in the restaurant I decided I was going to step into what God said about me. I looked around the room, and she was the only person I didn’t know. I opened my mouth and started telling her about Jesus. She totally wanted to get saved! I led her in prayer, and she gave her life to Jesus. I *am* an evangelist!”

That is what this book is about. It is about how hearing God’s voice changes everything. It is about how we were created by God to be a people to whom He speaks—a people whose mouths are filled with His words, whose lives are transformed and transformative in the lives of others. It is about our call to be a prophetic community who speak God’s word to men and see them changed; to the Church and see it built up, encouraged and comforted; and to the world and see it transformed. It is about acknowledging that the birth, death and resurrection of Christ was not only to save us from sin and death but to bring about the birth of a new people who would know God and hear His voice. This new people, you and me included, would consequently live in power-filled, miracle-laden obedience to the word heard by the power of His Spirit—the prophetic Holy Spirit.

The Holy Spirit of God is moving with great intention in these days, and the greatest opportunities to demonstrate the Gospel of Jesus Christ and His Kingdom are about to explode onto the historical scene. It is urgent that we be prepared to step in and take advantage of these opportunities. It is urgent that the Body of Christ be prepared to demonstrate the power of the Gospel with signs and wonders, healing the sick, casting

out demons, raising the dead and speaking the words of God in prophetic utterances.

In 2010, I had a prophetic dream. In the dream I was chosen to learn a new dance for a new time. When I awoke, the Lord told me I would be going back to school, again. I was not excited. I wrote the interpretation of the dream in my journal, as is my practice, and then opened my email. In my inbox was an announcement about a brand-new doctoral cohort being assembled by Randy Clark called the Randy Clark Scholars.

The Holy Spirit rushed upon me and I was nearly knocked out of my chair. I knew it was the direction of the Lord. I applied to enter the cohort, along with a couple hundred others, and by 2011 found myself among eighteen pastors, leaders and scholars in Dayton, Ohio. Our time together was extraordinary. Revival in our time and the theology of the Spirit was our focus for two and a half years. We all confessed our belief that God was about to move in unprecedented ways in our lifetime. Our hearts burned to give God's people solid biblical and theological foundations in order to sustain a move of the Holy Spirit.

Being filled with the Holy Spirit and hearing the voice of God changed everything for me. I tell that story in chapter 1. My experience with the voice of God gave me direction for my studies in the Scholars program. I knew I wanted to dig deeply into prophecy and the Spirit.

I was involved in training and equipping in the prophetic and developing prophetic ministry. My heart longed to help other individuals, leaders and groups do the same. In my studies I discovered something astonishing: The New Testament Church is a *prophetic community*. I began to search for books on prophetic community and the history of the prophetic movement. The books I found fell into two groups: First were books written to charismatic audiences describing the gift of prophecy, how to hear God's voice and how to operate in prophetic ministry. A few included a history of prophecy and the

prophetic movement. Second were books written to a mostly noncharismatic audience that address prophecy and prophetic community as the biblical imperative for social justice and community activism. I found none that addressed the New Testament Church as a prophetic community, empowered by the Holy Spirit with miraculous gifts to not only do social service and speak out against injustice but also to heal bodies, cast out demons and prophesy. This book is about that. It is the unveiling of the Body of Christ's identity as a prophetic community. It is God's call for all to minister in His gifts—especially the gift of prophecy.

The prophetic movement has grown much since what some call its restoration<sup>1</sup> in the 1980s. Many churches today invite prophets as guest speakers, train prayer teams to prophesy and host schools for those called to prophetic ministry. Some local churches and organizations even self-identify as a company of prophets. But prophetic community is far more than this.

Prophetic community is the identity and purpose of the Body of Christ found in the New Testament. All God's people may prophesy. The Body of Christ is filled with the prophetic Holy Spirit and empowered to hear the voice of God and proclaim His message to the world. Some believe the gift of prophecy ceased with the death of the New Testament apostles. Some believe the gifts are for today but reserved for specially anointed and appointed men and women of God. Misconceptions, problems and even abuses surround the gift of prophecy; all need to be addressed and corrected.

In this book, we will discover together what God intended when He poured out the Spirit of God from heaven onto earth. We will look to Scripture and history to establish foundations for not only our definition of prophetic community but also the continuation of the gift of prophecy. We will address the misconception and the misuse of the gifts and talk about how each of us contribute to a healthy prophetic culture. Each chapter

will include questions and activation to help you consider the implications for your own life. There will be lots of stories, true stories that bear witness to Jesus.

Like this one.

It looked like a large basement—bare walls, aluminum chairs, a low platform up front for a keyboard, a drum kit and a couple of microphones. Ministry training schools are often minimalist. As I found my seat, students young and old poured in. The chatter bounced from wall to wall until the place was full of joyful, expectant sound. Tonight was “learn about prophecy” night, and students are always hungry.

As worship started, hands and voices lifted all over the room. It was fresh and invigorating. I caught a glimpse of a young man toward the back, and a Scripture flashed across my mind: “Therefore strengthen the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for your feet, so that what is lame may not be dislocated, but rather be healed” (Hebrews 12:12–13 NKJV). I heard God’s still, small voice say, *Tell him I will heal him and make his path straight because I have called him to preach the Word and given him the heart of a pastor.* I quoted the Scripture and gave him the interpretation and word.

The young woman next to him began screaming. “Oh my God, oh my God! *Look!*” She bent down and lifted a cane. “He has ankle and knee problems and can hardly walk!” she said excitedly, prodding him to stand.

I turned to the students around us. “We are all called to minister in the gifts of healing, prophecy and deliverance. The Lord wants to heal this young man so He can send him out to preach.” I instructed them in the art of praying for the sick, which amounts to simply bringing the ailing person before the Lord and speaking to the body to be healed in the name of Jesus Christ. Ten students gathered around the young man. Ten students prayed a total of sixty seconds. The young man

hesitantly tested his legs by bending and leaning right and left. Then, he walked. Then, he hopped. Then, he shouted, “The pain is gone! I can walk! I’m healed!” The place erupted in praises to Jesus.

Two days later, the young woman showed up at the church service. She was excited to tell me that her husband, the young man who was healed, went to his pastor and asked to be baptized. He shared the prophetic word along with his intent to become prepared for ministry. Apparently he was so introverted that he had never consented to baptism, wanting to avoid public confession. She said he had changed. He was transformed by an encounter with the goodness of God.

I believe as we reaffirm our identity as a prophetic community, the voice of God will be released with fresh power in the Church and the family, in the halls of justice and of education, in the place of business and of entertainment, and out in the streets of every neighborhood, city and nation. Lives will be changed. Communities will be transformed. Culture will be impacted. History will be made.

I’m in.

What about you?



# The Spirit of Prophecy

And your ears shall hear a word behind you, saying, “This is the way, walk in it.”

Isaiah 30:21

“I am a fellow servant with you and your brothers who hold to the testimony of Jesus. Worship God.” For the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.

Revelation 19:10

**W**e all have a story. The story of how our lives were interrupted, saved, redeemed and transformed is the testimony of Jesus—the spirit of prophecy. Our stories prophesy to those who hear, “If He did it for me, He can do it for you, too.” And He can. I begin this book with my story. My prayer is that those who read it will allow me to prophesy over their lives the hope, the miracle-working power, and the redemption available to them through Jesus Christ. He did it for me. He can do it for you. He is that kind, that powerful, that good.

## My Story

It was a Friday afternoon in 1984 during the darkest hour of my life. As I sat in a cramped, bland apartment I had called home since leaving my husband, these are the exact words I heard God say: *Go home, and I will take care of everything.*

My response would be the most monumental choice of my life—a defining moment in my story. It does not end here, but it does not begin here, either.

My parents divorced when I was three. Mom worked three jobs to keep food on the table while my brother, sister and I spent lots of time with babysitters. During my early grade school years, Mom remarried. I think I was eleven when I was adopted by my new stepfather. I did not really understand what it meant to be adopted, but I knew I wanted a dad. After a lot of strange proceedings, a man called “Judge” who was dressed in funny, yet very serious-looking, robes asked one question: “Do you want this man to be your father?” *Yes.* We all said yes. The next day I went to school with a new name and a real dad. My parents remained married for the rest of my mother’s life, nearly fifty years.

It was in a Baptist church that I first heard the Gospel and an invitation to salvation at a youth revival meeting. I was thirteen, and I can still picture the whole thing. The palatial auditorium with soaring ceilings. The pristine white walls adorned with precious few Christian icons. The wide, intimidating platform. The urgency in the evangelist’s booming voice as he charged from one end of the platform to the other. To this day, I cannot recall the message, but I can still feel the burning sensation in my chest, matched only by the burning tears running down my cheeks as I made my way from the balcony to the altar to give my life to Jesus.

I had my first encounter with the supernatural about this same time. The whole of my spiritual experience to this point

was ensconced in the Baptist tradition. I did not grow up in a family that heard the voice of God. I grew up in an average family who attended church a bit more than occasionally. I had no idea people could be anything but Baptist, except for the Catholics across the street who, like my family, attended church occasionally and lived their lives in a nominally religious way. One day a young man invited me to visit his church, the Church of the Open Door, and I said yes. Everything matched the status quo until some old woman stood up and began to loudly speak in syllables that made no sense at all. I do not remember an interpretation because I was lost to fear and indignation. I could only think of escaping.

When I got home, I excitedly told my mother the whole story. She told me of churches who believe in something called tongues, but she had never heard it herself. She then told me our church considered it to be from the devil. When I asked if she agreed, she only said she was not sure they were right, which gave me peace. Still, I thought the whole thing was weird, and I never visited that little church again.

## **The Darkest Hour**

In my later teen years, I fell away from church. By nineteen, I was in full-blown rebellion. Then came the fateful day when my engagement was called off just weeks before the wedding. Devastated, the distance between Jesus and me widened exponentially. At first, I fell into a great depression. The doctor told my mother I was having a nervous breakdown. I would sit for hours in my bedroom, door closed, lights off, staring out the window and watching the world go by. I wondered how everything could go on as if my life had not just shattered. For a time, I felt I could not live. One day I suddenly stood up, left my room and went out into the world. To my parents I was coming back

to life, but in reality I was entering a time of self-degradation and abuse, parties, boys, alcohol and drug experimentation. I met my husband at the end of that year.

But I missed the signs. After three months of marriage, I realized that my husband was a drug addict and an alcoholic. After three years the marriage fell apart. I left town with two young children in tow, a divorce in progress and a sense of overwhelming shame and failure. I was 24 years old. I remember crying out to God for the first time in years. It went something like this: “Jesus, I know that I have been a disappointment and done many things wrong. I know You hate divorce. I know You will be mad at me. But God, I just cannot take it anymore. I cannot do it. I tried. Please forgive me, but if it means I have to leave You, too, then I have to. I’m sorry.” That was it. In my heart I felt a palpable severing; I could not be forgiven now. I gave myself over to a life without Jesus, full of shame, regrets and wounding.

I was a mess. It was the darkest time in my life. It was also the moment God chose to intervene miraculously.

I had relocated and was looking for work to support myself and my little girls. I happened upon a woman whose name I cannot remember but whose effect on me was life altering. She was interviewing nurses for her position when I showed up for the job. She and her husband were planting a Vineyard church in the area. Whatever. *Vineyard* meant nothing to me. But this woman was different. Her coworkers loved her. They told me she came to the office every morning to pray. Apparently, when she prayed, “the atmosphere around here changes,” they confided mysteriously.

Anyway, she hired me. During my training she invited me to her home for coffee. She asked to hear my story, so I told her everything. Every ugly, messy, shameful thing. She never flinched, not even once. She did not throw Bible verses in my face or tell me what a sinner I was. She did not judge me, shame

me, condemn me or punish me. She simply listened and loved me. Then she invited me to church.

I wish I could tell you her name. I have never had the opportunity to share with her the testimony of how this encounter was the beginning of a God intervention.

## **The Beginning of Miracles**

It was Friday afternoon and my girls were asleep in the back bedroom of my apartment. My brand-new green-leather Bible was next to the one chair in the living room, which I used for reading. I sat down, opened it and began to read. Without any provocation, understanding or expectation, I heard the voice of God for the first time. It was astonishing, frightening and inescapable, for it was audible. Tangible and expansive, it filled the room outside and me inside.

*Go home, and I will take care of everything.*

I was completely unhinged. Fear gave way to anger, and I shot up from my chair. Wildly looking to the sky, I retorted, “Do You know what You are saying? Do You know what You are asking of me? That man is not changed! He is still doing all the things he used to do.” No answer. And I *knew*. I knew in that moment I was being asked to choose between life on my terms and life on His, and my answer would seal my future. Rebellion or obedience; there was no third option. I had not known that the Lord could speak to me. In all my years of Sunday school, I had never once been taught that God speaks. Now His speaking had brought me to the most monumental choice of my life.

I made my choice. I solemnly walked to the phone and dialed the familiar and foreign phone number. My husband answered, and I asked him to dinner. He was stunned for a moment, then he accepted. During dinner, a tiny, elderly woman came from nowhere and said, “You are the most beautiful family I have ever

seen.” We stared sheepishly at her in disbelief. We had not sat together as a family for more than six months. Though I had no understanding of the supernatural, I knew this word somehow was. It was God confirming His word to me. I have always believed this was an angelic encounter. Three days later I moved home, three weeks before our divorce would have been final.

I would like to tell you everything changed in that moment and we had no more problems, but that is not my story. I went back to church on a regular basis. We worked hard and bought a house. The marriage was surviving, but little had changed. My husband was still bound by addiction to alcohol and drugs. I spent many nights weeping, in anguished prayer for God to fulfill His promise to take care of everything. The day we moved into our new house, God sent a sign of hope. My husband was not a believer, though he believed there was a God and a Jesus. It was not his custom to pray with the family. But that day he gathered our little family together on the front porch to pray for God’s blessing. He asked God to bless our house, family and new lives.

I was happy to set up a house of my own, but I was fearful of living so far from the city in which my husband worked. Would he come home after his shifts? Would I be left alone, isolated from familiar haunts and friends? Would God intervene soon to fulfill His promise?

We began attending a Foursquare church. The denomination and theology were completely unfamiliar and held no value to me. It was what they called a seeker-sensitive church, so, as a former Baptist, I was perfectly at home. It had been four years since I had heard the voice of God. I had fulfilled my part of the bargain, but the problems were intensifying. The drinking was becoming especially bad. Did the Lord not see? Did He not care? Maybe I had not really heard Him. My family thought I had lost my mind. Maybe they were right.

Holidays were the most excruciating. On Thanksgiving eve, he stayed out all night, drinking. Another holiday getting the

children ready alone. Facing my family again with their questions, their pitying yet disapproving looks, their silent accusations of my foolishness to return to this life. Now there would be not only two but three children to raise on my own. Now there would be little sympathy and minimal support. I wept violently all night until I could not cry one more tear. The hardness returned. I had prayed and cried out for help over and over and over. I must have heard wrong.

I was not hurt or mad. I was numb. I was done. I would leave, and this time I would not return.

In the morning, just as I was leaving with the children for my mom's, my husband came through the door, ashen white. I was disgusted. He knew I was going to leave again. He begged me for one last chance, saying, "Things will be different this time, I promise. Something has happened." I put up my hand to say, *Stop*. I had given so many last chances. I did not believe him, but for some reason I did not leave.

The following days were full of hostility. I was neither available to listen nor curious; my emotional shutdown blinded me from seeing the change. Still, somewhere deep inside, it registered, and I began to wonder what had happened. Finally, a few weeks later we sat together, and he told me his story.

He was out drinking with his friends. He knew he was blowing it again. *The hell with it*, he thought. *The wife can be mad if she wants*. That was the alcohol talking. It was very late, coming on morning, and he began to drive home. On his way home a presence filled the atmosphere. He knew Jesus was literally in the car with him. He began to hear Jesus speak to his heart and mind. He was about to lose everything he loved, Jesus said, and this time He would not bring it back, unless my husband gave his life into His hands. My husband surrendered his life to Jesus that night and was immediately, miraculously and completely delivered from his addictions. Right then and there. It was over. He was changed. He has never returned to

them. Each year he celebrates the anniversary of his deliverance and salvation in gratitude to Jesus, who saved his life and his family. As of this writing, it has been more than three decades.

This miracle in our lives had a domino effect, changing everything. Our family entered a time of healing and getting to know God and one another better.

### March 22, 1994

In 1994, I was asked to give my testimony at a women's retreat. I had never been to a women's retreat. I had never given a testimony, for that matter, but I did know God, and I wanted to speak out about what He had done for me.

"Kim, the Lord asked me to come and lay hands on you for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Is that okay with you?" she said. A young woman about twenty years old stood before me. I had just finished giving my testimony.

"You can try," I said, good cessationist girl that I was. I still remembered my childhood experience at the Church of the Open Door! She put her hands on me and said some words I cannot remember. I felt hot and faint; my knees began to buckle, and suddenly I was sitting in a chair. I could not concentrate on what was being said—it was something about how I should expect tongues to come and to let it happen. I made my way back to my room knowing something had happened, but, by then, not feeling much. I went to bed.

As I showered the next morning, I heard inside my mind some strange syllables. *What in the world is that?* I thought. *Could this be the tongues she was talking about?* I felt a mix of thrill and doubt, and a bit of embarrassment—even though I was alone—as I wrestled with my childhood theology. I had heard God's voice once and watched Him do miracles in my family,

but in my mind, I was a Baptist girl. My understanding of Scripture could not be described as Pentecostal or charismatic.

“Is this the devil?” I said out loud to myself. At that moment I could recall one, and only one, Bible verse. I knelt on the shower floor.

“Lord,” I prayed, “Your Word says that whatever you do, do it heartily unto the Lord. So, if I am being a fool, then I will be a fool for Jesus and do it heartily unto You.” Suddenly the strange words poured from my mouth. I began to speak in tongues. The naked truth is that I felt a little embarrassed, but I liked it.

On the walk back to the meeting room for the morning session, I saw color everywhere, as though someone had removed a film from my eyes. The colors were bright, nearly blinding. The grass was greener. The sky was bluer. As I passed a garden, I thought about how God’s people were like the flowers of assorted colors, varieties and fragrances, all in differing stages of bloom. I thought about how pestilence comes and destroys them, yet God sends the rain and the sunshine.

I arrived as the women were in the middle of worship. A few minutes after I stepped in the room, one woman’s voice rose above the others. She was singing in tongues. The other voices began to fade until they simply stopped. Then there was silence.

The silence was tangibly pregnant. I did not understand what was happening. I had no knowledge of the Holy Spirit and His gifts, but it was not hard to discern that this was a holy moment. The same woman began to sing in English. I froze—word for word, she was singing my thoughts about the garden.

*How could that be? What is happening?* I felt frantic and afraid. We moved into a time of communion; each woman was instructed to take communion herself with the Lord. We were to ask the Lord to speak to us. This was new for me, and I still felt rocked by what had just happened.

*Thank You, Jesus,* I prayed, *for giving me Your life. I give You mine. Speak to me.*

Without warning, I heard *the* voice—the same voice I had heard that Friday years before. Eight years had passed since I had heard it, but I recognized it immediately. Only this time it was not on the outside; it came as a small, soft voice in my mind and heart. It was unsettling and comforting at the same time.

*Water My garden*, He said. Though the words were few, I was flooded with a larger knowing, which I now understand is revelation. I knew He was calling me to full-time ministry and to realign my whole life to do whatever He wanted, whenever and wherever He would send me.

Thrilled and terrified, I wept. *Yes—but I can't, God, because of all I have done.*

*See the blond woman over there? Go and tell her what has happened*, instructed the voice. I walked to the woman like a robot, and through my tears I told her what I had heard. She looked me in the eye, and then she seemed to look *through* me to something beyond.

“YOU SPIRIT OF—” she shouted, “GET OFF HER!” I did not hear the name she gave the thing she was addressing or anything that followed because my body involuntarily shook and jerked violently. I sobbed uncontrollably and ran back to my room. I had no idea what had just happened, for I had no understanding of such things. (Weeks later I discovered the identity of the blond lady—she was the director of deliverance ministries for a mega-church!)

Once I was in my room, the floodgates opened. I heard the voice again, falling like torrents of instruction, urgently and rapidly. I could barely keep up. *Go get your Bible. Get a paper and a pen. Write down what I tell you. Go to Hebrews 10. Read verses 19–25, 35–39. These will be your life Scriptures, especially verse 35 . . .* I wrote it all down. This went on for hours. He told me in detail what to do for the next five years, for I was entering a time of preparation.

I had known nothing of the Holy Spirit. I had never read my Bible all the way through. I was a mom from Moorpark, a labor and delivery nurse married to a fireman who was going to retire and live the rest of her life on vacation. Now all was changed. I was changed. I was a different woman.

That was March 22, 1994, and I have never been the same.

## **Hearing God Changes Everything**

Within a year of the encounter in 1994, it seemed as though I was getting called out by some minister or leader in every meeting I attended. A leader in the church I was attending gave me a prophetic word about being called as a prophetic voice to nations. A few years later, Cindy Jacobs called me out of a crowd of nearly 2,000 to prophesy, “You will open your mouth and speak and prophesy to the nations.”

I have received many personal prophetic words since then that have given me insight and direction. They comfort, encourage and embolden me, and they spur me onward. Sometimes they correct me. They always bring change.

Why take all this time to tell my story? It is why I have a burning passion for all to hear God’s voice and minister in His gifts. It is why this book was written. It is a verifiable story from my own life of the transformational power of prophecy and its eternal consequences.

Scripture says the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. The testimony is a prophetic declaration of what God has done, can do and will do again. I tell it because I know, without any doubt, that if He did it for me, He will do it for you. Just believe and receive!

Hearing God’s voice changed my life, saved my marriage and set me on the path toward my divine destiny. I have seen countless men and women, children and churches, even cities and cultures impacted and transformed by a prophetic word of the

Lord. I have personally prophesied over all kinds of people, from the least to the greatest, and watched God transform their lives.

It is of critical importance that the Body of Christ become a people known for hearing the voice of God and speaking His words. When the people of God do this, lives change, cultures transform and the Kingdom of God expands. God becomes real. Hearts are revealed and everything changes. The world will be changed by a people who hear and speak the very words of God. We are that people!

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### Summary Points

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1. Hearing God's voice saved my life, marriage and family, setting me on the path to divine destiny.
2. Hearing God's voice through the prophetic word has the power to transform people, cultures and nations.
3. It is critically important that the Body of Christ become a people who are known for hearing the voice of God and stewarding and speaking His revelatory word.
4. The world will be changed by a people who hear and speak the very words of God.

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### Questions and Activation

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Take a moment to sit quietly with the Lord and invite the Holy Spirit to speak to you.

1. What is God highlighting to you about this chapter?  
Why is this important for you to understand?
2. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy. Any testimony shared can be received as a prophetic word

in your own life. God is not a respecter of persons; therefore, if He did it for one, He is able do it again for another. Do you believe God will do it for you? If not, what is blocking your ability to believe? Take some time to bring it before God and allow Him to remove it. Then, declare that you believe!

3. Is there any part of my testimony the Holy Spirit is underscoring to take for yourself as prophecy for your life? If so, declare it out loud over yourself and ask the Lord to release the power of the testimony into your life and circumstance.