

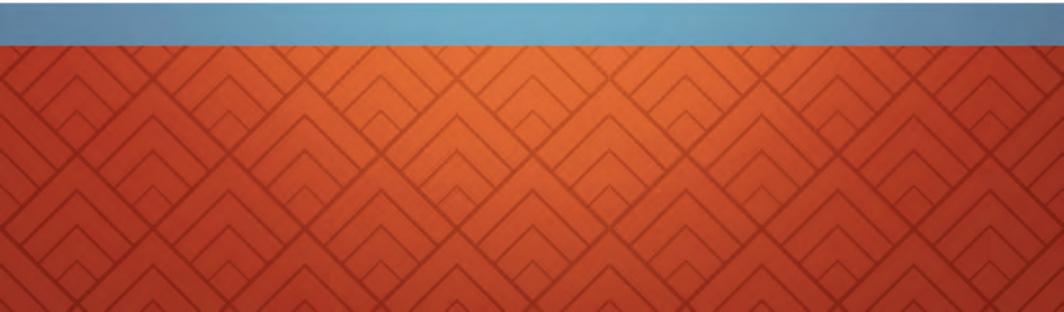


*EMBRACING HIS TRANSFORMING FIRE*

# REVIVAL RISING

KIM MEEDER

FOREWORD BY JIM DALY



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KIM MEEDER



**Chosen**

*a division of Baker Publishing Group*  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

© 2020 by Kim Meeder

Published by Chosen Books  
11400 Hampshire Avenue South  
Bloomington, Minnesota 55438  
www.chosenbooks.com

Chosen Books is a division of  
Baker Publishing Group, Grand Rapids, Michigan

Printed in the United States of America

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ISBN 978-0-8007-9953-3

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Control Number: 2019057455

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In some of the author's stories, the names and identifying details of certain individuals have been changed to protect their privacy.

Cover design by Darren Welch Design

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This book is dedicated to love—  
love for the Father, Son and Holy Spirit—  
and to those who choose to embrace,  
be filled by and release His love  
with all their heart, soul, mind  
and strength.

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# Foreword

**K**im Meeder is a gifted storyteller who has an incredible passion for pointing people toward the healing power of Christ. I have been privileged to welcome her as a guest on the *Focus on the Family Broadcast* several times, and she never fails to bring uplifting words of hope and encouragement.

Kim's love for those who bear deep emotional wounds is especially evident in her ongoing work with children at the Crystal Peaks Youth Ranch. I can relate to some of those kids because as a child, I was shaken and torn. I have experienced what it is like to feel lost, adrift and disconnected from anything resembling stability and wholeness. Kim's heart is to help those precious kids understand their identity in Christ. It is impossible to overstate just how important that is!

As you will discover in the pages of this book, Kim has a unique awareness of God's presence and the movement of His Spirit in the everyday moments of life. This acuity reminds me of the words of David when he wrote, "Where shall I go from your Spirit? Or where shall I flee from your presence?" (Psalm 139:7 ESV).

Kim understands that we cannot hide from God. He knows us and He is with us *always*, even in the darkest of moments

when we feel as if He is far away. His hand is evident in every situation if we will just take time to look for it, and that is what Kim so brilliantly captures.

God is with you. He loves you. His Spirit surrounds you, indwells you and nourishes you. These are themes that are repeated over and over throughout the pages of *Revival Rising*. I am thankful that Kim has shared this faith-affirming and spiritually enriching message with her readers. It is something we all need to hear!

Jim Daly  
President, Focus on the Family

# Preface

I love the wilderness places in this world, because this is where I hear the voice of my God most clearly. For this wild heart, the higher I go, driven by my unique DNA to seek the solace of the mountains, the closer my heart feels to His. And within these lofty places, the noise of humanity is silenced by the raw, unshakable power of the presence of God.

Because I live on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountain range in the Pacific Northwest, I have a spectacular selection of stand-alone volcanos in my front yard. Recently, I enjoyed an amazing day climbing the South Sister. About one thousand feet below the 10,358-foot summit is one of my all-time favorite mountain features. If you are not looking up, it would be easy to miss this rock wall, not uncommon in the high elevations. But what makes this wall unusual is how it has been cut so sharply that its highest reaches literally curve backward into midair like leftover ice cream. It resembles a massive ocean wave of stone, three stories high, curling into the endless blue of the Central Oregon sky.

What could sever a vertical wall of rock with such supreme force, with such titanic impact? What moves with ease . . . the immovable?

Unfathomable light shines, radiant with power, glory and peace in the presence of absolute love. Unstoppable waves of reverberating worship encircle the throne of God like harmonic echoes of sheer gold. Beauty covers all. Authority permeates all. Love fills all.

Caught up in the wonder is a single perfect snowflake—a tiny masterpiece created in the glory of heaven. Formed around a fragment of dust, it is unique and beautiful, a stunning singular design that hovers in the presence of God.

Then, a voice thunders from the throne, “My beloved, it is time.”

The snowflake’s focus changes from overwhelming awe to utter confusion.

The voice of the One clarifies, “It is time to leap forward into My perfect plan. It is time to fly into the realm for which you were created. I am sending you out into the blackness. I am sending you to earth . . . to transform it for My glory.”

Without words, the snowflake’s gaze moves from outward to inward. *Who am I? I’m only one. I have no weight, no authority, no power to change anything. My magnificent exterior was designed around a fragment of dust. Dust! My very core is dirt. And yet, God . . . You would choose me? Why would You send me? Father, this makes no sense. Why must I leave the beauty, comfort and glory of Your presence?*

Again, His loving voice resounds. “Because My will cannot be carried out on earth as it is in heaven . . . if you chose to stay in heaven. For the world to be transformed by My glory, my glorious ones need to go!”

With understanding, resolve and trust, the snowflake concedes, *I’m created by You, beloved by You and now charged by You to move forward into the greater purpose for which I was designed. I don’t need to understand my outcome to choose Your will over mine. I will leave heaven’s glory and go into any darkness You command. I love You more. More than my comfort. More than my will. More than me. Here I am, God. You can send me.*

God's voice thunders, "Go! Go, My beloved, into all the world!"  
The single snowflake nods, then leaps into the unknown.

Alone it falls, twists, glides, deeper and deeper into black upon black. Heaven's glory fades as the gloom of earth looms closer. Falling into utter darkness, the solitary snowflake rolls over to take one last look at the glory from which it came . . . and is astonished by what it sees.

It is not alone.

Other snowflakes are emerging through the dusk. The dark sky transforms with their glorious presence. Millions upon millions of others are coming, too.

A great blizzard of glory swirls down through the night. Form to form, they combine. Glory to glory. Purity upon purity, white upon white, they gather. Soon they are no longer singular but compress into a formidable force. Their numbers reach beyond comprehension.

Bound by the power of God Himself, they become a mighty glacier. Their combined willingness and uniqueness become a force that obliterates stone, even the rock of a mountain, as they usher in an unstoppable presence, *His* presence, on earth.

---

A lone snowflake is unique, glorious, beautiful, but can be destroyed with a single breath. Yet when they gather and conjoin, there is nothing in the realm of men that can stop them.

Friend, we are like that: specifically designed by the Father for a unique purpose. And in the same way, our Creator is calling you, *My beloved, it is time.*

On this day, what will you choose? Your will . . . or His?

Each of us must choose within our own heart: revival's sudden death . . . or sudden ignition.

The sudden death of revival is fueled by our complacent, prideful self-justification. The sudden ignition of revival is fueled by our love so great for Him that we do not desire anything other than His will.

Complacency or ignition? Prideful self-justification or love for the Father? No one else is responsible to choose for you . . . but you.

No snowflake can choose to go for another. And in this way, every blizzard starts the same: with one single beautiful flake driven by pure love for the One who made it. And this choice, combined with the saints before, is what carves through hearts of stone like a knife through ice cream.

This is what moves the immovable—with ease. This is the power, the titanic impact, of our Father’s love.

# Introduction

**G**enuine revival is born out of genuine love for God. Because of love, Jesus entered earth's atmosphere to break the power of sin and death and to set the captives free. He showed us step for step how to love others to life—with His own life. He is not asking us; He is commanding us to do the same.

Revival is not something that happens *around* us. It is something that happens *in* us.

As believers, we have been commanded to fulfill what Jesus started. He has fully equipped us with His name, His blood, His Word, His giftings and His Spirit. Yet most of us remain largely inactive, stalled out, somehow feeling ill-equipped for the task of carrying His redemption forward.

Friend, the world around you is dying without hope. Family, friends and co-workers are collapsing in the darkness of sin and suffering. Jesus' commissioning, His command over your life has not changed. He is calling you—*you*—to carry the living flame that is Him into the blackness and deliver the blaze of His life-giving love.

Revival rises when one heart after another is set on fire with the unquenchable inferno of His loving freedom.

It is not forged out of what we do. Rather, authentic revival begins as the overflow of a heart and life so filled with gratitude and love for Jesus that His presence pours out into the world around us in a natural way. It is the unstoppable ignition of His love flowing within us that becomes the Great Commission flowing out through us.

Revival will rise when we let go of all other things—and choose His love to become the fuel that drives us to embrace His transforming fire.

*Today, Jesus, ignite all that I am—heart, soul, mind, strength—to burn for only You.*

*The world around me will not change—until I do. The transformation I seek begins with me. When I am fully consumed in the flame of Your presence, this is where revival will rise from my life.*

*Jesus, I ask for Your true redemption over my human religion. I release my humanity and ask for Your humility. I submit to the inferno of Your transforming love to fill all that I am. Only then will the atmosphere around me be revived by the heat of Your redeeming passion through me.*

*May Your presence beam through me and raise a revival in my nation, my state, my county, my city, my neighborhood, my family and my home.*

*Your Word promises, “If my people who are called by my name will humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, I will hear from heaven and will forgive their sins and restore their land” (2 Chronicles 7:14).*

*The ignition of my revival begins with bowing before You in humility, prayer, seeking, turning.*

*If I, this vessel, will persist in these four weapons of revival, then You will hear, forgive and heal the land of my heart, home and country.*

*I place my heart to be deeply united with Your heart in humility. I position my soul to be in constant communion with Your soul through prayer. I yield my mind to being pliable before Your mind and turn where You desire. I pursue with all the strength that is within me to seek You above all else.*

*Upon this bedrock, I submit myself in Your presence to be saturated with Your merciful healing—and forgiveness. From this foundation, I can be filled up and poured out for Your glory.*

*May I understand the power of Your complete redemption and wholeness working to create in me a unique weapon of loving warfare, ready to carry the light of my God into the darkness.*

*Today I commit with all that I am to embrace the transforming fire that is Your presence.*

*Let Your revival rise in me.*

SECTION ONE

# REAWAKEN MY HEART

Jesus replied, “The most important commandment is this: ‘Listen, O Israel! The LORD our God is the one and only LORD. And you must love the LORD your God with all your *heart* . . .”

Mark 12:29–30, emphasis added

## ONE

# Reawaken My Freedom

*Jesus, please reawaken my complete, absolute,  
undivided, wholehearted freedom in You.*

Wherever the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom.

2 Corinthians 3:17

**D**awn broke on a cool spring day. I was in a hurry to finish work-related items before leaving town with Troy for some much-needed rest together. Hustling to complete all my morning chores, I asked Troy, who was pouring a cup of coffee, if he wanted me to make a quick fire in our woodstove.

“No thanks,” he responded. “I won’t have time to enjoy it, but you can make one if you wish.”

This was the first warmish morning in Central Oregon in a long time. The early spring had brought much snow and cold rain. Because the sunny morning was so inviting and I would be leaving soon, I decided for the first time of the year not to make a fire.

Troy rushed down the stairs and off to finish his remaining meetings.

I dashed into the kitchen, cleaned up the hasty breakfast mess and loaded all our gear into the waiting truck. Then I sat down with my Bible in my lap next to a cold woodstove.

Acknowledging before the Lord that my morning was all out of order, I apologized that I did not sit down with Him first, before all the morning hubbub. I prayed, read His Word and worshiped. His pleasure and presence flooded this sweet time together.

I had opened my Bible to a passage where the apostles were doing many miraculous signs and wonders (see Acts 5:12–42). Locals were bringing their sick and demon possessed to them, and all were healed.

The high priest and leading officials heard how everyone was flocking to these men and their loving message of hope and the powerful anointing upon them. Sadly, the leaders' selfish response was not one of reception but jealousy. When given the choice between self-justified pride or eternal hope, they rejected the hope that could heal them and clung to their pride, thus making pride their true god.

Reacting to the combustion of their own jealous envy, they persecuted the apostles for doing nothing more than healing the sick and speaking of hope in Jesus Christ. The apostles were doing exactly what He had commanded them to do and what the Holy Spirit was guiding them to do. And when they encountered deep-rooted pride, they were falsely accused and thrown into jail.

I was left to wonder about the collision of human pride and heavenly hope. I pondered why it is so hard to release our white-knuckled grip on what we think we know and simply trust God for what we do not.

Suddenly, I heard loud scratching and bumping over my head. The commotion was clearly coming from inside our stovepipe right at the apex where it exits our home. Our front room ceiling is vaulted, so the stovepipe is about fifteen feet high.

Clearly, something was stuck inside it. I could hear what could only be a bird falling deeper and deeper into a prison it

could not escape. It labored for a long time, unable to fly in the tight space, its claws useless against the smooth steel.

Finally exhausted by a struggle it could not win, it fell the remaining distance into the large firebox. In an instinctual effort to escape this foreign place of pain, the bird slammed hard against the heavy glass door of our woodstove.

I knelt to look in at my unexpected captive, a female starling.

I recognized this species through cautionary tales from my grandfather. Despised, this invasive thief crowds out native birds by sheer number. They consume vast amounts of food sources and take over active nests built by smaller birds. Flying in great number, they devastate crops in minutes and leave behind droppings that can host disease. Their destructive behavior has earned them the negative collective reference of a “filth or scourge” of starlings. Preceded by such an unsavory reputation, perhaps some would let the bird before me die in her predicament.

I studied her through the sooty glass. She appeared exhausted from the fight and frightened to be in this ash-encrusted place.

There was no way out for her. She could not rescue, save or help herself. There was nothing she could do to improve her circumstances. She was a prisoner. Left in this dark, charred tomb, she would die.

My prayer was simple: *Holy Spirit, speak Your truth.*

I allowed the starling to rest for a moment while I contemplated how to release her. She needed to be calm, or she could perish in the struggle.

My solution was to drape an old towel over the front of the stove so the glass was covered and the box was completely dark. Donning a headlamp so there was only one direct source of light, I carefully opened the door. She was cowering in the very back of the box, hiding in the only way she could.

Slowly, I extended my hand toward her.

She did not move.

Tenderly, I placed my fingers around her tiny body and held her for a moment. She did not struggle and seemed to completely accept this new dilemma.

Gently, I withdrew my arm with a terrified bird in my palm.

Blinking up into the light, she looked at me, and I looked at her.

She was beautiful. Perfect in every detail. Her feminine bill was long and slender. Her black eyes were shiny and alert. Although her deep-gray plumage was completely covered in ash, she appeared to be okay.

I walked out onto our deck and slowly opened my hand. I did not need to tell her what to do next. Hardwired with her life's purpose, she instantly flew away.

Here is what she did *not* do: fly back into captivity.

She did not rush over my shoulder into the house, back into the firebox and close the door. She recognized genuine freedom, chose it and never looked back.

If creation recognizes and chooses God's freedom, how much more should the sons and daughters of God?



In life, all of us face hard things. As we pursue God deeper into His will, at some point we will each end up in a charred prison of our own mistakes or another's prideful envy, false accusations and explosive rage. It is His light that exposes darkness and reveals sin.

When that happens, we have only two genuine ways in which we can respond. We can soften in the presence of His loving truth, repent of our sin and change direction. Or we can harden our hearts, reject His loving truth and continue headlong into the black prison of self-justification and pride.

When I peered into the firebox and saw the starling, I had a choice to make. I could love her by rescuing her . . . or reject her and let her die in the black tomb she had fallen into.

Likewise, when God the Father looked into the firebox of this world and saw me, covered in soot, doomed to die in the black prison of my sin, He chose love. And by His love, this life was rescued and released into His freedom. The Father's love always results in freedom—freedom from every prison.

Second Corinthians 3:16–17 proclaims this truth: “Whenever someone turns to the Lord, the veil is taken away. For the Lord is the Spirit, and wherever the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom.”

Friend, the point of the encounter is this—you are that bird. Each of us is doomed to die, trapped within the filthy prison of our sin. But because of love, Jesus has entered your firebox and drawn you out. Now, it is the Prince of Peace who is holding you up before the light of the Father and opening His hand.

You have a choice to make.

You can squander your freedom and fly backward into the firebox of your human understanding. In this blackness, you are free to worship the idols of your pride, pain, guilt, shame, bitterness, complacency, anxiety, depression and unforgiveness. You can also blame others, even God, for the misery you suffer.

Or . . .

You can fly forward hard and fast into the loving purpose for which He created you.

“This means that anyone who belongs to Christ has become a new person. The old life is gone; a new life has begun! And all of this is a gift from God, who brought us back to himself through Christ” (2 Corinthians 5:17–18).

Indeed, the starling did not fly back into the firebox . . . and neither should we.

True redemption is hallmarked by a true *permanent* change of direction. Our transformed life should be proof of our transformed heart.

“Prove by the way you live that you have repented of your sins and turned to God,” Jesus said (Matthew 3:8).

Friend, it is for freedom that Christ has set us free. Jesus did not endure the cross so that we would fly backward into the captivity of our past, our present or our selfish need to be “pursued” by God. Jesus has already done everything for us. All that is left for us to do, our singular responsibility, is to simply turn to Him and reach with all we have.

So we have not stopped praying for you since we first heard about you. We ask God to give you complete knowledge of his will and to give you spiritual wisdom and understanding. Then the way you live will always honor and please the Lord, and your lives will produce every kind of good fruit. All the while, you will grow as you learn to know God better and better. We also pray that you will be strengthened with all his glorious power so you will have all the endurance and patience you need. May you be filled with joy, always thanking the Father. He has enabled you to share in the inheritance that belongs to his people, who live in the light. For he has rescued us from the kingdom of darkness and transferred us into the Kingdom of his dear Son, who *purchased our freedom* and forgave our sins.

Colossians 1:9–14, emphasis added

In Him, we have complete freedom.

God’s Word is true. Because of all Jesus has already done for us, we do not live in darkness—unless we choose to. The stone from Jesus’ tomb, and ours, has been rolled away, shattered, crushed, destroyed. From that day forward, every dark place of suffering we will ever know in this life only has three sides. Nothing in this world can contain the freedom we have—except our own selfish desire to return and live in a three-sided tomb.

Often, the enemy uses our pain like a boomerang. We come before God and throw it away and experience His freedom. Then the enemy waits. He calculates the precise time to throw a “remembrance of prior pain” back toward us, like an ominous boomerang from our past.

We can keep standing in the truth that we are free and duck, letting his attack fly by without harm. Or we can choose to allow our prior anguish to clock us in the forehead. Once struck, most fall backward into the same position of angst that Jesus *just* freed them from. And this is where many believers choose to live: focused only on what was.

“What sorrow for those who drag their sins behind them with ropes made of lies, who drag wickedness behind them like a cart!” (Isaiah 5:18).

Friend, there is a reason God created us with eyes on the front of our heads and not the back. We were never made to look backward; we are designed to look forward. You cannot trip over what is behind you—unless you run back to it.

Paul wrote, “I focus on this one thing: *Forgetting the past and looking forward to what lies ahead*, I press on to reach the end of the race and receive the heavenly prize for which God, through Christ Jesus, is calling us” (Philippians 3:13–14, emphasis added).

Your doubt *is the thief* of His freedom.

The moment we doubt our release, we throw the boomerang with our own hand, and this becomes our circle back into captivity. “It is for freedom that Christ has set us free” (Galatians 5:1 NIV).

It is time to break your boomerang!

Today, many lean toward being defined by their torrent of pain—instead of His tsunami of peace.

“*Look straight ahead, and fix your eyes on what lies before you*. Mark out a straight path for your feet; stay on the safe path” (Proverbs 4:25–26, emphasis added).

As you walk into the freedom of Jesus, the hooks of pain the enemy throws at your back only have power when *you* empower them with your attention. When pain becomes your focus, it becomes your god, and you lose sight of the only One who can heal you.

The apostle Paul encourages, “We all, who with unveiled faces contemplate the Lord’s glory, are being transformed into his image with ever-increasing glory, which comes from the Lord, who is the Spirit” (2 Corinthians 3:18 NIV). Simply stated, we become what we behold. If you want a painful life, keep focusing on your pain. If you want a free life in Jesus, keep focusing on *Him*.

“The path of life leads upward for the wise; *they leave the grave behind*” (Proverbs 15:24, emphasis added).

Beloved, it is time to leave the grave behind. You are free. You are free. You are free!

Because of love, Jesus came to this world. He reached into the blackness of your circumstances and drew you out into His light, love and life. Right now, His palm is open. Complete freedom awaits. May this be the day that His freedom within you is revived and reawakened. May this be the day that you choose to fly hard and fast into what has always been yours.

Jesus said, “You will know the truth, and the truth will set you free” (John 8:32). He alone is the way, truth and life; the more you purpose to know Him, the more freedom you will experience in every direction.

Friend, if Jesus is your Lord, you are already free.

Now is the time to ask Jesus to reveal the shackles of whatever has captured your attention and realign your life’s focus on Him alone. Now is the time to stand up in His reawakened freedom within you . . . and start living as if you believe it is true.

*Precious Jesus, today I reach for Your rescue.*

*I am dying in my sin, and in this place I cannot rescue,  
save or help myself.*

*Will You forgive me of my sin? Will You forgive me for  
choosing to focus more on my pain than on Your purpose?*

*I lift my broken heart to You and ask for Your truth  
to pour over it and wash away all the lies of the enemy.*

*Jesus, I acknowledge that genuine healing only comes from You—and I choose Your freedom.*

*Right now, I ask that You reveal my every hook of doubt, my every trigger of anger and my every boomerang of past pain.*

*I choose to bring them all before You. I acknowledge that the angst they produce is not my god—You are.*

*Today, I proclaim: Jesus Christ, You are my Lord and Savior. I lay my sin at Your feet and before my eyes. You are obliterating all of it with a single glance.*

*And now You are looking at me.*

*I feel the heat of Your love melting away every lie I believed over Your promises.*

*I sense my confinements falling off. The boomerangs and hooks are broken.*

*Your love always brings freedom for those who choose it.*

*Today, I choose to leave the grave behind and fly hard and fast into Your presence.*

*I am free. I am free. I am free!*

*You have rescued me because of Your love.*

*And because of Your love, I will live in Your freedom.*

*Thank You, thank You, thank You, precious Jesus.*

*Amen.*