

# The College of Prayer

## Judges 13:25

And *the Spirit* of Jehovah *began to move* him (Samson). ...  
And *the Spirit* of the Lord *began to go out* with him in the camp of Dan.

Perhaps one of the most unusual situations in which God spoke occurred when I was at the College of Prayer retreat in Beulah Beach, Ohio. About 25 people were there gathered together to learn more about prayer and to spend time alone with God. The speaker had lectured for hours on end and I was getting a little bit antsy wanting to spend some time alone with the Lord. So, I spoke to one of the leaders that I did not want to offend him but I would not be at the next sessions because I was spending some time in fasting and prayer and I would join them later.

He allowed me to do that. I spent the entire day fasting and praying and seeking the Lord. One of the things that the Lord was instructing me on was how to spend time alone with him and be quiet, to be still. I was not a still person. I always found it difficult to do, so this was a time of the Lord teaching me one of the disciplines of prayer.

Throughout that day I spent time walking in the woods and over the campus praying and worshipping. I did a lot of walking and talking with God. I spent most of the day outdoors, and sometimes in my room on my face before the Lord, praying and seeking the Lord, opening the Scriptures, and asking God for a word from Him.

When evening came I got back to my room. The others had already had their supper and I was back in my room looking forward to spending two or three hours in the evening spending time alone with God, writing in my journal, reading the Bible, and doing those kinds of things that quiet my heart.

It was seven o'clock in the evening and I knew the group was going to have a communion service. I told the Lord I was going to skip the communion service in favor of spending more time alone with Him. At that point the Lord impressed on me, "I want you to go to the communion service." I responded, "No, Lord, I'm not going to the communion service. That will just disrupt my whole flow of quietness. I've spent a whole day with You and I'm longing for more. I don't want to get out there and start talking to people. I don't want a lot of noise. I just want to be quiet." Again, the Lord said, "I want you to get up and go to the communion service." I resisted.

The third time the Lord spoke it became very clear that God was not going to leave me alone on this matter. He wanted me to go to the communion service. Finally the Lord won out and I consented to go. They were meeting in the lower level of the building. I entered by the back way and took the last seat at the back of the crowd. I sat down and listened to the person who was speaking. A few minutes after I arrived the man leading stopped in the middle of his talk. He turned toward me and said, "The Lord has a word for us from Dick LaFountain." That shocked me. That man had only just met me; he didn't know me well enough to call on me to speak.

I'm sure he must have heard from the Lord, but I certainly didn't know I had a word from the Lord. My mind was not on the communion service. My mind was not on ministering to other people. My mind was not on encouraging others. I was there because the Lord told me to be there. But the leader felt strongly that the Lord had a word for them through me, so I had to share my heart.

One of the things I had observed in that entire day of prayer and fasting was the delight that I had in the Lord. The joy of the Lord I had once lost had returned. I was on cloud nine. I was delighting in the Lord. Throughout the day as I was walking in intimate fellowship with the Lord the song *In the Garden* kept running through my mind.

*"I come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses, and the voice I hear falling on my ear the Son of God discloses, And He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own, and the joy we share as we tarry there, none other has ever known.*

Immediately the Lord told me to share with them my story of lost joy and how the Lord had restored my soul. Reluctantly I stood up and shared that I had just spent the entire day with the Lord in quiet communion. I shared the joy the Lord brought to me in my day of fasting and prayer. I went on to tell them a little of the story of Aimee's death in Brazil and how I had lost my joy. I had lost my faith and was in a miserable state. I told them how over a period of years the Lord had restored the joy of my salvation through intimate prayer.

At that point I would have just sat down and they would've gone on with the communion service. But again, the Lord prompted me to say, "I want you to experience that joy of the Lord. I want to pray over those who have lost the joy of their salvation. I asked, "How many of you have lost the joy of your salvation and how many long to enjoy the presence of the Lord?" All around the room hands were raised. Of the 25 people there must have been 20 who raised their hands indicating that they wanted prayer to restore the joy of the Lord in their lives.

I did not want to do this alone so I called on several of the leaders to join me in prayer. We gathered around each one to lay hands on them and pray for them.

This is where a very unusual thing happened. As I laid my hands on the first person to pray I saw a dark well and as I prayed things came up out of the well, things that I could identify, things that I should pray for.

I know my brother David had this gift of discernment and revelation. Often when he prays for people God reveals things that he should pray for. He would find out later that those were the exactly the things that God had spoken to those people about. I thought, "Wow, this is really an unusual experience."

I went to the next person to pray, and as I prayed for them the same thing happened. I saw this deep well out of which came things for me to pray about. I prayed for those things then I moved onto the next person.

I was astounded. I was praying for these people and telling them what was going on in their lives without ever knowing anything about them. I was starting to feel like a fool. I didn't know if anything I was saying made any sense to them. Even as I was praying I was thinking, "Lord, am I making this up? If I'm doing something foolish stop me. I tried to resist the Holy Spirit and not say anything about their lives, yet the same thing happened with each person.

For each person that I prayed for there was a visible well and out of that well things came forward that I needed to pray for. I tried to avoid mentioning those things by name, but the words just came to me as the Holy Spirit gave me utterance. I continued down the line to the last person. I was actually fearful, wondering whether I was doing something by God's leading, or whether I was just hungry spending a day in fasting. Was I imagining things?

I came to the last woman. As I laid hands on her to pray suddenly there was a dark well and out of that well came some very evil things for me to pray for. I can't tell you exactly what I saw, but I saw some very specific things about this woman's marriage. It was in trouble and she was struggling with a great temptation and God wanted to deliver her from that temptation. As I saw those things I whispered to the Lord in my mind, "Lord, I can't say those things out loud, that would be embarrassing for her." So the Lord said, "Pray around it." So I prayed around it the best I could without referring directly to what I was seeing...

When I finished praying for her they served communion. When they finished communion I made a beeline out of that room. I didn't stay to talk to anyone. I didn't stay to confirm with anyone about whether what I prayed for was correct or incorrect. I was embarrassed. I ran back to my room, fell on my face before the

Lord and wept. I said, "Oh Lord, oh Lord, what have I done? Have I just made a fool of myself? Have I just made a fool of prayer? What was I doing? What was I thinking? What was I saying? Why did I pray like that?"

I continued to pray in my room perhaps for an hour and a half and then I went to bed still feeling this angst that I did something foolish. What I did was not normal. It was weird. I was acting like a charismatic Pentecostal.

The next morning I got up for breakfast. I was hungry since I had eaten nothing the day before. As I was on my way to the cafeteria a young man approached me who I had prayed for the night before. I thought, "Oh no, here it comes. Now I'm going to catch it." But the young man approached me and said, "Dick how did you know how to pray for me last night? You prayed exactly what was going on in my life? No one knew what was going in my life. No one could have known. How did you know what to pray for?"

I answered him and called him by name, "John, I don't know what I prayed for last night. I don't remember what I prayed for you. In fact, I don't remember what I prayed for anyone last night. I prayed as the Spirit gave me the words. I prayed as the Lord revealed things to me." He responded by saying that during the College of Prayer one of the lecturers had taught about "prophetic praying" and what I did was prophetic praying. Then he thanked me for listening to the Holy Spirit.

As I entered into the cafeteria I took my tray and went through the line and got my food. I chose to sit alone by myself as I often do. As I sat down and began to eat my breakfast other people approached me and said something very similar, that what I had prayed for was right on.

I deliberately avoided the young lady I had prayed for. I didn't want to have to deal with her face-to-face. I continued to pray over what to do about those prayers that I offered, and what to do about this particular young lady. I said, "Lord, what am I supposed to do with that information? Am I supposed to tell someone? Am I supposed to confront her?" The Lord answered, "No, what I want you to do is to continue to pray for her. That's why I revealed those things to you, so that you could pray."

For an entire year I prayed for that young lady by name. I remembered who she was. I knew her face very well and I prayed desperately that the Lord would deliver her from her temptation or whatever it was that she was facing.

A year later I went back for another conference at the College of Prayer at Beulah Beach. I was certain that I would probably run into this young lady, but I

wanted to avoid her. I arrived at lunchtime. I went to the cafeteria, picked up my tray, went through the line, served myself, and again sat alone as I am accustomed to do.

As I bowed my head to pray over the food and for the Lord to guide us in our studies, this young lady walked into the cafeteria. She went through the line, and got her food. Then she looked around the room and made a beeline straight for me. I thought, "Oh no. Here she comes." She came up and sat down right across from me and looked at me and said, "Dick, you probably don't remember me, but you prayed for me last year. Do you remember that?" (Of course, I remembered!) I told her, "Yes, I remember very clearly praying for you last year." Then she told me her story.

She told me that when I approached her to pray for her God pointed to the sins that were in her life. She said one particular sin was above all of them. She had fallen in love with an elder in her church, nothing sexual had happened, but they had passed notes back-and-forth and communicated with each other by email. She was ready to leave her husband and run off with this elder. She said, "When you prayed for me the Spirit of God gave me a deep conviction of my sin and as you prayed for me you laid your finger exactly on it. I felt like you knew my exact sin. You could see my heart. You were pointing at it. You were rebuking the enemy, and you were standing in the gap on my behalf."

Then she added that when she went home she broke off that relationship with the elder. She confessed her sins and her temptation to her husband and got marriage counseling. She shared they were restored as a couple and then God gave her a prayer ministry for other people in the church. She became a prayer leader for their zone within the district. She concluded, "I just wanted to thank you for listening to the Holy Spirit and allowing the Lord to pray through you. Thank you."