

Chapter 14

God's Anointings

*“The Spirit of the LORD began to move
him at times in the camp.”
Judges 13:25*

Nyack College Day of Prayer

Revelation 3:8

*See, I have placed before you an open door that no one can shut.
I know that you have little strength, yet you have kept my word and have not denied my name.*

Throughout my ministry God has given me great opportunities and open doors that were unexpected. While I was serving as a pastor in Pitman, New Jersey I received an invitation from Nyack College, my alma mater, to be the keynote speaker to the men on their Day of Prayer. It was an awesome responsibility and privilege. I was excited about it but I was also nervous. I was going back to the college where I spent six years and would be preaching to the male student body. There was a well known popular women's lecturer and author who was speaking to the women on that Day of Prayer.

I think it helped that I was acquainted with the dean of students who was in charge of scheduling speakers for that day. He knew of me and I had received high recommendations that I would be a good speaker for the Day of Prayer.

We gathered together in the chapel for the service. The men filled the seats. It was crowded. People were everywhere, even up in the balcony. There were professors who had taught me when I was in college, men from Alliance Theological Seminary, along with missionaries and pastors.

The service began with a wonderful time of worship. When the time came for me to speak the dean introduced me and turned the platform over to me. I chose to speak on spiritual warfare using Ephesians 6:12 as the text. I told some stories about spiritual warfare and demonic activity and about the difficulties we faced in Brazil. I also shared some personal struggles with demonic oppression. I don't remember exactly what I said but while I was speaking I sensed the Lord anointing my heart and lips to speak clearly. I could see that men were wrapped up in what I was saying and they seemed to be very responsive.

Of course, I was conscious it wasn't my service. I was just speaker for the hour. The instructions were that when I was finished preaching I would sit down and they would close the service. When I came to the end of my message I finished, turned to the dean of students and asked if he would come to close the service, He paused and stood at the podium for a moment then turned around to me and said, "Dick, I think you need to close the service. You need to give an invitation." Not knowing what else to do, I stood up and just looked at the men and said, "If any of you need to get some things right with God, or if you need to seek the Lord for His deliverance, the altar is open. I will be glad to pray with you."

That's all I said and I sat down. They played a closing song but even before the song began men started to move to the altar. Some students ran to the altar. The altar was filled. They were double lined around the front of the sanctuary. They were in the front pews. They were praying together in small groups of students around the room.

They lined up as I began to pray for students. I would ask them what I should pray for, then lay hands on them and pray. I prayed for one person after another. I was unaware of time passing but finally the dean of students interrupted my prayer time. He grabbed my arm and said, "Dick you're going to overwhelm yourself. You need to stop. You need to go take a break and get lunch. You've been here two hours praying with students."

I was amazed. I didn't sense that two hours had gone by. It was a wonderful and thrilling moment in my life and ministry to have a part in what God was doing in the lives of these young people.

It was many years later while I was serving in Pennsylvania that one of those students happened to be there visiting. He actually grew up in Grove City and he was now a missionary for the Christian Missionary Alliance in Russia. He came to visit his parents and his old home church. I introduced myself and he said. "I know who you are. I was at Nyack when you preached the Day of Prayer. I can tell you exactly what you preached and give your entire outline. He remembered the movement of the Spirit in that place and he said he was so impacted that day that he knew God's hand was on my life.

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 on 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."

God Wants to Heal the Deaf

Mark 10:51

*"What do you want me to do for you?" Jesus asked him.
The blind man said, "Rabbi, I want to see."*

The next significant story about God speaking to my heart took place in to a town called Charleroi in western Pennsylvania. I was doing our conference speaking on prayer. Every weekend I was in a different church speaking on prayer and encouraging people to believe God for great things. I had been doing this for a number of years. In Charleroi I had met with the pastor, who was an acquaintance of mine. We talked about the conference. He told me about the church and what had taken place many years before over the charismatic movement that split the church. He cautioned me not to do anything charismatic in these meetings. I assured him that I was not a Pentecostal or charismatic, at least not in my perception.

The service began with wonderful worship. The songs were anointed and moving. There was one particular song that was sung and it was the song just before the message. The words went like this:

*"Lord, hear our cry. Come heal our land
Breath life into these dry and thirsty souls
Lord, hear our prayer. Forgive our sin
And as we call on Your name
Would You make this a place
For Your glory to dwell*

Chorus:

*Open the blind eyes. Unlock the deaf ears
Come to Your people As we draw near
Hear us from heaven. Touch our generation
We are Your people Crying out in desperation*

As they were singing they repeated that verse over and over again. I was worshipping, preparing my heart for the message of the morning. My message was not about healing. My message was about prayer. But while I was worshipping the voice of the Lord came very clearly to my mind. He said, "I want you to tell people I want to heal them." I responded, "Lord, that's not permitted here. The pastor has asked me not to do that."

A second time the Lord spoke and said, "No, I want you to invite people to be healed and specifically I want you to invite them to be healed of their hearing loss. I want to unlock deaf ears." I argued with the Lord, "Lord I can't do that. The pastor has asked me not to do anything charismatic and I need to obey him."

The third time the Lord spoke it was very clear that God was speaking to my heart. Just before I stepped up for the message the Lord spoke again, "You know my voice and I am instructing you. I want you to stand up and tell people I want to heal those who are deaf and those who have hearing loss."

By the time I stood in the pulpit I was still wrestling with God, but my heart was burning. I knew what I needed to do. First, I apologized for what I was about to do. I explained that I had never done this before, but I was being urged to do so by the Holy Spirit. Then I told them that the Lord had spoken to me and He had repeated it at least three times, "I want to heal those here this morning that have hearing difficulties."

As I started to speak the words just flowed out of me. I described the hearing loss, the ringing in the ears, the dizziness and other symptoms the Lord was indicating He wanted to heal. I said, "Without further ado, I'm going to pray for the hearing impaired this morning that the Lord would open your ears." I did so briefly and moved on with the service.

I thought no more about that until after the service was over. People came to the altar. People were being prayed for and being revived and were rededicating their lives to the Lord.

No sooner was the service over than an elderly man came running over to me and said, "Pastor Dick, Pastor Dick! I have to tell you what the Lord has done." Then he proceeded to tell me that he had arrived at the service with his wife and realized that his hearing aid was not working. He hadn't replaced the batteries. He said it was very frustrating because in the early part of the service he couldn't hear what was going on. He couldn't understand the music. He couldn't understand what people were saying. He reported that he was really distraught that he wouldn't be able to hear what my message was. When I stood up and said, "The Lord said I want to heal those that have hearing difficulties today." He exclaimed, "I knew that the Lord was speaking to me and the Lord wanted to heal my ears!" When you prayed I raised my hand and received the healing that I needed. Immediately my hearing aid didn't start working, but my ears started working. I took my hearing aid out and I could hear clearly the entire service. Thank you for obeying the Lord.

Another man came forward after most of the people had left. He also identified with being a man of hearing loss. He said, "What you said on the platform was exactly what I said to my wife on the way to church. You described word for word what I told my wife about my hearing." Evidently I had said something about the ringing in the ears and the deafness that comes and goes and described him exactly. "So when you said that, I knew that God was speaking to my heart. I knew that God wanted to heal my hearing."

"But," he confessed, "I was not healed this morning because I have lost my faith. I can't believe God for healing anymore." He explained to me that he had lost his faith in the Lord. He had a grandson who had cancer and they had prayed for years and asked God to heal him. They went to healing conferences and trusted the Lord to heal his young body. But God did not heal him and that young child died. He explained that when his grandson died his faith in God's healing power also died.

He went on to tell me that he didn't come forward because he couldn't believe the Lord anymore. He was weeping as he told me this. I told him, "Let's pray anyway. A man came to Jesus with his sick son and begged Jesus saying, 'Lord I believe. Help my unbelief.' Let me pray that the Lord helps your unbelief and restores to you the joy of your salvation and restores to you the faith in what God can do. I prayed for the man. I took his name down so I could continue to pray for him. The service ended, we had a light lunch, followed by an afternoon conference with another 2 to 2 1/2 hours of lectures.

I was fearful of what was going to happen with the pastor after this, even though we saw great movement of the Spirit of God in that church service and obviously the anointing of the Lord was upon everything that was done. I was afraid the pastor was going to come back to me and scold me, or at least report me to the District Superintendent as not being submissive to the authority that was given to him, but he did not.

It was months later I got a letter from the pastor. When I saw the letter I was concerned about what I was going to read. I opened the letter. He reviewed what we had talked about prior to the conference and his expectation that I should not do any "woo woo" stuff or charismatic things in the service. He acknowledged that I disobeyed and had gone ahead and done so anyway. Then he said it was okay, what I had done was in order and certainly proper and appropriate. He had heard about one man that was healed and another man that was hoping to trust the Lord for his healing.

But the reason he was writing was because there was another man in that service that he knew nothing about. He was an executive in a large corporation. He had recently started coming to their church and had been trusting the Lord for a miracle in his life. Unknown to the pastor, this man had a hearing problem. He had been overlooked for promotions in his business because of his hearing loss. He had his hearing tested and they found it was greatly diminished and because of that they would not give him a promotion. He said he was in the service that day when Pastor Dick described the hearing loss. He said that was him. He told his pastor, "I knew immediately the Lord was speaking to my heart that God wanted to heal my hearing. So, I too raised my hand as he prayed and asked the Lord to heal my ears and bring back my hearing.

He said it didn't happen instantaneously that day, but over a period of the next months his hearing was completely restored. He went back for testing and they found his hearing was perfect. Best of all, he got the promotion that was promised to him.

The pastor said, "This man came to me to tell me his testimony and in doing so he asked me to communicate with you to let you know that you were led by the Spirit of God that day. You did nothing inappropriate at all and he wanted to thank you for listening to the voice of the Holy Spirit.

God Wants to Heal the Lamé

Acts 3:6

*Peter said, "I have no silver or gold,
but what I have I give you; in the name of
Jesus Christ of Nazareth, stand up and walk."*

This incident took place at a *Rekindle the Flame* prayer conference. I had been asked to be a co-leader in the conference. It was held in our western Pennsylvania District. We gathered together the night before the conference and had a time of prayer and seeking the Lord's presence and blessing. There were probably nine or ten people gathered together. While I prayed I saw a vision. I've never had a vision like this before. I was down on my knees in one of the front pews praying and asking God to do his work among us and asking him what he wanted me to do.

I had a very clear picture of a man in a wheelchair with bands on his legs. He was crippled. He was coming into the *Rekindle the Flame* conference. I saw him coming through the doors. I saw him wheeling himself down the hallway. As I looked I was astounded because I recognized who he was. Many years before while we were preparing to go to Brazil it was required that we get an attorney to draw up a will for us. We had used a particular lawyer that was significant in the Christian and Missionary Alliance. I had not seen him for many years. It was very unusual that I would see him in Western Pennsylvania. I knew that he did not live in Western Pennsylvania. As far as I knew he still lived in New York. When I saw this very clear vision I asked the Lord, "What is this? Why are you revealing this to me?" The Lord spoke very clearly to my heart and said "I want to heal him."

After we dismissed the meeting I met with some of the leaders and told them about the vision I saw in prayer. They said it certainly sounded like a vision from the Lord but the test would really be if this man happened to show up here, or somebody similar to him, then you will know that it is from the Lord. I went home that evening and told Marilyn about the vision. I was very concerned about seeing visions and maybe having prophetic words that were not from the Lord but from my own heart.

The next day I went to the conference. I was there early to help get things set up. As we were setting up chairs I happened to be crossing the entrance way of the church. I looked up and to my shock I saw the same man I had seen in my vision wheeling himself into the church. When I got closer I looked at him and recognized it was the lawyer! I got goose bumps up and down my spine. I met him at the door and called him by name and said, "What are you doing here?" He said, "Well, I heard about the *Rekindle the Flame* conference and I came to hear what was going to be said. I said, "Excuse me for being shocked to see you but I thought you lived in New York, and people in New York don't usually travel to Western Pennsylvania for a conference." He replied that he was retired and lived in Florida now but when he heard about the conference he sensed the Lord prompting him to go. So, he came.

I quickly gathered together the leaders that prayed with me the night before and I told them, "He's here! He's here! The man I saw in my vision last night is really here." Then I asked them what they thought I should do. Should I call him out in the conference and tell him of my vision and what the Lord said? They all thought it was best later in the conference before a healing service to tell of my vision in general terms, not mentioning specifically the wheel chair or his polio and see if he responds.

That sounded reasonable, so I agreed. Although I felt in my heart that was not what God wanted us to do, that God wanted me to say specifically, "Brother, I had a vision of you yesterday and God said, 'I want to heal you, if you can trust me.'"

After the lectures of the day were finished, we had a time of prayer for healing. The leader called on me to share my vision from the Lord. I came forward and shared the vision I had seen and what the Lord wanted to do. I did not describe him in a wheelchair, instead I described someone that had problem walking, and that it's been there for many years and they desperately needed the Lord to heal them. I said, "This evening the Lord is calling on you, if you have the faith to believe Him, he said He wants to heal you tonight."

With that we gave the invitation. Many people came forward and were prayed for. Some were healed, some were not. Three men gave testimonies that night that they felt they were the person in that vision and that God had spoken to them that they needed to trust God for their serious back injuries. The three of them were healed.

But the lawyer did not come forward. It broke my heart. I wasn't sure what to do about that. About the time we were cleaning up and ready to close the doors I saw he was still in the room. He slowly wheeled himself up to me and pulled me aside and said, "Dick I need to talk to you. I have no doubt that I was the one that you saw in that vision. I knew that as soon as I came in and you said "What are you doing here!" that something unusual was happening. I knew that the Lord was offering me another opportunity to trust him to heal my body."

Then he told me his story. In tears he told me about his polio as a young child and the years that he spent seeking the Lord for healing. He had gone to many healing conferences. He had been to Oral Roberts. He'd gone to every possible charismatic meeting that would offer healing. But the Lord never healed him. So he took the passage of 2 Corinthians where the apostle Paul said, "*My grace is sufficient for you my strength is made perfect in your weakness.*" He said he went away to college then on to law school and got his degree and became an attorney. He worked for the Christian Missionary Alliance as part of his missionary service to the Lord. Then he concluded, "Dick, many years ago I gave up asking the Lord to heal me. Tonight when you shared your vision, my heart was overwhelmed and I began to weep saying, 'Oh God not again. Here we go again, another disappointment!' Dick, I did not have the courage to come forward to be prayed for because you said, 'The Lord said I want to heal you if you have the faith to believe me and trust me.' I do not have the faith to believe God for my healing."

This brother and I wept together. I sobbed as I prayed with him. I told him I was sorry that I had a vision and had to share that with him, but I was to be obedient to the Lord. I had to. He said he understood.

I felt that what had happened was a camaraderie developed between him and me. He asked to have lunch with me the next day and we had a great time together hearing more of his story and more of what God was doing in his life. I had hoped that at that time he would trust the Lord for his healing and ask for the elders to come and anoint him once again. But he did not.

Dan continues to move about in his wheelchair, continues to be the invalid that he has been for so many years. I had to ask myself after all this, "Lord, what were you doing? Why were you bringing that vision if you weren't going to heal him?" Perhaps in heaven we will know.