

The Barnyard of the Spirit



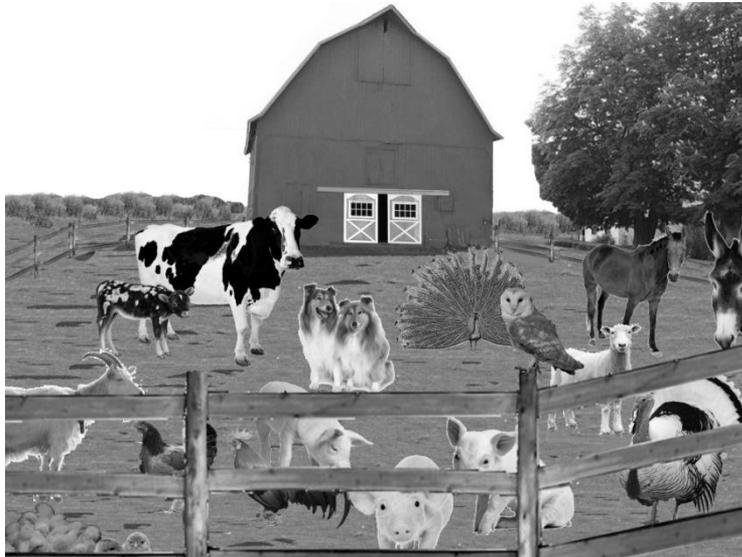
One of the most wonderful things about life in the Spirit is the way the Holy Ghost always gets the upper hand in every situation once you let it have full reign. People are so out of touch with God. What they need is to feel the touch of the Spirit, but they quench it, stifle it, throw their wet blankets of unbelief and traditionalism on it, and act as if God doesn't exist.

When I resumed the pastorate of Faith Confession Tabernacle a few months ago, I found a church that was hungry for a fresh move of God. The church had been ravaged by the Devil's agents who wreaked havoc and then bailed out once they'd sown the seeds of dissension. But God knew how to bring a healing.

When I walked into the pulpit that first Sunday morning after my return, I knew the pews were filled with a smattering of skeptics, critics, doubters, cynics, unbelievers, and a handful of believers. What that church needed was more than I could deliver. But oh how glorious it is to let the Holy Ghost have full reign!

As I stood there at the pulpit, binding the Enemy in prayer and unleashing the power of God by faith, I began to intercede with

deep groanings that could only be likened to the mooings of a cow giving birth to a calf. I knew in my spirit man that I was travailing to give birth all over again to the church God gave me in vision form some ten years earlier. As I strained to deliver it, there was a sudden flutter of prayer out in the pews. All at once several people stood up from where they were perched and started clucking like hens while three or four others took



to crowing like roosters.

A bleating of holy laughter was now rippling through the congregation. I managed through the throes of my travail to open my eyes and see five of the biggest gossips in the church clucking about like mother hens, pecking, flapping their "wings," and scratching at the ground as if frantic to find a worm. The moanings and mooings of my labor intensified and my eyes clamped shut once again to the sounds of cackling, baa-baa-ing, and cock-a-doodle-doo-ing.

A moment later, I succeeded to crack open an eye to see who the "roosters" were and I saw four of the cockiest men in the church strutting about and flapping their "wings" just as I heard the hee-haw braying of an ass spring forth from the back of the church. It was one of the brethren who had the reputation of being as stubborn as a mule. God had him on all fours.

Just then the Holy Ghost spoke to me. "Brother Bob," He said, "this is a barnyard visitation of my glory." Right when I heard those words, I knew what God was doing. He was humbling us to our knees, reducing us to the level of barnyard animals to rebuild this war-torn congregation. God confirmed this word immediately: Sister Kingston ran to the altar, dropped down on all fours and

began grunting and snorting like a sow with her nose to the carpet like a hog rooting for grub. It was a prophetic metaphor for the church's hunger for a new move of God. Old Brother MacDougal began whinnying like a horse fit for battle while Sister Lehmann seemed to interpret his neigh in the gobbling tongue of a turkey fit for slaughter.

It's such a beautiful sight to witness Divine order in the midst of Holy-Ghost pandemonium. Satan had wreaked his havoc and now the Holy Ghost was

wreaking its own. As the final pangs of delivery seized my spirit man, one of the brethren released a sustained howl and I heard someone hooting like a barnyard owl. Then, just as quickly as they had begun, my intercessory groanings abruptly ceased and I knew that I knew that I knew that I had given birth once again to a multi-thousand-member church on fire for God.

“Brother Bob,” He said, “this is a barnyard visitation of my glory.”

Don’t mock the move of God, Neighbor. What the Lord wrought in that service was more than any human being could accomplish in a life-time of Sundays. That service lasted for more than five hours as folks caught fire and were set ablaze with the flame of Revival.

Of course, there’ll always be those who seek to hinder the work of the Spirit by critiquing it based on their faulty interpretation of the Word. One brother called me up the following day and lambasted me for permitting such a thing to happen in the church. He said it was “out of order.”

I asked the Lord how to respond to this brother and God directed me to Micah 1:8 in the *New International Version*:

Because of this I will weep and wail; I will go about barefoot and naked. I will howl like a jackal and moan like an owl.

I shared this verse with that brother and pointed out to him that when the Holy Ghost takes control, not only is howling like a

jackal and hooting like an owl permissible, but so is nudity.

Look at what happened to King Saul when the Holy Ghost took control in I Samuel 19:24:

And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night. Wherefore they say, Is Saul also among the prophets?

You see, God wants to keep us humble. He humiliated the 120 disciples on the Day of Pentecost by getting them so drunk on the Holy Ghost that the crowd thought they were drunk with new wine. Well, it was “New Wine”—the Wine of the Spirit. Hallelujah!

Although God’s barnyard visitation is intended to be a humbling experience, we also have to bear in mind Genesis 1:26 which states that we, as believers, have been given

dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

Can you see how that speaking in the tongue of a wild beast, or of cattle, or fowl, or creeping thing is a sign of your authority as a believer? God showed us authority over farm animals that day, but there are other portions of the animal kingdom that can reveal a further expansion of our authority in God.

The Apostle Paul tells us in First Corinthians 14:10 that there are quite a variety of sounds in the world and none of them are without meaning. The sounds we

heard on “Barnyard Sunday” were the sounds of a rumbling humbling before God.

Do you see what can happen when you give the Holy Ghost full reign? Take the limits off of God. Who knows what kind of visitation you’ll receive? Why not let the animals out of the barn? Take the harness off and unleash Him completely!

☐

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