

# **BURNING BUSH NETWORK**

Pastor Tumi Letoka and the Revival Team

**“REVIVAL”**

Burning Bush Media

Booklet 8

# **“REVIVAL”**

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# Chapter 1

## Desperate Times Call for Desperate Measures

### Holy Spirit power

To revive is to bring back to life, to refresh, to reinvigorate. Christian revival is the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and when the presence of the Holy Spirit is in abundance every precious virtue comes alive to the fullest: Love, joy, peace, humility, goodness, patience, temperance, and faith flow like a river. Salvation, prayer, fasting, fire, holiness, truth, power, healing, strength, wisdom, unity, righteousness, and liberty saturate the air in revival, that is, in the presence of the Holy Spirit. Good things flourish while bad things diminish. The very bad devil hates revival because it brings very good things. Men and

women, boys and girls get radically saved from their iniquities in revival. The drunkard becomes sober, the prostitute becomes purer than a virgin, and the gay man becomes a real man.

### **Revival is not an option, it's a must**

The Bible very clearly warned that the last days would be perilous. These are extremely dangerous and desperate times. The Church is facing extraordinary challenges and we need extraordinary power to face them. Average Christianity will not suffice, we need a 'book of Acts' type of Christianity. In fact the Church has always needed 'a book Acts' type of Christianity. The book of Acts was not written for our entertainment, it was written for our re-enactment. As the ever-correct Bible predicted concerning the last days: Souls are perishing, men are proud, boasters, Christians are backsliding, sin is increasing by day, Satan is working harder, deception is skyrocketing, false prophets are deceiving;

the devil is literally having a field day with the people of the last days. Times are desperate, we need revival for the reverse: for souls to be saved, men to be humble and sober-minded, truth to prevail, false prophets to be quieted, and the devil to be routed. Revival is not an option, it is a must. Unless we have a revival of the Holy Spirit and the Word, only one percent of the Christian church will make it. The battle is too much for most Christians, the world is swallowing them one by one fast like an insatiable monster, through filthy secular television, pornography, false prophets, deviant fashions, spiritual fatigue, etc.

### **The environment and atmosphere**

Certain creatures are designed to survive in certain environments. Put the polar bear in the hot jungles of Africa and watch him suffocate in a few days. Send an Eskimo to Sudan? What cruelty! Pull a fish out of water and try teaching it to survive elsewhere! The environment and atmosphere on earth today has never been more severe and testing for

Christian living, that's why the love of many has grown cold as the Lord predicted (Matthew 24:12). That's why the Lord wondered whether He would find faith on earth when He returns (Luke 18:8). Christians have to immediately create their own world in the midst of the world. To create an atmosphere in the midst of the world's atmosphere. The atmosphere we have to create is an atmosphere of revival, an atmosphere of righteousness, holiness, and truth. Yes, in a world of wickedness, filth, and lies. Is this going to be done with casual rock star "grace" preachers in the pulpit? Is this going to be done while sitting in front of television sets being entertained by gossip, cussing, kissing, mini-skirts, sex, drugs, and rock-n-roll? In fact any Christian partaking of such entertainment has already forfeited their place in holy heaven. Hear me friend, to create a safe-zone for Christians we need rugged John the Baptist type of preachers. We need the Elijah and Hannah type of

prayer warriors. As long as Jesus has not yet taken us out of this world, we need to create an atmosphere to survive.

## **Survival of the fittest**

The lie of evolution gives us one truth: Sometimes on earth only the fit survive. How fit are you spiritually? “He that shall endure to the end shall be saved!” Will you endure? If you are full of TV's reality shows and soapies you've already failed. If you are full of sports I shudder. If you are full of movies and the music of the world you are already buried. But if you find yourself full of the Holy Spirit in this day and age you are among the fit. If Scripture verses flow through your mind and soul you're the alpha male. Unless we have revival many are done for.

## **Can these bones live?**

Fortunately, the God who is in heaven can do all things. Even if you are buried, he can restore your soul. He can give you fresh fire

in your cold soul. But you have to begin to draw near to Him and the He will draw near to you (James 4:8). So if you want revival, do the these things:

1. Believe. No matter how low you feel and how far you are from the Lord, Jesus Christ is able to revive your soul. Psalms 23 says that "He restoreth my soul." Don't believe the devil, he's a liar, believe Jesus, He's the truth and He says "I WILL" (Mark 1:40-41).

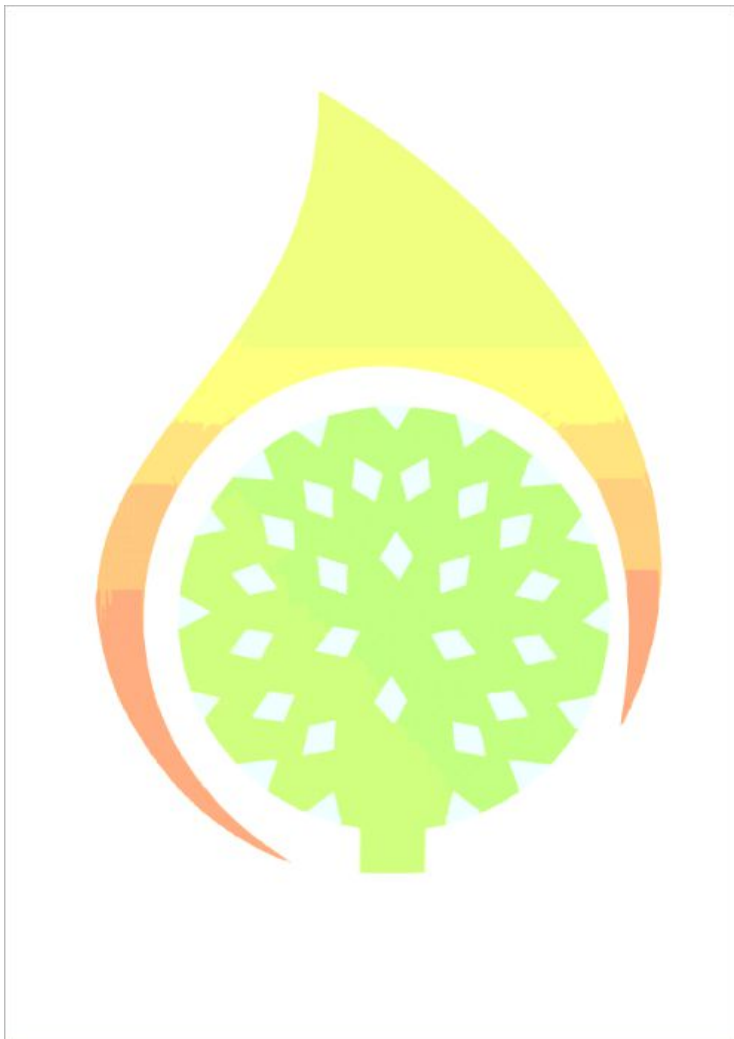
2. Start repenting. Ask for forgiveness for being cold and dry in the first place. Ask Jesus to forgive you for the things that made you dry. Pull away from the things that defile you - secular TV, secular mags, ungodly friends, ungodly dressing, laziness, etc.

3. Pray. No matter how difficult, push yourself until your body is under subjection.

4. Fast. You are just going to have to often deny yourself those whoppers in order to become fit to survive in the last days.



5. Consume the Word until it consumes you.



# Chapter 2

## Prayer

### **Put your body under**

If the church wants revival, revival is not going to descend on a silver platter while we're feasting on the latest grace fad from our favourite rock-star grace preacher. We have to pray, like it or not. The problem is, prayer is spelled W-O-R-K, sorry, H-A-R-D W-O-R-K. I know they told you that now we are under grace and you don't have to worry about "works," but that was a lie because by the grace given to Paul he laboured more than all the other Apostles (1Corinthians 15:10). Prayer is for the determined. One who wants to be a man or woman of prayer is going to have to make up their mind that "I'm going to find God or die trying." You are not going

to find Him in the lazy-dazy warm blankets on your queen's bed where you're dozing after having munched on fried stuff the whole day, neither on your favourite sports channel, nay, God's presence is found in some lonely room somewhere where someone is sweating profusely on their knees, where some brother has been walking to and fro for five hours crying out to Jesus. God's presence is found on some hill or house where someone's tummy is pressed in because they'd since eaten seven days ago; fasting and seeking the face of the Lord.

Prayer needs determination because your body usually wants nothing but cookies, warm milk, TV, sex, drugs and rock-n-roll. Your body wants to lie down in bed. Your body wants to go see Jeanie so 'we can discuss about Jane.' So it basically just wants to sleep, eat, and be footloose and fancy-free. This is because the body is the medium for the expression of inner sinful passions. You will have to pray when you feel like it and

when you don't. You will have to pray even when tired. I remember the night when I think I was more tired than any time in my entire life, that night I went and prayed for about two hours. I was so tired that night that after prayer immediately my body laid down on the bed... I just remember waking up the next morning. Why did I pray? Hunger for God, dependence on God.

The Christian's body has to be a living sacrifice (Romans 12:1). It has to be used to seek and serve Christ, not to indulge passions (Romans 6:13). The body must be forced to fast and pray until itself knows how to long for God (Psalms 63:1 and 84:2), not just for food and entertainment.

### **More prayer**

More prayer - more power, no prayer - no power. We implement carnal strategies because we are lazy to pray. We always seek the help of so-called professionals because we are lazy to pray. A psychologist cannot

put his hand into your heart and mend it, but Jesus can, when you pray. The lazy preacher will always refer you to “professionals” because He doesn't hear God's voice. A man who is close to Jesus will know what to do and what to say when God's sheep come with hurts needing succor. Whereas Christians of past generations spent hours and hours at a time in prayer seeking the Lord for complete sanctification, out of laziness the modern Church devices a fake doctrine of grace that tells you 'you are already holy and need not do anything.' Yes positionally you are holy, but you need to be practically holy, and that is a challenge for which you need to seek the Lord by faith; faith expressed through prayer, fasting, study, and self-denial. Oh! Yes, let no man deceive you with vain words, faith has to be expressed. The praying is not the one that sanctifies you, but the One you are praying to sanctifies you through the means He has provided: The Blood and the Spirit, when you...believe and pray.

## These prayed

- On the day of Pentecost when the Holy Ghost came, they were praying.
- In the Welsh Revival of Evan Roberts, they prayed, and the Spirit fell, and Wales was shaken to the core.
- Charles Finney prayed hours and hours and the glory of the Lord preceded and followed him to such extends that folk would weep in repentance before he even spoke to them. People would be convicted of sin just looking at him. People who had thought they were saved for many years but were not would come to true repentance and salvation under his ministry.
- Father Nash prayed. Daniel Nash started as a preacher in upstate New York. His record there is singularly unremarkable. At age 48 he decided to

give himself totally to prayer for Finney's meetings. Nash would come quietly into towns three or four weeks in advance of a meeting, gather three or four other like minded Christians with him and in a rented room start praying and bringing heaven near. It is reported that in one town all he could find was a dank, dark cellar, but that place was soon illuminated with holy light as he made it the place of intercession. In another place as Finney relates: "When I got to town to start a revival a lady contacted me who ran a boarding house. She said, "Brother Finney, do you know a Father Nash? He and two other men have been at my boarding house for the last three days, but they haven't eaten a bite of food. I opened the door and peeped in at them because I could hear them groaning, and I saw them down on their faces. They have been this way for three days, lying prostrate on the floor and

groaning. I thought something awful must have happened to them. I was afraid to go in and I didn't know what to do. Would you please come see about them?" "No it isn't necessary," I replied. "They just have a spirit of travail in prayer."

When the public meetings started Father Nash would not usually attend but kept praying in his closet for the convicting power of the Holy Spirit to fall on the crowd and melt their hearts. When opposition arose Father Nash would pray all the harder.

Once a group of young men promised to break up the meetings. Nash was praying nearby and came out of the shadows to announce: "Now mark me, young men! God will break your ranks in less than one week, either by converting some of you, or by sending some of you to hell. He will do this certainly as the Lord is my God!"

Finney thought his friend had lost his sense.



But by next Tuesday morning the leader of the group suddenly showed up, confessed his sinful attitude before Finney and accepted Christ. "What shall I do Mr. Finney?" he asked. Finney told him to go back to his companions and tell them how Christ had changed his life. Before that week was out nearly all of the original group had come to Christ. [I am indebted to the late Evangelist Evan Wiggs for some of the above info on men of prayer].

- For the great Hebrides Revival to take place, two old women who were sisters prayed for hours and hours. Duncan Campbell prayed hot tears before God before he went to the Hebrides Islands. The Spirit of the Lord moved in such a manner as to raise the hair at the back of your head.

- Smith Wigglesworth prayed. A Catholic priest once arbitrarily fell before him and said, "Sir, you convict me of my sin."

• Christmas Evans prayed. Mr. Evans, often called “the John Bunyan of Wales,” was born on Christmas Day in 1766. “He was eminently a man of prayer. Prayer was his daily bread, the very breath of his spirit. He considered himself entitled, through Christ, to all the blessings of the gospel, and came boldly to the throne of grace in every time of need. During his whole ministerial life, much of his time was spent in the closet. It was his custom for many years, to retire for devotion three times during the day, and rise regularly for the same purpose at midnight.” “When he was about to preach at an association, or any important occasion, he would wrestle for hours with The Angel of the covenant, nor relinquish his hold till he felt himself ‘endued with power from on high.’ Then he came forth to the

congregation, as Moses from the Tabernacle, when he had communed with God.” This was his secret, to tarry in prayer until the anointing of the Spirit came. Although he was often shabbily dressed and awkward, large crowds came to hear him preach and often there were tears, weeping and an uncontrollable excitement (By Evangelist Evan Wiggs).

- James Dunn fasted and prayed until his clothes looked oversized on him. God did not disappoint him, He anointed him with great power and sent him to the nations.

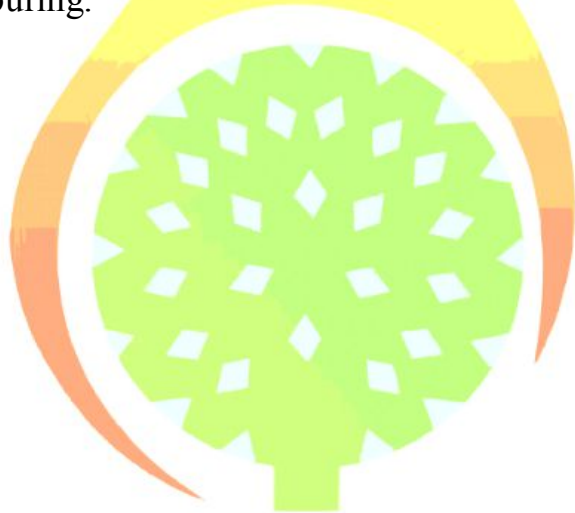
- Frank Bartleman prayed, and William J. Seymour prayed. The Azusa Street Revival was born out of the flames of strong praying. Frank Bartleman prayed until the Spirit filled him so much he said, “God filled me until there was nothing left but God.”

Christians, if we want revival we have to pray. Today's church knows shoutin', dancin', "blessings", singin', preachin', raising funds, but it is about time we actually seriously do the prayin'.

### **If you're not praying you're playing**

If we were praying, the liquor stores would be emptying. If we were praying, heaven would be filling. The heavens are brass because the churches callous. Someone has to break up the heavens with wailings and groanings. The 21st century Christian is a spoilt brat who's always waiting for sweet ol' daddy to give him more money to stuff himself with delicacies. Our kind Heavenly Father is not our paw paw, He is the holy ageless Ancient of Days, who ought to be served with in holiness, fear and trembling. Give modern Christian folks testimony time in church and one by one they'll tell of how thankful they are for their new house, dog, car, splendid wedding, etc. Where are

testimonies about baptism by fire after ten hours of prayer? Where are testimonies on victory over the sin that doth so easily beset us? About ten souls that got saved in a day while evangelizing the streets? The church is playing. But God will never leave Himself without a witness. Somewhere in “a cave” someone is seeking The Face for an outpouring.



# Chapter 3

## David Brainerd: A Life That Will Bring Revival

David Brainerd was a missionary to the American Indians in the 1700s. He was much burdened for these poor pagans who worshipped devils and were hopeless without God in the world. He laboured in prayers and preachings until the fire fell on these poor Indians. The story of his life with extracts of his diary was written by Jonathan Edwards. I read the abridged version which was done by John Styles D.D.

### **His daily life**

Brainerd was a man who greatly abhorred frivolity. He had no time to play games with the things of the world, he hated casualness.

Oh! how different he was from the modern beach-loving Christian. David Brainerd wrote in his diary:

**“Friday, April 8.** Was exceedingly pressed under a sense of my pride, selfishness, bitterness, and party spirit in times past, while I attempted to promote the cause of God. Its vile nature and dreadful consequences appeared in such odious colors to me that my very heart was pained. I saw how poor souls stumbled over it into everlasting destruction that I was constrained to make that prayer in the bitterness of my soul, “O Lord, deliver me from bloodguiltiness.” I saw my desert of hell on this account. My soul was full of inward anguish and shame before God that I had spent so much time in conversation tending only to promote a party spirit..And oh, my soul abhorred the very thought of a party in religion! Let the truth of God appear, wherever it is, and God have the glory forever. Amen.”

**“Lord’s Day, August 28.** Was much perplexed with some irreligious Dutchmen. All their discourse turned upon the things of the world, which was no small exercise to my mind. Oh, what a hell it would be to spend an eternity with such men! Well might David say, “I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved.” But adored be God, heaven is a place into which no unclean thing enters. Oh, I long for the holiness of that world! Lord prepare me for it.”

He said these things because he hated idling and ungodly frolicking. He was always serious and his conversations were consistently on eternal matters. His daily life was completely saturated with Jesus Christ. He lived to pray, fast, read, travel, preach, and converse on heavenly matters. No time for frivolous worldly entanglements, for *no soldier on duty entangles himself in the affairs of life, that he may please him who enrolled him as a soldier* (2Timothy 2:4).

### **His prayer life**

David Brainerd really prayed. He spent a great deal of time in prayer and frequently set



aside days for prayer and fasting. He loved to retire into the woods to be alone with God. “Prayer became Brainerd's priority and it was his joy to spend two hours at a time in secret communion with Christ. He would rise early in the morning and get alone with God to enjoy His presence. He thirsted for God, the living God and he was not disappointed!”

His diary indicates clearly that David Brainerd consistently and fervently interceded for the lost souls of the American Indians, and for many people. Often he would travail with such earnestness that when he rose from his knees he was covered in sweat and could hardly walk straight. It is said that at one point or more he would kneel in the snow and pray so fervently that when he rose to his feet the snow had melted all around him.

Here's a few of numerous entries in his diary on his prayer life:

“**Monday, April 19.** I set apart this day for

fasting and prayer to God for his grace; especially to prepare me for the work of the ministry, to give me divine aid and direction in my preparations for that great work, and in his own time to send me into his harvest. Accordingly, in the morning, I endeavoured to plead for the divine presence for the day, and not without some life. In the forenoon, I felt the power of intercession for precious, immortal souls; for the advancement of the kingdom of my dear Lord and Saviour in the world; and withal, a most sweet resignation, and even consolation and joy in the thoughts of suffering hardships, distresses, and even death itself, in the promotion of it; and had special enlargement in pleading for the enlightening and conversion of the poor heathen. In the afternoon, God was with me of a truth. O it was blessed company indeed! God enabled me so to agonize in prayer, that I was quite wet with perspiration, though in the shade, and the cool wind. My soul was drawn out very much for the world; for

multitudes of souls. I think I had more enlargement for sinners, than for the children of God; though I felt as if I could spend my life in cries for both. I enjoyed great sweetness in communion with my dear Saviour. I think I never in my life felt such an entire weanedness from this world, and so much resigned to God in every thing.—O that I may always live to and upon my blessed God! Amen, Amen.”

“**Monday, May 3.** Had a sense of vile ingratitude. In the morning I withdrew to my usual place of retirement, and mourned for my abuse of my dear Lord: spent the day in fasting and prayer. God gave me much power of wrestling for his cause and kingdom; and it was a happy day to my soul. God was with me all the day, and I was more above the world than ever in my life.”

“**Monday, June 14.** Felt something of the sweetness of communion with God, and the constraining force of his love: how admirably

it captivates the soul, and makes all the desires and affections to centre in God!—I set apart this day for secret fasting and prayer, to entreat God to direct and bless me with regard to the great work I have in view, of preaching the gospel; and that the Lord would return to me, and show me the light of his countenance. Had little life and power in the forenoon: near the middle of the afternoon, God enabled me to wrestle ardently in intercession for absent friends:—but just at night, the Lord visited me marvellously in prayer: I think my soul never was in such an agony before. I felt no restraint; for the treasures of divine grace were opened to me. I wrestled for absent friends, for the ingathering of souls, for multitudes of poor souls, and for many that I thought were the children of God, personally, in many distant places. I was in such an agony, from sun half an hour high, till near dark, that I was all over wet with sweat; but yet it seemed to me that I had wasted away the day, and had done

nothing. Oh, my dear Jesus did sweat blood for poor souls! I longed for more compassion towards them.—Felt still in a sweet frame, under a sense of divine love and grace; and went to bed in such a frame, with my heart set on God.”

“**Wednesday, April 20.** Set apart this day for fasting and prayer, to bow my soul before God for the bestowment of divine grace; especially that all my spiritual afflictions and inward distresses might be sanctified to my soul. And endeavoured also to remember the goodness of God to me the year past, this day being my birth-day. Having obtained help of God, I have hitherto lived, and am now arrived at the age of twenty-five years. My soul was pained to think of my barrenness and deadness; that I have lived so little to the glory of the eternal God. I spent the day in the woods alone, and there poured out my complaint to God. O that God would enable me to live to his glory for the future!”

**“Thursday, Nov. 3.** Spent this day in secret fasting and prayer, from morning till night. ... My soul was ardent in prayer, was enabled to wrestle ardently for myself, for christian friends, and for the church of God. And felt more desire to see the power of God in the conversion of souls, than I have done for a long season. Blessed be God for this season of fasting and prayer! May his goodness always abide with me, and draw my soul to him!”

**“Thursday, Dec. 22.** Spent this day alone in fasting and prayer, and reading in God’s word the exercises and deliverances of his children. Had, I trust, some exercise of faith, and realizing apprehension of divine power, grace, and holiness; and also of the unchangeable of God, that he is the same as when he delivered his saints of old out of great tribulation. My soul was sundry times in prayer enlarged for God’s church and people. O that Zion might become the ‘joy of the whole earth!’ It is better to wait upon God with patience, than to

put confidence in any thing in this lower world. ‘My soul, wait thou on the Lord;’ for ‘from him comes thy salvation.’”

“**Tuesday, Jan. 3.** ...I find that I do not, and it seems I cannot, lead a christian life when I am abroad, and cannot spend time in devotion, christian conversation, and serious meditation, as I should do. Those weeks that I am obliged now to be from home, in order to learn the Indian tongue, are mostly spent in perplexity and barrenness, without much sweet relish of divine things; and I feel myself a stranger at the throne of grace, for want of more frequent and continued retirement. When I return home, and give myself to meditation, prayer, and fasting, a new scene opens to my mind, and my soul longs for mortification, self-denial, humility, and divorcement from all the things of the world. This evening my heart was somewhat warm and fervent in prayer and meditation, so that I was loth to indulge sleep. Continued in those duties till about midnight.”

I am wondering why modern preachers and Christians know about him and admire him but don't emulate him, laziness and the love of the pleasures of the world?

### **His struggles**

He was a man who struggled greatly with melancholy. His body was often frail and very sick. He was often discouraged and felt greatly unworthy to “creep” upon God's earth. Here are a few diary entries on his struggles with depression and sickness:

“**Thursday, April 7.** Appeared to myself exceeding ignorant, weak, helpless, unworthy, and altogether unequal to my work. It seemed to me I should never do any service or have any success among the Indians. My soul was weary of my life; I longed for death, beyond measure. When I thought of any godly soul departed, my soul was ready to envy him his privilege, thinking, “Oh, when will my turn come! must it be years first!” But I know these ardent desires, at this and other times,



rose partly from want of resignation to God under all miseries, and so were but impatience. Towards night, I had the exercise of faith in prayer and some assistance in writing. Oh, that God would keep me near Him!”

“**Wednesday, April 13.** My heart was overwhelmed within me; I verily thought I was the meanest, vilest, most helpless, guilty, ignorant, benighted creature living. And yet I knew what God had done for my soul, at the same time. Sometimes I was assaulted with damping doubts and fears whether it was possible for such a wretch as I to be in a state of grace.”

“**Wednesday, May 18.** My circumstances are such, that I have no comfort of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness; have but one single person to converse with, that can speak English. Most of the talk I hear is either Highland Scotch or Indian. I have no fellow

Christian to whom I might unbosom myself or lay open my spiritual sorrows; with whom I might take sweet counsel in conversation about heavenly things and join in social prayer. I live poorly with regard to the comforts of life. Most of my diet consists of boiled corn, hasty-pudding, etc. I lodge on a bundle of straw, my labor is hard and extremely difficult, and I have little appearance of success, to comfort me. The Indians have no land to live on but what the Dutch people lay claim to; and these threaten to drive them off. They have no regard to the souls of the poor Indians; and, by what I can learn, they hate me because I come to preach to them. But that which makes all my difficulties grievous to be borne is that God hides His face from me.”

“**Thursday, May 19.** Spent most of this day in close studies, but was sometimes so distressed that I could think of nothing but my spiritual blindness, ignorance, pride and misery. Oh, I have reason to make that prayer, Lord, forgive my sins of youth, and former

trespasses.”

**“Tuesday, September 20.** Had thoughts of going forward on my journey to my Indians; but towards night was taken with a hard pain in my teeth, and shivering cold; and could not possibly recover a comfortable degree of warmth the whole night following. I continued very full of pain all night; and in the morning had a very hard fever and pains almost over my whole body. I had a sense of the divine goodness in appointing this to be the place of my sickness, namely, among my friends who were very kind to me. I should probably have perished if I had first got home to my own house in the wilderness where I have none to converse with but the poor, rude, ignorant Indians. Here I saw was mercy in the midst of affliction. I continued thus, mostly confined to my bed, till Friday night, very full of pain most of the time; but through divine goodness not afraid of death. Then the extreme folly of those appeared to me who put off their turning to God till a sickbed.

Surely this is not a time proper to prepare for eternity. On Friday evening my pains went off somewhat suddenly; I was exceeding weak and almost fainted, but was very comfortable the night following. These words, Psalm 118:17, “I shall not die, but live,” I frequently revolved in my mind; and thought we were to prize the continuation of life only on this account, that we may “show forth God’s goodness and works of grace.”

### **His pursuit after perfect holiness**

“**Thursday, April 15.** My desires apparently centered in God, and I found a sensible attraction of soul after Him sundry times today. I know I long for God and a conformity to His will, in inward purity and holiness, ten thousand times more than for anything here below.”

**Wednesday, April 28.** I withdrew to my usual place of retirement in great peace and tranquillity; spent about two hours in secret duties and felt much as I did yesterday

morning, only weaker and more overcome. I seemed to depend wholly on my dear Lord, wholly weaned from all other dependences. I knew not what to say to my God, but only lean on His bosom, as it were, and breathe out my desires after a perfect conformity to Him in all things. Thirsting desires and insatiable longings possessed my soul after perfect holiness. God was so precious to my soul that the world with all its enjoyments was infinitely vile. I had no more value for the favor of men than for pebbles. The Lord was my ALL; and that He overruled all greatly delighted me. I think my faith and dependence on God scarce ever rose so high. I saw Him such a fountain of goodness that it seemed impossible I should distrust Him again, or be any way anxious about anything that should happen to me.”

“**Tuesday, June 15.** Had the most ardent longings after God that ever I felt in my life. At noon in my secret retirement I could do nothing but tell my Lord, in a sweet calm,

that He knew I longed for nothing but Himself, nothing but holiness; that He had given me these desires and He only could give me the thing desired. I never seemed to be so unhinged from myself and to be so wholly devoted to God. My heart was swallowed up in God most of the day.”

**“Friday, October 26.** In the morning, my soul was melted with a sense of divine goodness and mercy to such a vile, unworthy worm. I delighted to lean upon God and place my whole trust in Him. My soul was exceedingly grieved for sin, and prized, and longed after holiness. It wounded my heart deeply, yet sweetly, to think how I had abused a kind God. I longed to be perfectly holy that I might not grieve a gracious God, who will continue to love, notwithstanding His love is abused! I longed for holiness more for this end than I did for my own happiness’ sake. Yet this was my greatest happiness, never more to dishonor, but always to glorify, the blessed God.”

**“Monday, January 23.** I think I never felt more resigned to God, nor so much dead to the world, in every respect, as now; was dead to all desire of reputation and greatness, either in life, or after death. All I longed for was to be holy, humble, crucified to the world.”

### **His victory into revival**

**August 8.** In the afternoon I preached to the Indians; their number was now about sixty-five persons, men, women, and children. I discoursed from Luke 14:16-23 and was favored with uncommon freedom in my discourse. There was much visible concern among them while I was discoursing publicly; but afterwards when I spoke to one and another more particularly, whom I perceived under much concern, the power of God seemed to descend upon the assembly “like a rushing mighty wind,” and with an astonishing energy bore down all before it. I stood amazed at the influence that seized the

audience almost universally, and could compare it to nothing more aptly than the irresistible force of a mighty torrent, or swelling deluge, that with its insupportable weight and pressure bears down and sweeps before it whatever is in its way. Almost all persons of all ages were bowed down with concern together, and scarce one was able to withstand the shock of this surprising operation. Old men and women, who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some little children, not more than six or seven years of age, appeared in distress for their souls, as well as persons of middle age. And it was apparent these children (some of them at least) were not merely frightened with seeing the general concern; but were made sensible of their danger, the badness of their hearts, and their misery without Christ, as some of them expressed it. The most stubborn hearts were now obliged to bow. A principal man among the Indians, who before was most secure and self-righteous and



thought his state good because he knew more than the generality of the Indians had formerly done, and who with a great degree of confidence the day before, told me, “he had been a Christian more than ten years,” was now brought under solemn concern for his soul, and wept bitterly. Another man advanced in years, who had been a murderer, a powwow (or conjurer [or witchdoctor]) and a notorious drunkard, was likewise brought now to cry for mercy with many tears, and to complain much that he could be no more concerned when he saw his danger so very great. They were almost universally praying and crying for mercy, in every part of the house, and many out of doors, and numbers could neither go nor stand. Their concern was so great, each one for himself, that none seemed to take any notice of those about them, but each prayed freely for himself. And, I am to think, they were to their own apprehension as much retired as if they had been, individually, by themselves in the

thickest desert; or, I believe rather, that they thought nothing about any but themselves, and their own states, and so were everyone praying apart, although all together. It seemed to me there was now an exact fulfillment of that prophecy, Zechariah 12:10, 11, 12; for there was now “a great mourning, like the mourning of Hadadrimmon;” and each seemed to “mourn apart.” Me thought this had a near resemblance to the day of God’s power, mentioned in Joshua 10:14. I must say I never saw any day like it in all respects. It was a day wherein I am persuaded the Lord did much to destroy the kingdom of darkness among this people today. This concern in general was most rational and just. Those who had been awakened any considerable time complained more especially of the badness of their hearts. Those newly awakened, of the badness of their lives and actions past; all were afraid of the anger of God and of everlasting misery as the desert of their sins. Some of the white

people who came out of curiosity to “hear what this babbler would say” to the poor ignorant Indians were much awakened, and some appeared to be wounded with a view of their perishing state. Those who had lately obtained relief were filled with comfort at this season. They appeared calm and composed, and seemed to rejoice in Christ Jesus. Some of them took their distressed friends by the hand, telling them of the goodness of Christ and the comfort that is to be enjoyed in Him, and thence invited them to come and give up their hearts to Him. I could observe some of them, in the most honest and unaffected manner (without any design of being taken notice of) lifting up their eyes to heaven as if crying for mercy, while they saw the distress of the poor souls around them. There was one remarkable instance of awakening this day that I cannot but take particular notice of here. A young Indian woman, who, I believe, never knew before she had a soul nor ever thought of any

such thing, hearing that there was something strange among the Indians, came to see what was the matter. In her way to the Indians she called at my lodgings, and when I told her I designed presently to preach to the Indians, laughed, and seemed to mock; but went however to them. I had not proceeded far in my public discourse, before she felt effectually that she had a soul. Before I had concluded my discourse, she was so convinced of her sin and misery and so distressed with concern for her soul's salvation that she seemed like one pierced through with a dart, and cried out incessantly. She could neither go nor stand, not sit on her seat without being held up. After public service was over, she lay flat on the ground praying earnestly, and would take no notice of, not give any answer to any that spoke to her. I hearkened to know what she said, and perceived the burden of her prayer to be, Guttummaukalummech wechaumeh kmeleh Ndah, that is, "Have mercy on me, and help

me to give You my heart.” Thus she continued praying incessantly for many hours together. This was indeed a surprising day of God’s power and seemed enough to convince an atheist of the truth, importance and power of God’s Word.”

“**August 9.** Spent almost the whole day with the Indians, the former part of it in discoursing to many of them privately, especially to some who had lately received comfort, endeavoring to inquire into the grounds of it, as well as to give them some proper instructions, cautions, and directions. In the afternoon discoursed to them publicly. There were now present about seventy persons, old and young. I opened and applied the Parable of the Sower, Matthew 13. Was enabled to discourse with much plainness, and found afterwards that this discourse was very instructive to them. There were many tears among them while I was discoursing publicly, but no considerable cry. Yet some were much affected with a few words spoken

from Matthew 11:28, “Come unto me, all ye that labor,” with which I concluded my discourse. But while I was discoursing near night to two or three of the awakened persons, a divine influence seemed to attend what was spoken to them in a powerful manner, causing the persons to cry out in anguish of soul, although I spoke not a word of terror. On the contrary, I set before them the fullness and all-sufficiency of Christ’s merits and His willingness to save all that came to Him, and thereupon pressed them to come without delay. The cry of these was soon heard by others, who, though scattered before, immediately gathered round. I then proceeded in the same strain of gospel invitation, till they all, except two or three, melted into tears and cries and seemed in the greatest distress to find and secure an interest in the great Redeemer. Some who had but little more than a ruffle made in their passions the day before, seemed now to be deeply affected and wounded at heart. The concern in general

appeared near as prevalent as it was the day before. There was indeed a very great mourning among them, and yet everyone seemed to mourn apart. For so great was their concern, that almost everyone was praying and crying for himself, as if none had been near.

Guttummaukalumme, guttummaukalumme, that is, “Have mercy upon me, have mercy upon me,” was the common cry.

It was very affecting to see the poor Indians, who the other day were hallooing and yelling in their idolatrous feasts and drunken frolics, now crying to God with such importunity for an interest in His dear Son!

And so the revival continued....

## Conclusion

Today revival tarries because, instead of travelling in prayer like Brainerd, we would rather have programs of picnics, sports, marriage seminars, business seminars, singles seminars, etc. We would rather be munching on chocolates and cookies in front of television sets for hours watching the filth of the world than spending that time locked up in a room somewhere crying out to God. We would rather be playing cards and chess in church offices than be fasting and studying the Scriptures incessantly. Instead of pursuing after perfect holiness we come up with theories that help us weave around the sanctification and obedience passages of Scripture and take us into “the day of grace.” Grace is not for foolishness, it is for holiness.

“REVIVAL” - If we repent and pray, it will come. Maranatha!



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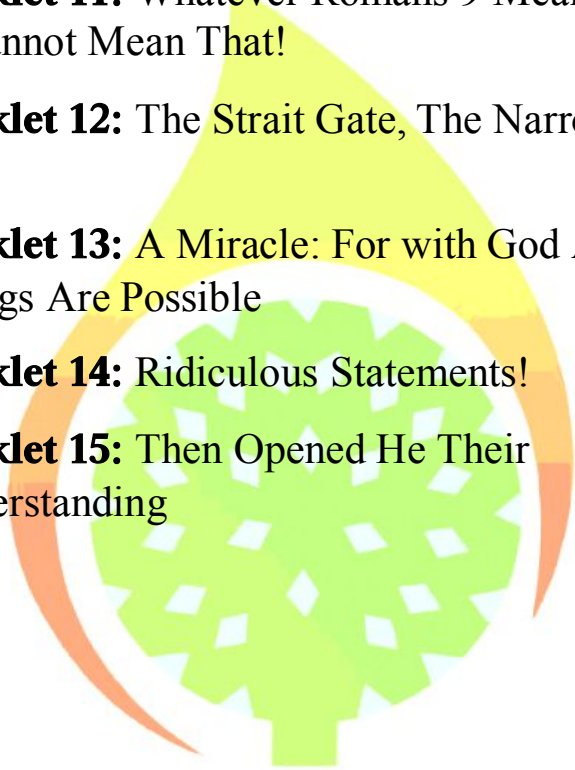
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