

BOBBY

Tom Stephens

Converted from an old military barracks, this church in the North Texas town where I lived my pre-teen years has been a place of good memories for me through the years. Fact is, the best thing I remember of that Spirit-filled church is that it was Spirit-filled. The singing was always greatly anointed, but in the revivals, a family of “colored” folks joined us. They enjoyed being around the piano during worship service, because that’s where they did best. We kids giggled and danced around in front of our pews as we watched these beautiful Christian folks dancing in the Spirit and singing with all their might. Even our giggling must have been somewhere in the Spiritual realm. I know, because I felt such a joy in this awesome atmosphere.

It was one such night I remember well. The service was over, and most had gone home. The pastor and his family were there. Also my aunt and uncle with their children were there. The person lost in the Spirit was one very important to me. It was my brother, Bobby. The adults were all praying in the Spirit around him. Our cousins were out playing. I was squatted down with my arms around my knees, tears running down my face while watching my brother, my face close to his.

If ever I doubted the gift of tongues from the Holy Spirit, this was the night that I absolutely, without any doubt whatsoever, had this eternal truth embedded into my heart forever. Bobby was lying flat on his back, his arms raised and tears running down his face. With the adults, I stayed by his side from beginning to end.

The most awesome thing I felt that night was the pure love relayed by the Spirit of God. Bobby was speaking in tongues! A beautiful heavenly language. The Holy Spirit’s presence radiated the love of God as we witnessed this astonishing scene. The adults looked intense, concentrating on the scene before them. Not much conversation took place while Bobby was in the Spirit. Finally, after more than two hours, he began to come to himself.

It was after midnight when our aunt and uncle took us home. I remember nothing else about the service that evening. Nothing about the worship and praise. Nothing about the ministry, or the altar service. I don’t remember the next day, or week. I only know that the Lord got hold of my brother that night. It’s as if it were yesterday. I can see the sweet and loving look on his face in my heart. I know then that Jesus called him to be one of His. And I still know it now.

You know, the entire Word of the Lord speaks in a very positive way about the supernatural moves of God. If it weren’t for the Biblical knowledge that Christ is that kind of Lord, we would be of all men most miserable. Our hope is in a God Who is able to perform that which He promised. I am overwhelmed and in awe at His greatness, even from eternity through eternity!

Many scriptures speak of the Spirit’s manifestations in our day; among my favorites are: “...and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even to as many as the Lord our God shall call.” - Acts 2:39. Also Joel 2:28-29 and Acts 2:17-18.

“And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: And also upon the servants, and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit.” Joel 2:28,29; Acts 2:17-18.