

# We Will Pray

*"...I will pour out my Spirit on all people..." - Acts 2:17*

Summit Ministries Newnan Magazine

Volume 3 Issue 1 Summer 2023

**Our Awesome  
God Longs to  
Pour Out His  
Spirit to All**

**Ashbury  
Awakening: A  
Revival of Peace**

**God Revealed My  
Purpose Through  
Revival**

**An Outpouring  
Made The  
Ordinary Into  
Extraordinary**



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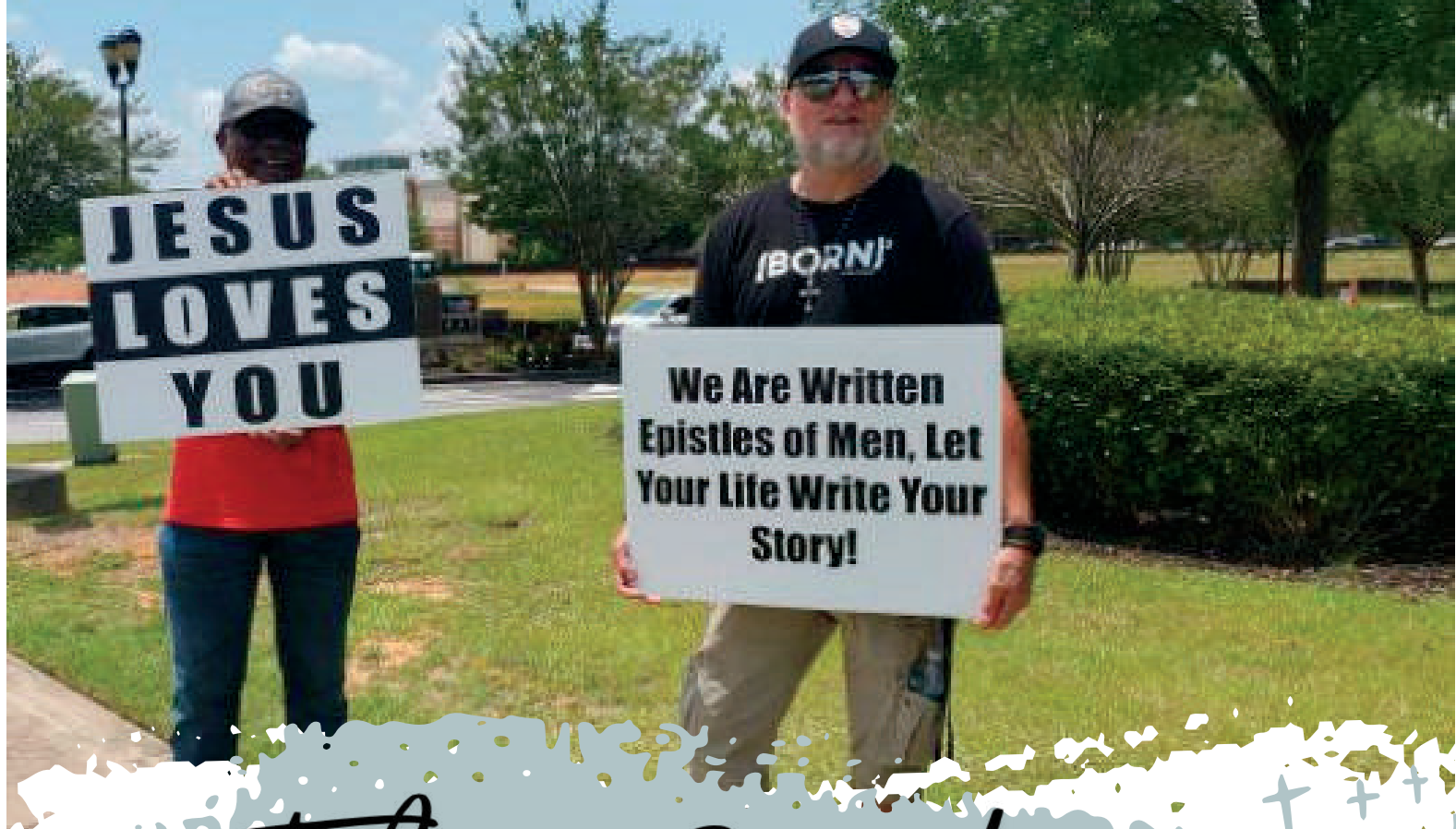
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Editor's Note:

## REVIVAL HAS RETURNED!

What is Revival? Webster defined revival as an evangelistic service or a series of services for the purpose of effecting a religious awakening. It further suggests it is restoration to life, consciousness, vigor, and strength. Here is my take from a spiritual perspective that will detour a little from Webster's dictionary. Revival is the presence, power, and activity of the Holy Spirit in action with a group of people. Revival happens to awaken the people of God from their dullness of hearing, acting, and living. The word revive means to restore to life or consciousness. Yes, the people of God need to be restored back their place of power, awareness, and discernment.

Revival happened in the Bible days, as well. Old Testament revivals happened, and New Testament revivals happened. Just to mention two: John the Baptist and on the day of Pentecost. Pentecost was a continuation of revival started with John the Baptist. The catalyst for revival will always include prayer, repentance, cleansing, and the presence of the Holy Ghost. John spoke of revival by saying, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance, but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear, He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." (Matthew 3:11) Pentecost included the same, and the fire fell on every disciple and the Church was birthed and grew mightily.

There have been many great revivals in the history of this nation and there is a desperate cry for the return of powerful revivals as in the days of old. The first Awakening took place in 1734-1742 with a powerful man of God, Jonathan Edwards. The second great Awakening happened in 1825-1830 with Charles Finney. The third great Awakening was led by D.L. Moody in the 1875-1885. Then America was blessed with the Azusa Street Revival led by William J. Seymour in 1906-1909. God continued to move several years later with the twentieth century revival led by Billy Sunday and the torch was passed on to Billy Graham from 1947 until 2005. Wow! It is time for another decade of revival fires to sweep this country and awaken God's people.

Thankfully the revival fires have started, and they are sweeping across America. The people are hungry for more of God—His presence, His Power, and His activity. We are looking for supernatural activity of miracles, signs, and wonders. We are looking for souls to be saved, healings to take place and people to be delivered from darkness into the marvelous Light. Heavenly Father, send revival to every city and state across this nation. Ignite revival in other nations. Awaken their senses, open their eyes, pierce the very core of their soul, and revive them from dead works, O Lord. Amen.



Angelle D. Harris





# CONTENTS

08 Ashbury Awakening: A revival of Peace

12 His Presence Was Tangible

16 An Outpouring made the ordinary into Extraordinary

20 Drawing Out Hearts to Thee: A witness of God's Full and Boundless love at Ashbury

24 The Lavish Love of God was On Display

28 A Move of God that Required Me to Go and See; Go and Observe

32 Skepticism Met by Spirit

37 Renewed, Revived, Restored

41 God Revealed My Purpose Through Revival

44 Our Awesome God Longs to Pour Out His Spirit to All





# ASHBURY AWAKENING: A REVIVAL OF PEACE

By: Madison Pierce



On an afternoon in early February, I sat at a coffee shop in Lexington, Kentucky. It was my typical Wednesday: I drove to Lexington to purchase an overpriced latte and to hopefully get ahead on my assignments. I was all too grateful for the mid-century modern aesthetic, as it was a needed change of pace from the endless beige of my dormitory. I set up my laptop and procrastinated from the dense reading ahead of me. After about an hour, I received a text from a group chat with a few of my seminary friends, "Hey if you guys are on campus and want to come pray with college students, please come to Hughes :) they've been here since chapel." Having come from a faith community where spontaneous and extended times of worship are not uncommon, I hearted the message and continued working. Later in the afternoon, I drove home and took my first steps into Hughes Auditorium. I would not have guessed the quiet town of Wilmore would become the focus of global intrigue, mass pilgrimage, and endless evaluation.

In the following two weeks, an estimated 50,000 people visited Hughes Auditorium to experience a spiritual renewal. As a graduate student at Asbury Theological Seminary, I had the opportunity to participate from the first day until the last gathering.

I volunteered as a prayer team coordinator to help facilitate the training, scheduling, and communication for prayer volunteers. The awakening began as a normal chapel service that continued spontaneously for 17 days. The corporate gatherings regularly included communal prayer, public scripture reading, simple worship, prayer ministry, confession of sin, and gospel proclamations. It had a particular emphasis on young adults, although it was not exclusive to them. While the renewal began as an intimate, sacred space cherished by the local community, it eventually became a pilgrimage site for the masses.



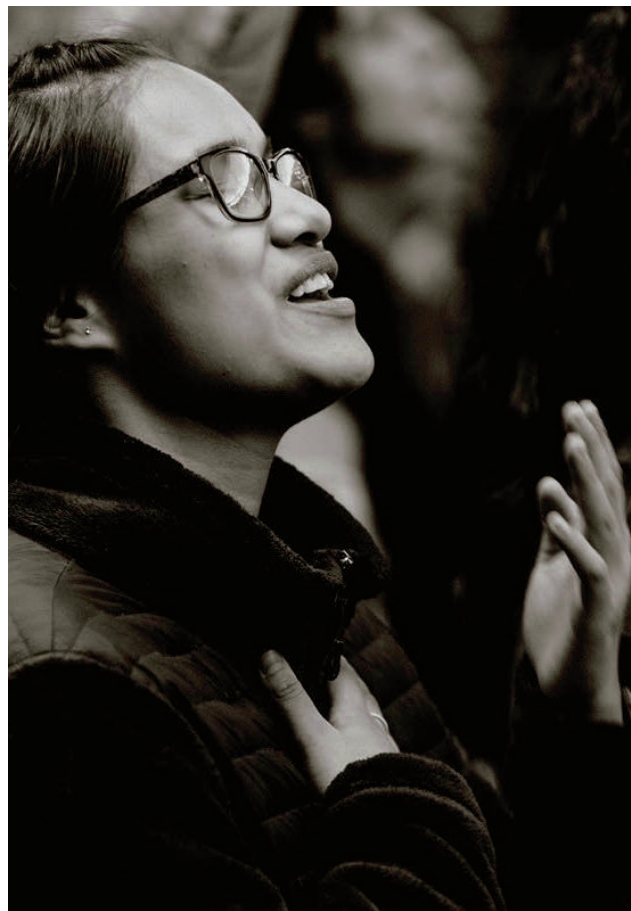
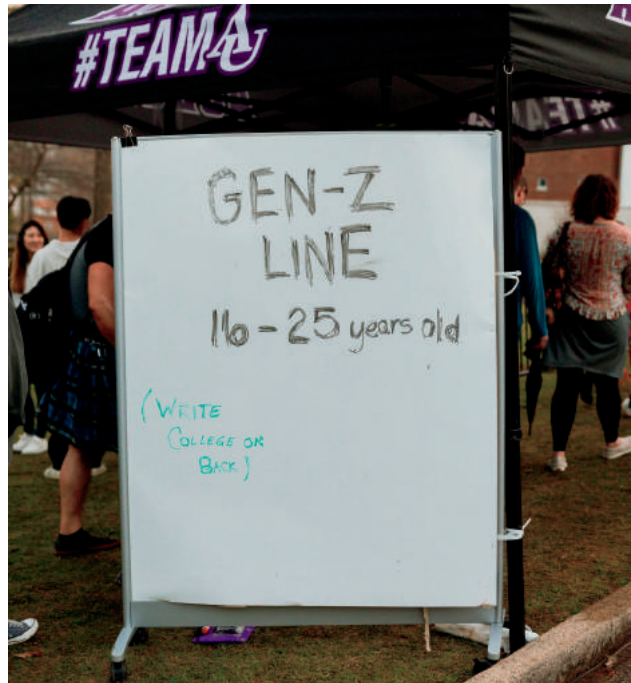
While I am aware “revival” is a divisive or unfamiliar form of spirituality in the various tribes of Christianity, they have a rich history in the United States. As a concept, revival is characterized by spontaneous periods of collective worship, extemporary prayer, and evocative preaching. Yet each historic renewal seems to unfold within a cultural moment; an emphasis on specific spiritual traits marks each one. For example, the First Great Awakening occurred during the rise of deism but was characterized by convicting preaching. The Azusa Street Revival was characterized by a manifestation of tongues that unified people regardless of ethnicity or gender. It occurred during a time of incredible racial hostility in the church. Each renewal is marked by specific spiritual traits. It is like glimpsing a single refraction from a multifaceted diamond—it is a new reflection of the same beautiful light that illumines through the various dimensions.

As I reflect on my time during the outpouring, it seems clear that this renewal was different from the spiritual traits of old revivals. It was not marked by mass evangelism, nor traveling prayer, nor powerful preaching. The Asbury awakening was a revival of peace, wholeness, and belonging. The room was permeated with a non-anxious presence that left you with a sense of comforting safety.



You could feel a holistic peace and a restorative sense of belonging. At times the spiritual conviction was incredibly evident. Repentance was driven not by fear of punishment but an experience of personal acceptance and divine kindness. The atmosphere carried an overwhelmingly deep sense of peace, wholeness, holy love, and belonging.

In my opinion, the intentional manifestation of God's presence at this moment was intended to meet young adults in ways meaningful to them personally. As a whole, Generation Z is characterized as "ethnically diverse, progressive and pro-government" according to Pew Research Center. They are soon to become the most well-educated generation as well as the loneliest generation. They are the first "digital natives" who were raised in a radical individualist society and a hyper-connected world, a combination that evokes feelings of isolation and loneliness in many. According to leading psychologists, Generation Z struggles with unprecedented mental health issues, the most common being anxiety disorders. Since the pandemic, the rates of suicide have dramatically increased for young adults more than any other demographic. They are considered the least Christian generation in American history, according to Barna Project. A generation that attributes negative religious interaction, Christian nationalism, and LGBTQIA+ discrimination as significant factors to deconversion.



While more can be said about Generation Z, they feel a corporate sense of loneliness, anxiety, digital distraction, and depression. Yet at the revival, it felt as if God met my generation in the areas of their deepest needs.

- For a generation with unprecedented anxiety, God gave a tangible sense of peace.
- For a generation amidst an epidemic of loneliness, God gave a restorative sense of belonging.
- For a generation affected by depression and suicidal ideation, God gave a deep sense of hope.
- For a generation traumatized by religious abuse, leadership displayed non-coercive humility.
- For a generation lamenting discrimination, leadership upheld the dignity of all people.
- For a generation plagued by digital distraction, God gave a gentle invitation to adoration.

While this outpouring was different, it appears God intentionally addressed the needs of the next generation with His presence and His people. On Asbury University's campus, God displayed Himself in ways that young adults longed for: a place of rest for all who are heavy-laden.

It was a momentary glimpse into the life we were destined for. My hope is that young adults will find this love in Christ. **WWP**



Originally from North Carolina, Madison Pierce works as a wedding photographer while pursuing a Master of Arts in Intercultural Studies from Asbury Theological Seminary. He has a passion for the emerging generation. He has worked in various ministry positions through the years. In recent times, Madison became unexpectedly involved in the Asbury Outpouring as a prayer team coordinator. He looks forward to a future in ministry with hope and anticipation.



# HIS PRESENCE WAS TANGIBLE

By: Daniel Crawley



The Asbury Outpouring for many will be a moment where the presence of God was tangible in a unique way. Many attributed to it a peace that goes beyond understanding and an easiness in the place of worship. I would echo many of these sentiments. From the beginning, all of these things were evident in this move of God.

I remember getting the initial text messages from friends and university students, one of those students being my sister who said, "Something cool is happening. We haven't stopped worshipping since gospel choir led this morning; you should skip class and come." I in fact did not skip class. Instead, I stayed in class and told God if this is really a move of the Spirit, He would still be there after class. Which to my surprise He was. Yet, I write this not to expound on all the things experienced through the Outpouring, but rather I come writing after the Outpouring, expounding on what God has highlighted to me as I have processed.

Genesis 11:1-8 tells the story of the people of the world coming together to build a city and a tower reaching to the heavens where they said, "Let us make a name for ourselves." However, God saw their pride and came down to confuse their language so they could no longer understand each other. As a result, God scattered them across the earth, and they abandoned their project.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

As God spoke to me post-outpouring, this passage became highlighted to me in a way I have never really anticipated. I often heard from my church background that after a move of the Spirit, challenges are unavoidable because God has created a space for encounter. We are confronted by power and this power often requires a response. Each person's response may look different but how we respond matters. Moses encountered power at the burning bush; Mary encountered power by the Angel of the Lord; and Paul encountered power on the road to Damascus. As I read this passage, I found myself being confronted with a few things. First, I have built structures to get to God which I've ultimately trusted more than God. Second, the Outpouring became the place God, for the sake of the analogy "confused the languages" and stopped me from building. Lastly, God is asking me to let Him be the Shepherd over my life.

I cannot say that the Outpouring was easy by any means. In fact, it was very difficult. So many agendas, perspectives, opinions, and personal thoughts invaded the internet. These realities frustrated me and brought up deep pain associated to leaders I saw driving personal agendas. Internally, I became more skeptical and found myself angry. Yet, I still leaned in, curious to get to the bottom of whatever was happening. Some days I would sit and observe, other days I would help lead worship, and other days I would help pray for people. Because of the years I've spent in ministry, this came naturally to me.



It felt familiar, and it helped me feel like I was doing something good amid my pain. If I worked hard enough, God would grace me with the peace I so desperately wanted. When this didn't work, I found myself turning to my friends to help process and see what I might be missing. The structures I had built to feel connected with God were not working. More and more I found myself frustrated with my friends, personal agendas, and myself. God had left me confused and alone. At the time I was supposed to feel powerfully encountered, I felt nothing but confused and disillusioned. My structures of safety and purpose came crashing down and what had made me feel close to God wasn't working.

In many ways, I am the people of Babylon desiring to trust my own abilities, leadership, and strength over God's clear leadership. I place trust on the structures I've built, over God, because it is more tangible to me in the moment. I need a scattering to understand the ways I am leaning on my own understanding and the ways I view myself as a better Shepherd than God. Psalm 23 and Proverbs 3:5 are the clearest examples of God calling us to trust in His perfect leadership. It is in the face of encounter that our pride is confronted and challenged by a God who requires humility and love. The second commandment is to love our neighbor as we love ourselves. We cannot love God without loving our neighbor and we cannot love our neighbor if we first do not love ourselves. To love ourselves is understanding who shepherds us and believing that we can do no better shepherding than Him.

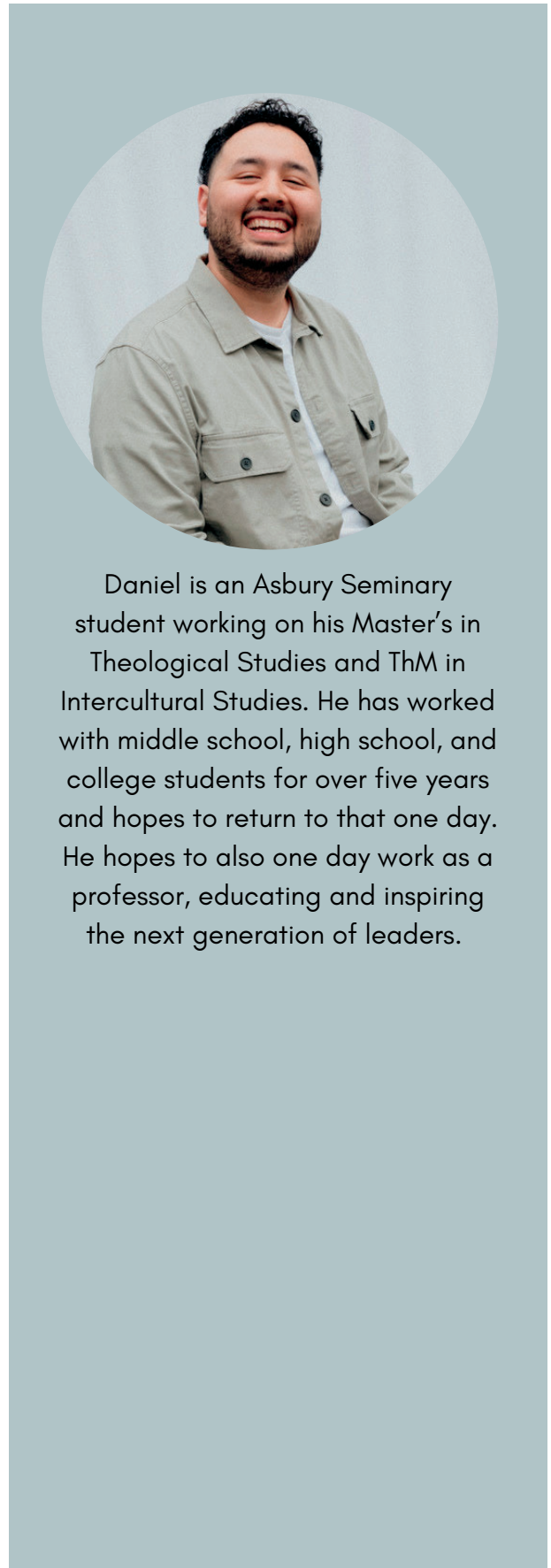


Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

God's grace met me at Hughes Auditorium instead of shaming me for my pride and unbelief. It embraced me night after night with a peace that was unexplainable. I didn't leave the Outpouring without pain to work through, but I did leave with the assurance of the Father's leadership over my life and the understanding that my work and community are not the perfect Shepherd. God is our perfect Shepherd. There's nothing we can build that can get us to God quicker than trusting in Him. **WWP**



Daniel is an Asbury Seminary student working on his Master's in Theological Studies and ThM in Intercultural Studies. He has worked with middle school, high school, and college students for over five years and hopes to return to that one day. He hopes to also one day work as a professor, educating and inspiring the next generation of leaders.



# AN OUTPOURING MADE THE ORDINARY INTO EXTRAORDINARY

By: Emily Allen



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

I once saw a painting that I've never forgotten. In it, Jesus is standing on the shoreline of a lake looking out at two men in a fishing boat—it's Simon and Andrew. They don't notice Him yet. It's the moment before Jesus calls them and their lives change—forever. This striking image illustrates something important: We never know the moment when Jesus is standing on the shore, about to call us to follow Him in a new way.

That moment for me was Wednesday, Feb. 8, 2023. A friend stopped by my office on Asbury Seminary's campus to let me know that the Asbury University students' chapel service had not ended four hours before. In that moment, I could not have known how God was going to move in my community and in the lives of thousands of people in the next two weeks.

That first day when I walked a few hundred yards over to Hughes Auditorium there were 200 or so Asbury University students worshipping. There was a sweet spirit. There was no smoke or a light show. Instead, there were people praying for one another, dancing, hugging, crying, and worshipping with all their hearts. It began as an ordinary chapel service but the gospel choir and some students stayed to keep worshipping after chapel ended. Then more students returned until hundreds were gathered. The Holy Spirit was moving!



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

Early on, someone brought out a microphone for students to share testimonies. One girl confessed she had been unkind to many people on campus and asked for help because she had been hurting others due to her own emotional hurt. Students began to shout out her name and that they loved her, and many gathered to pray for her.

In the first few days, Asbury University leaders gave our collective experiences a name we knew to be true: This was an Outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Perhaps prepared after years of hearing about the 1970 Asbury Revival, students were eager to sustain an environment of worship and expectant that God would move. The presence of the Holy Spirit can look different where different needs exist. For the most anxious and depressed generation, a sense of peace found only in the presence of Christ filled the hearts of Gen Z students.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

Soon, the Outpouring found its way onto social media. Our little town, with a citizenship of about 6,000, became a pilgrimage site for over 50,000 people. This is where the body of Christ got to shine! The Asbury University students who had first experienced the blessing of the Holy Spirit took up the mantle of service towards visitors. (As more guests arrived, there was continually reserved space for Gen Z, among whom this Outpouring began.) Wilmore, Kentucky, residents worked around the clock and most of us wrestled with the impact of the volume of crowds on our daily lives. Yet getting to meet the people of the Outpouring, hear their stories, and worship with them sustained our spirits.





Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

These were the people of the Outpouring: students from over 200 colleges and universities. People from over 30 countries. A couple from Chile who sold their car to buy plane tickets. Pastors and bishops desperate for renewal. A woman who hadn't been able to move her arm for multiple years and asked God if she could praise Him with both hands raised and was healed. Parents weeping for their unsaved children. People praying for healing from "church hurt." People begging God for freedom from addiction to substances and porn. Many people who gave their lives to Christ for the first time. Many others who were renewed and encouraged in their faith. As many stories exist as the people who were there.

At the end of the day, this Outpouring wasn't about charismatic expressions of the Holy Spirit or good preaching. It was about being in the presence of Jesus and opening ourselves to what He would do. Revival has been defined as the "accelerated ordinary work of the kingdom." The Outpouring felt like a tangible experience of the Kingdom of God. Every moment of our lives was surrounded by thousands of people singing praise to God, even through the night. I was prayed over by more people in two weeks than in the entire previous year. It was an anticipation of the eternal worship around the throne in which we will someday join.

The results of the Outpouring were personal and communal, holiness and justice oriented. My experience of the Outpouring was not one moment at the altar; it was deepened relationships, God's abundant provision, a sense of peace about my unknown future, being ministered to by strangers, an opportunity for humility and racial reconciliation, and perhaps most importantly a widened imagination about what God can do in the world and in my life.

.Jesus is still at work in the world, and if we ask for the Holy Spirit, the Father will give Him. This February, on a seemingly normal day, my life changed forever. Like Simon and Andrew in Luke 5, when Jesus entered their stories, He used the ordinary things they had—boats—and brought to them an abundance they had never experienced. They were obedient to say yes to Jesus' way. Jesus called them to follow Him, and they left everything. Jesus wants to use your ordinary life. When He calls you next, will you follow? **WWP**



Emily Allen is the Coordinator of Worship at Asbury Theological Seminary, where she is also an MDiv student. She is a 2020 graduate of Houghton University with her Bachelor of Arts in Theology and a minor in Biblical Studies. Emily is passionate about worshipping Jesus and raising up leaders in the church to do the same. Emily currently resides in Wilmore, Kentucky but plans to eventually return to her home of New York State to be a Methodist pastor.



# DRAWING OUT HEARTS TO THEE: A WITNESS OF GOD'S FULL AND BOUNDLESS LOVE AT ASHBURY

By: Sid Johnson



When I moved to Wilmore, Kentucky, from Columbus, Georgia, in August of 2022 with my wife, we had no idea that God was going to move in a powerful way in our new home. After my wife sent me a text on February 8th informing me that something was happening in the chapel at Asbury University, I was immediately filled with a deep sense of longing that urged me to get there as soon as I could.

When I arrived a little after 5 p.m., it was like walking into the serenity of a monastery mixed with the awe-inspiring grandness of a cathedral. As beautiful as Hughes Auditorium is, it is neither a monastery nor a cathedral. Yet, the space was clearly defined by the presence of God in a way that evoked those sorts of emotions. How could this be? An old Celtic saying goes something like this: "Heaven and earth are only three feet apart, but in the thin places they are even closer." The town of Wilmore became one of those thin places.

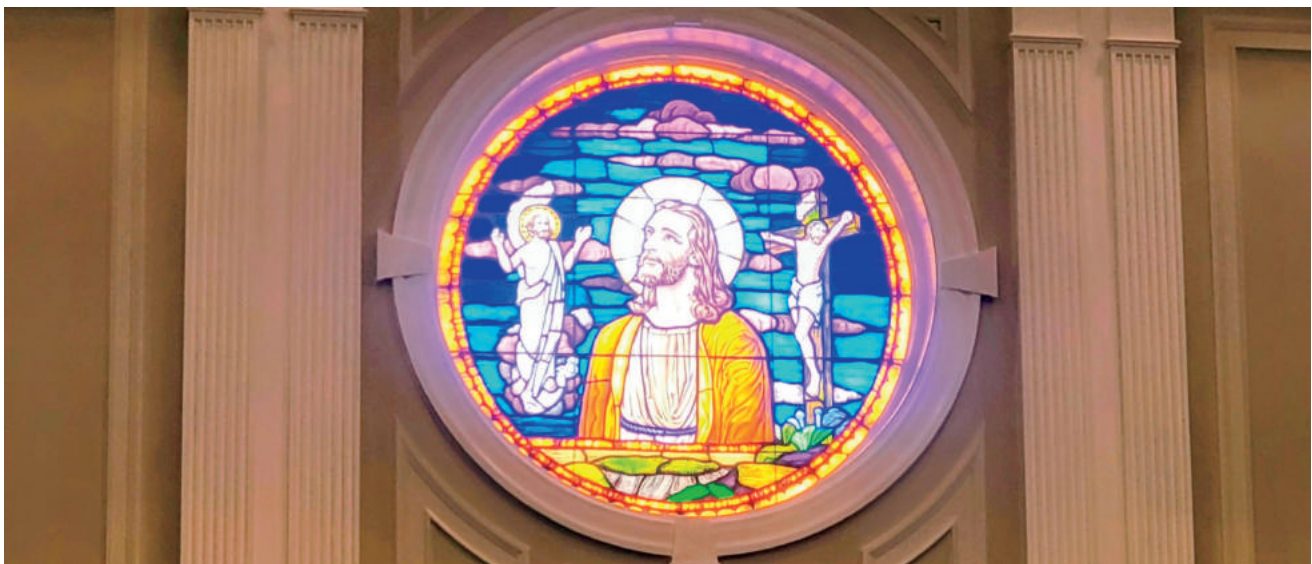
I was prayed over by another seminarian that first evening and experienced a profound healing and increase in holiness. I had been in a spiritual drought brought on by loneliness, damaged relationships, and academic burden. When my friend finished praying and removed his hand from my shoulder, I felt a physical lifting of burdens from my body.

My loneliness and hurt were gone as I felt the Holy Spirit wash His grace over me and pour His love into my heart. The places in my heart that were previously occupied by loneliness and pain were replaced with supernatural peace and love.

The next weeks would go by in a flash as I tried to balance life's duties and spending every available moment on campus, first as a participant, and quickly as a volunteer in the altar ministry as the need arose. Throughout the course of the ministry, I prayed with hundreds of people from every walk of life and with every burden imaginable. At times it was exhausting, but the same presence that had healed me on that first day sustained the prayer team as we prayed, anointed, heard confessions, and wept with others. I witnessed and was part of praying through transformations that it is hard to pen words to.

It may seem strange to some that thousands of people flocked to Wilmore. After all, there were never flashy lights, celebrity preachers, or touring worship bands. It was the exact opposite of what has been called "seeker sensitive." Why, then, would people travel from around the world if there was no spectacle? I believe that there is something fundamental in humans that wants to fully surrender to God. Somewhere in our heart of hearts we long for the wholeness that can only be found in the holiness of the Lord our God. As the text of one time-celebrated hymn puts it, the full and boundless love of God draws out our hearts to Thee.

We are living in an age some have dubbed "the Age of Self." At every turn, there is the temptation to usurp God as the Lord of our lives, with society and culture encouraging us to reject His Lordship as distractions abound. It is easier than ever before to waste an entire day on meaningless distractions like social media in a misguided attempt to fill every moment with meaning.



Of the stained-glass window: I love the "Christos" window in Estes Chapel at ATS. I captured this picture of it on Shrove Tuesday, during the Outpouring. Nothing is different than it is today or was before, but the Christ candle stays lit through it all. His presence is here, Outpouring with news coverage, or no Outpouring.



*Of Thy fullness Thou art pouring  
Thy great love and pow'r on me,  
Without measure, full and boundless,  
Drawing out my heart to Thee  
- Here is Love, William Rees*



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

Yet, as we fill every moment with endless entertainment, we are denying ourselves the One from whom true meaning flows, the means of grace through which full participation in the life of the Church entails, and the healing power of serving others.

This is what the tangible presence of the Holy Spirit poured out in one place like Wilmore reminds us of—that He is always actually accessible in all places, and He wants us to abide in the breadth of His presence and mission.

Among everyone I talked and prayed with, a recurring theme of three main struggles was presented: oppression from anxiety, depression, and addiction to pornography. I can't stress enough that these burdens have such a stronghold over our society. Yet, people know that it ought not to be like this. The simple truth is people need to know there is freedom in Christ, that His yoke is easy, and His burden light! This is why the Church can't keep giving people a feel-good Gospel focused on seeker sensitivity and comfort. They end up with an absent Father, a halfway ticket-punching Savior, and a powerless Spirit. This isn't the God we serve, nor the God I see at work in Wilmore. I saw contrition, repentance, renewal, healing, and deliverance in abundance. That can only come from the Triune God: a present Father who knows you intimately; His Son, the Savior of the World who died for you, still intercedes for, and is coming back for you; and a powerful Holy Spirit who woos you, convicts you, dwells in you, and sanctifies you holy.

Pouring out abundant love and holiness is the norm for the God we serve. Will we fully surrender to Him? **WWP**



Sid Johnson is pursuing his Master's of Divinity from Asbury Theological Seminary in Wilmore, Kentucky, where he resides with his wife, Shelby. They are both active members of Wilmore Anglican Church. A native of Cataula, Georgia, he has a Bachelor of Business Administration from Columbus State University.



# THE LAVISH LOVE OF GOD WAS ON DISPLAY

By: Logan Lawrence



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

The Asbury Outpouring was a profound move of God in Wilmore, Kentucky. It began with prayer. Students were moved to continue in worship and prayer after a chapel service, others around the community were moved to join, and then 50,000 people from around the world continued in worship and prayer before God in our small town.

Not only was prayer a powerful force that prolonged the event, it undoubtedly preceded it. I know many people who prayed for revival daily and weekly. Prayer precedes revival. I was blessed to be a recipient of these answered prayers as a first-year student at Asbury Theological Seminary.

I attended the revival beginning on the first night. I stayed for about an hour after experiencing the sweet presence and fellowship. It wasn't forced. It wasn't pressured. People simply felt that it was right and fit to remain in the presence of God throughout the night. I continued going to Hughes Auditorium that week. As I spent time there, the Lord brought about divine revelation of repentance and understanding more about His nature. He prompted me to say "I'm sorry" to some of the people closest to me and I realized for myself that it is true that we often hurt the ones we love the most.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

I was finding that I was overly critical and did not always love the people in my life well. It was refreshing to confess and repent from this. Thank you, Lord, for your mercy!

Additionally, as someone in ministry, I assumed that the Lord would call me to participate in leadership of the Outpouring. However, I was literally told “no” when I asked about helping multiple times. It was strange. After some time, I heard the Lord beckoning me to rest in His presence and experience the awesomeness of His sovereignty and ability to call people to Himself. It reminded me that my ministry is only a participation in the work that He is already doing to bring His Kingdom here.

After the Outpouring continued for seven days, I finally received a text message asking me to lead worship in 40 minutes. I responded with an emphatic, yes! This was the beginning of an 8-day experience leading worship at the Outpouring for between one and four hours a day. It challenged my perception of worship and clarified what it means to truly adore God. Instead of preparing for worship sets with a familiar band, five strangers and I were ushered up to a consecration room where others prayed for us until they felt we were ready to lead.

Heart posture was the priority. In the consecration room, there were prayer stewards who asked us a profound question: What is distracting you? This felt like a dependable moment of confession each and every time I led worship.



It was a reminder that the upcoming moments were not about me or the music—they were about adoring God. In realizing the immensity of adoring God in worship beyond anything else, my typical priorities in leading worship began to shift. It wasn't about picking songs people would like; instead, it was about picking songs that sang truth. Instead of getting through songs with predictable dynamics, we followed the move of the Spirit. This meant singing some songs for five minutes and others for 30 minutes. Instead of having a setlist, the band looked to one another for a song the Lord put on one of our hearts. He never left us wanting. There was always another song to sing, always a truth to rest in, and the moments of adoring God did not grow tiresome. It was right and fit to continually worship God as we stood in His presence. This has continued to shape my understanding of what my purpose is as a child of God.

In Hughes Auditorium that week, the only agenda was to bring God glory. We delighted in God's presence, and we believe He delighted in our worship. This brought clarity about our purpose as God's children to bring Him glory through our words, actions, and heart postures. This has urged me to ask: What if every single thing I do is only for God's glory?



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

What if that posture of worship was for more than two weeks of an outpouring of God's Spirit? As a daughter of Christ, I can bring God glory in exhibiting the fruits of the Spirit, singing His praises casually throughout my day, and boldly speaking truth about the relevance of Jesus Christ. I can now see a clearer picture of what it means to bring God glory with my entire life!

The Asbury Outpouring was a response to prayer and evidence that there are desperate, hungry, thirsty people who are willing to travel across the country and the world to discover something more. People are longing for real hope in something beyond themselves. That hope is Jesus Christ. Many people came to have faith in this over those two weeks, and many of us were strengthened in our faith as we saw the lavish way that God loves His children. Let us not forget the wonderful ways in which God moves and loves us. It is the kind of love that requires us to go and spread the good news. Jesus Christ is alive, and God is still moving in our desperate world! **WWP**



Logan Lawrence is a first-year student at Asbury Theological Seminary in the Master of Divinity program. She is from Santa Rosa Beach, Florida, where she received her call into ministry at the age of 17. She has been leading worship for the last 10 years. As a Wilmore, Kentucky resident, she was present for the Asbury Outpouring and had many opportunities to lead worship in Hughes Auditorium.



# A MOVE OF GOD THAT REQUIRED ME TO GO SEE; GO AND OBSERVE

By: Thomas Hallman



When the Asbury Outpouring began, we were quickly pressed with two questions: 1) Should we go and see? 2) What will we call it? It is not surprising that I heard an answer to the second question first: "Revival is breaking out."

We are prone to make a fresh carpet of our words, draping them over a floor we have not yet seen; when God has moved, we are quick to circumscribe His steps. The effect of this on me was contradictory. On the one hand, upon hearing "revival," I was enthused and walked quickly over to see. On the other hand, I was suspicious and suppressed my enthusiasm. On the one hand, I was like a child, scampering toward the prize. On the other hand, I was like a careful scientist, pinning my beliefs to strings in the air. A psychologist might call this dissociation. I tend to err and call it caution.

My instinct was to go and see; but after a few moments' reason, instinct turned to discipline, and I said to myself, "go and observe." My affection grew distanced, my excitement stilled, as I determined to "vet" the scene prior to my participation. This interplay, this apparent repression of faith with skepticism, best describes my experience of the Asbury Outpouring—at base, a faithful witness to the Spirit's work; on the surface, a skeptic with far too many requirements. Would that we all be largely unlike me.

Over the next few days, I found myself growing ashamed; first of myself, second of my peers. I had come to see that far too many of us had responded in kind. We had let the evidences of reason—Finney's emotionalism, Wesley's cautions, Schleiermacher's errors, and a host of previous Evangelical corruptions—rule out the legitimacy of the instant premature. We had decided, I had decided, that for "these such and such" reasons, God could not possibly stand behind this.

In that moment, I turned from this way of thinking. I turned toward the great Christian truths—that God is alive in Christ, that Christ is God incarnate, that God, the Father, Son, and Spirit, Creator and redeemer of all creation, is here, today. I took the best of instinct *and* reason, both "go and see" and "go and observe," which we may call Christian faith, bound them into a great force of energy, and began recording what God was doing.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



The detective had become the analyst; the skeptic the apologist; and so I gave, in my own unique way, my whole self to the Asbury Outpouring.

In the time since, I have not thought much of all I had then seen and heard. This is the strange thing about revivals, how easy they are to forget. Just two months ago, our town had turned to a city; as if the whole of Lexington, the city, had set itself atop Wilmore, the town. But the marks now of what I had seen then are no longer visible. The food trucks are gone. So too, the tents and large screens. Our town is so clearly again a town; nothing of the city remains. The tens of thousands singing, "Praise the Lord, O my soul" are gone, and now I sit, hunched over in a bathrobe, with chicken on my plate and Greek grammar on my mind.

When the Asbury Outpouring first began, we were quick to ask our questions: 1) Shall we go? 2) What shall we say? Now that it is over, we are far slower to remember: 1) What was it that happened in those days? 2) What did it do among us? Would that we each ask these questions of God in our own lives; would that we bump yet into God, working among us even today.

The outer signs of the Asbury Outpouring have faded. The inner memory will ever dim. But the inner reality of Christian revival remains always forever. Let me end with the three points I have learned:

1) Any true conversion is revival; 2) All true revival persists in the heart, whatever the feeling or memory; and 3) No revival is always an easy thing to judge. There were many who left the Asbury Outpouring disappointed. There are many who wished to attend, but could not. What each group hoped for, in part, was an explicit disruption to their ordinary lives; they hoped that God would "touch them." For the first group, God had merely worked in a way they could not measure. For the second group, God had merely ordered their days to a different end. For each, the result was similar.



Many sorrowed that they had “missed out” on something special. Many felt distressed that, having prayed for God to touch them, He seemed so callously to ignore them. Many were left with greater questions than answers. The great similarity between each of these persons and myself is that, though I did attend, I was not always “there” and when I was “there,” I was not always “touched.” The great similarity, in other words, was that the reality of God’s work in my life did not match my wishes for it. This is not a sign that God did not, since I did not feel it, “touch me” in some way; nor is it evidence against God’s ongoing reviving work in my heart. I ran rather straight into this triad, the triad of Christian living: 1) All true conversion is Christian rebirth; 2) All Christian rebirth is the beginning of Christian revival; and 3) All revival comes in hiddenness and plainness, crisis and progress, struggle and final triumph. Would that we all “Go and see” and “Go and observe” the one God reviving each our own hearts. **WWP**



My name is Thomas Hallman (24 yrs). I am currently pursuing an MDiv/ThM dual-degree. After growing up in Pennsylvania, I attended Houghton University from 2017-2021.



# SKEPTICISM MET BY SPIRIT

By: Aaron Lewis



On the night of Feb. 8, 2023, a dear friend of mine messaged me that revival was breaking out at Hughes Auditorium. While I said I would come, as I was hurting and in need of some prayer, I was immediately thrown into a sense of skepticism, partially in the direction of doubt, and at best, pessimistic curiosity. Any prior experience I have had concerning the words Christian Revival was met with falsity, fanaticism, performance, and a feeling in my spirit that could be analogized to the duplicity one encounters when they are given a piece of chocolate and the resulting taste is little more than plastic.

I entered Hughes Auditorium that night expecting more of the same. Instead, to my amazement, what I encountered were hundreds of college-aged students peacefully gathering in communion, singing songs, sharing testimonies, and kneeling at the front altar in a state of repentance. Some were crying, others celebrating the joy of forgiveness, others in a state of awe, the consequence of meeting Jesus Christ for the first time in their lives. The best word to describe the scene is the notion of abiding, simply being in the presence of the Lord. The atmosphere was inspirational but not explosive, breathable but contained, peaceful but not hollow.

I spent the first couple of days simply being a congregant, watching the experiences of others and gathering my observations and judgments. I remember on the third morning watching students literally run from their classrooms to get back into this auditorium, where word was spreading that “God is in this place.” Despite my presuppositions, day by day I began to agree more with that assessment. Obviously so did others as numbers grew from hundreds to tens of thousands within days.

On that first Sunday, someone on staff asked if I felt called to lead in worship. While at first I was scared, I felt humbled to be considered for a seat of honor. Who was I to stand on this stage and help lead these people? We had practically no sheet music and a bunch of old guitars. My friend said to me, “It will be the Spirit leading, just follow.” So I did, and myself and a few buddies began to worship in the Spirit with 2,000 strangers. That day I will never forget. Ironically, I couldn’t tell you if we played all the right chords, if the tempo sped up or slowed down, or if the mics were buzzing from low batteries. What I can tell you is that day, I broke on that stage as I saw thousands of God’s people worship the name of Jesus, peacefully gathering under the same name. For a moment I felt that I had seen the Church as it should be. Forever in my mind is the moment the body sang “I Exalt Thee” with such fervor and volume you would think the walls of the building would come tumbling down. The Spirit of the Lord was in that place. Every hour of the next week was a proclamation of that fact.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

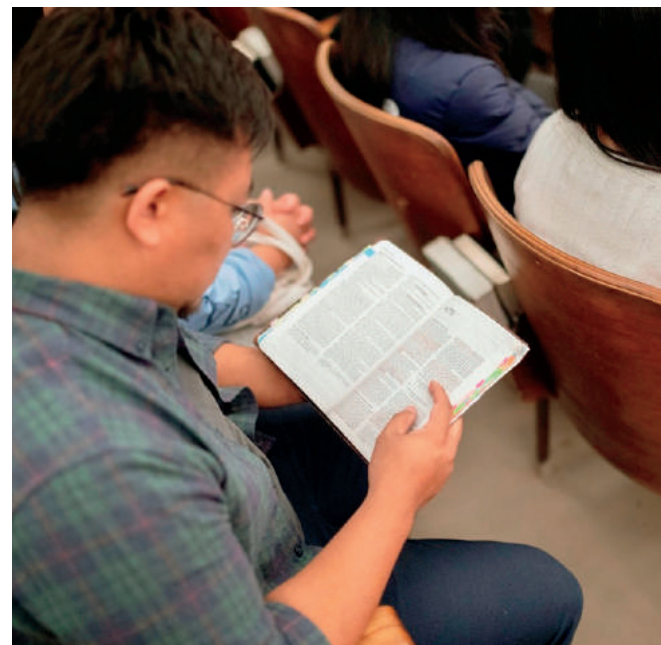


Photo Credit: Madison Pierce





Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

*That moment would have been enough for me. I could have gone home rejuvenated, blessed, and filled with the Spirit if the revival ended that first Sunday. But to my undeserved pleasure, I was blessed to join in leading worship every day for the next 11 days to a new field of longing believers. For me, the work God was doing in me was made complete by watching the work He was doing in others.*

*I thought a long time about one consistent phenomenon at the revival—the posture of humility and openness was unparalleled. Day after day some broken soul would share with me their deepest pains and greatest failures, and often I would reply in kind. When I met people at the altar, some were weeping with such intensity I wondered if it had been 20 years since the last time a tear rolled down their face. It is far too irregular that we shed light on our souls by sharing them with one another before God. I know people came to Wilmore to exalt the name of Jesus Christ; I think they also came to be reassured they were not alone in their brokenness and pain. Too many of us close ourselves off and in consequence, many of the best facets of the early Church have faded—the redemption found in confession, shared suffering, admission of confusion, and displayed brokenness. Christ has commanded us to share our burdens and when you finally see it, there is nothing more beautiful.*



I could say much more, but the best summary I have for the whole event came from the testimony of a 10-year-old girl named Grace. Several days into the revival, she stood up with her father who said, "My daughter would like to tell you something." Grace took the microphone and said something along the lines of, "Hi, my name is Grace and I'm 10 years old. I came here today and had lots of questions; questions about God and confusion about what was happening. But when I got here, I felt presence, and then I knew clarity. And I thought you should know that." With that she handed back the mic. And that was it. That was the answer—to feel presence and to know clarity. I pray the Spirit of truth and clarity be blessed upon all peoples in the way it was to the people in the room that day. **WWP**



I am currently at Asbury Theological Seminary pursuing a double master's of both the MDiV and ThM with further goals to receive a Ph.D in Philosophy. As a previous engineer, I came to Asbury in pursuit of finding new aims in my life, namely to see what God would ask of me. Other passions of mine include music performance and production, fitness and weight lifting, long-thread discussion, spending time with family, and travelling to other cultures.

Remembering  
**REVIVAL**



D.L. Moody & Azusa Street Revival

S I N N E R S  
In the Hands of an  
Angry GOD.  
A S E R M O N  
Preached at *Enfield, July 8th 1741.*  
At a Time of great Awakenings; and attended with  
remarkable Impressions on many of the Hearers.  
By *Jonathan Edwards, A.M.*  
Pastor of the Church of CHRIST in *Northampton.*  
*Amos ix. 2, 3. Though they dig into Hell, thence shall mine Hand take them; though they climb up to Heaven, thence will I bring them down. And though they hide themselves in the Top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my Sight in the Bottom of the Sea, thence I will command the Serpent, and he shall bite them.*  
B O S T O N: Printed and Sold by S. KNEBLAND  
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Jonathan Edwards & The Great Awakening



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# RENEWED, REVIVED, RESTORED

By: Carolina Trumppower



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

My fingers have been hovering over my computer keys for quite some time now. I don't know how to begin this narrative about the renewal I experienced during the Asbury revival—but maybe that's the point. The Lord's restorative work in our hearts has no clear beginning. God has been shaping us from the day He formed us in our mother's womb. Though the outpouring in February was not the first time the Lord redirected my life, the radical shift I experienced drew me back to Jesus in a powerful way.

During the first four days of the revival, the Holy Spirit spoke to me more clearly than ever before. The worship, testimonies, and messages I heard were all encouraging, yet the moment I met the Lord at the altar is the one I will cherish the most.

I don't remember Wednesday very well. Though it was the day that the Holy Spirit's presence was most tangible, I spent most of it stuck in the rut of routine. As a senior, anxiety about my lack of job options weighed heavily on my mind. I also struggled to imagine myself adulting outside of my little college bubble, wracked with fear and uncertainty about who I would do life with and what the next year would look like. After chapel that morning, I remember chatting about the lesson from Romans 12:9-21 with my best friend at lunch. I felt overwhelmed by the message, ashamed of my failure to love others well. The questions Pastor Meerkreeb had asked convicted me, opening my eyes to the depths of my selfishness. I was not proud of the source and purpose of my love—and who I was becoming through my expression of it. Especially when it came to the way I was loving my best friend.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

As I went about my normal routine that Wednesday afternoon, I was shocked to learn that some students had continued worshipping after the 10 a.m. service. When I entered Hughes Auditorium later that evening, I could instantly feel the Holy Spirit's presence. There were students from all different backgrounds and social circles singing together, a beautiful example of unity. Yet I felt crippled by self-consciousness. I stood next to my best friend for a while, deeply confused and uncomfortable. Suddenly, someone grabbed a microphone and reminded those present of the verses from Matthew 5 that spoke about making things right with one another before worshipping the Lord. I thought back to the chapel message about being love in action and God revealed to me why I felt so withdrawn. My heart was not in the right place. I was filled with cynicism and bitterness toward those around me, especially my best friend. Shame and sorrow washed over me, and though it was difficult, I eventually worked up the courage to be honest and apologize to those God had put on my heart.

The rest of that evening was a blur besides the time I spent in Hughes. I stood with a group of my girlfriends as the chapel filled up, awestruck by the peace that surpassed all understanding in that space. Yet there were many moments that I longed to speak with my best friend and hear what God was teaching him. I had always prayed that he would have an encounter with Jesus that would allow him to experience the Lord's love in a deeper way. But I couldn't understand why he seemed to be distancing himself from me. I thought our relationship would grow stronger through an event like this, but instead, we grew further apart.

When I came back to Hughes Thursday morning, all I wanted to do was worship with my best friend and abide in the Lord's presence with him. Yet after locating him in the balcony, I soon found myself alone again. My heart was seized with an aching, terrible loneliness as I watched other groups pray with one another. I began to weep as I saw one of my closest girlfriends raise her arms and dance before the Lord joyfully, my soul hungering for the kind of freedom she was experiencing. When the Holy Spirit prompted me to go to her and ask her to pray for me, it was only through His strength that I was able to obey. With wobbly knees and tears still streaming down my face, I made my way through the crowd toward her. "Can you pray for me?" I blurted out. She simply smiled and nodded, walking hand in hand with me to the altar.

Amid the sounds of hundreds of students crying out to God, I surrendered my life to the Lord again. I let go of my fears about the future, my anxiety about jobs, and my deep loneliness. I experienced the boundless love of Yahweh while on my knees. I felt Jehovah Jireh's hand upon me, comforting me with His promises. I was restored and renewed, led back into the arms of my first love.

During my time of desperate need, the Lord chose to lead me to the altar and lavish His abundant grace, mercy, and love upon me. He blessed me with a mountaintop experience to prepare me for the many valleys in the days and months ahead. I pray that the Lord meets you just as He met me. No matter where you're at, He's waiting with open arms—ready to restore your heart. **WWP**



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce





Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



My name is Carolina Trumpower and I'm a recent graduate from Asbury University. With my Bachelor of Arts degree in English, I hope to use the writing skills I've cultivated to honor the Lord and encourage others in their walks with Christ. One Bible passage that God has really put on my heart this year is Jeremiah 29:11-13 (NIV): "For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Then you will call on me and come and pray to me, and I will listen to you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart."

# GOD REVEALED MY PURPOSE THROUGH REVIVAL

By: Shelby Johnson.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

Upon my move to Kentucky, I found myself struggling to find my place in a small town. Adjusting to a new environment meant making new friends, finding employment, and juggling my academic commitments, all while grappling with my social anxiety.

A few weeks before the Revival, I was overwhelmed with assignments, trying to fit into the college crowd, and grappling with the recent news that my grandmother may need brain surgery. Being a non-traditional student who is years older than most college students led me to begin to question whether I should drop out of college and pursue a different path. By the time Wednesday came and went, the day that Chapel didn't end, I was struggling with figuring out if the Lord was answering my cry of need because now, of all things, a revival was thrown on my plate. However, the spontaneity of God choosing to come and use our town—my college campus—to pour His Spirit out seemed to be the healing and source of hope I desperately needed, even if I didn't initially understand.

That Friday, I went with a friend to a tennis match. On the way there she paused and told me, "I know it can sometimes be weird for you being older and in college, but I'm glad you're here. You are such an inspiration to people who don't know what their plans are."



I'm glad you are my friend and I'm glad the Lord brought you here to be a great mentor to the younger college students." After a few minutes of trying not to cry, I told her everything I was feeling and that the words that came out of her mouth confirmed that the Lord heard my prayer.

As the week progressed, the Lord revealed that my purpose at Asbury University was not to try and fit in with college students who were many years younger, but to act as a mentor and guide for them, pointing them in the direction that God wanted them to go. When I attended the revival on that first Saturday as attendance began to swell, I initially experienced a panic attack due to the large number of people in attendance. However, with the help of my husband and the community's support, I was able to overcome my anxiety and immerse myself in worship, giving God full control over my life.

As the revival continued, thousands of people flooded the town, but oftentimes I chose to remain at home and open my windows. The town is small enough that I could enjoy the sound of worship from my home. I used this time to prepare my home as a gathering place where friends from school could visit to work on our New Testament class assignments. Little did I know that by opening my home to my fellow Asbury students, the Lord was using my spiritual gift of hospitality to allow me to open a space to minister and engage in discipleship. Admittedly, at times, instead of working on assignments, we spent hours watching movies, playing games, and enjoying each other's company.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

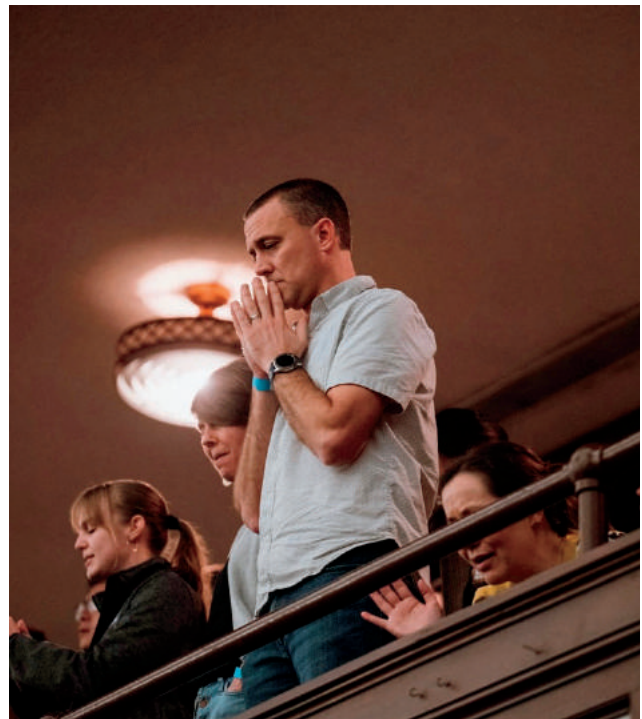


Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



But it was a rich and impactful time. Through this experience, I came to understand that my purpose was to provide a safe and calming space for my friends, helping them to escape the overwhelming presence of campus life, which had suddenly become even more overwhelming.

Overall, my struggles with anxiety and finding my place in a new home led me to discover the true purpose God had for me in this stage of life: to guide and mentor others on their spiritual journeys. Despite my initial doubts and fears, I came to realize that the Lord was with me every step of the way, helping me to overcome my struggles and find my place in this new community. **WWP**



Shelby Johnson obtained her Associate of Early Childhood Education at Georgia Military College. Shelby is pursuing her Bachelor of Middle Grades Education at Asbury University, while also substituting in the local school district. She is involved in the campus life of both Asbury University, where she serves as a Spiritual Life Coordinator, and Asbury Theological Seminary, where her husband attends school. She is also active in her local church, Wilmore Anglican Church.



# OUR AWESOME GOD LONGS TO POUR OUT HIS SPIRIT TO ALL

By: Bennett Ellison





*"For this reason I bow my knees before the Father, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named, that according to the riches of His glory He may grant you to be strengthened with power through His Spirit in your inner being, so that Christ may dwell in your hearts through faith—that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may have strength to comprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ that surpasses knowledge, that you may be filled with all the fullness of God."*  
(Ephesians 3:14-19 ESV)

Did you catch what Paul is praying for? As he goes to his knees in prayer to intercede for the saints in Ephesus, he's praying for three things: That the Spirit would strengthen and empower them to have Christ dwell in their hearts, that they may comprehend the immeasurable love of Christ, and that they may be filled with the fullness of God. It would be foolish of me to act like I, or any of us, could fully comprehend what God has done through the Asbury Outpouring. Yet, I do believe we were experiencing what Paul was praying for here.

I remember walking into Hughes Auditorium for the first time after I caught word of something strange happening. It was about three hours after Asbury University's chapel had concluded. No stage lights on. No lyrics on the screen. No loud worship band. No preacher. There was one man sitting on stage with an acoustic guitar unplugged. No microphone and truly no organizational structure to it. But there were people spread throughout the sanctuary worshipping. I do not think I have ever seen worship that was expressed through such simple, non-flashy instrumentation, and singing filled with such adoration for Christ. I stood in the back observing and inquiring what was happening. A friend explained to me that a small handful of students stayed at the altar to worship after chapel was over. Now three hours later, these students have missed lunch and their 1 p.m. class. Word got out that these few students kept pressing in for more of God, which resulted in even more students coming back to join. What started with just a small group of students hungry for God was now up to about 100 people hungry for His presence.

I wasn't sure what I was observing, but it was refreshing to see.



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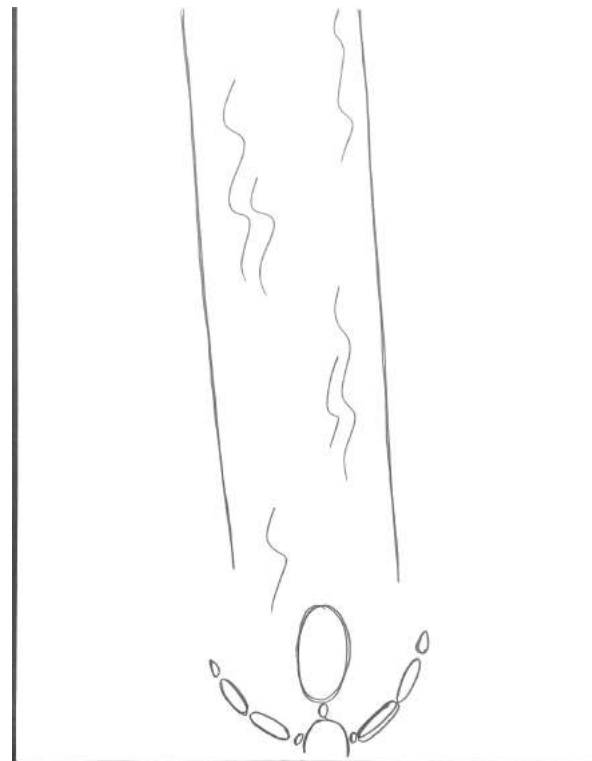


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There were some people in the balcony, some in the seats, some standing, some sitting, some at the altar, some spread out across the sanctuary. Nobody was calling this revival or an outpouring. There was no need to find a label for this. One thing was clear: God was in our midst, and we could not leave. Not a presence of brute force, but of sweetness. There was no “hype” to the atmosphere, just tenderness. It felt like Hughes became a tabernacle where the presence of the Lord decided to come and rest a while.

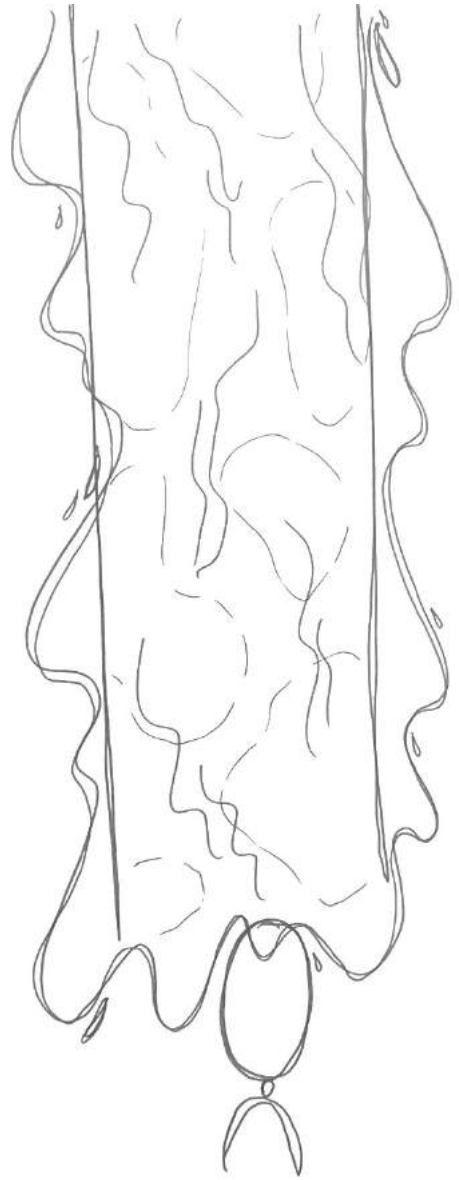
Nobody from the stage ever called this a revival. The spiritual leaders who stewarded this move of God were always hesitant to call it anything, but it was eventually referred to as an Outpouring. But what was it an outpouring of? This was a special move of God where He poured out His Spirit so that we may be filled with the fullness of God. After a few days of showing up to the Outpouring, I became discouraged because I felt like I was not being filled with the fullness of God compared to some of the other people in the room. Sometimes we think that we are entitled to receive the fullness of God if we are faithful to show up and are desiring of God. Isn't that how it works? I show up, and then God shows up (right?) Well, if I've learned anything through this Outpouring, it's that God is not bound to any formula or logical reasoning.



Author's depiction of a vision God gave him.

We were a few days in and I had still not experienced my “breakthrough” moment. I sought counsel from a mentor, venting my frustration, and he told me, “Bennett, you can’t just manage that comparison. You must kill it.” As I went back to my seat to reflect, I felt like the Lord gave me an image in my head. It was of a little stream where God was the fountainhead, and I was at the bottom of the stream. This stream was filled with large rocks to the point where only a small trickling of water was coming through at the base where I was. The water represented the glory of God, His presence. His glory was not freely flowing through the stream due to some of these rocks that I had put there. The flow was clogged by these rocks of comparison, pride, bitterness, etc. I had put the rocks there, but I could not take them out by myself.

About a week into the Outpouring, I attended our normal chapel service at the seminary. Jessica LaGrone, our Dean of Chapel, called for us to stand for the reading of the Gospel just prior to her preaching the text. She read the road to Emmaus story out of Luke 24. As she read the words on the page, the eternal Word of God came and met me in a special way. It was an overwhelming rush of God’s glory that was hitting me as the story was read. It is truly hard to articulate the overwhelming sense of the glory of God. The whole congregation was standing for the reading, and I stood with streams of tears rolling down my face. God brought to my mind the image of the stream.





No longer was the stream of water just a trickling down around the rocks; there was a flood of water that completely flooded that little stream. It is a beautiful thing to realize that God's glory is greater and more powerful than any of the rocks we've made that might hinder us from receiving more of Him. His realness, His presence, His glory, met me as it did those Emmaus disciples.

Over time, the flood subsided. I was left with God's glory flowing into my heart, but what was I to do with these rocks? I had put them there and I could not remove them myself. This is where God showed me the third phase of the image. It was like God was inviting me to take His hand. And we, together, lifted the rocks out of the stream. The stream was then unhindered. I could now receive the fullness of God that He has always been desiring to pour out; what joy and freedom it is! It might take a special breakthrough of God's glory, but I am convinced that God is always desiring to pour out all of Himself into His people.

It's now been a few months since the Outpouring. The crowds are gone, the 24/7 worship is over, and normal rhythms of life are back. What should we expect after an event like this? I'm learning that we are always in danger of putting the rocks back in the stream. God has given us the freedom to choose to partner with Him in removing the rocks, thus unclogging the flow of His glory into our lives. He has also given us the freedom to put the rocks back if we so choose.



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce



Photo Credit: Madison Pierce

This is why encountering the real presence is essential—may we long for the freedom of the unhindered flow of God’s glory in our lives more than whatever pleasures those rocks bring us.

His presence is just as real today as it was at the Outpouring and as it was at Emmaus. His grace has not changed. He is the same Lord, whose character is always to have mercy. I’ve heard some people say this Outpouring was unique, and it was in certain ways, but what we experienced in this Outpouring is very much so the everyday activity of the Kingdom of God. Nothing that we experienced here is unavailable to you today. Remember, there is no formula for making God do anything. I do not believe God is as longing to replicate the Outpouring as much as He is longing for all His sons and daughters to be so hungry for Him and His glory alone. He poured out His glory in me through His Word. I wonder how He wants to pour Himself out in you.

May we be hungry for the presence of Christ to meet us.

May we be humble enough to see the rocks that are hindering the flow of His glory.

May we be courageous enough to join God in removing the rocks.

May we be faithful to not put the rocks back.

And, as Paul prayed, may we be filled with all the fullness of God.



Bennett Ellison is a third-year Master of Divinity student at Asbury Theological Seminary. Before moving to Asbury, Bennett served as the Sunday night pastor at Newnan City Church. He is passionate about theology and the local Church and hopes to pursue a Ph.D. in Eucharistic Studies after graduation.



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You can have a real, lasting peace today through a relationship with Jesus Christ.  
Start your four-step journey now!

### **Step 1: God loves you and has a plan for you!**

The Bible says, "God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, [Jesus Christ], that whoever believes in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life." (John 3:16)

Jesus said, "I came that they may have life and have it abundantly"—a complete life full of purpose. (John 10:10)

But here's the problem:

### **Step 2: Man is sinful and separated from God.**

We have all done, thought or said bad things, which the Bible calls "sin." The Bible says, "All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23)

The result of sin is death, spiritual separation from God. (Romans 6:23)

The good news?





### **Step 3: God sent His Son to die for your sins!**

Jesus died in our place so we could have a relationship with God and be with Him forever.

“God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.”(Romans 5:8)

But it didn’t end with His death on the cross. He rose again and still lives!

“Christ died for our sins. ... He was buried. ... He was raised on the third day, according to the Scriptures.”(1 Corinthians 15:3-4)

Jesus is the only way to God. Jesus said, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father, but through Me.”(John 14:6)

### **Step 4: Would you like to receive God’s forgiveness?**

We can’t earn salvation; we are saved by God’s grace when we have faith in His Son, Jesus Christ. All you have to do is believe you are a sinner, that Christ died for your sins, and ask His forgiveness. Then turn from your sins--that’s called repentance. Jesus Christ knows you and loves you. What matters to Him is the attitude of your heart, your honesty. We suggest praying the following prayer to accept Christ as your Savior:

Dear God,

“I know I’m a sinner, and I ask for your forgiveness. I believe Jesus Christ is Your Son. I believe that He died for my sin and that you raised Him to life. I want to trust Him as my Savior and follow Him as Lord, from this day forward. Guide my life and help me to do your will.

I pray this in the name of Jesus. Amen.”

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To inquire about advertising with us, contact us via email:  
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