

January 2020



## Make 2020 Count

This morning when I went out to get some fresh air, I was hit by a brisk wind stinging my face with large, icy snowflakes, still coming down after two days. My cell phone vibrated and it was a text from Lorraine who was inside. "We have gotten 12.5 inches so far," it said.

A snow storm seemingly puts the world at a standstill. Rows of cars in the parking lot were covered with snow. They had not been moved for two days. No cars passed by on the street. The only sound was the whining of the nor'wester, continuing to blow snow into lofty drifts over the sidewalks.

What is the lesson here? A snowstorm puts our world at a standstill. So our busy life is brought to a sudden halt. It's strange. What are we going to do now?

Well, I went back to my office to do some cleaning. I have been in the habit of journaling for many years. "Journaling" is writing down in a notebook the things that God tells me when I am in prayer. As I was sifting through a pile of papers, I ran across something God had said to me a few years before, "I want you to write something on *praying through*. My people don't understand it."

*Praying through* . . . the powerful saints of the past knew what it was to pray through, and they did it regularly. Do we understand it today? I am convinced the vast majority of the church has never even heard the term. *Praying through*? Firstly, we are far too busy to *pray through* . . . even if we knew what it meant.

Several years ago, I put in a call to my friend, Pastor Cory. When he answered on his cell phone, he explained that he was at a small retreat center on a farm in rural Pine City. "I'm on a 21-day fast," he said. "You want to come out and visit me?"

So I went out to visit. I found him in a small cabin, sitting on the sofa, wrapped in a blanket with a bottle of water in his hand. This is where he planned to stay for 21 days . . . praying and waiting on God for answers.

*"What are you praying for?" I asked.*

"I have 30 things written down on a piece of paper," he said.

At one point several years ago, I was talking to Sujo John, a speaker I had used in a large event two years before, that God had delivered from the 9-11 tragedy. He was a world speaker and usually was booked up solid. In the conversation, he mentioned that he had a cancelation that opened up a whole week in his schedule. Well, I called a friend in northern Minnesota and informed him that Sujo was free. "We can't pass that up, can we?" he exclaimed.



I was extremely exhausted, having recently completed an event in Wisconsin. I didn't want to plunge into another one, but I felt I must go to the Lord and see what He would say. To push into an event without a clear word from the Lord could be a disaster. On the other hand, I didn't want to pass up an opportunity, if He was giving it.

"Four days," I heard Him speak to my spirit. I knew I needed to get away for four days to pray and listen. I went to a motel in central Wisconsin and prayed for four days. On the floor of my motel room I wrote on a sheet of paper, "Should we do this event? Yes, or no?" At the

end of the four days, I felt in my spirit the answer was a "yes." I had *prayed through*.

We put together a plan to do three events in Bemidji, Northome, and Clearbrook, in northern Minnesota. Now, the big question was the money to do them.

I knew this business woman in Bemidji and I thought she would have some connections and would be able to steer us to other business persons who might support the event financially. I felt that if we got \$2500 to start with, that would be a sign from God, and we could push ahead. When I shared my thoughts with her, her eyes got big and she said, "Did you see me as that person to give the \$2500?" It was obvious that she saw this opportunity as a privilege . . . and she gave \$2500.

So we were on our way. Some powerful things happened as a result of those events. Many people gave their lives to Christ. The example that sticks out in my mind was at the Clearbrook event. A college student from Bemidji State University came forward. She said that she was planning to commit suicide that night, but she had seen our poster and instead came to our event.

### *Praying through . . .*

It is a term that was common to such great intercessors of the past as Father Nash, Charles Finney, and Rees Howells. In contemporary times, the name Dr. Cho, always comes to mind. Dr. David Cho founded the world's largest church in Seoul, Korea, numbering over a million people. He asks all of his people to pray one hour a day. He personally, prays three hours every morning.

The meaning of *praying through* is that you sense a spiritual conflict, the devil standing against you like Daniel of old. Then you pray until, either you receive your answer, or you receive the assurance in your spirit that the answer is on its way. Today, more than ever, God needs people who will stand in the gap and *pray through*.

The reason there are not many people who *pray through* today, is that people are just too busy! If we are too busy to do the Lord's work . . . how sad is that! God often wakes me at 3 a.m. to pray. Lorraine often wakes in the night to pray. In our ministry, this is probably the most important thing we do. Spiritual battles are won or lost in prayer.

*Is He calling you to pray through?*

If so, the first thing you must do is give Him your time. And then sit before Him and do His work through prayer. If you are going to make a change in 2020, becoming a person who *prays through* would be an accomplishment that would yield eternal fruit!

## *Compel Them To Come In*

Today's emphasis on our brand of American Christianity is to compel people to come into the church building. But the unchurched don't like the church building. If we are going to reach them, we have to go where they are.

I like to go to a particular sports bar to watch the Vikings. (Don't worry, I eat a bacon cheese burger and drink coke.) A particular fellow there is very loud, uses a lot of profanity, and drinks a lot. I always tried to sit far away from him, but on one occasion I ended up two seats away at the bar and we started talking. I nearly fell off of my chair when I found out he attended the same Bible College that I did.

He no longer goes to church. I gave him my book, *Firestorm*, which he said he would read. He is really a likable fellow. We made a connection that day . . . in the bar. If you want to reach the lost sheep, you have to go where they are.

In His Service,

*George and Lorraine  
Halama*

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GEORGE & LORRAINE

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scarlet circle

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