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This book is dedicated to our
friend, mentor and teacher,
Derek Prince

No coward soul is mine, no trembler in the world's storm-
troubled sphere;
I see Heaven's glories shine, and faith shines equal, arm-
ing me from fear.

—E. Brontë

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Be still, and know that I am God.

Psalm 46:10

The droplets of rain pattering down on our gathering place were a welcome sound at first. This part of North Carolina had been suffering drought conditions for some time so we were glad for a little relief. Our huge tent, which had provided shelter and covering for our conferences for several years, had endured numerous showers and storms, so we were not unduly concerned as our Waves of Glory conference commenced.

Perhaps we should have been.

The storm that had started so gently suddenly broke upon us with violent force. Great gusts of wind and torrential rain set the massive steel poles of the tent structure swinging back and forth, threatening to loose them from their moorings. A number of ushers sprang from their

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seats and grasped the anchor poles, trying valiantly to hold them in place. Still more ushers tried to secure the walls of the tent, grabbing in vain at the heavy fabric flapping wildly around them. Rushing water powered by a flash flood swirled past our feet. We knew that the tent was on the verge of collapsing on top of us. Our conference had drawn hundreds of people, and now their lives were in danger. We had nowhere to run.

Lessons from a Bee

A little more than a day earlier, I, Mahesh, had been deep in preparation for our upcoming conference in Charlotte. Even while exercising on my treadmill I was muttering to myself in my prayer language and seeking the word of the Lord for the meetings.

"What is Your word for this conference, Lord?" I had asked this question of Him many times and had not yet gotten any direction.

It was a warm fall day and a bee buzzed in through the open door. My eyes followed its zigzagging path around the room before it alighted on the edge of the rotating belt of the treadmill.

And there it sat, riding along on the moving belt. It could have flown away at any moment, but just like the hapless coyote in a Road Runner cartoon, it continued its ride over the edge and slipped into the machinery underneath. "To bee or not to bee?" I said, waxing somewhat poetically. Assuming that was the end of the poor bee, I turned my thoughts back to my request for a word from the Lord. This time I heard a response.

Shalom, said the still, small voice.

"*Shalom* to You, too, Lord," I replied politely. "But what is Your word for this conference?"

Shalom, the word quietly came back.

"Lord," I replied, "I know You are Jewish and all that, but right now I need Your word for this conference." My attention shifted for a moment as the body of the dead bee reappeared on the other end of the treadmill in the condition one might expect: its head smashed flat against the moving belt.

"I guess it's not to bee," I concluded.

Returning once more to communing with the Lord, I suddenly noticed a flicker of motion. I watched in amazement as the bee's head popped back into shape and the creature buzzed to life! Testing its wings once or twice, it lifted off, making its way back to the sunlit yard.

"I guess it was to bee after all!" I said with delight. "I have just witnessed a small-scale resurrection!" I knew without a doubt that radiant beams of life and power coming out from the Lord of glory had hit the dead bee as I communed with the Father. It came to life before my eyes.

In the presence of that resurrection glory I asked again, "Lord, will You please give me even one word for this conference?"

Shalom was all I heard.

Since I was apparently not going to receive inspiration or Scripture for the conference, I completed my workout and returned to my office to tend to other matters.

A Thunderous Deluge

That evening the Waves of Glory conference opened as the clear day settled into a starlit night. On the second evening,

however, the afternoon skies were blackening as the attendants filed into their seats for worship.

Partway into the service it became clear that this would be more than a November rain shower. The distant rumbling of thunder grew progressively louder, and the gentle sprinkles turned into a downpour. Bonnie was in the midst of giving testimony to a time the Lord had visited her on her birthday. Her story, which included hilarious personal antics, described an outpouring of the river of the Holy Spirit into a stuffy religious church setting. She moved among the first few rows of the audience describing animatedly the ways God will come into our lives to loose us from religious bondage and oppression of the enemy.

At first the wind and sudden bursts of torrential rain added drama to Bonnie's story. At one point she even laughed out loud when thunder and lightning just beyond the cloth walls seemed to accent her point. But then the storm grew in even greater fury. Fierce winds pushed heavier bands of rain into the sides of the tent. People quickly gathered their things to keep them out of the water rising under their feet. Bonnie seemed not to notice the growing danger and continued to preach in concert with the drama of the storm. I began to pray quietly for direction as the tent seemed on the verge of collapsing. The uneasy audience looked anxiously to Bonnie and me to see what they should do.

I was able to catch Bonnie's attention and stood up to speak into the microphone: "There has been a record drought in North Carolina. Tonight, I think God is blessing this place. In the natural and in the spiritual, let the rain of the Holy Spirit come. He has said through the prophet Joel, 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy.' So we thank You, Father!" The

congregation replied with praise and some weak clapping. And the storm bore down.

With nowhere to run and nothing but thrashing canvas between the congregation and the storm, I searched for direction and wisdom in the face of pending disaster. In the midst of chaos, from the waves of the glory that had surrounded me the previous day on the treadmill, there came a word.

In an instant I understood and said, "*Shalom!*"

At that moment, before hundreds of witnesses, the storm was completely stilled.

As soon as the word left my lips—not in ten seconds or twenty seconds or a minute, but at that instant—the raging storm ceased over the whole region. No more wind, no more rain. One word from the glory and God's perfect *shalom* ruled over the natural elements. The same glory that surrounded me as I communed with God, the same glory that resurrected the little bee, was present to calm the storm.

A shout of amazed relief and praise for deliverance went up to God. The congregation joined Bonnie and me in singing the words from a song given by the Spirit when the *shekinah* cloud of God's glory manifested during a healing service:

Now the Lord is the Spirit, and
Where the Spirit of the Lord is,
There is Liberty, Liberty, Liberty.

The Testimony of the Kingdom

The morning after the storm assailed us, newscasters reported it as the worst the region had experienced in seventy