

Honoring Wade Taylor

“For this reason, I am reminding you to fan into flames the gift of God that is within you through the laying on of my hands”

(2 Timothy 1:6)

The year was 1992. I was attending Pinecrest Bible Training Center tucked away in the Adirondack Mountains of Salisbury Center, N. Y. As I hurried down the stairs from my dorm one evening, I was again anticipating a few precious minutes with Wade Taylor to receive counsel and prayer. The line at his office door was lengthy, and the wait certain as I fell onto the couch and prepared for the delay. I was accustomed to the long lines every evening to see our Bible College President. The deep hunger inside me told me it would be worth the wait.

Wade Taylor had something special. He had a unique walk with his God, and he carried the Lord's manifest presence. He himself had received a power impartation many years ago given by Walter Beuttler and it was very evident in his ministry. Wade's deeper walk encouraged me to pursue God for myself, to also obtain an abiding manifest presence in my own life.

An hour and fifteen minutes later I was ushered in his office where Wade greeted me warmly. I nervously walked to a special spot in his office where he loved to pray for people. He took my hands and prayed, “Give Steve a special anointing to speak from his heart, and a gift to write and communicate.” All at once the manifest presence came, and I felt the tangible power of God surge through my arms and body. The prayer was heartfelt as I sensed the nearness of God in Wade's office that evening.

Thanking him gratefully, I left his office. Wade had encouraged me to stay in touch saying he believed God was active in my life. I climbed the two flights of stairs back to my dorm and entered my room. I fell onto my bed and lay there silent. I could sense the nearness of God as my body still literally vibrated under the power of God. I felt a heat surging through me. A fire was burning through my soul and I knew I had received fresh impartation.

Then I knelt before the Lord, just basking in His presence. I pledged my very life to Him and asked if I too, could carry the presence of God. The Lord responded by giving me an even deeper hunger for more. This hunger kept me going to Wade Taylor's office, sometimes nightly. I always ended up on my face before the Lord in my dorm room deep into the stillness of the night.

Twenty-six years have passed since those special nights at Pinecrest. Yet I vividly remember Wade's mentoring and the flames of fire the Lord fanned in my life when we were together. I remember lying on my face in my dorm savoring the glory of the Lord for

hours as I was transformed by the manifest presence of God. A fire for the deeper things of the Spirit still burns inside me, sparked by those times spent with Wade Taylor in prayer.

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