Vision 1981
The Gifts - Minneapolis

Spiritual Gifts According to Design
Vision

On July 16, 1980, Kenneth E. Hagin called me up out of the congregation at the afternoon Prayer and Healing School at Rhema and laid hands on me for ordination and to send me out in full time ministry. I had served for the previous ten years as the editor of publications editing Brother Hagin's teachings into books and other printed forms.

My ordination service happened the week before Kenneth Hagin's Annual Summer Campmeeting in 1980.

The next year in July 1981 I attended that annual meeting and most of its sessions morning, afternoon, and night. So, I was physically spent when I had to rise early on Saturday morning to catch a 7:30 flight from Tulsa to Minneapolis where I was to speak Saturday night. I arrived at the hotel at 11:00 AM, and I said to the Lord, "I'm going to take a nap and get up at 3:00 to prepare to speak at the campmeeting here tonight."

At exactly 3:00 PM, I suddenly sat up, wide awake. And I was in the middle of what the Bible calls a night vision. I was in the midst of a vivid dream which continued as a vision when I awoke. The Holy Spirit then spoke to me interpreting the continuing night vision.

> *I was in a great house. And in the great house preparations were being made for a great wedding. I knew it was the marriage supper of the Lamb (Rev 19:5-9).*
> *I sensed the Presence of the Bridegroom, though I didn't see Him.*
> *People were joyfully scurrying about preparing for the big event.*
>
> *I was seated in a comfortable upholstered armchair basking in the very atmosphere of it all. My position in the chair was one of extreme comfort with not an iota of activity.*
> *I sat leaned back at an angle against the left arm of the chair with my right leg propped over the right chair arm.*
>
> *To my left and on a wall behind me was a door.*
>
> *Someone opened the door and called to me, "Come help us get ready for the wedding."*
>
> *"No," I replied. Then I proceeded to give them a little lesson, "We all have our parts in this. You do your part. And I'll do mine." I thought they were preparing food. I thought my part was to take it all in, almost like osmosis.*
>
> *A short period passed. Then again the door opened, someone stuck their head out and pleaded with me, "Please! Please! Come help us get ready!"*
>
> *"No!" I answered and gave them the same lesson.*
> *The third time, it happened again. The person pleaded with me.*
>
> *I didn't have time to answer for I was transported into the room beyond the door.*

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To my surprise, they were not preparing food. They were unwrapping the bride's gifts. I gave them another lesson, "That's not your job. The bride should unwrap her gifts!" But then I had a thought I think I'll see what she's getting.

Each gift was in a tall human-sized box—wrapped and tied with a large bow on top. The people would take hold of the bow and pull. With a swish the tie would loosen, the paper would fall to the floor, and the gift-openers would take from the box an article of clothing. They would put it on a hanger and take it to a rack and hang it up.

The colors of the clothing were brown, yellow, green, orange—earth tones.

It was at this point in the vision that I woke up. Exactly at three o'clock. The vision continued, but now there was a narrator, The Holy Spirit.

He told me that the gifts represented the spiritual gifts given to the bride of Christ. The people unwrapping these gifts were the pray-ers.

He explained something like this.
"These gifts are the five-fold ministry gifts, and what you know as the nine gifts of the Holy Spirit. These gifts are in people. The pray-ers have to do with opening the gifts.

"What you see opened so far are earth tones. Gifts to clothe the bride for her earth walk.

" But look over there!"

I looked to the far end of the rack where I saw unopened gifts in bright shining glorious wrappings with huge gossamer bows sitting atop them!

*The narration went on, "The earth-toned garments are what you know of the fivefold ministry gifts and what you call the nine gifts of the Spirit. But those gloriously wrapped gifts are garments of glory to clothe the Bride for her final hours upon the earth**. Just before the Coming of the Lord You are going to see the spiritual gifts operate as they were designed to operate."***

I had an inkling of how that would be. Of pastors operating in the glory of the gifts of a word of wisdom, or a word of knowledge, of discerning of spirits. Of ministers operating in the glory of the gifts of healings and miracles. Of prophecy, and the gift of tongues with glorious revelation.

I had the knowing they had to be unwrapped by the pray-ers
And I had the knowing I was to help the pray-ers.

Heavenly Music

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The Glory of God was upon me when I went down to the meeting room in the same hotel for the evening service. I was a little late. The sound of a trumpet like I'd never before heard came out of the meeting room. Phil Driscoll was playing. I didn't know who he was. Brought up in church, Phil had been backslidden and playing "in the world." He had just come back to fully serve the Lord.

Still in the hallway, the Lord spoke to me, "That's one of those glorious gifts. That sound is from heaven." After he finished, I even dared to give Phil a word to that effect.

Phil Driscoll's Mother's Vision

Years later, probably in the 1990s, Shelli, my daughter, and I were ministering for Norvell Hayes in a meeting in Cleveland, Tennessee. Phil Driscoll's mother was there. By this time, I knew who Phil was and I told the vision in the meeting, including the part about Phil.

Mrs. Driscoll was visibly moved. She came right up to me after the meeting and said, "I have to take you and Shelli to lunch." She took us to a restaurant where she knew the manager and could arrange a private room for just the three of us.

Then, with a tremor in her voice she said, "I've never told this to anyone. But I must tell you what happened when I was pregnant with Phil. His father and I had purchased an old Methodist church. We started a Four-Square Church in it and we lived in the basement. One day I the Holy Spirit told me to go upstairs to the sanctuary. Light and music was streaming through the stained glass windows. I was told to sit down before it. The light and the music flowed into my womb where Phil was being formed. The music was like Phil plays. It wasn't the same instrument exactly. But it was the same..."

I don't remember the exact word she used, but I got the picture that she meant with glissandos.

It was a very holy moment.

Confirming Witness

Now fast forward to 2019 or so. Shelli and I drove from our homes in Branson to Ozark, Missouri. We were browsing around in antique shops.

The owner of one, a man, came up from the back of the store and excitedly asked, "Are you Billye Brim?"

Then he proceeded to tell me that in 1981 he'd been coerced you might say to attend that same small summer camp meeting in Minneapolis. He said that he'd always been skeptical about falling under the power of God and vowed he would never do it. He said that I called him to the front, laid hands on him, and he was not only slain in the spirit but instantly baptized in the Holy Spirit speaking in tongues.

He went on to say that as he sat in that meeting listening to Phil, he thought, *How in the world did this small group of people get such a trumpet player*. And then he told us that he heard like a hundred-voice-choir and thought, *How in the world did they afford such a choir.*

All that happened before I called him out. No wonder he received.

"Well," I told him, "let's just call Phil Driscoll and you tell him what you told me."
We did. He did. And we were all blessed.

Yes. The supernatural. This Christian life is supernatural. And it's going to get gloriouser and gloriouser, from one degree of glory to another until there's just one more degree of glory and then—We're out of here!!!!!!!