

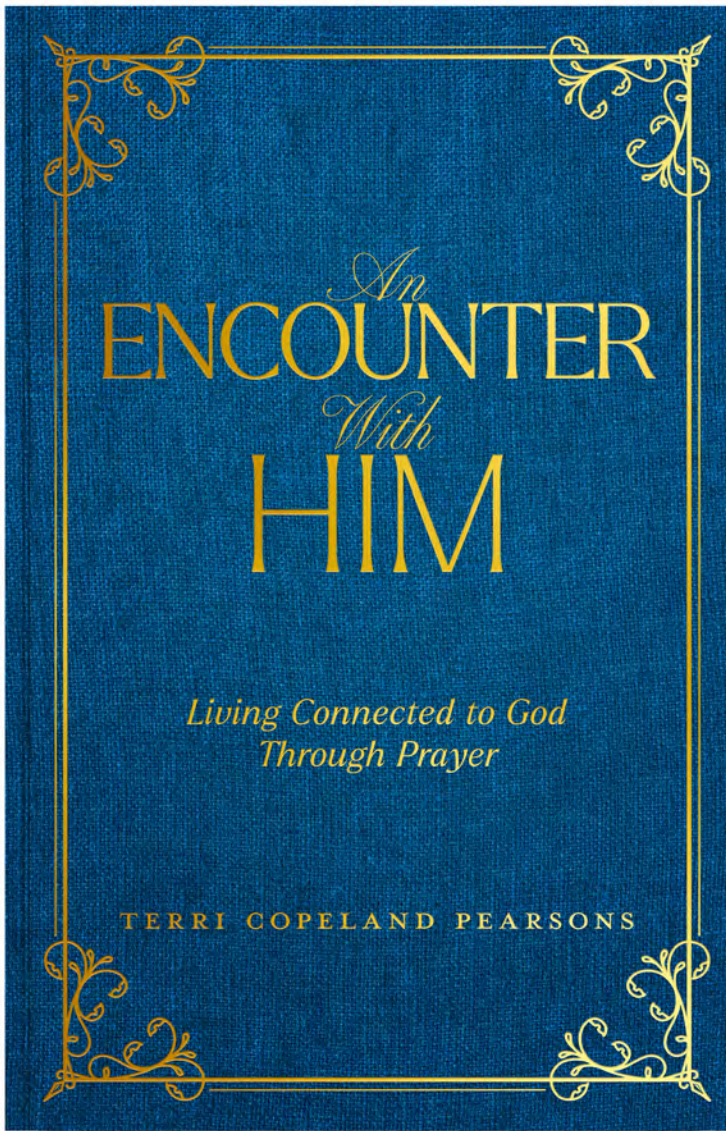
**SNEAK  
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SAMPLE ONLY

*An*  
**ENCOUNTER**  
*With*  
**HIM**

*Living Connected to God  
Through Prayer*

TERRI COPELAND PEARSONS



**We hope you enjoy this feature message excerpted from the book.**

We encourage you to get the full book to receive all the benefits from this powerful message.

**Buy Now**

*Tremendous! Magnificent!* Those are just a couple of words that come to my mind after reading *An Encounter With Him*. MY prayer girl wrote this book! What a writer! I decided when I received the manuscript that I was going to read it like any other book, with my pen and highlighter ready to receive. I learned so much about prayer, and I learned so much about my daughter Terri, throughout this whole book.

What a joy it was to read about my mother, Vinita, or Nonnie as most family called her, and the impact she had on Terri. It meant a great deal to me to see just how much she and my mother were praying for me constantly. That's what saved my life. Terri revealed things in her book that I'd never heard before—about the time they spent together, and those thoughts and ideas have become very precious to me.

My mother taught Terri how to pray by praying for me. This ministry was built on the foundation of their prayers. Even after all these many years, Terri is still running this Kingdom race with me and holding up us all through her leadership in prayer.

There are many principles of prayer that you can learn from Terri, such as “prayer is not just about getting a particular result, it's about what happens in you as you pray.” But my favorite part was learning to talk to price tags (page 132)! This really got my attention. Through prayer and price tags, she got the revelation that nobody and no one else but God was her source.

Terri has built her entire life developing a covenant relationship with The LORD through prayer. This book will bring you along on that journey—inviting you to have the same encounter. Her words and teaching have helped open my eyes to a world of prayer that most believers don't know about, or of which they have no personal revelation.

I know when you read the same words I have, you will experience the anointing that's on her to communicate the power of prayer that is available to every believer. My prayer for you is that these God-ordained words sink deep into your spirit, leaving a lasting impression on you, just as they did on me.

I'm eternally grateful for my praying mother who imparted her grace into my praying daughter.

*KC, aka Dad*

---

When I was sent the manuscript of *An Encounter With Him*, needless to say, the first thing I did was to dive into it! I would like to say that I read through it, but I didn't—I wept and rejoiced and prayed my way through it.

Reading about grandmother “Nonnie” marked me. I was stirred, instructed and challenged, but I wasn't left the same. She made a difference because of how she lived each day—hers was a DAILY walk with God—a walk with God that left us an example of prayer that is still blessing the generations after her.

Coupled with “Nonnie's” example, Terri Pearsons so skillfully teaches how you can bear much prayer fruit as YOU walk with God. She makes it so “doable”—her skill makes it simple for everyone else to do. Pastor Terri has put handles on these precious truths so that you can easily grasp them and take them to yourself, implementing them into your own life.

You will come away from reading this book not just knowing something more, but also wanting something more, and doing something more. Your hunger will be both satisfied and ignited.

May this book usher you into the place of being a “Nonnie” in someone else's life, where your walk with God makes it easy for others to know Him and to receive their miracle.

*Nancy Dufresne*  
*Pastor, Author, Broadcaster*  
*Murrieta, California*

---

I just finished reading Terri Pearsons' book *An Encounter With Him*. For years, I have counted Terri a cherished personal friend. I have been, and still am, an avid follower of her teaching, and believe she is one of the finest Bible teachers I know in the land today. In fact, when I am honored to hear her speak, I lay everything aside and really pay attention. I have learned that if I will quiet myself to listen to her, I will receive rich revelation from the Spirit of God. And now, in the same way I receive from Terri as she speaks, her voice calls out to me and to others in this remarkable book.

Terri draws deeply from Scripture, from the Spirit of God, and from personal experience, to communicate that prayer is about living connected to God—and that it is the “greenhouse” required for any person to experience spiritual growth in his or her life. Indeed, this book communicates what prayer is, what it isn't, how to do it, and what it produces. For

men and women alike, this book holds answers that will walk them from where they are into the deeper place that their hearts have longed to know and experience. Don't let this book sit unread on your bookshelf or coffee table. *An Encounter With Him* is a book you must read from beginning to end, and you must allow its words to sink deep into your heart to help you sink deep into the awesome presence of God!

*Rick Renner*  
Minister, Author, Broadcaster  
Moscow, Russia

---

*An Encounter With Him* is written by a dear friend who has experienced the encounters with God that she writes about, basing each one thoroughly in scripture. This book is far more than a journal of Terri Pearsons' own testimonies. It brilliantly portrays God and how to interact with Him in such a clear way that any person desiring to encounter Him would know how, and begin today. As I read this book, my eyes often filled with tears and my heart burned to know and encounter Him more.

*Patsy Cameneti*  
Teacher, Pastor, Author  
Brisbane, Australia

---

This book is like opening or unlocking a treasure chest. Please pay close attention, because as your fingers turn from page to page, there are hidden secrets of heaven for your heart to discover, embrace and experience. Terri is one whom I would like to call a supernatural, no, a "Heavenly Lexicon"—lexicons tend to carry the language and vocabulary of a person or place and translate it for easy mental and spiritual digestion.

*Encounter* is used in the title, and I am so glad, because this book IS an encounter. When you grasp this book with your heart, you will surely know and understand what Jesus said in Matthew 11, "Come and learn from me, and I will teach you the unforced rhythms of grace..."

As you read, you will be empowered to join a worldwide movement of the Spirit, to link arms with others just like you, and pray your part in the coming of the Kingdom.

You are here for such a time as this.

*Lynne Hammond*  
Teacher, Pastor, Author  
Brooklyn Park, Minnesota



*An*  
ENCOUNTER  
*With*  
HIM

*Living Connected to God  
Through Prayer*

TERRI COPELAND PEARSONS



KENNETH COPELAND  
PUBLICATIONS

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## ***An Encounter With Him***

*Living Connected to God Through Prayer*

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# DEDICATION

Prayer, like most spiritual truths, is *caught* as well as *taught*. It's possible for truth to be *taught* without much experience, but it is *caught* from those who have lived practicing the truths they present.

Lessons on prayer can be learned as quickly as they can be spoken; but catching prayer most often comes through seeing, hearing and praying around someone who is keenly developed in ways of the Spirit, doing kingdom business with God. It is a valuable privilege to ever sit at the feet of such saints. To have multiple occasions with more than one of God's prayer generals is priceless. But to have ongoing access to those whose lives have come to embody the spirit of prayer is a treasure beyond description, and experienced by only a rare few. I am, inexplicably, one of those few.

Billye Brim, Lynne Hammond and Annette Taylor have all graciously opened to others a peek into their own walking, talking and working with the Blessed Trinity. I have learned from many, but these have allowed me, for decades now, to partake of the Spirit that is both within and upon them. Yet, the woman whose walk with Jesus still speaks to me most is *Vinita Copeland, my grandmother, my Nonnie*. Without her determination that I should know and love Him as she did, I would have been ill-equipped for my own calling to open for others what these have opened for me.

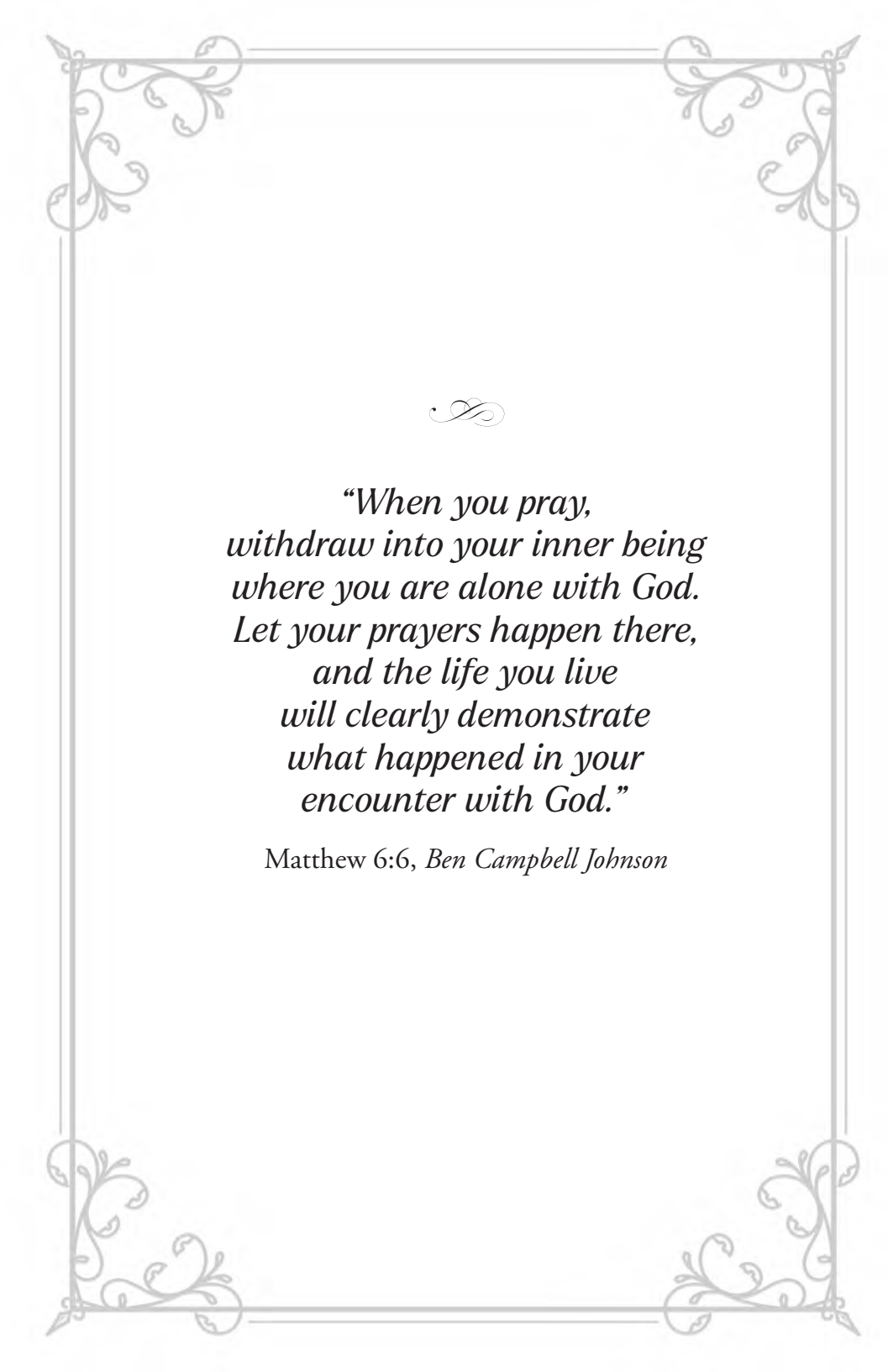
*This book is lovingly dedicated to her.*





*My deepest desire  
for every reader is that  
the spirit of prayer is  
both taught and caught.*



A decorative border with floral and scrollwork motifs in the corners and along the sides, framing the central text.

*“When you pray,  
withdraw into your inner being  
where you are alone with God.  
Let your prayers happen there,  
and the life you live  
will clearly demonstrate  
what happened in your  
encounter with God.”*

*Matthew 6:6, Ben Campbell Johnson*



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## FOREWORD

I knew Vinita Copeland, Kenneth Copeland's mother and Terri Copeland Pearsons' grandmother. This woman of prayer carried a vibrant presence of the Lord. When Terri described to me, some years back, how in her childhood, Vinita drew her close into her very bosom physically and spiritually, I said, "Terri, she knew what she was doing. She was imparting to you."

Terri does a superb job of imparting to you and to me what the Lord, through Vinita, imparted to her. She has a wonderful way with words in putting forth the profound truths of God's Word and encounters with Him, with simplicity. Encounters with God in prayer, that many have never known, are related from the place of experience. You will not be intimidated or overwhelmed by them. Instead, you will be inspired. You will say, "I can do that!"

Terri's insight, and her "how-to" instruction on worship, waiting on God, watching, and so much more, caused me to think, *Yes! That's how it is! She said it so well!* She uses thought-provoking statements such as: "You watch for the Lord and locate His presence," and "My encounter with Love was an encounter with God." And concerning how He uses your prayer time to change you: "Prayer is the greenhouse for spiritual growth.... When you're praying, He'll always be developing you spiritually.... You grow in Him while you're praying."

When Terri handed me the manuscript to write the foreword, I thought I would quickly read through it. But I found myself having to pause, to meditate. I experienced illumination, and even revelation as I did so.

I highly, highly recommend this book to you.

Just think—every good work Kenneth Copeland Ministries has ever done, and will ever do, through its broad outreaches and through the lives of millions of people affected by KCM, can be laid at the feet of one woman who prayed—Vinita Copeland. Her eternal reward is immeasurable. And now, even more will be added unto her through the prayer lives affected by this valuable book. It will affect your own prayer life, and only God knows who all will be affected and what all He can do through your prayers.

*Dr. Billye Brim*

*Teacher, Author, Broadcaster*

*Branson, Missouri*

# AN INTRODUCTION TO THE AUTHOR

*by Pastor George Pearsons*

I first met Terri Copeland at Oral Roberts University in August of 1975.

She was from the great state of Texas—and I was from Massachusetts. That is why it took a little while for us to connect. My dry sense of Yankee humor wasn't quite resonating with the bold cowgirl from deep in the heart of Texas!

But, GOD!

I never imagined that our relationship was going to be for life! That cute girl had a big Texan smile and an alluring Southern accent. But, there was something else about her that I had never quite encountered before.

Her unique conversation and lifestyle deeply spoke to my heart. I listened with great intrigue as she ministered to others. I was like those who listened to Jesus on the road to Emmaus. "Did not my heart burn within me as she talked by the way and opened up to me the Scriptures?"

What was it about this girl? What made her so different?

I did not realize it at the time. She was presenting me with a fresh, new relationship with the Lord. She introduced me to the Word of Faith.

Once we connected, our relationship moved quickly. We were engaged on December 31 of that year!

Before we were married in August of 1977, I had the honor

of living with Terri's grandparents, A.W. and Vinita Copeland. Living with them, serving Kenneth and Gloria Copeland, and knowing her mother, Sandy, gave me great insight into Terri's character, her passion for the Word, and her love for others.

Terri first discovered the adventures of prayer as a little girl, praying at the side of her grandmother. She called her "Nonnie."

Her grandfather A.W. Copeland was a great man of God and integrity. She called him "Grandad."

She was taught the rich heritage of faith by her father, Kenneth Copeland. As a girl, she diligently listened to his preaching on a reel-to-reel tape recorder. She was able to flip the tape over with one hand in the middle of the night when the message would end.

Gloria was a godly example of a woman who was a leader in ministry with great grace and style.

Her mother, Sandy, imparted a great care for people and a heart for those who were hurting. The grandchildren called her "Grammy."

Those primary influences in Terri's life have positioned her to help others connect with the power of God's Word, the presence of God, and the heart of God.

At a very young age, Terri's greatest desire was to attend Oral Roberts University and put her dad on television. While attending ORU, she studied television production from one of the greatest ministers of our time. She worked on the crew for the Oral Roberts weekly programs as well as for his prime-time specials. ORU was a training ground for Terri's immediate future.

By the end of her sophomore year in 1976, the Lord told her it was time to go home. She began working on her second greatest desire. It was time for her dad to be on television.

She successfully accomplished that assignment in 1979 when she became the producer of the *Believer's Voice of Victory* weekly broadcast. She was barely twenty-one at the time! And her father quickly became established as a forerunner in television ministry.

She also produced the *Believer's Voice of Victory* daily broadcast when it premiered in 1989.

In 1993, we became pastors of Eagle Mountain International Church.

In 2017, we stepped in together as the executive leaders of Kenneth Copeland Ministries and all of its global entities.

Kenneth Copeland Bible College was a vision the Lord gave to her to reach the next generation with the Word of Faith. Brother Copeland was in full support. Terri became the KCBC president in 2018.

Honestly, it would take a full biography to expound all that Terri has accomplished in her life—so far!

She is a consummate teacher of the Word whose messages reach deep into the heart of her listeners.

She is a visionary and has a strong prophetic anointing to see into the ministry's future.

She has spearheaded support for the Jews to such a degree that the name of KCM/EMIC is known throughout all Israel.

She is an absolute powerhouse when it comes to prayer.

Pastor Terri has ignited the fires of prayer at Kenneth Copeland Ministries through a dynamic network of prayer groups. “Prayer Everywhere” is the mandate throughout all the ministry departments, at the annual Southwest Believers’ Convention, and to people all over the world.

What more can I say?

Some years ago, Pastor Terri was invited overseas to minister in a church. Never before hearing her speak, the pastor called Jerry Savelle and asked, “What kind of a preacher is Terri?” Brother Jerry answered, “Kenneth Copeland in a skirt!”

I have told people that when it comes to ministry, “Terri not only has the heart of her father—she IS her father’s heart.”

Terri Copeland Pearsons is a tremendous mother and grandmother. It was a breathtaking honor when the family agreed that Terri should receive the name of “Nonnie” when our first grandchild was born.

To me, Terri is THE Proverbs 31 wife. There is no question about it—I am a blessed man. She has a huge heart, a brilliant mind and is a multitasker extraordinaire!

We have two children who are totally involved in ministry.

Our son, Jeremy Pearsons, and his wife, Sarah, pastor Legacy Church in Green Mountain Falls, Colorado. They also reach out internationally and have a television broadcast on VICTORY Channel aptly named *Legacy TV*. They have two awesome children, Justus and Jessie.

Our daughter, Aubrey Mitchell, serves KCM full time. She is a television producer, creative strategist, and a gifted singer and worship leader. She also takes after her multitasking

mother! She and her husband, David, have five gifted children: Madison, Eiley, Kayelin, Brooklyn and Piper.

And finally, it would be difficult to count all the spiritual sons and daughters she has impacted. The Lord knows! Only eternity will tell the accomplishments she has made for the kingdom of God.

Terri is a woman of God whose passion it is to obey God, preach the Word of Faith, and be led by the Spirit to meet the needs of others.



So, Terri—congratulations on your book! Thank you for leading us all into greater encounters with Him.

Now, here is your scripture:

She opens her mouth with wisdom, and on her tongue is the law of kindness. She watches over the ways of her household, and does not eat the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praises her: “Many daughters have done well, but you excel them all” (Proverbs 31:26-29, *New King James Version*).

I am deeply grateful to the Lord for our wonderful lives together. With much love and great admiration...

*Your husband,  
George*





A decorative border with floral motifs in each corner, framing the text.

CHAPTER 1



Living Prayer



## CHAPTER 1

# Living Prayer

### *My Grandmother: Vinita Copeland*

It's often said that a picture is worth a thousand words. But the picture of prayer I saw in the life of my grandmother has proven to be worth far more. Everything I've ever taught or written about prayer over the years, including what you're about to read in this book, can be traced back to her. Not because she formally taught me about prayer, but because she lived it.

Growing up, I stayed at her house a lot, and she prayed all the time. Prayer was like breathing for her. As a very small child, I used to follow her around like a puppy listening to her pray, as 1 Thessalonians 5:17 puts it, "without ceasing."

She prayed while she ironed. She prayed while she sewed. She prayed while she did everything!

I remember at four or five years old literally sitting on her feet underneath her sewing machine. As she stitched along, working the pedal, she was always either talking to Jesus or singing little songs to Him. We called those songs Sunday

school music because we sang them at church. They had words like, “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. Sweetest Name I know. Fills my every longing. Keeps me singing as I go.”<sup>1</sup>

When I spent the night with her (which I often did), she let me sleep in her bed, and I’d hear her praying all through the night. I slept right on top of her until I was six years old. Curled up on her chest, like she was a big pillow, I’d lie there and listen as she inhaled and then exhaled in other tongues, literally breathing out prayer in her sleep.

Sometimes I thought her praying was going to keep me awake, and it might have if not for the little radio she brought to bed with us. Before we went to sleep, she’d search the AM dial for Sunday school music or preaching for me to listen to. When one station faded out, or went off the air, I’d poke her in the ribs. Seemingly without waking up, she’d reach out her hand and move the radio dial around until she found another station. However long it took, she kept finding new stations until I went to sleep.

She didn’t just do this a few times. She did it every time I stayed overnight. Determined to keep me close, she even booted my grandfather out of the bed at one point. Complaining that I kicked like a mule in my sleep, he said, “Vinita, it’s either her or me.” She picked me, and he ended up sleeping in the other room. Eventually, she decided I was old enough to sleep by myself and Grandad got his side of the bed back. But until I was twelve years old, I slept as close as I could—always.

Talking to God just came naturally to me when I was at her house—not because I was a particularly unusual or special

---

<sup>1</sup> “He Keeps Me Singing,” Luther B. Bridgers, 1910, public domain.

child, but because Jesus was so real to me there. His living presence pervaded the atmosphere of her home. It felt so clean and good. Walking into it was like walking into heaven; you just knew you were where God was.

When my grandmother was otherwise occupied, and I had no one else to entertain me, I spent hours at her house talking to God on my own. I didn't go to Him with specific requests, or to pray about anything in particular. Most of the time I didn't know what to say. But it didn't matter. I simply talked to Jesus about whatever came to mind and sang little songs to Him, just like my grandmother—or “Nonnie,” as I called her—did.

Her example was easy for me to follow, even as a child, because she didn't get all technical when she prayed. She didn't focus on religious rules or fancy phrasing. She focused on fellowshiping and communing with God. For Nonnie, prayer was an encounter with Him. That's one reason I'm so committed to sharing with others the picture of prayer she lived out before me.

---

*She didn't focus on religious rules or fancy phrasing. She focused on fellowshiping and communing with God. For Nonnie, prayer was an encounter with Him.*

---

An encounter with God is what prayer is always supposed to be for all of us. And we all need to be reminded of it often. You see, as we learn more about the principles of prayer, we can get so focused on principles that we forget the Divine Person who established those principles. We can get so caught up in the mechanics of prayer that we miss out on life-changing moments with Him.

Billye Brim, another great prayer mentor, once asked me to tell her about my time growing up around my Nonnie. When she heard about Nonnie keeping me close, even through the night, she gasped. “Terri! All those years she was imparting to you! She understood how the anointing could be transferred through such close proximity.” I found that to be true *if* proximity is wrapped in love.

When the spirit of prayer is on someone as it was on my grandmother, it can get on those around them. I realize now that’s what happened to me during those times I spent with her. The prayers she prayed and the songs she sang got inside me; and without me even having to think about it, they began to flow out.

I’ll be forever grateful for the many moments I experienced so early in life because of my grandmother’s influence. One of the most memorable happened when I was about five or six years old.

My grandmother had just bought me a little turquoise and blue plaid umbrella that I really liked. It had a “crystal” knob on it, which I probably imagined was a diamond. Walking around her yard, twirling it in my hands, I was telling Jesus I loved Him and singing, “O, How I Love Jesus”<sup>2</sup> and “Revive Us Again.”<sup>3</sup> (I didn’t know what *revive* meant, but I knew it must be good.) As I strolled up the hill behind my grandmother’s house, twirling my little parasol, I suddenly heard someone audibly call my name. When I turned around to see who was calling me, no one was there. I ran inside and asked my grandmother, “Did you call me?”

---

2 Whitfield, Frederick, originally titled “The Name of Jesus,” 1855. Public domain.

3 William Patton Mackay, 1863. Public domain.

“No, why?”

“I heard my name, Terri Lin. I heard someone say it!”

“Honey, that was the Lord,” she said. “If you hear Him call your name again, you just say what Samuel did in the Bible: ‘Yes, Lord. Here am I.’” (See 1 Samuel 3:9.)

I went back outside and listened. And though I can’t say I heard the audible voice of the Lord again, from then on I could hear it on the inside, and I was always listening for Him. I was always watching for Him to call my name again and speak to me, because I’d heard Him and I knew His voice.

### *Praying for My Dad*

Some of the life-changing moments I experienced in those early years at Nonnie’s house happened while I was praying for my dad, Kenneth Copeland. At the time of my earliest memories, he had not been born again. So praying for him was my grandmother’s top priority. I’ve heard that from the time he was a teenager he seemed determined to go to hell, and she was intent on doing everything she could to stop him. She would get up early in the morning (in the middle of the night for most people) to talk to God about my dad.

Dad still tells about times when, heading out the door on his way to a party, he’d hear my grandmother praying for him. “Oh, Jesus, don’t let him have any fun!” she’d say, “Don’t let him have any fun!”

As a faithful Baptist, Nonnie didn’t have the ability to pray in tongues to fall back on, but she had great faith in the Name of Jesus and in the blood of Jesus. Mostly, all she knew to pray at that time was, “In the Name of Jesus, God, save Kenneth”

and, “In the Name of Jesus, I plead the blood over him.” Whether walking the floor or on her knees, over and over she declared, “I plead the blood,” many times all night long.

I was about four years old, and she would say, “Let’s go pray for your daddy.” She never told me he wasn’t living for God, and I was too young to understand what was going on with him at the time. All I knew was that he smoked cigarettes, and he shouldn’t, and that I needed to pray for him. So, pray for him I did—not just with Nonnie but also by myself.

One day at her house, I found a little gray record player that had belonged to him. When I asked my grandmother about it, she said I could use it to play one of the Christian songs he’d recorded as a gift for her even though he wasn’t saved at the time. I plugged it in and laid on the floor under Nonnie’s coffee table, listening to a very young Kenneth Copeland sing, “Were You There?”<sup>4</sup> Before I knew it, I moved into a place of intercession for him. I didn’t know to call it that, of course. Having no idea what words to say, I cried and cried over my dad, yielding to the Spirit of prayer that had gotten in me by being around my grandmother. Alone under the coffee table, I poured out my heart to God on behalf of my father.

---

*Yielding to the  
spirit of prayer,  
alone under the  
coffee table,  
I poured out  
my heart to God  
on behalf of  
my father.*

---

One of my favorite places to pray for Dad was in Nonnie’s long hallway. It was perfect for

---

<sup>4</sup> African-American spiritual, originating in slavery days. First published by William E. Barton, *Old Plantation Hymns* (Boston: Lamson, Wolfe and Company, 1899) p. 40. Public domain. Recorded by Kenneth Copeland, album *Bread Upon the Water*, KCP, 1979.



doing cartwheels and somersaults at night or on rainy days. Hanging on the wall there were three framed pictures of my dad—publicity photos taken when he was pursuing a career as a recording artist. In one of them, he held a cigarette in his hand.

That cigarette really bothered me! When it caught my eye, as I was walking or cartwheeling down the hallway, I'd stop and put my hand on the picture and pray over him. "God, save Daddy." I was still praying that even after he gave his life to Jesus. It was another five years before he surrendered to the ministry. During those five years, there was a lot of "working out his salvation" that he had to do.

Looking back now at those little hallway prayers, I don't think many believers realize how much power there is in just consistently lifting things to the Lord. They think prayers must be long and sophisticated-sounding to be effective. But that's not the case.

We can just lift to God whatever is on our hearts very simply, and He will hear us and do amazing things. Of course, we must mature in prayer, but it doesn't mean we must complicate prayer. It's the faith released in those prayers that does the work.

### *A Continual Communion*

While growing up, I never really stopped to think about why Jesus was so real to me when I was at Nonnie and Granddad's house. As an adult though, I've come to understand the reason. It was because Jesus' presence was so real to them, especially her. Jesus had always been her all in all.

When she was just a little girl, she would climb up on the windmill on her parents' West Texas farm to be alone with God and talk to Him. By the time she was eleven or twelve years old, she had discovered that my grandfather's sister also liked talking to God, and they began getting together to pray. Good friends, they liked to hold their prayer meetings down in the cellar.

My dad once asked why they chose the cellar, and Nonnie said, "Because down there we could shout and praise the Lord as loud as we wanted to without getting in trouble." As it turns out, the rest of her family didn't appreciate noisy prayer; they were of a stuffer persuasion. When Nonnie and Aunt Barbara got together, however, they got so excited about Jesus when they prayed, they couldn't help but shout, pray, and then shout some more.

As Nonnie put it, "We were never prayer-satisfied."

They never got enough of the Lord.

That remained true throughout my grandmother's life. It was the primary secret behind her spiritual success. Nonnie loved God's Word and was a fabulous Bible teacher. She beautifully laid out the Scripture line upon line, precept by precept. Sometimes word by word. But interestingly, the only topics I recall on prayer were "The Lord's Prayer"<sup>5</sup> and maybe a few others.

Kenneth E. Hagin said, "Some things in prayer are better caught than taught." My grandmother exemplified that. She didn't often attempt to "give lessons" from Scripture on

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<sup>5</sup> Available through Kenneth Copeland Ministries at [kcm.org/shop](http://kcm.org/shop).

everything she knew by the Spirit. She was so full of God's Word though, the Spirit could easily lead her. Without any doubt, she knew God.

She didn't just know *about* Him; she *knew* Him, face to face. She and God were a team. She fellowshiped with Him like you would with any other person you knew very well. There was continual communion between them, and it wasn't just a communion of one kind. She knew Him on every level.

She knew Him in worship. She loved Him so much that her whole life was a worship to Him. She lived for Him. But because she talked to Him so much, when she needed something from Him, she could be somewhat stout in telling Him about it. While she always approached Him with deep humility and respect, she would talk to Him really straight. "Lord, this is what I need from You," she'd say. "You promised it in the Bible, and I fully expect You to do it for me."

She thought every believer should have that kind of boldness. And when she exercised it herself, it was parting-the-Red-Sea time! Like Moses stretching out his rod, she expected God to do the impossible, if necessary. And as far as I know, she always got whatever she needed from Him.

She didn't get things from Him just for herself, either. She prayed all the time for other people. After she passed away, my sister and I were cleaning out her house and we found boxes and baskets filled with pictures. Some were snapshots, others were formal portraits. There were even some baby pictures. But they all had one thing in common—each had a little red cross drawn on the forehead of the person in the photo.

I had no idea who the people were, and my sister and I

laughed together imagining what someone else might have thought if they'd found those photos. They might have concluded our family was part of some kind of strange cult. We knew full well, however, what those red crosses meant. They were a sign my grandmother had prayed for those people.

I remember seeing her sit at the desk, or sometimes on the floor, with a big pillow, praying over picture after picture. With great purpose and intensity, she'd plead the blood of Jesus, in the Name of Jesus, over each one as she marked them with her red pencil. To her, those little red crosses were a point of contact for her faith.

A few years into Dad's ministry, he heard the Lord say within him: *You are going to be a success if I have to wake you up in the mornings and put you to bed at night.* Stunned, he responded to the Lord, "Why, Lord, would You do that for me? There have been greater men than me to fail." The Lord emphatically said, *Because I have your mother in My face!*

She didn't begin to get a revelation of the Word of Faith, as we know it, until after my dad started preaching. But in the denominational church she attended, she'd heard all her life about the power in the blood and in the Name of Jesus. So, that's where she put her faith hooks. She used both the blood and the Name of Jesus in her prayers continually, in a myriad of different ways.

Sometimes, she might just sit quietly, praying for someone and pleading the blood over them in Jesus' Name. Other times, she got so excited she paced the floor. Flinging her hands back and forth as if she were physically sprinkling the blood of Jesus over some person or situation, she'd pray with great passion and vigor: "I plead the blood! I plead the

blood!” When I heard that, even as a small girl, I knew power was being released. Something supernatural was happening.

If my grandmother had known more about releasing faith in the Word earlier in her life, some of her prayers might have come to pass sooner. But since she didn’t, she just kept persevering. She kept doing what she did know to do until she got the result she was after.

Were there times when situations she prayed about didn’t turn out the way she wanted? It’s possible, I suppose. But I never knew about them. As far as I could see, all the things she prayed for happened. Some even after she went to heaven.

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In my eyes, this gave everything she said great validity. For me, when she talked, it was like God talking. If she’d said, “Terri, tomorrow the sun is going to come up in the west instead of the east,” I would have been outside looking west the next morning. Her words were so filled with faith, it was easy for me to believe her, and when I was with her it was easy to believe God. Just sitting in the same room with her, I could sense His presence.

As a result, throughout my teenage years and as an adult, I always listened to her and did what she said. If I had a problem she would say, “Take it to Jesus” or “Hit it in tongues, honey! Hit it in tongues!” And I did!

If she said, “It’s going to be all right,” I believed it. If she said, “Terri, I want you to stop that” (whatever “that” was),

I didn't stop out of fear, I did it out of confidence. (That fact by itself ought to be reason enough for parents of teenagers to want to develop an effective prayer life!)

### ***Comfortable in the Throne Room***

My grandmother has been in heaven now for decades, yet the effects of her prayer life still ripple across the earth. We see them all the time in the testimonies we receive here at Kenneth Copeland Ministries. People are constantly calling and writing to say things like, "I was healed at one of your Believers' Conventions," or "My whole family got born again watching *Believer's Voice of Victory* on television, and now we're learning to live by faith in God's Word." Although most people don't realize it, every one of those testimonies can be traced back to my grandmother's prayers.

They're a direct result not only of the prayers she prayed for my dad, but of the picture of prayer she lived out before him. He learned by watching her, just as I did, that prayer always comes first before any decision or making any move. Many other ministers learned that from her as well, because eventually, her place in prayer blossomed into a ministry.

Through the Bible studies and prayer meetings she led, her influence spread. The meetings themselves were generally small, with only about fifty to seventy-five people attending. (I think the biggest group she ever had numbered about 200.) Yet today, I can count fifteen to twenty powerful churches and ministries that came out of those small meetings. Some of them went worldwide and begat other ministries.

Did all that happen because my grandmother was someone special?

No, it happened because she liked to walk and talk with Jesus. It happened because back in the 1920s, as a little girl on a farm in West Texas, she embarked on an adventure. She climbed up on a windmill, began communing and cooperating with God...and never stopped. That made her special.

Increasingly, as she grew older, my grandmother's whole life became absorbed in that adventure. Other things began to mean less and less. My grandfather was a very prominent salesman in the organization for which he worked, so when they were younger there was a significant social element to Nonnie's life, and she entertained a lot. But as the years passed, she lost her desire for it.

After my husband, George, and I got married, she began giving me things from her house: silverware, lovely dishes and crystal. "Here, take this," she once said. "I don't want it. You're young; you go entertain. I don't have any interest in that anymore."

She might occasionally watch television, and once in a great while she might go to a movie with us, but it was rare, then eventually not at all. She wasn't against those things. She never said, "I don't go to movies," or chided anyone else for going to them. She just wasn't interested in such activities. She was too busy doing what Colossians 3 says:

Aim at and seek the [rich, eternal treasures] that are above, where Christ is, seated at the right hand of God. And set your minds and keep them set on what is above (the higher things), not on the things that are on the earth. For [as far as this world is concerned] you have died, and your [new, real] life is hidden with Christ in God (verses 1-3, *Amplified Bible, Classic Edition*).

Vinita Copeland's desire for eternal things was what drew her into prayer so much. It kept her attention on Christ, at the right hand of God. "He's seated there, and so are you," she'd say. Then, in prayer, she'd go right into the Father's throne room and take us with her.

Oh my, did she have a place in His throne room! She was comfortable there. She always revered it, but she knew she had a right to be there, not because she was someone special, but because of Jesus.

By faith in Him and by His blood, we all have that right. We're all told in Hebrews 4:16 to "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." What made my grandmother different from a lot of other Christians is that she actually acted on that verse. She didn't just believe it and quote it; she did what it said—not just occasionally but all the time.

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That's what it takes for God's presence and power to become a reality in our lives. Simply knowing what the Bible says isn't enough. It's when we take hold of God's Word and activate our relationship with Him around it that it comes to life for us. It's as we fellowship with Him over the Scriptures and act on them that we

experience Him and get to know Him face to face.

Jeanne Wilkerson, another powerful praying woman of God, wrote in her book *Contact With God*:



You can rattle off Scriptures all day long, but if you don't apply the Word in your life through obedience, then that Word can't accomplish what it is sent to do.... The Word of God has been broadcast by radio, television, and word of mouth to millions and millions of people. But not all of those people have been saved, healed, and delivered. That tells us that if the Word could accomplish mighty works on its own, then we would see many more nations of the world on their knees before God. The problem is that the people who do hear God's Word lack the obedience in their prayer lives to make it work. That is why there is so little return on all the Word that goes out into the earth.<sup>6</sup>

A lot more supernatural things would happen to all of us if we applied in prayer what we see about it in the Word and lived in the presence of God like my grandmother did. Her continual awareness of Him was the reason I heard Him call my name that day at her house. Because He was so real to her, He was real to me. If it had been otherwise, He might still have spoken to me but I might not have known what I was hearing. Like the people who heard God speak when Jesus was being baptized in the Jordan River (see John 12:29), I might have just thought it thundered.

We've all missed supernatural manifestations of God at times. We've all walked right past them on occasion because we weren't living in close contact with Him. But the good news is, we can change that.

There isn't anything Vinita Copeland had with God that anyone else can't have. There isn't anything in God that has

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<sup>6</sup> Jeanne Wilkerson, *Contact With God* (Branson: Bilye Brim Ministries) p. 37-38.

happened to her or to me that couldn't happen to you. So, even as you read this book, go boldly to the throne of grace with great faith and expectation. Take the scriptures and insights you find here and commune with God over them. Launch out into new places in the Spirit, and let prayer become for you, more than ever before, a living, life-changing encounter with the Lord.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The eldest daughter of internationally known minister Kenneth Copeland, Terri first discovered the adventures of prayer as a little girl praying at her grandmother's side. Drawing on that rich heritage of faith, she connects people with the living presence of God, teaching them who they are in Christ Jesus and how to pray from that position.

Terri and her husband, George Pearsons, serve as senior pastors of Eagle Mountain International Church on the grounds of Kenneth Copeland Ministries, where they have pastored since 1993. Pastor Terri serves as KCM's Chief Visionary Officer, alongside the ministry's Chief Executive Officer, Pastor George. They have an international commission that takes them all over the world.

Pastor Terri is also President of Kenneth Copeland Bible College, teaching the next generation how to use their faith to live victoriously. Since 1995, Terri has brought life into the prayers of believers world-wide, and ignited the fires of prayer at EMIC through Prayer School and a dynamic network of prayer groups.

Since attending Oral Roberts University in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in the late 1970s, Terri has supported her father's commission to take the Word of God from the top of the world to the bottom and all the way around the middle. For thirteen years she developed the *Believer's Voice of Victory* television broadcast as its first producer, helping establish Kenneth Copeland as a forerunner in television ministry.

Terri and George have two children: Their son, Jeremy Pearsons, and his wife, Sarah, pastor Legacy Church in Green

Mountain Falls, Colorado, and have two children, Justus and Jessie. Their daughter, Aubrey Mitchell, is a Creative Strategist at KCM. She and her husband, David, have five children, Madison, Eiley, Kayelin, Brooklyn and Piper.

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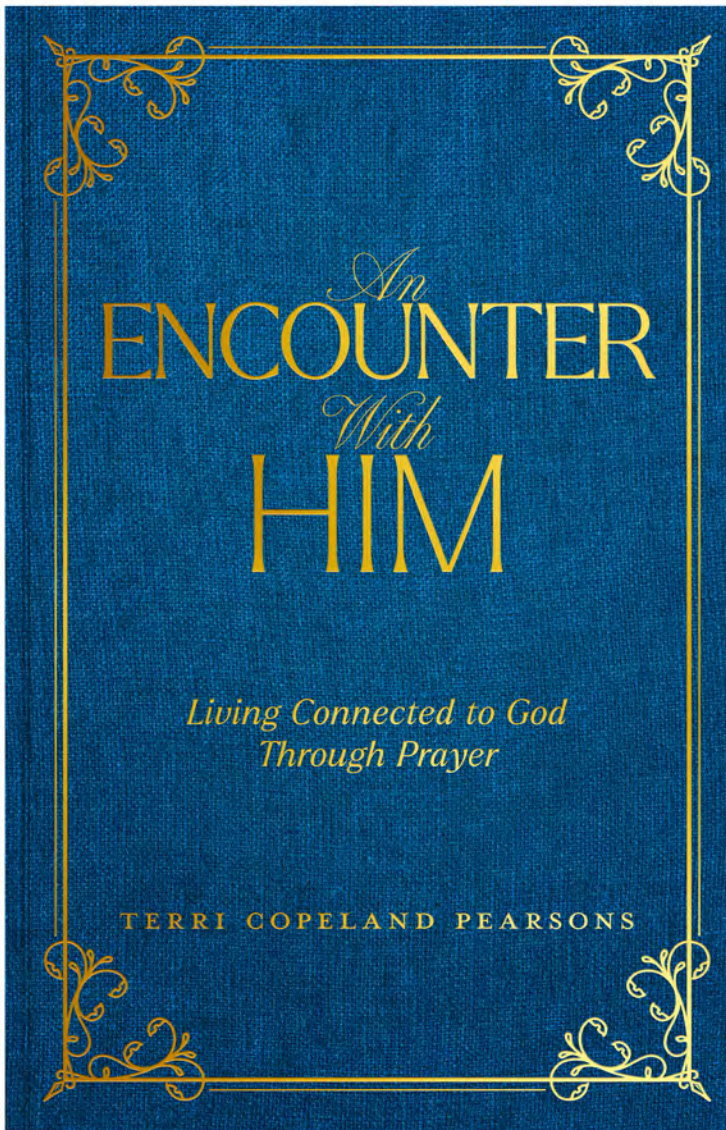
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