



THE WORSHIP HANDBOOK

naomi raine

DEDICATION.

I dedicate this book to my parents, Larry and Marissa Felder, who taught me what it looked like to live true lives of worship in an everyday way. Your sacrifices and intense submission to the great commission has inspired me to seek the Father, worship Him in spirit and in truth, and serve Him with gladness. I love you both and thank you. My prayer is that Jermaine and I are able to raise our children with the same passion and love for the Lord as you two.

INTRODUCTION.

I was 12 years old standing right outside a small conference breakout session room. My parents had to sing at the RAW conference, and so I came with them. It was day two of the conference, and I had successfully snuck away from my friends after a powerful youth service. I was wearing my favorite pair of Tommy Hilfiger jeans. They fit just right, and I've never had a pair that fit quite like them since. The conference schedule stated that the deliverance class would be in this room and while I thought that I should've been running around the hotel with my friends, something had drawn me here. I couldn't shake it. I was intrigued by the idea of deliverance. What was it? Would the Holy Spirit really be doing it? I honestly didn't know what deliverance really was, yet, I was being drawn, so I reluctantly walked into the room. I sat in the second to last row and simply watched and waited.

I tried to catch on to what the southern instructor was saying, but I just didn't really understand. He taught for about twenty minutes and then he began to pray. As he prayed, he began calling people out from the crowd and prophesying to them. This was completely new to me. Afterward, he asked anyone if they needed deliverance. A woman came up. He said a bunch of stuff to her, and she began purging. Now, I know that most people don't enjoy that sort of thing, but I was REALLY scared. I didn't understand it. What was

even more shocking is that the assistants in the room were ready with buckets for anyone who needed to be free in that way. I was trying to leave, but I was glued to the seat. It's like I wanted to be there but I didn't know if anyone else would start puking. I was on edge.

After the demons had been cast out, the instructor asked if anyone else wanted prayer. No one moved. He asked again. I wanted to get up, but I didn't want him to turn me down because I was so young. I felt like I needed to go up, but I didn't want what happened to that lady to happen to me. I didn't want to be near her at all. I was afraid. But still, there was this pull. God was pulling me to the front. So, going against the thoughts in my head, I stood up and walked up to him and stood right in front of him.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve."

"Twelve?" he said in disbelief. *"Have you been filled with the Holy Ghost?"*

"No."

"Do you want to be filled with the Holy Ghost?"

"Yes." He placed his hand on my head and said,

"You are ANOINTED. God is going to use you all over the world."

Now let me stop here quickly to tell you that he said lots more but I can't remember any of it. He prophesied over me. It confused me, but it gave me hope. It was like God was choosing me. The man basically called me into ministry. And even though I can no longer remember most of what he said, it rang true in my heart.

He softly laid his hand on my head and explained what he was going to do and told me not to be afraid. Then he said, "Baptize her!" He repeated it a couple of times. Suddenly this bubbling up of language all the way from my belly started to escape my lips. It started as a whispered, baby-like babbling as tears rolled down my face. I then began crying intensely and felt the weight of the Lord rest on me that brought me to my knees. I kneeled on the floor that day crying and speaking in this strange language. It was amazing. It was weird. It was cool. Before this moment, I had loved to sing but hadn't really been singing with the intent of ministry, I was only twelve. I was singing because my parents sang. They never forced anything on me though, and never forced God on me. They introduced me to Him, showed me what relationship with Him looked like and allowed me to have my own relationship with Him. I loved to sing, but something was unlocked that day that was more than singing. It was purpose. It was a divine encounter with God. It wasn't that man, I don't even remember his name, it was a God moment that shaped me that I'll never forget. You might forget a minister's name and their words, but

when you meet with God, it's unforgettable. God drew me to that room, met me there, and changed my life. I sometimes wonder 'what if I had hadn't gotten up for prayer?' What would the next few years of my life look like? I walked out of the room a new person with a whole new language. They gave me a white cassette tape recording of my time at the altar. It really happened. It was documented. And I was tickled.

I remember going to my friend's hotel room afterward and sticking that tape in my pants pocket convinced that I would deal with this change later. I didn't tell her that I got baptized in the Holy Spirit. I just came to see if she wanted to run around some more. We ran to the elevator. As I was running, my pants got snagged on a table in the hallway, cutting through both my pants and my leg. I was bleeding. It was the last day I wore those pants in public and the first day of the rest of my life with the Holy Spirit. I thought of those pants often. I was sad that I could no longer wear them, they were my favorite pants, but they marked the day that I was changed. They stayed in my drawer for a while, and I'd sometimes try them on to be reminded of the day my life changed. When I got home after the conference, I couldn't wait to put the tape in my tape deck. I would normally spend my days sitting in my 3x4 closet with my radio listening to Jewel, Alanis Morissette, and Paula Cole on Z100 while doing my homework and writing in notebooks. That was what my alone time looked like before this moment.

I remember closing my door and locking it, turning the volume very low and pressing my ear up against the speaker. I didn't want anyone in my family to know what happened to me. I didn't know how to explain it. Frankly, I was a bit embarrassed to tell them that I was speaking in tongues and crying in my room every chance I got. I was too shy to tell them what was happening to me. I was aware that I had been marked and set aside for the Lord to have his way with me but I didn't want anyone to know.

So I hid in my room, and I spent time with the Lord alone. It was awesome. I took that white cassette tape, and I recorded some worship music on the tape right after the recording of my baptism, starting with "Just to be close to you" by Fred Hammond. I listened to that tape and cried and sang every night before going to bed for about 3 months. I listened to it over and over. I relived that moment every day. I studied every word...I would say the words with the minister, capturing every inflection and nuance. I knew it by heart. I would sing "Just to be close to you, just to be close to you. Just to be close to you, is my desire" every night and cry and sing it to the Lord, and the Lord would fill the room with His glory! I was conceived in the Spirit that day in the conference room, but I was birthed in the spirit over the next few months in my bedroom. I would sing, pray in the spirit, write and talk to God and weep in the presence of the Lord. I'll be honest. I didn't ask many questions. I just enjoyed His presence. We sorta had a secret love affair going on. I would do my homework in the glory. I'd clean my room in

the glory, I'd do everything in the glory, and my life's goal has been that since. It was kinda like going to your favorite restaurant- you know the best dishes there, and you have your favorites, and you're just excited to see what new things come on the menu. It was like watching your favorite movie. You know all the words, and it never gets old. You become invested in the story, and you're always intrigued by the story.

My prayer is that my very heart would beat for the glory of God and that the cadence of my breathing would be worship to the Father. Lord, let everything I do be for you! Bathe this generation in your glory! Let us live in your presence!

PURPOSE.

Growing up, I didn't really have a model for leading prophetic worship or hosting the presence of God. I spent a lot of time looking for a mentor, I just wanted someone to look to for advice. It seemed like every time I got close to asking someone to mentor me, something prohibited us from meeting. One day, many years ago, during prayer, the Lord told me to stop looking for someone to look up to and look to him. Surely, the Lord wasn't telling me no! I was quickly reminded of the children of Israel who rejected God as their King and begged for a human king. I didn't understand, but I trusted Him. I can see now that the Lord had charted a different course for me. It is often new but exciting. I thought I just wanted someone to follow, but what I really wanted was someone to validate every step I made and give me instructions on every step I took. But I already had that in God. The Lord wanted to lead me. I often wonder how many others the Lord has offered His services to and how many have declined him.

People are often looking for someone to show them how to do something. This is why YouTube is so popular. I totally get that. It's the reason I'm writing this book. I'm sharing what the Lord taught me with you. While I want you to read this book, don't ever look to someone else for what God wants to directly teach you himself. Everybody is not called to pioneer, lead, teach and influence others on a large

scale, but everyone can have a face to face encounter with the Almighty God! The beautiful thing about the access we've been given as believers is as soon as Jesus died, it's the first thing we received. ACCESS. The veil was torn, and it was never mended. One of the major themes in this book will be asking God for what you'd like. Whether it's wisdom, insight, clarity, understanding, ingenuity, creativity, revelation, etc., you can ask the Lord for that and watch him come through every time. If the Lord has given you a task, He will help you complete it. While He won't just do everything for you, He will give you what can only be gained through Him.

This book is a tool for worshipers and worship leaders that desire to release the sound of heaven into the earth and offer up the earth's sound to heaven. I wanted to provide a go-to book that could serve as a quick reference for scriptures and principles of the kingdom as it pertains to worship along with some wisdom I've learned through the years. I want to be very clear, this book is not an exhaustive book on worship. Technically, worship is the sacrifice given to one who is worthy, and it encompasses way more than music and creative arts. Worship is truly accomplished when people present their bodies as living sacrifices to the Lord in whatever way that is. But worship is usually an action. Something must be done in order for it to be worship. It's got to cost you something. And it must come from a sincere heart. This book will focus on creative expressions of worship for both the corporate and private worship settings, in hopes

that it will help the believer cultivate a balanced lifestyle of worship.

PROVERBS.

Just wanted to share some worship tips. I entitled this chapter “Proverbs” because it is a small set of wise sayings regarding worship. Many worship leaders don’t share, and that’s sad. Sometimes we don’t really know how the glory of God was ushered in. And when we do know, we tend to think that if we share, then we’ll become obsolete. Not so. When you share you go from being just a worship leader to being a teacher too. Let the Lord stretch you! He’s stretching me!

- - - -

Worship teams and leaders need training. Some can receive training by just watching, others need more intentional training.

Invest in yourself and your church. Go to a conference at least once a year. You need to be reminded of why you do this. Being around people with the same interests does that.

A worship conference is not just a time we get together to sing. TEACH & TRAIN the people. Not just with seminars and lectures. Most people on the worship team are creatives. Many of them have different learning styles. So auditory alone will not cut it. They need hands-on learning experiences, activations, splitting into groups and going at it. I know it's not the easiest thing, but conferences can't just tell us about worship and not intensely train the leaders.

Every learner has a learning style. Be sure to teach people in the way that they learn best. The goal is not just to release—the goal is that they catch what's being released.

As worship leaders, **we need to know when to stop singing, speaking, and exhorting.** We can easily become a distraction if we're not careful during worship.

PROVERBS. *continued.*

Do not yell at people during worship, especially while they're already worshipping. You become a hindrance to the ones you were called to minister to and lead. **In heavy moments, command angels, not people.** You are there to serve them.

Know your audience. You've got to be sensitive to where the room is. There is a time to exhort, a time to be quiet, a time to be creative, a time for call and response, a time to bow, a time to dance, a time to declare, a time to war, a time to be still, a time to sing in unison, a time for harmony, a time to shout, etc. But discern the times.

Here's a hint: The Russian-speaking Elderly Baptist Church of Idaho is likely not going to respond to Tye Tribbett's music. Some things are practical and not spiritual. **Music comes in many forms for a reason.** Help the people. Lead the people. We should do our jobs so well that we are in danger of becoming obsolete.

The Jezebel spirit wears the worshiper out by attacking the mind and causing the person to be in survival mode.

Just because they're not singing doesn't mean they're not worshipping. **The Lord OFTEN downloads thoughts, instructions, images and ideas during worship.** People normally stop singing when these things happen to them. Be sensitive enough to understand that and not bring condemnation into the corporate worship moment. The worship is not for you, it's for God. If you worship, they will follow.

Many worship leaders are frustrated with the congregation they're called to lead. We complain about them. They're dead. They're lazy. Whatever. But many times it's us. They may be a stiff-necked people, but if the Lord put you there—they're your stiff-necked people. **So take the time to inquire of the Lord.** I promise you, if you ask the Lord, He will give you everything you need.

PROVERBS. *continued.*

You won't always get everything right while leading worship. **The most valuable asset you have is your ability to hear the Holy Spirit.** If you go the wrong way, you can quickly redirect.

Pay attention to the voice of God, this way you're not worried when you're on a platform. If you're worried, you're distracted.

Don't seek every platform. Seek the Father. Everybody is not called to lead worship because everybody is not a great leader. Don't allow your validation to come from the fact that you can lead a corporate worship moment. You cannot have your identity rest on that. It has to first rest on the fact that you're a son. Let worship flow from there both privately and corporately, and the Lord will use you where He sees fit.

PROVERBS. *continued.*

Shifting atmospheres works both ways. Don't be the one who shifts us OUT of the glory place. You don't NEED to direct the worship when the glory is here. Sometimes you do need to say something.

Be led. Get to know the voice of God. Get to know how he communicates with you. The Holy Spirit is training us to hear his voice every day in everyday things.

Consecration is more of an internal work than an external one. We start with our tongues! Read James 1.

“Those who consider themselves religious and yet do not keep a tight rein on their tongues deceive themselves, and their religion is worthless.”

James 1: 26