

SHAKE OFF THE DUST

And other testimonies

TRUE STORIES OF GOD'S LOVE, MERCY,
JUDGEMENT, SUPPLY, MIRACLES AND VICTORY
IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

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INTRODUCTION

I am, to be honest, really writing this book for the future. Long after I am gone from this earth, I trust the Lord that this book in some form will find its way into your hands and heart. I was born in the 20th century and am now living in the 21st century, (as it is now called).

Recently I read a book written by a Christian preacher in the 1600s. This book truly challenged and changed my life almost as much as any other book except the Bible. So it is my hope you will find something valuable from these pages you are now reading, whenever and wherever you may read it in the future.

My life is spent as a vapour and now it nears its earthly end, I pray the counsel and advice and testimonies will inspire you dear friend, to know the Lord in a better and greater way than I have done.

May you be part of that 'fruit that remains' (John 15:16) and in time may you also then be 'the seed' that will encourage many others in the future to reach this corrupted earth with the Gospel, of which it is no small thing to be called by God to be a 'Minister'.

Ephesians 3:7 / of which I became a minister according to the gift of the grace of God given to me by the effective working of His power.

1 Timothy 4:6 / If you instruct the brethren in these things, you will be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished in the words of faith and of the good doctrine which you have carefully followed.

Acts 26:16 / But rise and stand on your feet; for I have appeared to you for this purpose, to make you a minister and a witness both of the things which you have seen and of the things which I will yet reveal to you.

In the following pages you will find some testimonies from my life.

I wish I could say I was a great healer, or a great missionary or great evangelist, or a great preacher, or even just a great person for the Lord. In fact and in truth, I feel I am none of these, but what the Lord has showed me is that I should put down for posterity the testimonies I do have, because He has told me that someone somewhere in the future will need them and they will be a blessing to you in your language and in your time and generation, by God's grace.

So to be truthful I am a poor reflection and example of Jesus Christ, nevertheless the Lord can use just about anyone, and I, along with many other missionaries of my generation and long before, were at least willing to live full time for Christ in many countries of the world. 'Sometimes abounding and sometimes abasing', but all the time counting our daily service and goals as the least we could do for Him who died for us and loved us also, even on a daily basis.

Luke 17:10 / So likewise you, when you have done all those things which you are commanded, say, 'We are unprofitable servants. We have done what was our duty to do.'” (Jesus)

We presently live in a world where, in the Western or ‘Developed’ world, things are what are often called ‘politically correct’.

If something is not what the government or even the ‘Media’ wants you to say or even think, then you will be increasingly intimidated or scared or isolated in obscurity. So this book is anything but ‘politically correct’, in fact it’s a testament against political correctness.

Because God is not politically correct

And that which is often highly esteemed among men (politically correct) is (quite often) an ‘abomination’ in His sight, but we couldn’t use such words as ‘abomination’ or other such tough words in these days of the post-modern and post-Christian West. We are restricted at least in these European, Western and American lands and especially where I have written and produced this book.

Luke 16:15 / AAnd He said to them, “You are those who justify yourselves before men, but God knows your hearts. For what is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God.

However it is not enough for a gardener to ‘love flowers’, he must also ‘hate weeds’. A Christian cannot just ‘love God’; he must also ‘hate the evil’ which the devil is transporting on to the face of the earth in these last days. As Jesus Himself said in a parable talking directly about this; ‘an enemy has done this’

Matthew 13:25 / but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way.

Matthew 13:28 / He said to them, 'An enemy has done this.' The servants said to him, 'Do you want us then to go and gather them up?'

Matthew 13:39 / The enemy who sowed them is the devil, the harvest is the end of the age, and the reapers are the angels.

I pray you enjoy these true stories and that God will use them to encourage you and I look forward to meeting many of you in that great Eternal World God has prepared for us. Be faithful to death and He will count you worthy. 'Love not the world neither the things that are in the world, for all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes and the pride of life, as well as the politically correct thinking, are not of the father but are most definitely 'of the world'.

1 John 2:15-17 / 15 Do not love the world or the things in the world. If anyone loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him. 16 For all that is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life—is not of the Father but is of the world. 17 And the world is passing away, and the lust of it; but he who does the will of God abides forever.

Some of the stories, particularly about death, may shock even some Christians. I have tried to record the things that happened to me to show both God's great goodness and love to us on a personal basis, and also that almost unspeakable part many of us don't know how to talk about, which is His judgments on people, cities or countries which the Bible also frequently talks about.

I hope you have already prayed before you read the rest of this book. God bless you. See you there.

Pastor Jerry Finch.
Europe 2015-2016

PART ONE

My life until I was 18

Childhood

I was born in the early hours of a winter's morning in a small suburb of the outer southern edges of London, that great city of history and pomp and glory, empire and blood, plague, fire and famine.

By the time I was born, the British Empire had long faded and I was a child of the post-war period. My father had become a very successful journalist for a national newspaper in Fleet Street, London, and my mother was a strict nurse who rose to a high position in the British nursing profession. None of this was known to me as I made my way into this life. Winters then were cold; I remember abundant snow and spring flowers when I was young.

We must have had a beautiful house because I clearly remember sitting with my mother looking out of the bay-windows on to the beautifully-lawned back garden one spring afternoon. While my mother was working her tapestry (there was no Internet, TV, or other 'gadgets' or other present day technologies in those days), I looked up at the sky, (that is a real 'sky', not a company called by the same name); perhaps I was about 4 or 5 years old at the time. Suddenly the clouds seemed to move and I clearly saw a formation of clouds move into the shape of Jesus Christ on the cross, some miles above us. It perhaps was my imagination, but everything seemed just so clear in my little mind.

Maybe it was a flash of revelation, I can't say, but one thing I know for sure, I saw Jesus there on the cross for some time. Excitedly I called my mother, and said; Oh, look mother, it's Jesus

on the cross up there in the clouds!', in my childish zeal. Without interrupting the flow of her tapestry work, and without looking up, I still remember her faith-withering reply; 'don't be ridiculous dear.'

After that I don't remember much until I was in primary school. I must have had some powerful genes from my parents and their ancestors. My father's side of the family goes back to the Normans who conquered England in 1066, and my mother's side, as far as we can tell, goes back to Sephardim Jews from Spain or Portugal who settled in western and southern Yorkshire several hundred years later. Perhaps I can blame my genes on the fact I was expelled from primary school at the tender age of 8, apparently I was already a leader of a 'gang' and we must have had some issues with another group of kids in the small primary school we went to. Anyway, I was expelled for apparently 'bashing a boy over the head with the metal lid of a rubbish bin'. Rubbish bin lids were made of metal then before rubber was introduced (probably for health and safety reasons)! It just wouldn't be the same to bash someone over the head with a rubber one! Eventually I was restored into the school after a few days and the appropriate penance. My headmistress was a wonderful elderly-but-not-yet-retired woman of heavy girth and formidable features, and she positively assured my mother I would 'do well from now on' with a stern look at my innocent features.

Today I look back at that little primary school, representative as it was, of fading noble British values and where the teachers encouraged us to memorise the Bible in parts and learn our prayers.

Today that primary school has been turned into part of a small parade of shops and my former primary school classroom is now a Turkish kebab shop!

Indeed things did get better there, at that lovely primary school.

My maths teacher, dear old Mr. Monaghan taught us diligently and made us memorise Christian hymns and the 23rd psalm. We played football (soccer) and all pupils were divided into 'houses' to which they belonged, each representing a 'Virtue'; which were: Courage, Truth, Loyalty, Endeavour, and each house being represented by different colours.

By the time I was 11 we had those awful exams, perhaps you have them in your country, by which in the UK virtually your whole future was decided by whether you passed them and went to a grammar school (good) or went to a secondary modern school (bad) or at least that was the thinking then. Fortunately I didn't have flu, sickness, and was not feeling run down that day, so I passed!

Unfortunately for anyone who was feeling under the weather that day, your life was permanently affected by those three intensive days!

Grammar School

Grammar school was an exciting place and a big change. My older brother, Andrew, had already preceded me into the glory of grammar school a few years before, so I had an idea of what to expect.

Somehow the Lord has given me a mind able to learn languages, so I excelled in French, however I wasn't given the same gift for sciences, so I had to work harder in chemistry and physics. Somewhere in the relieving middle, was sport, in which I was able to excel. I mention this, because so much education today is moving away from both sports, and team sports, preferring to cram in more book work. In Hong Kong for example (and there are many other

countries which are similar), the bodies of children are increasingly not being expanded both outwardly and inwardly through physical exercise. Consequently the children there are ticking health time-bombs, and far more likely to die early; another example of the short term vision of parents and educators alike, who minimise such things in favour of academic success.

As for me, the Lord allowed me to excel in tennis and cross-country running; both of which I was the school champion for four years in my mid and late teens. I also ran in national and county championships on a regular basis, finishing well above my age group.

We also played that unique game called rugby; which, if a boy had not played it, he could barely call himself a man!

Our school, Reigate Grammar School, happened to have the best rugby team in southern England, so although I was competent in the 'scrum-half' position, I could only make the 'B' team, rather than the 'A', which conquered all other grammar schools before them. Nevertheless I learned how to tackle, and that was no small feat. To learn how to bring down a boy who is well over 6 feet tall and weighs almost 100 kg, while you are a skinny 40 kg was nothing short of a miracle! I thank our beloved rugby teacher Mr Sims, from a coal-mining valley in South Wales, who taught us emphatically and continuously that 'the bigger they are the harder they fall'! This was in fact my first act of faith. I remember when huge Nellie Armstrong came running towards me at what seemed like 100 miles per hour, and I was the last line of defence, so I just hurled myself at his calves as Mr Sims taught us, and refused to let go. It worked! However the first time his pumping knee seemed to

hit my lower jaw and cause my jaw to rise up and practically cut off the half of my teenage tongue! Aaagh, the delights of rugby and sport!

Many years later, in fact by the time I had my mid-life health check in Indonesia about the age of 47, with an exceptionally kind Chinese Christian doctor, he found out my heart was so big and healthy it broke all previous time records in Jakarta on their treadmill test by several minutes. Thank God for Mr Sims and school sports!



Mr Sims, our beloved rugby teacher overseeing a training session. Circa 1968.

It is good to stay healthy through exercise and diet. And you don't have to become a world record holder, you just need to participate regularly in sport or exercise of some type. This will help you preserve what will be the temple of the Holy Spirit for the Lord in days to come, after all, you won't be much good to the Lord on this earth if you are dead! You may sometimes wish to depart this



RGS Athletics team 1968. The author, aged 14, second row, standing at extreme right.

life early, but as the Apostle Paul said, to abide in the flesh is more profitable for others!

*Philippians 1:23-24 / 23 For I am hard-pressed between the two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.
24 Nevertheless to remain in the flesh is more needful for you.*

During my time at grammar school, life in Western society was changing. Many young people were dabbling in drugs, including a few in my school, and I myself even tried cannabis and LSD when I was around 16.

But for me my great delight was music and sports and languages. I thank God nothing really severe happened to me during this time, although I did begin to wonder why it was people in general didn't seem happy? When you are young you are more pure and idealistic, and I was just that. Why did people not look you in

the eye for very long? They always seemed to look sideways, at least in England. It seemed to bother me quite often. I later realised this was because of sin or separation from God in our hearts.

Some friends and the media also started talking about other religions like Hare Krishna and other eastern religions and philosophies.

Although I grew up nominally a Christian and, my mother sent me to Sunday school since I was about five years old. I can only remember going there and that my brother and I took the financial offerings she had given us for the time and that we spent it on sweets! Eventually our 'sins found us out' and the practice was discontinued.

Music of course touched my soul a lot, even though I didn't know Jesus yet, songs like 'Bridge over troubled water,' by Simon and Garfunkel, and 'Looking for a miracle in my life' ('The Question' song) by the 'Moody Blues', sounded like the voice of God to me. Somehow in the spiritual wasteland I was living in, it seemed that there was hope, and it caused my soul to be lifted up into something I knew not.

The Summer of my Salvation

My parents had just divorced in the summer of 1971, and I moved with my mother and brother to the Sussex coast. My brother was moving on to Art College, a decision he has always regretted, and I was due for my final year at school and the dreaded 'A' level exams.

So, in this last summer before I left school, aged 17, my elder

brother and I went on a camping holiday together to North Wales and the mountains of Snowdonia. How our parents let us do this at such a tender age as 17 to 19 on very small motorbikes which we barely knew how to navigate is beyond me! Nevertheless we went in almost total ignorance of the hardships and potential dangers on the motorways.

At this time I had picked up a book about the Eastern religions of 'Hare Krishna' one of the primary Hindu Gods. This was popular among young people at the time. Perhaps your generation's trending thing is entirely different, the Devil has a great variety of trends, just so long as it isn't Jesus!

I gathered from this book that if I chanted the names 'Hare Krishna' enough and also for long enough I would somehow enter into a spiritual world not many others have entered into. All in good faith, and as an empty sponge of a person, with an almost empty mind at the time, I started to try this during our journey. Mmm, something was happening, but I wasn't sure if it was because I was also fasting at times (as suggested in the book) that I started to feel dizzy and 'other-worldly'. Well, it could be a 'sign' that this religion was true, I reasoned, so I continued.

My brother and I were seemingly fairly placid people. I only remember us ever having one argument in our growing up together before this trip. Once we reached Snowdonia, we seemed fairly happy and enjoyed the breath-taking scenes in gorgeous early August weather. On one of the nights we had a fierce argument. I cannot even recall the nature of the disagreement but you can be sure it was insignificant and petty. However the result, like many small arguments, was life-changing! My brother left me and I remained on this hill or small mountain and slept the night there

after a dinner of baked beans and sausages in a can.

The next morning the sun shone, the sky was blue and the lakes glistened in the morning air. Life was good, I thought, and I also wondered if there was a God? What about this Hare Krishna business, I thought? Let's give it another try this morning, so I decided to try and chant this stuff for as long as I could.

I packed up and started the descent down the long very winding mountain roads on my little moped. The roads were hemmed on one side by the mountain itself, and on the other by strong Welsh granite walls about three or four feet high. Beyond the granite walls was a very long drop into the valley far below. As I motor-biked down this mountain, I was 'really into' chanting the name of this 'Hare Krishna' deity, so much so that the seemingly endless monotony of going round so many bends in the road became lost in my hypnotic chant of the name 'Hare Krishna'. Surely this must be the answer to the 'meaning of life', I contemplated, yet as I was contemplating, it seemed that I was not contemplating enough on the bends in the road because suddenly the next bend came up and hit me!

I swerved as fast as I could to avoid a head-on collision with Welsh granite and stone and amazingly swerved to enable my right knee full impact into the Welsh wall. My chest and body followed and crashed into the stone. Fortunately the wall held, (as good Welsh walls should), and I fell backwards onto the road. I looked at my knee and saw a white bone sticking straight up at me. Some blood was present and I was immediately impressed at how white human bones actually are, having never seen one so close up before. My only reaction as I felt considerable pain in my chest was

to scream out the word... Jesus!

Not much else remains clear to me, except within a few minutes a local farmer was ascending the mountain, and graciously put me and the offending motorbike into his pick-up truck. I remember waking up in a hospital. I don't know how long I had been there or even where it was; all I can remember was that I was alive and that Hare Krishna had not come through for me, but shouting the Name of Jesus had somehow saved the day.

It turned out that both my knee and the bike were repairable, although the scars on the knee remain today and the bike is long gone, although I am still here and through salvation will live forever. I travelled the 200 miles home somehow, even today I don't remember how I did it.

Before we know the Lord it is surprising how little we know about anything. In developed and developing countries we are convinced we know so much, but it is true that we don't know anything of real Truth until we meet 'The Way the Truth and the Life' (John 14:6.) To think we know much else is one of the great deceptions of mankind in these last days. Sure, we study, we know the Sciences, the Arts, Humanities, History, Medicine, Psychology and the Law, but we don't know the great 'Why'. We don't know the purpose of it all. We don't know the Word of God and we are in great spiritual famine without realising it. Professing ourselves to become wise we have become in fact great fools.

Romans 1:22 / Professing to be wise, they became fools,

John 14:6 / Jesus said to him, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.

But this is just how the devil likes things to be. 2 Corinthians 4:4 / In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.

My own Salvation, through meeting and receiving Jesus Christ in my heart and life, was in fact in several stages or steps of preparation. This is often the case. God seems to like to prepare us for that moment when He will come to us and say 'Today is the day of Salvation'

Hebrews 3:15 / while it is said: "Today, if you will hear His voice, Do not harden your hearts as in the rebellion."

The final step for me occurred in the late summer of 1971 after I returned from the ill-fated trip to those Welsh mountains with my brother.

We were living with my mother. This was the time of hippies and the 'love culture' that had originated in the USA in the mid-to-late 1960's and was sweeping the UK and Europe. My brother and I were certainly no 'long-haired hippies', as it was forbidden in our school to have hair even slightly over your ears. The long face of conformity, and threat of the dreaded 'detention' after school,

was enough to keep most teenagers on the right track. However music was the one thing that reached through the spiritual air and touched our souls, causing many young people to rebel against the materialistic capitalistic way of life and western values at this time.

Many of us gravitated back to the same slime pit of materialism and selfish living as our former generations, despite such youthful promise of a better world. But millions of us young people around the world found Jesus Christ in those years. Not only were drugs and rock and roll sweeping the world, but the 'Rock of God' was also busy at this time.

Psalm 18:2 / The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer; My God, my strength, in whom I will trust; My shield and the horn of my salvation, my stronghold.

Psalm 18:31 / For who is God, except the Lord?

And who is a rock, except our God?

Psalm 18:46 / The Lord lives! Blessed be my Rock!

Let the God of my salvation be exalted.

During these times, open-air music festivals had taken hold of the youth of western society, and in that year, one of the major music festivals was held at the small Essex Village of Weeley. My brother had gone ahead of me to attend and listen to some of his favourite bands who were due to play. I had opted to stay at home, perhaps still a little curbed by the experience of my recent accident.

One fine day about two days later I woke up and felt a strong burden or 'pull' that I too must go to this outdoor music festival.

Some of you who are more family-oriented may be wondering how we were able to do, or get away with, so many independent

things; and the truth is that I cannot recall clearly why it was we were allowed or able to do that. My mother was normally very conservative and strict, but it just seemed that this summer was a different ball game; possibly due to her divorce. She had many other things to think about at this time, all of which we young people had so little interest or understanding of. We live and learn.

So I hitched-hiked from our southern town in Sussex all the way through London and out to Essex in the east. I was there in a few hours amazingly enough. Out of 200,000 people milling and camping around I soon found my brother, in fact he was almost the first person I saw! When you look back on these things you think how unlikely they all were to occur at all. I mean how can you find someone in a crowd of 200,000 people with no mobile or smart phone at the time? That had to be the Lord!

That summer evening, we wandered together around the tents and stalls and listened to various individual young people playing and practicing their music. The really big events and performances were to happen the next day.

We came upon a group of young people, all suitably 'hippy-like', with wide eyes and enigmatic smiles and singing together with unusual vigour and power. They were in the middle of a crowd of around 200 people, all listening to them.

As my brother and I also listened, we soon realised that they were singing not about women, sex or drugs or system rebellion, but about Jesus Christ and the End Times. Wow! It was very different to say the least. There seemed to be an invisible power in the songs, an intangible feeling that set these songs apart from all others I had ever heard before. Neither were they the church songs we often heard in school assembly, but rather a powerful, heart-felt beat and

rhythm which was very captivating and never before heard here in England's 'green and pleasant land'.

We stood, we looked, we listened carefully, and we liked. There were four young men, none of them seemed English. They didn't seem to waste any time talking between songs, but for almost an hour, just unleashed the power of the Spirit of God through music upon us – on our unsuspecting and unsaved souls.

I noticed after some songs that I connected somehow with one of the singers. He smiled all the time and we seemed to have this connection together as he appeared to be singing just to me. Finally the music ended. The singers broke up and went to various people or small groups who formed around them, eager to hear more from this motley crew. The young man made a bee-line to me and my brother and a few others around us. What happened next was the start of everything truly valuable in my life.

He was French, and he started to share his story of how God had changed him from a drug addict on the streets of Paris, into a 'new person', now having faith in Jesus Christ, the Saviour.

Soon, another of his colleagues came over, and his story was even more amazing. I will repeat a small part of it here, because it was this message that touched me and made everything else afterwards easier to understand.

This young man, let's call him John, was from New Zealand. He, like the 'prodigal son' of the Gospels, had left his home and parents to travel the world and find 'the truth in life' in this new hippie era. He somehow had ended up in Amsterdam, Holland, which was a mecca for drug addicts and hippies at this time. However this man actually came from quite a wealthy family. Finally, in Amsterdam his money had run out, and just like the prodigal son of the New

Testament, he became desperate. He had been dependent on drugs, the summer had passed and he, like Jeremiah said in the Bible, was still not 'saved'. Not that he knew he needed to be saved, but his salvation came nevertheless early one morning.

*Jeremiah 8:20 / "The harvest is past, the summer is ended,
And we are not saved!"*

October had come to Amsterdam, and he was 'sleeping rough' in a park. The winter was at the door, he had little money and was beginning to feel something was very wrong with both him and his life. Then early that morning, in the thick autumnal mist that gathered about 6 o'clock, he sat on this Amsterdam park bench where he had been sleeping, and began to weep. He cried out to God, and said, 'God, if there is a God, please show me if you are real, and I will follow you'.

As he opened his eyes, he saw two figures through that thick mist walking straight towards him where he was sitting. They were young – a man and a woman. They walked straight up to him and sat, one on one side and one on the other. The man took a Bible out of his bag and said to John, 'God has sent us to you to show you the Truth and tell you about Jesus Christ! Jesus loves you!'

John was more than amazed and shocked that as soon as he had cried out to God, God in His great love and mercy for him, had sent two of His Children to reveal the truth of His Son Jesus Christ to him!

We ought to think long and deep about this story

Can we truly understand or fathom how truly awesome and deep

this story is? I don't think so, but perhaps we can grasp a little of it. Jesus loved this man so much that He heard his prayer before he prayed it, He knew he was going to pray it, and He found two willing believers able to get up in the cold and darkness and go into a park and guide and direct them to a drug-addicted stranger! God is incredible.

He works wonders from the beginning of history in every generation. God says in:

Isaiah 65:24 / "It shall come to pass That before they call, I will answer; And while they are still speaking, I will hear.

Daniel 4:34 And at the end of the time I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted my eyes to heaven, and my understanding returned to me; and I blessed the Most High and praised and honored Him who lives forever: For His dominion is an everlasting dominion, And His kingdom is from generation to generation.



Hippies sleeping in Vondel park in the summer of 1971.

I heard this story from 'John' himself, who was now an incredibly happy missionary!

After this incredible story, the young man my brother and I were listening to shared various verses in the Bible with us. We ourselves knew next to nothing about the Bible and what it really said, so for us, everything was very new and fresh.

Unknown words in the Bible, in particular The Gospel of John, seemed to be almost alive as we read them for ourselves for the first time with these two young 'missionaries'. Yes, we could see Jesus was saying that he was real, the Son of God, the only God and the Door, the Way, the Shepherd, the Vine and the Giver of Eternal Life, and all my brother and I had to do, according to the Bible and the book of John (and of another book in the Bible called 'Romans'), was to realise we were sinners, that God loved us so much that He sent His only Son to die for us, and receive the Spirit of Jesus Christ Himself into our hearts. And although Jesus had died on the cross, He was in fact eternally living, having risen from the dead all those thousands of years ago!

It was an easy step for me and my brother, we had heard the Word of God that 'Incorruptible Seed' and we accepted it and confessed we needed and wanted it. We were some of the 'sheep' Jesus talked about who would hear the shepherd's voice and follow it, so we willingly prayed with them, at their invitation, to repeat a simple prayer to accept Jesus Christ into our hearts. I closed my eyes, and it was as I repeated the prayer, that it felt as if someone was coming in my heart right then with a high pressure water hose, something I could not describe was happening. My heart actually felt like it was being washed. No, I can't fully describe it, but it was a very strong 'feeling'. I lifted my eyes again and saw the trees

around us, gently nodding in the late summer breeze, the blue sky, the sun; all was as it should be, only it all suddenly seemed so much brighter and better!

After this prayer, we left these young men and agreed to meet them the following day to hear some more music and to have a Bible study in their tent about this prayer we had just prayed, and something else called the 'Holy Ghost' which sounded quite interesting!

1 Peter 1:23 / having been born again, not of corruptible seed but incorruptible, through the word of God which lives and abides forever;

John 10:27-30 / My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me. 28 And I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall anyone snatch them out of My hand. 29 My Father, who has given them to Me, is greater than all; and no one is able to snatch them out of My Father's hand. 30 I and My Father are one."

THE HOLY GHOST

The next day, I went to their small camp. A man who seemed like the leader of this group of missionaries, who now numbered about ten or so, was there and invited us to sit in the back of a Land Rover vehicle. About six of us squeezed in the back. I always remember this young man, because his face seemed like what I would imagine an angel might look like. It almost seemed to shine, and he looked with love and directness at all of us. However this was a kind look and something also very different. After explaining more to the few of us who all had prayed this 'Salvation' prayer before, he elaborated on some of the same verses I had heard the day before and gave us a greater understanding of what God had done in His love of sending His only Son into the world.

John 3:16 / For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

After this he started to explain something about the 'power of the Holy Spirit'; why Christians needed to also know the Holy Spirit in order to be closer to God and Jesus Christ and also to have power for something called 'witnessing' or 'preaching', I suppose you could call it. We spent an amazing two hours or so listening to and reading many verses about Salvation, the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit.

We followed in the Bibles they lent us as this young man deciphered and explained in detail the many verses about this Spirit - the Holy Spirit. It was all fresh to me. I was like a wide-eyed

child. I drank the Words of God right in and enjoyed listening to this brand-new information.

It was a calm day in August; no breeze was in the sky. The trees and the willows hung down motionless. The man continued reading a story of when the Apostle Paul and his colleague were shut up in a prison somewhere, that they praised the Lord and the Lord sent an earthquake. We also read of one incident when the early Disciples of Christ prayed together, that the place where they prayed actually shook!

The young man closed his Bible and said 'we are now going to pray for you to receive the Holy Spirit for His comfort, power, for your relationship with Jesus and also for the power for you to be able to tell others about Jesus Christ'. He led us in prayer, he prayed to God for us first, and then he asked us to repeat a prayer. We all followed his sentence by sentence meaningful prayer with great sincerity, and thought deeply about what we were doing. As we prayed, the Land Rover we were sitting in shook violently. I looked up and saw no wind, nor was anyone hiding outside shaking it for special effects (I just mention that for some of you doubters). The car shook for some time and we all went 'wow! cool'! It is a sign from God that I have never forgotten. A small display of power to confirm His Word, which we had just been devouring. This left a deep impression upon my young mind. I wanted to know this invisible God more! We knew His Spirit had been there, that's for sure.

Acts 4:31 / And when they had prayed, the place where they were assembled together was shaken; and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and they spoke the word of God with boldness..

Acts 16:26 / Suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken; and immediately all the doors were opened and everyone's chains were loosed.

Although I met Jesus personally when I was about 17 in such a dramatic fashion, as I look back before that, I see God had already prepared me in many ways. I will mention one example because you may see something similar in yourself or others. Or this may encourage you to see that while 'one sows and another reaps' it is always God who gives the increase.

In my school since I was about five we always had some godly teachers around who taught us the Word of God or emphasised the truth of Jesus Christ.

It seems God always had man or woman of His along my life's path to be a sentinel for me.

About 8 months before I knew the Lord I had gone with several mates from school to a New Year's Eve celebration in Trafalgar Square in Central London. The current wisdom was to drink as much cider as possible and once having reached a sufficient state of intoxication, we should dance in the ice cold waters of the fountains that decorated the square until we were thoroughly wet to the bone and in risk of pneumonia and potential death. This all sounded very appropriate to us youngsters and off we went. We were assured of a good place to stay, one of my school friends having a relative living close by.

All things went as planned and life was cool. The waters were even cooler and the flow of cider was definitely as hoped for. Thousands of people were there to usher in the New Year, perhaps

a hundred thousand people previously unknown to each other, sang, shouted, whooped and screamed. All was as 'western' and wonderful and alcoholic or drug-fuelled as it should be.

I myself was a faithful devotee of this ritual by getting absolutely drunk with cider and dancing in the freezing fountains until I remember raising my drunken head from the waters and in a daze seeing a large sign or banner in the middle distance proclaiming the words 'JESUS SAVES'.

Without any thought seemingly, I made my frozen frame and supplied blanket towards that sign. Upon arrival I noticed an old lady speaking with some kind of authority to a fairly large group of listening people. I also listened as best as I could to what she was saying. Her husband stood by her side, both of them being perhaps well into their sixties. At least they looked appropriately ancient to me at the time.

I do vaguely remember the woman saying something about 'The Lord Jesus Christ'. However what stuck with me more than that at the time, was when she stated that both she and her husband had somehow 'given up' their normal life and house, apparently to dedicate their full time to 'live on the streets of London and share this Good News' with everyone. I took this to mean that they were either homeless or had moved into a rented place and were at least in full time activity for 'God'.

Somehow her statement affected me quite powerfully. I thought how amazing this must be that this weak old woman and her husband had made this huge change and 'inconvenience' in their lives because they believed in something like God and Jesus and His Love for us.

This was about 8 months before I found Jesus myself, or He found me. Another seed had been planted.

‘Jump in the Ditch’

After I met Jesus Christ in this personal way that summer, I went back to board at a rich woman’s house in the countryside. My parents had just divorced and I still had one year to go before my final exams at school. Where once Shakespeare and his wonderful works and French literature and World and British History were so fascinating to me in my A level studies, now all I wanted to do was read my Bible, sing songs to the Lord and generally get high on His Spirit which I had only just been introduced to. Life was so exciting. I was a new person, old things had changed and joy that I had never known before filled me. I longed to talk with people about Jesus and how much He loved them. I was a fanatic of the first order, and yet at the same time I was simply following that historical list of millions of saints who had gone before me, all of which at the time I only fractionally understood.

2 Corinthians 5:17 / Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new.

In order to finish my studies at school, my mother had secured a room for me as a boarder in this rich lady's house which was about two miles out in the countryside. I had started my final year in September, being late summer and almost autumnal, I used to walk along these very narrow country roads in the evening, looking at the stars and praising the Lord, before finally turning in for the night.

I clearly remember one such night just a few weeks after I had become a child of God. I was walking down this quiet country road in the dark, and of course there were no street lights out there in the countryside. As I walked up this road along a slight rise or incline in the road, I suddenly heard an audible voice say to me 'jump in the ditch!'

I immediately jumped into the drainage ditch which ran alongside this country lane. About two seconds after a sports car appeared from the other side of the incline and zoomed right over the spot where I had been walking! I stopped in awe and goose bumps filled my skin, as I realised I had probably heard the voice of an angel and my physical life had been saved. What a wonder! How awesome and incredible that God would speak to me and spare me with only a second or two to spare.

What if I had started to discuss the situation with the Lord and said, 'Well, just a minute Lord, are you sure you want me to jump into this dirty ditch'? Isn't there a better way or something else I could do that would help me here?' I thank God for His mercy, as I was only 17 years old at the time. He must have known I was stupid enough to obey!

Life went on for me each day, learning new things and seeing my desires for worldly success diminish continually. My friends and not-so-friends and teachers at school soon started to 'get the drift' of my

new life in Jesus, and I quickly became a byword for an idiot and fool with the exception of a few precious students and my precious French teacher.

In modern Western Christian thinking, getting to university is almost paramount, even if you want to become a pastor. They seem to have forgotten that John the Baptist came out of the woods and wilderness and not the Jerusalem Rabbinical Seminary! No, today you must be 'qualified', or no one will listen to you. Only if you become famous by some other means, perhaps you become a sports hero, or rich person without a college education, or corrupt but influential politician, you may become so famous that often these same universities will be begging you to come and talk to them about 'how you did it'! But if you don't achieve some suitable heights of fame or wealth, then for the majority you must be 'qualified' or 'sanctified' in a way the system or world can understand. I am still waiting for some university to invite me and bestow the keys of their university upon me! However I am not holding my breath.

I thank the Lord that some of my fellow students listened to me; one even became a missionary himself and married an Indian woman and went to India. A few others I met in later years, and one of them was so impressed I was still following Christ that he said 'Well we knew you would; you just seemed like you really believed it. I think we would have been disappointed if you hadn't continued'.

The people who had led me to the Lord also offered me a place with them to study the Bible whenever I wanted, and to start training to become a missionary. I took them up on it and moved in with them in early spring about four months before I was due

to take my final exams. I have never regretted the decision. Even though I was what was considered a good student with sound prospects of going to Oxford or Cambridge University I saw no future in that and only saw a future in witnessing to others. This is how God led me anyway. I can't say He will lead you the same way, but perhaps not enough of us are open to the way I went. Perhaps too many of us are doing it the 'system' way.

Beginning Missionary Work at 18

So all I can basically remember was living in a slightly revolutionary, Christian 'Jesus People' group, which was almost par for the course at the end of the hippie generation. I was never a hippie but I was 'looking for a miracle in my life' as the famous song by the Moody Blues told us.

I had found my miracle in the salvation of Jesus dying on the cross for me. So real and powerful was it, so overwhelming that all other pulls and tugs and undercurrents of this present world had little effect on my thinking. What did have an enormous effect on me was the Word of God and the memorisation of many hundreds of Bible verses. The 'End Time' became a reality to me. The world in the 1970's and 1980's was a gargantuan struggle between good and evil, natural disasters and sweeping cultural changes globally. 'The times were surely 'a-changing' as Bob Dylan sang, and it seemed the world's youth were happy for the change and looking for the Word of God, just like me in that global spiritual famine.

Amos 8:11-13 “Behold, the days are coming,” says the Lord God, “That I will send a famine on the land, Not a famine of bread, Nor a thirst for water, But of hearing the words of the Lord. 12 They shall wander from sea to sea, And from north to east; They shall run to and fro, seeking the word of the Lord, But shall not find it. 13 “In that day the fair virgins And strong young men Shall faint from thirst.

I spent several months of my early service to the Lord in the 1970's witnessing at night with other passionate Christians to drug addicts in the centre of London in Piccadilly and Leicester Square. Thousands received the Lord through personal witnessing. Shortly I was invited to go to Brussels in Belgium as I spoke excellent French at the time, and help a pioneer work among drug addicts in 1972 doing the same as I was in London. I was basically living in poverty in a run-down building in the Schaerbeek District.

During this time of 'pouring out' to others, I must have somehow neglected or let slip the input of inspiration and praise to God that my soul needed daily, and consequently I became dry and empty. This is a lesson all Christians learn at many times in their lives. As Jesus said 'without me you can do nothing.' When this happens, your thinking becomes woolly and confused and you begin to wonder what the truth is because you don't stay connected to the Lord in prayer.

I am glad this happened to me quite early on in my spiritual life as I learned a major lesson from it.

I was still living with a small community of Christians, all of whom were very loving and sincere young people (aged between 16 and 24), but one night that old devil hit me with a thought: 'well, this is all too much, the food is bad, you come from a 'higher class' of family, it's cold and draughty here, and you work such long hours. Why not do something else with your life? Go to India, you have always wanted to go to India. You even wrote poems about it, remember? You could just go to India and join the Red Cross there. Why, you could hitch-hike overland to India from here just like all the other hippies do and you would be there in no time at all.' Well it all sounded perfectly logical at the time! How stupid, but that's how the enemy always begins, he just puts some seed or suggestion in your mind, the 'power of suggestion' to get you thinking and then acting and doing the wrong things. A strategy as old as the Garden of Eden.

Of course I was ashamed to tell my fellow on-fire Christian soldiers about this, as that would have looked totally ridiculous to them. So what did I do? I decided to leave very early in the morning and 'sneak out' towards a new life with the Red Cross in India. Ha!

I faithfully left early the next morning before anyone was up. However I found that hitch-hiking to India was more difficult than I had anticipated, or the devil had led me to believe. It seemed that at every step there were difficulties. I had almost no money, and soon became hungry. Fortunately the Lord did send along people who picked me up and gave me rides and even a truck here and there, but by the end of three days I was still stuck in Germany! I continued doggedly (or stubbornly) onwards, sleeping under bridges on the autobahns and praying for the Lord to keep supplying my food. After about ten days I had made it through the border near

Maribor in Slovenia, and into Yugoslavia (as it was then called). I was a cold and wet child of God, and realising I was not even a quarter of the way to India.

Finally one morning on the outskirts to Zagreb, (now the capital of Croatia), I was almost at the end of my strength and faith. I knew by then I was doing the wrong thing, and was so far from home, just like the prodigal son Jesus talked about. (See Luke chapter 15 in the New Testament).

I repented. I was sorry, I cried out to the Lord Jesus after the truck dropped me off in the early morning at the edge of the great city of Zagreb. Across the highway I saw a cafeteria; maybe someone would give me food. It was raining. I felt as sad as the weather and so desperate.

Right there and then I asked the Lord for a sign what to do, I felt contrite for the first time in a while. What happened then was almost like it all happened in slow motion. As I pushed open the door into this large almost empty cafeteria in Zagreb, the waiter reached over and turned on the radio. Here I was in a country where it seemed no one spoke English, perhaps they had barely heard of England and America as far as I could see. As he turned on the radio the song came on in the English language, yes I had heard it before in the most warm and welcoming language:

‘Put your hand into the hand of the man from Galilee’

I listened in awe to these words:

***'Put your hand in the hand of the man
Who stilled the water,
Put your hand in the hand of the man
Who calmed the sea
Take a look at yourself
And you can look at others differently
Put your hand in the hand of the man
From Galilee.'*(Jesus)**

(Words & music by G. Maclellan)

I began to weep right there in the cafeteria. I think I also had some money for a coffee and croissant and sat down. I knew what God was saying. What a miracle! God can speak English to me through a waiter turning on his radio, playing this famous Christian song in the English language, in the darkness of a distant place, thousands of miles from home where almost nobody spoke English. Praise God!

I walked out of there a new person. Jesus had saved me. I hitchhiked right from there returning to Belgium. Although it had taken me ten days to arrive in Zagreb, I found 'the road home' to Belgium was easy and took less than 72 hours!

Everybody stopped for me, everybody fed me food, people gave me money, and I was invited into the home of some town mayor somewhere on the Belgium border and fed sumptuously and slept there also (thank you, sir and your wife if you are reading this). Finally I arrived at the mission house I had so ignominiously left about two weeks before. Funnily enough I arrived 'home' and it was the exact same time of day as when I had left my brothers and sisters. Perhaps God has a sense of humour.

No one was awake, the door was closed downstairs. It was five a.m. Brussels was dull. ‘The van’, the Lord prompted. Yes maybe the van was open; most things in the van were broken. The Lord told me to try the back door. It yielded easily. I crawled in, cold, and yet very happy and also a little ashamed. I thanked God for another chance to serve Him in His way. I wouldn’t make the same mistake again, surely I wouldn’t Lord, I promised.

In less than an hour the pastor of the local ministry and another sister opened the door intending to drive the van to the Brussels city market and pick up much needed fruit and vegetables.

‘Oh Jerry, it’s so good to see you’, he said with his usual warm and disarming smile. ‘We were just praying last night for you to come back safely!’ He had been expecting me. No wonder it took only three days to come home! Praise the Lord! God will do the same thing for you, my dear friend in whatever your situation, because He says;. Before you call He will answer and while you are yet speaking He will hear!

Isaiah 65:24 / “It shall come to pass That before they call, I will answer; And while they are still speaking, I will hear.

PART TWO

INTRODUCTION

TWELVE LIFE-CHANGING STORIES

1. Time in China.
2. How we found the will of God.
3. Robbery in Brazil.
4. The Tornado in Canada.
5. The Pastor's death in Chandigarh, India.
6. My Sikh friend in Delhi, India.
7. The Man from Chile.
8. How we met Pastor Hans in Switzerland.
9. A giving testimony.
10. The Incredible Thought.
11. Arriving in Antigua.
12. Dream in Barbados.

INTRODUCTION

I am of a small generation of missionaries who 'lived by faith'. I need to explain this phrase 'living by faith' here at the beginning, otherwise some of the stories following are going to appear even weirder than they already are!

'Living by faith' has various meanings, but the most accepted meaning I think is that a person depends on God alone for his or her supply for their every need in this temporal, material world. Often this means trusting God for food, clothing, money and shelter each and every day. I don't necessarily recommend it all your life and we should remember that God is able to make all abundance abound to you, but this was how I lived in my early Christian life for well over twenty five years!

I would never trade this experience for anything anybody has to offer me!

This type of belief and teaching which unfortunately seems to be shunned by the majority of Western Christendom today is in fact probably best exemplified in Jesus' very clear teachings on the subject laid out in Matthew chapter 6 as well as other places in the New and Old Testaments.

Matthew 6:24-34 / "No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will be loyal to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon. 25 "Therefore I say to you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink; nor about your body, what you will put on. Is not life more than food and the body more

than clothing? 26 Look at the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? 27 Which of you by worrying can add one cubit to his stature? 28 “So why do you worry about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin; 29 and yet I say to you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. 30 Now if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will He not much more clothe you, O you of little faith? 31 “Therefore do not worry, saying, ‘What shall we eat?’ or ‘What shall we drink?’ or ‘What shall we wear?’ 32 For after all these things the Gentiles seek. For your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things. 33 But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you. 34 Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble.

Perhaps the greatest or most well-known example in church history of ‘living by faith’ and trusting God for every material need and money might be Pastor George Muller, who through prayer alone to God, together with his staff and helpers, ran an orphanage which grew in size to feed, house and educate 3,000 orphans at one time in Bristol, England from around 1832 onwards to and beyond his death in 1898. It is known that eventually over 10,000 orphans passed through his personal care during his life time. All being fed and looked after financially and spiritually by faith and prayer alone! He never asked anyone for a penny. He just prayed

it in and spent hours with God in prayer each day about his daily needs for the orphans.

It is to this type of template and example that we must look to, as it is clearly based on scripture. Nevertheless such examples are rare in the world today (circa 2020 AD), as there is always the trying or testing of our faith as we wait patiently for God to answer prayer, and come through for us often at the eleventh hour. God seems to especially like the 'Eleventh hour!'

My life and that of thousands of my colleagues, and thousands before I was born have lived in a similar way based on the scriptures above, which is to go into all the world and preach the gospel, even with a wife and children without 'any visible means of support'! To some people, foolhardy and dangerous, to others who have experienced it perhaps the most frightening, dangerous and yet truly victorious way of living on the planet! It can only work if you are actually serving God and seeking first His Kingdom as Jesus said so clearly:

Matthew 6:33 / But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.

So in this second part of this book many of the stories will reflect this principle of 'living by faith'. I hope you will now enjoy them with a fuller understanding. God bless you!

The stories in this second part are not presented in any chronological order, nor any order necessarily of importance. They are presented as somehow I felt they should be, although some are perhaps considerably much deeper than others. They cover a wide

variety of topics and they can be considered separate of each other also.

All I know is that they all happened to me and my family. Such topics coming in this second half are: miracles, giving and finances, guidance, protection, listening to God's voice, sharing the gospel personally, mistakes and errors, death and judgement, robberies, fears and victories, safety and security, supernatural supply, using spiritual gifts among many other lessons the Lord will probably show you personally.

My earnest prayer is that the Lord will use them to help you to have faith for even greater things in your own life.

1 John 1:4 / 'And these things we write to you that your joy may be full.

1. Time in China

In this world really it's true that if we want to be successful we need advice. We not only need advice we need the right advice from someone who has been down the road before us. They know the path, the pitfalls and the dangers. It is we who need the help. It's only the stupid who think they can 'do it all by myself' like me! Gradually through the school of hard knocks I have learned that I need a lot of help from God as well as from others.

Now as I enter my 120th year on this earth (just kidding) I feel God is beginning to give me wisdom. I am thankful. So there is plenty to be said to receive the right kind of counsel and finding the 'right' consultants. Praise the Lord.

*Psalm 73:24 / You will guide me with Your counsel,
And afterward receive me to glory.*

*Proverbs 15:22 / Without counsel, plans go awry,
But in the multitude of counselors they are established.*

*Proverbs 19:20-21 / Listen to counsel and receive instruction,
That you may be wise in your latter days. 21 There are many
plans in a man's heart, Nevertheless the Lord's counsel—that will
stand.*

*Proverbs 20:5 / Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water,
But a man of understanding will draw it out.*

*Proverbs 20:18 / Plans are established by counsel;
By wise counsel wage war.*

*Proverbs 21:30 / There is no wisdom or understanding
Or counsel against the Lord.*

*Proverbs 24:6 / For by wise counsel you will wage your own
war, And in a multitude of counselors there is safety.*

When you learn to drive a car or a plane, you need instructors. Open a business it's the same thing. Being a missionary in a dangerous country, it's the same thing isn't it? Well it should be.

Sharing faith in Jesus Christ with others has always been dangerous; some countries more than others. But there is danger everywhere. I remember being chased out of a small Greek village in the Peloponnese by a local butcher wielding his meat cleaver, and I had no doubt he not only was exceedingly upset but also was absolutely going to kill me for witnessing in a predominately Greek orthodox village. Fortunately he was middle-aged and portly and I was, at that time, slim and still in the prime of life and escaped the village (never to return).

In 2000 we clearly knew the Lord was calling us to China. I want to emphasise that at that time, China then was still comparatively little known and understood by most of the world.

As we looked for ways to prepare for this huge change, somebody informed us of a two-month training program based in a nearby country, which trained would-be missionaries to operate inside the 'bamboo curtain' as it was called then.

Going to China historically has always been a spiritually and often physically costly affair for foreign Christians. Many have gone and failed and some have gone and succeeded dramatically. Many

have gone and died there for their faith also. Generally though, it has mostly been the Chinese Christians themselves who have succeeded inside their own country, while foreigners have not always been able to hit the mark, with a few notable exceptions.

However the potential for success for Jesus Christ in China is like finding the Holy Grail, because it is the Holy Grail of souls. 1.4 billion of them today and counting. Yet the price God often requires is everything. For myself, when I went to China there was never a week that passed when I wanted to leave, and that battle lasted well over 10 years! So intense were the spiritual and mind battles and various other battles primarily in the Spirit that at times it was overwhelming. Many other missionaries experienced similar feelings and trials. I think the devil has never wanted any sincere Christian in China since the beginning of time.

Anyway, back to the beginning and the beginning for myself and about 12 other Christian adults and our families who believed they had been called by God to China was to meet up at this mountain base overlooking the South China sea in a nearby country for this two month intensive course on 'how to live in an underground country and survive and bear fruit that remains'.

John 15:8 / By this My Father is glorified, that you bear much fruit; so you will be My disciples.

John 15:16 / You did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you.

The church hosting this comprised also in part of several

(Western) missionaries, all who had themselves been in China some years before, but having been arrested and then deported all on the exact same day!

Furthermore they all lived across the country in four different cities. The Chinese PSB police had them under surveillance for many months and then decided to arrest them all simultaneously in multiple locations in this manner. A bit like when Jesus will return it will be like a 'thief in the night'. Nobody was prepared or ready. Because they had all communicated with each other they were all linked easily.

Luke 21:35 / For it will come as a snare on all those who dwell on the face of the whole earth.

Luke 12:39 / But know this, that if the master of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched and not allowed his house to be broken into.

So those hosting us were under no illusions how watchful authorities were at that time of any foreigners who didn't appear to fit in with the normal scientist, 'foreign expert', business person or teacher, but had some other agenda, such as 'passing on God's Word' to the Chinese populace.' The laws of China forbade it, and still do, as I write.

For us attending this course, it was an enormous wealth of information and knowledge and advice, encouragement and warnings about how to share the Gospel safely and live safely once we entered the 'middle kingdom'. Some of the points were centred on; emails, phone calls, security, computer security, government spies and 'plants' and how to recognise them, the advantages and

pitfalls of Chinese culture, as well as the basics of Chinese language and advice on methods how to master it, etc.

Although I am not going to divulge all that we learned there, it is surprising how advanced these missionaries were back in 2000. I think most Christians would benefit greatly from similar training as when we enter the 'end-time' more fully, many of us or our grown children or future generations (if the Lord tarry) will be in that position of facing much greater hostility in various societies.

*Mark 13:13 / And you will be hated by all for My name's sake.
But he who endures to the end shall be saved.*

We entered China sometime in 2000 crossing over one of the land borders. After some travelling, we eventually arrived in a huge city of 12 million people. Almost immediately we felt overwhelmed. At that time in China, foreigners were still a novelty especially 'inland'. Most people wanted to be your friend and practice their English (you can read a lot of interesting and amusing stories of our time there in my 240-page book called 'Pieces of China').

The Lord led us to a part of the city and a three-bedroom apartment which was virtually next door to the prestigious university. We stayed at this place for well over three years and loved every minute of it. The Lord gave us such wonderful landlords who were from a small town in eastern China, and they received Jesus Christ in their lives and became good friends to us. A few of our neighbours, notably a 35 year old business man Jerome and his wife Katrina* were also very close to us (*many of the Chinese under 40 years old have English names which they choose themselves. I have chosen to use their English names in this

chapter). We visited them almost daily and ate with them often in various places in our neighbourhood).

It was always with such joy that we saw our friends, and any Chinese people accept the Word of God. Almost seven hundred of them came to know Jesus during this three year time. At Christmas time our apartment was always filled to overflowing with students and young people and businesspeople. It was a great joy to experience the hungry hearts of many Chinese for the Word of God and the warmth of the Holy Spirit flowing through us at that time. Truly it was harvest time!

Matthew 9:37-38 / Then He said to His disciples, "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the laborers are few. 38 Therefore pray the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into His harvest."

John 4:35 / Do you not say, 'There are still four months and then comes the harvest'? Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes and look at the fields, for they are already white for harvest!

Through our friendship with our rich neighbour Jerome, local people seemed to accept us, as 'Guanxi' (who you know/relations with) or 'Mianzi' (face or image) is vital in China. Nobody bothered us as we were 'under the protection' of a rich man just by reason of being his friends.

We conducted hundreds of Bible studies in our apartment, but usually never more than two people visiting at the same time, which could be assumed by outsiders to be 'having an English class'. On Sundays, about four or five people came, but arrived at slightly staggered times. When all were present we sang (quietly), read the Word of God, and prayed for others and ourselves.

During the first year we went through an experience that has never been repeated in my life again – every Chinese person whom we shared the message of salvation with, accepted it. No one ever refused the Truth of the Bible, nor the offer of a Salvation prayer in that first year! We are still not sure why it was like that. Perhaps the Lord wanted to encourage us, but also we prayed diligently for each person and asked the Lord when to present that message with them. We didn't act without God's voice directing us as to when to share the Salvation message.

I remember one interesting event happened with Emily our very first 'disciple'. She was a 21 year old graduate from the local University. A lovely girl who was quite traditionally Chinese. The Lord showed us that Sunday, that we should share with her how much Jesus loved her and wished to come into her life as Saviour and Lord.

She had very good English, and originally came to teach us Chinese in response to an advertisement we put on the University campus. She had been coming for several weeks, making the two hour trip each way in the intense heat of over 38 degrees Celsius. We were very impressed with her attitude to just about everything.

That Sunday, we duly shared who we really were and what the Bible said and meant, and she responded to our invitation willingly. She prayed and received Jesus Christ and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. She knew something had 'happened' and we also shared with her some chapters in the Bible for example John 3, John 10 and also we felt led to read Matthew 24 with her about the 'last days'. She went home happy and excited.

The following Tuesday, Emily called us and was very excited

and agitated. 'Turn on your TV' she kept saying. 'Look, it's just like the Bible says -- it is the End Time!' We hung up and turned it on to witness the event known as '9/11' happening in New York. The whole world was also watching it, stunned. To Emily it was proof of the End Time, which in some ways we could say it was. 'Greater things than these' shall happen in the future. But for our Chinese Christians it was raw proof of the Word of God.

Isaiah 30:25 / There will be on every high mountain, And on every high hill, Rivers and streams of waters, In the day of the great slaughter, When the towers fall.

Many times we just met people God had ordained for us to meet. The feelings or witness in our spirit each time were remarkable. I remember leaving a skyscraper in another part of the city one evening after teaching English at a company, and I stepped up to the bus stop and there was God's appointment for me, a young woman in the crowd of people who stared at me with such an intense look of longing and interest (no it's not because I am super attractive! far from it).

I returned her look and The Lord gave me discernment that she was already a future disciple of Christ and I walked over to her. We talked and got on the same bus and amazingly she lived nearby our apartment with her husband. It was not until about four months later though that the Lord led us to visit them, and a further time before we shared the Gospel with them both which they readily and eagerly accepted.



A small part of the city where we lived for three years in China.

This young woman, Irene, told us that she had seen Emily leaving our apartment and her face seemed to glow and shine. She asked how her face could become like that?'

We told her Emily's story and how much she loved the Bible and studied it with us. Irene determined then and there to visit us every morning before work for a Bible study and prayer time. She faithfully came at around 6am every morning for about one year for fellowship. This meant that one of our team had to be ready for her arrival with some special class or devotions for the day also. 'Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness', Jesus said, 'for they shall be filled'.

Irene and her husband Edi then spent about two years in

fellowship with us and are such wonderful souls. We truly thank God for them. Today this young woman has gone with her husband and child to a northern city, and continues to love the Lord and His Word very deeply.



Irene and Edi in our early days in China.

During our time in China we lived in several other cities, including Tianjin and another northern provincial capital which ranked at the time as the sixth most polluted city in the world. Our hearts go out to the millions of Chinese there who rarely see the sun and whose days often begin and end in a smoky orange polluted haze. Strangely enough, this was the city where we won the most people to the Lord comparatively speaking to the time we spent there.



‘Time would fail me’, as the apostle Paul said, to tell of all that the Lord has done in China not only through our own weak efforts but that of thousands of others. So I am going to close at this point on our own work and ministry and share some further points about China if you will permit, and I do believe you will find the following extremely interesting.

The reason so many people do receive the Lord in China and other similar fields is because they are hungry for truth. And this is the best place to share what I think is an amazing story and some fascinating facts about this topic (excerpted my book, ‘Pieces of China’).

Scores of Chinese Professors become Christians

Other answers about why many Chinese people are embracing Jesus Christ and Christianity can be found in what I call the ‘Principle Of Appreciation,’ In other words, when you have lived in ‘darkness’, had no freedom, been slaves, abused, tortured,

experienced great injustices, been deprived and humiliated, been poor, mistreated and maligned, struggled for every penny or Yuan, and couldn't see any 'light' at the end of your 'tunnel', then you would surely know a 'good deal' when you see one, wouldn't you?

Or as the wise King Solomon said:

*Proverbs 27:7 / A satisfied soul loathes the honeycomb,
But to a hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet.*

Conversely, we who are in the so-called developed world who have 'everything,' that we have taken it for granted and even cast it aside and despise the freedoms we enjoy, presumptuously thinking they will be there forever. We feel superior, confident and powerful. We complain about our 'blessings' and (comparative) abundances, and the inward thought of our minds is that our 'house' will continue forever'. We are the full souls who loathe honeycomb.

So is it any wonder that a religion which offers freedom, equality and even the keys to material supply and riches, not to mention spiritual wealth for eternity, should not be accepted among the many (spiritually) hungry Chinese!?! And this is perhaps the very best place to interject this fascinating piece, which I have titled: "A few Dumb Europeans and the Smart Chinese."

A few Dumb Europeans and the Smart Chinese

One thing I do like about the Chinese is that if you truly give them enough time and thought, they may very well come up with the correct answer.

Some years ago to my knowledge, and do correct me if I am wrong, the Europeans came up with a new ruling document for

the EC, what they wished to be their constitution or charter for the future European society. This was debated in or around the year 2000. As well as a charter, it was also to be a type of 'history of Europe', which would be their official position and recounting of their own history. I am not aware of the exact name of this document, but the main thing that annoyed a lot of Europeans was that there was no reference to God and Christianity as the formative force of European history. In an official 'post God' Europe, the wise men and women of Brussels and elsewhere had moved on and left Him behind.

In the hotbeds of secular humanism, which are now sadly rampant in certain parts of Europe, the Almighty didn't get any mention in the credits of the shaping forces of Europe. Strange really, when you could list heaps of influences and manifestations of Christian thought into philosophy, institutions, buildings, organisations, schools, universities, legal system, hospitals, and charities. This is not just in Europe, but exported outside her borders throughout the millennia.

It reminds me of the joke on the toilet wall. Someone had written with great enthusiasm, 'God is dead' signing it 'Nietzsche', the famous German philosopher, who, it is rumoured, died barking, thinking he was a dog. An unknown person, coming in later, and seeing this writing, crossed it out and wrote underneath 'Nietzsche is dead', 'God!'

Yet interestingly enough just a few short years previously to this very recent European Charter on Europe, the Chinese had their own version of it.

The Chinese Government was genuinely concerned why Western Civilisation had for so long been powerful, dominant, successful,

prosperous, and flourishing in every way. The arts, large economies, colonialism, (the C word), the abundance of good schools and hospitals, great universities and the sciences of all kinds. Then there was the 'rule of law,' of course; something totally alien to the Chinese concept of the rule of law.

Compared to all that, China looked like an intellectual backwater or sewer with the emphasis on backwater and sewer. So the Beijing Government commissioned some high level academics from a prestigious University to research the reasons and the foundations of what it was that had made Europe and North America and the rest of the West great. After all, in the logical Chinese mind, there has to be a reason, right? Was China doing something wrong? Was there a better way, and if so, what was it? This little known study, little known for obvious reasons, turned up a remarkable answer.

The Chinese professors and academics who conducted their research, originally delved into two things: political thought and systems and economics. Their minds intuitively telling them that it must be one or both of the two. They looked at democratic thought and reform and political systems foreign to those in China. Apart from this, they studied economic planning and policies of various western nations. However nothing came up that really was convincing that the West had the edge over the Chinese. It wasn't until they realized they were not looking deep enough, and in looking at the politics and the economies they were actually only looking above ground and not at the roots.

These researchers all came conclusively to the fact that it was actually the Christian religion of Europe, and the West that had produced all the other 'fruits' and outward 'branches' of growth, peace, and prosperity, advanced educational systems and the

emphasis on medical and legal systems for the most part. I can hear cries and groans from some of you over there in the West right now, but I am just telling you what my dear logical and scientific friends, the Chinese professors discovered.

In fact, so convinced were they that these research findings were true, that a significant number of them decided to become Christians overnight and still are today. Some of the most brilliant Chinese minds available for this research turned up the most simple of answers—it was just the Christian faith in God of many Western people in the past which inspired them and their countries to do, produce, design, pioneer, innovate, rule, serve and be successful!

So Christianity, or belief in the One True God (in Chinese: ‘Shang Di), is alive and flourishing on present mainland China. It may still have a considerable way to go to reach the goals laid out in its Holy Book, but through the sacrifices and deaths and sufferings of many people, it has certainly taken a deep root in the middle kingdom. Praise the Lord.

*June 18 2004 in Brussels, officials agreed on the final text of the European Union’s new Constitution. The charter made no mention of God, despite calls that it recognise Europe’s Christian roots. The Catholic Pope John Paul II, in a speech to the Vatican diplomatic corps on Jan. 13, 2003, had this to say: “A Europe which disavowed its past, which denied the fact of religion, and which had no spiritual dimension would be extremely impoverished in the face of the ambitious project which calls upon all its energies: constructing a Europe for all!” {The new European Constitution} “pretends to be more enlightening whilst it obscures the past” (De Groene Amsterdammer, April 5, 2003).

Today, just 21% of Europeans say religion is “very important” to them, according to the most recent European Values Study, which tracks attitudes in 32 European countries. A survey by the Pew Forum on Religion and Public Life found that nearly three times as many Americans, 59%, called their faith “very important.”

** the definition of blind is:

1. *without the power of sight; unable to see; sightless*
2. *of or for sightless persons*
3. *not able or willing to notice, understand, or judge*
4. *done without adequate directions or knowledge [a blind search]*
5. *disregarding evidence, sound logic, etc. [blind love, blind faith]*

2. How we found the will of God

How to find the Will of God? This is almost the number one question of sincere Christians who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Fortunately there is an answer, but you have to follow through with the conditions that God has laid out for us. If we are really sincerely seeking the will of God for us and not our own then we must follow the guidelines of the Word of God.

In one way it's so simple and often in another it's a bit confusing because it involves checking and re-checking with the Lord until you are absolutely sure. This often requires patience.

Aaah! But some people are not patient, most of us in fact. We want the answers yesterday or at least today. I will tell you a story of how the Lord showed us to go to Brazil as missionaries where we eventually spent four happy years. This will also delineate what I like to call the 'Seven Ways to know the Will of God'.

It was in 1986, I was in London. We were looking to God to tell us what to do next and His will for us. At the time I was a mentor for a Christian young people's camp in Oxfordshire. It was fun. Over twenty potential missionaries aged between 16- 19, whose parents were also missionaries. We wanted to help young people at this camp see where God may be leading them in the future. I can't say I was the best mentor, but we prayed and trusted the Lord.

But we, as full-fledged Christian adults, who 'knew what we were doing', we found we were also desperately in need of the Lord's guidance for ourselves.

In my family's case, we had absolutely no idea what to do next in our lives. We began to pray and seek the Lord.

The first place we look for the will of God is in the Word of

God himself. God's Word can tell us what to do. In our case we were committed to 'going into all the world and preaching the Gospel to every creature.' So we knew the Lord had some commission for us along these lines.

Mark 16:15 / And He said to them, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

The second place we find the will of God is when we allow the Word of God to speak to us in a personal way. Some Christians desperately pray and open their Bibles and take the verse that they first point their finger at as the divine will of God for them! Granted, in some cases this could be true. But there is a true story of a pastor who did this and he prayed, 'Lord, show me what to do!' He dutifully opened his Bible. The verse told him 'Judas went and hanged himself! 'Mmm, that surely can't be right, Lord, You wouldn't want me to hang myself, Lord would you? Let's try another'. Next verse 'Go and do thou likewise' (Go and do the same)! Oh, Lord surely these can't be right, Lord! I'll give You one last chance to show me Your will. He opened his Bible the third time only to find that Jesus told him: 'What thou doest do quickly!' No, that's not the safest way at all to find God's will!

So we began to pray. The third way to find God's will, I believe is by some kind of 'direct revelation, dreams, prophecies or word of knowledge' that comes to you yourself or through others. At this point we didn't have anything on that line. Sometimes we get it and sometimes we don't. In this case we could not pinpoint any dream or prophecy, just a feeling or impression in our hearts.

Fourthly, we could say that Godly Counsel is an excellent means

of finding the Lord's will. Something perhaps often neglected in this modern world of the culture of the world being 'I can do it myself'.

Independence is a powerful satanic force

Having good Godly, wise elderly brethren and sisters to help you is always comforting. So we began to talk with other pastors and missionaries (the fifth way to find God's will) and explain that we felt perhaps the Lord was putting the burden of Brazil and its people into our hearts . We prayed together....and waited.

Our circumstances and conditions were quite flexible. We had no long term openings to serve the Lord in the UK or anywhere else at the time. We were 'free' to come and go with no restrictions really. We had no closed doors on our service to God, and yet neither did we have any open doors except this temporary ministry to help Christian young people for a season.

Time went on and we waited (the sixth way to find God's will) ; a few months passed, and this 'burden' to go to Brazil increased in our hearts.

One day 'I asked the Lord for a sign' and I did this twice over the next month. Asking for a sign is like asking or 'setting a fleece' which we can see clearly in the story of Gideon in the book of Judges in the Old Testament.

Gideon had been commissioned by God through this angel to deliver his people from their present enemies the Midianites. Gideon was really unsure about his own abilities to do this as well as his own social background, so he finally put a sheep's fleece on the ground and asked God for a specific sign, and this is him talking in these verses.

Judges 6:37-40 / look, I shall put a fleece of wool on the threshing floor; if there is dew on the fleece only, and it is dry on all the ground, then I shall know that You will save Israel by my hand, as You have said.” 38 And it was so. When he rose early the next morning and squeezed the fleece together, he wrung the dew out of the fleece, a bowlful of water. 39 Then Gideon said to God, “Do not be angry with me, but let me speak just once more: Let me test, I pray, just once more with the fleece; let it now be dry only on the fleece, but on all the ground let there be dew.” 40 And God did so that night. It was dry on the fleece only, but there was dew on all the ground.

So asking for a sign is really like the last or seventh step after you have gone through these other ways to know the Lord's will. We began to feel confident. I went to London that week and spent a couple of days doing personal evangelism on Tottenham Court Road. In prayer that morning I asked the Lord if it was His will for us to go to Brazil that He would let me meet someone from Brazil while out on evangelism on the street that day.

Now, that may sound comparatively easy to you my friend, but I couldn't ever remember meeting a person from Brazil in my whole life, let alone in my witnessing! It sounded quite an impossible prayer to me and I left it with the Lord, yet it was my sincere prayer. I was eager to see what happened.

When you are on the right track with a clean heart usually God doesn't let you wait too long. I had not been out on the street long giving out some tracts on that busy road when a smart-looking middle-aged businessman was walking towards me, he seemed

already drawn to me and took a Christian tract pleasantly. 'Where are you from'? I ventured to ask.

'Oh, I am from Brazil. I am going back tomorrow. You know, my friend, Brazil is a wonderful country you should go and visit sometime!' he looked intently at me and said it with a smile. And with that he was gone.

I never told him anything. I never let him know I was thinking of going to Brazil. Instead, he had just told me everything I needed to know. Perhaps he was an angel?

I knew we were going to Brazil.

Finally after a few more weeks, decision time was upon us. I asked the Lord 'for a verse' as described above. 'Lord, please show me a verse to confirm this as your will if we are really going to Brazil. If the verse I open to says 'stay', or 'wait' or 'remain' or 'stop' or some such, then we can wait here longer or forever, I don't mind, but if the verse says 'Go' or 'went' then I know you are with us about going to Brazil.

In trepidation I opened my lovely Bible, I felt truly ready for whatever it was going to say, either way.

My eyes immediately fell on Ezekiel 1:12 as if it was written in fire!

Ezekiel 1:12 / And each one went straight forward; they went wherever the spirit wanted to go, and they did not turn when they went.

And I think this must be the only verse in the entire bible that has the words 'went' and 'go' four times in one small verse!

Not only was the Lord telling us to 'go', but he was telling us

to go where the Spirit of God was going also. The Holy Spirit was moving in Brazil in a massive way. All we had to do was 'Go!' and at the same time don't look back, because the verse said 'they turned not back'.

How specific can God be? It's just beyond awesome. I jumped for joy. How thrilling, how awesome, how amazing, my friend.

God will do the same and more for you if you are sincere and open to His Spirit.

Start asking Him today for His highest will for you. Follow these seven ways to know His will. You may not get all of them, but you should receive most of them from the Lord. It has never failed us. We have the mind of Christ, we know all things.

1 Corinthians 2:16 / For "who has known the mind of the Lord that he may instruct Him?" But we have the mind of Christ.

3. Robbery in Brazil

It is always good to listen to advice, especially Godly advice. Sometimes God can speak to you through others but if we are not sensitive we will miss it. Sometimes the LORD can save your life, or do other miracles through the simple fact of listening to others. Ask God for a listening ear not only to Him in prayer but also through others He can use. I learned this clearly one time in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1988.

I had been a headmaster of a small mission-based international school there. I was due for a 'visa trip'. Visa trips in those days meant one day very-long distance trip to Iguacu Falls on the border with Paraguay, crossing the border and returning the next day with a new 6 month visa.

My pastor there had made available about US \$700 for me for this trip. She had also freed up a bodyguard, dear Davi, who was on our school staff and an ex-Brazilian army black belt karate expert, but now a faithful missionary himself with his lovely wife Anna and three super precious children. So he was assigned to go with me, the white foreigner, to make sure I was well looked after. I felt very touched my school had been so kind. Davi and I were already quite good friends. He was around thirty years old and quite thin. I always noticed how little he ate compared with others, and he always ate very healthy fruits and lots of vegetables. Good man!

When my pastor handed over the wad of money to me, I simply deposited it into my two front trouser pockets. She looked at me aghast. Being relatively new to Brazil and Rio at the time I had obviously not fully appreciated the nature of this long trip and its

inherent dangers. 'Jerry', she suggested, 'you need a money belt or something like that, don't you have one? Put most of the money there'. A money belt was found and with my small suitcase, we set out happily, after united prayer.

The trip to central Rio was a normal trip, and the eventual plan was to first take a local bus from our HQ in south Rio into the city centre where we connected with the long distance luxury buses to all parts of Brazil. I looked forward to this trip and hoped to be able to actually visit the majestic waterfalls of Foz De Iguacu, and even stand underneath them looking out.

It happened on this day as was usual in our Christian mission, that we always tried to fit as much other business or evangelism into our day as possible in order to 'redeem the time, for the days were evil!' So we therefore first had an appointment to deliver a Bible study with the female PA of the major five star hotel in South Rio first. After that we were free to proceed to the major bus station in downtown Rio.

I have always been impressed at how wonderfully many Brazilians receive and appreciate the living Word of God and how interested they are for the Gospel and more learning. This particular lady in her early thirties was no exception. I was a blessed man to live in Brazil I often thought.

After this wonderfully inspiring Bible study which Davi ably conducted in Portuguese, we made our way to the rather dingy local bus station. Davi bought the tickets and then excused himself, I think to make a phone call. No mobile phone in those days, my friend. Can you imagine a day with no computers, no mobile phones, no other modern means of communication? Well it was only 1989 and we had them in their infancy at this time.

So I was left alone in the queue for a few minutes and the call to board the bus came. I was near the very front of this queue and it started moving so I had no choice but to move also with it. My bodyguard was nowhere to be found! As I got on (from the back of the bus in Brazil in those days) I glanced to my left to see a young man who was already sitting there. His face seemed a shroud of darkness and an evil vibe came straight from his face towards me. Mmmm, I thought to myself; let's get a seat far from the back.

I was wearing that money belt under my clothes and I placed the small suitcase under my seat. Davi was delayed behind me and boarded the bus much later so that we were not able to sit together. He sat further to the front and I was in the middle section of the bus. Our journey began.

The bus wound its gentle way up the picturesque mountain. Those going to the city centre from this location always had to cross over this peak and wind down the mountain again the other side into the centre of Rio.

The local bus was very noisy, as is often the case in some Brazilian buses- people chatting merrily or expostulating while in the background or foreground is the noise of some Samba or some such music blaring. So the bus was noisy, one can definitely say. On my part, I was looking out the window and enjoying the fauna and flora, occasionally thinking, 'My, aren't these Brazilians a noisy bunch of people?' In the seat in front of me, an old lady, who was facing me, suddenly raised her eyebrows in shock at me as startled by something behind. I slowly turned my head, only to encounter a silver pistol at the back of my head. At the end of the pistol was the thin, wiry and dark arm of the same young man I had previously

seen at the back of the bus. He was shouting at me to, 'Get up and empty my pockets'.

Instinctively, my MI5 and military training kicked in and I hit him with a lightning chop strike to the neck, and saw his lifeless body crash out the window, the silver pistol careening through the bus which I deftly picked up and pocketed with a smirk. 'There, that will teach him to mess with Jerry English,' I said to the admiring passengers of mostly young females. Well, no, that didn't happen. Let's rewind.

And so it was, as I faced this pistol, still pointed dangerously now at my temple I suddenly felt an amazing peace I'd never felt before, and instead of panic, I looked calmly into the young man's eyes. I saw a nervous man, who was sweating and obviously wanted a quick answer from me. Maintaining eye contact, I began speaking slowly in Portuguese, 'Ok, no problem,' and as I knew in my pocket were only a few Brazilian Reais, I dreaded his reaction, so I continued, 'Well, actually I am just a teacher and as you know teachers are not well paid. I am not a tourist and I live here and teach small children, so I am so sorry I don't have much to give you. If I had more I would gladly give it to you,' at the same time I slowly drew out the few Reais I had with me which approximated to about US\$4.00. While locked in eye-contact with this dear young man, I suddenly realized the worst was over. He, though, being a professional perhaps was not done with the operation, and cast a quick eye to my watch. I complied and immediately gave it to him. In his haste he must have forgotten my small suitcase conveniently tucked under the seat, and my money belt more conveniently tucked under my midriff.

And so he was gone, perhaps not as fast as he came, but this

was one small 'brush with death' as they say, which thankfully to God I lived to tell the tale. After all, who wants to die at 38!

My advice to any of you reading this, is don't be so macho or proud as to lose your life for 4 dollars, 400 dollars, or even 4,000 dollars, as unfortunately, many have around the world. Things can be recouped, but your life is precious. Always pray for the protection of God whenever you go out of the door. If you don't pray why should God protect you? Many people walk out of their houses and never come back even just a short walk or drive to the shops; it's all over for them. It happens every day. Read the papers and see.

1 Peter 5:8 / Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil walks about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

Psalms 91:1-16 / He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. 2 I will say of the Lord, "He is my refuge and my fortress; My God, in Him I will trust." 3 Surely He shall deliver you from the snare of the fowler And from the perilous pestilence. 4 He shall cover you with His feathers, And under His wings you shall take refuge; His truth shall be your shield and buckler. 5 You shall not be afraid of the terror by night, Nor of the arrow that flies by day, 6 Nor of the pestilence that walks in darkness, Nor of the destruction that lays waste at noonday. 7 A thousand may fall at your side, And ten thousand at your right hand; But it shall not come near you. 8 Only with your eyes shall you look, And see the reward of the wicked. 9 Because you have made the Lord, who is my refuge, Even the Most High, your dwelling place, 10 No evil shall befall you,

Nor shall any plague come near your dwelling; 11 For He shall give His angels charge over you, To keep you in all your ways. 12 In their hands they shall bear you up, Lest you dash your foot against a stone. 13 You shall tread upon the lion and the cobra, The young lion and the serpent you shall trample underfoot. 14 "Because he has set his love upon Me, therefore I will deliver him; I will set him on high, because he has known My name. 15 He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him. 16 With long life I will satisfy him, And show him My salvation."

And what happened to Davi, my dear Brazilian army friend with the black belt in Karate some of you more astute readers have already asked? The answer is that shortly after we arrived at the terminal, he rushed over to me and was very apologetic.

"Jerry, I am so sorry", he sincerely explained, "My God, if I had been there by your side, I would have chopped him with a karate strike to the neck and his lifeless body would have crashed out the window! I am sorry I failed you in your moment of need."

I smiled comfortingly, "Don't worry Davi, the bullet travels faster even than your swift hand, I am glad God arranged for you to sit up front." He seemed satisfied with this reply and so we happily continued the rest of our long adventure together. He was a good man and taught me many things by his dedication and sacrifice and love for God's work.

However Brazil is a wonderful place with so many hospitable people and needy souls. I loved the four years we were there, and

left with a yearning to go back some time in the Millennium.

May the Lord bless Brazil and help its leaders and people to continue to know God, for the corruption and disparity of wealth that is presently there to end, and for all God's sheep to continue to hear his voice and produce many disciples for Christ among such a wonderful people.

4. The Tornado in Ontario, Canada 1985

I found out first-hand the truly shocking power of God in answer to prayer and according to the scriptural promises, in Canada in the two years we lived there in 1984-85. I lived in Mississauga, and often went to the various cities of Ontario and Quebec to witness and preach the gospel. We gave out Gospel tracts and leaflets, and talk with people personally and door to door, shop to shop and in many other places as the Holy Spirit directed us.

Canada is in many ways a great country and has a good tradition of wonderful pastors and missionaries, almost too numerous to mention. You Canadian Christians will know who they are for sure.

One particular day a Canadian Christian brother who was on furlough from Peru, and with whom I had frequent fellowship, suggested we go to Barrie, Ontario, a city not far from Toronto, to share the Word of God at a shopping mall. It was deep winter in Ontario. This brother and I spent several hours offering Christian tracts* at the entrance of the mall to people coming in and out of one of the large malls there in Barrie. The entrance area provided some warmth with its powerful heating system and we were hopefully expecting to meet some people receptive to the word of God, as we normally did in other parts of Ontario (even in the freezing weather).

To our disappointment though, both of us found the people of Barrie very negative about our presence, and we were unable to pass out almost any tracts. This was highly unusual and we felt disappointed and quite shocked. You know it is not a light thing to dismiss the Gospel and the message of God. Of course this is to be expected as Jesus said, but to meet a seemingly vast majority of

people of the local community who were definitely not interested in hearing the Gospel, was the first time I had experienced this in over ten years as a missionary. It was frightening to me in a way.

We left feeling we had wasted our time, but at the same time we felt we had clean hearts, had done our best in the right manner, and conducted ourselves in humility and friendliness, as the Bible had told us when presenting the Word of God.

On the road out of Barrie, I remember my brother, who was driving, saying, 'you know we should remember that Jesus said in Matthew 10:14 'And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house or city, shake off the dust of your feet'.'

So he suggested that we do just that, as we were both grieved in the Spirit at the lack of receptivity of the people of Barrie, and that we stop the car, get out, and shake off the dust of our shoes against the city of Barrie for not receiving the word of God.

So that's we did, we got out of the car and stood by the side of the main highway just a kilometre or so out of the town, and as Jesus simply said to do, we banged our shoes together so the dust of that city would not stay with us. I had never done this before and at the time this seemed exactly the right thing to do according to the Holy Scripture.

Jesus didn't say anything else; just we as His messengers should do that when we encountered this type of situation. It seems serious to Jesus and God and you will note this message is recorded in 3 separate Gospels, which usually signifies importance*.

Shaking the dust off our feet seemed like we had some success, because we had at least obeyed the scriptural injunction.

We had no inkling or idea what else could possibly happen, or

think anything more of it at the time.

(see also:* here are two more: Mark 6:11 And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrhah in the day of judgment, than for that city.

Luke 9:5 / And whoever will not receive you, when you go out of that city, shake off the very dust from your feet as a testimony against them.”

Several months passed and I had all but forgotten that sad morning in Barrie, Ontario, Canada but chalked it up to a good experience from the Lord, as ‘all things work together for good to them who love Him.’ (Romans 8:28). Yes, it was a discouraging experience for me personally who was still quite young spiritually, to see so many people indifferent and even quite hostile to the Word of God.

However we didn’t have long to wait to find out what happened. It wasn’t until the evening news came on in May 31, 1985, that same year, that I watched in awe at what had happened to that very same city which had rejected us.

One of the most powerful tornados Canada had ever experienced formed out of the great lakes (that separate the USA and Canada just to the south of Ontario), and zigzagged across southern Ontario, bypassing several other major towns along the way until it came to Barrie. There the tornado unleashed all of its power without any mercy, it seems. Here are some reports below and there is much

more information available about this.

Here is the news report:

'The 1985 Barrie tornado outbreak was a tornado outbreak in the Canadian province of Ontario, one of the largest and most damaging in the province's history. In total, thirteen separate tornadoes, with two of them rated at F4 on the Fujita Scale, crossed southern Ontario during the late afternoon and early evening hours of May 31, 1985. Twelve people died, 281 were injured, and millions of dollars in damage was done in the province of Ontario alone. One of the tornadoes devastated the city of Barrie, nestled at the far western edge of Kempenfelt Bay, on Lake Simcoe.

At approximately 4:00pm, all electrical power in Barrie went out, as the Grand Valley/Tottenham tornado took out the main hydro transformers, southwest of the city (LeGrand, 1990). Few residents had any idea of what was looming over the horizon, but many people were let off work 30–45 minutes before the storm hit due to these power outages. Had this not happened, the death toll would have undoubtedly been much higher.

The intensifying tornado first obliterated a pine tree forest plantation. Some 10-metre (33 ft) high trees were snapped at the 2-metre (6 ft 7 in) level. At this point the damage path was about 600 metres (2,000 ft) wide, moving steadily towards the east-northeast. It then entered the southern part of Barrie shortly before 5:00pm.

(note: this 'southern part' was the area where we had been).

Visibility was very low as the tornado was cloaked in heavy rain and dust, thus making it very difficult to see. Extensive F3 (although some localized F4) damage occurred to an entire square block of

homes in the Crawford Street and Patterson Road subdivision. Five people were killed in the area as some homes there were not well-built, and thus collapsed after being pushed off their foundations. [6] Two of these five deaths included a mother and son, killed when their Crawford Street home was completely levelled (Bruineman, 2010). Most of the fatalities occurred in homes with no basements, where head and chest trauma resulted from an increased exposure to flying debris.'

(End of news report).

Of course there has to be the Meteorological explanation as well so people won't worry unduly and I have included it at the very end of this section.



A tornado in action.

Now after almost exactly 30 years as I look back, I find I do

not wish to comment further on this terrible event. Of course this is a truly shocking event, one which most people (and insurance companies) would just put down to 'an act of nature'. This disaster raises so many questions to the modern unbelieving mind that it seems virtually impossible to come to the question that God would allow innocent people, even children, to die like this.

For sure, the town of Barrie has never been the same. This tornado in 1985 put down an historical marker in all of Canada, just as Hurricane Katrina did in the USA some years later.

It is up to us what we believe and how we react to such events, and I am not going to claim anything by this chapter.

I can only tell you what happened to me and my brother on that day as we were so grieved in the Spirit of God by the reaction of the people of Barrie to the Gospel of Jesus Christ being shared with them. I personally believe, that throughout the world, and in whatever country you are, the 'blessings or cursings' of God depend on the people's reaction, collectively and individually, to the Word of God.

We should never take lightly the importance of our sharing the Word of God in some form with people and they, although not yet saved, often may not at the time be able to see its importance.

As the Bible clearly says in:

2 Corinthians 4:4 whose minds the god of this age has blinded, who do not believe, lest the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine on them.

Meteorological explanation

The upper air pattern was conducive for a major severe weather event in the Great Lakes that Friday, May 31. An unseasonably deep low pressure system at 984 hPa crossed out of the Midwestern U.S. through the day, and then into the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Very warm air surged in ahead of this system. Temperatures reached the upper twenties in Celsius (approximately 80-85 Fahrenheit) across much of southern Ontario, in addition to high dew point levels. An unstable atmosphere (surface based lifted indices around minus 6) was the by product of this.[2] Directional wind shear was also present in the warm sector of the storm, in addition to high helicity values and a vorticity maximum approaching the lower lakes.

The situation was worsened by the presence of copious amounts of moisture, which would allow any storms that could form to become severe rather quickly. Also, this was supportive of the HP (high-precipitation) counterpart of the supercell thunderstorm (Verkaik, 1997). All of this added up to the distinct possibility of severe rotating storms that were messy, hard to see, and extremely dangerous. What was needed now was a trigger, and that came in the form of a trailing cold front behind the low. Severe thunderstorms and isolated tornadoes had already raked parts of the Midwest U.S. (particularly in Iowa and Wisconsin) the day before on May 30, associated with this same cold front (Grazulis, 1990).

The day started off on an active note with the warm front moving northwards. A possible tornado was reported near Leamington,

accompanied by golfball size hail from widespread severe thunderstorm activity in southwestern Ontario. Following the warm frontal passage, skies cleared rapidly and temperatures quickly began to rise. The cold front began crossing Lake Huron towards the noon hour, and with it several thunderstorms developed shortly after 1:30pm EDT, with the northernmost cell soon becoming most dominant. Environment Canada issued a severe thunderstorm warning at 2:25pm for Bruce County (complementing the special weather statement issued early that morning). At around 2:50pm, an F2 tornado touched down briefly in the Lion's Head area (north of Wiarton) before moving out over Georgian Bay and dissipating.[3]

A note about- 'Shaking off the dust of your feet' and 'cursing others'

We should mention here that the directive Jesus gave to 'shake off the dust of our feet against a town or city' or even individual, even included individuals in this.

Well all that should not be taken lightly. However, it's not a Carte Blanche for us as Christians to go around cursing every person we meet who gets on our nerves or whom we don't feel happy about. Remember, Jesus said that we are to 'love our enemies, pray for them who despitefully treat you and persecute you'. So there is a significant balance in all of this.

Matthew 5:44-45 / But I say to you, love your enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, 45 that you may be sons of your Father in heaven; for He makes His sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust.

From the world's point of view, and the unsaved people, they will often not realise what they are doing in opposing the Gospel, so it is also our duty to be sensitive to what the Lord may ask us to do in every given situation.

Consider this passage from the Book of Luke:

Luke 9:51-56 / Now it came to pass, when the time had come for Him to be received up, that He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem, 52 and sent messengers before His face. And as they went, they entered a village of the Samaritans, to prepare for Him. 53 But they did not receive Him, because His face was set for the journey to Jerusalem. 54 And when His disciples James and John saw this, they said, "Lord, do You want us to command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, just as Elijah did?" 55 But He turned and rebuked them, and said, "You do not know what manner of spirit you are of. 56 For the Son of Man did not come to destroy men's lives but to save them." And they went to another village.

So Jesus even rebuked some of his closest confidantes, the brothers James and John. They did not know what 'manner of spirit they were'.

In other words, because we don't fully know or realise God's great Love for others it is easy for us to fall into that same 'destructive' spirit that James and John manifested here. So all that to say, that 'calling down fire' or 'shaking off the dust of your feet' against an individual or city is really not something to be taken lightly at all; but rather only to be done in the utmost fear of God yourself in your own spirit.

In my own life it has only happened twice to me when I have done this. The other time (apart from the above in Canada) was in a shop in London where I was visiting several shops and sharing the word of God with the owners. The Indian lady who owned this fashion shop in Wembley, North London was so hostile and belligerent against me, that on that occasion I also shook the dust off my feet against her shop and cursed the shop. I only came back to that area about six months later and was riding on a red double-decker London bus. I noticed with amazement that of the row of 20 or so shops leading left from the main road exit of the Wembley underground train station, her particular shop had been absolutely gutted by fire and was a black charred shell. All the other shops in the row were completely untouched. Awesome is a word that cannot do the subject justice.

If unbelieving people of the world truly realised the danger they are in, in God's eyes, when they fight, persecute and oppose His children and messengers and ambassadors, they would leave them well alone, as is clear from some of the following verses below in this chapter.

In the western world of the first quarter of the 21st century it has become exceedingly common to speak against Christians. Some media people seem to enjoy it so much in much of the media and in many places.

I think because Christians have been influenced a lot by Jesus' valid teachings of 'turn the other cheek', people often misunderstand this and think that Christians are easy prey for their persecutions, jokes or slanders or much worse.

But I think we (Christians) should warn and have a duty to warn

people of the world (when necessary and as the Lord leads us) that if they do 'mess with us' they often are definitely going to attract some form of retribution from God, as the Bible clearly tells us.

We are the apple of God's eye, the most sensitive part of His Body.

Psalm 17:8 / Keep me as the apple of Your eye;

Hide me under the shadow of Your wings,

Colossians 1:28 / Him we preach, warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

So if someone wants to poke their fingers in God's eye, it's quite natural to imagine that God will do something to defend Himself and His eyes, wouldn't you?

If someone wants to poke their fingers in your eye, you would involuntarily try to stop them. Corrupt-minded people of this world (and that could be you, unless you repent today!) should really be made aware that they (you) are messing not with the puny, weak and ignorant Christians, but with a mighty God, The Consuming Fire!

I think it is only fair to warn them (or you). It may even help some of them (or you). The examples of all this in history and the Bible are almost infinite.

Let the wise take heed

2 Thessalonians 1:6-8 / since it is a righteous thing with God to repay with tribulation those who trouble you, 7 and to give you who are troubled rest with us when the Lord Jesus is revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, 8 in flaming fire taking vengeance on those who do not know God, and on those who do not obey the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Hebrews 10:27 / but a certain fearful expectation of judgment, and fiery indignation which will devour the adversaries.

Hebrews 12:29, Hebrews 10:30-31 / 29 For our God is a consuming fire. 30 For we know Him who said, "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay," says the Lord. And again, "The Lord will judge His people." 31 It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.

Matthew 21:41 / They said to Him, "He will destroy those wicked men miserably, and lease his vineyard to other vinedressers who will render to him the fruits in their seasons."

James 4:12 / There is one Lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy. Who are you to judge another?

This would now bring us to a similar story which surprised me at the time as much as it may surprise you now.

5. The Pastor's death in Chandigarh, India

Who am I that I should be considered anyone important, except that I am someone who just wanted to see people receive the Word of God and be saved through knowing Jesus Christ? This was always my goal in my born-again life, and one at which I failed a great deal and was often discouraged about. Nevertheless nothing could stop me in desiring souls and seeking souls for Jesus and helping and supporting those many other brothers and sisters around the world who did the same.

In the late 1990's we lived in North India and worked in the Indian State of Punjab, around Chandigarh and Panchkula, working for the Lord and visiting orphanages, hospitals and other institutions where people would often be very interested in the Lord. During my initial months in the Indian Punjab I met a dear Nigerian brother who somehow had got stuck in India due to his losing some legal documents, and being in agricultural and business studies at the same time. He was a wonderful sincere Christian called Nelson.

Nelson, like many Nigerians and Africans in general was hungry for more of the Word of God and we became good friends over time.

He also attended a Pentecostal church of North India which was far more established than we were, and they also had their own buildings and networks across the region.

I feel that anyone in India who serves the Lord sincerely should be highly commended and encouraged, as it is not an easy field for a missionary and never has been. So it was with interest that one day he invited me to a 'Pastor's meeting' at this church where a

variety of Indian pastors from all over the Punjab would be attending under the guidance of their regional senior pastor, in whose home we were going to meet.

Nelson wanted me to share some of my teaching and resources also for Christian children that he felt his denomination would be interested in.

We arrived in the late afternoon at this Senior Pastor's house and met him and his lovely wife and charming children. Indian children are always very precious and when they have that grace of God upon their lives they are even more enchanting in spirit. Around seven pastors came in total, representing various parts of the Punjab and local towns.

During the meeting Nelson introduced me as his good friend and respected elder of a local Bible study and fellow Pastor of the Christian faith. However for some reason, which I still do not totally understand, there was a young pastor of around 30-35 years old, who took some offence to me, confusing me with another ministry which was not so Christian-based. As a result he stood up and started to speak very forcefully against me personally in this meeting, denouncing me as a heretic and false leader. Everyone in the room was shocked and dismayed at this outburst, and because of what this pastor had said they were confused also, as this is always the fruit of the enemy's work – to sow confusion amongst those who should be brethren.

After he had finished his tirade, silence hit the room like a funeral. Nobody spoke for some time. I felt the blood rush up to my face and, in my flesh, I almost felt like hitting the man. The Lord however told me to do nothing and say nothing at all and I just sat silently waiting to see what God would do.

Imagine if something like that happened to you in a private meeting among colleagues and somebody shouted and ranted about you and how bad you were in your job or business or organisation and accused you falsely? It is difficult to know how to respond sometimes, even as a Christian.

The room was deathly silent for a full minute or two. Personally I knew I was not guilty of anything this man had just said. If anything, I felt bad for Nelson as a trusted member of this church denomination, feeling in some way it would be embarrassing for him. It was Nelson himself who broke the silence in that room.

‘I have known Pastor Jerry for 6 months’, he stated, and I have seen the fruits of the Holy Spirit in him. He has always been very gentle, kind and knowledgeable about the Word of God. Nelson then continued, ‘however you, Pastor _____, do seem to have a reputation for being very quick to speak and have strong opinions, some people do not always feel comfortable with you and the way you present things.’

And with many other similar words in defence of me, the room grew gradually less tense and the senior Pastor further defused the tension when he admonished everyone to ‘let God be the judge of every situation and to commit everything we do not understand to Him in prayer, etc.’, and with those wise words, he more or less adjourned the meeting, or at least my part of it, as obviously they would continue their own meeting as pastors of their denomination.

So, I stood up and prepared to leave as there was no longer any valid reason for us now to stay. I shook hands with everyone and offered my hand to the pastor who had maligned me, and he refused to take it. Nelson and I left. In the rickshaw, we shared simple things on the way back to our homes and parted in good

faith, promising to see each other again soon, by God's grace.

The Lord never led me to be upset nor to be angry with this man, I prayed for him actually and asked the Lord to help him and teach him the right way, in actual fact.

Three weeks later Nelson called me, and was quite agitated on the phone.

'Brother Jerry, Brother Jerry', he talked excitedly, 'that pastor who spoke against you 3 weeks ago? Well, he has died. He was driving home from a meeting one evening with his wife and all his (four) children in the car and they had a head on collision with a big truck. His wife and children were completely unhurt, but he died instantly at the scene. Everybody in the church is talking about it that it was because he spoke against the man of God.'

I am sure as a saved child of God this dear Pastor and faithful husband went immediately to be with the Lord and will have thereby understood any mistakes he may have made in this life. God is a merciful God and as I understand the whole church gathered together to support his wife and children. God bless them.

Are such things coincidences or are they judgements of God, or even blessings of God in some strange long-term way? Something that God knows will work everything out for good in the end, especially to those who love Him? (Romans 8:28). It's hard to say. I have seen too many things similar to this to regard them any more as 'coincidences'.

Again, this is a good place to emphasise that it is a fearful thing, my friend, to speak out against God's people or even among God's

people. There are way too many gossips in the world, and a great deal of them I'm sad to say are Christians, who must have confused the many unsaved people who perhaps have not yet made decisions to know Jesus.

Please do not offend others intentionally through your harsh words, or loose words. You may not know how serious it is to God. Gossip and slander are far more serious to the Lord than you imagine, and if you don't believe me, study it yourself from Genesis to Revelation!

Consider the following verses (and there are dozens more appropriate ones in the Bible) and apply them to yourself if you have such problems.

Matthew 18:6 / B "Whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in Me to sin, it would be better for him if a millstone were hung around his neck, and he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

Mark 9:42 / "But whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in Me to stumble, it would be better for him if a millstone were hung around his neck, and he were thrown into the sea.

Luke 17:2 / It would be better for him if a millstone were hung around his neck, and he were thrown into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.

James 3:5-9 / Even so the tongue is a little member and boasts great things. See how great a forest a little fire kindles! 6 And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity. The tongue is so set among

our members that it defiles the whole body, and sets on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire by hell. 7 For every kind of beast and bird, of reptile and creature of the sea, is tamed and has been tamed by mankind. 8 But no man can tame the tongue. It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. 9 With it we bless our God and Father, and with it we curse men, who have been made in the similitude of God.

6. My Sikh friend in Delhi, India

Sometimes you may be planning something, but God often has a totally different plan, schedule, timing or outcome in mind. Most of us are not flexible enough at those points in time to say 'not my will, Lord but thine be done' as Jesus set the example.

Luke 22:42 / saying, "Father, if it is Your will, take this cup away from Me; nevertheless not My will, but Yours, be done."

One certain day in Delhi, the capital of India, almost quite near the beginning of the 21st century, I was on my way to a pre-arranged appointment with another Christian colleague to visit a business contact. We had not been in that part of Delhi before, and it seemed no one knew where this obscure address was. To make matters worse, on the way to this mysterious place, the rickshaw we were travelling in broke down. So we were stuck, as well as late and frustrated. As we sat there wondering why things were going so badly wrong for us, a middle-aged Sikh man passed by the rickshaw and peered in. We explained our predicament to him and he also had no idea of the place we were supposed to go. It just looked like we had been misinformed in the first place.

Congenially he invited us to his office, to which he was on his way, to have a cup of that nice Indian tea which we all like so much.

We thought that would be good, having come so far on a seeming wild goose chase at least we could have a chance to think and pray about what to do next, and talk with this nice friendly man. He opened his humble office and ordered some tea for us all.

As we started talking I soon realised that this was really the man Jesus had sent us to see. Like a flash of revelation in my mind, it dawned on me, that here was quite a needy soul. The man, Mr Singh, (as many Sikhs are apt to be surnamed), began to tell us all his life's problems. Although happily married with two young boys, he had other financial issues, in-law disputes, and worries for the future. After some time talking with him he was almost in tears and our hearts went out to him, and the Lord told me, 'just tell him about Me and how I can heal his life.'

So I asked him if I could tell him some of my life story, and how I had a 'Friend' who may be able to help him. Eagerly he listened as I shared with him parts of my personal story which is in part one of this book. He was very respectful and took it all in with sincerity. After sharing with him the story of how a simple but genuine prayer to Jesus Christ had significantly helped turn my life around, and more importantly deliver Eternal Life and a relationship with the Loving Creator God, I asked him if he would like to do the same.

At this point it usually becomes important to lead a person in prayer and ask them to pray with you or 'repeat after you' if they declare they would like to know Jesus Christ. So, after getting his whole-hearted approval, he repeated a prayer with me to Jesus Christ.

After the prayer ended all was quiet in the office. I peeked a look at him but he still had his very moist eyes closed for some considerable time. We respectfully waited for him to finish his own devotion with God.

As he came back to earth he looked at me and then he suddenly touched his head and heart and went down on his knees and touched my feet also. We had not seen this before in India, we

vaguely understood that it signified a great sign of respect. We felt very touched and humbled, as we felt very unworthy ourselves. Mr Singh himself was absolutely elated and deeply moved. 'From now on I will follow Jesus, and my family also!' he declared. We stayed a bit longer with him and shared a few simple Bible verses with him about his new life in Christ.

We left him to continue his office work and returned home, having never found the original person we set out to see.

A very short time after this we moved to Chandigarh, a part of north India's Punjab state where most Sikh people live. I kept in touch with dear Mr Singh. He came the 250 kilometres north to Chandigarh by car with his wife and two boys specifically to visit me and my family, and spend a weekend receiving more Bible teaching.

True to his word Mr. Singh continued on with God and his new life. We can only be in amazed that God came to a man who responded and whose heart was open and receptive to the Word of God and was willing to travel a huge distance to seek more Truth. This is a precious thing in God's eyes, and even Jesus directly referred to such people in the New Testament when he said, referring to the Queen of Sheba:

Matthew 12:42 / The queen of the South will rise up in the judgment with this generation and condemn it, for she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and indeed a greater than Solomon is here.

Luke 11:31 / The queen of the South will rise up in the judgment with the men of this generation and condemn them, for she came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and indeed a greater than Solomon is here.

How far are you willing to travel for God? How hungry are you for Jesus or for the answers to our problems? How much are you willing to give to pray to sacrifice and to seek? Well, if you are like dear Mr. Singh, you will make progress and stand out as an example to others.

Jesus came to the Jews, who didn't hardly have to travel at all to meet him, but they didn't receive him.

The Queen of Sheba came from the south, probably Yemen, with her entourage to seek the Wisdom of Solomon in Israel with a massive gift also for him (not that he needed it).

I believe God reserves the very best for such people, perhaps because they are few and far between. Such people don't go unnoticed to God. Are you one? Why not make a covenant with God today, and see what He will do for you!

*Psalm 50:5 / "Gather My saints together to Me,
Those who have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice."*

And finally for us as his missionaries we learned that valuable lesson, that God has his own way. He has his own sheep and He knows where they are, even he has to break down your 'rickshaw' to find them! Praise the Lord.

Other valuable notes:

The Queen of the South

According to the Hebrew Bible, the unnamed queen of the land of Sheba heard of the great wisdom of King Solomon of Israel and journeyed there to test him with questions, and carrying gifts of four and a half tons of gold, as well as precious stones, spices, and wood. See First Kings 10:1-13 (largely copied in 2 Chronicles 9:1–12).

It is related further that the queen was awed by Solomon's great wisdom and wealth and pronounced a blessing on Solomon's God. Solomon reciprocated with gifts and "everything she desired ... besides what he had given her out of his royal bounty." Then "she turned and went to her country, she and her servants."

Signs Of Respect

Those who do not know much about the Indian culture and tradition get very baffled when they see children in India touching the feet of their elders. This is, in fact, the commonest Indian gesture and touching someone's feet means the person who is doing the act is showing his respect and subservience to the one whose feet he/she is touching. However, one important aspect related to this gesture is that the person's whose feet are being touched is always superior in age and position.

Touching elders' feet is the first lesson in manners and etiquette that all Indian children are taught. So, generally, one is supposed to

touch the feet of a person if he/she happens to be an elder member of the family or a respected spiritual person. Since Indians normally live in joint families, this gesture is performed by the sons and daughter-in-laws for their parents and grandparents. Though very young children are guided by their parents to learn this gesture, the comparatively elder ones are expected to do it spontaneously.

In Indian culture, there are specific occasions when a person is expected to touch his or her elders' feet. These occasions include before one is departing for or arriving back from a journey, weddings, religious and festive occasions. In earlier times it was a like a custom in India for youngsters to touch their parents' feet first thing in the morning and before going to bed. Though there are many who still follow this rule, the truth is that the tradition is now slowly waning away with time.

When an elder person's feet are being touched, he or she in turn, is supposed to touch the head of the person doing the act and bless him/ her for long life, fortune and prosperity. Interestingly, the act of touching feet gets somewhat intensified during certain occasions. For instance, many people prefer prostrating before the deities in temples or before persons of high rank spiritually and even politically.

7. The Man from Chile (Love opens the door)

Where politics comes up against God's Love, it is often God's love that will win through (on an individual basis that is!). God's love and kindness manifested through us is all-powerful to those who long for His Truth.

Another thought to this following story is that safety, supply and security are three of the greatest things we should guard and cultivate in this life. Without them, nothing can be fully established in our lives. We must have them to make progress. We must have supply, finances or some form of income or financial or material provision. We also need to be secure and safe, or at least on the road to safety and security.

We cannot always control the circumstances around us, and the World and the devil will often do their best to make all this extremely difficult. I hope God will give you sufficient wisdom to take these factors into consideration in your own life and with your family or those groups of people God may entrust to your care.

Even wiser would be to prepare in advance for the days that may come upon you. Although 'riches profit not in the day of wrath', at the same time wisdom can 'deliver a city'. So if you can combine wisdom with some form of riches you should be well prepared when armed also with prayer and faith in Jesus Christ!

*Proverbs 11:4 / Riches do not profit in the day of wrath,
But righteousness delivers from death.*

*Proverbs 29:8 / Scoffers set a city aflame, But wise men turn
away wrath.*

In my late 20's to mid 30's I did a lot of personal evangelism, Bible studies and teaching of the Word of God in people's houses, private companies and 'door-to-door'. In the beginning of this extended ministry in both North America and Europe, I actually found it immensely difficult to begin this type of work for the Lord.

To start out as we did in Canada in Mississauga, Ontario just visiting housing complexes and streets with semi-detached houses, armed with just simple gospel tracts and prayer was frightening from the onset! Obviously anything the Lord has called you to do, which He knows will be fruitful for His Kingdom, the enemy will fight you in some way. Often the devil's biggest weapon is fear, terror or simply the fear of man, which is why Jeremiah in the Bible has some fantastic advice on this subject:

*Jeremiah 1:4-10 / Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying:
5 "Before I formed you in the womb I knew you; Before you were born I sanctified you; I ordained you a prophet to the nations."
6 Then said I: "Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak, for I am a youth."
7 But the Lord said to me: "Do not say, 'I am a youth,' For you shall go to all to whom I send you, And whatever I command you, you shall speak.
8 Do not be afraid of their faces, For I am with you to deliver you," says the Lord.
9 Then the Lord put forth His hand and touched my mouth, and the Lord said to me: "Behold, I have put My words in your mouth.
10 See, I have this day set you over the nations and over the kingdoms, To root out and to pull down, To destroy and to throw down, To build and to plant."*

I well remember the first day at this new initiative in Malton, Mississauga; I spent at least 30 minutes trying to pluck up the courage to go and knock on the door of the first person's house of the street. Finally the Lord came through and I walked up the garden path and knocked. A dear middle-aged lady came to the door who proved to be very receptive to God's love and message. I was sold on the method for that day and time, but God moves all the time.

Finally I am coming to the point of this story my friends. In this one housing complex, I knocked on the door of one apartment. A tall man, perhaps in his mid or late-thirties opened the door and looked at me warily. Surprisingly and unusually, he came out of the apartment and closed the door almost completely behind him while at the same time holding it slightly ajar. I thought this was quite strange. I looked at him, mmm, 'definitely new to Canada', I thought.

I began to talk with him about why I was visiting this complex of apartments and that God had a personal love for everyone. I always found it is important to look others in the eye with kindness and the sincerity of the Holy Spirit. After all it's not you who is doing the job, but the Spirit of God through you. Those times when we try to do it all 'in the flesh', we just make a big mess out of everything, and the Lord humbles us in the process, something of which I can attest many times.

I could see from his accent and body language he was from South America. We started to converse in Spanish, and then I knew he was Chilean from his accent. But still I sensed something was very intriguing about this man, so I asked him 'where are you from?' He said he came from Argentina, and I knew immediately

he was lying, as I had recently come from Chile where I lived as a missionary for nearly three years.

But I sensed it was a lie for some reason that I couldn't tell at the time. I ignored his deception and let him know I had been in various South American countries with my family, and we continued talking until finally I was able to explain the message of God's love to him. I shared my own life story and how the Lord changed me and invited him to pray with me. There outside his door he sweetly prayed with me and accepted Jesus Christ into his heart! As he did so, tears began to run down his face and he started to sob heavily, even as other residents were walking past us to their apartments along the communal corridor.

After our prayer he looked up at me and said; 'you know I am not from Argentina, I really come from Chile'. And with that his right hand opened the apartment door wide and I saw into his living room where his wife was sitting at a dining table with two young children. Somehow they had been quiet all through this conversation I was having with her husband and she had heard every word!

'Please come in' he said warmly. 'This is my wife Isabel and my children Jorge and Eunice.' *

There is always something warm and special about many South Americans. Is it the 'sangre caliente', or is it something special God has put in them? After some introductions and smiles, his wife went to prepare the dinner for us all. The 'Man from Chile' started to tell me his story.

'I was a squadron leader in the Chilean Air Force during the time of Salvador Allende the new president', he began. We were expecting a new Chile, a democratic one. We were based near Viña

del Mar on the coast. I had many men under me. However after the military coup which saw our new president killed, our bases were overrun by forces loyal to the new government of General Augusto Pinochet who was head of the army. I was captured along with most of my pilots. We were put into prison together; although I was kept in a separate cell. Here I was tortured day and night. They used electric rods and other systems of torture on me. I had never known such pain and heartache. I also had no idea where my wife was.

The army said they were trying to make a 'vegetable' out of me as a warning to all my men to cooperate with the new regime. For months I held on and went through these torture sessions. After a year, I felt I could not bear it any more. I was not a religious man, but I remember this one night when I cried and cried out to God to let me die as I felt I had reached the end of the road mentally and physically. I asked him either to let me die or help me and save me in some way. I went to sleep. The next morning after this one year in prison, an officer came to me and said I was being released and I could go. I was to leave the country. I couldn't believe it and thought it was a trick. But it was true, I knew God was there and had heard and answered my most desperate prayer.

The right wing grip and 'death squads' of the new government had taken hold and there was no longer any place for me in the new Chile after my release in early 1975. Through friends and contact with certain embassies I was able to cross the Andes into Argentina and then arrangements were made for me to go to Canada and I was given asylum here in Canada. Canada has been very good to me and I am thankful to be here and have a new life. I feel I can perhaps never go back to Chile to my homeland. Now I have to look after my wife and children here and look to their future.'

So he ended his story this version of which is just the brief version. My heart went out to him and ever since then the Lord has given us greater understanding and love for the millions of suffering people around the world who may have been made refugees, prisoners or simply been displaced.

This man was aware of the possibility that 'people' may still be looking for him to assassinate him even there in far off Canada. He was vigilant, diligent and watchful and didn't take his new-found freedom for granted. He knew that 'a strong man armed keeps his goods in peace,' as Jesus told us. Perhaps he had no gun, who knows, but his attitude was one of the Watchman at the head of his family. 'A wise man foresees the evil and hides himself (takes precautions), but the simple pass on and are punished.'

What evil is coming on the horizon of your life or your country or the world? Can you foresee it? How will it affect you or your loved ones? Take sometime time today to ask God how you can be ready. Like Jesus often said: 'Be ready'. If not you may very well be swept away in the flood of God's judgements on a wicked world or suffer with those who are careless and unbelieving. God will always give you a warning or a check or a premonition, even a feeling that things are not right and you should then pray and take whatever action God may show you or yours. God bless you.

Bible Verses connected with this chapter:

Luke 11:21 / When a strong man, fully armed, guards his own palace, his goods are in peace.

Proverbs 22:3 / A prudent man foresees evil and hides himself, But the simple pass on and are punished.

Matthew 24:44 / Therefore you also be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect.

Luke 12:40 / Therefore you also be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect.”

John 7:6 / Then Jesus said to them, “My time has not yet come, but your time is always ready.

* Names of his family changed for security.

For more information on this time in Chilean history please see:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1973_Chilean_coup_d%27%C3%A9tat

8. How we met Pastor Hans

We lived in beautiful Switzerland in the early 1990's for several years on and off. Switzerland had become like a second home to us, and the Lord gave us many friends there. And despite its rather inward-looking people, we met many precious Christians and many others who were open to God's Love and message.

During this time, we as missionaries were taking a break for a while from the ardours of mission in South America, the Caribbean and India, and had turned our attention to the Swiss-German and also French-Swiss villages and small towns during this time.

It was at this time during our witnessing or evangelism and winning souls to the Lord that we learned how to listen to the voice of God some mornings to tell us where to go, who to meet and what to say. This may sound crazy, but we actually learned to be still and listen to Him directing us to certain villages by name, or by other indicators. Sometimes we went to villages God told us that we have never heard of, since only two of the seven of us adults were Swiss, and only half of us spoke decent German. We were amazed as we heard from the Lord in prophecy naming certain villages we were to go to. To our amazement we looked at the map, and yes, such a village by that name did exist! What a wonderful experience and what great Training from Heaven itself!

It was on such a day that the Lord told me and another sister in the Lord to go to a certain village by name and specifically visit the pastor of that quite tiny place. Off we set in anticipation and some genuine trepidation also. We arrived at the village, which was over an hour's drive from our home and we went to the first church we saw, assuming that was where the 'Pastor' was that the Lord had

said we were to visit and speak to.

Now the question may come to your mind, 'how do you introduce yourself to someone you have never met before; they don't know you from Adam and the devil is always there to say that they will not receive your idiotic explanation even if you had the faith to open your mouth in the first place and tell them?'

So we knocked on the door of the house next to this church and the pastor there invited us in, however he didn't seem to appreciate our message or story, but he finally did say, 'Mmm, well there is another church in this small village at the other end of the town, they are evangelical and the pastor might be there'.

Undeterred we went to this second house and knocked on the door. A face appeared behind the lace curtain peeking out. The man came to the door, bearded and middle aged. We could not tell much by looking at his face. He looked at us with a curious expression and perhaps a touch of suspicion. We started by talking to him on his doorstep and told him that although he didn't know us, we were Christian missionaries and had been directed by the LORD in prayer to visit him that day, and that was all we knew!

What an awesome feeling I had also in my soul to proclaim this by faith to this total stranger!

He looked into our faces and back and forth at us, wondering if he could trust our extremely strange story! He said, 'wait a minute' and went back into the house. We could vaguely hear him talking with someone. He came back in a few minutes and said, 'Come in' and led us into his private study.

We repeated our story in as much detail as we knew, which really wasn't much, and explained a bit more about ourselves, who we were, what countries we each came from, and where we had

been missionaries, and what ministries we had had on the field, etc. By this time he could see we were sincere, even though certainly unusual.

Then everything happened suddenly. The Pastor suddenly told us his side of God's equation. It turned out this Pastor this very same morning had been praying desperately to God for a sign about his own ministry in that little town. He did not feel after so many years there that he had made much progress labouring for God and was wondering if now in his early fifties if it wasn't time to pack up and move somewhere else. Apart from this, last week was the anniversary of the death of his little girl who had been run over by a car some years ago right outside this house when she was 5 years old. It was this event that had caused him so much pain and sorrow and bitterness to God as to why God had allowed it. He was still struggling with bitterness and pain about it after many years. All this was happening to him on the same morning the LORD had sent us to him! How truly amazing and miraculous to see and hear and experience.

He called his wife in, a very lovely and sweet Swiss German woman, and after some time we offered to pray for him to overcome the bitterness and for the Lord to show him what to do regarding his staying in his small town or moving.

As we prayed the Spirit of God seemed to fall over us, he continued to both cry and was on his knees while we stood over him and 'laid our hands upon him' as the Bible adjures us to do in such situations. My colleague Debbie began to prophesy and speak a message of God for him, which I tried weakly to translate into my limited German. Whatever happened it was an encouragement to him.

After the prophecy we all stood or knelt still for some time absorbing or letting the Presence of God be there with us in that room. Finally we all came back down to earth in the spirit and looked at each other. Wow! How wonderful! We stayed a short time longer and then left.

We must give dear Pastor Hans enormous credit for receiving us in such a weird and unusual way as his brother and a sister in the Lord, and for humbling himself to open his deepest heart to complete strangers.

This surely showed he had a lot of faith. How amazing it is that when we listen to the Lord HE is able to send us to those who most need our help, wherever they may be!



We have remained good friends with Pastor Hans until this today (20 years later), and for many years, until way past his retirement, he has been a diligent and faithful prayer and financial supporter of our later mission works in India and then China. The Lord allowed him to stay quite a few years longer in that same town where we met him, and we are sure our visit that morning was a key event the Lord used in his life to show him how very loved he is by the Lord and how much the Lord cares for him and his entire family (he has several other older children). He and his wife are now retired from pastoring, one of the world's most difficult, thankless and strenuous jobs, and they are living in another part of Switzerland and still contributing his strength and energies to his local church and foreign missions. He and his wife enjoy their many happy

grandchildren and the Lord has surely blessed him greatly. His latter end surely looks like being even greater than his former.

On our end we learned again that God has often got His own unique system of communication with us. If only we could access it more often and be more sensitive. There would be no limit what He could reveal to any of us if we took the time to ask Him and wait for His Word, impression or guidance.

Isaiah 30:21 / Your ears shall hear a word behind you, saying, "This is the way, walk in it," Whenever you turn to the right hand Or whenever you turn to the left.

Job 42:12-13 / Now the Lord blessed the latter days of Job more than his beginning; for he had fourteen thousand sheep, six thousand camels, one thousand yoke of oxen, and one thousand female donkeys. 13 He also had seven sons and three daughters.



Photo of the beautiful Rigi Mountain in Bernese Oberland, Switzerland.

9. A Giving Testimony

Giving is one of the greatest joys for a Christian or even for any human really! It truly is 'more blessed to give than to receive.'

This book doesn't pretend to be a Bible teaching or Bible study book, but you can read more about giving in my book of seminars or sermons called 'Gold in the Fish! Diamonds in the street!'

An excellent book about finances and giving is called 'Financial Stewardship' by Andrew Wommack.

I'm just here to tell you a couple of things that happened to me. There are so many factors involved in giving to God: faith in the Word, joy, attitude of our hearts, stewardship, vision, diligence, love, obedience and quite a few more.

I had always been aware that I should give to God and that the tithe (10% of our income) was not the ceiling to reach in my giving but the floor from which to stand on, and from there to give even more.

Sadly millions of Christians have not reached even this floor of giving, perhaps if we all had, a lot more of this world would practically be Christian by now. Funding would be available exponentially for the funding of the Gospel. The Word of God would flow freely and massively across the nations.

Habakkuk 2:14 / For the earth will be filled With the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, As the waters cover the sea.

Throughout our missionary life, even though we were sometimes 'poor', we still tithed as the tithe is a percentage, so you can always give 10% of your income to the Lord's kingdom.

Above the tithe there is something else called 'offerings' which are well over and above and which the Word of God also encourages us to give. This is part of my story. Sometimes the Lord just loves to surprise you.

Sometimes like the widow in the New Testament we can even 'cast (throw) in all our living and money' and God will give us back.

Acts 20:35 / I have shown you in every way, by laboring like this, that you must support the weak. And remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that He said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Mark 12:41 / Now Jesus sat opposite the treasury and saw how the people put money into the treasury. And many who were rich put in much.

Mark 12:43 / So He called His disciples to Himself and said to them, "Assuredly, I say to you that this poor widow has put in more than all those who have given to the treasury;

This came alive to me when I was visiting my mother in the UK in the winter of 1991-92 Two years before the Berlin wall in Germany had fallen and the old Soviet empire had also splintered. Due to this, thousands of missionaries and Christians were rushing into the old Soviet areas and into Russia itself to take advantage of this unique opportunity to pass out tracts, Bibles (for a limited time only) and preach to the people who had only known communism for decades, in a new initiative.

In light of this, a Christian organisation that we contributed to also appealed for funds to print millions of pamphlets, New Testaments etc, to be passed out across Russia. Sensing, like many

others, this was a golden opportunity not to be missed, I decided to go to the bank and give whatever my family had left in the account for this worthwhile project for the Lord. I told my mother I was off to the shops, as my mother didn't necessarily approve too much of missions unfortunately. I didn't want to tell her I was about to give all our money to strangers in Russia of all places! So she had no idea of my intentions.

We agreed to meet later in the centre of the town where she lived. I found there was £250 in my account. I emptied it and transferred it to the account provided for the Russian initiative. I felt so good. It was literally all the money my family and I had left at the time. (Wow! we were poor you may think!)

I knew this giving was the Lord's idea as his peace came on me in a big way. I walked around the town joyfully biding a bit of time before I met mother. Oh! There she came, walking quickly across the town square with her stick. She seemed to be almost running. I was concerned she shouldn't be walking that fast at her age. She beamed at me, and grabbed my hand; I could feel a large wad of money being stuffed from her hand into mine.

'You know' she said cheerily, 'I was just thinking after you went out, that it's been a long time since I gave you any money, so I just went to the bank and here, I want you to have this little bit of money, I know it's not much, but please take it for you all, and make sure you spend it on yourself.'

'Are you sure, mum', I said. 'I'm fine really'.

'No I want you to have it. There.'

So that was the story in brief. Not wanting to be rude I didn't flash out the wad of money and count it right there in front of my mother, but later (at the first opportunity) I did.

Yes, you guessed it right already, it was 250 pounds.

2 Corinthians 9:6-11 / But this I say: He who sows sparingly will also reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully. 7 So let each one give as he purposes in his heart, not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loves a cheerful giver. 8 And God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that you, always having all sufficiency in all things, may have an abundance for every good work. 9 As it is written: "He has dispersed abroad, He has given to the poor; His righteousness endures forever." 10 Now may He who supplies seed to the sower, and bread for food, supply and multiply the seed you have sown and increase the fruits of your righteousness, 11 while you are enriched in everything for all liberality, which causes thanksgiving through us to God.

10. The Incredible Thought

Acts 26:8 / Why should it be thought incredible by you that God raises the dead?

My wife and I lived in Chile for several years. We had a couple of small children when we arrived as well as a 10 month old daughter, appropriately called Maria in the then predominately Catholic South America.

At one point, shortly after arriving there, we were living on a farm in the countryside not far from Valparaiso. I think this farm existence was really God's testing ground to the greater victories and some mission success we had there later.

We woke up for the first few days with flea bites on all of us, which was very irritating and highly uncomfortable. Small children's capacity for patience, pain and endurance is on a slightly lower level than adults. So we had to move. Our hosts were very kind, but we were quite desperate to move for the children's sake especially.

Through a mighty miracle of supply the Lord led an elderly German missionary to us that same week and he asked us, after knowing us a few days, if we would consider taking him as a member into our small team.

Although we didn't know him well, after some prayer the Lord seemed to indicate to us and our other missionary colleagues that we could accommodate him, but not at this farm. We let him know that we wanted to move and open a base in either Valparaiso or Viña del Mar on the coast, which was the burden the Lord had put on our hearts.

Unknown to us at the time the Lord told us to accept him as a

co-worker, was that this man had just come into a huge inheritance in his home country and was able to access a seemingly limitless amount of money for missions. He was from some type of German aristocratic family also, if that exists. I suppose even Germans had aristocracy of some type at one time, and somehow this brother was a descendent at least of this line. We noticed he also seemed very comfortable around rich people, and believe it or not there were plenty of rich in the area of Viña del Mar, as well as even more plenty of poor too!

We let him know that we wanted to open a large apartment so we could focus on reaching a lot of the youth of these two cities but we were praying for a deposit and monthly rent to come through.

A few days later he let us know his positive financial situation and paid the deposit and a one year lease on a large beautiful apartment. The Lord had opened the door for all of us!! He told us that for obvious reasons he had wanted to keep his new financial 'security' a secret while he asked us if he could temporarily join our mission endeavours.

Right after moving in this luxurious place near the sea, our baby of 10 months, Maria, contracted whooping cough. We went to the doctor and they prescribed some medicine. I think at this time no injections for this type of disease were in this place. Anyway we knew nothing of them and additionally there was no internet or means to research of at that time.

We also had a lot of faith in prayer and simply expected she would get better by prayer and rest and this medicine etc. But she didn't get better she got worse, much worse.

For those of you who have seen whooping cough in babies or toddlers you will know how pitiful it is to see, how heart-wrenching and even how helpless we seem to be in the face of it. In some cases the jaw of the child or baby will 'lock' and at this point they are at risk of choking to death. The sound also of the cough is like it came from hell itself and as Christians it seemed to us a very vile sickness.

Our daughter eventually had this cough for three months and made no real progress. There were a few times that her jaw locked, and we had to force it gently into a breathing position. I actually did this by slapping her face not too hard, but hard enough and this seemed to work.

She didn't lose weight as she was still breast-feeding and seemed otherwise healthy except for these attacks which came every few hours usually.

One day my wife and I were home with another male colleague. Maria coughed a long time and then her jaw locked. After a minute or so, she went limp and completely stopped breathing. Her mouth had gone limp also. We checked her pulse but there was nothing there. Gradually it seemed as if her face changed to a grey or blue colour. My own mind and that of my wife went blank; to me I couldn't believe it. It seemed beyond my faith that God would take our daughter in this way. I held her in my arms on the bed. My wife called for help from the brother, we tried CPR on her, nothing happened. We all got down on our knees and prayed more than desperately, the three of us adults in the room. We cried out in the name of Jesus and I believed all would be okay. Still no pulse, her face seemed almost blackish now. Twenty minutes had passed since she coughed that last time. She was definitely dead.

We began to praise the Lord whatever was going to happen. We commanded the Lord to the miracle and raise her up again for His Glory. We repented of any sins and asked the Lord not to lay them on our child.

Suddenly after such a long time, we heard a soft but sharp intake of breath from Maria who was now lying on the bed. She breathed again! She began to cry. How grateful we were for that cry! She cried and mama went to help her and hold her while we rejoiced with great joy and tears and crying. She later fed and made a recovery.

From this time her coughing decreased every day and finally she was totally healed of that wicked disease. What a heart-wrenching time, what a deep pit the Lord brought us out of, and how our faith was increased by this experience as we were brought to the edge of our own faith. But as the Bible says, and my wife always quoted in times of great trial: 'Though we believe not, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself.'

Even though we don't believe, God can still do the miracle, why? Because He is GOD. Today Maria is a happily married woman with a family of her own. I am sure her children have had injections against Whooping Cough.

*2 Timothy 2:13 / If we are faithless, He remains faithful;
He cannot deny Himself.*

It seems this point of sickness was also a turning point for us in our own ministry. That because God had raised Maria from the dead, this made the Bible a limitless power source to us. Something which we had seen with our own eyes and our eyes had handled

and our soul experienced.

It seemed also that there on the Chilean coast for three years, God also wanted to increase or raise our own faith for greater things. There the Lord opened doors for us to regularly appear on a children's TV programme, dear 'Tia Patricia' on Canal 4 in Valparaiso. We met and won many Chileans to the Lord through a great deal of outreach and Bible studies etc. The Lord, in short, gave us favour in the sight of God and man for a limited time.

It was also here that God increased our faith somewhat for His miraculous financial supply which we were surely going to need for the future. I am not saying we are rich today, far from it, but here was the beginning of what the Lord wanted to say to us about trusting him to do exceedingly abundantly beyond all we could ask or think.

1 John 1:1 / That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, concerning the Word of life—

Ephesians 3:20 / Now to Him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that works in us,

Part of what the Lord taught us also came in part through this German brother Paul mentioned above. I remember one time; somehow we had forgotten to establish clearly who was going to cook the evening meal for our team of eight people.

We all came home from different activities slightly later, tired and hungry. 'I thought you were going to cook dinner, oh, no I thought

you were going to do it' somehow a mix up had occurred, which didn't usually. From the mix up came another wonderful lesson from God.

'Well, don't worry', said Paul, 'I have an idea about dinner. Let me take care of it' and he went into the lounge. All we knew was that he was on the phone, while we got the kids ready for bed and 'dinner'.

He came back beaming. 'Somebody is bringing dinner over', he exclaimed with German finality.

About half an hour later the bell rang. There outside was a limousine. Out stepped a man in a dinner suit, another distinguished man also, two chefs complete with tall white chefs hats and another two men also in white chefs clothes. All the four chefs were carrying large metal trays of a gold or silver colour. They marched humbly and smiling into our living room, to our huge astonishment.

After intense shaking of the hands, the suited man who turned out to be the owner of Viña's five-star hotel along the front promenade said 'It is our honour and privilege to be able to help you', he beamed cordially. We all introduced each other again and he said how delighted his hotel was to supply a courtesy meal for missionaries who had come to his city to share the Love of God with them.

With a nod he beckoned to the accompanying chefs, who asked us where to lay the enormous amount of five-star foods, cooked by some of the very the best chefs in Chile apparently!

Our children stood and looked on in their sleeping clothes wondering what all the fuss was and who these strangely dressed people were and what they were doing in our house at 9pm!

Chileans love children and they enjoyed meeting ours also.

We all began to relax a bit more and the visitors sat down to talk with us more casually. Soft drinks were served for all. My wife led the way and arranged for the older children to sing a few simple gospel songs for our auspicious guests, which they loved. After this she explained more about our work in Chile and how Jesus loves them. It wasn't long before all these wonderful and kind men, sincerely prayed with us to receive Jesus in their hearts.

After some time, perhaps a good half an hour, the owner excused himself away on other matters, and impressed on us if we ever needed more help that we 'should not hesitate' to contact him again. They left a very happy crew of men and we were touched by how open the hearts of some rich people are when they are sensitive to the Holy Spirit.

After they had gone we looked on in awe at the many trays of Chilean beef steak, chickens, cooked pork, and other local fish steamed and fried, as well as wide varieties of vegetables and potatoes and cheese and biscuits and bottled juices, all of this still standing on their trays which they had left with us with no word.

Praise the Lord.

There was enough food here for days, I thought. We couldn't take it in, it was very late in the day, but boy, we did 'tuck in' and the children also to the bountiful feast before us.

We asked Paul, 'what happened'? He simply said, he had just asked to speak to the manager of the restaurant and explained our situation with the children and all of us being hungry and our schedule being mixed up etc and asked if there was 'anything they could do for us under the circumstances'.

For every type of person lost in this crazy world, God has one of

his own people who can minister and touch them. Not only did God offer them the opportunity to give, but more importantly He knew that these were righteous people whose hearts were also ready for the Gospel. This was God's way not only of supplying for us and increasing our faith as struggling missionaries by showing us that He can do anything, but also starting a new life for these six men who entered our house that night. Praise the Lord!

So we always look back at wonderful Chile where God took our faith and raised it from the dead and where our daughter rose again after being dead on that bed in Viña del Mar.

Healings, miracles and God's supply are amazing and affect us tremendously.

Today in these days and in the past God is able to literally raise the dead! All around the world people, rise from the dead now on an almost daily basis. Why?

It is because of two factors. One is the extreme situation of death itself, and also because someone or 'someone plus others' have at least the faith to pray and expect God to reverse the times and seasons and death itself. It's the invisible power of God that does it. It is invisible, but just like the same Invisible Power raised Jesus from the dead (him being the first), so God is more than able to do the same for us today if we will only ask. Even if you are faithless like that verse we quoted earlier, you can still ask God and He will still do it.

At the present time the countries that experience the most 'risings from the dead' connected with the Christian faith are Mexico and China. This could change because it all depends on people's faith and what they pray for and expect God to do.

Romans 8:11 / But if the Spirit of Him who raised Jesus from the dead dwells in you, He who raised Christ from the dead will also give life to your mortal bodies through His Spirit who dwells in you.

1 Corinthians 6:14 / And God both raised up the Lord and will also raise us up by His power.

Hebrews 11:35 / Women received their dead raised to life again. Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection.

11. Arriving in Antigua

One of the most interesting and exciting afternoons and evenings of my life happened when my wife and I and our small children arrived in the beautiful island of Antigua, in the Caribbean in the spring of 1980.

We had set out from our base in Puerto Rico (USA) in March, 1980, to spend at least 6 months 'following up' and feeding various 'new-born' Christians the Word of God in six different islands. However the Lord had led us also to Antigua and we knew virtually no-one there. We also, as explained before, had almost no money with us. However we were full of confidence and anticipation at what the Lord would do for us in this interesting and delightful island. Praise the Lord.

We exited the tiny airport at around 4pm, which was situated at some distance from the capital of St.John's.

After we left the small terminal, we stopped outside the airport gate with the children and held hands together in a circle and prayed for the Lord to supply the money we needed to rent a hotel and to start our one month's ministry there, also to lead and guide us and encourage us.

The children were full of faith and excitement (ages nine and five)).

No sooner had we finished praying and opened our eyes that we saw in the distance some pieces of paper in the sky, blowing in the wind. It was quite a windy day, although pleasantly warm. I looked up and as the few pieces of paper drew nearer. I had this feeling it was paper money.

The 'paper' landed to earth directly at our very feet! We jumped up and down for joy as we picked up about 100 US dollars in a few different denominations, one being a fifty! What a miracle! Wow! This is a miracle of the first order! (This amount of money also being a reasonable amount of 'spending' money in those days of the 1980's in that part of the world!)

God loves to answer children's' prayers, I have always thought and believed. I am not making this up, my friend, and this was truly awe-inspiring!

How great is God and how wonderful Jesus is! We should love Him all the more every day, seeing He is well able to completely work outside the framework of human capacity and human history.

I am so thankful our children and that of many other Christians who grow up believing and expecting God to do a miracle in any given situation. They will never forget it and (should) surely pass it on to their children. Praise the Lord.

Now we just needed to find a taxi and proceed into the city, or town that St. John's was in those days. We had previously been referred to a woman who was sympathetic to Christian missionary work on the edge of the city. Having her address we went directly there.

We spoke with her explaining we would like to stay a month there on the island and could she furnish us with a room either free or at a generous discount. She looked at us with interest and said,

'Look, here in Antigua we have had a drought that has been going on for some months. There has been no rain, everyone is suffering and the whole land is brown and barren now. It's a terrible situation. If you and your wife, as men and women of God will pray and there comes rain tonight, I will be more than happy to let you

stay free for a month!' she looked at us with some hope.

Mmmm! How interesting to be presented with a severe situation like this to test our faith! No rain for two or more months in Antigua and rain must come tonight in order to qualify for a month's free rent. 'Sounds good to us', we thought and we agreed to her conditions.

Some of you may know that in previous and perhaps present times most roofs in the Caribbean or West Indian islands were made of corrugated iron or some other similar metal. When it rained therefore it was a noisy affair if you lived inside such a building. This lady had a very nice wide guest house in good verdant and rich land with many fruit trees around her. The ground, as she said, was barren now, the land was brown and we could easily tell as she had said that 'no rain had fallen' for a good while there.

My wife and I went to bed that night, and we prayed! We prayed very desperately for God in the name of Jesus to send rain, not just any old rain, but a real 'gully-washy', abundant rain, enormous rain, beautiful and wonderful and refreshing, delightful and joyous rain!

We went to sleep - nothing happened. We were so tired from such a long day. The children were all now happily sleeping. Somewhere around one or two in the morning I awoke with the sound of a metallic 'ping' in fact a few 'pings'. The pings increased and I began to realise in my drowsy condition that it was starting to rain. A few minutes passed, and as is norm in the Caribbean, that small beginning turned into a virtual deluge of thunder and lightning and torrential, abundant, enormous, beautiful and wonderful and refreshing, delightful and joyous rain!

I began to praise the Lord with laughter and with my wife who

was by now also wide awake. We were just amazed at how loud it all was, how thrilling the lighting was as we went to the window and looked out at the night sky and saw it lit up with lightning, and heard the crashing of thunder. Somehow the children all slept through it without waking up. After all, they didn't really need to at such a young age. They would see even greater miracles of God as they were to grow up. This was something that would only faintly if at all register in their consciousness. It was for us and the landlady and for whoever she might tell in the future. And of course it was for Antigua and for all the Christians there who had already earnestly prayed for rain in the name of Jesus.

*Psalm 107:25 / For He commands and raises the stormy wind,
Which lifts up the waves of the sea.*

*Job 28:26 / When He made a law for the rain,
And a path for the thunderbolt,*

*Job 37:3 / He sends it forth under the whole heaven,
His lightning to the ends of the earth.*

*Job 38:25 / "Who has divided a channel for the overflowing
water, Or a path for the thunderbolt,*

We spent an exciting month there, we shared the Word of God with the President of the island, President Bird, and many people were healed through our witness and of course, the dear landlady let us stay completely for free!

We all stepped outside the next morning in almost flood-like conditions! I cannot describe the joy in my heart that night when

that heavy rain began. I will never forget it! Thank You, Jesus!

Is there something in your life or your family's or friend's or church's life like a drought? Has there been no rain for many months? Pray as if everything depended on prayer. Ignore the wisdom of man and the prognostications of others and you will see the flood of God's answers and blessings in your life for healing, Pray also for your children, and even for your children yet to be born.

12. A Dream in Barbados

All through history dreams have been pivotal, consequential and important to many nations and cultures. The Bible is full of stories and the importance of dreams!

From Jacob's dream of the ladder to heaven, to the Pharaoh's dream which Joseph interpreted and the mighty prophetic dream of Babylonian king Nebuchadnezzar which Daniel interpreted, as far as the birth of Jesus Christ described in the Gospel of Matthew chapters one and two --- which contains three or four different dreams given by God to various people involved in the birth and protection of His Son.

Matthew 1:20 / But while he thought about these things, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to him in a dream, saying, "Joseph, son of David, do not be afraid to take to you Mary your wife, for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Spirit.

Matthew 2:12-13 / AThen, being divinely warned in a dream that they should not return to Herod, they departed for their own country another way. 13 Now when they had departed, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, "Arise, take the young Child and His mother, flee to Egypt, and stay there until I bring you word; for Herod will seek the young Child to destroy Him."

Matthew 2:19 / Now when Herod was dead, behold, an angel of the Lord appeared in a dream to Joseph in Egypt,

Matthew 2:22 / But when he heard that Archelaus was reigning

over Judea instead of his father Herod, he was afraid to go there. And being warned by God in a dream, he turned aside into the region of Galilee.

For myself, dreams have not played a huge part of my life, in that I don't have that many myself! But I do know many people who place great stock in them, and for whom they are either predictions, warnings or comfort for their lives.

I would like to continue the story of our travels in the Caribbean in late 1980 because this story is about an amazing dream.

Again, we were 'living by faith'. We shared the Gospel with the generally friendly people of Barbados. We were still young and quite innocent in our faith and expected God to do just about anything He had promised in His Holy Word. In our case this included supply, as that was an almost daily necessity.

In Barbados the Lord had graciously let us befriend a wonderful German lady who owned a popular German restaurant near the beach. She took a great liking to us in a godly way and invited us all to stay with her until the week before Christmas that year. So we stayed with her nearly two months in total. God bless her for her loving hospitality and kindness to His Children. We all got along splendidly and she loved the children. Her family and friends were coming down from Germany just before Christmas which meant she was unable to host us later than the third week of December.

A few weeks before Christmas we wisely (we thought), started casting our eyes on possible places to stay, rental cottages, small guest houses etc. We made enquiries, we phoned, we visited, but

there was literally 'no room in the Inn' for us. It seemed in our ignorance we had left things too late. Time passed. Days passed by and still no supply from the Lord or man. Oh dear! Things got serious as with only a few days to go and all our suitcases neatly packed up, nothing had happened.

Our kind host had been asking how things were going, and we, not wanting to worry her, assured her that 'we had somewhere' and that we would be fine. In fact, by faith, we had packed all our suitcases in the hallway and just retained a few sheets and pyjamas for the last night there.

It's an amazing thing when you are a parent isn't it, that your small children often have no idea of the stresses, heavy decisions and mind-bending trials of faith, financial problems and other vicissitudes of life.

For them, life is (or should be) just one great fun adventure with Mummy and Daddy and their friends and siblings! And that is just what it should be for them! May the Lord help you never to worry your children unnecessarily. No one will benefit from that.

1 Corinthians 13:10-11 / But when that which is perfect has come, then that which is in part will be done away. 11 When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

Finally, the evening before we were due to leave, still no door from God had opened. We were tempted to fear and to be in a real mental distress. But at the same time the Spirit was not allowing us to give way to despair. Only our fleshly minds were hindering us.

So in this situation, we did what we had always previously done,

we prayed! After the children had gone to bed, my wife and I prayed desperately and long and fervently. Our great Jesus had never failed us before, why should he fail us now as we stood on the spiritual cliff of poverty and lack.

We then retired for the night. We felt we had done what we could; only God could help us now. We were serving Him as best as we knew how in our stumbling youthful fashion, but I must admit this was one of the toughest battles of faith I had had so far.

Now I have realised that when you get a fierce test, God is actually honouring you as well as trying to increase your faith, and in the long run, He will create a testimony that will inspire the faith of others who hear about it. Praise the Lord. And I am pleased to say, this is how it was in this desperate situation.

During the night my wife had a dream. She woke up. In the dream a man had come to her and given her a piece of paper with a number on it. I can't remember the rest of it, as there were some more details, but my wife woke up and wrote the five or six digit number down on a piece of paper.

'Here it is', she said after waking me up and explaining it all, 'but I don't know what this number means'.

Probably it's as clear to you as it was to me at the time that this number was in fact a phone number that God was giving us of someone right there on the island of Barbados. We were thrilled, 'a phone number!' we thought. It was now about six in the morning. What should we do? (My, we were really dumb!)

We realised we had to phone that number. This presented some immediate problems to us, as I am sure you can imagine. The first was: does this phone number even exist? I think it was a five or six

digit number.

If it did exist, and even if somebody did pick up the call, how do you go about telling that person that God had given their phone number to us, missionaries who lived with prayer and faith and had children and absolutely no where to stay for the next three weeks? This is insane! No one in their right minds would do that or help someone they didn't know, and that's even if we did have the courage to pick up that phone and tell them in the first place!

How exciting, how tremendous, and how utterly stupid and irresponsible! How unplanned and how foolish can we get? Well, let me tell you, we can get a lot more ridiculous! However since this time we have learned to be more conservative in our plans. At the same time we can say that this is truly 'the wild freedom' of living on the mountain with God, living on the edge of faith itself. The 'cutting edge' people like to call things today that are new and even risky. Well, those years of my young life were risky in the extreme and here was yet another episode.

But desperation and prayer had brought us to this point and we now had to pick up the phone and make the connection. As a man, I pulled rank, and decided unilaterally that since my wife had had the dream, then obviously God wanted my wife to make the call! Ha!

This was not only because I was afraid, but also because I knew my wife was a lot sweeter and nicer than I was, so I just felt she would do a better job of it, (as wives often do).

At 7am we dialled the number.

The number existed! A man answered the phone. He was an older man in his sixties I think. My wife started to talk about the

weather and being on a visit to Barbados and she went round the bush a few times for a several minutes, while I was wringing my hands in the background (as husbands often do), and praying that the man would not think we were totally ‘crackers’ and hang up the phone thus ending our chances!

I grimaced to my wife to ‘get on with it’. Obviously my wife understandably was having a trial of faith to spit out all the truth of our situation. I prayed silently, she took a deep breath and said, ‘Well, you may not believe this but...’ and she told the man the full story. Finally she said ‘what do you think this all means? Can you help us?’

The phone went quiet a moment. We waited. ‘No’, the man said, ‘I don’t think I can help you; you see, I live way over here way on the north side of the island with my wife in a small house, we just wouldn’t have room to house you, even if we wanted to. But, wait a minute; my cousin is the President of the Bible College in Bridgetown (the capital). Let me call him and explain your situation and perhaps if he wants to help you, he can call you. I will pass your number on to him. I know many of his Bible students have gone away for Christmas and he probably has some rooms free.’

The phone call ended. What a lovely man, yet how scary. But the Lord had helped my wife take the plunge. The Lord had given the number, surely then something had to happen. God will not give us a bum deal. We waited holding our breath in this eleventh hour, or really one minute to midnight hour for us.

After about 30 minutes, the phone rang, I picked it up, it was the man’s cousin, the President of the Bible College. He was so enthusiastic! His enthusiasm inspired us.

He was in fact ‘over the moon’ that God Himself had given a dream to missionaries who were there on his island and he was supposed to be a part of it and fulfil the dream! He just couldn’t get over the feeling of ‘destiny’ and ‘Divine appointment’ and God speaking and doing something (which God was, in fact, doing)!

The Pastor had ‘caught it’ from the Holy Spirit what a monumental miracle this was and this also increased his own faith that God loved him personally and had connected with him in a dream — just like Bible times! Praise God!

In his eyes it seems that this was the biggest personal miracle he had seen for some time and he classed it in the same frame as Moses crossing the red sea or something directly from the Acts of the Apostles! God bless this dear Pastor. His love and warmth carried us all to victory.

‘Where are you’, he asked, ‘my driver and I will be over shortly. Do you have a lot of things?’

The second call ended. The first call we had sowed and the second, the Lord had made us reap! My wife and I stood and hugged each other and thanked Jesus with great joy and tears. We could now wake the children and get them dressed! Shortly about this time dear Monika, our lovely host woke up, and made coffee for us all. ‘Well, I shall be sad to see you go’, she exclaimed. ‘But I’m sure where you’re going will be nice. You did find somewhere to stay didn’t you?’ she queried.

About half an hour later the Pastor pulled up the driveway, with another man. After warm introductions and hugs from people who had never met each other before, and lots of ‘ooohing and aahing’ and similar incredulous expressions from all of us, as well as introducing our children to them, and also dear Monika whom

we thanked again profusely for all her love and patience to us, we loaded up their sensible pickup truck with our thirteen suitcases and other trifles and off we went, waving goodbye to dear precious Monika who we knew would reap the full blessings of God for her great hospitality.

Hebrew 6:10 / For God is not unjust to forget your work and labor of love which you have shown toward His name, in that you have ministered to the saints, and do minister.

Romans 12:13 / distributing to the needs of the saints, given to hospitality.

1 Timothy 3:2 / A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, temperate, sober-minded, of good behavior, hospitable, able to teach;

Titus 1:8 / but hospitable, a lover of what is good, sober-minded, just, holy, self-controlled,

1 Peter 4:9 / Be hospitable to one another without grumbling.

There in Bridgetown, Barbados, we spent the next three weeks as guests, and we were treated like royalty by the lovely family of the pastor, and, like his cousin on the phone had said, there were indeed several empty residential rooms in the college to which we were given full use, of as well as breakfast and dinner each day. The Christmas day itself of 1980 we spent with the Pastor and his family after the church Christmas service, all of us continually being moved time and again what an enormous miracle of GOD had taken place in all our lives! We thank God for them and the very precious students who remained there. A time and a Christmas we will never forget!

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

Psalm 107:28-43 / Then they cry out to the Lord in their trouble, And He brings them out of their distresses. 29 He calms the storm, So that its waves are still. 30 Then they are glad because they are quiet; So He guides them to their desired haven. 31 Oh, that men would give thanks to the Lord for His goodness, And for His wonderful works to the children of men! 32 Let them exalt Him also in the assembly of the people, And praise Him in the company of the elders. 33 He turns rivers into a wilderness, And the watersprings into dry ground; 34 A fruitful land into barrenness, For the wickedness of those who dwell in it. 35 He turns a wilderness into pools of water, And dry land into watersprings. 36 There He makes the hungry dwell, That they may establish a city for a dwelling place, 37 And sow fields and plant vineyards, That they may yield a fruitful harvest. 38 He also blesses them, and they multiply greatly; And He does not let their cattle decrease. 39 When they are diminished and brought low Through oppression, affliction, and sorrow, 40 He pours contempt on princes, And causes them to wander in the wilderness where there is no way; 41 Yet He sets the poor on high, far from affliction, And makes their families like a flock. 42 The righteous see it and rejoice, And all iniquity stops its mouth. 43 Whoever is wise will observe these things, And they will understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.

Closing Words

Thank you for making it to the end of this book, dear Friend.

Jesus said, 'So likewise ye, when ye shall have done all those things which were commanded you, say 'we are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do'.'

Luke 17:10 / So likewise you, when you have done all those things which you are commanded, say, 'We are unprofitable servants. We have done what was our duty to do.'

Really these few short testimonies are only a record of the things God has done, and what God has done is always worth recording and broadcasting.

Malachi 3:16 / Then those who feared the Lord spoke to one another; And the Lord listened and heard them; So a book of remembrance was written before Him For those who fear the Lord And who meditate on His name.

Many have done much greater works than me and my colleagues, recorded here.

Many have suffered far more for the Lord and many have far greater rewards in heaven. However we are not in a competition in our Christian journey, we are only here to try and do what we can to love God first and our neighbours as ourselves.

I pray though that somehow through some of the things shared in this book, it may inspire you to go on in your life to do 'greater things' also. You only have one life. May God help you to make it count and feel the satisfaction and blessings of God on your obedience, because it has been rightly said 'Obedience brings on the Spirit of God.' And 'If ye know these things, happy are ye of you do them.

John 13:17 / If you know these things, blessed are you if you do them.

My generation had different fashions and cultures, as well as global problems.

Perhaps the problems facing you and the cultures you have now, (in my future but your present), may be quite different to those in this book, but there is one thing absolutely the same:

Jesus has promised to never leave nor forsake you, and He still sends us into the world as witnesses for Him. His power is the same and he has also said, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today and forever.' Hebrews 13:8.

May the Lord help you to fulfil your Christian destiny in Him, so you will be fully equipped for the life you face in your days and your generations.

God bless you.

Jerry Finch.

How to Know Jesus

Obviously this book has been written with Christian people in my mind. But if you are reading this and you don't know whether or not you know Jesus, nor understand what He has done for you, then it is easy to receive Him into your life as I did when I was a young man.

Choosing to receive Jesus Christ as your Lord and Saviour is really the most important decision you'll ever make!

The Bible says:

Romans 10:9-10 / that if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. 10 For with the heart one believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

Romans 10:13 / For "whoever calls on the name of the Lord shall be saved."

You can do this by praying out loud this sincere prayer:

Jesus, I confess that You are my Lord and Saviour.
I believe in my heart that God raised You from the dead.
By faith in Your Word, I receive your salvation now.
Thank You for saving me. Amen

The very moment you commit your life to Jesus Christ, the truth of His Word instantly comes to pass in your spirit. Now that you're born again, there's a brand-new you, as the Bible says:

2 Corinthians 5:17 / Therefore, if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new.

Receive The Holy Spirit

As His child, your loving heavenly Father wants to give you the supernatural power you need to live this new life.

The Bible says:

Luke 11:10-13 / For everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened. 11 If a son asks for bread from any father among you, will he give him a stone? Or if he asks for a fish, will he give him a serpent instead of a fish? 12 Or if he asks for an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? 13 If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him!"

All you have to do is ask, believe, and receive!

You can simply and sincerely pray this prayer:

Father, I recognize my need for Your power to live this new life. Please fill me with Your Holy Spirit.

By faith, I receive it right now. Thank You for baptizing me. Holy Spirit, You are welcome in my life.

Congratulations—now you're filled with God's supernatural power.

Some syllables from a language you don't recognise will rise up from your heart to your mouth. (1 Cor.14:14.) As you speak them out loud by faith, you're releasing God's power from within and building yourself up in the spirit. (1 Cor. 14:4.) You can do this whenever and wherever you like.



Jerry Finch, in China, early 21st Century.

THE END, OR JUST THE BEGINNING?

It doesn't really matter whether you felt anything or not when you prayed to receive the Lord and His Spirit. If you believed in your heart that you received, then God's Word promises you did.

Mark 11:24 Therefore I say to you, whatever things you ask when you pray, believe that you receive them, and you will have them.

Find and read a 'Holy Bible' (book of the Christian faith) as soon as you can in order to grow in this new love and power of God. Try and find others who have experienced the same. God will definitely guide you as you ask Him.

Would you like more copies of this book to pass on to your friends or church?

The price within the UK is £8.50 (postage free), and worldwide price is £9.00 (postage free).

To get a reduced price for orders of 5 copies or more, please email: jerryfinch8@hushmail.com

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For any other queries or questions please contact us at the above email. Thank you.

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230+ pages. A secular book with a strong Christian witness.
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2. 'WHAT I WOULD TELL MY SON'. (Part one).

(DUE TO BE PUBLISHED IN Autumn (Fall) 2016), God willing.

12 very hot chapters concerning advice that are important to pass on to our young sons (and daughters) for their future in this world. This book is fantastic for any Christian or Christian parent or Truth-hungry person.

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--The first children's book by Jerry Finch. Not to be missed!

(DUE TO BE PUBLISHED IN 2020-21). God willing.

This book features the adventures of 'Rambo Tango', 'Bossy Flossy' and others who 'walked the earth' but who have gone to the next world now. What they did and said could be very interesting to all of us!

E-mail Jerry Finch directly at jerryfinch8@hushmail.com
as long as he is alive and we use things called the internet and email!

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