

1. Hospital Ministry



And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the LORD. Psalm 40 v 3

It was soon after this that the Lord started to give me songs in the night. I could not write one note of music but the Holy Spirit inspired me with 70 songs about Jesus and the love of God.

Sometime later Sheila pointed out a card in a shop window display. It was a request for help in a local hospital, asking anyone who had some free time or who could entertain the patients to telephone the Hospital.

I telephoned and explained that I had seen the card and that I was willing to play the guitar. Sister Meyer asked me "What sort of music. I told her that I was a Born Again Christian and wanted to sing Gospel songs all about Jesus". There was a silence at the other end and then her reply, "Yes that's OK, when can you come"? It was arranged that I was to meet the next day at 3 PM in Northbourne Ward All Saints Hospital.

It was soon after this that the Lord started to give me songs in the night. I did not know, one note of music but the Holy Spirit woke me in the night and I found my mind full of heavenly music. The choir was beautiful and the songs were about the love of God in sending Jesus to die for sinners. That first night I had got up and written down the first line of a song and as I wrote another line more words came and soon the whole song was complete. In the following days more music and more words came to me but as I could not write music, I sang the songs and recorded them onto to a small cassette player. Later I was to record them professionally and Gerry Page worked hard to fill in the background with a variety of instruments.

This led to the Dalybread Gospel Music group being formed.

Later we called it Daily Bread (A Ministry of Love in Song)

It came about like this. One day while shopping in Eastbourne Sheila stopped outside a newspaper shop to read the advertising board. She called me back to point out one card that had caught her eye. It was a request for help in a local hospital where the nursing sister asked for anyone who could spare time to entertain the patients or could play a musical instrument to telephone her.

Princess Alice Hospital



I read the card and copied the details down on a scrap of paper. That weekend I prayed over this matter asking the Lord to guide me. I was willing to go but I wanted to be sure that this was God's will. Like every newly born again Christian I was learning to listen to the Holy Spirit. As I waited on the Lord I knew I had to telephone and this would be the test. What would happen? I asked the Lord to close the door if this was not the way ahead and to open the door if this was indeed His will for my life. I decided to telephone the hospital and with a little excitement fluttering in my heart picked up the phone and dialled the number.

Soon I was talking to Sister Meyer and I explained that I had seen the card and that he could play the guitar, she had asked me what sort of music I would play. There was a silence as I considered what to say, should I tell her that I was a Born Again Christian and wanted to sing my Gospel songs? I decided to bite the bullet, "It's all about Jesus. There was a silence at the other end and then, Yes that's OK, when can you come? The question was unexpected; I thought quickly, tomorrow I said tentatively. Yes please come". It was arranged that I should meet her at 3 PM in Northbourne Ward.

Talking things over that evening with Sheila she decided that she could not let me go alone and that she would accompany me. The next day in Northbourne Ward we met Sister Meyer who led us to the dayroom where we were shocked at the sight of a group of older men sitting slumped in wheel chairs.

They were a sad spectacle with heads bowed, some appeared to be drugged or in a coma, most with vacant eyes and with others apparently asleep. We had said "Hello" but there had been a minimal response from the men, so we began to sing. Not being used to being in public I found it difficult to continue as the patients were not responding at all, just sitting there dozing. Were they in a coma I wondered? It seemed awful; sweat had trickled down my face as we continued to sing half frightened of stopping. A group of visitors had congregated at the door gazing in at the sight. I knew that God was dealing with my pride but did God really want me to do this? Surely not.

At the end of the singing which lasted around forty minutes we did stop singing, put the guitar away and went to say goodbye to the patients. As we took their hands there was a wonderful response. Some had tears in their eyes; they were so grateful and could not thank us enough.

We left the hospital knowing that God had blessed us and that a new chapter had begun in our Christian experience, which was, some years later, to lead me to minister around the World

In the following weeks other Christians came to help with the work, some elderly ladies promised to bring some hymn books and “Dalybread” were given 60 well-worn Golden Bells hymnbooks. Other Christians offered to play the piano in the foyer while some offered to help wheel the patients from the wards to the foyer, so it that Dalybread was born we called it a ministry of love in song.

We were led to hold regular meetings in the hospital every Sunday afternoon then an invitation to Minister in an old folk home nearby on a Wednesday evening. After perhaps two years and while I was still in my secular employment other invitations arrived and we started to sing more often filling in, almost every spare moment.

An Early Report Daily Bread Gospel in Song and Word;

We have received an invitation to minister at Laurence House, Bexhill together with Catley Court and Victoria House Polegate. Northeye Prison from time to time on request from the prison Chaplin and have invitations outstanding for

Harwood Hall, Ringmer ladies meeting and an evening with the fellowship at Barcombe to share.

De Roos road Gospel Outreach.

The Lord has opened the door to minister every Lord's day as Giles is away, Rowland has hurt his back and Margaret fell in the kitchen. Sheila and I have turned our hand to help. Pray no other accidents occur especially while helping older folks on and off the bus and Tony's back? These meetings have been very blessed of the Lord..

Taken from my Book "Go Near"

The next day in Northbourne ward Tony was shocked at the sight. The small day room was occupied by twelve elderly men in wheelchairs. They were a sad spectacle with heads bowed eyes vacant and some asleep. Sheila and Tony had said hello but there had been a minimal response so they had begun to sing. Not being used to being in public Tony found it difficult to continue as the patients were not responding at all, just sitting there dozing. Were they in a coma Tony wondered? It was awful, sweat trickled down his face as they continued to sing half frightened of stopping.

A group of visitors had congregated at the door gazing in at the sight. Tony's pride was being dealt with Did God really want him to do this? Surely not.

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Other Christians offered to play the piano in the foyer while some offered to help wheel the patients from the wards to the foyer, Tony and Sheila decided to call themselves the Dalybread , a ministry of love in song, this was so that the

group as a whole could be recognized not constantly Tony and Sheila.

One amusing incident happened in those first few weeks at Northbourne Ward. A nurse had whispered "Would they mind having the doors shut as they wanted to remove a corpse from the ward without upsetting the patients". Tony agreed but it was while they were singing behind locked doors that this elderly man got up from his chair and walked unsteadily over to them He stood very close to Tony almost face to face and said in a very loud voice, Will you stop singing"!!!!

Bound . 21

Taken from my Book !"Go Near" Published in Inia

Whom Satan hath bound. Luke 13 v 16

Around twenty old folk were gathered in De Roo's Road for an afternoon Gospel meeting. Giles Wilkins and Rowland Van Wick conducted these outreach meetings regularly. De Roo's Road had been the scene of feverish activity when the bus arrived disgorging slowly the old and infirm some able to walk easily others helped down by the extending ramp at the back of the bus.

Now settled comfortably with a cup of tea and a biscuit they talked quietly among themselves catching up with the news and gossip. The murmur of voices and rattle of tea cup was silenced when

the evangelist caught their attention by showing them a chain and asking some willing volunteers to try to break it.

He offered the chain to one and then another challenging see how strong it was. Many entered into the spirit of the thing and pulled and tugged, tested the chain for its breaking point. The evangelist then brought out a strong rope from the plastic bag, "Here try this" he offered the rope to a nearby woman. Smiling the woman attempted to break it going slightly red in the face in the process. No it was no good the chain and the rope were certainly strong. Next came the padlock. The evangelist had selected a rather large one and this was duly inspected and found to be satisfactory

The evangelist wife then stood in the center of the room, a woman of 60 years of age, who radiated peace and calm at the prospect of being chained liked Houdini the famous escape artist. Soon the evangelist had fixed the chain and bound his wife with the rope securely and when he was fully satisfied snapped on the huge padlock for all to see. Now the spectacle was developing as a helpless woman stood bound. It was a scene of some pathos as she was now was trussed up like some Christmas Turkey.

The evangelist was giving out his message Look what Satan has done. So many folk are just like this. The enemy of our souls hath bound us. We are chained in sin. Unable to move.. But here comes Jesus. He speaks words of command. Loose him He whom the son sets free is free indeed...

There was a powerful appeal. Go free. Like the demonized man Suddenly the evangelist hesitated... Where were the Keys...

He had searched his pocket and was unable to find them. In the name of Jesus he croaked, "GO free". Quickly searching the other pockets brought no relief. There were no keys were to be found he looked at the padlock and groaned. Oh dear...

Giles who lived in the home was nearby and Tony whispered Giles, The keys are in my mackintosh in the other room can you please get them. The lesson was clear like the seven sons of Se'ra in the book of Acts of the Apostles 19 v 14 Tony did not have the key. Only Jesus holds the keys to death and hell. When He opens the door it remains open, and when he closes the door it will remain closed Revelation 3 v 7

From time to time Sheila would write out a report.

Daily Bread June 1985 Sheila wrote.....

We have just finished our busy week and can only praise God for such a wonderful time of blessing and encouragement. Each meeting had its own special sense of the Lord's presence of Jesus the Nazarene.... We feel it to be a gracious gift to enjoy as we plan for a holiday. We are having the first two weeks in July as a complete break, returning to our "Tent Making" Only two meetings have been booked Upperton Road Sunday School anniversary 21st July Ringmer Free Church evening service 28th July. Please pray for Bethel, Elim, Rob and June and possible Frenchgate church who will be taking the meetings in our

absence. We praise the Lord for each one of you, for your continuing support. May the Lord bless you and meet your needs

In His Service, Tony and Sheila

“ Remember, Ransomed Healed, Restored. Forgiven “

Praise God these are just empty words. Jude 24

Tony's Typed out Letter

Daily Bread

A Ministry of Love in Song Mark 16 v 15

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every Creature

To help you in your prayer perhaps I can share some of the meetings. Last month the greater proportion of the meetings were hard....very hard . We realise that we wrestle not with flesh and blood but against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places , against the rulers of darkness of this world but against Principalities and powers. Ephesians 6 v 12

The next day in Northbourne ward Tony was shocked at the sight. The small day room was occupied by twelve elderly men in wheelchairs. They were a sad spectacle with heads bowed eyes vacant and some asleep.

Sheila and Tony had said hello but there had been a minimal response so they had begun to sing. Not being used to being in public Tony found it difficult to continue as the patients were not responding at all, just sitting there dozing. Were they in

a coma Tony wondered? It was awful, sweat trickled down his face as they continued to sing half frightened of stopping.

A group of visitors had congregated at the door gazing in at the sight. Tony's pride was being dealt with Did God really want

In another meeting ,I am talking about the resurrection of the living and the dead,, the judgement day, about standing before God and a sort of video of our lives is played. Not out outward lives but of our thoughts all the things that have been in our hearts,. There³ are about thirty patients, three patients and perhaps[s 6 student nurses. The student nurses are averting their eyes- they squirm in their seats. Will you give your life to Jesus ? this afternoon? Soon we are singing again. The meetings ends. The patients are filling out, or being pushed in their wheelchairs. I'm on my way, to the glory land, Jesus love is very wonderful Jesus love...

We arrive home- tired, empty feeling drained, yet glowing with His love and blessing- sad for the hard hearts yet rejoicing for the love of God in making of Salvation- knowing that with men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible, and that God does not wish that any should perish but all should come to a knowledge of the truth.

The ministry grew as the Lord opened new doors and so for the next 9-12 years alternating with preaching in the open air,

In busy markets, shopping centres, and many churches Daily bread Ministries and preached shared and taught.

List of meetings

Jan 6th Princess Alice; 1.45

13th Upperton Road Family Service. 10.30

13th Princess Alice. 1.45

27th Princess Alice. 1.45

27th. Downs Valley Church. 6.30

Sheila wrote

We trust the Lord to shew us how to use wisely the time we have in January , whether by tent making or more personal visits. He will guide.

February 1st. Ringmer Ward, Princess Alice Hospital 7 PM

“ “ “ 8th Kingston Ward, “ ” “ “ “ “ 7 PM

“ “ “ 10th Princess Alice Hospital. 1.45.PM

“ “ “ 11th Sidley Unit Hellingly Hospital 2.PM

“ “ “ 12th Isfield Unit Hellingly Hospital. 2.PM

“ “ “ 13 th Hartfield Ward Hellingly Hospital.	2 PM
“ “ “ 13 th Guesting Ward “ “ “ “	3 PM
“ “ “ 14 th East Dean Ward. Hellingly Hospital.	2.PM
“ “ “ 14 th Jevington Ward, Hellingly Hospital.	3.PM
“ “ “ 15 th Milton Court Old Folks Home.	5.PM
“ “ 15 th Chichester Ward P.A.	7. PM
“ “ “ 16 th Bexhill Hospital Irvine Unit.	11.AM
“ “ 16 th East Down House, Disabled Children.	1.15 PM
“ “ 17 th Houth Down House. Peacehaven.	10. 30AM
“ “ 17 th Princess Alice Hospital	1.45
PM	
“ “ 18 th Victoria Baptist Church, Ladies Meeting.	8.PM
“ “ 20 th Salvation Army Eastbourne Evergreens	2.30.PM
“ “ 22 nd Arundel Ward Princess Alice Hospital.	7.PM
“ “ 24 th Princess Alice Hospital.	1.45.PM
“ “ 24 th South Street Free Church	8.PM

Sheila wrote; Please Pray ? as Hellingly Hospital is undergoing many changes and we want to be in His will regarding these changes. East Down House closes March 31st



Princess Alice Hospital

Tony Sheila Rob Gatland on Piano

It was in All Saints Hospital in Eastbourne I many years ago perhaps 35 years. A nurse came to tell me St Margaret's a hospital in Essex had called asking me to telephone about my father who was dangerously ill.

After the meeting I called and I asked the nurse was it serious should I come? Yes, Come immediately.

I guessed Eastbourne to Epping in Essex would be 3 hours depending on the traffic. The thing was my Father was not a Christian. What could I say to him? Would I be in time?

As I drove I rehearsed a possible prayer," Dad, Will you repent of your sins, receive a full free pardon believe receive Jesus" God is love... Fragments of Scripture whirled around in my mind.

The traffic was heavy. Slow moving Lorries blocked my way. Just barely moving approaching the Black Wall under the Thames. Then arriving and being ushered into a room where my Father lay.

I could see he was unconscious and the Hospital apparatus wires and drips were in the way. What could I do? I lay my hand on his shoulder and began to pray in tongues (in my Spirit)



**Tony Sheila at
Princess Alice
Hospital**

Then God intervened. I was shocked when a Catholic priest entered the room. He asked my father's name I told him "Martin" He said the last thing to go is the hearing" Then he bent down to my father ear and prayed out loud

"Martin" if you can hear me. its time to get right with God." He then prayed a sinners prayer, the prayer that was burning in my heart. Repent of your sins confess your sins believe in Jesus, receive Jesus as your Lord and Saviour

Then just bas suddenly the alarm by the bedside went off and nurse rushed in ass my father lips had turned blue. We were ushered out of

the room and later I was told that my father had died within moment of my leaving the room.

I was amazed that this retired catholic priest had been on call for the dying in the hospital and that God had sent a man to pray a sinners prayer , Later I realised that this pries was indeed born again and was serving the Lord in His retirement in this way .

As I travelled home I heard a Christian service on the radio and a Scripture was quoted. Shall; Not the Lord of all the earth do right”
Genesis 18 v 25

Later when sharing this testimony with Christian friends they quoted this scripture again

“Shall not the judge of all the earth do right”.

I do believe that my father responded to the priest prayer and that he was indeed saved.

Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the LORD, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. Isaiah 55 v 7

The two women talked quietly together. Sheila had been sitting beside the unconscious figure of Rosa all night. Now they talked of heavenly things. Rosa thanked Sheila for her love and care. With thoughts of eternity and of Jesus, she lay back on the pillow and peacefully passed away. Sheila wept. She was exhausted after a week of 24 hour care. The outside world completely forgotten as she concentrated on nursing and care. Rosa had lain in a semi coma for over three days. Now Sheila knew she was at peace. "Safe in the arm of Jesus". Sheila dressed Rosa in her favourite nightdress, tidied the room and cleaned the home. It was too early to call in the Doctor and he could do nothing. She sat thinking.

She remembered the lonely figure passing by in the street, who ignored her friendly "hello". Poor woman, Sheila had thought, she needs

prayer. She recalled the shouting and cursing that used to come from Rosa's home. Her husband Don, had bullied her and threatened her, she was almost a prisoner. Sheila recalled that first meeting. She had been told of Don's illness and gathering all her courage, had knocked at her neighbors door. With some trepidation she waited. Would she be turned away? Rosa opened the door and seeing Sheila burst into tears, almost falling into Sheila's arms. Sobs racked her body and over a cup of tea Rosa poured forth her story. It was like a dam bursting. A story of fear, stress, and intimidation.

During Don's illness, Sheila and I had visited and tried to befriend Rosa and Don. We often would talk and then pray with her. Don's illness grew worse and he was in and out of Hospital. It was Christmas Eve when I visited Don and Rosa at home. Rosa led me upstairs to a bedroom. Don was very ill and lay unconscious in bed.

I had brought my Bible to read but left alone with Don, I lay my hand on his arm and prayed for him. Returning Christmas morning I was

amazed to be led into the back room where Don was sitting at the table engaged in shaving. After the initial shock and some conversation, I asked if I could read from Gods Word. I prayed and thanked God for this remarkable recovery. Several months went by and Don gradually grew weaker and died. We comforted Rosa and prayed with her. The stress and burden of her past life had taken its toll and soon she too was diagnosed with cancer. She had an operation and a period of remission. After many visits to the hospital we knew she was dying

I was very burdened for her soul. One evening, knowing she had only a short time on this earth, I had to speak to her. I told her of God's plan of salvation for sinners. "I've done something that God will never forgive me for" she confessed. I tried to explain. 'That's why Jesus came. Remember the thief on the cross. He was guilty. He deserved to die. Yet in a moment of time he looked upon Jesus. He saw 'the Blood of the Lamb'. He called Him Lord, and what did Jesus say to him?

‘Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise’.” Rosa had looked troubled. “Tony, I know what you are saying, but I am not ready yet”. My heart was very heavy as I returned home. I could not rest. Later that night I lay awake crying out to God to have mercy, “Lord save her”. Two days later, Rosa was in hospital again. Sheila had visited her on the Saturday afternoon. On her return she pleaded with me. “if you can, try to visit Rosa tomorrow, even if you have to miss church” The following day I walked into the hospital. I had prayed that I might find Rosa alone. On the ward I was directed to a small side ward. She looked up as I entered the room. “Tony, I’m ready”. I walked across to her bed and knelt beside her. “Are you?” “Yes” I prayed a sinners prayer and Rosa asked the Lord to forgive her sins and come into her heart. She settled back on the pillow, having received, pardon and peace

The following week, Rosa had expressed a desire to return home. She knew she was dying. On the face of it, it was impossible. However we prayed and decided to ask the Consultant. Sheila offered to nurse her.

Friday evening found us travelling home in the car together. How we praised God, the consultant had agreed. Sheila moved in to Rosa's home to nurse her. The week had passed so quickly and now she was with Jesus.

Sheila realized the time had flown, time to make some phone calls. After the funeral, we marvelled at how quickly Rosa's faith had grown. All that we had shared together. Sheila pondered what an incredible experience it had been. What a privilege to share with someone, to get so close. Now all gone. How strange life is 7 Yet Sheila rejoiced in the thought of Rosa finding Peace and Pardon.

The names of Rosa and Don are fictitious in order to protect identities.

See Here is Water!¹³

And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water;
and the eunuch said, "See, here is water! What doth hinder me
from being baptized?" "Acts 8 v 3

"And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain
water; and the eunuch said, See, here is water; what doth hinder
me to be baptised"? And Philip said, If thou believest with all
thine heart, thou mayest".. And he answered and said, I believe
that Jesus Christ is the Son of God".

A heart warming testimony.

Acts 8 v

"See here is water. what does hinder you to be baptised" ?

The message was clear and strong as I sat in a crowded church.

The people were excited and expectant as they waited to

witness their friends, loved ones, being baptised by immersion

in water. A believers baptism. The preacher continued with his

message, he was anointed with power from on high. "What doth

hinder you". I sat back drinking in the word of God². Wonderful.

Sheila and I had been invited to the little rural church by

Pastor George Smith from a fellowship in Wadhurst. A number

of the folk were due to be baptised in obedience to Gods Word,"

Repent and be baptised every one of you". Acts 2 v 38

Every eye was on the preacher, “see here is water”. The powerful message stirred our hearts. Soon we were witnessing around thirteen people going through the waters of baptism, some giving a stirring testimony, others a simple confession of faith, in Jesus Christ. It was later as we congregated over a cup of tea, that there was a sudden gasp of consternation and fear. A woman had fallen into the open baptismal pool.

We leaned over to see an elderly lady standing waist high in water. Amazingly she was not hurt. The pastor came out of the kitchen area, and helping hands reached down to lift her from the water. "No", she did not want to be helped out. With a feeble and shaking voice she told us, "I have often felt I should

be baptised by immersion, in obedience to Gods Word, but I have always put it off, and made some excuse. Tonight as I listened to Gods Word, I knew I must be baptised. The Holy Spirit spoke to my heart. I knew I must go forward but again I hesitated resisted, and held back. I was feeling dreadful., but now that I am in the water, I would like to obey God and be baptised."

The preacher was thrilled and willing to baptise the lady, so we saw another child of God being baptised, "In the name of the Father , the Son, and the Holy Ghost".

Why wait until you are pushed ?

An Old Tin Hut. ¹⁴

But the natural man receives not the things of the Spirit of God,
for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them,
because they are spiritually discerned. **1 Corinthians 2**

v 14

Sheila and I were in an old tin hut in Coursley Wood, near
Wadhurst in Sussex. The hut could only be reached by walking

or driving down a narrow lane. The roof and side walls were made of corrugated iron built onto a brick base wall. This was the local church and a place of great blessing to us.

It was an experience to enter the hut. It took you back to a hundred years ago. Then the walls had been of wood, darkened with time. The smell of age and damp mixed with fumes of an old oil fire burning in the centre aisle tickled the nostrils, sometimes inducing sneezing or coughing.

A raised platform, fronted with a balustrade, formed the pulpit and also held an aged pedal organ. Very often there was no one to play the instrument. Brother George would oblige; the faltering notes issuing forth would occasionally cause

amusement as the organist hesitated or missed a note altogether.

It was Christmas time and all those who had helped in the Ministry during the previous year had been invited to dinner followed by a meeting. There were about twenty-four of us.

Margaret and David had traveled from Hastings with a par cooked dinner. The kitchen had no gas or power points. They were going to have to slave over a “pumped up” primus stove and small gas rings in the kitchen, (outhouse at the back of the Church). It was, therefore, a mammoth task to prepare and serve a hot meal for 24 folks.

The meal was delicious, piping hot roast turkey with potatoes and five other vegetables and gravy, followed by Christmas pudding and custard, hot mince pies, coffee and biscuits. Yes, a truly amazing meal.

We lingered over our meal, the dishes cleared away and the pews re-arranged again. We sat waiting expectantly as Pastor Smith made his announcement. It was 10.20pm.

Pastor Smith stood in the pulpit above us and outlined the programme for the evening.

‘We have Pastor Lywood, Pastor Wills and the “Daly Bread” who will sing and give testimony.’

The atmosphere became electric as we listened spellbound, to Pastor Lywood tell of God's miracle healings and His power in saving souls. How we lifted up our voices in praise and adoration, faith growing as the small congregation listened and absorbed the teaching of what our God has done and is capable of doing.

Pastor Lywood's Ministry had been mainly amongst the homeless and the Gypsies. He told us how, on one occasion, the Gypsies asked him to visit one of their relatives in the local hospital. They knew that the Lord had given him a "healing ministry."

‘I never move until I have waited upon the Lord in prayer and received a Word from God,’ Pastor told us. ‘As I was praying the Lord told me that the woman would be healed.’

The ward staff directed Pastor to a small room. He had knocked on the door and was bidden to enter. There were four doctors sitting around. He asked to see the woman, mentioning he had come to pray for her healing. The doctors were sceptical explaining she was very ill and not expected to live.

‘The Lord has said, “I am going to heal her.” Pastor told them.

The doctors were determined, ‘You do not fully understand, the woman is dying! We have X-rays of her pelvis, it’s been

shattered into fragments by the lorry that hit her. There is no way she could ever recover.'

'I have received "a Word from the Lord," He has told me she is going to be healed.' Pastor had insisted

Later, Pastor told us when he saw the dying woman, the Spirit had witnessed to him that she had faith.

'Do you believe the Lord can heal you?' I had asked her.

'Yes,' she replied.

'I laid my hands upon her and asked for her healing in the name of Jesus. Nothing happened, I left the ward, believing.'

In those days each ward had one night nurse . It was during the night, as the nurse was sitting at her desk reading, the woman

suddenly got out of bed. Nurse screamed, she knew it was physically impossible, the woman had no pelvis. She ran over to the bed but the woman had stood up and was walking!

Pastor was a thrilling speaker and I was blessed as I listened to this story but I wasn't prepared for what happened next.

'God did a miracle, I called her Mrs Lazarus. Will Mrs Lazarus please stand up.' Pastor Lywood's voice rang out, everybody could hear his call.

Without warning, an elderly lady beside me stood to her feet. Mrs Lasarus had come to the meeting to be a living testimony to God's healing power.

Everybody was amazed and praised God.

The meeting ended with many people shouting, 'Hallelujah' and 'Praise the Lord.'

It was almost 2am. before we arrived back in Hailsham. I guess the neighbours would have been surprised had they known we had been to a wonderful Church meeting.

We continue to visit Cousley Wood Free Church. Pastor Smith is still there, faithfully preaching and caring for his small flock.

It's much warmer than it used to be, the oil fire having been replaced by gas.

The kitchen now has a gas stove and facilities for cooking. The place is dry after much work on the fabric of the building, replacing waterlogged and rotten floor boards.

The walls have been painted with a pastel shade of emulsion and the ceiling repainted white.

It will always be a place of blessing to Sheila and myself. A place where we heard of miracles and learnt faith.

"FOUR CUPS OF TEA"₆

For this cause we faint not, but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. 2 Corinthians 4 v 16

"Four cups of tea , Four cups of tea , Four cups of tea ". Sarah, on Primrose Ward , Westfield Hospital, had a glazed look in her eyes , staring straight ahead. "Four cups of tea" she intoned. She was walking up and down the ward, an elderly figure, slightly stooped, in a world of her own. Her voice was weird. "Four cups of tea", is all she says. Day after day, up and down, driving the staff to distraction. Primrose Ward is a forbidding place to say the least. To reach it you wander down what seem to be miles of corridors, with the disturbing cries of half demented souls

echoing in your ears. Eventually you find the right door, this being unlocked you enter through a short passage to the lounge area. Here you may find around twenty patients, perhaps more, wandering or sitting listlessly. Some are dressed, others in night attire. There is an air of unreality about the place

People are moving around without any purpose or direction and there is a constant background of noise.

Some patients are stopped expertly if they wander too far. Others are asleep. The lighting is strange, not dimmed yet unreal.

Most of all you feel the heat. It must be in the nineties in the winter months. There is a faint smell of urine, talc powder and mothballs, strangely mixed. The staff are friendly and kind, only too happy to have a diversion from the monotony. They are also, I imagine a little inquisitive and perhaps wary. As we sing Sarah comes alive, and is transformed into another person. When we had arrived we had said "hello" all around, with very little, if any, response. Just blank stares. Now faces light up and life stirs, lips move slowly. "Oh that was lovely." It's Sarah. We sing

another hymn, "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam ". We watch as Sarah sings each word. Later we go around and talk to the patients, Sarah is amazing. She is telling me her life story. I am aware that the nurses are watching open mouthed, some literally. This was our first visit to the ward, and we were unaware of Sarah's background. On our return to the ward, two weeks later, we saw nurses with pens and paper to hand, ready to record events. Apparently our last visit had caused quite a stir. Sarah had reverted to "Four cups of tea" again and had continued uninterrupted until now.

As we lifted up our voices to Worship and Praise God, we were thrilled to see Sarah once again join in, remembering all the words. The student nurses were filling note pads.

We realised that although the "Outer man is perishing, (the flesh) the inner man (the spiritual) is renewed day by day". Later we sat at the table sharing a cup of tea with the nurses, they told us that "nothing like this had happened before". That evening I had enjoyed another conversation with a very lucid Sarah. She told me that she had

been a Sunday school teacher . She had remembered the boys she taught. She had also played the piano and the organ and so readily recognised the choruses and the hymns. I was moved as she related her heartache over a boyfriend, Bill. Should she marry him? I asked her if she knew the chorus, 'God loves you and I love you and that's the way it should be?' . "No I don't remember that one". On our next visit to the ward, we taught the ladies this chorus. How thrilled we were, after the meeting to hear Sarah singing, "God loves you and I love you and that's the way it should be". Yes, God's ways are mysterious and wonderful. Praise his name.

"For in the wilderness, shall waters break out and stream in the desert" Isaiah.35.v.G.

No Answer. 8

Naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me.' Matthew 25 v 36

The old Victorian mental asylum had been recycled and was now Westfield Hospital. The building was a huge, three stories high with a capacity for 1700 patients. Set in beautiful

gardens with azaleas, and banks of rhododendrons and overlooked by great trees which completely hid it from the road.

Sidmouth Unit was component of the main hospital, situated only a short distance away and a complete contrast to the main edifice.

The unit, a nissan hut, where work, and occupational therapy, was provided for twelve patients by the charge nurse and a voluntary helper who supervised the patients and their activities. Part of these were the packing of soap and other small jobs as a step towards their rehabilitation. It gave the patients a respite from the oppressive wards and the regime that governed them.

Tuesday afternoon was the time set aside for the Gospel meeting, patients and staff looked forward to it because it meant a welcome break from routine.

Everyone enjoyed the singing and I could see Katie, the warm hearted helper, loving the response of her patients as first one and then another joined in. She knew that for a little while their cares were forgotten. "Prayer lifts me to the highest heaven" and another song, "Did you think to pray?" had been

specially chosen because the theme of the meeting was prayer.

Afterwards I shared a few words about prayer, “Call upon the Lord and He will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things.” (Jeremiah 33:3)

Later, as we drank a welcome cup of tea, one of the patients came over,

‘Tony, I try to pray, but God doesn’t answer me.’ Ben was about fifty years of age, slim build with graying hair suffering from deep depression. Throughout the service he’d been sitting with his head down, avoiding eye-to-eye contact. ‘I get no answer, I always pray in the name of Jesus’ he muttered.

‘You need to have faith,’ I shared a few truths with Ben but he didn’t seem to comprehend. He was desperate, clutching my hand. Realising his great need I spoke gently to him, trying to comfort him and ease his depression but to no avail.

That evening after my return home, I was in prayer and remembered I had not mentioned sin. I felt dreadful. “If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me,” (Psalm 66:18) I asked the Lord for forgiveness and made a mental note to speak to Ben of sin, the one barrier between God and man.

Some weeks later I met Ben on the ward, the activity and noise made it impossible for us to speak quietly together. We walked out into the beautiful grounds and sat on a log. I had been speaking about sin and as we sat together I asked Ben, 'Have you ever asked Jesus into your heart?'

'No,' he answered.

'Would you like to?'

'Yes.'

I explained to Ben what it meant to be saved, to repent, to be born again. The Lord Himself drew near, quietly and reverently we prayed a sinners prayer. Ben asked God to save him and asked Jesus to come into his heart and life. I put my arms around Ben and prayed for him. It was a very precious moment.

I gave him a Bible to read, walked with him back to the ward, 'Goodbye, I'll visit you again soon.' We hugged again before I left.

It was some weeks before I could visit Ben again.

'The nurses taunted me when they saw the Bible you gave me,' he told me.

The staff kept asking me, 'What are you going to do with that, prop up the bed?'

'I just ignored them,' he said sadly. Ben survived the taunts. I started to visit him weekly and when he was well enough we went to church together before going home for a meal. He gradually began to feel better.

There were many set backs and disappointments. He was fearful of everything. Numerous times in the car I recited the words of 2 Timothy 1:7 "For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power, and of love and of a sound mind." Then I would ask him to repeat it after me, phrase by phrase.

I often waited outside the hospital in vain, Ben was depressed or having a crisis. Gradually however, his confidence grew and he was able to meet me at the main door, then at the gates, then one day he appeared on the doorstep of our home.

Hallelujah! What joy we shared over his victory.

About two years passed before the day came when Ben left the hospital and was transferred to a 'half-way house'

Having disturbed patients all around him and without supervision, Ben deteriorated. There were times of deep crisis and sometimes, total defeat.

However, with constant love, re-assurance and much prayer his health. slowly improved

Ben joined a little chapel and was Baptized and loved to join in with the hymns and prayers. This caused a stir for some folks who were unsure of him and disliked his outbursts of praise and thanksgiving to the Lord. Others were moved by his honesty, love and spontaneous joy in the Lord. Ben would openly weep in gratitude.

In time Ben was given the keys to his own flat. Within days it was fully furnished by loving, caring Christians. Sheila and I were thrilled with the progress he had made. Ben had suffered much physical damage in the Korean war, sadly he had not long to live. He deteriorated both physically and mentally before being called home to the Lord. I always saw him as “a brand being plucked from the burning.” Despite all his problems Ben really loved the Lord and was not ashamed to own Him and was an example to many.

“DO YOU THINK GOD COULD?” 4

If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it. John 14 v 14

A letter was pushed into my hand at the end of a Gospel meeting in Westfield Hospital. I was asked to read it later. The writing was very scrawly and only just legible. The envelope was addressed to the Band Leader!.

Dear Sir and Madam

Excuse my writing but I've had a stroke. Do you believe in the power of prayer? I believe you do. So please help me. Pray for me. I might be having a hysterectomy at 85 years. Please try and help me. I am badly in need of help. So please try and help me.

Very sincerely Alice Pearson.

As you can imagine we were greatly moved and prayed in earnest for her. We met Alice the following Sunday and I told her that we had been praying for her, Alice was very ill but the necessary operation was not possible as she was overweight and her blood count was not right. I remember her saying "Do you think God could?" I said "Yes, I'm sure God could" .

Another letter arrived.

"Forgive me bothering you again but the surgeon has arranged to see me next Tuesday at the New Hospital. So please pray for me. The operation will change my whole life if, Mr Wrexham agrees to do it. I am so scared, I keep reading your little book 'The Daily Word'. Please forgive me bothering you again.

Yours very sincerely Alice Pearson

We prayed for her blood count to be right. Then praying for the anesthetist to give his permission and then praying for the operation to be soon. Each week we would pray for a specific thing and “Praise the Lord”, each week the Lord answered each prayer. The following Tuesday the operation took place. The day the operation was carried out, there was some industrial dispute taking place. the result was that only emergency operations were completed. Alice’s operation was the last completed. The doctor who operated on her, promptly flew off to India. When we visited Alice she was sitting up in bed, wonderfully better. She told us “If I could walk, I would walk right out of here “. We prayed with her at the bedside and rejoiced for Gods answers to our prayers. Oh it was so wonderful.

Alice was not looking forward to going back to Westfield hospital. “I’m dreading it” she said. But there was no choice, for she could not walk. A few weeks later we were back in Westfield Hospital, I was kneeling beside Alice’s wheelchair. “Oh I do wish I could go home, I would love to be at home for Christmas but I can’t walk”. Yes that was it, she could not walk. She had been in a wheelchair for nearly 5 years now. She

looked at me “Do you think God could?” I must confess that at that moment, my faith failed me. I knew she could not walk. I was thinking there is no way. “Well, my voice faltered “we will have to trust God won’t we”. “Yes. Alice looked me in the eye but you will pray won’t you” ?. “Yes I’ll pray “ I replied.

On Tuesday Sheila answered the phone. It was John, “You had better sit down”. Sheila prepared herself for the worst. “I’ve got some news for you”. Alice is home. Praise the Lord. How it had happened we don’t know. But there it was. We were so thrilled. We all rejoiced. How great is our God.

On the following Sunday, we visited Alice and John at home. It was such a thrill to see them together after almost 7 months in hospital. John had been terrific. At age 90 he had visited everyday and helped other patients, taking them out into the garden. Now they were at home again. How we enjoyed sitting at home with them talking. You could feel the love of God. We chatted about this and that, Alice remarked how much she had enjoyed that song “Something beautiful, Something good” . She shared with us how she had kept saying the Lords prayer

over and over, how she had read that little booklet Daily Word. She had taken it everywhere with her. Sheila and I sang some of the chorus's she loved so much. Alice wept. The time flew by "Lets have a little prayer shall we?" We all bowed our heads and gave thanks to the Lord.

On the next occasion their son Clifford was with them. Clifford was very depressed. Alice said this caused her much heartache. He had lost his wife and had turned to drink. We shared together as usual and when the time had gone, I again suggested we pray. Alice said Tony ask the Lord if I could walk". her request was direct and simple. We prayed together. I asked

the Lord to heal her and help her to walk in Jesus name. After the prayer I stood up to say goodbye to Clifford and as I was shaking his hand, Alice got up out of her wheelchair and walked. We were amazed. I think our mouths dropped open. Alice had walked over to the window. Sheila said "What are you going to do now?" "Walk back of course". Praise the Lord. We were so shocked we could not take it in. We hugged her and said our goodbye's and before we knew it we were on our

way home. When we arrived home we were so excited, we telephoned around and told everyone the news. On our next visit, a summers evening, we found Alice doing some gardening. We stood and looked in amazement. It always gave me a thrill in the following months and years, to see her walk. I will always remember the question. "Do you think God could?" With men it is impossible but "with God all things are possible".

"He rolled back the waters" 1

It was a Friday night at Princess Alice Hospital. The gospel group known as the Dalybread were visiting a ladies ward. It was 7.PM and the patients were still in the dayroom at the end of the ward. They had all wanted to go to bed as they were very tired but the ward sister had a policy of keeping them up until 8PM before the nurses were allowed to start the procedure bath and bed, which took quite a time before the last one actually got into bed.

Mrs. Crook sat in wheelchair with the other sleepy drugged patients, their heads were down resting on chest and as Tony and Sheila entered with a bright hello for everyone, only one

or two heads looked up in response. Tony and Sheila were used to this reaction and Tony unlocked the guitar case as Sheila enlightened the nuts on the music stand. When they started to sing the old and familiar hymns and sacred solos from a worn out old blue hymn book several of the old ladies perked up and started to join in. There were one or two remarks and smiles as a well remembered tune was brought to their memory

Tony started up a chorus “He rolled back the waters of the mighty red sea, He said I’ll never leave thee, put your trust in me”. Mrs Crook was bouncing up and down in her wheelchair with a beaming smile lighting up her wrinkled face. She turned to her companion If he can turn back the waters of the red sea why have I been so depressed? Yes it was true Mrs Crooks at one time had sunk into a pit of despair and nothing and no one could lift her up.

Until that day in the main meeting on Sunday when Sheila had told the story of how in a traffic jam nine miles long the other side of the Dart ford tunnel we had started to pray for the Lord

to remove the traffic before our return journey home. Later three hours later on our return to Sussex we traveled onto the main A13 to wiz along. Every mile we thought we would join that tailback of heavy traffic but as we proceeded we found that there was not a sign of a traffic jam. Our prayers had been answered so we started to sing “He rolled back the traffic on the mighty A13” and laughed with joy at the empty road.

Mrs Crook had listened to the testimony and a wonderful change had come over her. Her depression lifted, she was full of confidence in God and full of expectancy of the Lord return,.

She told her companion one day The Lord is coming soon wouldn't it be wonderful If I was alive when he returns.. I may not have to die but be wonderfully

changed when Jesus returns in all his glory. Mrs Crooks had got so excited she would often share her faith and testify of the Lord Jesus returning in the clouds.. Yes it was this chorus Tony remembered that had changed her life... He rolled back

the waters of the mighty red sea, he said I'll never leave thee, put your trust in me...

All Saints Hospital.²

And He hath put a new song in my mouth; even praise unto our God; many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the LORD. Psalm 40 v 3

Have you any time to spare. Can you play a musical instrument? Could you spend some time talking to the patients? Please telephone sister Meyer at All Saints Hospital.

The postcard in the shop had been typewritten. Sheila had spotted it in Seaside road out side a newspaper shop. She had called Tony back and pointed out this card. They took the details. When Tony got home he prayed about it and felt that he should contact the Hospital. The Lord had given him over 70 songs all about Jesus and the love of God he knew he must sing them somewhere.

In the telephone box he prayed "Lord if this is not right please close the door, stop me from getting through, he then dialled the number, after a pause a woman answered it was Sister Meyer

Tony explained that he had seen the card and that he could play the guitar, she had asked him what sort of music. There was a silence as Tony considered what to say, should he tell her that he was a Born Again Christian and wanted to sing his Gospel songs, he decided to bite the bullet, "Its all about Jesus". There was a silence at the other end and then, Yes that's OK, when can

you come? The question was unexpected, Tony thought quickly, tomorrow Tony said tentatively. They arranged a time 3PM in Northbourne Ward..

The next day in Northbourne ward Tony was shocked at the sight. The small day room was occupied by twelve elderly men in wheelchairs. They were a sad spectacle with heads bowed eyes vacant and some asleep. Sheila and Tony had said hello but there had been a minimal response so they had begun to sing.

Not being used to being in public Tony found it difficult to continue as the patients were not responding at all, just sitting there dozing. Were they in a coma Tony wondered? It was awful, sweat trickled down his face as they continued to sing half frightened of stopping. A group of visitors had congregated at the door gazing in at the sight. Tony's pride was being dealt with Did God really want him to do this? Surely not.

At the end of the singing which lasted around forty minutes they stooped put the guitar away and went to say goodbye to the patients. As they took their hands there was a wonderful response. Some had tears in their eyes; they were so grateful and could not thank us enough.

Tony and Sheila left the hospital knowing that God had blessed them and that a new chapter had begun in their Christian experience which was to lead them to minister around the World

In the following weeks other Christians came to help with the work, some elderly ladies promised to bring some hymn book and Dalybread were given 60 well worn Golden Bells hymn books. Other Christians offered to play the piano in the foyer while some offered to help wheel the patients from the wards to the foyer, Tony and Sheila decided to call themselves the Dalybread , a ministry of love in song, this was so that the group as a whole could be recognized not constantly Tony and Sheila.

One amusing incident happened in those first few weeks at Northbourne Ward. A nurse had whispered "Would they mind having the doors shut as they wanted to remove a corpse from the ward without upsetting the patients". Tony agreed but it was while they were singing behind locked doors that this elderly man got up from his chair and said in a very loud voice, " will you stop singing".

Well after 50 years of serving the Lord the answer today is as it was then. NO Never!!

" Go Near"

Raja..... Sheila's Home 10th February 2014

Dear Bro. Tony and Sister Sheila.

Praise God for your thoughts to print Discipleship book in other languages also. I will talk with translators and Printers with all the details.

We have to do what God's will and encourage to Pastors at all areas. I shared with PPF and Trustees and they felt happy and praying for that work.

Some of the pastors telling that “the Books are encouraging me especially Discipleship book is very useful for the ministry”. When I heard that word from them I felt very happy. Glory to God many pastors and people blessing through the books.

Thank you for your ministry through the books in India.

Yours in His service,

Pastor J.Rajaratnam

Raja

I telephoned to Kotee (Cortee) about news of photos and books to give his son. He felt happy and he going to meet me soon.

I will ask his testimony and send you. Thanks you remembered his family.

Yours in His service,

Pastor J.Rajaratnam

Tricia

Dear Sheila and Tony – thank you so much for sending the copy of Tony’s book and Sheila’s account of the India trip. I was so impressed by Sheila’s account of the visit – not only by all the wonderful things that happened to you (that cobra story is blood-chilling!!), and the way you walked so closely with The Lord, but because you have made it

come alive for me... you are a brilliant writer! What a gift! Now I know why I enjoy your letters so much – written by a master!

Thank you, too, from the bottom of my heart for the copy of 'Go Near'. I see that it hot off the press - was it published in India? I began to read it straight away, but found that after a couple of chapters I was so overcome with the miraculous happenings and the over-flowing love of God, that I had to put it down and let it sink in bit by bit. Then it became clear – it is meant to be my Lent Book – I'll read a chapter a day throughout Lent so that I can really absorb each of the instances of God's love at work in the lives of the folk that Tony touches. I pray that my eyes and my heart will be opened.

June Keeble on receipt of the Book "Go Near " telephoned , she was very excited she said it was fantastic

Gerry Page

thanks for the book...I remember many of these stories...it's good to read them ...praise God!...g

Hugh

Thanks Tony for "Go Near" It really is splendid. The printout on the cover will convey your conviction, sincerity, and passion. The assembly of pictures on the back are colorful and clear and capture the high lights of several chapters. Excellent Choices

From the look of this production I'd say standards in India are high. Congratulations

Hugh

Nathaniel 11th March 2014 Dear Tony & Sheila,

Thank you for sending us the comments of Tricia , June Keeble, Gerry Page and Hugh on the book of Go Near.

We believed these comments are out come of from their heart not casual sayings.

Really it is so interesting to read . I too have collected some comments on the books of Go Near and Discipleship lessons from the Orissa Pastors and Telugu Pastors. I would to send you too.

with kind regards. Nathaniel

Valery Clewitt

I found it enthralling and I could not wait to read the next chapter.

Eileen Richards

I had such a surprise when your book arrived. Thank you so much for sending it to me. I was interested to read of the times we spent in Poland I am sending the book to Ron and Joan Lepley I know they will be surprised.

Eileen Richards Norwich...