

**Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee
great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.** Jeremiah 33 v 3

Ireland

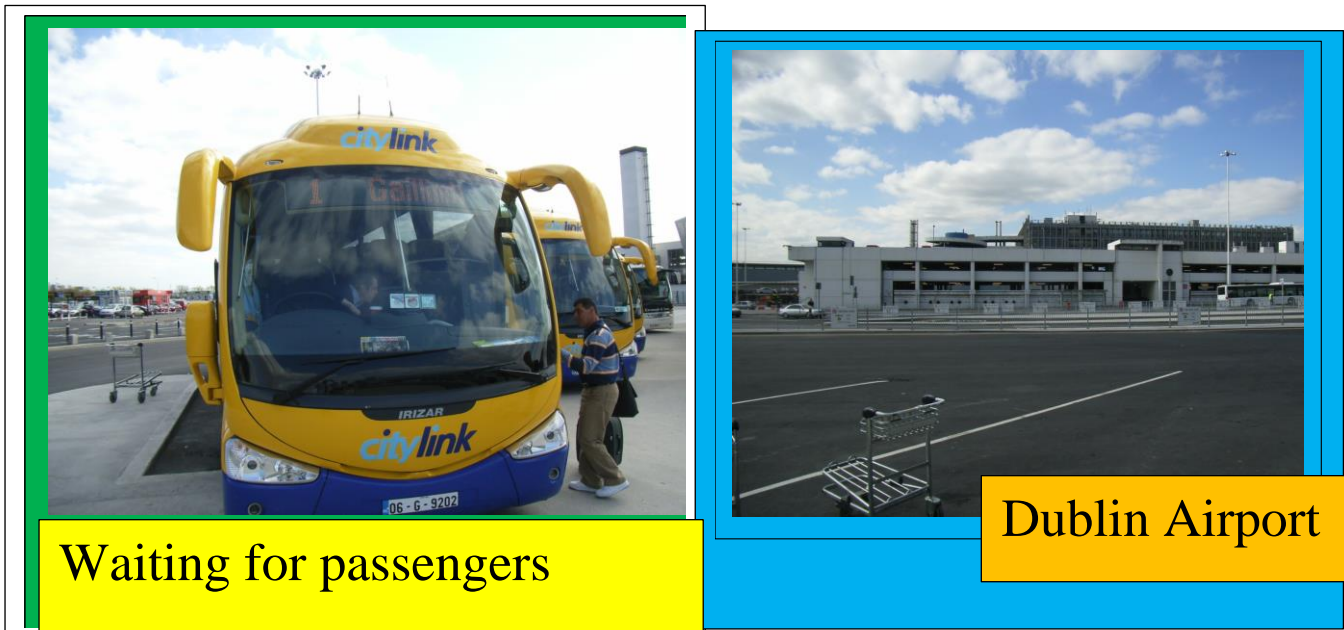
A Sower went forth to sow;



The Lord led me to Ireland to preach the Word in 1984. I landed at Cork to tour around the West Coast towns. David and Kay Stevens in Limerick City gave me hospitality on several occasions and it was a joy to join him in the city with his sketch board preaching the Word. The Lord led me to Killarney, stopping in all the towns up to Galway Bay, and across to Athlone. In my 2007 visit, I stopped in Cavan to visit with Andreas and Beatrix Heinzl.

Its 11th April 2007

I have just landed at Dublin airport and wheel my case across the car park to the coach



Waiting for passengers

Dublin Airport

I camped at Rush before travelling into Dublin on the bus to preach in Henry Street, Grafton Street, before visiting Bray, just south of Dublin. The Lord led me to the brethren there among whom were Sam and Betty Bargewell, Eric and Getrude, and Gordon and Jenny who showed my much love and kindness. I was much encouraged. Later Sam joined a small team in Ashford as preached in the market, on a wet and windy day. Soon I was back in Cork City having visited Wexford and the towns on route to Waterford. Please read from my journal "Go Near". On my web Page at <https://dailybreadadmissions.org.uk/>.

Throughout my ministry very often and especially after returning from some exhausting but blessed mission folks would ask me "brother where you are going next" ?

My reply would be “I have no plans” my intention would always be to wait upon the Lord in prayer (Matthew 6 v 6) and my daily prayer would be “Lord close every door that should be shut, just open the door of obedience”. So it was no surprise when the Lord showed me; Genesis 31 v 3

And the Lord said unto Jacob;” **Return to the Land of thy fathers and to thy kindred and I will be with thee”,**

I landed at Cork in 1984 to tour around the West Coast towns. The long journey across England and ferry crossing of 14 hours had left me jaded and tired so after landing I found a pleasant camping site in Bandon where I was the only van.

However the Lord sent me a friendly companion who came to see what I was up too.

Preaching in Cork city was hard going with no one apparently interested no contacts, no meaningful conversation, but with the unfailing blessings for obedience.



The Mountain Top.¹

Jesus took Peter and John and James,
and went up onto a mountain to pray. Luke 9 V 28

Ireland is a beautiful island, part of the United Kingdom. I had been invited to speak at a small Assembly in Bray, a little town just south of Dublin. After morning service I had accepted an invitation to lunch with Gordon and Jenny, they lived in a bungalow at the foot of the mountains. After we had eaten, I excused myself and set out for a walk. I took a shower jacket with me because the weather looked threatening. While I was preparing my heart for the message I intended to give at the evening service, I found myself ascending the mountain. The wind started to rise and it began to drizzle but I hardly noticed it. It was exhilarating and I continued to climb. I was in fellowship with the Lord and that was all that mattered. The wind's strength heightened, the drizzle became a steady downpour but I climbed higher.

Looking down over the mountain I could only see cloud and mist. The time with the Lord was very precious and I didn't want to leave His Presence, I climbed higher.

My health had improved tremendously since the last time I had climbed the mountain. Then, I had to stay on the lower slopes because of chest pains. Now I thanked God that I could climb to a higher level with no problems.

My spirit soared when I started to rehearse my sermon ready for the evening service. Only the Lord and the wind heard me, It was glorious, I was being carried away but it was not by the power of the wind.

I knew I should descend, time had gone but I tarried a little longer. 'Lord just a few more minutes ...' I kept saying.

Reluctantly I turned to retrace my steps and an amazing thing happened. The clouds broke for a few minutes, the sun blazed through and there below me, were two complete rainbows.

Whenever I have seen rainbows before, I've always had to look up at them, now I was above them looking down on all their beauty. It was wonderful. As I stared and gaped at this colorful spectacle, the Lord reminded me the rainbow is a sign of God's mercy.



Softly.

**I, being on the way, the LORD led me to the house of my master's brethren."
Genesis 24 v 27b**

"Softly" that's what David Stevens had called the weather. A steady unending drizzle. Parked in the driveway of David's home In Limerick City, I had spent a restless night, disturbed by dogs barking, doors shutting, people passing by. I was up early and spent a blessed time in prayer.

David had told me of a walled market near William Street so I set off on my bike at 10 a.m. I was loaded up with tracts and Gospels, pocket Testaments and my Bible. Crossing over the bridge I followed the directions I had been given and soon saw the crowds heading for the market place.

Coming near to William Street, I chained up the bike and started to give out my tracts. Many were receiving them in love. I noticed a young woman with a charity tin, she was calling out about Lourdes. I stopped to speak to her, I told her people did not need to travel all the way to Lourdes but they could be healed by faith in Christ. I shared with her the testimony of Elsie Hodson, how the Lord healed her in answer to prayer. The young woman looked amazed, I left her with a tract and went in to the market, the Lord showed me a spot in the corner of the market and with the Lord helping me I lifted up my voice. Oh how wonderfully the Lord enabled me. Many were listening.

As I concluded my message, I knew the Lord had touched many hearts. I went over to a nearby stall and offered the trader a Gospel, "Would you read my book" I challenged, "Yes" "Would you read a chapter a day"? "Yes". "May I explain the simple Way of Salvation"? "It won't take a minute. The stall holder listened as I turned the pages, He gladly accepted the Gospel on condition that he read it. I rejoiced and went on to the next stall. What joy I had as one after another let me talk and then received a Gospel. Perhaps six or seven in all. Wonderful. It was raining "softly" as I walked around the market to find another corner by the gate.

The Lord again blessed the Word and many were listening. The rain increased and then came on heavy. People began leaving, a few, then a positive Exodus. I continued with great love and liberty. The market traders brought out sheets of canvas to cover the goods, I was virtually alone.

Then I noticed a man standing as if transfixed to the spot. He was oblivious to the heavy rain, I was getting soaked yet unable to stop preaching. I poured out my heart in love.

The man stood about ten yards from me and as I made an appeal he came forward , taking my hand saying "What you said has touched my heart". "You have done something for me". "No" I replied "It's the Lord". "Sean" told me he was an artist, a traveler. I talked to him of eternal things. "Would you" I asked him, "receive Christ?" "Yes", would he repent? "Yes" Would he like me to pray with him?. "Yes" Would he confess his sins to God and repent? "Yes".

I prayed a sinner's prayer and my heart was filled with praise as I heard Sean with faltering lips, and a contrite heart, seek the Lord. Hallelujah. I was counseling Sean to read God's Word daily and to seek a Bible believing church, when another man stepped forward. I had been aware as I prayed of someone's presence, overhearing all that was said.

Frank Hogan introduced himself as a local born again Christian. Yes he had been listening in, did I know David Stevens he enquired? "Yes" "I'm staying with him" I replied. Frank spoke to Billy inviting him to a nearby Baptist church. I cycled back through the rain falling softly in

Limerick City. Remembering Gods Word "I being in the way, the Lord led me"



In the West of Ireland

Camped here for the night



“Four Lighters for a Pound”

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are

My ways higher than your ways and My thoughts than your thoughts. Isaiah 55 v 9

It was very hot. Very hot. I walked up and down the crowded Henry Street in Dublin Ireland. I was looking for a suitable place to preach. Everywhere was hustle and bustle Buskers beggars stalls, kiosk, and traffic noise. Would it be possible to preach at all?

I crossed the busy O'Connell Street and continued up Henry Street until I came across a market place. It was both noisy and crowded. I silently prayed then lifted up my voice. I had not been preaching very long before I noticed there was opposition. Well organized opposition.

“Four Lighters for a pound”. Some young men and women were standing about a yard apart, in a row before me yelling at the top of their voices. “Four lighters for a pound” Why anyone should want four lighters they did not say. Yet I could see that this was an attempt to drown me out. They were defending what they saw as their territory.

I had been warned at the camping site in Rush not to take my camper van into Dublin. The owner had advised me to go in on the bus. Apparently there were gangs of youths who had divided up the city into areas and who especially watched out for such vehicles to rob them as soon as the owner had departed.

He told me of a couple who had lost all their luggage, passports, and money amounting to £3000. So I had journeyed into the city on the bus. The noise and confusion was indescribable “ I prayed as I continued to preach. The answer came to me very clearly I turned to the young man the left of the row. “Young Man” I looked him straight in the eye. “I have a message for you” He looked at me quizzically.

God loves you. He loves you so much that he sent His only Son to die on a cross. Jesus hung on that cross in agony shedding His precious blood. He died on the cross for your sins, paying the price in Love. As I continued preaching I noticed that the young man was obviously uncomfortable, was looking down, and hanging his head. Then without saying a word he turned and walked slowly away.

I turned to the next in line and addressed myself to her. As I spoke I could see the same effect taking place. She also hung her head and walked away. The next young man, and then the other walked off until the “Words of Life” were broadcast over the market place unhindered.

God’s Word is true! “Is not my Word like a fire saith the Lord, and a hammer that breaks the rock in pieces” Jeremiah 23 v 24 ,.

A young man tending a stall came over “I’ll have one” meaning he would like to read a gospel of John that I had offered as I made an appeal. We talked awhile. Edward told me that he went to church every day.

I asked him if he was saved. No he stated I spent some time explaining the gospel to him: Emphasizing the need of a personal relationship with Christ.

Edward listened carefully and promised he would read the Gospel every day and then make a decision. I returned to find the river crossing and walked over the bridge to Grafton Street.

Grafton Street is famous for its entertainers. The jazz bands, rock music, poets, jugglers all vying with one another. The cacophony of sounds has to be heard to be believed. I found a spot in the hot afternoon sunshine and gave out the Word. Some men were listening in a doorway, three young children came to heckle me.

Another youth shouted abuse at me. I told him of the love of God and he went off.

Three young men listened and received New Testaments.

Sean and Pat smelling strongly of drink listened as I explained the way to them.

Both took Gospels. At one stage I was mobbed by a group of children who in a flurry of questions swamped me.

I had to stop them as I could not hear myself speak. I was very tired as I made my way back to the bus stop. I praised the Lord for all He had done as the bus lurched out of Dublin

“Four Lighters for a pound” Mmmm.....



*Let the Dead Bury their dead.*³

Matthew 8 v 22 But Jesus said unto him, "Follow Me, and let the dead bury their dead."

I was in the town of Tralee in Southern Ireland. As I busied myself giving out tracts, I met Dan. He was a Christian from America and he told me of the Plymouth Brethren in Dun Loaghaire who were witnessing for the Lord. We talked and shared the Lord for a while. It was as we were saying goodbye that I noticed a funeral procession passing.

A large crowd following. Dan said "Let the dead bury their dead". My heart raced as I saw the crowd and quickening my pace I started to catch them up. It was an opportunity too good to miss. I gave out tracts to this one and that, working my way up the slow moving procession. I must confess I had some strange looks as I gave out my tracts

Soon I was through the 'tail enders' and into the main body. I continued with some trepidation but no one objected. Some of the folks were surprised. Others I could see were deep in grief. It was only when I saw the coffin, and the three men in black robes marching each side that I decided discretion was the better part of valor, and withdrew. It was of course an I.R.A funeral could be a dangerous place for an evangelist.

"Let the dead bury their dead" Matthew 8 v 22

Dublin



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Later Sam joined a small team in Ashford as preached in the market, on a wet and windy day. Soon I was back in Cork City having visited Wexford and the towns on route to Waterford. Following the line of the coast I made my way to Wexford and returned to Cork. The ferry journey was uneventful but the long drive home was when I discovered how very tired I was

The Lord kept me safe.

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