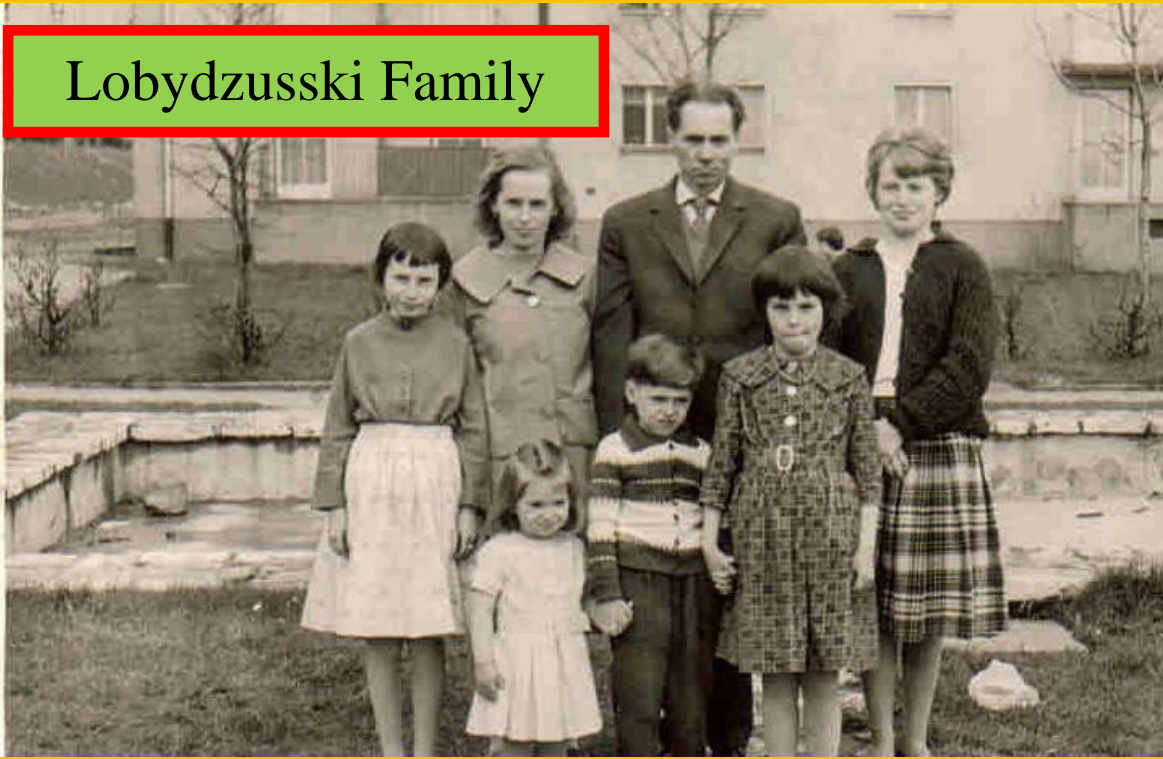
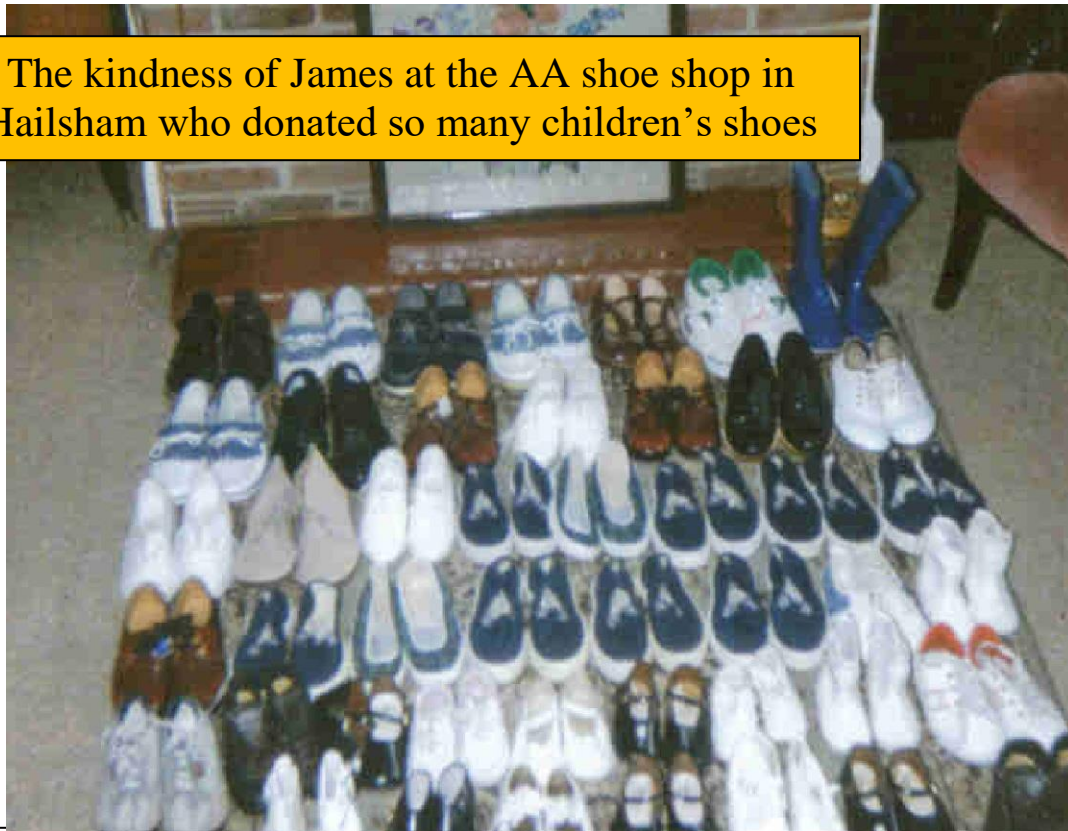


Before I share with you some of the Lord's blessings in Poland the Lord reminded me of a family we tried to help many years before the Lord called me to serve him . We were struggling ourselves but managed to send parcels of clothing for the Lobydzuskie Family .

Lobydzuski Family



The kindness of James at the AA shoe shop in Hailsham who donated so many children's shoes

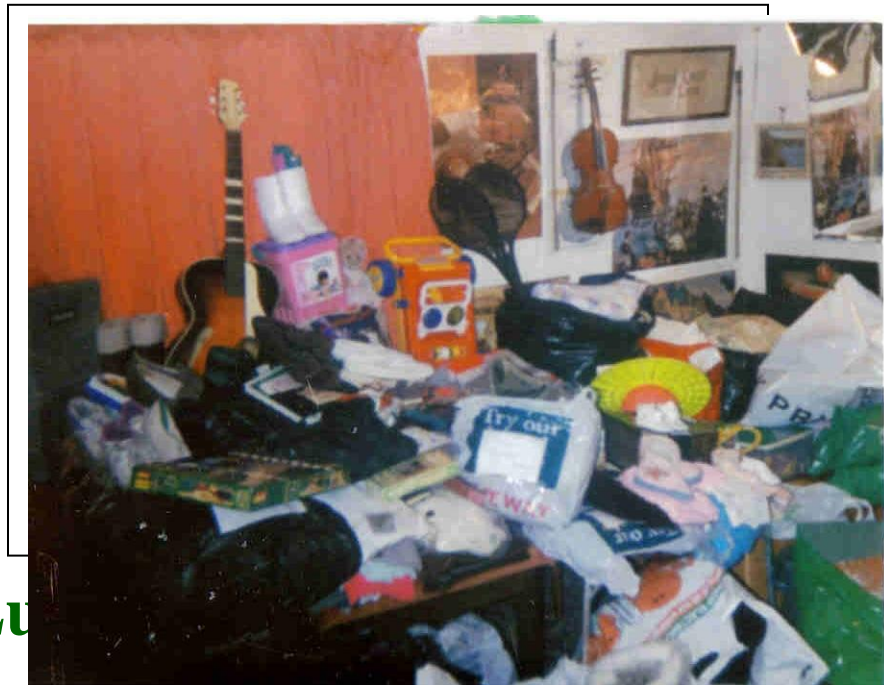


I looked at the headlights again and asked, ‘Lord what can I do?’

The camper van was already full. Now with three more people and all their luggage it seemed impossible to take any more. Eileen came up behind me,

‘Just this case,’ she cajoled. Then Pastor Price brought a ruck-sack containing sixty pairs of children’s shoes. I had to use all my ingenuity to hide them in every nook and cranny I could find. Eventually all was safely loaded, Peter got into the driving seat, he wanted some driving practice in the van before we arrived on the continent. At last we started off and headed for Ron’s house in Walton on the Naze.

We arrived and I could not believe what I was seeing. Ron and his wife, Joan were waiting to climb on board. I stared in disbelief as they carried out their baggage. There was the amplifier, speakers, sketch-board, a keyboard and it’s legs, cases, bags of food, coats, flasks and six adults! I started to load, it was impossible. ‘Where can I put it all Lord?’



Lu

“Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by seeing Him, seeing He ever lives to make intercession for them.” (Hebrews 7:26)

Pastor Marek’s driving was outrageous. The van lurched from side to side as we sped through the city of Lublin. Prayer was essential, so was hanging on with both hands. The passenger’s comfort wasn’t helped by the Hyundai’s suspension which needed replacing. You could choose to look and have heart failure, or shut your eyes and wait for a disaster to happen. I looked away and praised the Lord, I knew that if we did crash I would enter into heaven with praise on my lips and in my heart.

‘Do you have a word from the Lord?’ Pastor Marek asked. We were on our way to visit the local prison and he wanted to know if I was ready to speak to the prisoners.

‘Yes, the Lord has spoken to me and given me a message for the men.’

‘Did I tell you...?’ I wondered what Pastor Marek was going to say. He didn’t keep me in suspense.

‘A man became a Christian then murdered his mother!’ It was inconceivable, I felt a wave of shock pass through me. How could it have happened? I realised the man could not have been truly “Born again.”

Pastor parked on the sandy grass outside the prison and we got out. My, it was hot! A Christian worker greeted us but we had to wait for another person to arrive before we could gain entry into the building. It wasn’t long before he appeared. He knocked and waited for the metal door to open.#

We were eventually admitted by the guards into the courtyard and we handed over our documents, they also wanted my passport and camera. As I handed them over I was aware that we were being carefully watched.

After the formalities we were escorted through big iron gates, across several yards, through more locked gates and into a three story building. There was an feeling of oppression and fear. We continued down a long corridor, through numerous locked gates, the jangling of the keys and the clanging of the gates, as they were opened and closed, added to the atmosphere.

At last we were shown into the prison recreation room, it was sparse and uninviting. Some of the prisoners were waiting for us and after greetings had been exchanged brightly painted jam jars were brought in and we enjoyed a jam-jar of “Harabata” tea. One prisoner had a keyboard, another had a guitar, there were praise books and chorus sheets. Soon we were all singing, they in Polish and I in English. Some of the time I praised God by humming - “making a joyful noise unto the Lord.” The musicians were brilliant and our hearts were lifted up.

After a while Pastor introduced me and asked me to speak to the prisoners.

We prayed first, then spoke God’s Word to them.

“If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me.” (Psalm 66:18)

I remember the scene and thank God. Scripture after Scripture flowed from me. Many applications with illustrations of the Gospel was given. The warnings in God’s Word to repent or be judged poured out during the hour or more I was speaking. The Words of Life sinking into the prisoner’s hearts and minds.

One man, Richard, had been so hostile, so sullen with waves of depression and enmity pouring from him almost snatched the New Testament from my hand as it was offered to him.

I talked with him and wrote out some texts for him to study and meditate on, Pastor interpreted my words. Richard's whole demeanour changed. His face shone with love and joy, his eyes beamed; his face full of faith and understanding. We prayed together, hugged each other and shook hands before we parted.

Richard is a "lifer." I have spent much time praying for him. When I returned to Lublin the following year (1998) I inquired after him but he had been moved to another prison.

It was amazing! After driving a thousand miles across Europe in the rusty old Bedford camper van I knew the oil should be checked. Finding the dipstick I plunged it into the oil sump and pulled it out again. I did it again, just to make sure. The camper van had not used one drop of oil! I couldn't help but praise the Lord.

The journey had been a nightmare. Only God had got us through but praise the Lord we had now arrived in Benzine near Katowice, an industrial city in the south of Poland.



We arrive in Sosnoswhich Bro Tony is preaching

James Mugnai is translating

Gene Dobre

The camper van was parked on a piece of rough ground by the side of the road in Olecko Karvala, about ten miles from Olecko, in north east Poland. I was with Pastor Richard and a small group from his church and another group from Youth with a Mission who had come from all parts of Poland to join us. An American, Chris, led the team of youths, there was Eva, Marek, Yola, Bvishek, Boshana, John the evangelist, with Martha, Bvishek, Vuishner and Andrew (my interpreter from Warsaw).

We had trooped around the complex of flats with the Y.W.A.M. group singing away and a small procession following behind. Andrew used the loud hailer supplied from Bels Yew Green chapel to announce "come to the meeting, 5 o'clock in the cinema, good music, good message, come to the meeting".

Later we rejoiced to see over eighty almost filling the tiny cinema. We all shared the Gospel, one a testimony, another a song. I preached and others did a drama. How we thanked God when around thirty folks invited Jesus to be Lord of their lives. A young Christian Polish worker had come to me after the appeal with two young folks aged around twelve. "They want to receive Christ" he said. After I had prayed with them another young man who had

been speaking to a group of twenty or so children, turned to me and said they all want to receive Christ. It was a wonderful heart-warming moment when I heard their little voices asking "Jesus come into my heart and save my soul". Later, at the home of local Christians, I was called when a young man had become aggressive and amorous over a young girl. He was intoxicated and it need the sharp rebuke of an elderly lady (his mother?) before he was persuaded to leave and things had settled down again,

I was grateful to get away from the hospitality and retire for an early night. I had hardly settled down and was just drifting into a deep sleep when I felt the van shake. I sat up half awake, what was it? I froze as the motor caravan moved again. Yes, this time it was definite, someone was outside.

I grabbed a pair of trousers and struggled to get them over my pyjamas and quickly put on a jacket. I stood holding my breath for a few moments, my heart beating wildly as I held the cord of the window blind. I pulled it down and released it. It rolled up and snapped into place to reveal the face of a man about twelve inches from the window. We were both shocked. "Dzien dobre" he said, foolishly, without thought, I automatically replied "Dzien dobre", good day. I looked at his face and pulled down the blind. The man was thinking to steal my bike which was strapped and, thankfully, chained and padlocked to the bike carrier. What to do? I waited in silence, listening to my heart's irregular beat. I waited a few more moments and then plucked up courage to open the door and peer out. It was deserted. The man had gone. I jumped down, remembering the look in the man's eye. Did he say, "I will come back and get it later?" Perhaps he had chain cutters? I unlocked the padlock and

struggled to get the bike into the narrow van door. It just went in. I relocked the van and retired to bed trying vainly to sleep. It was not easy. Would he return?

I must have dozed off when I awoke with the noise of dogs barking. Poland is full of barking dogs. I looked at the clock 3 a.m. Yes he had returned. I listened carefully, hardly daring to breath. I heard shuffling outside then silence. Then the dogs barking again. Had he gone? I lay there and thought of the man's consternation and chagrin at finding the bike carrier empty. I looked at my battered Rayleigh. Dzień dobre, good day I said, turned over and fell into a deep sleep.



Andrew Jola John Alicia and Pastor Stephan Wife Danuta awaiting to enter the prison behind in Bialystok

Letter Home from East Germany

Dear Sheila

I write to you near the E28 motorway to Stettin. I set off at 8.30 arrive at the boarder I guess at 5PM then I have to find a camp. There was a total blockage of traffic in Newbrandanburge at 1PM where in the city centre around eight roads converged. It was chaos. Phew. I am at Prenzlau or further on I have stopped for dinner at 3.05 PM. It is now 3.30 PM Friday so I press on. I hope to keep you informed. I hope you got my postcard. God bless you
4PM.

I have arrived in a long queue for the boarder crossing. How long will it be I wonder? 6 .55PM I am in Poland just across the boarder by a lake. The potatoes are cooking with an egg. The lorry which had broken down was cleared. I came through the boarder at 4.40 PM I stopped to change £60.00 into Sloties. I got Sloties 1,800.000. 30,550 to a pound ??? so the exchange has gone up. I filled up with petrol Benzin 420.000 sloties and found a camp site. Forest, forest; everywhere forest. I wouldn't be at all surprised to find "Red Riding Hood"

The boarder crossing was bedlam. When you get through it is like a large market place with everyone trying to sell you something. The wide boys are doing deals in big groups and the trailers being towed behind cars have odd bits of car bodies and car tyres and spares of all kinds. The lorry drivers must have to wait days to get through the boarder as the lines of lorries parked up waiting goes on for miles.

I am on the road that leads near to Szubin so I will see if I can make contact with the Christians there. I am still eating the jelly you made me, but I have had to throw the cucumber and the lettuce away as they got frozen stiff in the fridge. I must get some washing done. The van is running well. All working OK. P.T.L
18th I slept well I was awake at 7 40 AM up and packed up ready to go by 8 40AM
Stopped for two towns on the way to give out tracts Pita and Wyrzzsk arriving at Bydgoszez on the way to Turin I am going to give out some tracts. 580 Miles its 12.55.PM
2.30PM Wonderful.. Sultry day. I am hot through walking, had a blessed time, very run down area with many neglected buildings. Many poor young men, very drunk. It was a busy town, now to find my way to Szublin.

Szublin; (I had been asked to visit this Christian Church by Betty Wallis)

In the main square I asked a taxi driver who directed me down a rough road where I found the church. The men were busy working on the church building and I did not want to hinder them. I took some photographs Verek kindly showed me all around. We could not understand each other. They are not having worship meetings there yet but a physical transformation is taking place.

I drove on a long way to this camping site yes you have guessed it is by a lake, 897 to 9 go!! It is raining hard. The men in the camping office had difficulties with my camp card international but I was glad that I got it. They love to fill in their forms and stamp them!! Communism I suppose. I am heading for Olecko tomorrow DV Sunday.

Sunday

One more camp stop then I should be there. Last night I witnessed to two other campers near their open fire. I showed them photos and we talked in Pidgin English Polish. I gave them tracts. You would not have liked it as I am parked by another lake only 5 yards away. I have reached Mikololjki, another big lake about 50 miles from Elk so I can easily drive to Olecko tomorrow where I will post this. I saw some white herons also I had to brake hard to miss a Hind or maybe an Elk.. The van is running well it is filthy dirty as it has been raining hard. All day. Now dry At this camp they sent for a young girl to interpret e for me. However she was so shy and went dry so we had to use sign language apart for "Barza Dobre" (very good).

Oh today I left Itari and drove 10 15 miles came to a road works over a river then suddenly realised that there was no bridge. I had been concentrating on following the E16 route but had failed to realise the significance of the road warning signs not being able to read them. They were warning signs, diversion, no bridge ahead.. Oh dear. So I had to retrace my way back to the town and find my way. Sorry I am tired.

I have just enjoyed a midday meal minced beef, potatoes, pea's carrots. It is very hot, very nice.. I am going to start on your cake now. The fridge is cool after being on battery today excellent!! I am using plastic containers for half tins used. I remember we took jars downstairs!! I have done 864 miles so far 136 were English so 730 Europe so far. I saw more Jays today they seem to be so common here. As is the Crested Grebe on the lakes I am on my own tonight. Oh I gave a tin of meat balls and spaghetti to the other campers yesterday. I left early before they were up I worked out that I have driven 250 miles today. I am glad to be camping every night.

Elk 20th

You remember I took photos by the lakeside. It was supposed to be sunset. It came out dark you mentioned well I may take another one there, I am parked in the same spot I have stopped to give out tracts and change money in Orzysz then I came on to Elk town. I have seen a sign saying Olecko and I will post this from there. 916 miles so far. One more short stage. I just gave out tracts and stopped for lunch. Its 1 PM I had bought bread rolls and had cheese and tomatoes, lovely!! P.T.L. I trust you had a blessed day yesterday. I prayed for you much

Sunday. The exchange rate was much better 33,000 sloties to a pound so I got 2,008.000 sloties to fill up on (half empty) is 450.000 or today 490.000 sloties. Now on to Olecko the van is running well, all working OK.

Olecko

1.35PM Monday I am parked near the square 935 Miles 800 so far from Hamburg in Germany. All safe and well. Trust you are too. I hope you enjoyed this travelogue Some of the roads are diabolical P.T.L. So bad that you hardly dare faster than 25 miles an hour for miles on end. Anyway give my love to all especially lots of bags full to Sheila. God bless you and keep you#

Loves and hugs

Tony Olecko 2 Timothy 4 v 22

In Olecko the Pentecostal Christians are joined by this WYAM group from all over Poland with an America, Stephen as their leader and translator



Worship time in Oasis church with Pastor Marek in Lublin

Budzenie przez Ducha

BROTHER DID YOU SEE THEY WERE WEEPING?

We were in Bezin, an industrial town in Southern Poland. Pastor Marek had obtained permission to preach in the open air. The shops were run down, the town had an air of decay and dilapidation. Years of neglect in Communism had left visible marks. The facade of the buildings in disrepair, broken masonry. Many buildings in total ruin. The evidence of hardship, struggle and despair was clearly marked in the faces of the people.

A small crowd had gathered around the Sketch board and C.F Bedford van, as we proclaimed the Gospel. A young man from Warsaw University had volunteered to interpret for us. James Mungui, from Africa stood with the megaphone and good knowledge of English. We took turns to preach. The team consisted of Peter and Eileen Richards, Ron and

Joan Lepley and Pastor Price from Scotland. For nearly three hours we had witnessed, preached, and given our testimonies.

Eileen was telling how the Lord had healed her finger, sliced off at the tip, by an unfriendly letter box. I had preached on the Passover Lamb, the Prodigal son. When I prayed the sinner's prayer and made an appeal about twenty people came forward in response. Amazing scenes had followed. Others who had been listening, surged forward reaching out for Gospels. We were overwhelmed. I had a bag of Gospels by my feet.

I was giving them out as fast as I could. Yet hungry hands still reached out for more. I went into the van and grabbed another box-full. People stood around reading.

I could see the Polish Christians, talking with this one and that. Eileen came over to speak to me "Brother did you see? They were weeping" Hallelujah.

I was almost speechless. My five years preaching in the towns in Southern England had not prepared me for anything like this. One man had come seeking help. His daughter had lain in hospital in a coma. He had been told that the hospital could do no more. A brain tumour had been diagnosed. Would we pray? We gathered around and sought the Lord

Later James was speaking. He seemed animated. We had asked him to announce that there was a meeting at the building nearby, at 5 o'clock that evening. "Come bring your friends".

He has been talking for twenty minutes or more. What could he be saying?. Later James confided, he had been preaching. He told me of a man who had been listening who had

received Christ I was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude. It was worth all the effort, the 1,000 miles journey across Europe, for this one moment.

Two days later the man who had asked for prayer for his daughter came running. Shouts of joy rang through the air. His daughter had recovered, Hallelujah. Apparently at the time we had prayed for her, ten miles away, in hospital, she had opened her eyes, sat up in bed and had eaten food. There were tears in our eyes now. Glory to God. Later that evening in the 5. O'clock meeting, we rejoiced with one man who came to testify, Roman said that he had surrendered his life to the Lord.



Karvala, about ten miles from Olecko, in north east Poland. I was with Pastor Richard and a small group from his church and another group from Youth with a Mission who had come from all parts of Poland to join us. An American, Chris, led the team of youths, there was Eva, Marek, Yola, Bvishek, Boshana, John the evangelist, with Martha, Bvishek, Vuishner and Andrew (my interpreter from Warsaw).

We had trooped around the complex of flats with the Y.W.A.M. group singing away and a small procession following behind. Andrew used the loud hailer supplied from Bels Yew

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I sat up, half awake, what was it? I froze as the motor caravan moved again. Yes, this time it was definite, someone was outside.

I grabbed a pair of trousers and struggled to get them over my pyjamas and quickly put on a jacket. I stood holding my breath for a few moments, my heart beating wildly as I held the cord of the window blind. I pulled it down and released it. It rolled up and snapped into place to reveal the face of a man about twelve inches from the window.

We were both shocked. "Dzien dobre" he said, foolishly, without thought, I automatically replied "Dzien dobre", good day. I looked at his face and pulled down the blind. The man was thinking to steal my bike which was strapped and, thankfully, chained and padlocked to the bike carrier. What to do? I waited in silence, listening to my heart's irregular beat. I waited a few more moments and then plucked up courage to open the door and peer out. It was deserted. The man had gone. I jumped down, remembering the look in the man's eye. Did he say, "I will come back and get it later?" Perhaps he had chain cutters? I unlocked the padlock and struggled to get the bike into the narrow van door. It just went in. I relocked the van and retired to bed trying vainly to sleep. It was not easy. Would he return?

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John the Evangelist

Pastor Stephan Filipwicz and his team met me in the city of Biastok in north east Poland, a city of 300,000. Adam, Yola, Alicia. Agnetsa with Andrew, my interpreter, and John the Evangelist, had come together as a team to spread the Gospel in the area. made up our team. Pastor told me that John had given out five thousand Gospel tracts the previous week in preparation for our Gospel meetings which had been arranged.

They were to be held in the city parks, market places, prison and shopping centres.

John was a man of twenty-five years, with piercing blue eyes and an impish smile. 'I'm a Tartar,' he said, pointing a finger to the East, Tartar, Ruskie, and Russian.' He always carried a small New Testament with him and was constantly reading it. "For God so loved the world that He gave us His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish but have everlasting life, John 3:16," he read it out to everybody he met, then his eyes would gleam with pride as he asked, 'Good English?'

John's ministry was among the Muslim community. He told me they would often get angry when he insisted that "Jesus was the Son of God." On many occasions he'd been threatened with a knife by an irate Muslim. John would gesticulate, making a screeching noise as he mimed a hand moving across his throat.

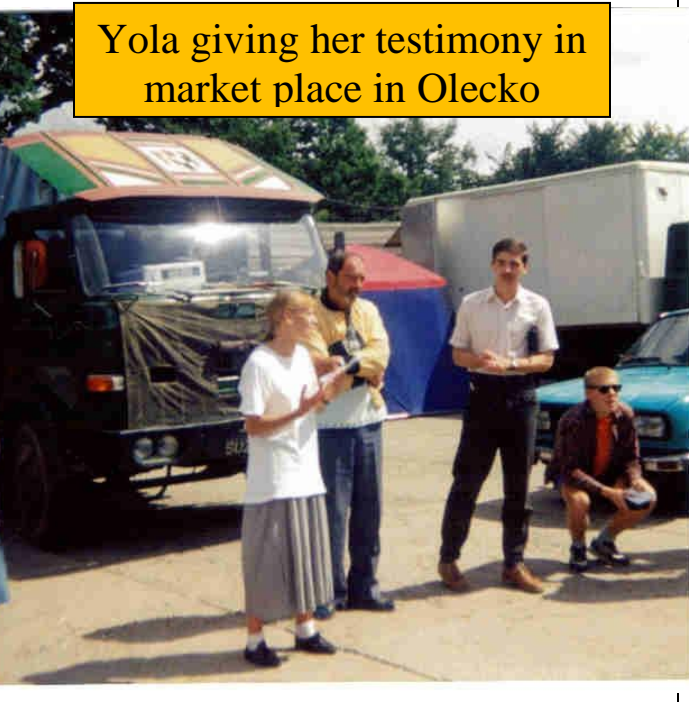
The National park is situated near the woods in Bialowiaza where herds of Bison still roam. It is only one of the two places in the world where they still exist.

There is also an ancient primeval forest in the area making the forest in that part of Poland thick and deep. Many resistant fighters had hidden deep in the woods during the Second World War and many Jews, had also taken cover there when fleeing from the invading German army.

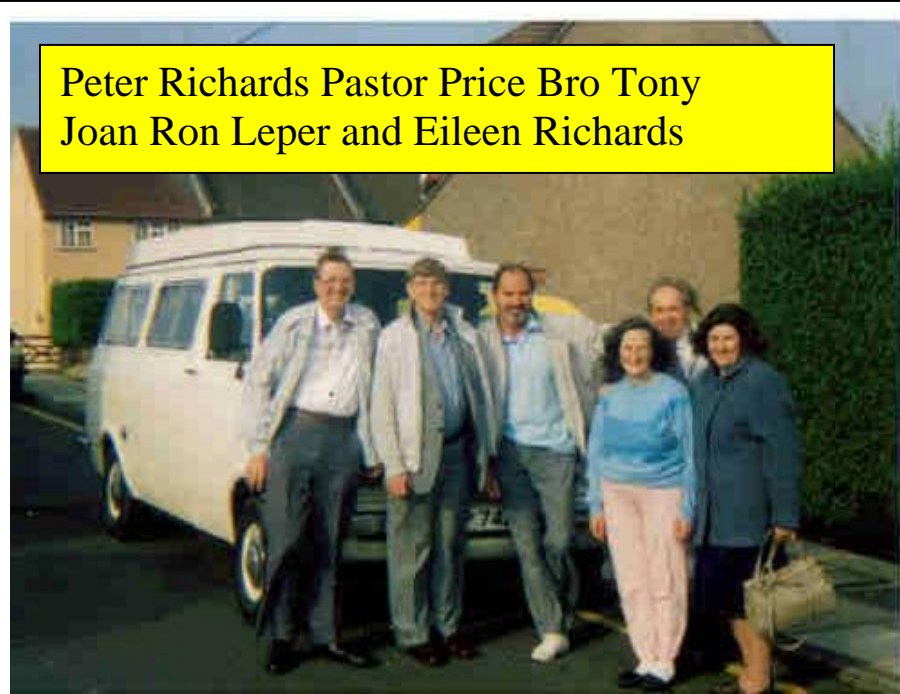
One day a gang of Muslims forced him into the woods, tied him to a tree and left him to die.

John told me that he had been tied up for three days and nights without food or water, he thought he would die but in his weak and desperate state the Lord heard his prayer. A man found him, cut him loose and led him out of the forest to safety. This was a miracle indeed. 'It was Jesus who rescued me, Jesus, the Lord, He found me,' John informed me. He still returns across the border to the Tartars to witness and preach Jesus.

Yola giving her testimony in market place in Olecko



Peter Richards Pastor Price Bro Tony
Joan Ron Leper and Eileen Richards



Why am I shaking ?

Brother Eurek was to drive us to the church and while we waited for Pastor Marek's mother to arrive he showed me the rust surrounding the front suspension under the bonnet. Knowing the state of the Polish roads this did nothing for my confidence.

On arrival at the church, safely I went directly to my cool room to pray. While sitting before the meeting a woman came to say that she had brought two unsaved folks to the meeting. . I rejoiced as this confirmed my message for that morning in prayer the Lord had showed me that I must preach on Naaman the leper and of humility. The gospel was spoken clearly

There were perhaps 40 folk in the meeting that evening The Lord kept the best wine until last. The spiritual atmosphere was glorious When an appeal was made 10 folk responded praying a sinners prayer.

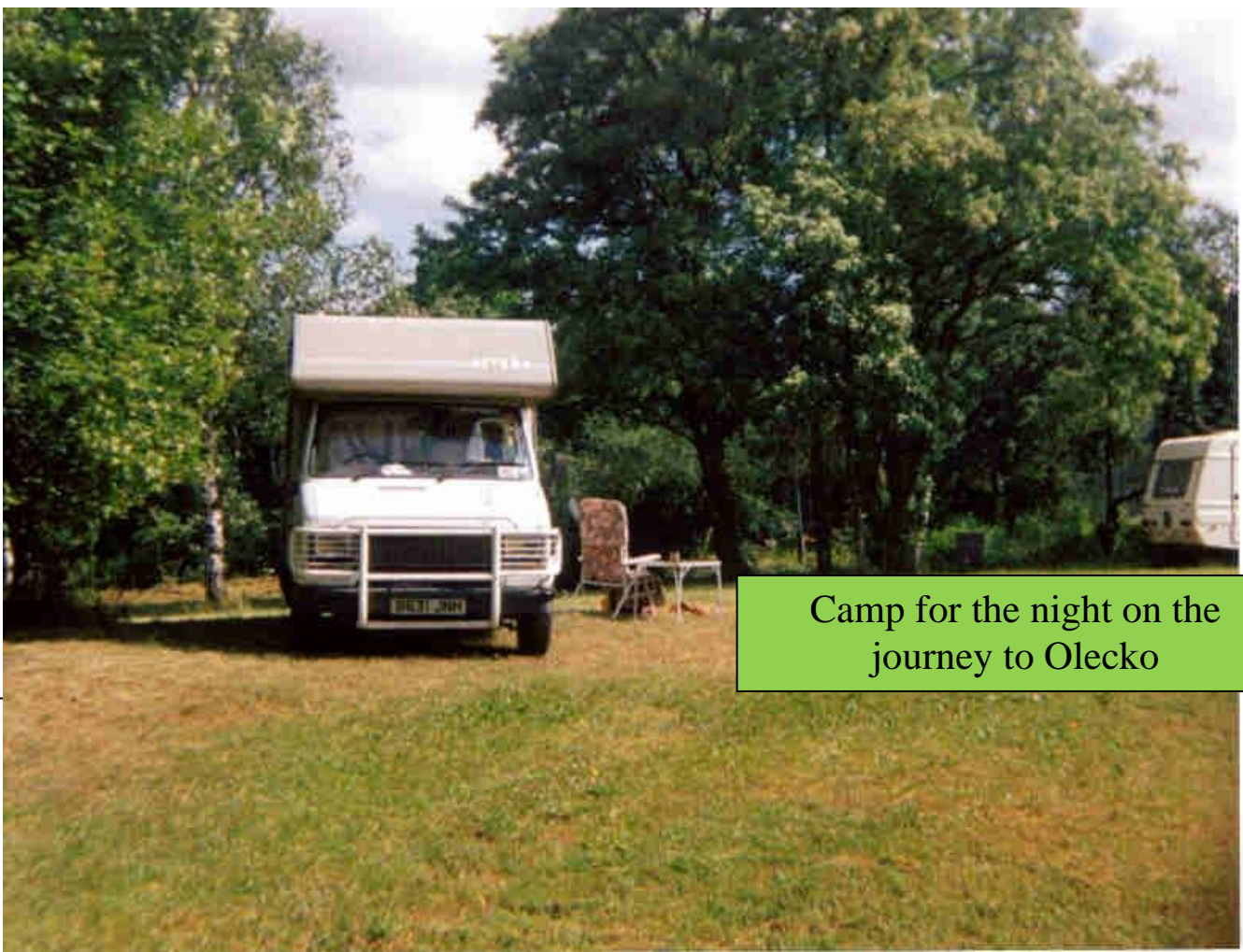
Later more people requested prayer for healing. One woman started to shake uncontrollably. Pastor Marek translated that she had asked “Why am I shaking?” It was the Holy Spirit in power. I too felt waves of the Spirit come over me. One young man had mental problems. Many knelt to confess their sins and repent. A young woman, told us she was depressed but later, as she said goodbye , her face shone with new life, joy and love.

One tall stocky young man, a medical doctor ,confessed that he lacked confidence, and was full of fear.

A young lady fell to the floor as she was being prayed for. It was a glorious evening. Many strange things happening. But God was at work .The atmosphere in the church had been electric Men and women with tears in their eyes humbling themselves repenting .and seeking God

After shaking hands we climbed into Eurek’s car tired but gloriously happy. There was some discussion as to whether Marek should walk home as there was no room in the small

car. I offered to walk home with him. to save a crush but he was persuaded to join us. In all there were eight of us packed in like sardines The car was badly overloaded and definitely illegal. As we drove home we passed two police checkpoints fortunately on each occasion the police were busy checking documents and we passed by unnoticed the Lord kept us safe



Camp for the night on the journey to Olecko

“Call upon me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not”. Jer 33 v 3.

I thank the Lord for the prayers of the saints as I visited Poland again. The Lord did great and mighty things. I witnessed many folks coming to confess their sins in a true spirit of repentance. The power of the Lord was present also to heal, there was evidence of folks who were delivered from spirits of demons and set free. Perhaps 100 souls responded to the Gospel receiving Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord and I guess I prayed for 200 others who came seeking Jesus in their need.

Evangelism Conference.. Around 25 attended, mostly younger folks. One man came from Bialorus (Russia). The folks were attentive and willing to learn. One man Thomas indicated that he had been bound up said, “Now I am free”.

Radzyn Podlaski. In the last year the church had grown by 25/30 to 75/80. Pastor Thomas had arranged many meetings in a local hall. Following the preaching of the Gospel around twenty sinners were saved and many were healed by the power of God.

Preszengali. I preached the Gospel around a barbecue fire and the Lord touched many hearts. The young motor-biker’s 16 of them all stood to pray a sinners prayer. Anna received Jesus Christ weeping and truly repenting. Later we prayed for the Lord to heal her. It was a wonderful evening as the Polish Christians talked, and counselled the young men.

Wohyn. Pastor Thomas had arranged a home meeting here with a small group of unbelievers. One woman was talking of wonderful pictures of Mary, another was blaming God for suffering and a man was questioning could he pray to the dead. After some discussion with the Pastor the Lord helped me to preach the Word and many responded believing the Word.

Kosience

The Lord enabled me to preach with liberty and love. Many responded and confessed their sins, seeking Jesus. One Christian said she felt the power of God touch her. The next day she was visiting her friend in hospital who had had a major operation and was in great pain. She testified that the same power flowed to her friend as she prayed for her and her friend was without pain. The following night the Lord touched many hearts. A group of young people received Christ.

Lublin City. On Saturday I spoke to the youth group around twenty teenagers. Kasha said the Lord had spoken to her heart. For two days we preached with a small team and there was a wonderful response. Many contacts, conversations and we rejoiced for those who were seeking the Lord.

Oasis Church. On the Lords day the Word went forth with power and love. ”Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people” Prov 14 34. Around twenty responded coming forward for prayer. One burly man was completely broken weeping openly and uncontrollably. The Lord touched many folks as they came humbling themselves and confessing their sins. There were some Turks from Bulgaria in the meeting and two of the women came for prayer. As I prayed there was manifestation of evil spirits and one woman was shaking violently for a time, then visibly set free. Later I saw her face radiant with love and joy.

Mission Poland



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

The Phillipinnes

I have accepted an invitation from Pastor Lerion, to hold Gospel crusades in Tacloban on Leyte Island and on Basay the Island of Samar. I am waiting on the dates to be confirmed sometime between November 2000 and Febuary 20001. Pastor Lerion will need wisdom as he makes arrangements with local churches, please pray for him.

Gdansk
Elk
Kosonice
Pulawy
Radzyn
Podlaski
Warsaw
Lublin

**Church Ministry-
Open air preaching
Please pray
for Revival
meetings**

“Oddzielenie”

II Kor. 6,17

“Dlatego wyjdźcie spośród nich i odłączcie się, mówi Pan. I nieczystego się nie dotykajcie, a Ja przyjmę was”.

II Kor. 6,17

W czasie wojny, gdy byłem dzieckiem, żywność była racjonowana, a masło było rzadkością. Polubiłem bardzo ten drogocenny towar i w sekrecie chodziłem do spiżarni, aby zanurzyć swój palec w maśle, a potem w cukrze. Moja sekretna uczta, mój ukryty grzech, niedługo była sekretem, szybko zostałem złapany i ukarany. Pozostała mi historia o dziecięcym palcu w maśle.

“Nie dotykaj”. Lewickie prawo zabraniało komukolwiek dotykać martwego ciała, ono było nieczyste i istniały ścisłe zasady oczyszczania się. Szczególnie kapłanom zabroniono dotykać nieczystych rzecz i oddzielić się od nich.

III Mojż. 22,2-4

Trędowaty, znając swój stan ostrzegał ludzi przed niebezpieczeństwem zarażenia, krzyżując “nieczysty, nieczysty”.

Oddzielenie chrześcijanina jest ważne w naszym świadectwie dla świata. “Odłączcie się”. Jak łatwo jest umyć samochód w niedzielę, iść na wyprzedaż, oglądać telewizję albo wejść do kawiarni na drink’a. Niektórzy liberalni chrześcijanie mówią “wszystko w porządku, nie ma w tym wielkiego zła, to jest takie niewinne”, jednak wkrótce są tymi, którzy odchodzą i odpadają albo rozwodzą się a żonami.

“Dobrą rzeczą jest sól, jeśli jednak sól zwietrzeje, czym ją przyprawić? Nie nadaje się ani do ziemi, ani do nawozu i precz ją wyrzucają. Kto ma uszy do słuchania, niechaj słucha”.

Łuk. 14,34

Co jest problemem. Cieleśni chrześcijanie. “O tym, co w górze, myślcie, nie o tym, co na ziemi”

Kol. 3,2

Dlaczego miałbym pragnąć iść na wyprzedaż? Wędrować bezcelowo po mało wartościowych miejscach martwych ludzi. Czy tam jest moje serce? “Albowiem gdzie jest skarb twój tam będzie i serce twoje”.

Mat. 6,21

Powiedziano mi, że jedna kropla wirusa anthrax może nas zabić. Nie dotykaj, odłącz się. Kompromisowe chrześcijaństwo nie działa. Świat przygląda się i śmieje. Cieleśny chrześcijanin jest chrześcijaninem tylko z nazwy: “Nie miłujcie świata, ani tych rzeczy, które są na świecie. Jeśli kto miłuje świat, nie ma w nim miłości Ojca”.

I Jana 2,15

“Abyście się stali nienagannymi i szczerymi dziećmi Bożymi bez skazy pośród rodu złego i przewrotnego, w którym świecicie jak światła na świecie. Fil. 2,1 .

“Od wszystkiego rodzaju zła z dala się trzymajcie.”

I Tes. 5,22

“Wolny”

Jan 8,36

“Jeśli więc Syn was wyswobodzi, prawdziwie wolnymi będziecie”.

Mission Poland. For Prayer, Praise and Thanksgiving

The Lord blessed my visit to Poland with souls responding to the Gospel, backsliders restored, and many saints encouraged and blessed. **Thanks** to Peter Barrie who got up at 3 AM to transport me to Heathrow Airport. After many journeys to Poland commencing in 1990 I now feel very much at home there. Pastor Marek Wolkiwice met me in Warsaw and drove me to Lublin where I shared the Word of God in the evening meeting. After the blessings of India and The Philippines, Poland was a spiritual shock, with hardness, apathy unbelief and dead religion. There were fleas, mosquitoes, dangers in travel, (a pastor driving at high speed while reading text messages on his mobile phone), other near misses, with opposition from the ecumenical movement. From all such the Lord kept me safe.

Lublin - Friday 5 PM. Oaza Church. The Lord touched many hearts as I shared a Word and testimony which led to much prayer

Sat. 3 PM Alpha course. I joined Pastor Marek and was encouraged to see the hunger, spiritual growth and enthusiasm of the new converts.

Parzew- 7 PM Evangelistic Tent Crusade. On the way to Parzew we stopped at a Pastors home only to find that his daughter had been rushed into hospital. Because of fear (the Catholic priest had warned the folk that we were a sect) only a few locals came, but God's Word was broadcast over the town. The meetings were well supported by Christians. Two people responded to the Gospel and a woman came bringing her sick daughter for prayer.

Sunday. Oaza Church 11 AM. The Lord helped me to proclaim the Word. Many people were affected and came for prayer. So many needs I counted around 50 who came seeking the Lord for healing, deliverance from alcohol, fear, and family traumas.

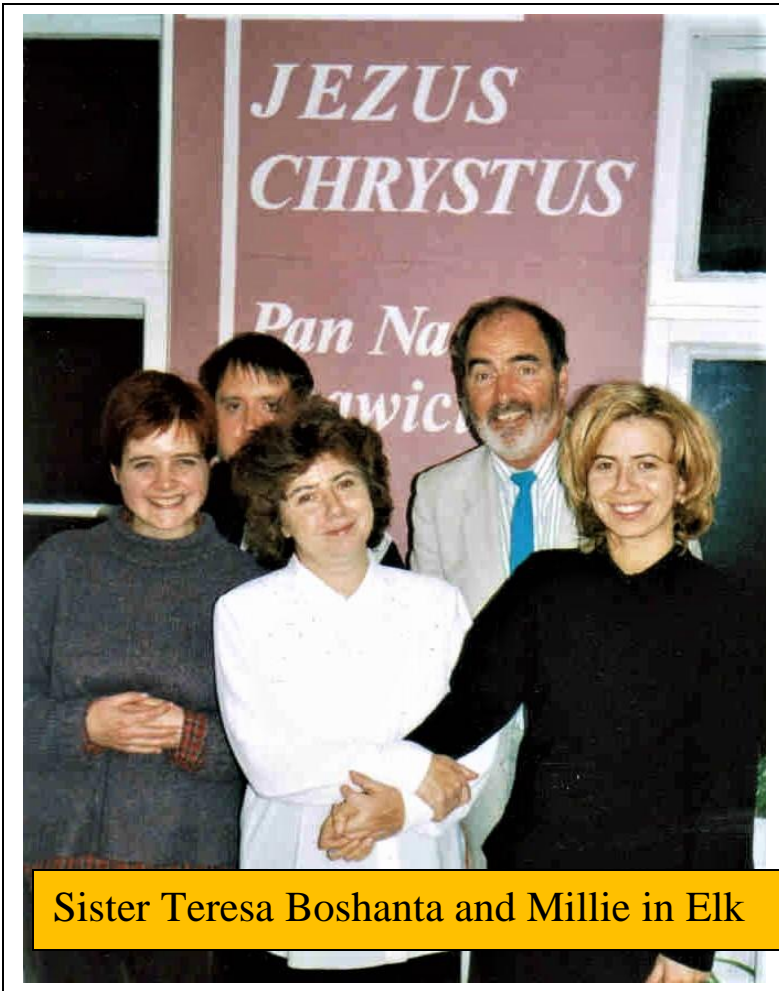
Sun . Oaza Church 5 PM sharing meeting. A wonderful meeting as the Lord touched hearts. There were some moved to tears. Again many sought the Lord in prayer. Please pray for Renata and Jannetta who are causing great concern with their lifestyle. Young David has heart pain on exertion.

Kosinice- Following the church meeting Pastor Eurek called for prayer!! The church is very fragmented. Pray for Robert my translator. His wife is expecting a baby in October. She struggles on in a backslidden state!!! **Tuesday 6 PM.** We held an evangelistic meeting in the town park to a few folk who were sitting around. Many others heard the Word preached from a distance. One elderly lady was touched by God. An alcoholic came asking for money, and was given food.

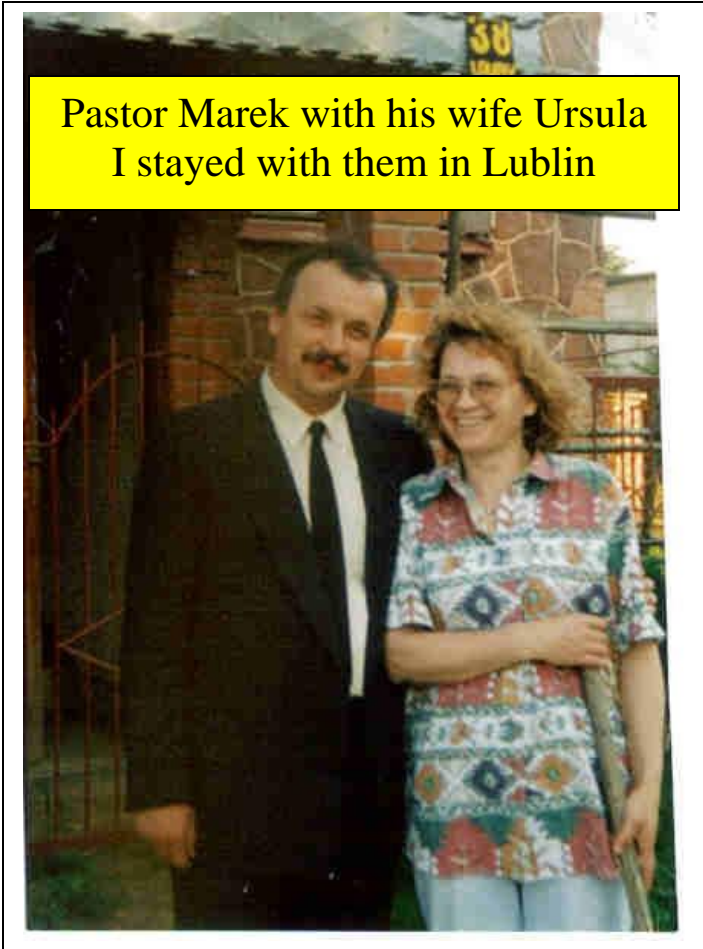
Pulawy- Pastor Adam leads a very prayerful church who meet every weekday morning at 6 AM before going to work. The effect of prayer is tremendous upon their ministry. We held an evangelistic meeting in a theatre where four repended to the Gospel. **Friday 7 PM.** A beautiful choir sang in the theatre which was a very great blessing. I preached on judgement Rev 20 v 12. The effect was stunning and electric. 5 people repended to God's Word. There were amazing scenes as one man came in fear and trembling literally shaking uncontrollably with the fear of God. I have never seen such a thing. Another man fell down on his knees weeping, confessing his sins and was inconsolable. Many were deeply affected.

Pinczow- Saturday 5 PM Around thirty folks sat in a local theatre which had once been used as a monastery. The electricity had failed so there was no amplification but 5 strangers came in to listen. One woman was deeply affected and came asking questions. I was told others were backslidden Christians and only came to church when there was a visiting speaker.

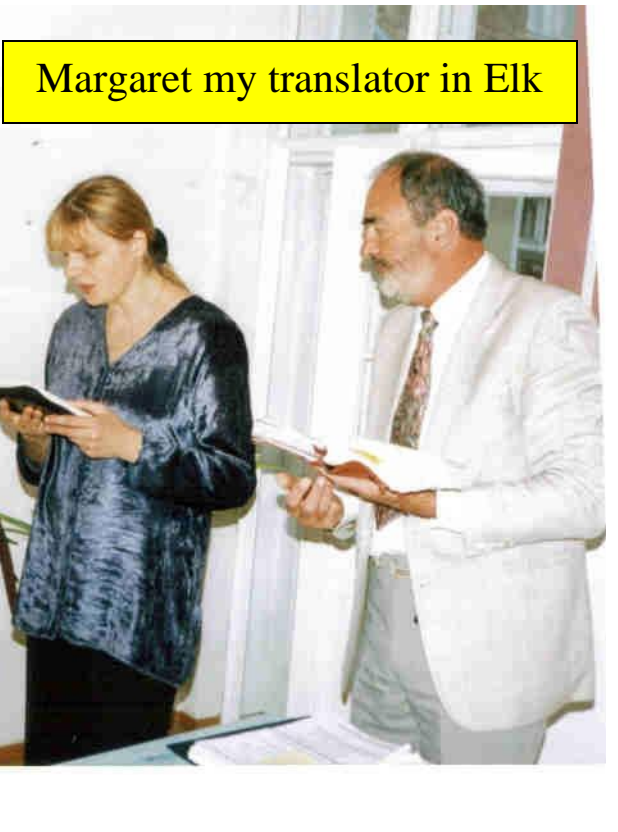
Pinczow Sunday AM. The power was restored. After the message there was a long silence as people were affected by God's Word. **Pinczow Sunday 5 PM** We held an evangelistic meeting in an Amphitheatre by the lake. Around thirty folks sat and listened with around 8 responding positively to the message. One young woman brought her elderly mother who sought Jesus. After the message Pastor and other Christians talked with those who responded. They were all greatly encouraged.. The backslidden family also came and invited Pastor back to their home for coffee...



Sister Teresa Boshanta and Millie in Elk



Pastor Marek with his wife Ursula
I stayed with them in Lublin



Margaret my translator in Elk



Pastor Manko Thomas and Helena my Translator

ZGUBIONY Łuk. 15:9

"Albo, która kobieta, mając dziesięć drachm, gdy zgubi jedną drachmę, nie bierze światła, nie wymiata domu i nie szuka gorliwie, aż znajdzie? A znalazłszy, zwołuje przyjaciółki oraz sąsiadki i mówi: Weselcie się ze mną, gdyż znalazłam drachmę, którą zgubiłam."

Łuk. 5:8-9

Dzisiaj gdy byłem w mieście zgubiłem trochę pieniędzy. Poszedłem na zakupy i wsunąłem resztę do kieszeni w spodniach nie uświadamiając sobie, że była tam mała dziurka. Odkryłem moją zgubę w drodze do domu i natychmiast wróciłem po śladach by znaleźć moje pieniądze. Pomimo, że pilnie szukałem nie znalazłem ich. Znikły na zawsze!

W przypowieści kobieta, która zgubiła swoją monetę jest zdenerwowana, ponieważ moneta reprezentowała jej posag ślubny. Ona natychmiast zapala świecę i przeszukuje wszystkie ciemne kąty, aż znajdzie ją. Potem zwołuje sąsiadki i przyjaciółki by podzielić się dobrą nowiną. To co się zgubiło - znalazło się.

W Irlandii chodziłem po górach i usiadłem wznosząc się nad Bray w County Wicklow, schodząc uprzytomniłem sobie, że gdzieś w górach zostawiłem okulary. Szybko przypominałem sobie ścieżki szukając cały czas. Trudno mi było przypomnieć sobie, gdzie siedziałem i odpoczywałem. To był koszmar. "Panie - wołałem- gdzie one są?" Schodząc po śladach, Pan zaprowadził mnie do miejsca, gdzie wcześniej odpoczywałem i tam, tak, "Chwała Panu" były moje okulary. Potrzebowałem ich by prowadzić samochód. Alleluja.

Bez wątplenia wszyscy mieliśmy podobne doświadczenia.

W 15 rozdziale ewangelii wg św. Łukasza są zgubione trzy rzeczy: moneta, owca i człowiek. O ile bardziej cenniejszy jest człowiek? Marnotrawny syn.

Jak Ojciec tęskni za kochającym przyjemność, samolubnym synem, by wrócił do domu. Wychodził szukając na horyzoncie wracającej postaci. Ile razy zostały zniweczone jego nadzieje? Potem pewnego dnia rozpoznaje syna i biegnie by uścisnąć go.

Jaka radosna scena. Zarzuca ramiona na zbuntowanego syna, teraz żalującego i skruszzonego. "Ojcze, zgrzeszyłem przeciwko niebu i przeciwko tobie, już nie jestem godzien nazywać się synem twoim"... Ojciec nie zauważa, nie przejmuje się, że on jest pokryty brudem i tak brzydko pachnie! Szybko zwołuje na ucztę.

"Przynieście szybko najlepszą szatę i ubierzcie go; dajcie też pierścień na jego rękę i sandały na nogi. I przyprowadźcie tuczne cielę, zabijcie je, a jedźmy i weselmy się, dlatego że ten syn mój był umarły, a ożył, zaginął, a odnalazł się."

Łuke.15:22-24

Czy pamiętasz Pasterza owiec, który zostawia dziewiędziesiąt dziewięć i idzie szukać tej zgubionej? "A odnalazłszy, kładzie ją na ramiona swoje i raduje się" Czy zgubiliśmy coś? Może być tak, że nie uświadamiamy sobie, dopiero później, że coś się zgubiło. Jesteśmy zajęci pracą Pańską, wpłatanymi w pewne projekty. To jest religijne, to jest w dobrej sprawie, to ma dobre znaczenie i to jest dobra praca. Ale nasza relacja z Panem cierpi.

Łk.15:5

"Znam uczynki twoje i trud, i wytrwałość twoją, i wiem, że nie możesz ścierpieć złych ... lecz mam ci za złe, że porzuciłeś pierwszą twoją miłość"

Obj.2:2-4

Czy porzuciliśmy naszą pierwszą miłość?

Suwalki. 59

Our party was made up of young Christians who were on holiday. Pastor Voidek had organized holiday huts for them in the forest. Last night, after I'd come back from a short drive with Andrew, we had all stood around a blazing fire with our sausages on sticks. We sang hymns and choruses, praised and worshipped God, giving Him thanks for all His goodness, for the beauty of that place and for everything He had given us. Eventually, even though it was still early, I excused myself and retired to bed. It was hot and humid and had only slept fitfully,

The morning skies had burst and the town of Goldap was awash in the torrential rain.

Approximately 20,000 people inhabit Goldap which is geographically situated in North East Poland, two miles from the Russian border. Andrew had taken me to a lake, the evening before, and pointed across to the other side saying, 'The "Ruskies" live on the other side of this lake, the border, between Poland and Russia, runs across the middle of this lake.'

The following morning I knew I had to take my colleagues, Yola, Andrew, Alicia and John the Evangelist, to Suwalki, I wondered how we going manage to drive there, the tempestuous rain was unceasing.

'We must go to Suwalki.' I told Andrew, pointing to it on the map.

Andrew was unsure, 'It's only a one street town.'

'We have to go there, the Lord says we must go.'

We waited around until about ten o'clock when we considered it would be safe enough to travel. It was still raining hard when we set off making our way gingerly towards Suwalki.

It was true that Suwalki was a one street town but it was a long, long street. We parked the van in the main square, near the traffic lights. After a time of prayer we split up, two each

side of the road, Alicia went off on her own. We gave out tracts to whoever would take them. We went up one side and down the other. I felt blessed when I saw Yola talking with various people and again when Alicia was seen witnessing to a group of people

It had taken us almost two hours to distributed all our bundles of tracts and just before we reached the van again I noticed a busy side street,

‘What’s down there?’ Not waiting for an answer, I walked a few more steps round the corner and down the street a little way. Joy of joys, there were people, lots of people, my heart lifted.

‘Let’s get the amplifier and more literature.’

We quickly found the relevant bags containing Gospels and tracts. Starting back down the side street, it was there! Another set of traffic lights and a very strong witness in my spirit. I knew this was the place the Lord wanted me to preach the message.

‘Andrew, over here, come quickly.’

Andrew had his eyes on the nearby park but I knew I had to preach then and there. The spot was near the traffic lights, an unpromising unmade pavement surrounded by muddy pools left by the recent rain.

‘Here please Andrew,’ he reluctantly brought over the amplifier.

I started to preach with the Lord helping me. Immediately folks began to cross the road, some running, a small crowd gathered. They didn’t seem to notice the pools of water or the mud. I gave a short message followed by an appeal. Hands reached out to receive Gospels. We stood there Praising God watching Yola and Andrew talking to individuals.

I heard one woman mention “bazaar.” My heart lifted again as we walked another fifty yards down to the market place (bazaar). This had been the attraction for the crowds. I had a quick look round before lifting my voice again with the Word of God.

The Word was proclaimed, folks came running from all directions to hear. A large crowd gathered, again when the appeal was made, hands coming from everywhere were reaching out for the Gospels

There was a stir among the people, more men and women were hurrying towards me to take the Gospels we were offering. We were mobbed, we couldn't give them out fast enough.

Everybody in the team was talking and witnessing Christ to someone. I stood and watched in amazement. It was breathtaking and glorious - a scene that will live with me forever.

Yola and Alicia were still caught up talking to folk who wanted to know more about Jesus.

Andrew drew near, ‘Brother Tony, do you know what they are talking about?’ He paused,

‘They’re all talking about JESUS CHRIST!’

Pastor Marek in Lublin with Sister Kristina The Lord wonderfully healed her of TB. Pastors son





Another Chapter From Tony Daly's Testimony

Open Air Preaching In POLAND

In 1992 the Lord led me to Poland. We travelled to Bedzin in the South and Olecko in the North. Pastor Marek in Poland had obtained permission for the team to hold open air services and to preach the Gospel in the town of Bedzin. The team leaving England consisted of Peter and Eileen Richards; Ron and Joan Lepley; Pastor Price from Scotland and myself. After a thousand mile drive across Europe we arrived in Bedzin near Katowiez, an industrial area in Southern Poland. We drove through Bedzin, where years of neglect under Communism rule had left its mark. The shops were run down, the facade of buildings in disrepair, broken masonry lying around, many buildings in total ruin. The town had an air of decay and dilapidation. Evidence of hardship, struggle and despair was clearly marked on the faces of the people.

We parked our Bedford van, assembled the sketch board and other paraphernalia and within a few minutes a small crowd had gathered around us as we proclaimed the Gospel. James Mungy from Africa, who was studying at Warsaw university and had a good command of the English language, volunteered to interpret for us. He stood with the megaphone in his hand, listening and translating as each person preached.

For nearly three hours we preached, witnessed and gave our testimonies. Eileen told how the Lord had healed her finger, sliced off at the tip by an unfriendly letterbox. I had preached on the "Passover Lamb," then I continued preaching on the "Prodigal Son."

When I made an appeal, twenty people came forward in response. We prayed with them and gave them a Gospel of John. Amazing scenes followed. Others who had heard but not yet responded, surged forward reaching out for a Gospel of their own. We were overwhelmed. There was a bag of Gospels at my feet and I was giving them out as fast as I could, yet hungry



hands still reached out for more. I grabbed another box of Gospels from the van and started to distribute them. People stood around reading. There were Polish Christians, talking with non-Christians. Eileen approached me, 'Brother, did you see? They are weeping.'

Yes, they were weeping. Hallelujah! I was almost speechless. The five years I had spent preaching in the towns of Southern England had not prepared me for what I was witnessing in Bedzin.

One man had come seeking help for his daughter who was lying in the hospital in a coma. The doctors had told him she had a brain tumor and there was nothing more that they could do for her. Would we pray? We gathered around and sought the Lord. Later James announced another meeting in a building nearby at five o'clock that evening. He was exuberant. 'Come, bring your friends and relatives.' He went on, talking for the next twenty minutes or more. What could he be saying, I wondered. He confided later that he had been preaching the Word. He told me of a man who had listened and received Christ as his Saviour. I was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude. It was worth all the effort, the thousand miles across Europe for this one moment.

Two days later, the man who asked for prayer for his daughter came running. Shouts of joy rang through the air. His daughter had recovered, Hallelujah. Apparently at the precise time we had prayed for her, in the hospital, ten miles away, she had opened her eyes, sat up in bed and eaten food! There were tears in our eyes. Together we praised God and gave Him all the glory.

We rejoiced with another man, named Roman, who came to testify that he had surrendered his life to the Lord. This happened at the five o'clock meeting that James had so kindly advertised for us. There were many more blessings as we continued to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ to hungry hearts.

continued on page 8 ▶

Mobbed in the market place.

"Could I come with you and the team when you go back to Biaystok City tomorrow morning," Pastor Richard asked? I readily agreed. At 6 am, after all five of us were comfortably settled in the van, we set off. On the journey I explained to Pastor Richard the need for obeying the gentle directions of the Holy Spirit in evangelism. I explained to him that sometimes you can come across a busy market place when the Holy Spirit would prompt you to preach. There would be that urging from the Holy Spirit. I have often found that when we obey the Holy Spirit's prompting, God's richest blessings are oftentimes evident.

We came to a busy market place, and even as I was speaking, my heart missed a beat so I stopped the van. I suggested that we stop here to preach. "Come quickly," I urged them. They responded and I almost ran ahead of them to the thronging crowd. It was to be one of God's "Divine Appointments."

I stopped at the edge of the market place, and Andrew brought the loud-speaker. I lifted my voice and started to preach. The effect was immediate and spontaneous. It was like a bomb exploding. Suddenly folks were running over to take a Gospel even before I finished preaching or gave an appeal. A large crowd formed drinking in God's Word. It was fantastic and wonderful! The Lord gave me liberty and love, and bold compassion. The Lord blessed us with His presence. When the message had concluded it seemed as though hundreds of hands were reaching out to take the proffered Gospels. They came from behind, hands grabbing, seeking. People were standing, avidly reading the Word.

Andrew, Yola and John were talking to people, Pastor Richard witnessing. I stood amazed and joyfully thanked God.

The Lord was not finished yet. The next day in Biaystok City market place, with Pastor Stephen and a team of Polish Christians, it happened again. I was almost knocked off my feet as the folks rushed at me. Pastor Stephan was stunned. As we offered the Gospels, some were snatched by hands all around us. People were standing reading the booklets and talking. Stephen turned to me and said, "Do you know what these people are talking about?" "No," I replied.

He answered, "They are all talking about Jesus Christ."

It was hard to believe and even hard to understand. These Polish people had endured forty years of depression and darkness. These dear people were tired out from candle-light, superstition and religion. They had seemed to be lost without hope! Suddenly the truth of the Gospel had touched their hearts with new life. The power of God's Word had indeed touched their hearts. I was like setting fire to dry tinder; a torch to a bonfire, a flame to a rocket. Oh, who can explain Revival? It happened in Poland. Praise God! ☩

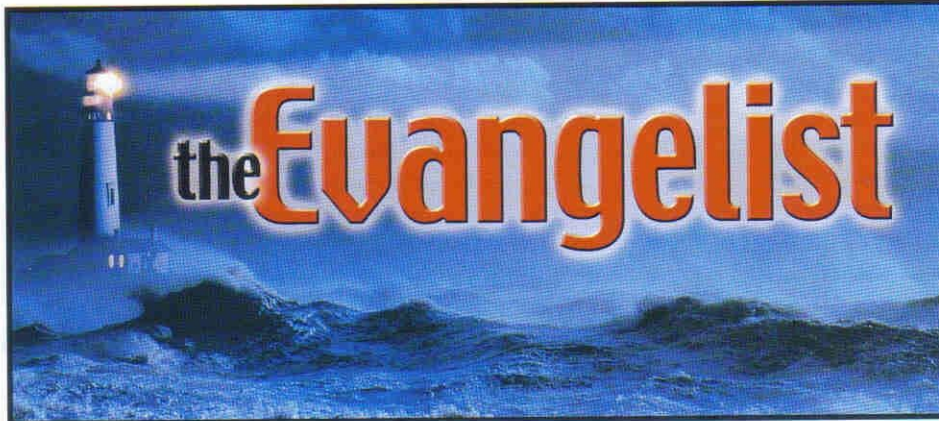
Judgment is Coming

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgement." Hebrews 9:27

therefore
repent and receive Christ as Saviour
or spend eternity in the Lake of Fire!

"God... Now commandeth all men
every where to repent." Acts 17:30.
"For God so loved the world, that He
gave His only begotten Son, that
whosoever believeth in Him should
not perish, but have everlasting life.
Him that cometh to Me I will in no
wise cast out." John 3:16 and 6:37.

"And the devil that deceived them
was cast into the Lake of Fire and
brimstone, where the beast and the
false prophet are, and shall be tor-
mented day and night for ever and
ever... And whosoever was not found
written in the Book of Life was cast into
the Lake of Fire. If any man shall add
unto these things, God shall add unto
him the plagues that are written in this
Book: And if any man shall take away
from the words of the Book of this
prophecy, God shall take away his
part out of the Book of Life." Revela-
tion 20:10, 15 22:18b-19a. K.J.V.



The lighthouse pictured in our News letter was once a famous landmark in guiding ships safely to shore. The founder of Evangelical Tract Distributors, Mr. Orban Stout, wanted to use this illustration because it symbolized the printed Gospel message that can point a lost soul to salvation through Jesus Christ and provide a safe harbor in Glory.

