**“Lost and Found”2**

Luke 15 v 6 And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, ‘Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost!’

It is Chaos. The call comes for those passengers with numbers from

1 to 24 to go to doors. Of course there is a rush for the doors and a

complete jam. I wonder if we will get there at all. Two buses are

waiting outside we clamber aboard. Eventually we all get on the bus

 after pushing and shoving then drive out to the plane. A woman

loaded with a huge heavy case tries to struggle up the stairs while we

all wait.

Eventually a man helps her and I gradually mount the steps and sigh

as I locate my seat and look out onto the tarmac. We took off and I

had a cup of coffee then tried to doze until we reached Chennai.

The Lord drew near and I had a wonderful blessing. I know all will

be well tonight. The plane is descending and I look at the lights of

Chennai dropping suddenly to land on a wet runway in a humid

temperature of 31 degrees

 Alighting in the luxury of warm air, I clambered aboard

 another coach to the terminal building. After having my passport

 stamped without any fuss I waited in the baggage reclaim which I

noticed had improved somewhat since my last visit. There were two

carousals in operation, which meant going backward and forward to

each, peering to see if my case was there. There were the usual

huge crates and bundles of luggage of all shapes and sizes, the

 bigger ones getting jammed on the conveyor belt but no sign of my

 case. I was getting concerned. I was just beginning to wonder

what I would do without it, without a change of clothes, when

suddenly it appeared. With heartfelt relief I breathed a

"Praise the Lord" grabbed it and went out through the exit to meet the

huge crowd gathered waiting for folk's.

 Refusing all taxi offers and helps from porters I made my way the

200 meters to the domestic airport to find a seat to rest on. I

checked at a money exchange and was horrified to find the exchange

rate was R48 to the pound, what dreadful robbery. I have taken a

photo in Chennai and now in the domestic flights lounge. It is very run

down. My head is woozy as waves of tiredness sweep over me. I try

resting my head on the case, like the kitchen table but it was no

good., then I try lying back in the seat, still no good I groan five

more hours to wait

The time drags on and on. At 10 30 AM. I enquired at the desk no

another hour before the desk opens, I return to sit again. At 11 30AM

 I check my case and go upstairs to the departure lounge. It is empty

and I am told by the guards to sit down and wait. I am tired of sitting

down, I'm tired of waiting. The time drags, slowly others join they and

me too are told to wait. Several idle soldiers come and go slowly, very

 slowly as if devoid of any energy.. Then we are allowed to go in to

 be searched. They are very thorough and I almost have to strip

undoing my trousers to show my money belt has a zip which has

 caused his bleeper to bleep. Once more we sit waiting. I go to

the washroom and try to freshen up.

The plane my third is very quick hardly have we ascended when we

 are descending and I can see the rice fields and buildings of

Bangalore. At the baggage claim I wait for my case. I can see

 people watching me through the open doorway. Foolishly I wave. No

one waves back. The sunlight hit my eyes as I leave the building and

meet the usual clamor of demanding taxi drivers touting for business

and others seeking a buck. A ferocious police sergeant with a big

stick drives away some unwanted tricksters. Some still get through

and I tell them rather smugly that "I have someone to meet me".

Sadly as I wait it dawns on me that this is not true. I scan the

remaining placards for "Tony Daly", but there is no sign of it. I wait.

 "Lord what to do I pray". I realize that I have no rupees, that I have

only the address of Pastor Jackson. I search through my pockets to

find the address. A friendly taxi touts hovers nearby. I tell him of my

 predicament. "Could he take me to this address? I only have English

 money? Yes. How much I enquired? "I have a meter he replies. I

 hesitate. "Could you take me to where I can change some money?

 Yes but the bank is shut at the moment”.

 Then after a little discussion with an airport guard I am

allowed back into the airport and shown the way to a money

 changers booth. The rate is R67 to the pound. Wonderful! So I

change £100. Now returning to the exit I am led to a beaten up old

taxi and my case is loaded into the boot. As we meander through the

traffic I realize I cannot see a meter. "Where is the Meter I ask" The

 taxi driver hunts under the dash, producing a booklet with

destinations. I find Ulsoor and note that it says R300. I work this out

at £3/4 so it is not too expensive.. After a while we come to a stop.

We are lost. The driver gets out to ask the way. There is a lot of

pointing and gesticulating. One man says this another that. When all

is finished another one joins in and off we go again, more

gesticulating.

The taxi driver returns we start to drive across the road. Now is the

 time to pay he states. We turn into a compound and stop. I look

 amazed for there is a building with a Christian meeting-taking place.

The taxi driver turns and says R 650. I am not shocked I say, “No

way, I will call the police. You said R300 and R 300 is what you will

get”. I realize that my smallest note is R500 so I get out to ask

 someone for change but look back fearing the taxi will go off with my

luggage. Three young men are waiting at the entrance and I ask one

for change. I pay off the taxi and write a note to Pastor Jackson,

 "Tony Daly. I have just arrived", I give this to one of the young

 men to take to the Pastor and off he goes. I take the opportunity to

look around.

Family meeting

The meeting place is large perhaps holding two thousand or more

 souls. I am on the platform sitting looking at the crowd a German

brother Alexander is speaking. He seems to be struggling with his

message. Then suddenly Pastor Jackson is introducing me and I

stand at the pulpit to deliver my message. The Lord gives me liberty

and love to proclaim the Gospel my translator is good and the Word

 goes forth with power and love. Praise God.