

They went everywhere preaching the Word. Acts 8 v 4.



Preaching in Crawley

Eastbourne Station.¹

And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it," when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left. Isaiah 30 v 21

'Where Lord? I know I have to go, but where?'

It was Saturday morning. In my bag I had a packet of Christian Tracts ready for distribution. I continued to pray, asking, 'Lord, where do you want me to go today?' I started the car, still not knowing where He was sending me. I drove towards Eastbourne praying continually, 'Lord where shall I go?' I was ready to turn the car round and head to any place He directed. Almost immediately I knew I must continue driving to Eastbourne. Yes, Eastbourne. The traffic was reasonable heavy but as I was threading my way through the streams of vehicles I asked the Lord to find me somewhere where I could park the car. Before long, it was there, a tailor made 'parking space!' I pulled into the parking space just as the previous occupier drove out of it.

God's timing is just wonderful! I bowed my head in prayer, 'Lord, what would you have me do?'

He said, 'Go to the station.' Clearly this is what I had to do. I filled my pockets with tracts and set off, constantly praising, praying and listening to Him.

At the station I stood, wondering what to do. I prayed silently, 'Lord, what shall I do?'

'I will show you,' He answered.

Then something amazing happened; suddenly, I was so happy, full and overflowing with the joy of the Lord - a beautiful experience. It seemed as if the glory of the Lord had come down, filling my whole being, filling the station, it was wonderful.

Then, like an arrow striking my heart, God spoke to me again, 'Give them My Love!'

As I stood watching the passers- it occurred to me to ask, 'Who to Lord?'

I waited, my heart filled with love and the joy of expecting faith to be fulfilled.

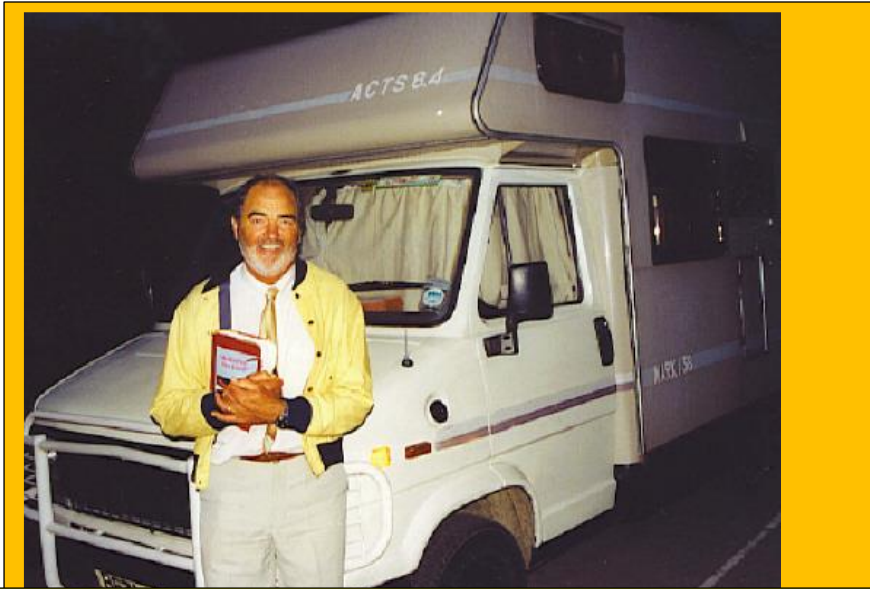
A young woman came along. 'This one,' I stood with my hand out offering the tract. God prompted. Turning to me she asked, 'What is this?' 'It's God's Word. Please take it home with you and read it.' 'My dear, I'll read every word,' she smiled as she made the promise. We had empathy and God's love between us.

Then it happened again. 'This one,' the same voice spoke again. I stood as if in a dream. I know this is hard for me to explain and for another person to understand, but the Lord was directing me to each person He had chosen, knowing them to be the right person. Each lady or gentleman He directed me to I approached and let the others pass. I noticed with interest that everyone the Lord had elected had an infirmity. I marvelled at the ways of our God.

An hour or more passed and the experience was over. It seemed as if the Glory had departed. The station became normal again, with ordinary people. I knew it was time to stop and return to the car. I left that place thrilled and rejoicing that God had given me the privilege of working with Him again.

Kay King and Joan
Giving out tracts in
Eastbourne Town
Centre





The Lord provided a camper van for Tony's travels in UK Poland and Ireland. Pastor Arthur Rivers and the small elderly fellowship at Bels Yew Green chapel sacrificially gave the money totalling £11,000

Honiton.

Then the Spirit said unto Philip, "Go near and join thyself to this chariot." Acts 8 v 29

Honiton is a small town in Devon with just a main street. Today it was busy with market stall lining the streets packed with bustling people shopping.

Tony picked up his boards with text from the Bible on, proclaiming Jesus Christ as Lord" and walked with Dick down the busy street. When they came to the towns memorial cross the Spirit of the Lord spoke to Tony urging him to preach. Tony called to Dick, "Brother come and pray" Dick was involved in looking at some stall . Tony called more urgently "Dick come and pray" Tony was shaking as the spirit of the Lord filled him. Dick came over and they prayed asking the Lord for blessings.

It was not easy to preach in the street in England as there was so much noise so many distractions and the noise also of the heavy traffic seemed to drown out any chance of the Word being heard, but God was not hindered in any way.

As Tony lifted up his voice to proclaim the Word, a strange thing happened. Suddenly it was quiet. No traffic The Word of God went forth, people stopped to listen arrested by the power of the speaker. The message was a mocking one as well as the Gospel as the people at one point were all scrabbling on the floor in the gutter by the roadside. What was happening?

Apparently Honiton were celebrating an old pagan festival and a man dressed in a pagan costume was throwing old small pennies from a balcony into the street. Thus were the people involved collecting as many as they could. The Words of the preacher rang out again, "Look what the devils has got you to do" Scrabbling about in the gutter" Yes it was true. The preacher continued challenging the people to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to repent of their sins and to accept that Jesus Christ was Lord of all. To repent of their sins or be judged on Judgment day when we will all stand before the Lord to give an account.... Around 40 minutes passed and then as Tony concluded his message challenging the people to accept a Gospel to read. Suddenly as He lowered his voice lowered his arms at that very second the traffic commenced to pass by and the noise levels increased.

What had happened? The police had in accordance with a pre planned program shut of the road at the top and bottom at exactly 3PM this was the time the Lord prompted the preacher to raise His voice and again when the preacher stopped preaching the police allowed the traffic to flow.

But God had not finished. A young man approached with an iced cool drink It was hot and the preacher was perspiring. " The Lord told me to give you this" Mark a local Christian offered the can to the preacher .

The Lord indeed has his angels guarding his chosen saints...

Jesus is Lord

The traffic on Canterbury's main road passed unnoticed as I called upon the Lord in prayer. I had been preaching the Gospel in the City Centre, now I was asking the Lord what He wanted me to do next. I really had no idea where He wanted me to go or what He wanted me to do. 'Lord...'I prayed. He put the name of Sittingbourne into my mind - it was very clear. 'Sittingbourne Lord?'
'Yes, Sittingbourne.'

I looked up and noticing a road sign nearby. I walked over to read it.. Faversham, Sittingbourne, London. I couldn't believe it, the Lord was even giving me directions! I jumped into the van with joy and set off, talking to the Lord. What had He prepared in Sittingbourne I wondered. It didn't take long for me to find out.

It was Saturday afternoon, the only day of the week when the High Street was turned into a pedestrian only area, owing to the traffic being diverted round it.

Having parked the van and sought instruction from the Lord, I grabbed some Gospel tracts and walked towards the hill. At the traffic lights there was a Bible (?Christian) book shop. Having looked at the window display I went in to ask if they knew of any local bed and breakfast (establishments) where I could stay the night.

I stood amazed to see Barbara serving in the shop. Barbara had stayed in our house some months previously, she remembered my wife and asked me to give Sheila her love and blessing. After explaining my mission and my need she directed me to a local church, just a short distance up the hill. I found the church notice board and wrote down the 'phone number of the minister. I was looking for a 'phone box and I had still not found one even when I was near the top of the hill. Across the road I saw another church displaying a large sign which read, "JESUS IS LORD."

'Amen,' I shouted, not caring who heard, because I was so pleased to see the message.

The door of the church was ajar, I crossed over and went in. A group of eight people were sitting there.

'I'm sorry if I'm intruding but I need help. I'm an evangelist traveling from town to town preaching the Gospel. I'm looking for a place to stay for the night.'

A woman stood up, 'Yes I'll take you. Oh, it's Tony, isn't it?'

Again, I was amazed. It was Rosemary who I had met in Faversham the day before. The Minister of the United Reform Church in Sittingbourne, and Rosemary, the church secretary, had come over to encourage me, while I was preaching 'Thank you for offering to take me in Rosemary, I gladly accept.' There was a guitar leaning against the wall in the corner waiting to be played, 'May I ask if you are having a meeting?'

‘Yes, but it’s an open-air meeting in the High Street at two o’clock.’

I glanced at my watch, it was two minutes to two. ‘May I join you?’

‘Of course.’ ‘Can I preach the Word?’

‘Yes, please do, we’d be delighted.’

So it was that I stood on the steps of a church in Sittingbourne High Street and gave out God’s Word.

Later that evening I sat with Seth, Rosemary and her husband, Seth, sharing supper and fellowship together. The next day, Sunday, I joined with them in their church. How wonderfully God guides.

“I being in the way of the Lord led me to the house of my Master’s Brethren.”

(Genesis 24:27b.)

“I Have Killed a Man” 18

The precinct in Ramsgate was busy. Shoppers bustling about, some folk sitting on the seats provided, waiting for their partners or friends to return after finishing their errands and, perhaps to take them for a welcome cup of tea or to wend their way home. I had been giving out Gospel tracts to all who would take them including a young man sitting on a seat nearby. He had accepted a tract and told me his name was Stephen. I thanked God as I noticed people reading the Gospel message.

Gradually I became aware of a group of youths, sprawled around on some of the chairs. They were acting noisily and belligerently. The youths looked as though they had just come from the public house, full of alcohol!

I was waiting for the Lord to prompt me to start preaching the Word of God but I knew before I started, these youths could be a problem. I prayed silently for

wisdom, guidance and protection. As I stood waiting, I glanced across at Stephen. He was unshaven, and dishevelled but his head was down reading the Gospel tract he had taken earlier.

I thanked God because he was reading about Jesus.

I started to preach the message God had given me. It was not long before the youths responded.

‘The hound of hell, the devil, the hound of hell,’ one of them called out. The alcohol had given them courage to heckle. Behaviour like this always attracts onlookers and that day was no exception, soon there was a small crowd of people watching, listening, probably wondering what would happen next.

Suddenly a woman ran over dragging her husband along. She clutched my arm, ‘You are fantastic, it’s wonderful what you’re doing.’

I tried to thank her without losing the theme of God’s message I was preaching. She went as quickly as she came.

One of the youths lurched towards me, he was friendly but a distraction.

‘I’ll be happy to talk to you in a minute,’ I told him and carried on preaching.

‘I believe you, I believe every word you say. I know Jesus died on the cross for sinners.’, the alcohol on his breath was pungent and penetrating, his slurring words difficult to understand. Eventually he veered off and returned to his friends.

Another couple who had been listening contentedly made a sudden elaborate show of angry disgust and moved off. I noticed Stephen get up and walk away, but he was soon back coming to sit right in front of me.

He was wearing shabby camouflage army gear and looked like a man with no hope, He buried his head in his hands but I knew he was listening.

The message came to an end. I offered a free Gospel to anybody who would receive one. I was thrilled when several folk, including Stephen, came forward holding out their hands for a copy.

Tom, another man wanted to speak to me, I asked Stephen to wait for me until I had spoken to him and others who were waiting. It only took a few minutes then I was able to get back to Stephen. He was reading the Gospel I’d given to him

Sitting down beside him I listened to his story, it was heart rending.

‘My life is in ruins,’ he confessed. ‘My marriage broken up, I’ve lost my children, my home, everything,’ he sobbed. His voice lowered, I waited patiently.

‘I’ve killed a man,’ he sounded distraught.

‘I was in the Falklands war, I killed a man.’ Stephen was tormented by what he’ had done. He had tried to find comfort in drink, gradually becoming an alcoholic.

He had alienated his wife and family and in his drunken stupor, gone down in an ever increasing spiral of depression.

Stephen could find no peace or pardon and didn't believe he could ever be forgiven.

I explained the Gospel message, that God would forgive freely if we truly repented. 'Jesus came down to this world to save sinners,' I continued.

I showed him the Word, "To as many as receive Him, to them He gave power to become the sons of God." (John 1v 12) I don't know how much Stephen took in or understood. I put my arms around him and felt him sobbing, I prayed with him there, in the shopping precinct. and I believe he was praying with me.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near: 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 6-7 KJV 19

“Bristol Hippies”.

I prayed continually for a number of “hippies” who were standing around, about thirty yards away, shouting out loudly but not yet causing a disturbance. I knew they could be a source of trouble later. Up and down I went, giving out tracts of God's Word, watching and praying for the noisy group. The Lord showed me a spot to preach, right in the center of the city. An oval shaped place with gardens, flowers in bloom and plenty of seating in the area.

The Lord helped me as I stood preaching His Word. Half way through the message the hippies arrived in force and sat down on the ground to my right.

There were about a dozen of them, no teenagers but older men and women. Some of them began to heckle, one shouted out, 'Where is God then?'

I interrupted my preaching to remark, 'I will tell you where God is in a minute,' then continued preaching the Word.

As soon as a suitable opportunity presented itself, I pointed to the hippies and addressed the question, 'This man wants to know where God is.' At once their attention focused on me. I stared at them, 'God is just a prayer away.'

Immediately the Lord gave me a Word and I started to tell them the story of the prodigal son, how he had demanded all his rights, "Give me my portion," he had said. I told them how he had gone off and spent it all in riotous living ending up with the pigs, eating their food. The hippies were listening in rapt attention.

'Just like the devil to lure you into the gutter with the pigs,' I knew the Word was going home. I continued to tell them how the loving father looked each day for his lost son and how on that day when he saw him, he ran, threw his arms around him and wept.

It was while I was describing this scene that something wonderful happened. 'The Father didn't get angry with his son, he didn't shout or beat him, he threw his arms around him and loved him. His son was filthy, dirty, unkempt and evil smelling. The father called for a feast, a ring for the son's finger, new garments and sandals.'

It was during these words that one by one the tough men and women, tattoos decorating their arms, got up and with their heads hanging down, slowly walked away.

I believe the Lord had touched their hearts.

Later, I spoke with an Italian couple. The wife could speak English fluently but her husband couldn't speak the language at all.

'My husband is an open air in Italy,' she informed me. 'We're on holiday for two weeks and have noticed something here in Bristol.' 'What is that?'

We come here every day and we have notice that God sends a preacher of the Gospel to preach the Word every day in this same spot.'

I stood amazed. As for God, His ways are perfect.

Seven Counties Journal.

2000-08-12

June 14th. Paul and Mandy shared a vision of a forest. Trees all blowing in the wind. Meaning. New tools. New openings. No stale bread. Healings, Miracles, Faith. Beware of a deceptive spirit.

June 15th 2000. "Behold I will do a new thing, now it shall spring forth" Isaiah 43 v 19.

June Wednesday 21st Seaford

The Lord greatly blessed me as I shared a bible study on "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price. The life of a soldier. I took the car full of goods Carol and Ken were thrilled. Ken asked me, What are the weapons of our warfare? 2 Corinthians 10 v 4.

Prayer/ Word/ Faith/ Fasting/Binding up/ Praise/ but most important of all/ Love
Isaiah 54 v 17. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper".

Obedience 1 Chronicle 14 v 10/14

Fasting Prayer= Leads to Revelation and Word of Knowledge.

Wisdom = Visions = Dreams.

Power of the Holy Spirit. "Walk in the Light/Walk in the Spirit" Romans 8 v 16.

Thursday. I worked on the car all the rust spots and painted it with some old paint from the shed, perhaps 15 years old, It matched almost perfectly. Amazing.

Friday, Preparing my heart for preaching tomorrow in Hailsham. Also preparing a Word for Ashingdon Free church in Rochford, near Southend on Sea. Beryl Jones has invited me to stay overnight on Tuesday the 2nd of July (DV) I said yes to both.

2nd July Sunday.

Set off after loading food. An easy journey through the Dartford tunnel and I prayed if I should stop and call in on June. It was difficult. Would Ted be there? How would she react? However I felt it right so I turned off after passing through the tunnel and parked in a side road. June received me OK but warned me that Ted was present. I shared some banana and custard with them. Ted was watching the motor racing (Courtald won) and I tried to talk with him. He was a bit off. . June talked of more church problems and her eyesight. She is suffering from cobwebs in her eyes and seemed very concerned. Before leaving June asked me to pray for her which I did, then also for Ted. I asked the Lord for a new heart (Ted needs a heart valve operation) so my prayer had two edges to it. I said goodbye and drove to Bulphan camp. Colin and

Beryl the owners were away but a friendly camper put me right over water and facilities. It is a very nice site and when the two other campers departed I felt free to walk around the field praying.

3rd July Monday. **Brentwood**

I slept very well and had a blessed time of prayer. I had planned to go into Brentwood so set off around 9 30. I parked just off the main road and before I set of to the town a local man complained of my van taking up his parking place. I told him, (with much Love and prayers in Jesus name) that I was a visitor to the town and that I would not be long.. He grudgingly accepted this but I felt it was the enemy. I posted some tracts into the houses nearby and had a blessed time up and down Brentwood distributing my tracts. I saw a blind man sitting with his wife on a seat and made an attempt to preach and was dismayed when I gave out, "There were two blind men" when they got up and walked away. How sad!

Billericay

Parked up on Main Street and walked up the hill to town. A blessed time in giving out tracts perhaps 200 and then telephoned Gordon Harding in Sidmouth. He was pleased to hear from me but seemed a little confused, I prayed with him on the phone and then telephone Beryl Jones in Southend arranging a time to meet her tomorrow, 4PM at her home. DV.

I finished off in posting tracts in homes where my van was parked in the main road.. I returned to the camp to enjoy a salad lunch. It came on to rain hard a deluge then turned very hot. I spoke to Beryl the wife of the site owner. They had rain come in an open window. I told her I was an evangelist and something of Poland and India. It is now cloudy and dull.

Tuesday 4th July.

Basildon

Awake to a misty morning. The Lord drew near in my prayer time. I set off at 9 30 AM and soon was in Basildon, finding off street parking. I walked the short way into town posting some tracts in the homes nearby, all the while keeping track of my route. The town was a joy. The Lord led me to a spot in the very centre, under the video cameras.

I knew the security guard would come for this is private ground but I was amazed at what happened. I had not been preaching long before a very nice guard came along and asked, "Have you a permit? I replied in the negative and he produced a business card and said politely that If I telephoned them they would give me a permit". He went off immediately and I recommenced my word on the basis that he had not actually asked me to stop or move on. I had great joy and liberty to complete the Word and many heard. No one took a Gospel but I knew that the Word had gone forth as a declaration and the Lord had helped me greatly. Victory. Hallelujah. I delivered some more tracts on the return to the van and then prayed Lord thy will be done, before setting off for Southend on Sea.

Southend on Sea

The Lord helped me after a struggle to find a parking place in the backs streets, eventually I parked in Alexandra Road and walked into town. It was crowded and there were many refusals of the tracts. However I persisted and watched out for a preaching place. One man said he was a Christian and wanted to talk to me I told him I was going to preach and if he waited I would speak with him later. The Lord led me to my usual spot where some folks were sitting around. I gave them all tracts before preaching the Word. Many were listening afar off and some stopped to listen for a while.

There were the usual mockers and scoffers with some remarks and heckling going on. The Lord helped me and I gave out 5 Gospels to some of the folks sitting who had listened.

A woman who was a Seventh Day Adventist's came to talk but I told her I believed in the first day of the week, resurrection day, I think she wanted to convert me to observing the Sabbath. Then I spoke with David and as we walked along he started to tell me the usual story of a lost giro and how he needed money. When I explained that I did not carry money he seemed to lose all interest in me so I went on my way distributing some more tracts. I returned to Alexander Road and made myself a salad lunch taking it across the road to a park. I sat on the seat and overlooking the sea and

enjoyed my meal. I walked down through the gardens to the sea front but I found the traffic noise was too much so I went up and sat in the gardens again. Soon it was time to move on and on starting up the van made some smoke, I am a bit concerned that it is using or burning oil. Lord!

I timed my arrival at Beryl Jones home for 4 PM and soon had the van parked in her driveway. It only just fits. She suggested that she will drive me in her car to the evening meeting. I have prepared a Word on Faith. We share over tea and then I go to pray. It does not seem a few moments before she is calling me down. I listen to a long commentary as we drive to the meeting but on our arrival it is deserted. We are the first to arrive.. Gradually some folks arrive and I enter the new building. They have built it, by faith , as the money has arrived and it looks very comfortable.

I say hello to many folks and when all are assembled Malcolm leads the singing. Soon it is time for me to give the Word and the Lord helped me greatly. I preach on faith and I feel many are touched. It is getting late so I finish and tea cups are shared. As we are about to exit, someone ask if I could please give my testimony. "They all would like to hear it". I look at my watch it is reads ten O'clock. I agree to a short, Ten minutes and share for around 15 minutes. Again there are many warm hearts and we say goodbye and drive home arriving around 11 pm. Soon I retire to bed but sleep fitfully with the light shining through the thin summer curtains.

Chelmsford.

I was up at 7 PM and was called down to breakfast around 8 AM. Beryl was thrilled when two folks telephoned to say how blessed they had been and I received an invitation for Sheila and I to come again in the autumn Beryl took a prayer letter to copy for the folks to pray for me and I leave at 10 20 AM for Chelmsford in the drizzle. . It is now 11 15 AM I have found off street parking and finish my letter to Sheila so that I can post it in the town. I enclose the cheque for £50 (Hallelujah) that Beryl kindly gave me, Lord I need some cash! I walk into town with my umbrella. The Lord enabled me to preach "Christ and Him crucified". I stood on my usual flower bed wall and was pleased when two then 3 then 5 Mormons came to stand in a row and listen.

They left after 10 minutes or so but they heard the truth. Lord save them! Julie a young Mum had sat and listened, she told me she was just out from a re-hab centre, (I guessed for drugs) and had her young lad with her, She took a Gospel and I encouraged her with a few words. A young lad came by to say, "You have a lot of bottle) but did not stop to speak to me. I gave out some tracts and posted some more in homes on the way back to the van. I have found it difficult to find a camp site on the way to Braintree, or Bocking. Lord please guide me. Then as I drove I could not find a suitable telephone box, I did find one but there was an answer phone so I left a message.

Hallelujah I have found a place the other side of Braintree town and have booked in paying £4,25 for the night. I was concerned as I entered the field as there was a muddy pool at the beginning so I got out and walked on the ground. The sole occupant of a caravan assured me the ground was rock hard, but these caravanner's do not seem to realise that the van weighs two and an half tons. Soon I had the van on boards and was jacking up the corner steadies, making myself at home. The other caravan slowly began preparations to leave so I think I might be on my own again. Hallelujah. Oh I stopped to fill up with petrol and was staggered when it got to £40 pounds and I had still not filled up. Phew!

Where is the sunshine? DV I go to Sudbury tomorrow. Being on my own I walked up the narrow farm track to find my bearings.

The farm is a working farm and one cottage has been turned into a farm produce shop. It's a bit out of the way and I noticed the prices are high, but I guess the locals can get some home grown produce, fresh daily. I watched the geese eating the harvest in an unprotected field, for two or three yards into the field you can see the heads of the corn have been eaten away.

As I sneak up on the geese stealthily with my camera at the ready, the geese sense my presence do a quick about turn and rush past me. I took a picture but I think it has camera shake.

I slept well and awake to a dull morning, I trust it will brighten up. I was little unsure if I should go on to Sudbury or go back a few miles to Braintree. I decide

after prayer to go into the nearby town, it would be a shame to miss it so I drive into town, I was keeping an eye out for a car place when I spotted a Sainsbury's. Wonderful, just the job.

I walked into town giving out tracts, it was a blessed time, not so many folks about but soon I had given out perhaps 200. I bought a loaf of bread and some beetroot in a jar £1.80 trying to conserve my money for essentials. Now Lord thy will be done. Sudbury?

Sudbury

Now in Sudbury parked on the main road into town.

Later.

I had posted tracts in homes along the way, was delighted to find it was a market day. A good time in tracting. I met a man by the post office who said that he knew me from a previous visit. He had seen me delivering tracts around the homes and had posted a tract through his door. I shared with him and gave him information about my web page and also the End time Ministries.

Later his wife arrived and they went off together. They would have heard me start up preaching in the main street, I thought I saw him listening afar off. A couple laughed at me asking where are all the distressed children? Amazing ignorance.

Another couple of Christians came to interrupt me (very rude) I asked them to wait until I had finished my message and then I would be happy to talk with them, however they went off. I am so glad I continued for unknown to me at that time there was someone listening.

As I gave out tracts I came across a woman who was sitting in her car with the door wide open and listening. She asked me in a broken voice, "Is there really a loving God, when I replied Yes, she asked do you know anything about suffering?" I related some things in my life and with this she broke down into tears. I believed the Lord had touched her heart, truly a Divine appointment.

I telephone Pam and David but there was a message, "This number is not available", so I took this from the Lord that I should not go to them I was partly relieved as their home was the wrong side of town, that is away from my route. I gave out my last tracts returned to the van and thought I would head for Colchester

Colchester

6Th July Colchester.

Arrived to find a parking spot at £1.70. It was now very hot as I climbed the hill to town. The town was busy as usual I went through the lanes to the small square where I stood on the steps to preach. Several folks were sitting on the walls nearby and on seating eating their sandwiches. A young security guard came to ask me to be quite, I thought this to be ridiculous, I continued.

The security guard was a young man and I thought he was out of his depth. He radioed through to headquarters but when I told him to do his worst, he went off and I finished my message without any further interruption. Two folks took Gospels, one a young man who had listened and the wife of a blind man. I finished off distributing my tracts and walked down the hill in the heat.

Back in the van I had salad and studied the camp site book for a suitable place to stay. It was very, very difficult. Lord help I prayed. I drove out of town on the Ipswich road and stopped at a payphone.

I had noticed a Halfords and bought some thick oil at £3.99 which I hope will help. After topping up the engine I telephone a possible camp site but it was an answering phone and I drove on. Oh dear, I have come into Ipswich town, I look for the road out to Felixstowe, the A 1156 and after many turns around the one way system extricate myself from the town Centre.

It seemed an eternity trying to find this camp site and I had passed it before I recognised it. Turning around with some relief I made my way onto the site very tired. The owners were away but a friendly camper said he would come to pick up the

money later that evening. I parked up and then suddenly realised that I had lost my membership card. Oh Lord, you know where it is. I searched high and low but could not find it

Later Thursday evening.

The campsite owner did not come and eventually I trespassed onto his private field and came to his bungalow. Fortunately he spotted me from the window and I duly paid my £3 for one night. He did not ask to see my membership card and I praised the Lord for that. I had carried my CCC passport and the camping, big book with me so I was relieved.. I settled down to write to Sheila and John Zipser. I was interrupted by an over friendly, young girl, aged around 4 or 5 years. I think they are a gypsy family, however in this day and age I thought she was too trusting. She wanted to come into my van and kept coming around to the door. The campsite itself was a disaster with the main A45 passing just yards away so consequently it was very noisy.

After a disturbed night, I had slept but awoke at 3 AM and then was disturbed by the traffic. Praise the Lord I had found my camping passport which might help me, it had my membership number on it. I got organised with water and prepared myself to go into Felixstowe this morning then on to Ipswich. Lord thy will be done.

I must remember to buy some milk, another can of oil, and telephone ahead to William at Thetford to see if he has arranged anything for next week.

Felixstowe

I found easy parking and was blessed as I gave out tracts entitled, "Will God let you into heaven?" I telephoned the camping club and told them of my lost card they say they will send one to Thetford. They were reluctant at first stating the earliest they could send one was Tuesday and then only to my home, I told them I was on a journey and needed it urgently. There was no answer from William I managed to buy my milk and then some more oil and walked back to the van. Suddenly I remembered my telephone card and returned to the phone box. There was around £4.00 on it so I prayed the Lord would keep it for me. What a relief, It was still in the slot. Praise the

Lord. I put I the oil and came on to Ipswich. Lord now lead and direct me in Jesus lovely name.

Ipswich

Later

Amazing and Wonderful! Gave out a few tracts on the way into town. I took my cycle and chained it up then soon was in the centre. I saw a policeman standing there so informed him that I intended to preach for twenty minutes or so, He said “no problem”. This was a great boost to my confidence for earlier visits to the town just stirred up the Satanist and drug users who congregate on the corner. Today however they were not in sight being replaced by a party of schoolchildren and their teacher. Hallelujah.

The Lord gave me much liberty and love and many heard in the crowded market square. There was a lovely response with around eight folks taking Gospels. I sat with a man who wanted to talk. He wanted to know if I believed in the soon coming of Jesus Christ, and I think was pleased when I answered in the affirmative.

Another coloured lady asked for a book and said “Keep it up”. Hallelujah. I finished giving out tracts and then cycled back to the van.

Before leaving the town I posted more tracts into a nearby housing estate. Praise God. 12.45PM. Now for Lowestoft, first finding a quiet place to eat. Lord please guide.

Lowestoft

I soon found “Four Acres” and met Mrs Moody who booked me in for three nights. I could see it was a lovely place and the fee was only £3.50 a night. I was allocated place number three, conveniently situated so that it could be seen from the bungalow. However I was pleased to make camp and rest.

The sun came out and it turned out a beautiful evening, I was amazed to find myself sunbathing, wonderful!

Lowestoft

Saturday 8th July. I decided to leave the van on the site, and cycled into town, a distance of around four miles, mostly flat. I rejoiced to see the crowds at ten AM. I chained up the bike to railings near the bridge then sat on the seat to pray. I began distributing tracts all around and then stood a wall to proclaim the Gospel. Two women went by calling out "Praise the Lord" as they passed me. A young lad sat listening near me, others afar off. There was little response and the lad refused a Gospel. I worked hard at giving out tracts, there were many refusals, and met a Finnish woman a Christian who took a prayer letter and promised she would pray for me.

I returned to unlock my bike and went to the seaside. For an hour or more I walked up and down on the sands in the sunshine before it came on to rain. I sheltered in a shelter on the top of the hill but it was cold and as soon as the rain eased I returned to camp.

I had not been back at camp before it came onto rain heavily had I delayed I would have got very wet. Hallelujah, God's timing is perfect.

Now I am deciding what to eat? I have some potatoes, beans and tomatoes. I thought I might visit the local shop to buy some extra lard for making chips. Cycled to the shop and found my lard 22p and extra-large Mars bar using my last 74p I still have £200, and I am dividing it a hundred pound each week. Lord help!

A lovely restful afternoon. It was cloudy but the rain kept off. I walked up and down between the caravans in storage praying.

I am rejoicing in this rest as I have been busy. Plan to write some letters, perhaps tomorrow. I have also to look out some camping sites.

Just returned from a bicycle ride around the countryside, it was very enjoyable.

Sunday 9th July.

I slept well but lay in bed until 9 AM Phew! After prayer made a breakfast of cornflakes and toast, very good! I read Elijah and the widow woman, the ravens and the angel with provisions of a cake for his journey./A sluggish day I rested all morning read some more of Elijah and finished reading the book on healing. I was just about to go out this

afternoon when another motor-caravan came onto the site. A man said he was a
|Christian, A.O G.

He told me at the water tap how he had lost his mobile phone in a robbery from his car. He telephoned the number and a girl answered who refused to return it. He told me his history with heart problems and arthritis. After my evening meal another Christian Stan Smart came to say hello. He said he believes in the work of the Holy Spirit and said his church is growing through using the Alpha course He stood at the window and went off as it came on to rain again. I invited the other man over at 7 PM.

Ray and Noreen Scrimshaw told me they are entertainers; they go to sing Christian songs to the older folks in homes and hospitals. They are not well at all. Noreen had to leave almost immediately as she suffers from stomach problems. Stan talked a lot about his ability to sing well and broke forth from time to time with, "Do you know this" then humming the tune or singing. Later I had opportunity to pray for him but felt a resistance in Faith. Some folks accept all the devil gives them. However he left having been ministered to.

Monday 10th July

Up at 7AM. I had slept well. I prepared and set off early, I managed to catch the first post with Sheila's letter.

I am now parked in a lay-by waiting as I do not wish to get into Great Yarmouth too early as I will have to pay car parking fees. The sun broke through but it is cloudy and windy. Macintosh again? Lord thy will be done.

Great Yarmouth.

I found free parking across the bridge in a side street but so near the town. Hallelujah. I set off at ten o'clock, as it was dry. As I gave out tracts a man suddenly started shouting and swearing, he was so angry, I knew it was the devil, many folks sitting around were shocked at his violence I got to my favourite spot near the market and got up onto the wall. The Lord helped me with "Liberty and Love and prayers in Jesus name and message went forth with power, that demonised man came by as I was preaching and shouted again but did not stop.

On concluding my message a man came forward, I gave him a Gospel and promised to speak to him later. All around there was a wonderful response, I offered Gospels to those sitting by, and nine more were given out. Had I carried more I could have given out more to other folks, so they had tracts instead.

The man was Victor Smith and elderly man, a lovely Christian. He asked me if I would like a drink and took me to a nearby department store bought me a coffee and a cream cake. We talked and Victor told me he was known as "Tracting man" as he had for many years given out God's Word in the town. I shared with him Poland and India and was really blessed. Victor pressed something into my hand and I discovered it was a five-pound note. I really praised God as this was an answer to my prayer for funds for my journey. It also gave me a lift and I walked down to the sea front distributing tracts with joy.

The town was crowded with holidaymakers who seemed bored and were wandering around like they were lost! When I arrived at the sea front I went onto the beach and sat on the sand watching the sea in the sunshine. Dark clouds were threatening so I only stayed perhaps a half an hour before returning. It came on to rain heavily and I joined a crowd of folks under a canopy. I wondered what their reaction would be if I was to burst forth preaching. Soon the cloudburst was over and we dispersed our several ways.

I gave out the last of my tracts and made my way back to the van. On the way I telephoned William again and he told me he had not been able to book any meetings for me but was looking forward to my visit.

I arranged to meet him on Wednesday at 3/4PM. I enquired of some folks the way to the campsite at Burge Castle and discovered that it was a longer way off that I had first thought. However I arrived at Burge Castle Farm Hotel and paid my £4 for the night again without being asked to show my camping card. Praise God.

The site was a small rough field with two other occupants and one empty caravan. It did have one advantage that there was an adjoining field which led to a local park and play area. This gave opportunity to walk and pray between the rains. I checked the oil on the van and found it was up to the mark. Praise God. I have just finished my dinner,

using up as many tins as I can and conserving my cash. Just used the last of my potatoes. I will need to shop soon perhaps when I arrive in Thetford for I know they have a Sainsbury's store there. Lord lead and guide me. 5 10 PM

Last night there was a storm with as high wind and torrential rain. The van was rocking two and fro as the deluge continued. I was concerned for foolishly I had driven to the farthest point on the field and it looked as though I might have a problem getting off the site in the morning. I prayed very much and was glad at least for having the foresight to put the van on boards so that I did not sink in.

The Lord kept me safe through the night but the rocking kept me awake. In the morning I had to plan out my escape and trust the Lord to help me off the site. It was a near thing with the van wheel's slipping but I managed it. I noticed that the caravan's awning had been torn up in the night and the wind had thrown it across the caravan draping it. The owners would get a shock when they returned. Anyway I rejoiced to be off the site safely and started my journey to Norwich.

Norwich

I arrived at 8 40AM and found a parking place in a residential area south of the town outside the control area. I waited a short while before setting off to walk into town. I found a little shopping precinct and gave out some tracts and continued on my way, however I little realised that it was going to be far from easy.

I walked all the while trying to remember the way back but after three or four attempts to find the shopping centre I was lost. Oh dear.

What to do, eventually I came to the other side of the city and remembered my way. The town was dreadful folks refusing to take tracts and when I started to preach a woman came to ask , "Did I eat meat" I cannot now remember my reply but it sparked off a torrent of abuse and shouting. It was hard to keep going but after a while she desisted. The word went forth but I felt the off scouring of all things.

My words appeared to hit a brick wall of unbelief. I telephoned a camp site but there was an answering machine. I then telephone Peter and Eileen Richards, Eileen

answered and then Peter came on the line, "Yes do come and see us". He was off to empty some rubbish but would be back within a half an hour. On leaving the telephone box I tried to retrace my steps out of town but was utterly lost.

I wandered up and down in the heat and asked twice for the Southern TV studios, each time the folks directed me back into the city, which I knew instinctively was wrong. Eventually I came across an Estate Agents office and described my plight to her. Fortunately I remembered the Odeon cinema and the flyover for traffic nearby. She was able to direct me and a half an hour later and very tired I returned reclaim my van. What a rotten experience. Lord! My trouble were still not over as I had to enquire two or three times for Hillview Close in New Cottesey.

Peter and Eileen were very kind and I was made welcome and offered some lunch which I gladly accepted. We shared over lunch and later I prayed for Peter as he was unwell with heart problems Peter pushed a twenty pound note into my hands as I left, Praise God, so on the strength of that I stopped at a nearby Co-operative and store to buy much needed groceries, and later saw a Sainsbury's and filled up with petrol another £40. Phew. I struggled to find Wyndomon site as they had taken down their sign.

When I did arrive I was told they had ceased to be club site because the club had insisted that they take out expensive insurance cover.

They did make me welcome and charged £3.50 for the night. Actually a mix up over change made it £4. They invited me to have a cup of tea and we shared. I told them what I did and we talked about the cults and the failure of the churches. They used to be church goers. We also spoke of marriage problems with so many marriages going wrong. I am on my own tonight as they are going out for the evening. Wonderful. They did not want to see my card either, Hallelujah. The sun is shining and I walk up and down praising God and preparing my heart for further battles.

Thetford

I slept well and left the site at 9 30 AM , the drive into Thetford was easy and I parked up in a car park near the town centre. There were not many folks about but they were generally responsive and took my tracts. While doing so I met Brynn. He told me he was in trouble, his wife had left him he had got drunk and violent and now he was heartbroken. Her parents were rich and he missed his little girl so much. He told me he was seeing a friendly vicar at Attleborough. Brynn was smartly dressed and clean shaven, he showed no sign of liquor and he was responsive to my counselling and appreciative of my time and promised prayer..

The getting drunk incident was six weeks ago and I could see he was deeply repentant of it but his wife was now afraid of him and the in-laws did not like him. . I urged him to pray and tell all this to the Lord, I gave him a Gospel and we shook hands, I felt very much for him and sad, but I knew the Lord would help him.

After this encouraging Divine appointment I decided to preach outside the Baptist church in the precinct, and stood on the wall opposition came from an unexpected quarter. The Pastor came out and asked me to, "Get off his wall". I thought how small minded! It seemed he had no thought that the Word of God was being preached only that I might be mistaken for one of his flock. I was staggered and amazed but I knew it was the enemy. I did get down but felt very sad over this. A man selling magazines had stood, listening outside Woolworth's so I offered him a Gospel. He refused.

I walked up and down giving out further tracts, bought a birthday card for Andrea soon went back to the van. Now Lord I am looking forward to receiving a letter from Sheila. The sun has just come out 2.25 PM

I enjoyed a salad lunch and then drove to William and Pam's. There is no one about so I sat and wait. Soon William came along. After our greeting he told me that Pam had left him. Apparently he had invited this man who ostensibly had become a Christian and William had befriended by giving him meals and teaching him the Word.. The man had money and promised Pam he would take her to Spain and give her a good time.

William explained that he had been unwell on drugs and perhaps had not shown her enough attention, perhaps he had been difficult to cope with? Anyway she had gone leaving Zoe behind and Pam was visiting once a week. Pam believed once saved always saved and construed it to mean that you could do anything. Oh dear Lord, mercy.

William had two letters one from Sheila and one from the camping club enclosing my new card so I was thrilled. DV I am invited to stay the night and William has invited me to stay tomorrow to speak at a lunch club for the older folks.

Stella came for dinner her book is to be published by A Christian. We enjoyed a lovely dinner of chicken and sauté potatoes cooked in the Dutch style, very good. Later a neighbour of Williams came in, Derek was a strange and disturbed man, he seemed in great darkness. As we talked I had to leave his presence and went upstairs to my room to pray for protection and wisdom. When I came down there was a knock at the door and John Tennant came to see me. Meanwhile Stella had been witnessing to Derek and I spoke a few words to him Stella said that Derek had requested prayer so I prayed for him. He remarked "Your better than the National health, I feel better.

Praise the Lord

It was a delight to see John, he has been faithful in praying for me over the years and wanted to know all my news. I prayed for him and Zenna as they are struggling with family problems also prayed for William. What an evening Praise God I have some thoughts for tomorrow's meeting. Vision of hell, and What happened at Calvary.

So Lord another day. I have agreed that John and Zenna should come down at Easter to Elim. John said that Margaret Grey, her son David and daughter Susan are in Elim?

Thursday 13th July

I slept fitfully. I seemed to be awake all night; I guess my brain was too active. I had a shower and shared with William before he set off for the church at 10 30 AM. The meeting is a twelve. I took a short walk to the garage and down to the stream but had to return as it came on to rain. I rested and the Word came to me. Off at 12 AM to

church, but there was an interminable delay while William went off to get someone without transport.

We eventually sat down for dinner at 1.30 PM. I gave the Word, "It is appointed unto men once to die and after this the judgement", they listened in rapt attention after which I prayed a short sinners prayer. While they were clearing up Stella called me to pray for Ian, who had suffered a stroke. I asked the Lord to touch him and heal him and raise him up!

When we returned for the church William was concerned and upset over a letter from the solicitor. It was like fiery darts of the enemy what Pam had said about him etc, Satan's lies. Poor man. Then we went out to pick up Zoe and Alison, Pastor Hodgson's daughter. Pastor was waiting outside Williams place and was quiet. Now we are waiting for Zoe to go off to Allison's birthday party while we are going out to Wendy's place at Bandon.

I arranged with William that I leave early tomorrow for Kings Lynn. Later Praise the Lord we had a blessed time in Bandon. Wendy was a character. Full of life and love and prayers for Jesus. She was a country and Western star and broke out into songs about Jesus from time to time. She had been in a terrible accident and lost an eye. Abraham, Williams's brother had an amazing testimony.

He told us that he had been addicted to Heroin for 26 years in Holland. With Gods help, "He got free" and is "Now clean", to use Abraham's own words.

His testimony was very powerful. You can see that he has been damaged but you can see how gracious the Lord has been to him and what a great deliverance he has experienced. I prayed for them before left and then William drove me to a new church in **Bandon**.

I remember that some years ago I had visited the Bible book shop and met one of the elders of a small work. Well now the Lord has added to their number and they have bought a huge meeting place, perhaps holding 2000, with every facility. It may have been Ken I met who is now the Pastor. Amazing

We returned to Thetford at 7 PM to a cheese sandwich and to watch the television news. I was so shocked at the epidemic of H.I.V in Africa.

Apparently over 30 million children will be orphaned by the year 2010, how dreadful! I was also shocked at the violence everywhere in the world, "Oh Lord, men's hearts". So then I came up to my room to pray and prepare my heart for tomorrow. "Lord thy will be done".

Kings Lynn

Friday. 8 40 AM 14th July

The Lord himself blessed the time as I prayed with William last night. I had put another duvet on my bed as I had been cold the night before, it was much better and I slept well. I was awake at 6 30 and up early to have toast before praying with William. I left a thank you note and ten pounds for my food. Feel much refreshed and can say, "Lord thy will be done". I found parking slightly out of town but free. At 9 30 AM I walked along the riverbank into town. The wind was blowing strong and it was cold.

I started to give out tracts in town and was amazed to find the response was so good. It seemed the Lord had trained the people to take these tracts so willingly. A wonderful surprise. Hallelujah. I then stood to preach just a short way from Boots the Chemist. One man said "Give over, there is no one listening, while I replied, You have heard". While I was speaking a woman came to ask about my books and I gave her a Gospel, "Also two booklets Love and prayers and Jesus is the Bridge".

When I finished preaching no one wanted a Gospel only a young girl, who's mother and friends had refused a moment before. But praise God the Word went forth.

I stopped to telephone a campsite for tonight at Wisbeech and telephoned Arthur Wicks in Wittlesey. I arranged to meet him at his home at 11,30 AM go out with him, tomorrow in Spalding and then to join with some folks in an evening meeting. Apparently the Rev Peter Howe is speaking. Arthur kindly suggested that I could park in his driveway, which will be help. I bought some groceries. Bacon, bread, beetroot, and some jam from an Iceland store. I drove to my campsite, which is very pleasant.

It seems to have hundreds of caravans parked up in storage. Now to cook bacon and egg, lovely!

I fell asleep in the chair, then went for a cycle ride between the showers. The countryside is flat and there are fruit orchards with apples and pears in abundance all around here. The cycle ride was very pleasant. Back to have some cornflakes in the evening and tidy up some parts of the van, I cleaned my black shoes then cleaned the windows, and completed a little housework, so all looks spick and span!

Saturday 15th July. Wisbeech camp.

It's raining. Praise God I slept well and have rested. Yesterday I fought off a head cold the result of that cold wind as I walked into Kings Lynn yesterday. I made myself a breakfast as we do not go into Spalding until midday and will not be back until the evening sometime. Now Lord thy will be done. Drove into Cambridgeshire and parked up in a lay-by in Thorney, its 9.30 AM and I'm early. Whittlesley is only five miles away..

Later. I found Arthur and Elsie Wick's place after only two enquiries. He has invited me to stay for tea and dinner. I like him very much and I have parked up in his driveway. After a lovely time of sharing, and dinner we set off to drive to Spalding, well rather 8 miles the other side as we are to join a prayer group. It is a Strict Calvinist Baptist church. We park outside an old building and as we enter we find a few folk are already at prayer.

The room smells of decay and damp. The folks are fervent but it's rather formal however I had liberty to pray. In Spalding we meet up.

There are rather a lot of us, it looks to me like overkill, maybe six preachers. So I busy myself giving out tracts in the market place and then into some homes nearby. On my return I tried several times to ring Karen but there is no reply. Meanwhile the preachers are preaching with great force and power the beautiful amplification system that some brother has brought is hardly needed, but the word can be heard all over the town.

While Arthur is preaching the sound system suddenly fails but Arthur raises his voice while I wait patiently for my turn, if indeed, I am to be invited. I begin to think I may have a day of rest. A man came to complain that the amplification is too loud so they turn it down , later he comes again to complain.

We all think it is the enemy, he is objecting to the message not the volume. When the town is almost deserted, they ask me to preach and the Lord helped me to raise my voice and preach Christ to the few folks making preparations to go home after which we all gather for a prayer of thanksgiving before returning to the chapel for tea. We sit around in a formal way everyone being very polite. Soon it is time for prayer at 6 PM and then this is followed by the message from Peter Howe. He preaches on the Pre-existent Christ in the Old Testament. Sadly there are only a ten of us to hear.

Fortunately Arthur decide to leave after the meeting to drive us back to Whittleley where Elsie decides to cook the Sunday lunch as I inform them I am going to leave in the morning. We have roast chicken and vegetables followed by freshly picked raspberries with ice cream. I got to bed thankfully at 10 15 PM and slept very well. I was awake early and up by 7.15.

Sunday 16th July.

Arthur is preaching in Peterborough today I am going to find a camp site. Arthur told me that he is in Cambridge on Tuesday so I arrange to meet him there at 11.AM. I was thankful because this means that I can visit Huntingdon on Monday and visit Ken and Jean Hebbon. I drive to Huntingdon and book into the campsite at the race course. It was full of people as they are having a boot sale. I drive through the red traffic cones to the office and find a young man at the office who unlocks the padlock and allows me in, although I do not book in until tomorrow.

After sorting out, I alternated between rest and prayer. Once again I am on my own and enjoy a very blessed time with the Lord. Later I wash down the van and try swapping the batteries as one was flat, this does not work and I get into a state. I did have some success as the heat shield on the exhaust was loose, I managed to fix it with some wire.

Monday,

I slept well but dozed until 8 AM before getting up and preparing for the off. After 9 30 AM I visited the office and paid my dues, £6.00 for the night and booked in for another night tonight. I drive to Cambridge tomorrow DV I prefer this site to the one at Cambridge as I will be alone again and it's easier to pray. Lovely.

Huntingdon

Monday. Arrived to park in a side street its 9.50AM I walked into the town distributing tracts as I go. I stood o a wall by the war memorial, there were some youths sitting there. A couple with a child in pram passed by, the woman swore at me. I told her to control her language in public. A man came and swearing and blaspheming God, he was so incensed and angry, I believe demonised. I rebuked him in Jesus name. I continued to tell forth the Good news. A young man came to stand below me as I concluded my message.

One of the two youths that had been listening took a Gospel, which was encouraging. The young man who stood by me said he was a Christian and came to encourage me. Later after giving out the rest of my tracts I telephoned Ken Hebbon and arranged to meet them. They received me with much Love and prayers in Jesus name and we shared the Lords work. They are involved in meetings I an older folks home. Ken has been made a chaplain to the Mayor and local council and is also a school governor.

He has also been to Poland. Ken and June were going to a meeting later that afternoon so I did not stop long. We prayed together before I returned in the hot sunshine to rest in my beautiful camp site. Wonderful!

Cambridge

Tuesday 18th July. I slept well and rested until 10 30 AM before driving to Cambridge. The journey was easy as my route was on the main road soon I found junction eleven and turned off to the camping club site to book in for two nights. I soon made camp and was cycling leisurely into the town to find Marks and Sparks. I chained up the bike and went off to give out a few tracts. On my return I found Arthur sitting on a seat waiting for Brian Dee. He was all suited up and looking like a businessman, I was

without a tie, (unusually for me) and wondered if I should have dressed for the occasion.

When Brian arrived and set up Arthur preached and while he did I stood on the opposite pavement to give out tracts. This was very hard as there were many refusals. Down the road a man was playing Scottish Bagpipes wailed away, not very pleasant! I preached after Arthur and the Lord enabled me to proclaim and declare the Word with much Love and prayers in Jesus name. Many folks stopped to listen both behind me and in front. Afterwards many folks took tracts and literature. One man who had stood listening came to confess that he was a homosexual and went to a Homosexual Christian fellowship. I told him it was an abomination to God but found he did not want help only to justify his situation.

I left Arthur and Brian to talk with him. It was at this time my heart went out and I felt very unwell. It was very hot and I had stood in the sun without any protection also looking back I realise that I was near to exhaustion.. Arthur came to say that he saw Love and prayers in Jesus name in my preaching, he told me it was gentle, this was a revelation to me, for I had not held anything back in my warning of judgement to come and the wages of sin. We prayed together and I was invited to telephone them when next in the area, then I cycled back to the camp only stopping to buy a loaf of bread, which turned out to be stale

Arriving back at the camp I tried all ways to rest my heart which was out of sync. I abandoned my preparations of a meal. My head was swimming with nausea and I could not stand, I felt very weak and knew I was very ill. What could I do?

I felt the Lord was going to call me up, this gave me joy but I remembered Sheila and felt sad for her. I tried in vain to make up the bed, at each attempt my head swam and I had to stop. I struggled on and after perhaps an hour managed to get the bed made roughly and fell into a semi-coma.

I was delirious and yet able to call upon the Lord. I realised that the door was open and I thought how would they get my body back to Hailsham. I was disturbed by the thought that the van was so untidy and how would it look. My heart was not only palpitating by very weak pulse and also irregular. It grew dark and I continued to call upon the Lord. In the night I remembered to breath.

It was like the Lord woke me to reminded me to ventilate. This is not a word I would choose but I painfully breathed in and out. It was a big effort. The hours went by and the dawn came.

Suddenly my heart returned to normal. I felt better. I had been praying, "I am the Lord that healeth thee, By my stripes ye are healed", with every breath taken in, and every breath breathed out. I gingerly raised myself up. I was surprised to find myself alive, would I live? Yes, I was all right. Should I go home? I still felt weak and knew that I would have to rest that day and see how the Lord would lead me? But I praised God that he had brought me through. Hallelujah, what a battle!

Wednesday 19th July Cambridge.

I was so glad that I had booked into this camp site for two nights I decided to rest that day before moving on to St Neotts. I doubted if I would be able to preach anymore left that with the Lord while I rested in my chair. I still feel a little queasy but I am planning to go to St Neotts, then Bedford City, then Milton Keynes and on?

Thursday St Neotts.

I was awake at 7 AM and off by 9 30 AM driving quickly into St Neotts by 11 AM and parked in Eyensbury. I walked into town posting tracts through doorways and was very blessed in the town. I walked up and down among the shoppers.

I offered a tract to a man in a wheelchair and a foreign man was rude and dismissive refusing the tract. Later I met a Christian who informed me that the prison in Norwich

needed someone to lead a Bible study for the prisoners. I decided to write to Peter and Eileen about it. The woman Christian then walked off.

I bought some batteries for the radio and some soap, (much needed) and some food. I called into Joan Gotch but there was no reply, so I left a tract in her letterbox. I drove to the site and was amazed and blessed when they asked me, "where would I like to go ? I said, By the river" and I was led down to a beautiful river spot. Lovely Praise the Lord. Just what the doctor ordered. The Lord is good. I rested all days thanking the Lord for my deliverance and light duties. I put up a chair near the river and just watched the water and boats passing by. Lovely. Later in the evening the fishermen came out in force to sit with their rods.

The Lord reminded me about the bait, how tempting it was for the fish. That is the bait that was thrown out on the water without a hook. What a lesson for fishers of men. I had a shower and made my supper before coming into the van and retiring to bed. Lord you please guide me tomorrow. My last night of camping before I go to Brother Joe's retreat.

Beulah Gardens.

He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes. Matthew 7 v29

Waiting at Madras Central Station were 'Georgie and Grenalah' who quickly took my case and drove me through empty city roads to the headquarters. I noticed the driver gave three warning toots as he approached the gates and, driving slowly and repeating the toots, the gates opened without us stopping. Truly a royal welcome.

I joined the Saturday night 'fasting prayer group' but I was tired and although I prayed I was jaded and the prayers seemed stultified.

Sunday morning, Headquarters, Madras.

I awoke at 5.30 a.m. feeling very unwell with a stomach upset. I took two of the tablets I had brought for just this eventuality. I struggled to get a Word from the Lord but then prepared my heart with "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land but if ye refuse and rebel...?" I felt queasy and ill and took two more tablets and prayed. The meeting commenced at 9 a.m. with the Tamil service and then continued at 11 a.m. with the English service. The Lord helped me and after the meeting two brothers were waiting for me.

They asked for prayer. One was my interpreter from Royapurram and another brother in charge of one of the centres. David Paul had prepared a list of his family for my future prayers.

I was resting in my room after dinner when the phone rang. "Could Brother Tony be ready to go to Beulah Gardens at 5 p.m. Could brother Tony give the Word there?" The traffic was horrendous but with God's help we arrived safely..

Beulah Gardens is a beautiful banana plantation set in many acres. Brother Joe showed me the roadway recently built up to avoid the flood waters. The palm trees gave shelter and I walked in the cool of the evening preparing my message.

Brother Joe had told me "they are simple village folks" so I changed my message as I sought the Lord's face, walking up and down among the trees. There was a small pandal erected, with matting laid out for perhaps a 100 folks. The singing was lovely. The scene was lovely. The blessing of God was upon us. How wonderful to see these villagers gathering around to hear God's Word.

The Lord gave me a great love for them as I sang and testified. I told them of the 'black cat' and preached on "What manner of love the Father has bestowed upon

us". Brother Joe followed me and the meeting closed around 8 p.m. As I walked again among the trees giving thanks to God a small group of men waited for me to pray with them. Later I saw crowds still waiting outside Brother Joe's room where he was engaged in personal work, counselling and praying with folks. I returned to the city and began to prepare for the Bible Class tomorrow. "Lord, please help me"

Monday, 2nd February, 1998

Slept until 3.20 a.m. It was so hot I could hardly breathe. I awoke to put on the air conditioner and dozed until 6 a.m. when I continued to prepare my message for the Bible Class. My head was fuzzy. Commending the day to the Lord I wondered, "Lord what you have in mind?" It was not long before I found out. The telephone rang, "Brother Tony, could you be ready at 8.15 a.m. Brother Joe is taking a wedding service.

Once again I was in the Mercedes wedged between Brother Whitson, Paul and Brother Grenalah. As we threaded our way through the city traffic we came across an accident. A poor moped rider and a 'yellow peril' had been in collision. It took a long time to get passed and we all prayed for the injured. Later we drove into the compound of one of the centre's of the L.E.F.

A young man from the Bible College was to be married. The man's father was involved in the original 'revival meetings' 56 years ago in Kakinada, so it was a special time of blessing for all. I was asked to read a Word and was blessed at this

privilege as I was a total stranger. It was after lunch when I returned to the headquarters and rested before preparing my message for the evening Bible Class. The Lord helped me and my message was "Our God is a consuming fire". Shortly after this I visited Joe in his den and we prayed together. I then took the car to the airport. What an 'amazing time' in India. Looking back on it, I thank God. I never would have believed that I would live to see such things. All Glory to God.

We journey to Viga-agwadda

Brother Joe's favourite transport was an old Mercedes saloon it was comfortable but the journey was frightening. The custom of most Indian drivers was to head straight for oncoming traffic especially when overtaking and see who would "chicken out first"

It had grown dark and overtaking was hazardous in the extreme as headlights on full beam was the norm, so as we overtook an oxen cart the driver discovered that there were five oxen in line, not just the one, and we ran out of road as a lorry headlight full ablaze headed straight for us.

Our driver slammed on the brake and fortunately the lorry did likewise but bonnets almost touching as we faced each other in the middle of the Road. Bro Joe was calm. Turning to the driver said "you should not have done that George " Several hours later we arrived safely in Viggawadda to stop outside a hotel where I was allotted a room with another pastor who was involved in the meetings .

It was another difficult moment for me sharing with this man, language was a problem but this pastor was overweight and as he had several servants who waited upon his every need it rather filled the room I was shocked when having ordered food to be brought to the room (the normal in India) he proceeded to fill his mouth with rice and curry filling the room with smells and sights I was certainly not used too. I knew I could not sleep or stay a moment longer in this situation so asked to see the manager and asked politely if I could have a room of my own, which he acquiesced immediately.

I slept well that night beginning to adjust to the constant Indian tooting of traffic through the night but during the Morning Prayer session I noticed that Bro Joe suggested that the overweight pastor would be wise to eat less rice.

There were two meeting scheduled that day morning and evening

Pastor Joseph Babu in Rajamundry

A Hearty Welcome



Rajahmundry

I was taken to Pastor Joseph's home and met Sunitha his wife. She is three months pregnant but has a problem with low blood count. The orphanage has 30 children in the home plus 17 old folks all living eating and sleeping in one room. I found my hands badly bitten by mosquito in the night and my head spinning with tiredness.

Rock breakers. After a short rest we boarded the bus for a meeting with the rock breakers at 11 AM. I was amazed when we drove into the middle of their work place and they left their work to gather around me. Maybe 70 or more folk. They listened intently to the Word and many, maybe 60 or more responded to the message. Praise God. I shook hands with them all and prayed for their children, who also come to help with the labour.

Free medicines. Later after rest I prayed with the children before leaving for the evening meeting in a slum area. The folk were attentive and around twenty responded to the appeal. I then prayed as the doctor gave out free medicine to the thronging people

If I had a hammer !



If I had a hammer!!

Pastor Joseph leading the Worship



Pastors conference. Around 150 pastors gathered on the roof of the orphanage to hear the Word. We had two main meetings AM and PM .Pastor Joseph was thrilled as 100 of the pastors were from “Word in Action Outreach”, but another 50 were from other denominations in the City The word went forth with power and liberty. Many were touched by God...Invitations to return were plentiful.

Tribal region. Tuesday 14th Jan . We set off at 9 am in the medical van with the Dr Prakesh and Pastor John and Joseph Babu. It was a long gruelling journey of 100 klm over rough jungle tracks. We stopped at the river town to negotiate the hire of a boat. R600 . We chugged along as the boatman bailed out the water leaking in the front while I was reminded that there are crocodiles, bears and tigers in this region. One tiger had got so hungry he would swim out to passing boats and try to board them, once was successful and attacked the passengers. It was eventually shot.

Kachubusa. It was beautiful journey after an hour and ten minutes we arrived at the first village, climbing up the bank 60 ft to follow the trail. I was told in August all this land was all under water. I was shown a cement hut built high on the hillside and this was the refuge built by the government, even this had been under water in the flood of 1987. As I entered the village was met with curious glances as the first white man in that village. The people quickly assembled and I gave my Gospel message to around 30 folk.

I thank the Lord for the wonderful response from these Hindu idol worshippers.. God is doing a great work among them in these last days.. After more prayers and free medicines had been distributed we had lunch well they ate there rice and I munched on dry biscuits and toast. We left at 4PM and took the boat back to another village

Crondura. I gave the word in a village’s squalid hut and was told later that five souls were saved. Two naked boys were covered in green I was told they had chicken pox. Pathetic scenes as the doctor gave medicines. I walked out to overlook the river and pray. We returned tired to the boat to go to the next village but this was cancelled as the Pastor said it was too dangerous. I was told Hindus in this area still have a human sacrifice once a year and when night comes hit the bottle and have cock fighting gambling and drunken orgies...

So we returned down the river in the moon light stopping only at the police boat to report our safe return. Apparently the pastor had informed the local police of our medical trip..

Orphans Home. Faith International

15th Jan. I was greeted on my birthday with the orphan children sing a happy birthday. I opened my birthday card from my case. I had been to town on the back of Joseph's motorcycle to send emails at the internet café and buy t shirt for Joseph stock up with biscuits and grapes and some oranges. Joseph bought me a Indian suit and I wore it for the children's meeting. The Lord helped me to give the word 2 Chron 9 v 1-7 ...”Happy are these thy servants” and Mephibosheth invited to the Kings table.... As I preached I was aware that Pastor Joseph was struggling then he was overcome with emotion and could not continue... What to do suddenly Sunitha Pastor Josephs wife stepped up and began to translate, then she too overwhelmed by the Spirit of God could not continue . The present writer was too touched by God. ...

The Leprosy Colony, Nidadavole, India



What should I preach ?

The lepers had been praising God worshipping the Lord, hands in the air, shockingly many hands without fingers but all faces with a smile only marred by the disease . Praising the Lord with a fervency that was inspiring their eyes shining their hearts full of gratitude.

Yet they were covered in flies living in the filth of a rubbish tip, the land kindly provided by the government of India.

I wanted to drink some water but a glance at the flies swarming over it changed my mind.

The Lord spoke and the Word came to me. .

Jesus said I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive unto myself that where I AM, you may be also

John 14 v 2 v 3

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

A Ministry of Love in Song



Princess Alice Hospital Now closed where precious Gospel meetings were held for nearly 12 years. Tony and Sheila singing with Rob Gatland on the piano



How it started

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 outside 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..

“DO YOU THINK GOD COULD” ?

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.

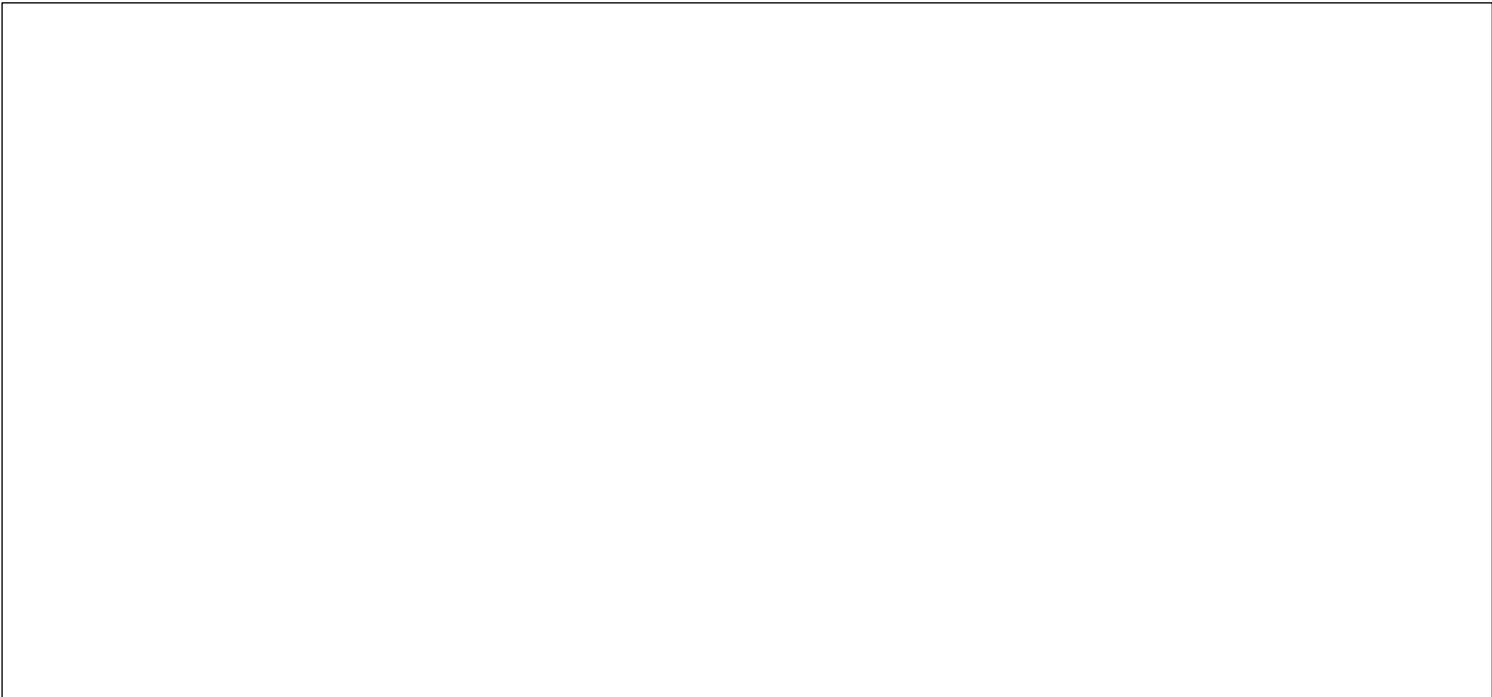
On the following Sunday, we visited Alice and John at home. It was such a thrill to see them together after almost 7 months in hospital. John had been terrific. At age 90 he had visited everyday and helped other patients, taking them out into the garden. Now they were at home again. How we enjoyed sitting 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".



"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.

Mrs Giles . 22

It was a Friday evening and the evening when Dalybread Gospel group visited the Hospital to sing favourite Hymns and gospel songs

Ben their grandson was on holiday with Sheila and Tony so he had come along too. It was a little unusual but Sheila knew that the old ladies would be thrilled to meet him more they would love him. It happened on Faraday Ward this particular evening as they entered the ward and started to greeting the patients they introduced little Ben to each one. When Ben drew near to Mrs Giles bed a lovely moment took place.

Mrs Giles had had a leg amputated and the stump was uncovered and all could see the wound above the knee. Mrs Giles had always been very distant, she seemed in a world of her own a world of regrets of pain and grief. She never communicated and when approached she only looked blank. On this night however something happened.

As Ben drew near to her bed he looked under that table and inspected her leg.. Then looked up into her face.

At this same moment she had noticed the deep wound in his face they . At the same moment their eyes meet, she smiles as if to say I understand I know, Bens reaction was very similar. A mixture of compassion understanding and love a look of pathos. Mrs Giles reaches out a tender frail hand and gently touched Bens cheek . God is at work for God is love...

"He rolled back the waters" 17

It was a Friday night at Princess Alice Hospital. The gospel group known as the Dalybread "A Ministry of Love in Song" 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....

Poland

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



The Lord provided for 100 pairs of shoes for the Pentecostal Churches in Poland



A Room full of gifts for Poland



'I baptise you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'

Sarah Jane was being baptised by immersion in a Believer's Baptism at Hailsham Baptist Church. It was a moving service and it gave us great joy to see a young woman being obedient to God's command, "Believe and be Baptised."

The service was over. In the church hall people were mingling over the refreshments.

'Do you remember me? I glanced at the lady who had spoken searching my memory but nothing came into my mind. 'I am sorry...' I half apologised. 'Norwich, the market, a man came to attack you, I stood near you and prayed for your safety. It only took a moment before I remembered the market place, a Saturday morning.

Norwich had always been a "hard place" in which to preach. There had been witches and weird folk and much opposition to the Gospel. It was just the same on that particular Saturday morning as I preached the Gospel message near the market stalls in the shopping precinct.

I had mentioned something about the occult and Satanists. A man with gold earrings and long hair shouted and ran to attack me. His fist travelled towards my head until it was only an inch or so from my nose. He was so close I could feel his breath on my face, the heat and sweat of his body almost stifled me. He was still shouting and waving his heavily tattooed arms about when I closed my eyes in prayer.

Suddenly an amazing thing occurred. Immediately, I was filled with an incredible love.

I opened my eyes and was able to start telling this angry man how much God loved him, Jesus Christ had hung on a blood-stained cross and had died for him. As I spoke the man appeared to melt in front of me.

It seemed as if all the aggression and anger just dissipated. There was just this limp human form filled with hate standing in front of me. I was still speaking to him of God's love, when as suddenly as he appeared, he ran off and vanished into the crowds. I turned to the folks who had witnessed this spectacle saying something like, 'Isn't it amazing.

I have come to this town with love in my heart, with a loving Gospel message which tells of a God who loves us so much that while we were still sinners He sent His only Son, Jesus Christ to die for us and if you believe on Him you shall have everlasting life. (John 3 v 16)

How soon the enemy and his agents became angry. How soon the demons were stirred up.' Then I continued to preach the message. I remember how the Lord helped me and as I made an appeal a few people who had been listening had responded and taken Gospels.

It was then I had turned to Eileen, this lady whom the Lord had sent to stand by my side. So back in Hailsham I met Eileen from Norwich again. We talked and shared experiences of the Lord's goodness and gave me her address. Before Eileen left she asked, 'Would you consider going to Poland? Pray about it,' she instructed. I agreed to bring it before the Lord and seek His will on the matter.

'You have a camper van don't you?' I nodded. Well, we go to Poland every year to preach in the open air...would you consider taking us in your van?'

So, after prayer and time with the Lord, I felt this was an open door to Poland.

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 sinners 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.

BROTHER DID YOU SEE THEY WERE WEEPING?

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Ireland

An Sower went forth to sow;



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.

Swansea _ Cork Ferry



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"



My first camp in Bandon



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. I spent some time explaining the gospel to him: and the importance 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.

Brother Tony . UK