

Journal for 9 Counties

How shall they hear without a preacher and shall they preach except they be sent.
Romans 10 v 14.

Thursday 9th May 2001.

It seemed a if I would never get away. So many things to do, after my return from the Philippines. So many that seemed vitally important yet I knew I had to make the break. I loaded the van on Thursday while Sheila cooked sausages, potatoes, boiled eggs and generally prepared food. The fridge worked and I had joy when the van had passed its M.O.T. only needing one tyre.

Hailsham. Friday. 10th May

Sheila said goodbye and went on her way to Eastbourne to look after Joseph. I was praying then went up with my Bible and a pile of tracts to the town. David Chan passed me as I was distributing my first tracts and when I arrived at the bus stops I knew I had to preach. It was fairly crowded with folks already waiting for the Asda bus. The Lord greatly helped me to proclaim the Word, and many were listening.

As I gave out I noticed David Chan had returned to walk by and listen in! The bus arrived while I was in mid flow but I continued on and the Lord helped me. Later as I offered tracts to those around two Christians were so thrilled at hearing the Word. "We have been praying for you". The younger woman was so excited having not heard the Word preached before. I shared for a while and explained that I was beginning a preaching tour and they assured me they would pray.

I walked down to the market place and met with Derek, known in the market as "Slim! Slim is a big man with bushy sideburns, a full face, ruddy complexion and a twinkle in his eyes. He jokes and teases the few customers who come to say "How much? while holding out some trifle they have selected. "For your darling five pounds, cheap at half the price, go on then, 50 pence".

As I preached Derek busied himself with his bric a brac, occasionally giving out tracts to folks he knew. Keith a dear Christian friend turned up while I was in full flow and stood near me asserting, "Amen," later his wife Jean arrived.

It was while we were talking and sharing that Michael Parsons turned up with his new wife and stopped to talk. I was pleased and surprised. Michael was married to my secretary Carol many tears before when I was still a Sales Manager and I had the joy of leading her to the Lord

. She had many problems and Sheila and I attempted to pour in the oil and the wine. However since then they separated and both have new partners. Michael seemed not to be embarrassed but shared openly with me. They are going to France to rebuild an old farmhouse he complained that the “Old tax man wants its all, Nothin left for meself” I’m tired of workin fer nothin”

Keith told me he had some goods for faith in Action so we walked together to his car, I stopped to give out tracts to this one and that. He did not stay and I finished loading the van. I was almost ready to set off when there was a knock at the door. It was Michael and Lois from Pevensey Bay. They said they had felt the Lord burden them to come and pray for me. I was amazed that the Lord had brought them within minutes of my setting off. I made coffee and we shared for an hour before they prayed for me.. Amazing and wonderful.

When they had gone I started up and drove down Gordon road wondering what lay ahead? The van swished down the road and soon I was parking up in Hoard High Street.

Horam

Grabbing a handful of tracts I jumped out and proceeded to distribute them to all and sundry. There were few folks about but it seemed very profitable. I entered a few shops and said “brighten your day” laying a tract on the counter as I passed the pub I noticed that the window was open and gave the man nearest a tract. The Lord gave me love and joy and soon I was heading up the hill to Heathfield. I stopped at the telephone box to leave a tract then continued up the hill. Was I imagining it, was the van struggling? I

Heathfield

I parked on the corner near the Waitrose Supermarket store. The Lord gave me much joy as I walked around giving out tracts. I passed the building where my old office used to be located and remembered how the Lord had led me all these years. Soon I had traversed both sides and returned to the van.

Rotherfield

Rotherfield was empty I placed a tract in the telephone box a couple through letterboxes and one or two to folks passing by before restarting the van and continuing on my way

Crowborough

I parked outside the town on the upward slope and walked up the hill giving out tracts. It was a joy again to see the seed was sown in so many unexpected places also into many hands. there were a few folks sitting at the traffic lights near the church, others waiting at the bus stops. I was saddened when I noticed a chapel now turned into a business.

On my return to the van I started the engine and waited as lots of cars were coming up the hill. Eventually there was a gap and I pulled out. Suddenly the van lurched , twice in quick succession, I struggled to keep the revs up and it lurched again but kept going only just. Gradually I made it up the hill and proceeded to the traffic lights with bated breath. "Lord I cried, Help" Fortunately As I turned right down the hill the engine settled and I drew into my camp site with much relief

The Warden recognized me, (rather later he said he remembered me through my van, for he had owned an Autohomes Merlin himself at one time). Later while waiting at the water tap to fill up my tank the preceding Motorhome owner said, "Oh look, A Merlin we had one of those", but when they looked up to see Acts 8 v 4, they were embarrassed and looked away with disdain realizing that I was a Christian.

The warden led me to a hard standing and I soon had sorted out my camp, letting down the corner steadies, turning the driving and passenger seats inwards and putting out my sun lounger! Peace. After my meal of salad I was able to rest in the sunshine then later to walk the nearby fields to pray and call upon the Lord. The time passed quickly and soon it was time for bed.

Tunbridge Wells

I woke early to a fine day. Lord I prayed, Thy will be done, Lead and guide me. Soon I was on my way driving down the smooth road to Tunbridge wells. The van ran smoothly apart from a few times when the engine faltered in 5th gear, maybe it is dirt in the petrol? Lord please give me wisdom? Shall I continue my journey or return?

I found off street parking on the main road under the shade of the trees. It was 8 10 AM, I arrived early to get a parking place. Now I'm ready for an early morning foray into town. A lovely morning! I prayed and set off across the grass in the sunshine. A man was cleaning his car and as I drew near I offered him a tract. He took it and said Praise the Lord.

Yes he was a Christian and we shared for a few moments. It was an encouragement., Walking up the hill I met a policeman so I stopped to tell him that I was going to preach, By the clock tower he enquired I said no outside Marks and Spencer. He walked off but later I noticed listening some distance down the road.

The Lord gave me much love to proclaim the Word. Tunbridge can be very hard but this morning I had liberty. A man stopped beside me listening for some time. After a while I stopped to give him a daily reading before he went off. Later I walked around the streets distributing tracts and came across Brian a Christian from Wadhurst. I was shocked at his appearance he looked very overweight. Brian told me that Martha had been on holiday in Eastbourne. We shared together and then after giving out my last tracts I returned joyfully to the van.

I found the road to Ashford after some difficulty, I had to retrace my steps to the traffic lights but then made better progress on a b road that wound through the delightful countryside. The engine faltered from time to time. I stopped to adjust the petrol thinking it was starved. Then parked in a side street to walk into town.

Ashford

Amazing and Wonderful! All Glory to God. I walked into town to find it full of people. The council had built a new dais with a small wall and a seating area, ideal for a preacher. The Lord showed me that I should preach straight away and the Lord helped me. I had great composure great joy in giving out the Word, many folks were sitting listening. When I concluded my message two young folks behind me took Daily Readings gladly, others around also responded including two who were sitting outside a pub drinking.

I gave out more tracts then left the town rejoicing. It had been wonderful a blessing from God. On my return to the van I readjusted the petrol to see if it helped and prayed Lord lead me safely to Folkstone.

Folkstone,

I enjoyed the ride down to Folkstone, although I did pass the road to Ashford and had to retrace my steps, you turn right at the traffic lights at Pembury Hospital. I

parked outside the office and booked in for three nights, £8.25 also £5 for the key. The warden cycled off to guide me to my pitch but the van would not start.. So I sat there wondering what to do? Eventually I walked up to where the Warden was talking with a couple and explained that I had broken down. He showed me my pitch, number 35 and I walked back to the van. On my way another camper told me that there was no spark. He had listened and that was the problem. He liked to talk and I extricated myself after listening to several tales of disaster!

Back in the van I tried the starter motor, the engine fired first time. Hallelujah. The comic mechanic came over, his diagnosis had changed. The problem he confidently explained was petrol. He remembered an old van he owned and that never started because the petrol had vaporized. After waiting 15 minutes it would start up, he got rid of it!. With some relief I left him and drove slowly to my pitch and parked up.

I enjoyed a salad lunch before sitting out to rest in the glorious sunshine. There were several families nearby and the children were so noisy, it was bedlam at times so I went for a walk only returning at 5 PM to prepare my dinner. Lord peace and quiet! After dinner I set off again to walk the beach and pray returning at 7 20 PM. Then decided to visit Gordon and Marjory at 67 Wear bay Road, I was surprised when I walked up the hill how much easier it was. Amazing how the Lord had strengthened my heart, I was hardly out of breath. Thank you Lord. There was no one at home and as the sun was still shining at the top of the hill I decided to stay and pray in the warm.

Sunday.

I was about to set off when I discovered that my bike had a puncture on the front wheel, "Oh dear" What to do? I will walk? On the hill I sat on a bench for a while over looking the harbour. I noticed that there was a car outside number 67, I did not stop as I thought maybe I would stop on the way back from church.

In the church I met Gareth the new Pastor we talked for a while, he was amenable but not warm. He left to prepare for the meeting. As folks began to arrive I said "Hello" and was warmly greeted by Frank, Ray and some others who remembered me.

Gareth

preached on making disciple but I was rather concerned, as it seemed that we all have to disciple twelve others and they have to disciple twelve. It hinted of heavy shepherding to me. I arranged with Ray to meet him in the town between 10 AM and 11 AM the following morning. I said goodbye to Gareth and his wife, who seemed

more interested in my mission than her husband and left walking slowly back up the hill.

As I passed number 67 I found the driveway was empty so I returned to camp tired. After a lunch, salad again I slept in the afternoon sunshine. Later I walked the beach again to pray and praise the Lord. On my return Peter a man in a camper opposite came over and said, "I know what Acts 8 v 4 is and I know what Mark 1 v 38 is but what is Bera? I could not think for a moment then remembered that it was a Hebrew word for gift. He was shocked when I mentioned "Spectator Christians" and "The branch that bears no fruit will be cut off: gathered and burned in the fire" he said "I hope not" .

Monday.

Having slept well I awoke to misty sunshine. No rain in the night but it was cooler. I decided to wear my jacket and set at 9 AM to walk the hill to the town centre. I had a blessed time in the Word and in prayer. Going through scriptures about Apostasy again.

Later

Walking slowly into the town, pacing myself I arrived at 9 30 AM s posting a letter at the local Post office and telephoning to Sandwich for a place to camp Tuesday night. There were not many folks about unlike Hailsham, but I gave out tracts steadily and constantly until all were gone. I was waiting at 10 O clock but there was no sign of Ray. I waited until 10 30 still no sign so I continued to give out tracts. I walked up to Sainsburies and bought my groceries also enquired in a cycle shop for a inner tube. This special cyclist shop which sold mountain bikes was out of stock of inner tubes. Amazing.

Back in the precinct there was still no sign, but while distributing more tracts I was accosted by a madman. He told me that he was going to heaven. I told him he must be born again. He told me there were lots of lunatics walking the streets just let loose. He told me that his friend spoke 100 languages that he once looked after an elderly woman and when some man threatened her he hit him with an iron bar and broke his arm. At this point he became very fierce and was swearing. At this stage I became aware that this man could be dangerous. I told I that of Ray so at 10 .45 AM I started to preach in slight drizzle. There was a steady flow of folks passing by while others stood huddled in shop doorways listening. I noticed a man and a woman stopped under a sun canopy to listen afar off. When I finished they started to walk away the husband went into a shop and she seemed to be trying to escape from me.

I quickened my step caught her up and offered her a daily Reading. I asked her if she was a believer? "Yes she said but I don't trust anyone, it's not worth it". I said "but we could love them". I explained that we were living in the last days and that the Lord was coming. She said "I hope he comes soon and sort it out". I gave out the last of my tracts and as I turned the corner there was another bicycle shop and Yes they had a inner tube, £ 4. 50. Wonderful God knows our need.

I returned to camp walking through the back streets as the rain began to fall. I stopped again at 67 Wear Bay Road but there was no sign of any car outside. I arrived back at the camp fairly wet. After lunch I repaired the puncture and then decided to start the van and run the engine. It started first time and I allowed the engine to run for twenty minutes then as the camp site was almost empty I decided to move to a place with a view over the sea. I moved the van and wanted to put it up on boards, but the engine would not start at all, the battery was flat. Oh dear, Lord what to do?

Later Just telephoned the RAC, they said they would be here in an hour. I also phoned Gary to tell him I had broken down.

4 PM.Hallelujah,

The RAC came within $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour they found that the alternator is Kaput- finished. He telephoned and found one for £108.00 plus Vat They will come to fix it tomorrow. DV. I telephoned Gary to pass on message to Sheila. He said he was busy with the web page. He's playing with photos. He relayed a message from Malcolm I can go on Fridays or Sundays Lord please guide!

A rough plan for the coming week? Lord wisdom.

Tuesday Dover Deal

Wednesday Ramsgate-Margate

Thursday Herne bay- Canterbury

Friday Faversham- Sittingbourne

Saturday Rochester- Chatham

Tuesday 15 th May 2001 7 20 AM

I awoke to find a sea mist hanging over the cliffs. During the night the Lord had showed me a possible scam (rip off) regarding the repairs to my van. Simply this; that they would by a £47 alternator and charge me for £127.00 for a new one. All the circumstances pointed to this.

The first RAC man had suggested an alternative to a new one, going to Dover and this firm that replaced and renewed your alternator on site and when I had said "Yes I am going to Dover tomorrow" he rather backtracked and said perhaps the battery would not get me there , and then perhaps there would not be enough time to finish the job and that van would be in the garage at nightfall etc.

Then he asked me several times how I would pay. I had replied cash. Then he had said that he was not on duty the next day but he would tell his boss and he would come to do the job all of this facts had me concerned so I wondered what to do.

At 7.10 AM I telephoned the RAC and shared my fears, Julie Robinson answered me listened and was sympathetic, told me she would speak to her manager when she came in after 8 AM.

The sun has broken through, Hallelujah. I prepared the van all ready to go, emptied the toilet, put up the corner steadies and step, now I'm waiting o the Lord. More later! I telephoned RAC again they said they had contacted customer services and he would contact the area manager so I feel much better about it! Praise the Lord.

Waited until 12 AM while waiting a man came over and introduced himself a Christian David and his wife have been led by the Lord to go around as Intercessors praying for the land towns and cities.

Apparently he had been a pastor for many years in Corfe Mullen, they gave me two books Daily readings printed in Wimbourne, very nicely done, I gave him a daily reading of mine. While we were sharing the RAC came and fitted a new alternator and it was a new one, Praise the Lord, so said goodbye and came on to Dover

Dover

It was with relief that I checked out of the Folkstone site, retrieving my £5 key money and ascending the hill to the road. Soon I was on the motorway cruising down the hill into the town. I noticed a slip road and returned to park for no charge. Walking into town by another route made a pleasant change. There were not many folks about, I was surprised as it was almost lunch hour. After giving out some tracts I stopped to preach the Word. Again as was usual in Dover the people passed by without and apparent interest. When I concluded one two men took literature, one who had been selling big Issue almost opposite me and another nearby. I gave out more tracts up and down then returned to the van to drive to Deal.

Deal

I parked on the main road into town and walked the few hundred yards to the precinct. I love Deal as it is so small people cannot easily ignore you. However there were not many folks about. I stood outside the Nationwide Building Society to give out the Word. Some ladies were sitting listening beside me. One man interrupted me saying, "There is only one God but there are many ways to find him" He was a time waster and wanted to argue but I told him that "There was One God and One Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus" and resumed preaching. I picked up the treads of my message again and praised the Lord when the two ladies both received daily readings.

I gave out more tracts walking out of town. I had decided not to visit Ken and Elsie Woods as I guessed they might be having a rest being afternoon.

The van's engine was still giving me trouble, faltering in some places as I drove into Sandwich and located the site down a side road. The field was occupied with only one caravan but full of others parked up. A man was busy cutting the grass he took my membership card and directed me to a side field assuring me that the ground was hard. Mrs Dodd's the owner would come out later to take the money.

The ground was hard but the grass was longer than I liked making the wheels spin. I managed to get it up on boards and sort myself out. I had not long finished when Mrs Dodd's appeared with her dog a little terrier. She carried a glass in her hand and welcomed me explaining that her husband was a trawlerman and often away. She indicated that this was her farm and that she organized and kept the place. I paid for two nights £6.00 and she went off urging me to come over to the farm if I needed anything at all.

When she had left I settled myself behind my windbreak laid out in the sun and dozed off. I was partially awakened by her husband doing grass cutting on the other field. It is now 6 PM. It's been a lovely afternoon and now Lord I need to pray and prepare for tomorrows battles. Guide me, shall I go to Ramsgate- Margate, AM PM? Lord please Guard guide

Wednesday 16th May 2001

I awoke to find cloudy skies and the wind blowing. I prepared and then set off at 9 AM. I parked on the seafront near the parkland and walked down the side street to avoid the gusty wind blowing on the front. I happened across a small estate called the Cloisters so began to post tracts in the letterboxes

The small estate turned out to rather larger than I first thought, but the Lord was blessing and I completed it. I walked into town and was pleased to find the shopping Centre busy with folks so I set too, giving out tracts. There were many refusals and when I started to preach there was much opposition. Despite this as I preached one young woman came to ask for a tract. When later I was distributing more tracts another young lady came to request a tract. Praise the Lord. I was amazed that I was having such a good time when it had seemed impossible earlier that anything could be done.

I bought a Danish Pastry and walked up the hill in a rough wind to reach the van just before a downpour. I made some tea and sat eating my bun watching a party of school children who were soaked running for their coach. I finished my letter to Sheila and will now go on to Margate. Lord lead and guide.

Margate

I approached Margate from a different direction to my normal and so parked up on a side road. I walked down the road posting tracts but realized as I did so that I was too far away from town so retraced my steps to the van. As I did so I was thrilled to see a man reading a tract that I had just put into his letterbox. He had come to post a letter and passed me by. Wonderful!

Back in the van I started the engine and drove down the road when suddenly there was a roar from the exhaust pipe and I knew I had more trouble. The exhaust had broken off. I pulled in on double yellow lines wondering what to do. Where is there a garage? Should I telephone the RAC? I restarted and drove up to a main road heads were turning on every side, as I stopped to make enquiries. A friendly colored man directed me to Kwik-Fix which he said "Was about a mile down the road".

As I climbed into the cab I noticed a policeman on the other side of the road and was grateful he was some distance away. I roared down the road trying to ease the throttle and eventually arrived at Kwik-Fix with a magnificent roar. The mechanic was quickly out to tell me "That they did not have a ramp and that they were not allowed by EC regulations to get under the van on the pavement and that I would have to go to Canterbury where they did have a ramp". I protested "Its impossible, surely there is a place where I can get help". He said well you could try National Tyres just down on the left.

I restarted my engine and roared away causing more necks to strain and more heads to turn. I found National tyres on the corner and drove onto the pavement. On enquiring in the office a friendly man said that if I could wait he would see to me. I waited outside and prayed to the Lord.

Soon I was asked to drive into the garage and he quickly jacked the van up and got under. Within minutes he said OK start her up. The engine fired and all was back to normal. Hallelujah. I smiled and looked out of the cab, "No charge". How wonderful. I got out to thank him and asked him for his head office address explaining that I would write to the Managing director. I gave him £5 for his trouble and drove back into town seeking a parking place. Would I be able to preach I wondered?

I found a place with one-hour parking and walked quickly to the shopping precinct standing opposite the ancient clock. As soon as I started to preach a an angry young woman shop assistant came to remonstrate with me asking –demanding that I move away. As I continued to preach more people were mocking and scoffing, rude and belligerent. One young mother swore and others made remarks. I guessed that Christians have been preaching here regularly for the people to be so angry so quickly.

But the Lord was at work for one of the shop assistants came out of the shoe shop and stood listening to every word. Later she took a booklet, as did too other young women. I left the town via the bus stop giving out tracts to bemused folks at the bus queue. I could see they were watching me as I went from one bus queue to another. I came away feeling victorious and happy knowing the word of warning had been faithfully given and that the Gospel had been proclaimed. I know that some seed will fall on good ground and that "One sown- one waters but God gives the increase!

I stopped along the coast road overlooking the Sea. I enjoyed my salad and jumped out of the van to get fresh air. Overlooking the promenade from above I noticed a rough looking man staring up at me. Later as I walked I realized that he had come up to my level and seemed to be heading for me. If I walked this way he seemed to be following me. So I took a detour onto the main road observing him in my binoculars him.

Broadstairs.

I drove into town and parked on the Broadway struggling with the new parking machines that were computerized. It was pretty quite so I decided to walk down one side and up the other giving out tracts when I could. On my way up I passed by a sweet shop took a double take and could hardly believe my eyes. The sweet shop was old fashioned rows of shelves containing jars of sweets just as they used to be fifty years ago. Amazing |I walked in and was taken back to my childhood. Of course I had to buy some and came away with Treacle toffees and boiled sweets. Lovely. I returned to the site stopping only to refill with petrol, £33.00.

The sun came out but it was still very breezy as I rested in my chair. Its now 6 45 PM and I have been thinking of Sheila. I walk the field praying and calling upon the Lord

Thursday 17th May 10 AM

Last night I was blessed as I listened to another of Brother Joe's tapes, I wrote to Sheila and then turned in, sleeping well. The wind has been blowing all night but it is dry and sunny Praise the Lord. I drove to Canterbury and have parked on the top of the hill near the camping site as all the parking places were full. It is blowing hard to breezy for a bike ride so I will have to walk to the City. Lord please guide me!

Canterbury.

I walked down the hill and posted tract into homes. The City was fairly busy and the Lord led me to a good spot to preach. A dear Christian man came along and stopped to talk. He was elderly but with a fresh face and lively disposition. He told me that he remembered a sermon of exhortation many years ago to preach the Word. They did not do it but he seemed impressed that I was to preach. I wondered if he would stop beside me and support me but he went off. However I was encouraged.

The Lord gave me great liberty. The city usually is very hard but the Word went forth with love and power., Praise the Lord. A man selling the "Big Issue" took a daily reading, which was a blessing to me. I worked hard walking up and down distributing the rest of my tracts, posting the last ones in homes, telephoned Mrs Vidgeon at Hoo, on the Island of Grain to book my camp for the weekend before proceeding to walk up the hill back to camp. Mrs Vidgeon stated that they had only just opened the site as it had been soaked with water but she assured me "It is dry now" I stopped at the local shop to buy eggs and potatoes, posted my letter to Sheila before booking into the camp for one night.

The warden gave me permission to park where I liked so I went down the field and found a spot near the hedge and away from other campers. Lovely. I cooked egg and chips and tried to sunbathe before being driven inside by the clouds and wind to listen to the Archers!!!

Friday 18th May 2001

Yesterday it was windy all afternoon. I did some jobs-cleaned the carpet and listened to two of Brother Joe's ministry tapes. I slept well last night and dozed until 8 AM. Its now 9 Am and it's a dull morning but dry. The wind has dropped praise God. Lord what is thy will for today? Faversham or Sittingbourne?

Faversham.

Just arrived in Faversham and parked in a side street on an hour parking slot. Its 9 30 AM and cool. Lord please lead and guide

Later: The town was occupied with market stalls and also a TV crew setting up for some local politician and interviewing passers by! I stood at the edge of the market to proclaim the Gospel. While I was preaching I notice a policeman who on hearing me stood behind a stall to listen. After a while he went on his way. I also noticed a young man with the camera crew was listening intently and later he took a tract while his companions refused and laughed.

One of the market traders complained that I was shouting I told him you do not whisper the Gospel. I was amazed that he could complain remembering all the noise market traders can make! I distributed tracts up and down then returned to the van. I had felt very weak on going into town but returned strong. Hallelujah. Now Lord shall I go on to Sittingbourne? Thy will be done.

Sittingbourne

I drove into Sittingbourne and found parking in a side street, I posted some tracts through letterboxes and went into town. It was crowded with shoppers. On the way up a young man who I had just given a tract too accosted me. "You are highly favoured" doing the Lords will. I haven't been released to serve the Lord yet" We walked up the hill together and I stopped to give out the occasional tract. I guessed that the young man was aged around thirty years, short and a little plump, he stated that he was "seeking to serve the Lord full time but had a mortgage and all the bills to pay". He told me that he was commuting to London every day but had come from Chatham for an interview to seek a job, hopefully to get free of the World.

We were interrupted by another man who had taken a tract but had opinions he wanted to force on me. I listened for a while but realized that he was a time waster.

I was sorry he had intervned for the Christian had excused himself and goner on his way. I had really wanted to talk with him and realized that had not even asked his name?

Later as I was preaching I noticed him on the other side of the road and he acknowledged me. Two other people came to interrupt me while I was speaking but I did not give way to them but continued with my message. How the devil sends his agents to interrupt Gods Word? I finished and gave out all my tracts. Many folks were interested in the tract "Why am I here"? It touched a chord with many. I finished off posting tracts in the same road but on the other side as I returned to the van. Then drove on to Hooe at 2. 35 PM and found Mrs Vidgeon was out.

I inspected the ground and found it was soft so choose a site at the top of the field and struggled to get the van up on boards because of the wet thick grass. Oh dear Lord I think I am going to need your help getting off. Now to rest in the Lord.

Later that evening I remembered my snow chains and put them on then found Mrs Vidgeon and paid her £ 9 for three nights. Friday Saturday and Sunday. She said If I have any trouble her husband has a tractor and can pull me off.

Chatham

Sat 19th May I was awake at 6. AM Up and about to discover that the fridge was not working, the gas bottle was empty, it usually happens in the morning. So Changed it over in my pajamas. The sun shone briefly, the skies are bright. The Lord blessed me in a time of prayer for Chatham. I will go in by bus. Lord please guide.

Later

I stood waiting at the bus stop and realized that I had forgotten my sun hat. The sun came out and was hot. I returned quickly to the van and got it and praise the Lord did not miss my bus. I paid £1.80 single fare thinking that I might stop at Rochester on my return. I enjoyed the bus ride, leaving all the responsibility to the driver. Arrived in town to find it already busy. Many people were refusing tracts.

I started to preach and had liberty and love. I preached a long time the Lord helping me. There were two men listening, one went off before I could offer a tract. The other refused to take literature. Later while giving out tracts I met then one who had listened and he took a tract.

I found that giving out tracts was hard work but I persevered and was thrilled when a Muslim and a Hindu took tracts . I also stood in the Arcade where the Lord blessed and many took them. On arriving at the bus terminal I enquired of a us to Hooe and I was told that there was a bus number 16 leaving within a few minutes and gratefully got on. I did not stop at Rochester as I had no literature and returned to

the camp site to find it empty the other campers had gone out for the day. Praise God I am alone.

Sunday

I awoke to bright sunshine. I had a blessed time in the Word and in prayer before making breakfast. I did some tidying up and gluing up the edging then a restful day in the sunshine. Later I telephoned Karen and Gary re Brian Dee. They had an email message he is going to Ipswich on Thursday so I arranged to meet with him at 9.30 am in Bury and join with him?

It was good to hear Karen again it did me good. I arranged for her to tell Sheila to post a letter to me via Brian, so I will get a letter on Thursday. Hallelujah I am going to Essex tomorrow DV. Lord please guide and lead me. Its a lovely evening and I am still alone. Wonderful. I found that two rubbers were missing underneath the van on the exhaust pipe. Praise God I found I had two spares in the kit!

Monday- Brentwood

The Lord greatly helped me this morning to get off the site. I had strapped on the snow chains and after starting the van set off. It was easy but when I reached the hard pathway and stopped to take them off I found that one of them had got tangled into the brake. Lords what to do? I moved the van backwards and with a few hefty tugs it came loose thought I noticed the strap had been torn. I set off with a light heart and rejoiced in the new motorway to the Dartford tunnel which is still only a £1.

I'm now parked in a side street in Brentwood, Lord thy will be done. Walking into town I posted tracts into nearby cottages and houses. I was amazed at how quiet the town Centre was. However I set too and gave out tracts up and down, going into the shopping arcade. While driving out of town I noticed a Sainsburies and decided to get my shopping. As I approached the car park I hit a sleeping policeman rather hard and later found all my clothes in the wardrobe on the floor. Fortunately no serious damage was done.

Billaricay

Again the high street was very quite again I went up and down giving tracts to as many as I could. A man in a disabled chair who took a tract and as I returned on the other side of the road I came across him again was reading the tract, he was so engrossed in it that he did not notice me pass by. Hallelujah. A woman was very offish as I offered her a tract and we walked together for a while so I sang, Jesus

how lovely you are till our ways parted. I telephoned a nearby site in Wickford Road and then parked up in a side street to have salad

After lunch I drove down the main road past the road works and found the camping site which was used for a county showground. It was a massive place and I parked in a field near the CCC sign. It was windy so I set up my windbreaks and put the van on boards. Eventually I found the office and booked in but realized that I had camped on the wrong field. I rushed to dismantle my windbreaks, bundled everything into the back and drove quickly across the river and found the correct field. Oh Dear fortunately no one came to rebuke me. I settled down in the afternoon sunshine and rested. The evening meal was chicken purchased at Sainsburies and salad with hot potatoes, lovely. I set out on a prayer walk across a very large field obviously used for a boot sale. I topped up the engine oil the dipstick showed on minimum! A lovely evening. 6.30PM.

Chelmsford.

Tuesday 22nd May

I was awake early but up late, 8 AM but had a sense of deep peace about my visit to Chelmsford. The sun was shining as I walked the field praying. Leaving the camp I took the road to Wickford where I stopped for petrol, £23 then sought directions for the Chelmsford Road. In Chelmsford I discovered my usual spot was fully occupied so I had to return to the roundabout where I squeezed the van into a small spot in a side road. I decided to cycle into the town and set off with prayer

Later

Amazing and wonderful- Glory to God. I took my cycle and chained it up near the river. I was giving out tracts, "There is hope" by the bus stops when a woman stopped. Carol was the wife of the Pastor of the Pentecostal Church in Ingatestone. She shared the hardships they had experienced in a recent Crusade, such hard work and no response! They had given out 2000 leaflets, prayed much and no one came!!! I listened, sharing a few things the Lord had done so we encouraged one another.

She was thrilled to think that I had come to preach in her town. She requested that she pray for me. I readily assented. It was a blessing and such an encouragement to me. I continued into the town passing the place I usually preach in and went directly to another place the Lord had showed me in prayer the previous evening. It was outside Marks and Spencer's and was already crowded with folks many of whom were sitting around. I gave out some tracts to those around then jumping onto the wall surrounding the flower beds I preached out.

I thank the Lord for the Word going forth with power and love. Many folks were listening and the Lord touched the hearts of some that stopped to listen. A woman came as I was in full flow requesting that "I tell them, there is no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus". I had been preaching on judgement so perhaps she did not like this however I did manage to incorporate it into my message. Some folks called out as I preach "God bless you", others mocked.

When I finished I was busy giving out Daily readings to folks who had listened nearby. One young woman Louis had listened all the while and now was asking questions. She had been brought up as a Catholic so I could tell her of my experience hearing about Jesus but not being saved, How religion could not save but what was needed was a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. She asked me if I would speak in her school and I agreed I gave her my email number and she took a daily reading before going off. I gave two colored folks a daily reading also two women who had been sitting listening. As I was occupied with these a man came to interrupt, "Here give me a book" he too went off with a daily reading.

Then I met two of the women the Lord had stopped earlier who had waited patiently to speak to me. Pauline explained that her companion was her mother Valerie. Pauline and her mother were Christians and so thrilled and blessed with hearing the Word of God. They said they would pray for the young lady for they had watched as Louis had been listening and observed me speaking to her. I shared some things about India, Poland and of my recent trip to the Philippines. We could have spent all day talking they were so interested. They promised to pray for me in Sudbury and Ipswich before saying goodbye

When all that was done I gave out a few more tracts, then telephoned Mrs Marshal at Felstead for my camping place then another blessed time at the bus stops with new people taking tracts before returning to unlock my cycle and push up the hill to the van. How I rejoiced in all the Lord had done. Glory to God.

Truly it had been amazing and wonderful! I drove across the road to Tesco's and bought some more groceries before setting out for Felstead.

The drive to Felstead was enjoyable and as I entered the outskirts of the town I discovered the little rough track behind the school that led to the farm. Two lively barking black Labradors greeted me. Mr Marshal came out of the conservatory to welcome me a thickset man with a jolly face. After calming the dogs he directed me to the camping field, which on uneven ground which I found to be still very wet. As there was a slope I decided to camp near the entrance, and put the van up on boards. It was warm so I lost no time in making my salad lunch and settled down to

rest in the chair. There was only one other caravan occupied by an elderly couple and they were shut inside all day so virtually I was alone.

Later I walked up and down the field calling upon the Lord then took a cycle ride out into the surrounding countryside. On my return I saw Mr Marshal and asked to return my membership card.

Braintree Wednesday 23rd May

I have slept well and had a leisurely breakfast at 7 AM. I tidied the van, swept through with the small handbrush and shook the mats. As I drove off the site I found that the grass was still wet with last night's dew so the vans wheels slipped and skidded.

Its now 9 45 AM and I have found off street parking in Braintree. It is a lovely morning, Hallelujah. The Lord reminded me, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great a Salvation? All those who did not escape, Adam and Eve, Sodom and Gomorrah, Noah's generation, King David when he committed adultery and King Solomon when his heart turned to idol worship in his old age. The wages of sin is death!!! Jesus will come in flaming fire, taking vengeance on those who do not know God and obey not his gospel. " Thess 1 v 7/8.

I believe that I should confine my efforts to giving out tracts today and not to preach Lord please lead and guide me, in Jesus name, Amen.

Later

A wonderful time of blessing. The tracts were received like they were "Hot cakes", I guess that folks thought they were election material, anyway God certainly blessed my distribution. Now I head for Sudbury

Sudbury

On entering the town I found off street parking quickly. The Lord gave me great joy giving out another 200 tracts I even popped into some shops saying, "Here we are brighten your day" and leaving a tract on the counter the assistants seemed pleased, as they appeared bored. Wonderful. I telephoned Mrs. Kingsbury to book my site although it was not the one I had in my mind.

On arrival I opened the big Iron gates and drove past a pond full to overflowing on either side of the drive. The farmhouse was a long building with sloping roofs and windows flung open. I parked the van and wandered around calling out "Anyone at home". There was no answer and it was a long time before Mr Kingsbury appeared and directed me to the idyllic orchard at the rear, it was glorious.

Strangely this site had 12 peacocks and the other site also I remember having peacocks too. It was only £4 a night and again I was all-alone. Now to rest.

Later. After a meal and resting in the sunshine I was frustrated as I tried to photograph the peacocks who strutted near the van, by the time I had grabbed my camera and dashed outside, they would move at the last moment. After wasting many frames I managed to take a shot of one bird in the sunshine and then another when it displayed its magnificent feathers.

Thursday 24th May 8 50 AM

A very lovely time resting at Priory Farm with the peacocks in the orchard. I was up at 6 AM to prepare and left at 7 am for my journey to Bury so that I would miss the city traffic. On entering the city I was following the town Centre signs when I came across a one stop shop, there was a car park nearby so I pulled over. I thought to buy maps of Bury streets but the shop assistant told me that Abbot Road was up the hill and first left. Hallelujah.

As it was early, on returning to the van I made some breakfast in the car park and tried again to adjust the engine with the petrol screw. The car park was adjacent to some recreation ground and I spent some time calling upon the Lord. "Lord, I prayed, thy will be done, please lead and guide me in Jesus lovely name"

I heard on the radio that the Post office workers were planning more wild cat strikes. Oh Lord, I prayed, will I get a letter?

At 9 45 AM I left the car park and drove up the hill to Brian Dees home. Brian met me with the remark that I was early. He was a slim built, wearing Denim jeans and a casual shirt, his face weather beaten and his hands rough from building work. He invited me in and introduced me to his son and daughter, James and Naomi. James was studying for his exams while Naomi was unwell and staying off school. We sat in the conservatory sharing until 10 45 AM then jumped into a large Volvo estate and set off at a sedate speed to Ipswich. Brian having local knowledge drove to a car park near the Centre of town and soon he had unloaded his display board and was wheeling it into town. I stopped from time to time to give out tracts and continued as Brian set up his display.

It was while doing this I came across some folks sitting on a circular seat and was surprised and blessed to hear that they were praying. I walked by but when they had finished I introduced myself and met Sam Steve and some women who had come to support Brian in outreach.

When I started to preach there was an immediate outburst of protest from all around. A woman was shouting at me to move, then the police came, two very young men who were friendly. They asked, "Could you tone it down, I said "Yes of course. One of them remarked that I had a powerful voice, I said Yes, you don't whisper the Gospel"! They smiled, and replied, "We have been asked to speak to you and we have done so, there is no problem you have every right to preach. They went off and I continued maybe even lifting my voice like a trumpet to proclaim the Gospel. The opposition continued but I soon noticed that the Christians were talking to those who protested and that left me free to continue unabated.

There were others who were mocking and scoffing others aggressive and rude. The paperboy, the young folks distributing literature were laughing at us and other unfriendly types passed by

However the Lord greatly helped me and then I went off distributing tracts up and down while Brian preached out using his display board. I must have given over 300 or so, it was hard work yet there were crowds of folks so I persevered. I met several Christians, one a young mother who had sat listening on the on a row of seats at the side of the post office who said, "She could hear every word clearly".

Later I shared with Sam and Steve. Sam had kindly stood beside me praying while I was preaching and testified that he was a new Christian.

He was a young man, rather overweight, with a shock of blond hair and was interested in my missions overseas. He took my Internet number and I asked him to keep in touch.

While sharing with Steve and Sam a group of young men came along and asked for us to write out names on the back of their T shirts. I said I could write Jesus is Lord, and one young man said yes that's OK. I asked him, "Do you really believe it, Yes he replied. So I asked him if he was on line and then wrote my www number on his back. I wonder if he will click on. They seemed open and sincere. Later before we left, I was given £2 by a woman who told me that another Christian who had heard me preach and wanted to give something towards the Lords work.

On the journey home Brian picked up his wife Berry and we shared over a cup of coffee. Brian had invited me to stay the night but when I found that he was due to work evening shift work I thought it best not to accept the invitation and to go on to Cambridge to camp. After a brief prayer I was on the road to Cambridge but missed my turn and found the sign saying Harlow. What to do?

I turned off as soon as I could and retraced my way on an old A class road then found to my surprise that I was not far from the camping site. However I did run into the evening traffic and was very pleased to arrive rather tired. The warden's wife was rather sharp saying we are fully booked for the weekend, apparently I had forgotten it was a bank holiday. I will have to phone John. She seemed irritated that I had arrived at all, although I noticed that the site was pretty empty. Eventually I was allowed to stay for one night and requested that I might move down the field. The warden was friendly but showed me to a pitch halfway down the field not at all where I would have liked to go, I thought of asking again but I was too weary to bother. So I set up my camp and began to prepare my meal and plan t for the days ahead. I bought a gas bottle and then went for a hot shower.

Friday

I was up at 6 AM and left the site at 8.30AM on my bike. I cycled into town taking my time and arrived at the Grafton Centre early. I decided, as there were so few folks about to post tracts in a nearby estate and worked away happily away. Then returning to the shopping Centre I preached out to the passing folks with much liberty. I had not been preaching very long before I was interrupted but a very polite man who asked me if I could assist him and move up the road. I told him I would not be very long. He pointed to an open window high above me and told this was his office and that I was disturbing them. He went off and I resumed my word.

A friendly man came to tell me he was a Christian. He had been born again for the last twenty five years.. I gave him a daily reading and he went off happily. While I continued preaching I remembered those who were listening upstairs in the office and directed my message to them. Later while seeking a toilet I gave out tracts in the shopping mall. It was a blessed time and many received tracts as they sat outside cafes drinking their coffee.

St Neots

I cycled back to camp up the main road and repaired the drop door that needed some screws to hold it on. I left the camp at 11.30 or so and drove into St Neots to find free car parking in a council park.

I thanked the Lord for keeping me safe as I nearly hit a little mini while attempting a difficult maneuver. I walked into the town and was amazed at how quiet it was. I walked up and down the High street distributing leaflets to the few folks that were lazily shopping. As I returned to the van two workmen were sitting on the steps of an entrance to a building. One an Asian took a tract. I returned to the van and careful found the B134 to Staunton to locate "Top end farm".

I parked the van in the farm driveway and found the farm shop where a friendly assistant greeted me. She was efficient and quickly had me booked in for £5 for one night. I settled myself into the rather a posh field, surrounded by the usual cypresses, immaculate well-cut lawns and four other caravans well spaced out. I returned to the shop to buy lettuce, tomatoes and potatoes in the shop. I enquired if it was possible to over another few nights, Yes it was possible we have a big field and you can stay where you like. After lunch I rested in the sunshine and then had a prayer walk across a large field, it was a blessed time.

I think I must have prayed for everyone I can think of and prayed for every need. I am asking the Lord should I go to Bedford or Huntingdon on Monday. I suddenly remembered that Monday is a bank holiday and they probably will have a race meeting there. Thy will be done! Should I telephone Buckley Towers where I have stayed before? I considered the options, it was private and cheap, then remembered that the field might well be waterlogged being so near to the river.

I tossed it around in my mind but could not decide so left it for the morrow

Saturday 9 40 AM

I had a restful night and woke early to think over what to do? I knew that I was tired and felt very vulnerable so I was toying with a few days rest and prayer. Lord what to do? While praying I decided to test the matter, I would ask at the desk if I could stay over the weekend? Yes they were happy for me to stay provided I moved up the field as they posh place was expecting another visitor and they were only allowed five units. I felt elated and quickly packed up and moved halfway up the huge field. Wonderful, I praised God. So it has been decided I will rest here until

Tuesday then DV go into Huntingdon.

Sunday 10.30 AM

Yesterday had passed in sunbathing, doing jobs around the van, prayer times and meals. I cleaned the windows did some washing, some anti rust work and had intervals of prayer. I slept easy but awoke at 4 AM then dozed till 8 AM before

rousing myself to praise the Lord. After my morning devotions I listened to the Salvation Army service, on praise, prayer, and proclamation, but was I was disappointed, as it seemed they just wanted to advertise their group. What a missed opportunity!

After a leisurely breakfast I studied the Word and listened to a tape with Brother Joe Daniel preaching. During the day some units left the site and I watched as the others began unpacking their tents and rolling up mats, packing chairs and other paraphernalia into car boots. The Sunday exodus had begun in earnest. I frequently walked up and down the tree lined dog walk to be completely alone and call upon the Lord. I was receiving the beginnings of a word for my meeting at Ashburnham. "Who will go for me"? I wrote to Sheila and reread again her letter. I also had stirring for a message for Norwich for Friday or Saturday.

Monday.

Awake at 7 AM to empty the toilet and sort out. After the word and prayers I had Cornflakes followed by toast for breakfast and then started to do jobs underneath the van for I had noticed the rear compartment was badly rusted. So I mixed up some fibreglass and after applying it covered it over with black underseal. I was very pleased with the job, very professional. I rested again in the afternoon and was began to feel stronger in my spirit. I shall be glad to get going again tomorrow. I have read, prayed , listened to tapes and walked my legs off on this field. I also have cycled up to the telephone box to phone Gary and also Peter in Norwich. I must have read Sheila's letter for the tenth time? It is now getting cooler I'm off to pray again.

Tuesday.

A restful night, I got up at 7 AM and had a blessed time in prayer and Word. It's a beautiful morning. Now Lord thy will for the day. I left the camp with a little regret, the Lord had blessed my stay. As I trundled down the road I had to stop as a pigeon had hit my roof rack. On getting out I climbed the ladder abut could see no sign of it.

Continued on into Huntingdon with the engine faltering. I prayed over it and it cleared praise God. So0on found my usual place to park in the town. It is now 9.30AM.

Later

A beautiful cool breeze accompanied me as I walked into town. I gave out "Heart trouble?" tracts, and many were receiving them. Then I stood on the wall opposite the arcade entrance and started to preach. I thanked the Lord that my voice

was carrying far and wide in the morning air. Suddenly a woman fell heavily behind me. I jumped down and with other helped her to her feet. She was grazed and bruised and started to weep. She told us that she had been thinking of her mother who was in hospital dying. She was to visit her that morning and was upset. A kind lady offered to take her home so I continued with my word.

A man who had been heckling me sat on a seat behind saying, "This is heaven now" I battled on and was surprised later when I offered him a daily reading that he took it! There were three young girls who came to mock me! Some workmen also heard the word nearby. And all refused literature. I gave out some more tracts and then popped into Tesco's to replenish my supplies of groceries.

Back in the van after prayer and praise, I feel led to continue to Peterborough, Lord please guide.

Peterborough.

The drive on the motorway was a joy, the van was running well and the morning sun brightened my way. I came across the road where I had parked before and knocked on the door but there was no answer, so I backtracked and found a suitable place to park in a side street near the canal. I was thrilled at thanked the Lord for guiding me for I noticed that there was a cycle track just nearby and on asking a local resident I was told, "Yes, it leads into the City"

Later

I cycled into the City and chained up my bike. It was very crowded and I started to give out tracts. The Lord showed me a place to preach similar to Great Yarmouth. There were flowerbeds with cement surround around 3 feet high that made an excellent podium.

Many folks were sitting eating their lunch- I estimated perhaps 40 or more! The greatly helped me, I lifted my voice and it carried far across the open square. I could see some folks stopping to look and reacting afar off. There were many scoffers and mockers some very nasty but I continued with the Lord's help. A man sat with his family and were laughing, he cried out continually Hallelujah. I said, "It was good to hear someone, praising the Lord", but at this they laughed all the more and it seemed to encourage him.

Later a teenaged girl came to ask me a question and I told her that I would speak to her when I had finished my message. On concluding I was distributing some literature and I spoke to some children nearby who had never heard a preacher before. This teenager said, "Don't listen to him". I told her, "That was not very nice" I was thrilled as I went around to the folks who had been sitting and offered them Gospel Literature. Many were receiving them. I gave out 12 booklets and tracts to many others. The Lord had blessed.

Later I came across the teenager again with her girl-friends and I offered them tracts. She was abusive, I told her that I had something she did not possess, "I have joy, whereas I could see, she was as miserable as sin". Her friends all laughed at this and I could see my words had struck home. I went on my way to avoid a confrontation. There were two women who had stopped to listen a young woman with her mother I guessed. When I approached them the older woman was very moved and unable to speak. I believe the Lord had touched her.

I continued to distribute tracts until all were gone, then telephoned to Wisbech for a camping site before retrieving my bike and setting off once again out of the City. How I praised God for his blessings. Wonderful and amazing! Glory to God.

I sat beside the canal and eat my salad. It was hot and I took off my shirt. The van was just over the bridge to the canal and only a few folks about.

Wisbech 10 AM Wednesday

Another lovely sunny morning! Yesterday afternoon I rested and was blessed in my camp as I walked all alone and talked with the Lord. This morning I was awake at 5 AM before dozing till 7 AM to read the Word and pray.

I enjoyed a breakfast of Cornflakes remembering the blessing they were in the Philippines. I had trouble getting out of the camp. I drove into town and found free off street parking. The town has a large open square with lots of side alleys but there were only a few folks about. I occupied myself giving out a few tracts then I saw some houses across a car park. The rather opulent so I had joy in posting tracts. I then came across some terraced houses and then some older folk's homes, the last of the tracts being given to shoppers. I telephoned for a campsite at Downham £4.50 also Wymundon, DV for Thursday night. Lord thy will? One sows one waters but God gives the increase. Some seed shall fall on good ground! Hallelujah.

I then relocated the van and came on to park on a main road leading into Downham Market. I stopped to have a salad then proceeded into town on the bike to buy some chicken breast and a loaf of bread. I discovered that I had lost my telephone card. It was worth £10. Oh Lord please forgive me! Let it go!!! Now to find my campsite. Oh dear, the van will not start? Lord what to do. I considered calling the RAC again but was reluctant too. I prayed. Then tried the engine. It started. Praise the Lord, With joy I turned down the lane that led to the windmill camping site.

The site was near a refurbished windmill overlooking two small ponds. My pitch was very small tucked in just off the track but it was a beautiful place. There were several men fishing and I sat out in the chair observing them. Occasionally a car would go by raising a cloud of dust but this was infrequent. I decided to explore and took off on my bike to cycle to the canals about a mile or two away. The country lanes were attractive and I stood on the bridge looking down on the locks. There was a lot of work being carried out and very few boats.

Back at the camp I took some photographs and watched the fishermen. How patient they were, tempting the fish with bait thrown casually onto the water and observing the scene watching for tell tale movements. The thought came to me "I will make you fishers of men".

I spent time in prayer and the Word, but discovered the battery had gone flat and I was unable to play my ministry tapes. Should I change over the batteries? I prayed much over the van and the problems of faltering and not starting. It was a problem. Lord what is happening? What to do? Wisdom please!

Downham Market. Thursday 31st May

Woke early was concerned that no one had come to collect my fee. Lord will the van start this morning? After prayer a man came in a four by four and stopped to unlock the collecting box for fees for the fishermen. I went over and thanked him for my camp and paid up. He told me that the regulars always paid him but that many fishermen did not exchange a few pleasantries before he went off. The price was high to my mind £5 a session all for a bit of peace and quiet. Now I prayed again, "Lord, I am in your hands, lead and guide me, in Jesus lovely name". Praise the Lord the van started first time. I drove into town and parked in the High street. As there were not many folk's about I started to post tracts in a nearby housing estate. Then I came across a Nationwide building society and drew out £200 for emergencies. I hope that I do not need it!

Swaffam

The road from Downham was beautiful. A winding country road overlooking pleasant farmland and fields. I came into the town and parked in the road outside a nearby police station. I posted tracts into homes as I walked in and found the town fairly busy. I was blessed. I tried to telephone to Wymunden but there was no reply. I had just returned to the van when it started to rain. Now Lord to camp.

East Dereham

Fairly crowded in town. I had a blessed time distributing leaflets all around. Some seed will fall on good ground. Tried to telephone Wymunden again but still no contact. What to do? Decided to go there and see?

Later

Found the place with some difficulty, I had actually passed it but there was no CCC sign. Perhaps they have chicken out as they club has put up its insurance premiums. I drove into the entrance at the back of the house and saw a woman in the kitchen. Mrs Elliot came out and I explained that I had telephoned. She checked my membership card, I prayed my £4.50 and waited while she went off to get a receipt and change. The field was a bit rough the grass was long but I thanked the Lord I was alone again so soon settled down to rest. I put up my windshields as the wind was rising. . Mr Elliot came out to cut the grass but only did half the field. I spent my time in resting and meditating.

I saw two heavy B52 bombers pass overhead, they had a large bulb like protrusion on their nose. They flew very low and circled many times, I was surprised that they were so quiet. I decided to change over my batteries as I missed the tapes and my radio.

Friday 1st June

Hallelujah A blessed time with the Lord. I put on clean clothes for the weekend and set off for Wymiunden

Wymunden Friday 1st June

I found the town almost empty but gave out a few tracts up and down while the rain held off, then went to the houses posting them. I had a happy hour or more. I posted my letter to Sheila and then drove into Norwich to find Cottesey and park in a Sainsburies car park. I filled up with petrol £23.40 and have £20 left from my original £400. Plus my £200 in reserve. I lunched on salad and fish then watched some incident on the road through my binoculars. There were several police cars with their blue lights flashing a breakdown truck was called and then they all went off. I left the car park at 2.45.PM and drove to New Cottesey and located Peter and Eileen's place with some difficulty. They greeted me with joy and made me feel welcome. Sadly there was no letter from Sheila and I was disappointed. Oh dear. We talked, I shared and testified to encourage them as they seemed rather hurt and defeated.

Eileen pulled out at the stops and I sat down to a chicken dinner with ice cream and strawberries to follow. I showed them the Photo's of the Philippines. It is now 9 45PM and I'm going to bed. I have arranged for 8 AM breakfast. We plan to go into Norwich City tomorrow. Peter says we go at 11 AM then have a meeting at 7 30 PM to share the Philippines with others. He wants an informal meeting. I am so disappointed that there is no letter. Tomorrow is Saturday. Tuesday DV I will be at home?

Saturday 7 AM

A restful night though I was awake in the night listening to the rain. I was awake at 5 Am dozed until 7 AM. I panicked when I could not find my toilet bag but eventually I found it on the windowsill having closed the curtains on it.

"Lord I commit this day to you, I do hope a letter will arrive this morning. Lord please give me love in Norwich this morning! The battle is not mine but yours. Lord please lead and guide"

Over breakfast I heard that Mrs Manley is still witnessing for the Lord.Hallelujah.

Norwich

I enjoyed a lovely cooked breakfast. It is wonderful to be waited on and I rested until prayer time at 10 AM. After prayer I moved my van so that Peter could get to his. He drove into the City and took me to a central car park, (local knowledge) and we walked the short way into the market place. I stood near where Mrs Manley had stood on the slight steps and noticed as I began to preach a text board with the words, inscribed on it, "Bahi". Some youths were gathered on my right behind me and as I preached the drummer started to drum. At first it was intermittent but then

grew in intensity. I thought this was from the devil so Peter and I moved down to the market place. I lifted up my voice once more and the Lord enabled me to preach out the good news. It was hard going but I managed.

When Peter started to preach the Bahi group started a procession and with the drummers in front paraded down towards us in the market. When they were opposite Peter one of the drummers stopped and drummed in front of him. It was a deliberate confrontation. Several of the crowd stopped to see what would be the result. The drummer had been left behind so decided to rejoin his group. Peter continued and when he finished we gave out some tracts for a while before moving back to our first spot.

The Lord led me again to preach out and I found there was an anointing upon me. I was blessed greatly and saw several men standing listening outside shops. Later one man, (still waiting for his wife) took a booklet, a daily reading. Then Peter recommenced and a group of youngsters were laughing behind him. Later he talked with them and several took Gospels. Praise the Lord! We continued to give out more tracts but found it heavy going. Then we returned home victorious.

Eileen had prepared hot fresh baked rolls and butter and jam followed by chocolate cake after a salad. Then I took off on my cycle to explore nearby Gunthas lane. It was a disappointment as it was pretty dismal, a back alley, with a rough track meandering through a housing estate. Eventually it came out at a recreation ground but it was cold and very windy so I returned home.

In the evening Lewes Elves telephone and I spoke to him about the arrangements for a meeting on Monday morning in Kings Lynn. This was to be followed by an open-air meeting in town. I telephoned to Runcon camping site but the man said he was full up so I got through to Sandringham Camping site and booked a place there for Monday night. Later Peter and Eileen looked over my van and I had a look at Peters. Enjoyed a lovely dinner with strawberries and cream again.

Later 6 45PM

I'm waiting preparing my heart for the meeting tonight at 7 .30 PM Apparently Peter has invited two couples. One couple, Nick and Flora have been to India and the other couple, well, (Colin, he came on his own) is very involved in the Philippines, having visited it several times for ministry.

Sunday 7 30AM

I slept well and awoke refreshed but awake very early because of the light. Today I go to Sandringham .

The Lord blessed our little meeting last night, I enjoyed sharing with the folk's. I liked Colin very much. He is a heavy man maybe 18 stone and works to fund the Lords work. He wanted my address as he promised to write to me. He often visits the USA as he has contacts at the American air base. He goes stateside to share the needs and raise money for the ministry, obviously he has many connections.

Nick and Flora told me of their mission to India, they are going to visit her family (she is Indian) in Bangalore, and are due to visit Vijar-awada in the same area I visited in Andre Pradesh. They go on July 24th DV for two weeks. We shared email numbers.

We tarried long over breakfast and agreed about adultery in the churches. We shared together in the lounge singing some Hymns then I gave a little word on The little maids faith in, 2 Kings 5. The four lepers in, 2 Kings 7. Later I prayed for Peters heart condition. Now preparing to go off after lunch.

Later

I left at 2 PM and enjoyed a relaxed drive with little traffic, through the back roads to Kings Lynn then up a side road to the camping site. On arrival I overheard a two campers discussing the amenities for entertainment. I was shocked when the warden told one lady that there was to be a recital at Sandringham House in a few weeks time, entrance fee £28 per person. Phew! The warden was friendly and actually asked what sort of pitch would you like. I was amazed and said "Sunny". After emptying my toilet he cycled before me and showed me my pitch. The sun did shine so I got out my chair and sat to rest. Later I walked several times around the wooded area and sat on the grass praying.

Monday- Kings Lynn

Awake at 5 AM and dozed until 7 AM. Now its after prayers and 8 AM. I have decided to leave early so as to miss the traffic. I wonder, should I telephone Sheila

and go home later today? It's very tempting. Lord? Will she be at Gary's? I drive into town and park up in a side street. Then I telephone Sheila and say I shall be home tonight. Later I find the place and park nearby. Jonathan opens the door and invites me in. Apparently I am the first to arrive so I share a little of my ministry then accept the offer of a glass of water. While he goes to get me a glass of water I see through the open door several other rooms and realize it is a bigger property than it look from the road.

On his return Jonathan tells me about the hospice which is called Rosie Heath. It is empty and they are awaiting guidance from the Lord. They have some several thousands of pounds but not nearly enough to start. What should they do? They have been offered a dilapidated old pub next door but this would need renovating.

Soon after several folk's arrive. I meet again Lewes Elves, Ken, Eileen and another woman Christine. Jonathan invites me to lead the worship time and gives me a choice of two guitar's, a six string or twelve. I take the twelve and we begin. Later I share a word on prevailing prayer. When I conclude Eileen is deeply moved and weeping. The Lord has touched her heart. I leave with then some of my Daly-thoughts and outside several stop to see inside my van. Then we walk into town.

LATER

The town is crowded and we tie up Lewes text board onto a post opposite Boots the Chemist. Lewes preaches first and I am shocked to find his voice is so quiet. When it is my turn I stand on the plinth near the crossroads sign and preach out. Again the Lord helped me and several folk's were sitting listening. I challenge them with a booklet and was thrilled when 5 of them willingly took a daily reading. It was wonderful and a fitting end to my journey.

Later I walk back with Lewes to the van and he waits to wave me off. Soon I am speeding down the road towards Ell and Cambridge, then Harlow and the M25 to Dartford and the Queen Elisabeth Bridge. Strangely enough the van runs well without a falter. Would you believe it?

Sheila opens the door with a smile. Hallelujah