

Mission Philippines.

Journal February/March 2003

Cebu Island-Nablu Island –Leyte Island

I was in prison and ye came unto me. Mathew 25 v 3

Saturday 22nd February

Praise the Lord I was up at 4.30AM It was a good journey to London Airport with no delays.

Kuala Lumpur.. Sunday 7.40 AM Local time..

A tiring flight of 12 hours but I have arrived safely. I caught the air rail train to the domestic air terminal. It is all very modern, space age stuff. It is very clean but rather clinical.

Kota Kinabalu . North Borneo

Later 9.40 AM I am sitting in the departure lounge. Next stop is Cebu Island !! Not so?. We have landed at 12.17 PM in Kota Kinabalu which is in North Borneo. I have no local money so cannot buy some water. It is hotter 32 degrees? Its like a warm bath here. We have to wait for 45 minutes before re-embarking.

Sunday. Cebu Island.

As we approached Cebu I looked down on the islands below. The blue sea glistened in the sunlight, the hills and mountains covered in the green foliage of the jungle. Streaks of white revealed slow moving ships cutting through the sea. . After landing and passing through baggage I came out to the usual plethora of money changers and taxi booths all gesticulating and calling out for business. The first one offered P82 to the pound so I changed £200. Then leaving the terminal and feeling that warm sticky heat envelope me I saw John Valdavieso. I waited until Pastor Augustow brought around his small van when the luggage was quickly loaded and we set off in thick traffic to the hotel. The airport is situated on a small island called Mactpan. It is not pretty with an oil refinery and industrial units everywhere. We stopped at Cesaria Hotel and my entourage all trooped into the lobby with me

Monday 24th February.

The telephone rang I was told that a Pastor Fat was waiting for me in reception. Going down I found a small stoutish man dressed in a red shirt sitting waiting. He told me his testimony that 3 years ago he had completed a prison sentence of 18 years for murder. He had been saved in prison and had been serving the Lord as a Pastor since then

Talislay Prison .

Talislay was a high security prison with dangerous men in for murder rape and violence. The interia was divided into three main blockhouses with a large wire cage outside each. It was to one of these we proceeded. After an introduction I spoke to the men and shared how at the age of nineteen I too had been locked up in a mental hospital. I had no money no family to go to, no education, no hope but that God had a plan for me... Then I proceeded to tell them the Gospel good news, preaching on “Naaman the Leper” humbling himself. The prisoners were listening intently. I noticed two prisoners had well-worn Bibles. On conclusion and appeal around thirty responded positively to the message. P.T.L. I shook many by the hand and said goodbye.

Pastor Rommee Testimony.

As we left the prison we clambered on a motorbike 3 of us and hung on the downward ride again with its spectacular views over the bay and returned to the city centre. There in the corner café was Pastor Rommee he told me that he had been asked to translate with an American group in evangelising in a prison. He duly translated but when the appeal was made, a man stood up at the back and walked to the centre of the crowd. He said he wanted to receive Christ. Pastor Rommee went to him and found to his amazement that it was his own brother. Apparently he had gone off the rails 9 months before.. Pastor Rommee hugged his brother they wept together and led him to the Lord. Hallelujah

Tuesday 25th February.

John came at 1 PM . At the prison what a joy to see around two hundred prisoners. The Lord greatly helped me as I gave the Word. Maybe 80 or more responded. It was hard to tell accurately. But I know the Lord touched many, many souls Hallelujah

Wednesday 26th February. Mandanaeu City Jail.

The jail was a square building with a narrow corridor all around. We walked three side of it and I preached in the corner with around 70 men crammed into this small space. Many other folk, maybe 30 or so were inside the side cells confined behind rows and rows of bars but eagerly listening. The praise time was positive and very powerful , all glory to God. They sang “This is the day the Lord has made and we will be glad and rejoice in it”. An amazing and wonderful response maybe another 30 or 40 raising their hands at the sinners prayer. I do believe the Lord touched many hearts.

Meeting 8 PM

We drove to a slum area and met Pastor Swan’s son and his family. There were many children and a few adults.. Later some more adults came spilling into the street so that I could hardly see them.. The meeting was outside a very poor hut where I preached mostly in the dark. However it turned out to be joyful and profitable with another wonderful response. Hallelujah. Glory to God

Thursday 27th February

After prayer I have prepared “How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation” and “Without the shedding of blood there is no remission for sin”

Cebu City jail.

Arriving at the jail we proceeded to the meeting place a compound like a basket ball pitch. They set up seats and amplifiers and then the meeting began. The Lord helped me to give the Word. There were 30 or 40 prisoners and others who could hear. Praise God for the ten or so who did respond.

Friday 28th February . Lapu Lapu jail

Then on to the local prison on a motor pedibike. The prison is a group of small buildings with bars. I taught on Galatians 5.v 16 and the response was good Around 5 were saved. We then went on to Pastor G..... church at Bordora village and sat waiting for the folk to gather. He told me (I was shocked) that all his folk were sick ? He himself had an infection and could hardly speak. I wondered what this was all about?

When they had gathered together the Lord gave me the Word. I had to rebuke them as they had come without any Bibles (Another shock). I preached on faith and the last days. A wonderful response. Praise God.

Saturday 1st March. Dornica Church

John arrived at 10 30 AM. We arrived at Pastor Dornicea church in a poor village. A small banner proclaimed “Welcome to Brother Tony Daly” The church is a small bamboo building with no windows. I was garlanded with a small garland as I entered. Pastor’s wife sang beautifully. The Pastor had been preaching when I arrived and as I sat near the platform I noticed with joy his well worn Bible. The Lord greatly blessed His Word as I preached on “Prayer”. Many were deeply touched.

Sunday 2nd March. Pastor Rueben's church.

I gave out the Word. “Thy people shall be willing in the day of my power”, Psalm 110 v 3. John struggled with the translation but the message got through. The folk had been attentive and the response was long time of prayer. Later the pastor shared with me that he had killed a man with a knife and had been in prison. He was now a pastor in the same area reaching out to the lost

Supercat Ferry to Nablus Island

At 1 15 PM Pastor Augustow came in his car and took us to the Supercat ferry. We said goodbye and entered the terminal. We had our luggage weighed and security checked. I had to pay an extra P80 for my heavy case and we sat in the lounge waiting. I wonder where we will sleep. We have been told that Pastor Jewel will meet us at the terminal; at Damugute and have a placard. He will take us to his home for our stay and the prison tomorrow.

Damugute.

Soon it was time to board. The Supercat was comfortable as the sea is smooth. We stopped after two hours at a place called Tagbileran City Bosol Island and then proceeded to Nablus arriving in the dark. Carrying my case down the gangplank eagerly scanning the faces of those who were waiting. There was however no sign of any placard and no one to meet us. We waited and watched all the others disperse leaving us virtually alone on the quayside. After half an hour John went off to find a telephone and while he was away two women came to say, “Are you Mr Daly?”.

Grace and Maria had come to meet us. They said they had been to the evening service and had panicked when they saw the Supercat leaving. ...So they were out of breath through running. Maria telephoned her father on her cell phone, I was told who was on his way. John returned and we waited until an old Voxwagan came along and I met Pastor Jewel. Loading the luggage into the boot at the front of the car. The boot was too small and the lid was high in the air. Thus we proceeded to the Bethel Hotel on the seafront. This was disappointing as we had been promised a room in the pastors home.

Monday 3rd March Bethel Hotel Damugute.

Pastor Jewel telephoned to say he is unable to arrange a prison meeting until tomorrow. Oh dear. Lord what is this? He says the Catholics have it all booked up!!! I had to decide should we stay another day. I said Yes. John Valdavieso is not happy about this and is going to visit the prison to see what can be done. So Lord please open doors. Hallelujah. I walked the beach praying for an hour in the morning sunshine. It was hot but the sea breeze compensated. When I returned John was waiting for me. He had been successful he had visited the prison and persuaded the Governor for us to hold a meeting in the provincial jail, we were to go immediately.

We took a pedibike and soon were at the prison. We waited a while in the guard entrance and then were led into the prison compound. Soon the amplifier was brought in and I was preaching to around 60/80 men with others passing by and listening afar off.

Chorus: John Valdavieso sang with the prisoners

Alive, alive, alive for evermore
My Jesus is alive, my Jesus is alive.....

Sing hallelujah, sing hallelujah
My Jesus is alive for evermore.....

The prisoners joined in and sang with gusto and belief. It was a very powerful testimony... The Lord greatly helped me. “As Moses lifted up the serpent”. Around thirty responded to the message and they were all very warm at the conclusion of the message shaking my hand... One man asked me for literature in Cebuano dialect.

Taking a pedibike I found the office in the city near the Metrobank and booked a ferry to Cebu and then Ormoc at 6.45 AM the following morning. It was P1600. I returned triumphantly to the hotel my mission accomplished....and all done under my own steam.

In the café a man spoke to me. He had seen me with my Bible and I explained my mission. Now in the foyer I met him again with two others who were Christians from Cebu city.

Tuesday 4th March 2003

6.45 AM Damuguet to Cebu . 11AM Cebu to Ormoc

I was up at 4.30 AM And all prepared. Baggage has been searched and we are aboard. Cebu City next stop. Sun is still shining!! A smooth journey. The ferry is not full up which is a help.. Supercats are very pleasant. Praise God... Later 11.10 AM Just leaving Cebu city.

Ormoc City Leyte Island

The ferry was comfortable. As we disembarked at Ormoc city at 1 PM the heat hit us. It was very very hot .Blisteringly hot!!! We obtained a motorbike to take us with my luggage to the prison. This was up another hill and altogether a different prison from the one I had visited last year..

Ormoc Provincial Jail,

I left my suitcase at the gate. It caused some raised eyebrows and we sat talking with the assistant warden as I had not arranged this meeting. He wanted to know who we were and what we preached. I told him I did not represent a denomination but preached Christ on the cross. He agreed to let us in “ For the gospels sake”. He came with us into the rough compound and gathered perhaps 80 men and some women under a rough wooden shelter. They listened intently to the Word and all responded to the appeal. The assistant warden saying the sinners prayer out loud...I asked the warden may I take some photographs amazingly he agreed. It was a very wonderful blessing from God.



The motorbike had waited for us and we returned to the city to find almost immediately the van going to Ormoc. I paid P100 and P50 for my luggage and Johns fare of course.. P250. I got a front seat and we set off at a cracking pace up and down the mountains. At one stage the engine overheated and we had to stop. I was grateful and able to stretch my legs. Soon we rolled into Tacloban City.

Tuesday 4th March Mac Arthur Park Hotel

John got me a pedibike. I said it would be too far. A motorbike was P300 and this man wanted P100 . Poor man he struggled. It was hard work...But we arrived and I booked in for two nights.. John took some of

my dirty clothes to be washed. I arranged to see him at 11.30 AM tomorrow. I spent the evening patrolling the beach and praising God., I needed this.

Wednesday 5th March 03

I was swimming in the sea when I heard John calling. Reluctantly I left had a shower and got dressed.. John had come by motorbike so I got on the back and we set off in heavy rain. By the time we reached the stall it was a deluge. We stopped to shelter and John gave me a yellow waterproof coat but the damage had been done. I was soaked through.. We recommenced our journey. John was wobbling around and I had at one stage to ask him to slow down.

On arrival at his home I found mountains of food enough for ten men. It was too soon as I had already eaten breakfast so I was faced with mountains of eggs and chips. I ate heartily and we took some photographs. I got a jeepney into the town and changed some money at the Allied Bank. The teller was a Chinese Christian Then I visited the internet café and sent emails. I stopped to stock up on sugar and Cornflakes and cake before John put me on a very slow jeepney back to the hotel. I arrived at 3 PM and went to swim immediately. I enjoyed the water then went to prayer walk the beach...

Thursday 6th March. Happy Homes Higher ground

The telephone rang it was the Lerion's!. I was all ready They greeted me with tears and a belated birthday present., (a blue Hawaiian shirt) We got a jeepney to Happy Homes, Diversion road, near the Coka Cola roundabout then off at Grace Church sign to happy homes first right, first left and there it was...

The Happy Home looked a bit rough and much larger than I had imagined. Large breeze block with the steel strut for the roof in place.. And corrugated sheets being put in place. Going inside I was disappointed at first as the water was flooding the floors.. It seemed everything needed doing. The water needed to be connected, the roof completed, the floors cemented and covered, the electricity connected, the septic tank fitted, the gutters, the plastering the outside rendering of the walls, the plywood sheets for the ceiling fixed, glass for the windows.

It was raining steadily and the workmen, (one a pastor) were struggling on the dangerously wet steel to fix the sheets of corrugated roof. Apparently they had been delayed because of the Electricity Company failing to install power. This had led to the floor not being completed because of the wet. And so on...

I was more dismayed when I was told that they had not paid the labourers. Or the engineer his full fee? Lord what is this? Apparently William had been in hospital for two months also Don Don for his blood count. I was told that Williams's cousin had gone to be with the Lord . She was only 27 years old. I met all the workmen and watched them eating their rice. Williams's mother and father had come to help with the work. Other Christians had also set to some contributing small gifts of P100 for the building. I was encouraged to hear of this. Then we set off for the Leyte Normal University Hotel. On arrival we found the gates had been locked and the guard told us that they were not accepting any guest because of the terrorist situation. William suggested another place nearby and we arrived at the **Welcome Home Pensione**.

This was only a few streets away and after inspecting the room booked in happily for 5 nights. It had clean rooms, air conditioning and with hot water. I have light duties, as the Lerion's have not booked up many meetings. I was told that Aboyog prison was not available but that Vianney had arranged a meeting at a school and a bible study in the evening. The dedication of the Higher ground Homes is on Sunday AM and I return to Mac Arthur Park on Tuesday 13th March DV

I prayed with William and Vianney and gave them our gift , they were subdued but grateful. I plan to give Dinah her gift on Sunday. She will be happy and blessed.

Friday 7th March Welcome Home Pensione.

Viaaney arrived and we caught a jeepney downtown to buy rolls butter, Cornflakes and picked up two letters in the Post Office. .Wonderful Then on to Happy Homes. I saw the roof was improving and two more floors completed. They bought a lorry load of gravel with our gift and so the floors can be done now.

So progress is being made. They also had paid off four of the carpenters and they had left. So my influence had some effect regarding paying the men. We went to visit the old home which is being dismantled... It is in a poor way. The kitchen has gone the children are sleeping in the church building while they still have some possessions there. We stopped at Jezereel's home. They are planning to use some salvaged materials to build another small home on rented ground Jezereel Carol and the two children

Back at happy Homes William told how they began digging the foundations on the 4th January this year. Vianney testified of some converts on Basey where she visits 4 times a week. Also of 4 prisoners from Aboyog who were saved during our visit there. She said they remember us...

Saturday 8 AM Tacloban City.

.May there be a harvest of souls saved in Prison. Lord by the Power of your Holy Spirit.

8 30 AM John Valdavieso. arrived at 8.45 AM .. We travelled the short distance to the prison on the back of John's motor bike his driving is a bit erratic. We had to wait before being allowed in. The smell was strong. One woman covering her face with a handkerchief. I was searched. The meeting was packed maybe 200 souls with that indescribable power in praise and worship. It is unforgettable experience... Glory to God. I asked if anyone remembered me from last year. "No one did" Obviously people are assessed and moved on to other prisons.. The Word, "God will abundantly pardon", was blessed and maybe 80 or more prayed a sinner prayer

Later. Happy Homes. Vianney asked could I come for dinner and travel on my own. I decided to try. I caught a jeepney to Coka Cola and a pedibkie to Happy Homes no problem. I was encouraged by the progress made. The floors are completed and the roof nearly completed. They were filling the two concrete post for the porch. The little children were busy filling sacks with sand.

Sunday 9th March 2003 The dedication service for "Happy Homes"..

Praise the Lord. Amazing and Wonderful. Hallelujah, I arrived by jeepney again under my own steam. I met the Chinese lady who woke me last year at 3 AM. The people were already assembled as I arrived. So I gave the Word to a restless congregation. I did not think they are well versed in the Word. Later I talked things over with Vianney and said that I did not want to go to Aboyog that the Lord was leading me to the prison. That John had another meeting tomorrow at 9 AM and I wanted to be with those prisoners.

Later a few folks had arrived so John played his guitar. Then I gave the Word. It was very powerful and the Lord anointed me. Many were touched. Later I met the Christian owner of the prayer centre. She told me she had narrowly escaped the bombing at Daavak and had witnessed the aftermath. Seen the bodies and advised me not to go to Mindanawo Island as it is too dangerous

Monday 10th March 03 Tacloban City

John came at 8 50 AM and we trundled on his bike to the prison. The other end of the jail is much smaller but still must hold 80 prisoners and more in the cells on the side. It was a great blessing The prisoners listened intently to the Word. "Naaman" humbled himself.. Some prisoners were reading out the various text as I gave them. Some responded maybe 10 or so. So I was so glad that I had responded to the Holy Spirit and cancelled Aboyog and came to the prison. Wonderful.

. The Lerion's telephoned would I came for lunch? so I got a jeepney to Happy Homes. I saw the house had been cleaned and the roof was nearly completed. After my food I sat watching the work Dinah arrived on a pedibike with her basket to contain her clothes. They were moving in. I watched fascinated as the last pieces were fitted to the roof. It was so satisfying. Wonderful. Praise the Lord A happy time indeed.

MacArthur Park Hotel. 5 20PM

I had been out to buy water and food, visited the Internet café and sent Email to Brian and Gill Martin, Roger and Elsie Tant and Meg Booth. William and Vianney came at 11. We hired a motorbike for P80 to take us loaded on the case and William covered it up with his jacket, as there was a threat of rain.

We arrived at 11 20 AM and I booked in for two nights. We talked things over and I gave them as promised the P5000 for the water connection insisting they do not use it for anything else..

Then I was walking the beach and praising the Lord. I slept, dozed, went swimming in a rough sea and then more prayer walks. Lovely. The Lord drew near. I thanked God I have my air-tickets confirmed Hallelujah. Praise God "So Lord I rest in you and give you all the glory".

7 15 AM Tacloban Airport Departure lounge.

The taxi private car was started up promptly at 6AM and we set off for the airport. A Cebu Airline plane landed and then a Philippine Airline came in. My one I believe. The flight was smooth and soon we had disembarked at Manila domestic terminal. I got through customs and embarkation and found a taxi for P115. The taxi driver named (It sounded like "Joan") said he was a Christian and I shared my mission with him. He asked for prayer for his wife and children. The air-conditioned vehicle was almost brand new and dropped me in time at the International terminal. After security I found that the Malaysian Airways Check in desk would not be open until 1 50 PM. So I have a long, long wait. I made my self comfortable and watched the passing folk..

2 15 PM Departure lounge Manila.

After a long wait I finally made it to the check in. We depart at 4 10 PM and arrive DV 8 PM in Kuala Lumpur. Then another wait until 11 55 PM before departing for Heathrow

Later A nice flight Coming to land there were good views of Kuala Lumpur.

Kuala Lumpur. Malaysia 9 10 PM

. Now in the terminal I have found a place that is quiet away from the madding crowd.. Lovely. The Lord is blessing my journey...

Heathrow Airport. Central Bus Station. London

6 25 AM. The journey was interminable 12 hours 40 minutes. During the night it was terrible as we ploughed our way through a tropical storm. I am used to turbulence but this was dangerous. I was praying much for wisdom for the pilots and safe keeping, as we seemed to be tossed about like a paper toy. Technology has it limits... Thank you Lord for keeping us safe.. Later on the TV monitor I could se the wide curve that our plane had made to avoid the worst of the storm. The night was a trial as I fought against tidiness and the sneezing fits.. Oh dear. However (Praise the Lord) we landed safely and I telephoned Sheila to say I was safe. and as soon I had collected my luggage I passed through customs and immigration and was racing along the corridors to the Central Bus Station. It seemed like miles but I enjoyed the exercise after being cramped up for nearly 34 hours. I was early and caught the earlier coach leaving at 6.35 AM

At Gatwick There was a long queue for tickets as a woman tried to sort out her computer. I bought a single to Polegate at £8.80 then found the platform. The train was 8 20AM to Hastings on platform 5. But at 8 19AM an announcement told us that there had been a points failure and we should change to platform 3. We all rushed and struggled up the stairs across the bridge, panting for breath to platform three. I was thankful to sit back and relax, to view the Sussex Downs in the morning sunlight as we speed towards Polegate and a waiting Sheila.. Thank you Lord for all the souls saved, the hearts touched, for journeying mercies, for the gifts and the blessings, for the food and safe homes. All glory to God..

Tony Daly. Peduyim, Hailsham. March 14th 2003...

