

For Praise Prayer and Thanksgiving. Acts 8.v 29/30

God's provision. I thank the Lord for so many who gave so generously. Thus the Lord enabled me to distribute many sacks of rice to very poor and needy lepers, orphan children. One pastor said he could hardly bear to see the children with pain on their faces and not having any food for them that day.

Safety and security.

The Lord wonderfully protected me from the chaos and horrendous traffic situations, a very real danger of physical attack and arduous journeys at night. Please pray for the Christians. One pastor was brutally attacked and beaten in Nylore his wife is traumatised. Fanatical Hindus wielding machetes deliberately set upon another preacher. He and his family were badly wounded. The situation is serious for many pastors in the outlying villages where I was told there are still humane sacrifices once a year.

One night in a tribal area we cancelled a meeting in a village because late at night it was too dangerous. Travelling back from the tribal region, several times a group of men blocking the road to stop your vehicle our drivers kept going only missing hitting them.

Health, I had various problems through unsanitary conditions, dirty water, and dangerous food, despite rigorous precautions. I was stuffed full of anti malaria tablets, badly bitten by mosquitoes, attacked with throat and chest infection and diarrhoea following drinking water from a bottle labelled pure sparkling purified mineral water that had been refilled from the well..

Hyderabad slums area. We set off in an auto rickshaw through clouds of sulphurous smoke and the chaotic traffic that is India. I was shocked at the slum conditions although having seen them many times. Sister Davee asked me to pray for her sister who is due to have a tumour removed from her breast. The poor woman was fearful, with some good reason. A small room crammed with around 40 folks, plus many children and more folks crowding around the door and in the street, curious about the white man that had come.

The Lord enabled me to preach the Gospel and blessed with 30 or more responding to the message. After the meeting we walked through the dirt and slum district to the refuse tip. Families lived in groups of 20/30, in makeshift hovels, actually in the middle of the tip. It is hard to describe the filth, sewage, stagnant water in ditches, mixed with the rubbish, no water, no electricity,

cooking on open fires with small sacks of rice stored in branches of the one tree, out of reach of the rats.

The congregation a few Christians, but mostly Hindu seemingly unaware of the flies or danger of disease. Again another wonderful meeting of praise and an amazing response to the Word of God. The following day we congregated in another derelict home of a Christian with around 30/40 folk gathered to praise the Lord. Praise God many more responding positively to the appeal. Later after some rest we boarded the night train at 7 PM due to arrive in Rajahmundry at 5 AM.

Rajahmundry I was taken to Pastor Joseph's home and met Sunitha his wife. for her as she is three months pregnant but has a problem with low blood count. The orphanage has 30 children, and with her baby this will make 31 children in the home plus 17 old folks all living eating and sleeping in one room. I found my hands badly bitten by mosquito in the night and my head spinning with tiredness.

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

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

Visahapatnam. ...After a nights sleep I boarded the train at 9 AM and arrived in Visahaspatnam at 12 45 to be met by Pastor Natnhaniel, the church elders who took me to a hotel. Later at 6PM we drove along the coast road to **Tagarapuualsa** town and I gave out the Word in a Baptist church. Several pastors from other churches came. I prayed for many folk including a woman with cancer, a man with skin disease and young teenager with sever sight problem.

The next day we travelled on the main Calcutta highway avoiding three head on crashes to a village. The meeting commenced with me being bedecked with a garland of flowers and huge quantities of petals thrown over me. Around 15 adults and twenty five children gathered to hear the Word.

Twenty folk responded to the Word. Then nearly all came for prayer, I had to tell some of them (before I could pray for them) to remove and destroy their occult fetishes, obtained from the witch doctors. The Lord blessed and I was led to give money for a sack of rice for the villagers. I returned down coast road to Visaghatnam and again in the evening back to the Baptist Church in **Tagarapuualsa** for another meeting when around 30 came forward for prayer. Returned to Hotel at 11.15 PM.

Rahajmundruy tribal region

The next day I returned to Rajahmundry by train and in the early evening went out 60 klm to the tribal region. We travelled in the medical van, along the river bank where Pastor John has baptised hundreds of converts over the years. We bumped down endless rough tracks stopping at various places along the way to meet and pray with Pastors and families. One pastor I was told received only ten and twenty rupees in the offerings I was led to give R500 to his wife..

We stopped at the first village where I preached and prayed for around 30 folks. Some hearing the Gospel and responding for the first time. Doctor Prakesh gave out medicines. Moving on to another village where I preached at 9 PM, again more prayers, more converts and more free medicines and then onto another village where I preached at 11PM. I think they woke up the village and called them to the meeting in a small church.

At the conclusion of my message a woman was moaning and crying hysterically. It seemed very weird. I wondered if it was a demon? The doctor gave his examinations and interviewed the long queue of folk seeking help .The Lord blessed. I cannot quantify what the Lord has done...

We returned to the van very tired but could not rest on the return journey as the van was lurching over very rough tracks. Several times we were waved down by groups of men in the middle of the road but our experienced driver swerved and did not stop. As we entered the city in the early hours the van engine faltered was restarted and faltered again having run out of diesel. Amazingly we cruised down the main road turned into side roads and came to a stop outside the orphanage. How we praised God.

I stepped over some of the forty sleeping bodies in the orphanage and started to get ready for bed when the cook brought in a plate with three omelettes and chips with hot tea.

I tumbled into bed at 2 AM grateful to God for an amazing day. How many souls had been saved maybe 60 ? Cannot tell but I do know it was amazing and wonderful

Nethervole Church.

We travelled along the riverbank and crossed over near Sir Arthur Cottons dam and canal. I preached “How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation”. Pastor John Babu told me later a young man who had been absent from the church for a year had been present in the meeting and the Word had touched him. I prayed again for around 30 folk.

Leper Colony

In the afternoon we proceeded to the leper colony situated in a rubbish tip the land being donated free by the Indian government. .Nearby a Hindu temple. The lepers mostly without fingers or toes, around 40 of them sat crossed legged and praised the Lord. I was appalled at the scene. Pastor John Babu was trying to swot the hundreds of flies from my feet and from my water bottle. The worship time was impressive and powerful. I gave my message and prayed and left a gift for a sack of rice...It was very moving and unforgettable experience...Pray for them..

Pastors conference.

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

Tribal region. Tuesday 14th January 2013.

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

Kachubusa. It was beautiful journey after an hour and ten minutes we arrived at the first village, climbing up the bank 60 ft to follow the trail. I was told in August all this land was all under water. I was shown a cement hut built high on the hillside and this was the refuge built by the government, even this had been under water in the flood of 1987.

As I entered the village was met with curious glances as the first white man in that village. The people quickly assembled and I gave my Gospel message to around 30 folk. I thank the Lord for the wonderful response from these Hindu idol worshippers.. God is doing a great work among them in these last days.. After more prayers and free medicines had been distributed we had lunch well they ate there rice and I munched on dry biscuits and toast. We left at 4PM and took the boat back to another village

Cronadura. I gave the word in a village's squalid hut and was told later that five souls were saved. Two naked boys were covered in green I was told they had chicken pox. Pathetic scenes as the doctor gave medicines. I walked out to overlook the river and pray. We returned tired to the boat to go to the next village but this was cancelled as the Pastor said it was too dangerous. I was told Hindus in this area still have a human sacrifice once a year and when night comes hit the bottle and have cock fighting gambling and drunken orgies... So we returned down the river in the moon light stopping only at the police boat to report our safe return. Apparently the pastor had informed the local police of our medical trip..

Orphans Home. 15th Jan. I was greeted on my birthday with the orphan children sing a happy birthday. I opened my birthday card from my case. I had been to town on the back of Joseph's motorcycle to send emails at the internet café and buy t shirt for Joseph stock up with biscuits and grapes and some oranges. Joseph bought me a Indian suit and I wore it for the children's meeting.

The Lord helped me to give the word 2 Chronicals 9 v 1-7 ..."Happy are these thy servants" and Mephibosheth invited to the Kings table....The Lord blessed the Word and Sunitha Pastor Joseph's wife wept... She had stepped in when Pastor Joseph was unable to continue she also was unable to continue as the Lord touched her heart.

Babaptla. Pastor John, Sunitha Pastor Jospheh and Sambo accompanied me to the station. The train was late by 50 minutes and I said my goodbyes. I arrived in Baptala the early hours 12 20 AM on an otherwise deserted platform to be met by Pastor Rajaptnam and the elders of his church.

They garlanded me with flowers and had carried a banner of welcome...A car took us to Bhvanana Residency a seedy run down hotel while Pastor Jidigu shared some of his testimony .

I gratefully slept until 7 AM. Woke up with the Hindu temple blasting out amplified music and wailing. Looked out the window to view more appalling poverty. I visited the orphanage where 17 children live in one room. The orphanage is 5 months behind in its rent and the pastor and his wife Sunitha struggle to feed them one meal a day. There is no where for the children to play and the building is backed by a ditch filled with refuse and stagnant water. I sang to the children and told bible stories. In the brief time since coming home three children have been sponsored.

Ercola Village. In the afternoon we visited by car a village where Pastor Jidigu labours to win souls. He told me that most are still involved in idol worship but gradually they are hearing the gospel and responding. They showered me with flower petals before I spoke and afterwards all requested prayer. I had to tell some of them to remove their fetishes, which they have bought to bring good luck from the witch doctor.. In the evening we go to the outskirts of the town to a small church. The noise was almost unbearable and then the lord helped me to declare his Word. After a nights rests we set off to take the children to the beach. They were so thrilled. I walked up and down for an hour in prayer.

Chondole village. This was an open air village meeting where the folk sat on mats many listened with rapt attention to the Word Many responded in a sinner's prayer. Many came seeking healing I prayed for another 30 folk in great need.

Babpatla. The harbour and Church. We hired an old car for R600 the steering was suspect brakes bad, and set of 60 klm to the harbour district stopping on the way at the police inspectors house to ask for protection. On arrival safely we toured the fishing area and went to the fishermen's village. The smell of bad fish permeated everything.

The conditions were primitive and squalid. Around 80 or more folk gathered around listening to the Word Another amazing meeting with a wonderful anointing on "Toiled all night and caught nothing," where 80 responded in praying a sinners prayer...Some women were sobbing.

Leaving the fishermen we drove into the town in total darkness there was a power cut and went to the local village church. The Lord enabled me to proclaim his word, "Seven fires of God" then prayed with 30 or 40 folk..

After supper, I had cold potatoes and cabbage, returned thankfully and very tired safely to Bapatla City.

Sunday Bapatla, Meeting in Orphans Home. I take my last meeting in Bapatla speaking to the children and say goodbye. The car arrives and is another dangerous car. The steering very bad and the driver has to pump the brakes to make them work. A long journey but arrive safely in Vijahawadda to sit for two hours on the platform waiting for the train. train to Bangalore.

Bangalore The train arrived at 4 40 and we set off for a 14 hour journey arriving in the morning. I am offered a bottom bunk and retire at 8 PM to lurch through the night. The train arrives at Bangalore at 10 AM.

There is no one to meet me. I telephone and wait a half an hour before a 4 wheeler comes to rescue me., While waiting I am threatened by a man who apparently is mad. I call a nearby policeman who is not really interested. The traffic is horrendous and the exhaust fumes fill the air with blue smog. The cars are almost gridlocked but we fight our way through chased at one point by an angry traffic policeman.

I arrive at Headquarters to meet Francis and then set off again to other side of town to my lodgings in a guest house. I meet Mary Adams a writer who is compiling a book on the life of Francis Jackson. We go to the city shops and I buy some Cornflakes'..

Bangalore

Ist Church Tuesday I the Lord search the heart... Around 80 folks singing with load amplification and drums Preached at 8 10 PM. The power failed half way through and we were plunged into darkness after a while I continued with the help of candles then my translator arrived and we swapped over. The young man who had started translating had been his first time... One or two women came to thank me for the word. Two bible students came to request prayer and also the Pastor and his family.

2nd Church Wednesday Arrived at 7 15 PM in a small church The Lord helped me give the message. "Our God is a consuming fire" Many were touched by God.

3rd Church Thursday Pastor Jackson invited me to speak in his church. It was prayer meeting night. When I arrived another power cut and entered the prayer hall to find it lit by candles. Much fervent prayer and great attention to the

Word.. I shared testimony and some lessons. Many were touched.. After the word many came for prayer. One woman with some mental complaint fell to the floor as I prayed for her. An American man named all prayed and prophesied over me..

Trial of return journey. All was set for my return to England I had booked a flight from Banaglore to Madras at 8PM I had to arrive at the airport at 7 PM. I asked pastor Jackson to send transport. I spoke to the drivers during the day requesting that they arrive on time.. They were due at 6PM but did not arrive.. I waited until 6 15 PM before taking my case and walking down the road to the local computer shop where I knew there was a telephone. I had visited the internet café over the last four days and found them helpful and friendly. Earlier I had asked them to give me some telephone numbers of local taxi firms, which they had done. Now I asked could they please telephone for a taxi to the airport...

Sadly when they got through the taxi could not come for another half an hour. Too late. They tried two or three others with the same result.. I walked away back to the guest house trailing my case and bag. I had hardly got one hundred yards before a motor bike pulled up beside me. The computer man asked could he help me give me a lift to the main road where possibly I might get an auto rickshaw?

I looked at the motorbike and looked at my case.. Was it possible. Well it was only for a few local streets. I accepted his offer and climbed onto the back of the motorbike and held the heavy bag in one hand and trailed the suitcase behind in the other.. Going slowly the suitcase ran on its little wheels and we made slow progress. What I had not planned for or expected was when we reached the main road the motor bike continued speeding up. I was shocked and amazed but unable to alter anything

The case raced along well but it must have been an unusual sight., After a mile or so on the main road we spotted an autorickshaw and after negotiating a price R60 transferred my luggage. We set off the autorickshaw was ancient and kept stalling in the thick traffic however I praised God we were making progress and soon arrived at the airport departure lounge. It was exactly 7 PM. I had made it. Praise the Lord

50.000 Tracts I emailed John Harder of Evangelical Tract Distributors and requested 50.000 tracts for distribution in the delta region at Rajahmundry. Every 12 years around 12 million Hindus arrive to bathe in the river to wash away their sins. More than 150 pastors and their churches are planning to evangelise in December this year

”This is your flight”

I was amazed. I had been sitting in the departure lounge expecting to board at 8.50 PM Within three minutes I was on the plane and shortly after we were airborne.. It was 8.05PM I had assumed that the 8.50 was my flight. I could have missed it easily. What had made that woman ask me? Only the Lord knows!!!

The Philippines. Please pray as already I am involved in preparing for Mission Philippines. My dates are 22nd February until 12/13th March. I fly to Kuala Lumpur and then to Cebu City on Cebu Island to join John Valdavisio for a week in the prisons and local churches. Then ferry to Ormoc and a prison visit before travelling to Tacloban City. It will be a joy to see the Lerion’s home on the higher ground. I guess there will be visits to Tacloban City jail, The hospital and local churches... DV I plan to return via Manila and Heathrow via Frankfurt.

Thank you for your faithful prayers. All glory to God Tony and Sheila

How shall they hear without a preacher and how shall they preach unless they are sent.. Romans 10 v 14

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