

A Door Opened . 1

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

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

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

‘Do you remember me?’

I glanced at the lady who had spoken searching my memory but nothing came into my mind.

‘I am sorry...’ I half apologised.

‘Norwich, the market, a man came to attack you, I stood near you and prayed (? for your safety.)’

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

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

Suddenly an amazing thing occurred. Immediately, I was filled with an incredible love. I opened my eyes and was able to start telling this angry man how much God loved him, Jesus Christ had hung on a blood-stained cross and had died for him. As I spoke the man appeared to melt in front of me. It seemed as if all the aggression and anger just dissipated. There was just this limp human form filled with hate ?standing in front of me. I was still speaking to him of God's love, when as suddenly as he appeared, he ran off and vanished into the crowds.

I turned to the folks who had witnessed this spectacle saying something like, 'Isn't it amazing, I have come to this town with love in my heart, with a loving Gospel message which tells you God loves us so much that while we were still sinners He sent His only Son, Jesus Christ to die for us and if you believe on

Him you shall have everlasting life. (John 3:16) How soon the enemy and his agents became angry. How soon the demons were stirred up.’ Then I continued to preach the message. I remember how the Lord helped me and as I made and appeal a few people who had been listening had responded and taken Gospels. It was then I had turned to Eileen, this lady whom the Lord had sent to stand by my side.

So back in Hailsham I met Eileen from Norwich again. We talked and shared experiences of the Lord’s goodness and gave me her address.

Before Eileen left she asked, ‘Would you consider going to Poland? Pray about it,’ she instructed. I agreed to bring it before the Lord and seek His will on the matter.

‘You have a camper van don’t you?’ I nodded.

Well, we go to Poland every year to preach in the open air...would you consider taking us in your van?’

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

The Journey. 2

It was amazing! After driving a thousand miles across Europe in the rusty old Bedford camper van I knew the oil should be checked. Finding the dipstick I plunged it into the oil sump and pulled it out again. I did it again, just to make sure. The camper van had not used one drop of oil! I couldn't help but praise the Lord.

The journey had been a nightmare. Only God had got us through but praise the Lord we had now arrived in Benzine near Katowice, an industrial city in the south of Poland.

I looked at the headlights again and asked, 'Lord what can I do?'

The camper van was already full. Now with three more people and all their luggage it seemed impossible to take any more. Eileen came up behind me, 'Just this case,' she cajoled. Then Pastor Price brought a ruck-sack containing sixty pairs of children's shoes. I had to use all my ingenuity to hide them in every nook and cranny I could find. Eventually all was safely loaded, Peter got into the driving seat, he wanted some driving practice in the van before we arrived on the continent.

At last we started off and headed for Ron's house in Walton on the Naze.

We arrived and I could not believe what I was seeing. Ron and his wife, Joan were waiting to climb on board. I stared in disbelief as they carried out their baggage. There was the amplifier, speakers, sketch-board, a keyboard and it's legs, cases, bags of food, coats, flasks and six adults! I started to load, it was impossible. 'Where can I put it all Lord?'

Ron was looking for some wires, everyone was talking at once, some were giving instructions and nobody was listening. The keyboard was queezed into the wardrobe, coats to be used later were tucked down the back of seats, every bit of space was utilised. After prayer and a photo session, we set off for the ferry port at Harwich.

How little did I realise what lay ahead!

Ron wanted to drive to the ferry port. He was tired after working a night shift. The van swayed alarmingly from side to side. The country lanes were narrow and we hit the verge several times. I was sitting on the edge of my seat praying. It was with some relief we arrived at the port and joined the queue for the ferry. At long last we boarded. The ferry company loaded the camper vans last,

leaving us struggling to find seats and we ended up in the disco bar.

The ferry was due to arrive in Holland at seven o'clock in the evening. We met other Christian folk and passed the time sharing our past adventures and our immediate plans in Poland.

It was after eight o'clock before we disembarked. I had decided I would drive through Holland, then pass the driving over to Peter or Ron when we arrived in Germany.

The roads were remarkably good with clear road signs and before long we were driving on the A30 into Germany.

It was sometime after midnight when the first crisis happened. We came upon road works, the roads were unlit, I was tired, not concentrating properly and just followed the cones in a contra-flow.

'Tony, Tony, right lane, right lane,' somebody shouted. Instinct and reflex action made me swerve to the right just missing a huge heavy lorry with its lights blazing rushing by. Only God knows how we missed it. We were only seconds from disaster. Surely it was His mercy that kept us safe.

We thanked the Lord for protecting us.

After a few more miles we decided Ron should take over to allow me to sleep. I needed to be fresh to drive in Poland as I was the only one who had insurance cover to drive in Poland. I got into the back, Ron's driving was 'laissez faire.' Once again the van swayed horrifically. What could it be? I tried to switch off but each time I closed my eyes the van would lurch and I was alert again.. I couldn't sleep. It was no good.

'Brother Ron, let me take over the driving again.' We swapped seats but things got worse, I struggled with the wheel, the van was swaying everywhere, It seemed to have a mind of its own. 'Oh Lord,' I prayed.

It must have been about three in the morning, Eileen passed round lukewarm coffee and I tried hard to concentrate. I was tired, dead tired. Was it the tire. Pressure, I wondered. The road seemed to have deep ruts in it where lorries had worn through the tarmac, the van stuck in them as though they were tram tracks. My eyes were refusing to focus but I moved over to the fast lane hoping it would be a smoother surface. It was slightly better.

We passed Osnabruck, Hanover, Magderburg, Potsdam and Berlin heading for Cottobus and the Polish boarder. The sky lightened, the night was almost over, then suddenly there it was - Cottobus. What a relief.

Passing miles of waiting lorries we drove towards the checkpoint. The guards were gracious waving us through customs with an exaggerated bow.

Pastor Price was relieved because he had an American passport but it didn't present a problem. Stopping only to exchange pounds sterling for szloties we continued down the relentless road through the forest.

Eileen was fussing with the maps.

'Oh dear, I can't remember where we stopped for a meal last year, can you remember Peter?'

She suddenly found it and shouted, 'Here it is, yes! This is it.'

We drove up a dusty track leading to the car park, climbed out with relief and looked around. Entering a Swiss style chalet building we walked into the empty reception and waited. The restaurant where we had hoped to get a hot meal was deserted. We wandered around looking for toilets and staff. You could hear the silence.

Eventually someone arrived, we discussed the menu, well Peter, Eileen, Ron and Joan did. It was a mystery to me! They ordered pork cutlets, chips and 'Harabarta' tea, then waited. In due time the meal arrived and the others ate with enthusiasm and a lot of chatter. The noise was too much for me. My poor head was aching and spinning, I felt so dreadfully tired. I ate what I could but

soon had to go out into the fresh air and get some exercise.

Walking in the car park I could see the chaos of the interior of the van cluttering up the windows. I opened the doors of the vehicle, removed all the luggage, swept the van and repacked it. Fifteen minutes later everything looked clean and tidy again. The physical work helped to make me feel better, I swallowed some pain-killers, sat in the morning sunshine praying until the others joined me again. What a journey. Still we were in Poland. We were scheduled to meet bro Marek in Benzin by seven o'clock that evening, would we make that deadline?

My companions slowly filed out and clambered back into the van.

We rejoined the road in record time but it wasn't long before heads started to nod as one by one they drifted into sleep. I wanted to drift off too but unfortunately I was the driver. How to stay awake was the problem. The fresh air poured in through the window I'd opened. It was hot and the heat came in with the air. I shook my head, but it didn't really help. I just had to keep awake.

Throughout the day drinks and sweets were passed around, it was much quieter

now, everybody was too tired to talk. We were on the E40 the road for Wraclow and passed Legnacia. The tree lined road had a hynoptic effect on me, it was beautiful but the road seemed endless. The map was consulted and a voice from behind shouted, 'Yes, carry on brother.' The towns passed by, their names all sounding alike. I remember thinking, there was only 80 kilometres before we get to Opole. I longed for Opole to appear. As we passed through the next town sombody shouted, 'Only another 80 kilometres to Opole Brother!'

I saw a sign indicating toilets and pulled over. Everyone jumped out to walk around, it was luxury after staying in the van for such a long time.

Tiredness. suddenly overwhelmed me, my head was spinning again, 'Lord,' I cried, I must sleep.' Walking away from the others and found a quiet spot a little way up the path. Falling down on my knees with my head buried in my hands I called on the Lord,' Lord help me.' I was in a half stupor, half doze.

How long I rested there in the afternoon sunshine I do not know. It was about three o'clock, perhaps ten minutes went by. I was aware of the Lord's presence.

It came to my mind that Elijah had gone in the strength of that food for forty days and forty nights! 'It can be done,' I thought.

Realising I was about to fall into a deep sleep, I forced myself awake and got up off my knees, dragging my unwilling limbs to walk, returning in a daze to the group waiting by the van, we set off once again.

The towns started to pass by, quicker now. The rhythmic sound of the tyres and the trees of the tree lined road flashing past brought the inevitable drowsiness.

The first few hours were not too bad but as the afternoon wore on and dusk fell, weariness came in waves like the tide. I cried out again, 'Lord, help me.'

Eileen was speaking, 'We want to take the E40,' her voice sounded distant. I guessed she was trying to keep me awake.

Then we were diverted off the main road because of road works. Unable to read the signs, we turned left and coming to a junction stopped. Which way? There were no road signs. I turned left. The road twisted this way and that. It was getting dark, then, there it was, the E40. Praise the Lord! We continued in the twilight... 'Only 80 kilometers now brother!' I nodded, somebody had said that before.

Now there was another crisis, the headlights flicked on and off, then went out altogether. It was dangerous, I slowed down, 'Pray,' I shouted at the sleeping figures, 'We have problems with the headlights.'

Everyone woke up and started to pray. The lights flicked on and then off. ‘Oh Lord,’ I slowed down again, the lights flicked on and off intermittently.

Without lights on a dark night would be suicide, I pulled over into the next side road. I examined the light stalk and the switch, everything looked fine to me, I partially dismantled the casing but everything looked in order. There was no visible fault.

We all prayed together before driving off into the night. The headlights were dim, as the darkness deepened it was increasingly hazardous each time the lights failed. More waves of tiredness swept over me and I forced myself to keep awake.

‘We should be in Katowice soon,’ Eileen informed me.

After what seemed to be an eternity. The city lights appeared on the horizon.

Soon we were there. It was more dangerous than I expected. A trio of voices gave conflicting instructions and directions.

‘Keep to the right.’

‘Mind the roundabout.’

‘Watch the tram-lines.’

It was bedlam. Confusion reigned. The memories of the team who had visited the city a year ago had obviously diminished. The gauntlet of the traffic lights, trams and last minute directions alarmed me.

We left the city and plunged back into the dark.

Oh dear, I thought we had arrive but we were still arriving and I was still driving! Was this madness? It was well past seven o'clock. I had been told they would wait for us. The lights flickered again and I slowed down once more, then they went out.

'Pray! Pray! Pray!' I yelled, I was desperate.

Gradually we entered the suburbs of Benzin. Lights appeared again and road signs led us to the city centre. Centrum.

'Left at the next roundabout.' I concentrated looking for the appropriate signs.

'Watch the trams, left again.'

'No! No! '

'Up here.'

'Straight on.'

Surely they recognised the place. Up the hill to the castle and a sudden left turn.

We were there, We could park. It was ten thirty, we had arrived.

I bowed my head in prayer, 'Thank you Lord.'

Eileen and Ron went off to locate the welcome committee. They had to go to

the flats opposite and then upstairs. A few moments later they returned. There was no one there, only a note giving directions to their home address. Peter walked around trying to locate the place, then, when Ron and Eileen came back he went to inquire at a café but they didn't know where the road was, we were stuck - what were we going to do? No one knew.

Peter told us he would find a taxi then the rest of us could follow the taxi. It sounded like a good idea. He found the taxi, it crawled around, the taxi driver didn't know either.

It was nearing eleven o'clock I feared I would fall asleep at any moment. The next half hour was a tragic farce. I guess the taxi driver wanted to earn some money.

'Hear it is, this is it!'

We pulled over and climbed out, eagerly crossing the grass verge and then plunging into the darkness of the stairwell, up the stairs, three floors up, and into the flat we had spent so much time looking for. It was worth it to be met with hugs and greetings.

I recall looking at them as they sat drinking 'Harabata' and coffee. I remembered God's Word, Psalm 91:11, " for He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

WEEPING. 3

We were in Bezin, an industrial town in Southern Poland. Pastor Marek had obtained permission to preach in the open air. The shops were run down, the town had an air of decay and dilapidation. Years of neglect in Communism had left visible marks. The facade of the buildings in disrepair, broken masonry. Many buildings in total ruin. The evidence of hardship, struggle and despair was clearly marked in the faces of the people.

A small crowd had gathered around the Sketch board and C.F Bedford van, as we proclaimed the Gospel. A young man from Warsaw University had volunteered to interpret for us. James Mungui, from Africa stood with the megaphone and good knowledge of English . We took turns to preach. The team consisted of Peter and Eileen Richards, Ron and Joan Lepley, and Pastor Price from Scotland. For nearly three hours we had witnessed, preached, and given our testimonies.

Eileen was telling how the Lord had healed her finger, sliced off at the tip, by an unfriendly letter box. I had preached on the Passover Lamb, the Prodigal

son. When I prayed the sinners prayer and made an appeal about twenty people came forward in response. Amazing scenes had followed.

Others who had been listening, surged forward reaching out for Gospels.

We were overwhelmed. I had a bag of Gospels by my feet.

I was giving them out as fast as I could. Yet hungry hands still reached out for more. I went into the van and grabbed another box-full. People stood around reading. I could see the Polish Christians, talking with this one and that. Eileen came over to speak to me "Brother did you see? They were weeping"

Hallelujah.

I was almost speechless. My five years preaching in the towns in Southern England had not prepared me for anything like this. One man had come seeking help. His daughter had lain in hospital in a coma. He had been told that the hospital could do no more. A brain tumour had been diagnosed. Would we pray ? We gathered around and sought the Lord

Later James was speaking. He seemed animated. We had asked him to announce that there was a meeting at the building nearby , at 5 o'clock that evening. "Come bring your friends". 48

He has been talking for twenty minutes or more. What could he be saying ?.

Later James confided, he had been preaching. He told me of a man who had been listening who had received Christ I was overwhelmed with joy and

gratitude. It was worth all the effort, the 1,000 miles journey across Europe, for this one moment.



Two days later the man who had asked for prayer for his daughter came running. Shouts of joy rang through the air. His daughter had recovered, Hallelujah. Apparently at the time we had prayed for her, ten miles away, in hospital, she had opened her eyes, sat up in bed and had eaten food. There were tears in our eyes now. Glory to God. Later that evening in the 5. O'clock meeting, we rejoiced with one man who came to testify, Roman said that he had surrendered his life to the Lord.

Benzin.4

How sad the Polish people seemed. They appeared forlorn, depressed and without hope, their faces etched with worry lines and deep sadness.

As I preached, I was aghast when two elderly men came out of bar, fighting.

The next day there was another fist fight, this time with younger men.

Alcoholics were commonplace, their comatose bodies were frequently seen lying in the streets and park sleeping off their latest binge. I came across an undertaker's sign which read, "Hades." How true, I thought.

The hotel in Benzin where we were staying, was a joke. The room I shared with Pastor Price was very basic. Two single beds, lino on the floor and threadbare curtains hanging on tiny clips; when they were drawn they fell off!. Even when they were re-hung, they still let in the light.

Pastor Price had to visit Warsaw but I was thankful to be alone for a time. I was not used to working with a team especially when there was any tension among us. Peter and Eileen were upset that the arrival of Vardeck, our interpreter was delayed on his journey from Warsaw where he lived. When he did reach us, we

were pleased to find he was adept at speaking and interpreting English.

Meetings were held in the church and in the open air. To end our stay Pastor organised a bar-be-que at his home. We all tramped out into the garden to light the bonfire. We roasted sausages on sticks, all the time singing and praising the Lord. We helped ourselves to potato salad to accompany the sausages, it was delicious and was enjoyed by everyone.

We returned to the hotel at a late hour and I thankfully went to bed. I tossed and turned, sleep evading me. Eventually when I finally drifted off I was disturbed by Pastor Price returning late from his trip to Warsaw.

Before we left Benzin we visited an orphanage. We unloaded and distributed the shoes, clothing and other goodies we had so carefully packed in England, to the children who needed them so much. Many of them had only one pair of slippers or sandals, and nothing else to wear on their little feet, whatever the weather. It was 5.30a.m. I dragged myself out of bed, still very tired. Bleary-eyed I faced the long journey to Olecko in the North. We set off an hour later only stopping to have lunch with James Mungy at Warsaw University arriving in Olecko at 7.30p.m. that evening.

We only just avoided having a nasty road accident. Soon after passing a town called Elk, a dark shadow appeared in the headlights, I braked hard. The shadow turned out to be an Elk which had lumbered onto the unlit road, I missed it by inches!

We were greeted by a small but enthusiastic church when we reached Olecko. They had been waiting for us since six o'clock and welcomed us with hugs and handshakes. We all had messages from our churches in England to pass on to them. They were pleased and lost no time in composing their own messages for us to take them back to our own Fellowships. It was time for the meeting to start, we hastily made ourselves presentable before witnessing and preaching the Gospel.

Afterwards, I was taken to a flat with Bvisheck and Vishner, up seven flights of stairs which, despite my weariness, I took two at a time!

After Harabata (tea) and a supper of tomatoes and cheese on biscuits and garlic sausages, which I gracefully declined, a bed was made up for me in the lounge and I gratefully turned in.

Sleep in Olecko was illusive. The light streamed in through the curtainless

windows. Everyone seemed to have at least one dog in the area. As soon as anything moved, man or beast, the dogs started to bark. It only needed one bark to set off dozens of other dogs, they barked all night long.

I was so grateful to see the first fingers of light - the beginning of a new day.

5 Olesko

Mobbed.6

‘Could I come with you and the team when you go back to Biaystok City tomorrow morning? Pastor Richard asked. I readily agreed. At 6am. after all five of us were comfortably settled in the van we set off.

On the journey I explained to Pastor Richard the need for obeying the gentle directions of the Holy Spirit in evangelism. Telling him that sometimes you can come across a busy market place when the Holy Spirit would prompt you to preach. There would be a “Witness in your spirit,” I have often found that when we obey the Holy Spirit’s prompting God’s richest blessings are oftentimes evident.

We were just passing a busy market place, even as I was speaking. My heart missed a beat so I stopped the van. 'Here now, preach.' I received the prompt myself.

'Come on team, come quickly,' I urged them. They responded and I almost ran ahead of them to the thronging crowd. It was to be one of God's "Divine Appointments."

I stopped at the edge of the market place, Andrew brought the loud hailer, I lifted my voice and started to preach. The effect was immediate and spontaneous. It was like a bomb exploding. Suddenly folks were running over to take a Gospel even before I finished preaching or gave an appeal. A large crowd formed drinking in God's Word. It was fantastic and wonderful! Glory to God. The Lord gave me liberty and love, boldness compassion. The Lord blessed us with His presence. When the message had concluded it seemed as though hundreds of hands were reaching out to take the proffered Gospels.

*****They came from behind, hands grabbing, seeking. People were standing, avidly reading the Word. Andrew, Yola and John were talking to people, Pastor Richard witnessing. I stood amazed and joyfully thanked God.

It had happened, God was showing Pastor Richard what I had been trying to teach him.*****

The Lord was not finished yet. The next day in Biaystok City market place with Pastor Stephen and a team of Polish Christians, it happened again. I was almost knocked off my feet as the folks rushed at me. Pastor Stephan was stunned. As

we offered the Gospels some were snatched by hands from behind, from above, all around.

It was hard to believe and even harder to understand. The Polish people, after forty years of depression, of darkness, of defeat, of being brainwashed. People tired out with candle-light, superstition and religion. Lost without hope!

Suddenly the truth of the Gospel. Life, abundant life, Spiritual life, new life.

The power of God's Word touching their hearts was like setting fire to dry tinder, a torch to a bonfire, a flame to a rocket.

'Oh, who can explain Revival?' It happened in Poland. Praise God!

DZIEN DOBRE.7

The camper van was parked on a piece of rough ground by the side of the road in Olecko Karvala, about ten miles from Olecko, in north east Poland. I was with Pastor Richard and a small group from his church and another group from Youth with a Mission who had come from all parts of Poland to join us. An American, Chris, led the team of youths, there was Eva, Marek, Yola, Bvishkek, Boshana, John the evangelist, with Martha, Bvishkek, Vuishner and Andrew (my interpreter from Warsaw).

We had trooped around the complex of flats with the Y.W.A.M. group singing away and a small procession following behind. Andrew used the loud hailer supplied from Bels Yew Green chapel to announce "come to the meeting, 5 o'clock in the cinema, good music, good message, come to the meeting".

Later we rejoiced to see over eighty almost filling the tiny cinema. We all shared the Gospel, one a testimony, another a song. I preached and others did a drama. How we thanked God when around thirty folks invited Jesus to be Lord of their lives. A young Christian Polish worker had come to me after the appeal with two young folks aged around twelve. "They want to receive Christ" he said. After I had prayed with them another young man who had been speaking to a group of twenty or so children, turned to me and said they all want to receive Christ. It was a wonderful heart-warming moment when I heard their little voices asking "Jesus come into my heart and save my soul". Later, at the home of local Christians, I was called when a young man had become aggressive and amorous over a young girl. He was intoxicated and it need the sharp rebuke of an elderly lady (his mother?) before he was persuaded to leave and things had settled down again, I was grateful to get away from the hospitality and retire for an early night.

I had hardly settled down and was just drifting into a deep sleep when I felt the van shake. I sat up, half awake, what was it? I froze as the motor caravan moved again. Yes, this time it was definite, someone was outside.

I grabbed a pair of trousers and struggled to get them over my pajamas and quickly put on a jacket. I stood holding my breath for a few moments, my heart beating wildly as I held the cord of the window blind.

I pulled it down and released it. It rolled up and snapped into place to reveal the face of a man about twelve inches from the window. We were both shocked. "Dzien dobre" he said, foolishly, without thought, I automatically replied "Dzien dobre", good day. I looked at his face and pulled down the blind. The man was thinking to steal my bike which was strapped and, thankfully, chained and padlocked to the bike carrier. What to do? I waited in silence, listening to my heart's irregular beat.

I waited a few more moments and then plucked up courage to open the door and peer out. It was deserted. The man had gone. I jumped down, remembering the look in the man's eye. Did he say, "I will come back and get it later?" Perhaps he had chain cutters?

I unlocked the padlock and struggled to get the bike into the narrow van door. It just went in. I relocked the van and retired to bed trying vainly to sleep.

It was not easy. Would he return?

I must have dozed off when I awoke with the noise of dogs barking. Poland is full of barking dogs. I looked at the clock 3 a.m. Yes, he had returned. I listened carefully, hardly daring to breath. I heard shuffling outside then silence. Then the dogs barking again. Had he gone? I lay there and thought of the man's consternation and chagrin at finding the bike carrier empty. I looked at my battered Raleigh.

Dzien dobre, good day I said, turned over and fell into a deep sleep.

Buidernick.8

This was my first visit to Biaystok in North East Poland. I had been invited to stay with the Buidernick family comprising ?Mr and Mrs Buidernick, children and Grandfather. They had kindly offered me a home for the week of Evangelism in the area.

The family had given me the lounge and had made up a bed for me on their typically Polish bed settee. The flat was on the fifth floor and had a covered balcony overlooking the square below. It accommodated some old chairs and

flower pots containing dying plants but there was still room for me to wander out and view the scenery.

It was a lovely flat and the Buidernicks gave me every hospitality but I found it a little disconcerting when grandfather Buidernick, aged ninety eight, made nocturnal visits into my room. He didn't seem aware of my presence because he was half asleep and confused. He may have been hungry and searching for food. He didn't stay long before he shuffled off somewhere else.

Mr Buidernick junior, had a lovely friendly smile, although neither of us could speak the other's language we managed to converse. He was short and stout with thinning hair and was eager to make himself understood. I felt the prompting of the Holy Spirit to read Isaih 61:1, "To preach good tidings..." Bro. Buidernick found his Polish Bible and read it. 'Ah, Tac, Tac, Yes! Yes! Umm,' he pointed to Jer. 1:1. "The words of Jeremiah, the son of Hilkiah, of the priests that were in Anathoth in the land of Benjamin."

On reading it I said, 'Yes! Yes! I found Romans 10:14.

'Umm, Romans?...'

'One, two, three, four,' I counted on my fingers.

'Umm?'

'Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, Romans' I showed him in my English Bible and then he found it in his Polish one.

“How then shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear of Him without a preacher?”

He read the text, soon we were finding different but applicable texts all over our Bibles having a good clear conversation. It lasted about an hour, our achievement leaving both of us with beaming smiles on our faces.

Polish/English,. Wonderful! Praise the Lord!

Brother Andrew gave me an account of how Bro. Buidernick came to be saved.

Apparently Bro. Buidernick lived in a village which was a stronghold of the “Orthodox Church.” The hierarchy and members were very religious and uncompromising. Looking around one day he found an old Bible. The more he read of it, the more he wanted to read; delving deep into its pages and teaching he came to a knowledge of the truth. He gave his heart and life to the Lord.

Hallelujah!

The elders and members of his family were furious, his father and the church leaders beat him constantly. However, Bro. Buidernick clung to his new found faith in Jesus as the one mediator between God and man. The beatings continued throughout childhood and teens, he began to think he was the only Christian in the world. God blessed his faith and over the years he had the joy

of leading his family, the last member being his father, to the Lord.

Bro. Buidernick joined me in the park for the Sunday afternoon outreach service. He was an outstandingly powerful preacher.

Lublin Prison.9

Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by seeing Him, seeing He ever lives to make intercession for them.” (Hebrews 7:26)

Pastor Marek’s driving was outrageous. The van lurched from side to side as we sped through the city of Lublin. Prayer was essential, so was hanging on with both hands. The passenger’s comfort wasn’t helped by the Hyundai’s suspension which needed replacing. You could choose to look and have heart failure, or shut your eyes and wait for a disaster to happen.

I looked away and praised the Lord, I knew that if we did crash I would enter into heaven with praise on my lips and in my heart.

‘Do you have a word from the Lord?’ Pastor Marek asked. We were on our way to visit the local prison and he wanted to know if I was ready to speak to the prisoners.

‘Yes, the Lord has spoken to me and given me a message for the men.’

‘Did I tell you...?’ I wondered what Pastor Marek was going to say. He didn’t keep me in suspense.

‘A man became a Christian then murdered his mother!’ It was inconceivable, I felt a wave of shock pass through me. How could it have happened? I realised the man could not have been truly “Born again.”

Pastor parked on the sandy grass outside the prison and we got out. My, it was hot! A Christian worker greeted us but we had to wait for another person to arrive before we could gain entry into the building. It wasn’t long before he appeared. He knocked and waited for the metal door to open.

We were eventually admitted by the guards into the courtyard and we handed over our documents, they also wanted my passport and camera. As I handed them over I was aware that we were being carefully watched.

After the formalities we were escorted through big iron gates, across several yards, through more locked gates and into a three story building.

There was an feeling of oppression and fear.

We continued down a long corridor, through numerous locked gates, the jangling of the keys and the clanging of the gates, as they were opened and closed, added to the atmosphere. At last we were shown into the prison recreation room, it was sparse and uninviting.

Some of the prisoners were waiting for us and after greetings had been exchanged brightly painted jam jars were brought in and we enjoyed a jam-jar of Harabata tea.

One prisoner had a keyboard, another had a guitar, there were praise books and chorus sheets. Soon we were all singing, they in Polish and I in English. Some of the time I praised God by humming - "making a joyful noise unto the Lord." The musicians were brilliant and our hearts were lifted up. After a while Pastor introduced me and asked me to speak to the prisoners.

We prayed first, then spoke God's Word to them.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me." (Psalm 66:18)

I remember the scene and thank God. Scripture after Scripture flowed from me.

Many applications with illustrations of the Gospel were given. The warnings in God's Word to repent or be judged poured out during the hour or more I was speaking. The Words of Life sinking into the prisoners hearts and minds.

One man, Richard, had been so hostile, so sullen with waves of depression and enmity pouring from him almost snatched the New Testament from my hand as it was offered to him. I talked with him and wrote out some texts for him to

study and meditate on, Pastor interpreted my words. Richard's whole demeanor changed. His face shone with love and joy, his eyes beamed; his face full of faith and understanding. We prayed together, hugged each other and shook hands before we parted.

Richard is a "lifer." I have spent much time praying for him. When I returned to Lublin the following year (1998) I inquired after him but he had been moved to another prison.

Suwalki 10

Our party was made up of young Christians who were on holiday. Pastor Voidek had organized holiday huts for them in the forest. Last night, after I'd come back from a short drive with Andrew, we had all stood around a blazing fire with our sausages on sticks. We sung hymns and choruses, praised and worshipped God, giving Him thanks for all His goodness, for the beauty of that place and for everything He had given us. Eventually, even though it was still early, I excused myself and retired to bed. It was hot and humid and had only slept fitfully,

The morning skies had burst and the town of Goldap was awash in the torrential rain. Approximately 20,000 people inhabit Goldap which is geographically situated in North East Poland, two miles from the Russian border. Andrew had taken me to a lake, the evening before, and pointed across to the other side saying, 'The "Ruskies" live on the other side of this lake, the border, between Poland and Russia, runs across the middle of this lake.'

The following morning I knew I had to take my colleagues, Yola, Andrew, Alicia and John the Evangelist, to Suwalki, I wondered how we going manage to drive there, the tempestuous rain was unceasing.

'We must go to Suwalki.' I told Andrew, pointing to it on the map.

Andrew was unsure, 'It's only a one street town.'

'We have to go there, the Lord says we must go.'

We waited around until about ten o'clock when we considered it would be safe enough to travel. It was still raining hard when we set off making our way gingerly towards Suwalki.

It was true that Suwalki was a one street town but it was a long, long street. We parked the van in the main square, near the traffic lights. After a time of prayer we split up, two each side of the road, Alicia went off on her own. We gave out

tracts to whoever would take them. We went up one side and down the other. I felt blessed when I saw Yola talking with various people and again when Alicia was seen witnessing to a group of people

It had taken us almost two hours to distributed all our bundles of tracts and just before we reached the van again I noticed a busy side street,

‘What’s down there?’ Not waiting for an answer, I walked a few more steps round the corner and down the street a little way. Joy of joys, there were people, lots of people, my heart lifted.

‘Let’s get the amplifier and more literature.’

We quickly found the relevant bags containing Gospels and tracts. Starting back down the side street, it was there! Another set of traffic lights and a very strong witness in my spirit. I knew this was the place the Lord wanted me to preach the message. ‘Andrew, over here, come quickly.’

Andrew had his eyes on the nearby park but I knew I had to preach then and there. The spot was near the traffic lights, an unpromising unmade pavement surrounded by muddy pools left by the recent rain.

‘Here please Andrew,’ he reluctantly brought over the amplifier.

I started to preach with the Lord helping me. Immediately folks began to cross the road, some running, a small crowd gathered. They didn't seem to notice the pools of water or the mud. I gave a short message followed by an appeal.

Hands reached out to receive Gospels. We stood there praising God watching Yola and Andrew talking to individuals.

I heard one woman mention "bazaar." My heart lifted again as we walked another fifty yards down to the market place (bazaar). This had been the attraction for the crowds. I had a quick look round before lifting my voice again with the Word of God.

The Word was proclaimed, folks came running from all directions to hear. A large crowd gathered, again when the appeal was made, hands coming from everywhere were reaching out for the Gospels

There was a stir among the people, more men and women were hurrying towards me to take the Gospels we were offering. We were mobbed, we couldn't give them out fast enough. Everybody in the team was talking and witnessing Christ to someone. I stood and watched in amazement. It was breathtaking and glorious - a scene that will live with me forever.

Yola and Alicia were still caught up talking to folk who wanted to know more

about Jesus.

Andrew drew near, ‘Brother Tony, do you know what they are talking about?’

He paused, ‘They’re all talking about JESUS CHRIST!’

Vilnues. 11

‘Go, go, go!’ Pastor Marian slammed the van door shut at the same time I engaged the clutch to set the van in motion. Pastor held a bundle of posters which read

Jesus Biblia
to temaert spotkala
w dniu 24 06 94
godz. 16.00
W sali ZUK
na ilicy Krzyej
na ktore zaprsza chench
amrykansi ewangelista

We were stopping to pin them up at bus stops, notice boards and on odd trees. Pastor would call out, ‘Stop, stop, stop,’ in staccato fashion, leap out of the moving van, tack the poster to a tree, board the van again calling out ‘Go, go, go!’

We had already stopped at a market place where I had preached the Gospel to the stall holders, customers and a bus queue. Now we were in Vengashevo. Pastor had arranged meetings in the cinema and schools.

Having pinned up about sixty posters we stopped for refreshments at a home where some family members were visiting and filling the room with their presence.

I spoke with a couple from Lithuania. The lady was bilingual speaking German and English. The gentleman could only speak Lithuanian.

‘Brother come to Vilnius, the lady spoke earnestly. I wondered where Vilnius was in Poland.

She interrupted my thoughts, ‘Vilnius, the capital city of Lithuania. In Vilnius the only subject we speak about is Jesus Christ.’ I was impressed. She gave me her address before we parted.

Pastor Marien had asked the manager of the cinema if we could preach there.

Permission was granted for us to speak to the audience in the tea bar during the interval. We arrived just after the film had started and I set up my illustration of the two “Kingdoms.” In the corner facing the door, “The Kingdom of Light,” in another corner the “Kingdom of Darkness.”

I knew I would have a limited amount of time, maybe only ten minutes so everything was made ready. Immediately the first film ended Pastor Marien announced, 'You are invited to a short meeting in the tea room, everybody welcome.' Crowds of young people flooding into the room, I was thrilled to see them. I started the message and gained their full attention. I made an appeal, the crowd quickly dispersed but a group of young women were anxious to know more and I talked with them, giving them part of my testimony. It was a very precious time.

Later still, I had gone out to breathe in some fresh air. The noise of the sound track of the following film invaded the peace and quiet. I was called back to the tea room and met two young men, Lesheck and Shemisvar talking with Pastor Marian. My interpreter, Sister Lila told me the men wanted to know more. We sat at a table, Pastor and I took turns to speak. I spoke the Gospel and gave my own testimony.

Pastor spoke seriously to them. It was a wonderful moment when Lesheck and Shemisvar indicated they wanted to receive Jesus Christ into their hearts. I led them in a "sinner's prayer." Pastor gave them literature and a contact address. The next day we visited a school, the building was old and neglected but the class room we had been allocated was large. While we waited expectantly for

the crowds to appear, I set up my illustrations then walked up and down praying. Around twenty folk came, we were delighted to see Lesheck and Shemisvar among them. I preached for about an hour using all my illustrations, afterwards Pastor Marian spoke. There were questions from the audience, I left it to Pastor and Sister Lila to give the answers.

A marvelous incident happened as I left Vengoshevo during the evening I was puzzled when Pastor Marian insisted that he and Daniel, his son, sit with me in the van as I drove out of town. Around three or four miles out they asked me to stop. They prayed over me, said goodbye and jumped out to walk home. It humbled me to see them walking home.

Apparently, it is the custom in Poland for the host to escort his guest to the border of the town or area where they live.

Back in England I remembered the lady from Lithuania, pondering her words and wrote to her asking what had happened. This is part of her reply:

“I’ll try to tell you in short about the revival in Lithuania. It started in approximately 1968 when our present Pastor, Pastor Giedril Saulytis, with several other born again people began to study the Word of God and gathered together to pray. The number of believers grew very fast and in 1988 the

Christian Church, “The Word of Faith” was registered. Now this church (in Vilnius) is extended to approximately 1.5 thousand believers. It has 800 members.

Weeping. 12

Why have you lied to the Holy Ghost. Acts 5 v 5

Tony sat down having given the Word about Annanias and Sapphira in Acts 5 v 5 who had kept part of the money they had obtained by selling some land and had lied to the Holy Ghost and had paid a heavy price had died before the Lord.

Tony had emphasized the point “Have we kept some part back? Have we said “All to Jesus I surrender all to him I freely give, and then some years later we have found that we have secreted some of the cursed thing still in our hearts.. Some thing has become important to us, more important than our love for Jesus. He had continued the word of God says “If any man love the world or the things in the World the love of the Father is not in him”. 1 John 2 v 15.

Tony realized that the message was a challenging one yet he was not ready for the reaction of the people. He had sat down and was quietly praying when in the

silence he heard someone sobbing.

He pricked up his ears and was puzzled as others were moaning quietly, some groaning, some weeping as the Holy Spirit had convicted of sin, righteousness and of judgment to come.

Tony continued to pray, things were happening of which he had never experienced before. The Lord was at work in people hearts. The time was passing the groaning and sobbing continued it was awesome yet very moving. People could sense the presence of God the vision of the cross came to many thoughts where the love of God was demonstrated. It must have been around twenty minutes later when Tony opened his eyes rose up from his knees and sat up. The congregation were muted, they had not experienced anything like this before, they were slightly embarrassed as this was a Pentecostal church where praise and worship where perhaps dancing in the spirit and other manifestations of the gifts of the spirit were often in operation. The group quietly said goodbye hugged each other and silently left the church

Tony walked home in the darkened streets with Barbara and David each lost in their own thoughts, occasional humming a spiritual song or chorus. Tony knew that tomorrow he was leaving for another town and another meeting and

silently thanked God for the meeting thinking to himself was this a touch of revival? He thanked God for all those who were praying back home some he knew got up at 5 AM to pray for him.

The next evening the Lord led Tony to preach on “The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked who can know it. I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways and according to the fruit of his doings”. Jeremiah 17 v 9/10

The meeting had been planned on evangelism but the Lord had shown Tony that the people were in sin. He had asked his translator sister, “Are there any unsaved in this room” she had answered “No brother they are all Christians,” Tony was perplexed the message was strong warning of judgment, that judgment must first begin at the house of God and if it first begin with us, where would the sinner and the unsaved be? The translation was excellent sister Evonica had a degree in English, she also was blessed and anointed by God in her delivery, because she was preaching the words rather than just translating them.

The effect was powerful as the congregation seemed stunned and shocked in varying degrees. Tony finished the message and a long silence ensued, a few folk shifted uncomfortably in their seats, the silence continued for a while only broken by a cough or the scrape of a chair,

Later as the meeting broke up sister Evonica came to see Tony. She looked sever and had a message. The pastor would like to speak to you now. Tony was curious but very happy to speak to the pastor. Was he going to complain at the severity of the message? Was he going to protest at the mention of sin, to say my folk are all Christians and we do not like this sort of message...

Upstairs as the three of them sat in a small room Pastor had told Tony “Three nights ago the Lord woke him and showed him his sins. He said “Brother Tony I have repented and confessed my sin” but your message tonight was true. You did not know of this but there is an elder of this church who has been committing adultery with a women in our fellowship. I have to confess that we have done nothing to stop him. Tonight your message was from God. Brother what shall we do?

It was now my turn to feel shocked but recovering a little composure I counselled him that he must speak to this man and warn him that he must repent, he must confess and forsake his sin, and that if he did not then to visit him again according to the Scriptures to warn him and then if need be, if he did not respond again to put him out of the church.

The evening was gone and Tony was taken home in the little Fiat car that belonged to the farmer in whose home he was lodging. The car bumped across the farm track jolting every bone in Tony's body he hung on to the little hand hold in the roof. Getting into the car had been very difficult they had put the seat right back but even so his knees were up around his face and as they traveled Tony wondered how on earth he could get out.

The car stopped outside the farm which was in darkness. Lucy the dog came running forward barking all the while. The gate creaked as it was opened and they followed each other up the grass path in single file each trying to locate the other in front.

Soon seated around the kitchen table Tony watched the preparations for the supper usually boiled eggs, cheese, and ham salad with lashings of Harabarta, tea. After supper Tony excused himself went up to his room and prepared the message for the next day then falling into bed slept soundly The next day Pastor came to say goodbye as Tony left for the next town.

Goldap.

We were stuck behind a slow lorry it was dark and Pastor Voidek was driving us to Goldap near the Russian boarder. The meeting at Olecko had been blessed of God. Once again there had been weeping and sobbing and also some resistance as some people had hardened their hearts.

Now another evening meeting at Goldap. The pastor was talking and Marek who had joined us was translating.

Could I speak a little on Evangelism the Pastor had asked? Without a thought I answered "Yes of course brother". I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when the Holy Spirit spoke to me.

I had not prayed and the Lord reminded me that I had not prayed and that He had already equipped me with the message on revival. I felt dreadful. Lord I silently prayed forgive me. What shall I do? I knew I had to keep my promise now given but I knew that I should obey the Lord and give the message that was so heavily anointed and blessed of God.

We arrived at the Town and went to the Pastors flat. It was an amazing place fully fitted with the latest technology and everything was lush. He obviously was a successful business man in the building trade and the flat was sumptuously furnished. I sat in the lounge and talked with his daughters while refreshments were made.

Later we walked the short distance to the church which was situated in another block of flats nearby.

It was on the ground floor and one wall had been demolished to make a reasonable sized room

The music group were practising and the amplification was turned up high. It was dreadful and certainly not needed. I had to escape so I wandered into a side room and attempted to pray.

The meeting had started as I lingered in the side room waiting for my time to preach

The Lord helped me to give the message and The Lord blessed with Power the Words of warning especially pointing out that compromise with the world is sin. Shock waves reverberated throughout the church; it was like a bomb had exploded in everyone's heart. At the conclusion of the Word I sat down to pray and found that people were sobbing and groaning under the weight of their sins. It went on for a long time, I decided that I must not interfere just wait prayerfully until the Lord showed me what to do.

It must have been at least 20 minutes later that I opened my eyes for the first time since preaching. I looked up at the platform to see the Pastor clutching his stomach with both hands like someone had punched him under the belt. He was stooping down as if in pain , groaning and saying "Wow, wow,wow"

It was strange as others were continued to groan and sob. It was also embarrassing in a way, what to do. No one had any idea how to behave as this was so unusual. Eventually Pastor managed to say a few words and then dismissed the meeting.

We walked back to his home in silence it was dark and in the home I sat in the kitchen while his wife prepared the supper. She was having difficulty in setting the table as she was still sobbing and wiping her eyes.

On the journey back to Olecko the Pastor was trying to make conversation but what with the engine noise and the Marek the translator being tired very little of what was said was retained. They dropped me off outside Pastor Richards flat and waved goodbye.

Lublin. 13

“Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by seeing Him, seeing He ever lives to make intercession for them.” (Hebrews 7:26)

Pastor Marek's driving was outrageous. The van lurched from side to side as we sped through the city of Lublin. Prayer was essential, so was hanging on with both hands. The passenger's comfort wasn't helped by the Hyundai's suspension which needed replacing. You could choose to look and have heart failure, or shut your eyes and wait for a disaster to happen. I looked away and praised the Lord, I knew that if we did crash I would enter into heaven with praise on my lips and in my heart.

‘Do you have a word from the Lord?’ Pastor Marek asked. We were on our way to visit the local prison and he wanted to know if I was ready to speak to the prisoners.

‘Yes, the Lord has spoken to me and given me a message for the men.’

‘Did I tell you...?’ I wondered what Pastor Marek was going to say.

He didn’t keep me in suspense.

‘A man became a Christian then murdered his mother!’ It was inconceivable, I felt a wave of shock pass through me. How could it have happened? I realised the man could not have been truly “Born again.”

Pastor parked on the sandy grass outside the prison and we got out. My, it was hot! A Christian worker greeted us but we had to wait for another person to arrive before we could gain entry into the building. It wasn’t long before he appeared. He knocked and waited for the metal door to open.

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At last we were shown into the prison recreation room, it was sparse and uninviting. Some of the prisoners were waiting for us and after greetings had been exchanged brightly painted jam jars were brought in and we enjoyed a jam-jar of Harabata tea. One prisoner had a keyboard, another had a guitar, there were praise books and chorus sheets. Soon we were all singing, they in Polish and I in English. Some of the time I praised God by humming - "making a joyful noise unto the Lord." The musicians were brilliant and our hearts were lifted up.

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Richard is a "lifer." I have spent much time praying for him. When I returned to Lublin the following year (1998) I inquired after him but he had been moved to another prison.

Gene Dobre.14

The camper van was parked on a piece of rough ground by the side of the road in Oleclo Karvala, about ten miles from Olecko, in north east Poland. I was with Pastor Richard and a small group from his church and another group from Youth with a Mission who had come from all parts of Poland to join us. An American, Chris, led the team of youths, there was Eva, Marek, Yola, Bvishek, Boshana, John the evangelist, with Martha, Bvishek, Vuishner and Andrew (my interpreter from Warsaw).

We had trooped around the complex of flats with the Y.W.A.M. group singing away and a small procession following behind. Andrew used the loud hailer

supplied from Bels Yew Green chapel to announce "come to the meeting, 5 o'clock in the cinema, good music, good message, come to the meeting".

Later we rejoiced to see over eighty almost filling the tiny cinema. We all shared the Gospel, one a testimony, another a song. I preached and others did a drama. How we thanked God when around thirty folks invited Jesus to be Lord of their lives. A young Christian Polish worker had come to me after the appeal with two young folks aged around twelve. "They want to receive Christ" he said. After I had prayed with them another young man who had been speaking to a group of twenty or so children, turned to me and said they all want to receive Christ. It was a wonderful heart-warming moment when I heard their little voices asking "Jesus come into my heart and save my soul". Later, at the home of local Christians, I was called when a young man had become aggressive and amorous over a young girl. He was intoxicated and it need the sharp rebuke of an elderly lady (his mother?) before he was persuaded to leave and things had settled down again,

I was grateful to get away from the hospitality and retire for an early night. I had hardly settled down and was just drifting into a deep sleep when I felt the van shake. I sat up, half awake, what was it? I froze as the motor caravan moved again. Yes, this time it was definite, someone was outside.

I grabbed a pair of trousers and struggled to get them over my pyjamas and quickly put on

a jacket. I stood holding my breath for a few moments, my heart beating wildly as I held the cord of the window blind. I pulled it down and released it. It rolled up and snapped into place to reveal the face of a man about twelve inches from the window. We were both shocked. "Dzien dobre" he said, foolishly, without thought, I automatically replied "Dzien dobre", good day. I looked at his face and pulled down the blind. The man was thinking to steal my bike which was strapped and, thankfully, chained and padlocked to the bike carrier. What to do? I waited in silence, listening to my heart's irregular beat. I waited a few more moments and then plucked up courage to open the door and peer out. It was deserted. The man had gone.

I jumped down, remembering the look in the man's eye. Did he say, "I will come back and get it later?" Perhaps he had chain cutters? I unlocked the padlock and struggled to get the bike into the narrow van door. It just went in. I relocked the van and retired to bed trying vainly to sleep. It was not easy. Would he return?

I must have dozed off when I awoke with the noise of dogs barking. Poland is full of barking dogs. I looked at the clock 3 a.m. Yes, he had returned. I listened carefully, hardly daring to breathe. I heard shuffling outside then silence. Then the dogs barking again. Had he gone? I lay there and thought of the man's consternation and chagrin at finding the bike carrier empty. I looked

at my battered Rayleigh. Dzien dobre, good day I said, turned over and fell into a deep sleep.

BROTHER DID YOU SEE THEY WERE WEEPING? 15

We were in Bezin, an industrial town in Southern Poland. Pastor Marek had obtained permission to preach in the open air. The shops were run down, the town had an air of decay and dilapidation. Years of neglect in Communism had left visible marks. The facade of the buildings in disrepair, broken masonry. Many buildings in total ruin. The evidence of hardship, struggle and despair was clearly marked in the faces of the people.

A small crowd had gathered around the Sketch board and C.F Bedford van, as we proclaimed the Gospel. A young man from Warsaw University had volunteered to interpret for us. James Mungui, from Africa stood with the megaphone and good knowledge of English . We took turns to preach. The team consisted of Peter and Eileen Richards, Ron and Joan Lepley, and Pastor Price from Scotland. For nearly three hours we had witnessed, preached, and given our testimonies.

Eileen was telling how the Lord had healed her finger, sliced off at the tip, by an unfriendly letter box. I had preached on the Passover Lamb, the Prodigal

son. When I prayed the sinners prayer and made an appeal about twenty people came forward in response. Amazing scenes had followed. Others who had been listening, surged forward reaching out for Gospels. We were overwhelmed. I had a bag of Gospels by my feet.

I was giving them out as fast as I could. Yet hungry hands still reached out for more. I went into the van and grabbed another box-full. People stood around reading.

I could see the Polish Christians, talking with this one and that. Eileen came over to speak to me "Brother did you see? They were weeping" Hallelujah.

I was almost speechless. My five years preaching in the towns in Southern England had not prepared me for anything like this. One man had come seeking help. His daughter had lain in hospital in a coma. He had been told that the hospital could do no more. A brain tumour had been diagnosed. Would we pray ? We gathered around and sought the Lord

Later James was speaking. He seemed animated. We had asked him to announce that there was a meeting at the building nearby , at 5 o'clock that evening. "Come bring your friends". 48

He has been talking for twenty minutes or more. What could he be saying ?.

Later James confided, he had been preaching. He told me of a man who had been listening who had received Christ I was overwhelmed with joy and gratitude. It was worth all the effort, the 1,000 miles journey across Europe, for this one moment.

Two days later the man who had asked for prayer for his daughter came running. Shouts of joy rang through the air. His daughter had recovered, Hallelujah. Apparently at the time we had prayed for her, ten miles away, in hospital, she had opened her eyes, sat up in bed and had eaten food. There were tears in our eyes now. Glory to God. Later that evening in the 5. O'clock meeting, we rejoiced with one man who came to testify, Roman said that he had surrendered his life to the Lord.

Slums. 16

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I must have dozed off when I awoke with the noise of dogs barking. Poland is full of barking dogs. I looked at the clock 3 a.m. Yes he had returned. I listened carefully, hardly daring to breath. I heard shuffling outside then silence. Then the dogs barking again. Had he gone? I lay there and thought of the man's consternation and chagrin at finding the bike carrier empty. I looked at my battered Rayleigh. Dzień dobre, good day I said, turned over and fell into a deep sleep.

John The Evangelist. 17

Pastor Stephan Filipwicz and his team met me in the city of Biastok in north east Poland, a city of 300,000. Adam, Yola, Alicia. Agnesa with Andrew, my interpreter, and John the Evangelist, had come together as a team to spread the Gospel in the area. made up our team. Pastor told me that John had given out five thousand Gospel tracts the previous week in preparation for our Gospel meetings which had been arranged.

They were to be held in the city parks, market places, prison and shopping centers.

John was a man of twenty-five years, with piercing blue eyes and an impish smile. 'I'm a Tartar,' he said, pointing a finger to the East, Tartar, Ruskie, Russian.' He always carried a small New Testament with him and was constantly reading it. "For God so loved the world that He gave us His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish but have everlasting life, John 3:16," he read it out to everybody he met, then his eyes would gleam with pride as he asked, 'Good English?'

John's ministry was among the Muslim community. He told me they would often get angry when he insisted that "Jesus was the Son of God." On many occasions he'd been threatened with a knife by an irate Muslim. John would gesticulate, making a screeching noise as he mimed a hand moving across his throat.

The National park is situated near the woods in Bialowiaza where herds of Bison still roam. It is only one of the two places in the world where they still exist.

There is also an ancient primeval forest in the area making the forest in that part of Poland thick and deep. Many resistant fighters had hidden deep in the woods during the second world war and many Jews, had also taken cover there when fleeing from the invading German army.

One day a gang of Muslims forced him into the woods, tied him to a tree and left him to die.

John told me that he had been tied up for three days and nights without food or water, he thought he would die but in his weak and desperate state the Lord heard his prayer. A man found him, cut him loose and led him out of the forest to safety. This was a miracle indeed.

‘It was Jesus who rescued me, Jesus, the Lord, He found me,’ John informed me. He still returns across the border to the Tartars to witness and preach Jesus.

Why am I shaking ? 18

Brother Eurek was to drive us to the church and while we waited for Pastor Marek’s mother to arrive he showed me the rust surrounding the front suspension under the bonnet. Knowing the state of the Polish roads this did nothing for my confidence.

On arrival at the church, safely I went directly to my cool room to pray. While sitting before the meeting a woman came to say that she had brought two unsaved folks to the meeting. I rejoiced as this confirmed my message for that morning in prayer the Lord had showed me that I must preach on Naaman the leper and of humility. The gospel was spoken clearly

There were perhaps 40 folk in the meeting that evening The Lord kept the best wine until last.

The spiritual atmosphere was glorious When an appeal was made 10 folk responded praying a sinners prayer.

Later more people requested prayer for healing One woman started to shake uncontrollably. Pastor Marek translated that she had asked “Why am I shaking?” It was the Holy Spirit in power. I too felt waves of the Spirit come over me . One young man had mental problems. Many knelt to confess their sins and repent. A young woman, told us she was depressed but later, as she said goodbye , her face shone with new life, joy and love.

One tall stocky young man, a medical doctor ,confessed that he lacked confidence, and was full of fear. A young lady fell to the floor as she was being prayed for. It was a glorious evening . many strange things happening . But God was at work .The atmosphere in the church had been electr

Men and women with tears in their eyes humbling themselves repenting .and seeking God. After shaking hands we climbed into Eureka's car tired but gloriously happy. There was some discussion as to whether Marek should walk home as there was no room in the small car.

I offered to walk home with him. to save a crush but he was persuaded to join

us. In all there were eight of us packed in like sardines. The car was badly overloaded and definitely illegal. As we drove home we passed two police checkpoints. Fortunately on each occasion the police were busy checking documents and we passed by unnoticed. The Lord kept us safe.