**LEF.4**

*Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in Heaven. Matthew 5 v16*

  **FIRST MEETING IN L.E.F. HEADQUARTERS, MADRAS**

The headquarters building in Madras towered high at 9B Nungambakkam High Road with The facade proclaiming in huge letters Christ with smaller letters above

Light,Love,Life

 I entered the cool main hall at around 7.30 p.m. and joined the group of students and older folks gathering on the mats placed to one side of the hall at the rear. A microphone and speakers had been set up and a chair placed for Brother Joe.

Other chairs had been set out for the older folks at the back. I sat with the others crossed legged. The women were seated together on my left across a gap left in the matting. Many were already in a position of worship and quietly waiting upon the Lord. When Brother Joe came in he asked if I needed a cushion. I declined and was touched at his concern although I knew this was his way of saying hello.

Brother Joe led the prayers and others quickly followed in succession

pouring out their hearts to God. I believe the revival meetings that followed owed all the blessings received to these simple yet powerful and continuous prayer meetings.

The next morning I was on the platform for the 9 a.m. English speaking meeting. This was followed by another meeting at 11 a.m. interpreted into Tamil by a short, powerfully spoken, erudite Tamil. A baby was dedicated to the Lord, followed by Pastor N. G. from Singapore, preaching. I sang "My Saviour is leading me" and "He Lifted Me" both with much anointing from the Lord. In conclusion Brother Joe spoke from a high platform wheeled into position at the last moment. This is so that those occupying the galleries could see the speaker.

 I was told the hall could hold 8,000 folks and certainly the courtyard was crowded with thousands of folks when the service ended. That night it

was a joy to stand on the platform in Royapurram. I arrived safely after being driven through 'life threatening traffic' to be introduced to Dr. Jayasighn, his wife, family and the team.

Looking across at the garden pandal, already partly filled with the colourful sari's of the women, the palm leaves waving in the breeze wafting in from the Indian ocean and the choruses already drifting over the garden. I was enthralled by the noise, colour and the gentleness

God's presence was palpable and his love filled my heart as I sang "By the marks in His hands" and "Woman at the Well". The Lord gave me a message Matt 11 v 5 'The blind see' and gave me much liberty to preach. After I had concluded there were many folks desiring prayer and I was humbled by their simple yet strong faith.

As I returned through the city to headquarters I was filled with a great joy and peace and rejoiced in God's rich blessing in my hear. It was beautiful.

In due course I arrived at a place called Roya Puram, south of Madras

and spent time singing and preaching the Word of God. Afterwards I visited the Madras headquarters before travelling to Stuart Purram. Less than sixty years ago this place was a ‘No go’ area, for the police and the Indian army.

Anyone who dared to venture into that awful place was murdered!

Brother Joe’s father, Joshua Daniels dared to take the Gospel into that place. The hand of God was upon him. Not only did he have divine protection but he was allowed to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

 The villains who had committed murder in the past were convicted of their sins and gave their hearts and lives to Christ. They began to preach the Gospel of Christ and Him crucified. They introduced annual meetings beginning with just a few people attending, the number grew to about a hundred. The numbers have grown over the years and now over a 100,000 gather to hear God’s Word. These people were mainly Hindus and Muslims who have accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

 They are happy to sit day after day in meetings which last for four

hours listening to the simple but powerful Word of God.

After much prayer, the Lord opened the way for me to stand on the platform to sing and preach to a vast crowd estimated to be 100,000.

This was the fulfillment of the vision that God had given me all those years ago. Glory to God, He gave me such love and such joy.

When I returned home after receiving so many wonderful blessings in India, the Lord reminded me of His Word in Habakkuk 2:2

“And the Lord answered me and said, ‘Write the vision and make it plain on the tables, that he may run that readeth it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and lie not, though it may tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come. It will not tarry.’ K.J.V.