

Pastor Joseph Babu in Rajamundry

A Hearty Welcome



Raja
I wa
has a
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

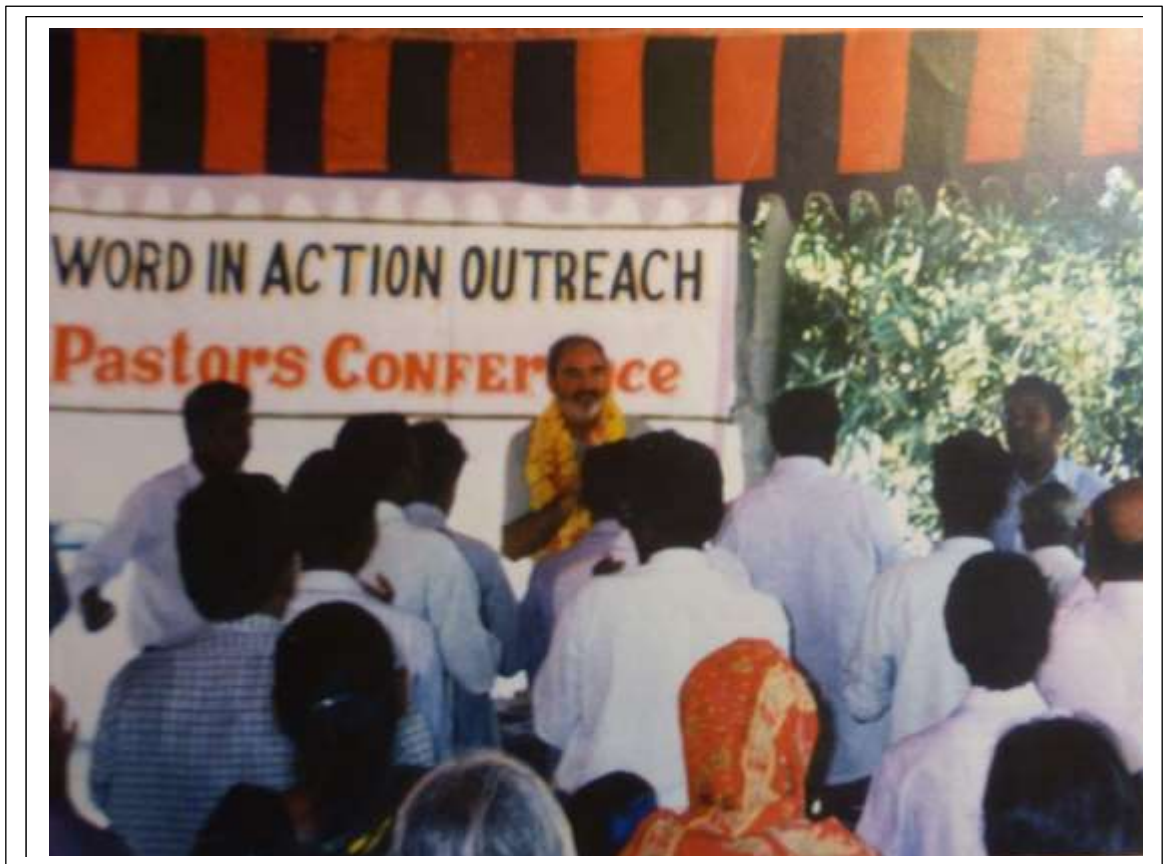


If I had a hammer!!



Pastor Joseph leading the Worship

Pastor Conference on the Roof of the orphanage



Journal Saturday 11th January .

After my prayers I stood on the veranda watching a man watering the plants on the hotel wall below me. I observed a woman trying to clear the drain outside her home. Nathaniel and Beulah came with Hephzibah.. She seemed to be inspecting the luxury of the room We shared photos they said they lived by faith and struggled for three years walking in bare feet to the village. He showed me a letter to the Haggai institute asking him to minister but he was expected to pay \$500 dollars minimum. What a robbery.

I warned him against it. .I told him it was terrible and wrong.. How dreadful!!! I advised him to lay it before the Lord. I gave them R1600 for rice and R500 to them personally.

I promised to pray Lord you know the need I prayed with them and shared the Lerion's Higher ground fund to encourage faith. They left and I felt relieved. It is so sad when people beg... Lord!!! I led them down to the foyer at 11 15 AM to check out and paid my bill nearly R2000. I met Nelson he shared a little and I gave him my email I prayed for him I still do not know who he is? We set off for the station in a taxi as the car was not available I paid the driver with an dirty R100 note.

Later at the station I watched again the crush of humanity and the melee that is normal life for the Indian. The smells of food cooking at the station, the constant announcements in various dialects, food vendors crying out, the families waiting, people pushing, and the constant cry from people selling coffee, coffee-cofee-cof-eeee

The in-fighting when a train arrived with folks struggling to get off while others pushing their way on and a stand-off when deadlock came!!

I was fortunate because I had an air conditioning carriage I said goodbye and settled back to enjoy the journey. Sadly you cannot see out of the windows which are coloured brown yellow with grim and age.

I arrived in Rajahmundry and was met by Pastor Joseph and John and two of the children. When we arrived at the orphanage they gave me another welcome with singing and Hallelujah's ringing out. The older ladies' beaming smiles and their worn crinkled hands reaching out to touch me..

Parchew, had prepared some food, chips cauliflower covered with sause, carrots and cabbage. The cauliflower was a yellow colour with a milky thin sauce. The carrots and cabbage hot with spice..However I did enjoy the meal the hot spice doing my throat some good. P.T.L.

Soon I was back in the van and heading for the tribal region. It was a long, long journey 60 klm and along rough tracks. It was good to be in the real India. The countryside is refreshing the rice field the water buffalo the villages and river, the rocks and dried up riverbeds reminding of the flood that come every August..

We stopped at several places to pick up others, to pray with folk.

In one village it was dark I was told the people were so poor that at the collection on Sunday, the folk could only put in gifts of R5 or R10 . The Pastor could not possibly live on this? I gave one such pastors wife R500. I was told that there are still wild tigers who come to kill the village cattle at night also there are wild bear in the night too.

Eventually we arrived in Annivilprasad village the dark. I started to prepare for the meeting. Apparently we had been expected two hours before and the poor people had gathered but then gone away.. Now I sat outside while the mats were laid on the ground and a young man tried to fix a faulty light bulb fitting.

It was an eerie scene with small pools of yellow light in the darkness of the village.. Slowly the people gathered and I commenced my Word.

I got under way but there was a disturbance and some folk were talking. I rebuked them and got their attention again. I preached on the "Midnight Cry" When I see the Blood I will Passover was at midnight. Oil. The foolish virgins were caught without oil at Midnight and Joy. Paul and Silas were in jail and sang praise to God at midnight. The Lord helped me greatly.

At 9 PM we were heavily engaged in prayer and then the doctor gave out medicines after a cursory examination. Around 10 PM we set off again and arrived in another village. I was asked to give a word in a hut. This was strange as the pastor had to go and wake up the people and bring them from their sleep. However the Lord gave me a Word. The lessons of Amalek and from Galatians 5 v 16 "If we walk in the Spirit we shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." And "Thou shalt hear |word behind thee saying this "This the way walk ye in it"

"Isaiah 30 v 20

Later as I prayed with the folk at the end of the meeting a woman started to moan. It sounded demonic to me. This increased in intensity until she was in a hysterical state. No one seemed to think this at all extraordinary. When I prayed for her she fell uncontrollably to the floor unconscious. I told the shocked folk to give her some water. We had to leave then and proceeded to the next village.. where the people were called from their huts. It was 11.30 PM. I was amazed. Would I give a Word.. I guess some came from their beds.. Anyway I preached on suffering and after again prayed for many in need. One elder was paralyzed but the Lord wonderfully guided me in prayer.

The doctor meanwhile was dispensing medicines and the folks came to me for prayer clutching tablets and bottles. Some requests for prayer were very wonderful, asking for wisdom, a double portion of His Spirit, strength to serve the Lord. So it was after midnight we boarded the bus for the return journey. We could not sleep or even doze as the bus lurched and swerved over the rutted road sometimes not slowing for a bump which lifted you out of your seat and nearly threw you to the floor.

On the return journey we were waved down by men in the middle of the track, a fire was burning and they were obviously worse for drink. It looked ominous and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up. The men had surrounded the van they were gesticulating no doubt angered by the sign written on the side of the bus "Jesus Christ is Lord".

Suddenly a man was banging on the door , I shouted to the driver in English "Go, Go, Go."

There was no need for translation as he knew what was needed. Somehow with the Lords help our experienced driver managed to force the van through the men crowding around slowly at first and then with increasing speed drove off into the night.

As we neared the city outskirts a warning red light illuminated the driver's dashboard. The engine coughed and then died,. The only sound was the swish of the tires on tarmac as we slowed and then stopped.

We were all tired and this was the last straw. What to do. Someone suggested we pray and quietly we asked the Lord for help.

After our almost whispered prayer there was silence and no one moved. I suggested that they tried to start the van. We held our breath, "would it start". No there was no possible way. We all gratefully praised the Lord as the engine sprang into life and we set off once more.

Then the red warning indicator light returned and illuminated the scene. Lord please keep us going. Strangely we were not at all disappointed when the engine died once more and the only sound was the swishing of the tires. It took several minutes before we realized that the van was rolling on a slight slope. We turned left then right and yes we still rolling silently through the darkened streets. I had no idea where we were and was preparing myself for perhaps a walk when we turned left the right then right again and came silently rolling to the outside of the Orphan Home.

Eventually we arrived in the City at 1 45 AM I was just putting up the mosquito net when there was a knock at the door

and Parchew had brought in a beautiful omelettes 3 slices of toast and tea. Amazing I tumbled into bed exhausted...

I was up during the night a 4 AM to switch on the fan because of the stifling heat and bad air.. Then I dozed until 6 30 AM to be woken by the orphan children singing with enthusiasm and gusto "Happy. happy home".

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 Jan . 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 their rice and I munched on dry biscuits and toast. We left at 4PM and took the boat back to another village

Cron dura. 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 Chron 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...

The Leprosy Colony Nidadavole

What should I preach ?

The lepers had been praising God worshipping the Lord, hands in the air, shockingly many hands without fingers many faces with a smile only marred by the disease with a fervency that was inspiring their eyes shining their hearts full of gratitude.

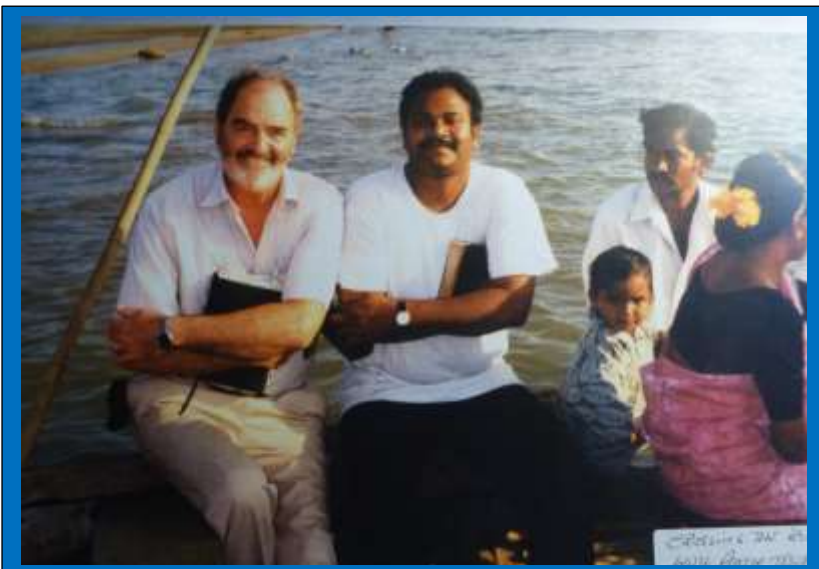
I wanted to drink some water but a glance at the flies swarming over it changed my mind.

Yet they were covered in flies living in the filth of a rubbish tip kindly on land provided by the government of India

The Lord spoke and the Word came to me. . Jesus said I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive unto myself that where I Am you may be also John 14 v 2 v 3

Sunday. 12th January

On the way to the meeting Pastor John spoke of the delta region. Apparently in the month of December millions of Hindus come once every twelve years to bathe in the water. They believe this will wash away their sins. Annipiulla is situated across the river about an hour's drive along the river bank from Rajahmundry.



*Pastor Joseph and
Bro Tonyall aboard for
a trip down Rrver*

Thirty years ago he was led of the Lord to evangelize in the tribal region of the Delta and he pointed to the river stating that he had been privileged to Baptize many souls in this river.

Today there are 120 pastors and a work of God in this region...It was hot as the bus drew up outside the church building in Annipiulla Tony was greeted by Pastor John's wife with their smiling children hanging onto his arms and offered an ice cool drink.

The church built with concrete with a coconut leaved roofing stood in a compound surrounded by a low wall. The toilet was in the usual breeze block square with a hole in the concrete floor and a smell that permeated the area. It was hot as usual as the morning sun grew in strength. Tony was pleased he had remembered his sun hat. The Lord led me to share **"How shall we escape if we neglect so great a salvation"** It was amazing because later Pastor John told me that a he had visited a young man who had backslidden and not come to church for a year. He had rebuked him and told him to come. He had been present in the meeting and he felt the Lord had the right message and had spoken to this man's heart.. I prayed again for around 30 folk. We then travelled on to the leprosy colony..

Leprosy 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 swat the hundreds of flies from my feet and from my water bottle. The worship time was impressive and powerful. The meeting was dynamic as the people, some with their children worshipped the Lord, clapping and with joy radiating from their faces



I gave my message , “I go to prepare a place for you And incorruptible undefiled that fadeth not away reserved in heaven for you”.

This had a deep effect on them and the Spirit of the Lord was evidently present moving some to tears including the preacher. Then I prayed and asked God’s richest blessing on them. I to this day regret I did not shake them by the hand or hug them. They were victorious and wonderful Christians the love of God shinning in their faces. It was a very moving and unforgettable experience...

Sadly at the end of the meeting as we were leaving one of the lepers came forward and almost demanded money for rice. I was shocked and saddened by this begging.

How awful. I gave of course as I had planned to give a sack of rice but is was totally spoiled by this blatant demand.. It took all the joy out of giving. Lord how sad!!! We stopped in the town so that Joseph and the team could buy some hot rice in a nearby café, I sat in the bus observing the scene as two labourers loaded sacks of rice onto a lorry.

Its now 9 15 PM the others have gone to bed I will follow soon. Lord please grant a good night's rest.. Oh, Pastor Johnson came to talk. He feels bad about the lepers begging like that. I feel bad about it too. India a land of beggars

Pastors Conference in the tribal region

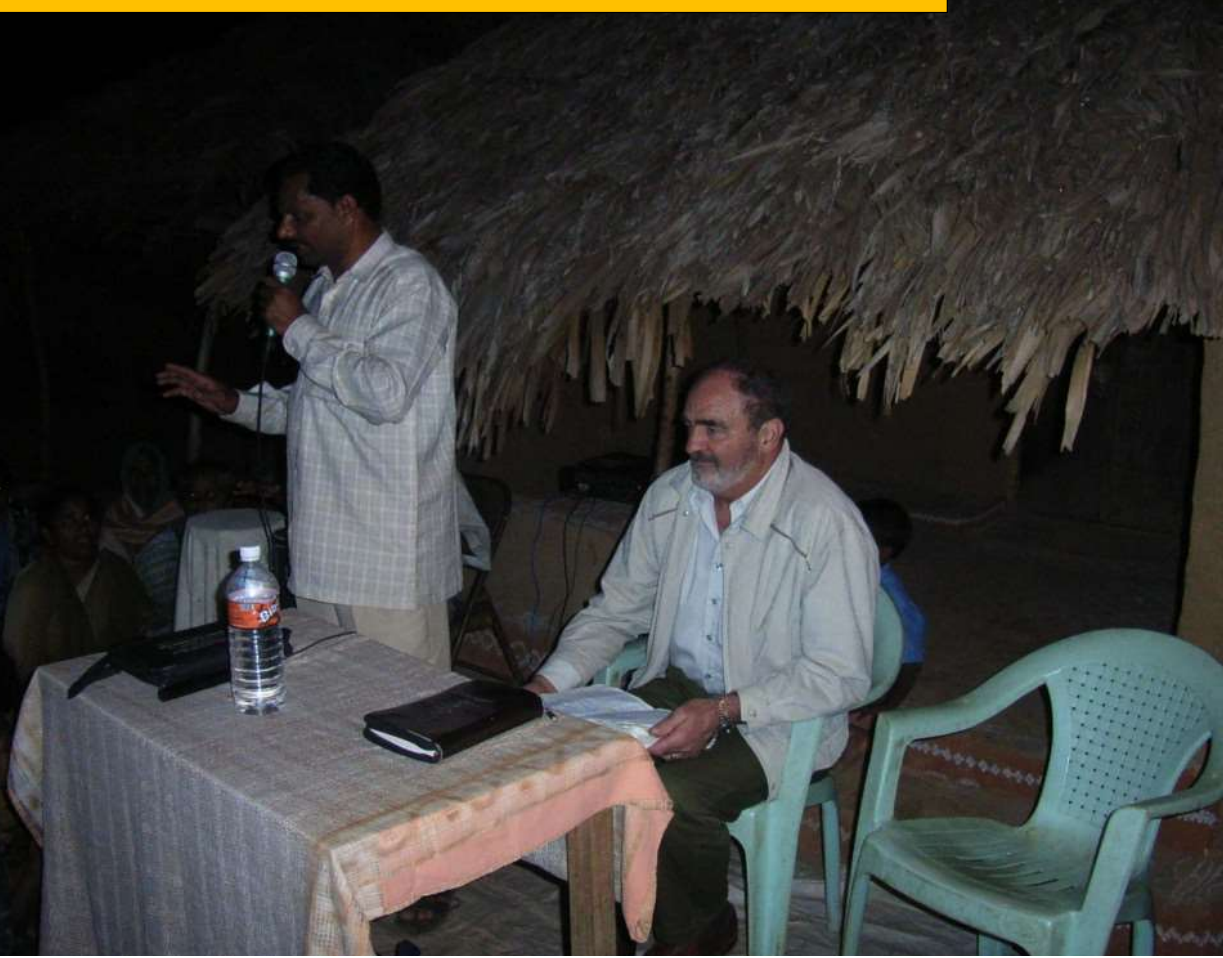


Tony's arrival



Satellite City Rajamundry

*Sheila and
Barabara's
Orphan's
Bapatla*



Tsunami Victims

It was at this time the Lord led me to Bapatla to meet Pastor Raja Jidigu Ratnam .The contact had come from a Pentecostal church in USA which had contacted the Elim Pentecostal church in Eastbourne where pastor gave me an address in India and said if you are ever near this place please meet with Pastor Raja .

So it was that I arrived by night train at midnight so more extracts from my journal...Not knowing God had many plans soon to be revealed

Sheila and Barbara's Orphan's Bapatla. A.P.

Pastor Raja



One of the first regular gospel meetings was the ... years many souls were saved and baptised.





44Colony News

Dear Beloved Bro. Tony and Sister Sheila.

We greet you all the saints in Jesus name.

We visited Jails and preached the word of God to Prisoners on Saturday. A prisoner accepted Jesus as a personal saviour and he shared his testimony to all in the Jail.

On Sunday evening we visited to Sheila's colony and shared the word of God. God has touched to a boy. The boy healed from stomach pain. We distributed Apples (fruits) to the people. They conveyed their greetings to you and Sister Sheila.

Yours in His service,

Pastor J.Rajratnam.

Rolling News Updated 16th April 2008

Pastor Raja preached the word of God to our children on Sunday service in Sheila's Home. Especially, I have taught about Baptism to them again. The Word of God touched to RatnaKumari and Eliazaramma. They confessed and repented and they agreed to take Baptism. Praise God, today they baptized. Hallelujah...we feels very happy for that. Please pray for them.



Pastor Raja and other pastors went to prison and preached the gospel. All the prisoners repented on hearing the gospel. A prisoner accepted Jesus Christ as a personal saviour.

Sheila's Colony

As usual we went to Sheila's Colony on Sunday and preached the gospel. This week we distributed fruits.

In supporting the local Pastors and evangelist the Lord guided us to purchase goats to provide a small regulars income in selling the milk but also to establish a flock to sell as they multiplied.



Sheila in the Local prison

Pastor Raja arranged Pastors Conferences as many of the Pastors needed to deepen their knowledge starting in a very small village church. I preached on Abrahams faith, the small church was crowded 123 had turned up and many pastor sat outside on chairs as the Word was broadcast via amplifiers. Pastor Raja told me that several of the local. Muslims had said how much they appreciated the Word on Abraham. Many years later in 2017 250 pastors attended the meeting in Sheila's Home;



So many came chairs were set out behind the speaker. Later copies of brother Tony's journal "Go Near" were distributed

Sheila's Home Bapatla around 35 pastors turned up in the evening to sleep overnight ready for a fresh start in the morning before the heat of the day. Pastor Raja arranged an extra evening meeting at 7.30 for an hour as most pastors had been preaching that morning as it was the Lord's day and then travelled long distances so the meeting was restricted to an hour as they were very tired. Pastor Raja was shocked to find another 25 awaiting outside the locked gates and eager to attend the meeting but were delayed due to a late train.. So they too slept in Sheila's home on the floor in the church the women in the girls room and the men anywhere they could find a space.

The next morning we were blessed to find 250 pastors eagerly awaiting the Word of God. The home has 28 orphan children so I found Sunitha, Gospel, Ratna Kumari, Valli, and her team frantically preparing vegetables at 6 AM to feed nearly 300 people later.. Amazing.

The Lord led me to Visakhapatnam where in the Dolphin Hotel |I met pastor Nathaniel Varaprasad and His wife Beulah



Pastor Nathaniel his wife Beulah and tribal Pastors

Sheila Testifying in Prison



Pastor Nathaniel



Children's welcome, all prepared to shower you with petals

Ministry



Chondole; Village Evangelism

The Lord blessed our meeting in Chondole. After preaching the Word we distributed rice and gave fruit to the children. I was thrilled and this was why I had come to India.

