**“Parchew”.7**

**"Behold, I send an angel before thee to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Exodus 23 v 20**

We set off for the station in a taxi as the car was not available I paid the driver with a 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-eeeee The in-fighting when a train arrived with folks struggling to get off while others pushing there 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 colored 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 Annavilprasad 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 Gal 5 v 16 If we walk in the Spirit we shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh.. “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 drivers 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 cam e 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 omelets 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”.

*"Behold, I send an angel before thee to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared. Exodus 23 v 20*