

They went everywhere preaching the Word. Acts 8 v 4.



Preaching in Crawley

Eastbourne Station.¹

And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, "This is the way; walk ye in it," when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left. Isaiah 30 v 21

'Where Lord? I know I have to go, but where?'

It was Saturday morning. In my bag I had a packet of Christian Tracts ready for distribution. I continued to pray, asking, 'Lord, where do you want me to go today?' I started the car, still not knowing where He was sending me. I drove towards Eastbourne praying continually, 'Lord where shall I go?' I was ready to turn the car round and head to any place He directed. Almost immediately I knew I must continue driving to Eastbourne. Yes, Eastbourne. The traffic was reasonable heavy but as I was threading my way through the streams of vehicles I asked the Lord to find me somewhere where I could park the car. Before long, it was there, a tailor made 'parking space!' I pulled into the parking space just as the previous occupier drove out of it.

God's timing is just wonderful! I bowed my head in prayer, 'Lord, what would you have me do?'

He said, 'Go to the station.' Clearly this is what I had to do. I filled my pockets with tracts and set off, constantly praising, praying and listening to Him.

At the station I stood, wondering what to do. I prayed silently, 'Lord, what shall I do?'

'I will show you,' He answered.

Then something amazing happened; suddenly, I was so happy, full and overflowing with the joy of the Lord - a beautiful experience. It seemed as if the glory of the Lord had come down, filling my whole being, filling the station, it was wonderful.

Then, like an arrow striking my heart, God spoke to me again, 'Give them My Love!'

As I stood watching the passers- it occurred to me to ask, 'Who to Lord?'

I waited, my heart filled with love and the joy of expecting faith to be fulfilled.

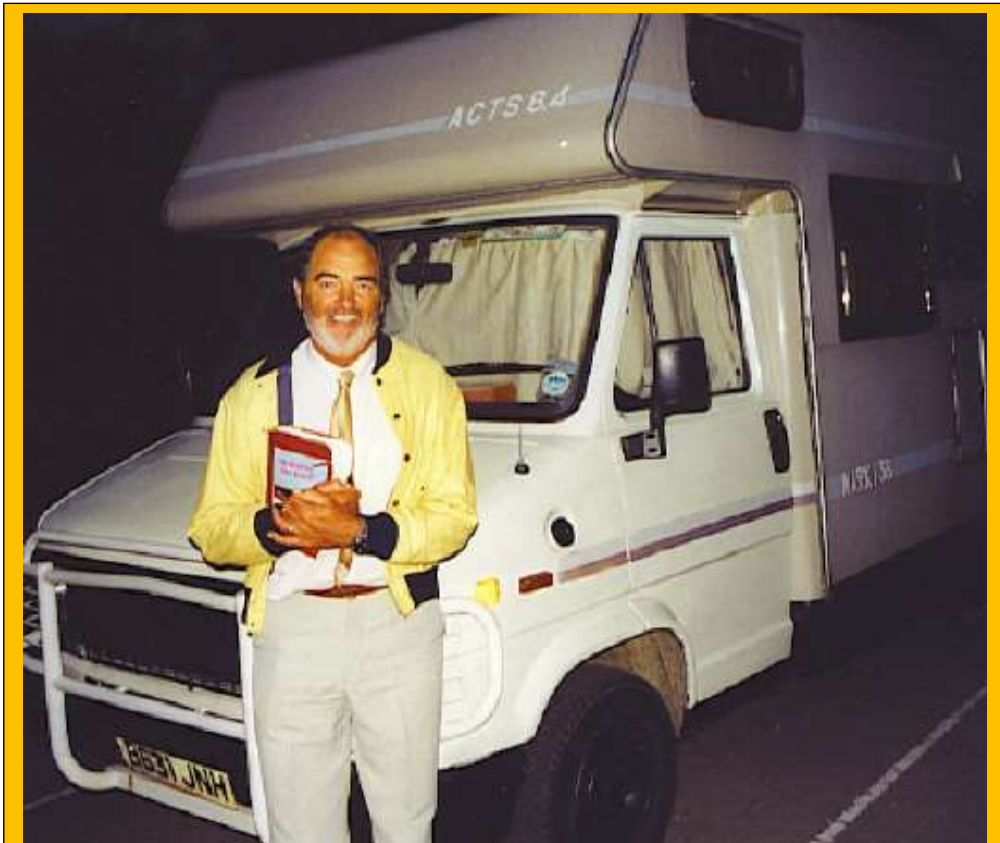
A young woman came along. 'This one,' I stood with my hand out offering the tract. God prompted. Turning to me she asked, 'What is this?' 'It's God's Word. Please take it home with you and read it.' 'My dear, I'll read every word,' she smiled as she made the promise. We had empathy and God's love between us.

Then it happened again. 'This one,' the same voice spoke again. I stood as if in a dream. I know this is hard for me to explain and for another person to understand, but the Lord was directing me to each person He had chosen, knowing them to be the right person. Each lady or gentleman He directed me to I approached and let the others pass. I noticed with interest that everyone the Lord had elected had an infirmity. I marvelled at the ways of our God.

An hour or more passed and the experience was over. It seemed as if the Glory had departed. The station became normal again, with ordinary people. I knew it was time to stop and return to the car. I left that place thrilled and rejoicing that God had given me the privilege of working with Him again.

Kay King and Joan
giving out tracts in
Eastbourne Town
Centre





The Lord provided a camper van for Tony's travels in UK Poland and Ireland. Pastor Arthur Rivers and the small elderly fellowship at Bels Yew Green chapel sacrificially gave the money totalling £11,000

Honiton.

Then the Spirit said unto Philip, "Go near and join thyself to this chariot."

Acts 8 v 29

Honiton is a small town in Devon with just a main street. Today it was busy with market stall lining the streets packed with bustling people shopping.

Tony picked up his boards with text from the Bible on, proclaiming Jesus Christ as Lord" and walked with Dick down the busy street. When they came to the towns memorial cross the Spirit of the Lord spoke to Tony urging him to preach. Tony called to Dick, "Brother come and pray" Dick was involved in looking at some stall . Tony called more urgently "Dick come and pray" Tony was shaking as the spirit of the Lord filled him. Dick came over and they prayed asking the Lord for blessings.

It was not easy to preach in the street in England as there was so much noise so many distractions and the noise also of the heavy traffic seemed to drown out any chance of the Word being heard, but God was not hindered in any way.

As Tony lifted up his voice to proclaim the Word, a strange thing happened. Suddenly it was quiet. No traffic. The Word of God went forth, people stopped to listen, arrested by the power of the speaker. The message was a mocking one as well as the Gospel as the people at one point were all scrabbling on the floor in the gutter by the roadside. What was happening?

Apparently Honiton were celebrating an old pagan festival and a man dressed in a pagan costume was throwing old small pennies from a balcony into the street. Thus were the people involved collecting as many as they could. The Words of the preacher rang out again, "Look what the devils has got you to do" "Scrabbling about in the gutter" Yes it was true. The preacher continued challenging the people to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to repent of their sins and to accept that Jesus Christ was Lord of all. To repent of their sins or be judged on Judgment day when we will all stand before the Lord to give an account.... Around 40 minutes passed and then as Tony concluded his message challenging the people to accept a Gospel to read. Suddenly as He lowered his voice lowered his arms at that very second the traffic commenced to pass by and the noise levels increased.

What had happened? The police had in accordance with a pre planned program shut of the road at the top and bottom at exactly 3PM this was the time the Lord prompted the preacher to raise His voice and again when the preacher stopped preaching the police allowed the traffic to flow.

But God had not finished. A young man approached with an iced cool drink. It was hot and the preacher was perspiring. "The Lord told me to give you this". Mark a local Christian offered the can to the preacher. The Lord indeed has his angels guarding his chosen saints...

"I Have Killed a Man"

The precinct in Ramsgate was busy. Shoppers bustling about, some folk sitting on the seats provided, waiting for their partners or friends to return after finishing their errands and, perhaps to take them for a welcome cup of tea or to wend their way home. I had been giving out Gospel tracts to all who would take them including a young man sitting on a seat nearby. He had accepted a tract and told me his name was Stephen. I thanked God as I noticed people reading the Gospel message.

Gradually I became aware of a group of youths, sprawled around on some of the chairs. They were acting noisily and belligerently. The youths looked as though they had just come from the public house, full of alcohol!

I was waiting for the Lord to prompt me to start preaching the Word of God but I knew before I started, these youths could be a problem. I prayed silently for

wisdom, guidance and protection. As I stood waiting, I glanced across at Stephen. He was unshaven, and dishevelled but his head was down reading the Gospel tract he had taken earlier. I thanked God because he was reading about Jesus.

I started to preach the message God had given me. It was not long before the youths responded.

'The hound of hell, the devil, the hound of hell,' one of them called out. The alcohol had given them courage to heckle. Behaviour like this always attracts onlookers and that day was no exception, soon there was a small crowd of people watching, listening, probably wondering what would happen next.

Suddenly a woman ran over dragging her husband along. She clutched my arm,

'You are fantastic, it's wonderful what you're doing.'

I tried to thank her without losing the theme of God's message I was preaching. She went as quickly as she came.

One of the youths lurched towards me, he was friendly but a distraction.

'I'll be happy to talk to you in a minute,' I told him and carried on preaching.

'I believe you, I believe every word you say. I know Jesus died on the cross for sinners.', the alcohol on his breath was pungent and penetrating, his slurring words difficult to understand. Eventually he veered off and returned to his friends.

Another couple who had been listening contentedly made a sudden elaborate show of angry disgust and moved off. I noticed Stephen get up and walk away, but he was soon back coming to sit right in front of me.

He was wearing shabby camouflage army gear and looked like a man with no hope, He buried his head in his hands but I knew he was listening.

The message came to an end. I offered a free Gospel to anybody who would receive one. I was thrilled when several folk, including Stephen, came forward holding out their hands for a copy.

Tom, another man wanted to speak to me, I asked Stephen to wait for me until I had spoken to him and others who were waiting. It only took a few minutes then I was able to get back to Stephen. He was reading the Gospel I'd given to him

Sitting down beside him I listened to his story, it was heart rending.

'My life is in ruins,' he confessed. 'My marriage broken up, I've lost my children, my home, everything,' he sobbed. His voice lowered, I waited patiently.

'I've killed a man,' he sounded distraught.

'I was in the Falklands war, I killed a man.' Stephen was tormented by what he had done. He had tried to find comfort in drink, gradually becoming an alcoholic. He had alienated his wife and family and in his drunken stupor, gone down in an ever increasing spiral of depression.

Stephen could find no peace or pardon and didn't believe he could ever be forgiven.

I explained the Gospel message, that God would forgive freely if we truly repented. 'Jesus came down to this world to save sinners,' I continued.

I showed him the Word, "To as many as receive Him, to them He gave power to become the sons of God." (John 1v 12) I don't know how much Stephen took in or understood. I put my arms around him and felt him sobbing, I prayed with him there, in the shopping precinct. and I believe he was praying with me.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.

Isaiah 55 v 6-7 KJV 19

