

# THE PERRY SMITH STORY

## A CHANGE IN DIRECTION



My testimony begins with a Methodist revival at Wesley Methodist Church in Greenville, Texas led by Bill Betts in 1961. Many folks including my parents and I were saved during that revival time at Wesley which lasted about 2 1/2 years. Fast forward to 1969 and I graduated high school and headed to Texas Tech University to study pre-med. I got caught up in living a debauched lifestyle for the next 1 1/2 years. When my mother sensed and realized what was happening, she went into intercessory prayer and spiritual warfare for my soul. She asked the Lord to cause me to love His word as much as I seemed to hate it during this time. She and my father required me to attend the Navigators

midwinter conference in Colorado Springs for college students in January 1971. I unhappily did so. I remember that on the last night of the conference that I felt that I had skated through and that nothing had happened to me and, therefore, I was home free. It was at about that moment that something quite unusual happened. I had no grid or context for this kind of thing. Suddenly I felt as if a spotlight from heaven had been shined into the room and had landed upon me. At that time, the words of the preacher morphed into God's very words and voice, and I knew that I was no longer hearing a preacher but was hearing the voice of God Himself. I do not remember the exact words that I heard, but the gist of it was this: **This is your last warning. I am God. What are you going to do with Me?** Immediately I looked around the room thinking that everyone had heard this and would now be looking at me. No one seemed to notice but me that God's voice had interrupted the meeting. So in my heart I simply said to Him, "Well if it is that serious, then I am going with You." Immediately the darkness that I was living in was lifted and I knew that I had been delivered. As I walked out of the meeting, a man that I did not know came up to me from the crowd and said, "Did something happen to you tonight?" I was staggered by this. How did he know? It gave me the opportunity to express the decision I had made for the Lord and cemented it in my heart. Confession with our mouths is important. **"And with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Romans 10:10b.**

### MY MOTHER'S PRAYER

Immediately my mother's prayer was answered and I had an intense love for His word and began immediately to memorize it. I went back to Texas Tech and broke off the ungodly relationships and began to fellowship with the local Navigators. So complete was the change that I decided to leave premed and to enter ministry presumably by becoming a Navigator.

This all came to an abrupt halt in January 1973. The ministry there at Tech began to come under strain and I sensed that the Lord was removing His grace for me to be a part. I was very torn by this. But ultimately, I realized that I must listen to the Lord and leave. I sensed that I was to leave just as Abraham had left

Ur...not knowing where I would go. So I made my way over to the Nav leader's home and told him I was leaving. This was a most difficult moment, but I knew it was the Lord. Slowly over the next few months, I considered other options of ministry such as seminary. However, it never resonated in my spirit. Finally, the Lord told me I was to go to medical school. I knew it was right, but I did not understand it. How was that ministry? How would that accomplish making disciples for the Lord? How was this spiritual? Not only that, but I was way behind in my requirements for admission to med school. However, I knew it was the Lord and I made the decision to go for it.



This decision would require me to really become serious about study. I went ahead and took the entrance exam that May and did poorly. I was dismayed. How could I fail, if this decision were from the Lord? Yet, it seemed as if I had.

I took organic chemistry in the summer. This is a most challenging summer course. It required everything from me. Yet I did not find that with all of my study that I could do well on the exams. I was making a C and needed an A. I had two exams to go and needed at least a 96 or better on the last regular test and then would need a 95 on the final for an A in the course. That is exactly what I got. From there, the grades and the favor began to come.

## MEDICAL SCHOOL AND PRACTICE



I retook the entrance exam and did very well. However, I did not have the grades to get into Southwestern Medical School and that is precisely where the Lord showed me that I was to go. When all was said and done, the only school to accept me was Southwestern Medical School and the subsequent 25 years of my life were very dry spiritually. So dry in fact, that I soon forgot that God had called me and that I had a call of God upon me. However, I continued to see the hand of God upon my life during this time. I was in and out of a few relationships that I had hoped would lead to marriage. None of them would work out.

## ASKING THE LORD FOR A MATE

I remember one day telling the Lord....Well since I don't seem to be able to find the right woman, would you do it for me? I don't even have time to be looking. So would you do it for me? I told Him, You did it for Isaac, so please do it for me. Bring her to me even as you did for him. At that time I gave up looking and even thinking about it. In 1979, I was serving as an intern at Parkland Hospital in Dallas and I got a call from Dad. He told me that a lady from Greenville would be in Dallas that month and that I should take her out. Her name was Lori Spaight. Her mother worked as my Dad's dental assistant and the two of them had decided we should be a couple. At the same time, I got a call from my friend Greg Stovall in Galveston Med School saying that Lori would be in Dallas for an externship and she had been babysitting their kids and I should take her out. At first I thought that I did not want my Dad picking my dates, but then I remembered what I had asked the Lord to do. So I took her out and knew on the first date she was the woman I would marry. We had 6 dates and became engaged. We married 6 months later.

I was offered an opportunity to practice medicine in a prestigious practice at Baylor in Dallas. However, I again felt the Lord telling me specifically to go to my home town and practice. Part of the draw would be to have future children near grandparents.

Now when I say that the Lord showed me to do these things, I never heard an audible voice of God. Rather, I would have an inward "knowing" of what I should do. If one is not careful, he will talk himself out of this "knowing." It is subtle at first, but as you yield to it, it becomes stronger and stronger until it is undeniable.

## PRIVATE PRACTICE IN GREENVILLE, TEXAS

In 1981, we moved to Greenville, Texas, and I began private practice.

The next 20 plus years are in some ways a blur. Spiritually, not much happened. I continued to read the word and to pray. However, I rarely heard God speak and I forgot that He would. I sometimes wondered what had happened. However, I was so busy with family and medicine that I just chose not to think on this.

The next stirrings in my heart began in 1997. My children had as teenagers chosen to move from our home church to a Baptist church in town. One day, I just knew that my time at the home church was over and that I was to go to the Baptist church. I did. My wife was a bit slower to do so. However by January 1998, we had begun to attend the Baptist church. I began to pray on Thursdays with a group of men in that church. This was new for me.

## MUSIC SKILLS REVEALED

Music though was the next thing the Lord addressed to me. I had been an organist as a young person. I had dropped it for the next 25 years. One day, Lori and I went to dinner with a new couple friend from this new church. Carolyn said to me, "I understand you are an accomplished organist." I was dumbfounded. I thought I had kept that fact very hidden. I did not want folks to know it. It was not the image I wanted and I wanted no one asking me to play. However, if you are a musician, it is always there. It began to bubble up in my soul.

The next Sunday, I was early to service and there was only one other man in the auditorium. I thought to myself, I have never looked at this organ, so I think I will go up and look at it. As I turned the corner to look at the organ, the man in the back yelled out, "Well, why don't you sit down and play it?" He did not know me and did not know I could. So I thought to myself, "Well, why don't I?" I played **Jesus Paid It All**.

I quickly became concerned as I realized that I may have broken someone's rule and also that I did not want them to know that I could play. So I closed the hymnal and sat in my seat.

Next day, I met the local urologist in the stairwell at the hospital. I rarely would see him, and his wife was the organist at this church. He asked me if that were me playing the organ yesterday? I told him, "yes." He asked if I would consider playing for Fran in 6 weeks when they went on a trip to Europe. I told him that I no longer played and it had been 25 years since doing so and did not think that I could do it.

I went back to my office and the Lord spoke to me. He spoke just like He used to do 20 plus years before. He said, "What did you do with the talent that I gave you?" I told Him, "I buried it." "What did I say to the servant who buried what I had given him?" "I don't remember, I said." "Well you better go and look it up." So I did. I was horrified to see what He said. **Thou wicked and slothful servant. Cast the unprofitable servant into outer darkness.** I said back to Him "You wouldn't say this to me." He said, "I would." So I said to Him, then I will call Fran and I will play.

This began the process by which He would take me to the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Music was the lure and the vehicle to get me to the next step.

In May of 2000, I received a phone call from Wesley United Methodist Church that they had lost their organist. They wanted me to be the interim organist for the summer. I asked the Lord what to do. I was happy at the Baptist church and did not really want to do this. However, the Lord told me to go. So I went. I was blessed every Sunday for being in obedience.

At the end of the summer, I was asked to become the permanent organist. I resisted at first, but the Lord told me to stay. The next year, a new pastor was assigned to Wesley. I was disturbed to see that he had written a book on healing. I was disturbed to see that he had doves all over his website. I knew that this marked him as being one of those charismatic's that I thought were ill informed and off in their beliefs. I asked the Lord, "Why couldn't You have just sent us a plain evangelical, why does He have to have all of this stuff in his beliefs." The Lord did not answer.

## POWERFUL PREACHING

So, Jerry Simmons showed up in June of 2001. I had never heard such powerful preaching. He preached salvation. He did not even speak of the things of the Spirit. He knew that these people just needed to be saved. He received much opposition to the message. Many in the church were very ugly to him.

I supported him. However, I was adamant that all gifts of the Spirit had ceased 2000 years ago. I did not believe in healing for today. I certainly did not believe that speaking in tongues was for today. However I supported him in his evangelical preaching of the Word.

The next step in my journey would happen in response to a visit in Jerry's office in December 2001.

## SEEKING GOD THROUGH PRAYER

For the next three weeks, I continued in constant prayer and Bible reading. I was sure that at some point, my prayer language would come, but could not understand why it was so long in coming. Finally one day, as I was speaking to the Methodist preacher's wife, Mildred, she suggested that I come to see her and we would get this released. I was conflicted. I wanted it badly. However, it was embarrassing to me to go for help and especially to submit myself to a woman for help. I finally decided I wanted the results more than I was afraid of the embarrassment. So I went. Mildred told me that I was not leaving until I was speaking in tongues. I thought to myself, "I might be here a very long time then because I can't do it." She told me that we were to pray but not use English. This was most problematic for me. Finally she told me that if I must, then I could copy a few of her words to jump start my prayer language. This is what I did. It worked. I thought though that all I was doing was copying her, but in that brief instant in which I quit thinking about it and just copied some of her words, the Holy Spirit was able to take my tongue and give me His words. It took off from there. I was ecstatic. It gave a whole new expression and power to my prayer life. Now I truly could not get enough prayer. I could even hear this spiritual prayer going in the background 24 hours a day for a while. It was continuous.

The next big breakthrough came on a day in mid February 2001. I walked into an exam room to find Patty there. Now I had known Patty for perhaps 15 years. I had gone to church with her. I knew that she was a different kind of patient and that she never did what I suggested. She knew that I was a sensationalist and my background and had no idea what had happened to me.

I walked into the room and she had a book turned over on her lap. All I could see was that it was a blue and green back cover on this book. I could not see any print on this book. The Lord gave me a word of knowledge when I entered the room. As soon as I saw it I knew that it was a Holy Spirit book. So I said to Patty, "What is that book?" She told me it is just a book. "No, it is not just a book. What is that book?" "It is just a book." "No, Patty, it is not just a book." So she sheepishly turned it over and it was "Good Morning, Holy Spirit." by Benny Hinn.

## CONFESSION OF SPEAKING IN TONGUES

So I said to her, "Do you speak in tongues?" She was horrified thinking that she would be in for abuse. She finally said, "Well I have." Then I told her, "Well I do too." She was shocked.

This was a provision from the Lord for my next step in the walk of faith. Patty had been good friends with Milton Green until he died and was still friends with his widow, Joyce. She had a whole library of books and tapes on healing and deliverance. She began to feed me these things as the Lord would show her. Then the Lord would connect me with a few folks walking in a faith walk, but would only let me walk with them for a short time before saying, "No more of this." "I don't want you to get anymore of this." He would then begin to show me folks that needed healing and or deliverance and just tell me to do it. I would do it and would see it work. I began to see the Lord heal folks in the medical practice and outside of it as well. Deliverance also began to be a part of this walk. He would just tell me to do it and it would work.

## TEACHING HOW TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE FATHER

In May or June of 2001, several folks began asking me to teach what I had learned about the Holy Spirit. I replied to them that I did not consider myself a teacher as I did not like speaking in front of groups of people and did not think I had much to say. I resisted this for the longest time. Finally, I gave in and told them that I would teach for 6 weeks and then be done.

I began in September. I was amazed that when I stood in front of the group that suddenly many things unthought-of I began to pour out of my mouth. I thought, "Where did that come from?" The next morning as I met with the Lord, I was in my sequential reading of the word and I was in Isaiah 60. The Lord began to just lift the first 5 verses off the page to me. **Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee** and so forth until it ended at verse 5. I was shocked. I told the Lord that He must have made a mistake as this could not be my future. I was sure that He had the wrong man. He told me to be quiet and that it would happen.

The next week, the same experience came my way at the meeting. I just stood up and many things began to flow from my mouth. The next morning, in my reading, I was in Jeremiah 1. He caused these verses to just come up off the page at me as He had the previous week. **Before I formed thee in the belly, I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God! Behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child. But the Lord said unto me; Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord. Then the LORD put forth his hand, and touched my mouth. And the LORD said unto me, Behold, I have put my words in thy mouth. See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant.** I was astounded and quite sure that He had found the wrong man. Only those verses were spoken to me and only those verses were highlighted to me. It started in verse 5 and ended in verse 10.

I argued with him that I was just a physician in Greenville, Texas, and that I did not travel or even have a passport. I was quite sure that He had the wrong address and wrong man. He told me to be quiet.

I never told anyone about this revelation from Him. I doubted that anyone would believe it or understand. I just waited to see how He would develop this.

I continued after this to teach. I continued to minister to folks. The Lord gave fruit in these labors. Along the way, I received prophetic words that would confirm the going to the nations word the Lord had given me. Others even had dreams about my leaving the practice to minister overseas. There were prophecies about my being away for extended periods of time from the practice. Just as Mary did about Jesus, I simply treasured these things in my heart, knowing that what He told me would require His hand to make it happen. There were many ups and downs over the ensuing next years. Eventually I received a cryptic prophetic word from a young man I was visiting. He said to me in May of 2005 that "You will soon come upon a fork in the road, and it doesn't matter which fork you choose, you will end up in the same place."

## RETIREMENT?

That summer I reached the fork in the road. We changed financial advisors and the first words out of his mouth when I saw him was "You can retire today if you want to. There is a way to do this." I did not immediately realize it was the fork. However, I immediately dismissed it and said, "No, I don't want to retire now." That was the fork in the road in retrospect. The next big event came in May of 2006. A pastor from Nigeria was sent to me for ministry. His name is Ikechukwu Nnodim. We call him Ike. I ministered to him for 2 hours the first trip. He came back 2 weeks later and the Lord told me before he arrived that he would ask me to visit his nation and minister to his people. I thought to myself, "I have never wanted to go to Africa and certainly not to Nigeria." Ike arrived and we spent about 2 hours together. He never mentioned my coming to Nigeria and I had about decided that I had not heard the Lord properly. I was both relieved but yet disappointed in that I thought perhaps this was an opening to do that which I knew the Lord had said I would do in the future in going to the nations. However I had never wanted to go to Africa and especially to Nigeria. Just as he was leaving as his hand touched the door knob, he turned and said, "I want to ask you to come to my country and minister to my people." All I could answer in response was, "Ike, the Lord told me you would ask that." For the next 4 months I tried to get out of going. I even told him no on several occasions. I did not want to go. Every time I would say "no," the Lord would play a trump card and say, "Well what about that?" Eventually, I realized that I was becoming Jonah and a big fish was being prepared for me. So in November of 2006, I agreed to go. It was this event that began a series of events in my office that would propel me from the practice of medicine and begin my journey to the nations.

The first event was rather unremarkable and did not get my attention. It was in fact somewhat unusual. A patient presented to my office that I knew quite well, and she asked me if I might be sick? I told her no. She was quite adamant in asking me if perhaps I might be sick and not telling anyone? I told her no, that I was in fact quite well. She then proceeded to inform me that she had had a very vivid dream in which she saw that I had died. I was not immediately sure what to do with this dream and did nothing with it. I quite frankly quickly forgot about it. Little did I know that this dream in fact was prophetic and would play out over the next 6 months.

The next salvo came in January 2007. Somewhere in the middle of the month I was startled and awoken. I realize that my medical license renewal form which always comes in December had not arrived and it was now near the middle of January. I quickly thought, "Well it must be late and will come in a few days." However, after a week, it did not arrive. So I instructed my staff to go online and to renew it that way. I quickly dismissed this as well.

## DIVINE CLOSURE OF MY BUSINESS

The next event came about March 1, 2007. I again was startled as I was awoken one morning to realize that my packet to renew hospital privileges had not come on time this year either. It should have arrived sometime in January, but it was now early March. So I had my staff to call the hospital office who told us that indeed it was time to renew and that they had indeed mailed out the packet in January. Then they paused and said, but it appears that we mailed it to the wrong place. We mailed it to another office. Now the recipient of my packet knows me quite well, and he did not let us know of the error. Not only so, but I had been in practice for 26 years in this community and had my office in the same building as the medical staff

affairs office was located in. Again, this did not get my attention as we were able to remedy the situation rather easily.

However, the next event began to get my attention. A patient presented to my office and proceeded to tell me that she had had a dream about me and that in this dream I had died and she had to find another doctor. She laughed a bit after telling me this. I immediately thought, "That is not very funny." Then the Lord spoke and told me, "She is not speaking of physical death, but rather separation from the practice and a death to the practice."

Several days after this event, my nurse came in one morning and told me, "When you get back from Africa, you will not continue to practice medicine. The Lord woke me up at 2:00 am and told me to get on my knees and start praying because when you return you will not continue to practice and that my assignment with you will be over." I protested and said, "Clara, I know that I will get out early, but not this early." She said, "You will. This is the same way He gave me my job here and He is declaring it over. So when you return, you will get out of medicine."

## MY INSURANCE WAS CANCELED

The next event occurred sometime in April of 2007. I received a certified letter in the mail from Aetna Insurance Co. In it, they informed me that my contract to treat patients for them would be terminated. The termination would be June 5, 2007. This actually was the very date that my plane would land back at Dallas Fort Worth International airport from Africa. We called Aetna and no one would take responsibility for the letter. No one knew why it had gone out. However, it was certified and not just some random letter.

Several days after this event, I began to get calls from Blue Cross and Blue Shield patients saying that they had received a letter saying that I had been dropped from the Blue Cross and Blue Shield panel and that they had 30 days to find another doctor. We called them and they did not know why this letter had gone out. They surmised that perhaps we hadn't sent them a credentialing packet in February. However, when a paper trail was done, the packet was sent right to the right office and even desk, but then the packet disappeared.

At this juncture, I went before the Lord and just confessed. "Lord, I know what you are saying, but I don't know how to do this. I know how to begin a practice but I don't know how to end one. I feel committed to these patients and don't know how to get out. I also don't know the correct timing. Do I get out now or next year or several years down the road? I need specific timing from you." The next morning I received a letter in the mail from the Texas Medical Board. In it, I was informed of a patient complaint against me. This was initiated by a personal and family friend. I had known him since I was 6 years old and had treated him

perhaps 20 years. He had become angry with me about something, and had turned me into the Board. They informed me that they would open an investigation against me.

This was the death that the dreams had foretold. It all came crashing in on me at that moment. I thought that I would die. I suddenly realized that all of the grace for this job and position had been pulled. I told the Lord that I understood what He was saying and that if I were to remain in practice, then I would be on my own. So I told Him that I would be out in 90 days. I was then hit with waves of fear and torment as I began to die to my work and practice that I had cultivated for so many years. That night, I never slept. I had never had a night like this. There were waves of fear about the investigation. There was fear about our future. I began to come to grips with leaving something that in many ways had become my identity.

Next morning, I am reading in Joshua. The Lord lifts a verse up off the page and speaks this word to me as a *rhema* word.

Josh 10:8 **And the LORD said unto Joshua, Fear them not: for I have delivered them into thine hand; there shall not a man of them stand before you.** For the first time in 24 hours I began to understand that the Lord was with me in this issue. However, I continued to have my struggles for the next 6 months until it was indeed resolved in my favor.

## THE DEATH OF MY BUSINESS

I did though begin to get my affairs in order to retire from medicine. Somewhere in that week, a patient of mine with lung cancer dies. His family asked me if I would play organ for his funeral. I usually do not do this. But I felt to do it. So I agreed. The Lord then spoke again, "Do you understand why you are playing for a funeral this week?" "No, Lord, I don't understand." "Well, this man just looked like your practice. He was in effect a picture postcard of your practice. When you play this funeral and bury him, you will be agreeing with me prophetically and symbolically to bury this practice. You will always look back on this date of April 28, 2007, as the date that you agreed with me to bury this practice." He then asked me to look up a verse in Luke 9. It was verses 59-60: **And He said to another, Follow Me. But he said, Lord let me first go and bury my father. Jesus said unto him, Let the dead bury their dead: but you go and preach the kingdom of God.** The Lord said to me, "What I have allowed you to do in this practice is to help the dead to die, but I have pulled back the grace from this. You will no longer do it. You will now follow me and preach the kingdom."

The next week before we had made public our retirement plans, another patient calls the office and says. "Clara, I had a dream about Dr Smith. I dreamed that he got out of practice and went into ministry." Clara told him, "This is what he is about to do." He retorted, "Well the dream was so vivid that I knew it had to be true."



## CALLED TO AFRICA

So I went to Nigeria in May of 2007. Indeed I fell in love with Africa and the people of Africa. On the last day of the trip just before leaving for the airport, Ike's wife Vicki prophesied to me. First she began singing to me Isaiah 60. The very thing that the Lord had told me in private in September of 2002. And then she says, "Now the Lord says for me to read to you Jeremiah 1:10, **See, I have this day set you over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to**

**throw down, to build, and to plant.** These were the very things that the Lord had told me in private in Sept 2002 and now in Africa He was confirming them to me. Only I and the Lord knew of these *rhema* words to me.

After returning from Nigeria, plans continued for my retirement. In a dream that a friend of mine had in 2004, he had actually seen a going away party for me at the hospital in preparation for doing ministry in the nations. I had thought, that surely that would not happen. However, as I watched the plans proceeding for my retirement, sure enough without my suggesting it, the clinic staff arranged a reception at the hospital for my retirement. It happened just as in the dream.

Also, the fork in the road that was prophesied to me in 2005 came full circle in 2007. I was now back to where I had taken the fork and kept working. Now, the Lord was saying to me that I no longer really had a choice. He was stepping in and retiring me from medicine.

Two of the ladies that had been with me in ministry for years were in fact planning on coming to my reception. However, on the way, the Lord told them to turn around and to pray for the next few hours for me in the Spirit. They asked the Lord if I were in danger. He replied, "No. I just want him to know how much he was loved and appreciated in his practice." This was just so good of the Lord. You see, I felt that due to the investigation that I was leaving under such a cloud that perhaps I had not been a good physician. I felt very low. However, hundreds of people showed up for the reception and all expressed such gratitude for me and my practice. It was very gratifying.

## GOD'S PROTECTION

On the night before the last day of work, we had a knock on the door at 9:30 pm. It was the gas company. There was a report of a gas smell in the area and they wanted to check around our house. We had known of

this smell for well over a year and had thought it was sewer gas. However, the plumber on a number of occasions had not been able to find any leak. Immediately the gas company found the area of leak in the flower bed and when digging down to the line found the leak in the line. However, the line was so corroded that they could not cap it off for the night. Instead, they had to turn the gas off to the house. Not only so, but gas had seeped up under the house and would require suctioning it out which might take some time. Next morning which is my last day of work, the Lord speaks to me. He says, "There are no coincidences in the Kingdom. I have had a year to get this gas leak fixed, but I chose last night. You see, you have been getting the Spirit alright, but you have been leaking Him. So I am giving you and your house a new line in the Spirit. Also, there has been some toxicity that has been built up in you. So this suctioning work that is going on under your house for the next few days is prophetic. I will be cleaning the toxicity out of you for a while, so be patient with the process." Sure enough, it took about 36 hrs for the gas to be pulled out from under the house.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE PHONE

On the day after my last day of work which would be August 1, 2007, Lori and I went to eat in Rockwall. I spoke to my son on my cell phone on the way over asking me how it felt to be retired. On arriving back home, the gas company told us that they were now finished pulling gas out from under the house and that it was safe to relight the pilot lights. So I went into the house to change clothes to do this. While I was changing, I turned on the TV to listen to the news conference from Minneapolis concerning the Minnesota bridge collapse. While listening, I heard through the TV a phone vibrating. Now you can't hear a phone vibrating through the TV. It sounded though as if one of the participants in the news conference had a vibrating phone which sounded like mine. So I started looking for my phone and it was no where to be found. I retraced all of my steps since coming home and could not find it. We called the restaurant and could not find it. Finally, I just cancelled the phone service. Next morning I had my time with the Lord in my usual spot in the back room. I then went to get a new phone. I finally learned how to use this phone whereas I had never really learned how to use the previous phone.

I came home and tidied up the back room for the men's Bible study meeting that night. There was nothing out of the ordinary back there and things were as they had been that morning when I was in there. When I went back in that evening at 7pm, I was shocked to see my old phone sitting on the edge of the chair that I had occupied early that morning. If it had been there then, my leg would have been on top of it. There is no way it could have been there. Not only that, I had not been in that room the night before when the phone had disappeared. I then realized that the Lord had done this and had something to say about it. I told Him that I was okay with people getting healed and delivered, but I was struggling with a phone appearing and disappearing. He simply told me that He was also giving me a new line of communication and that the new phone was prophetic of that.

## HEALING ON LUFTHANSA FLIGHT

Indeed after retirement, it became very quiet. Just like He said it would, most activity stopped. I had only one appointment daily now. It was to take our new dog, Lucy, to the lake and let her run while I walked and prayed. He was removing the toxicity from me. The autumn of 2007 was relatively quiet except for a mission trip to Egypt with my brother in law. One unique event happened on the way to Egypt that is worth recounting. As we were awaiting our Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt from DFW I noticed that there were an excessive number of wheelchair bound passengers awaiting boarding. There must have been in excess of 20 of them. I seemed to sense in my spirit that we would not get across the Atlantic without a medical emergency. I hoped that I was not sensing that from the Lord as I certainly did not want to deal with such. As we were exiting North America somewhere near Goosebay I heard the flight attendant come on the speaker and ask if there were a physician on board as they had a medical emergency in the center compartment of the aircraft. My immediate response was: "No, there is not. I am retired and I don't do that anymore." I thought, "Surely there is another physician on board, there always is." So I waited and realized that no one was getting up to go. After waiting a while, I realized that I must respond. So I made my way to the middle compartment and found to my discomfort a woman of Indian nationality on the floor with a near hysterical daughter at her side and several flight attendants around her. The woman spoke no English. It was virtually impossible to get any history from the daughter as she was near hysteria. The lady herself was still conscious but losing it fast. She had been on the floor for a while. I bent down and tried to assess the situation. This was my nightmare. To be in a plane over the ocean with no other help and a nearly unconscious patient was a nightmare to me. I reached for her arm and tried to get a pulse. She had no pulse. So I asked the flight attendant if there were any medical equipment onboard. She handed me a bag. I found a stethoscope and blood pressure cuff. They were practically toys, but that is all we had. She had no blood pressure. I then try to listen to her chest to see if I could discern what rhythm her heart was in. I could hear nothing. I wasn't sure it that were because of engine noise or if her heart were actually in such a fast and irregular rhythm that I just couldn't hear it. The lady was quickly becoming more obtunded by the moment and I realized that I only had a few moments to make a decision on instituting CPR and that once we did that, we were committed to doing it and to diverting the plane. At that moment I began to pray. First, under my breath, I rebuked the spirit of death and of infirmity. I then spoke life and began to pray quietly in the Spirit. In a moment, she aroused and became responsive. I retook her blood pressure and it was now 120/80. Her heart rhythm was strong and regular. We were able to get her up and move her to the back of the plane where she laid down the rest of the flight and did well. My ending in medicine had been so traumatic to me that the Lord allowed me to have this experience to show me that medicine from now on would be done His way and that I could truly enjoy my interaction with the people that I would bring His ministry of medicine to. It is not clear to me even today if there might be other reasons for this encounter, but I was able to see His power come through in a very difficult situation.

## MINISTRY IN EGYPT

In Egypt, I was ministering with a group of evangelicals who for the most part did not understand the power of the Holy Spirit. However the Egyptians wanted more than what they were getting and asked me one night after the regular meeting was over to minister to them. So starting at 10pm we came together. I simply asked them, "How many want to be baptized in the Holy Spirit, how many want healing, and how many want deliverance from evil spirits?" They came together in 3 groups. There was actually a young man who was tormented by demons and had tried to commit suicide multiple times who knew he needed

deliverance. He got it. He was much better 3 months later on a repeat trip. The Spirit of God fell on the people and many got Baptized in the Spirit and spoke with new tongues and some got healed. I began to see from the Word in Isaiah 19 that the Lord indeed has a special plan for Egypt and the people need to be positioned for it. I am sensing there may be a future trip in this regard.

## CIVIL WAR IN KENYA

All was quiet on returning to the US until January of 2008. I received an email from a friend of mine living in Israel in early Jan. He puts out a teaching on the internet and had some readers in Kenya. On Dec 27, 2007, an election was held in Kenya and fraud occurred in it. This uncorked tribal violence that had been simmering under the surface for generations. Civil war broke out in the nation. Unbelievable horror began to occur as neighbors took each other out into the streets and cut folks up into pieces with machetes. Even children had arms and legs hacked off. This Kenyan pastor had asked Harold for a word and for prayer for his nation. Harold had sent the message to me and told me he thought this was for me to do. So the Lord gave me a word and I sent it to Onesmus. The next day, he sent me an email thanking me for the word and telling me that he thought this was the word of the Lord. So I sent him a message back that I would be praying for his nation as I had a heart for Africa as I had been there before. As soon as I sent the message, the Lord spoke to me again, "The next message you get will be an invitation to Kenya. You are to disregard the violence, get a ticket and go." I must admit that this caused me to swallow hard for a moment as I realized what He was saying to me. I thought, "What will my wife say?" Actually she was okay with it. I'm not sure that she understood the level of instability in the nation at that moment.

I was already going back in Egypt in March, so I simply went out and bought a ticket from Cairo to Nairobi for March. The violence kept breaking out throughout the months of Jan and Feb. When I would ask the Lord about it, He would simply say, "Do you trust Me?" He would not tell me that all would be alright, but "Do you trust Me?" Two days before I left in March, a peace accord was signed and the violence came to an end.

After my trip to Egypt came to an end, I was taken to the Cairo airport for an overnight flight to Nairobi. My Egyptian contacts left the airport and the American team was already out of country. I get up to the counter for Egypt Air and all computers fail. I am told to just go sit down. I wasn't about to. I began to pray. I realized that if this flight were to be cancelled there would be no other for 48 hrs. Not only that, but I did not know how to contact Onesmus in Kenya nor my Egyptian contacts in Cairo. I would be on my own. So I began to pray. About thirty minutes later, the man behind the counter says, "Is anyone going to Nairobi?" "I am." "Then we check you in by hand." They wrote out hand written luggage tags and boarding passes and the flight got off with no computers.

There were virtually no people on this flight. There were only 15 people on the flight. No one was traveling to Kenya. I had been promised that Onesmus would meet me at 4am in Nairobi. When I got there, I was a bit

disturbed to see how third world everything was in Nairobi. I did not know what to expected, but this wasn't it. I was greeted by many taxi drivers all asking, "Where you go?" "Who pick you?" All the drivers are trying to get business. There was no Onesmus to meet me. At first, I wasn't too alarmed. But after about 30 minutes, I began to be concerned. I tried calling him. Not only did it not go through, but it seemed not to be a working number. I began to wonder if perhaps this had all been a scam of some sort and if I had fallen for it. The chorus of taxi drivers continued. "Who pick you? Where is he? Maybe he come in from the bush. Oh! Africa time, Africa time." I of course begin to pray. It is a lonely feeling to be in a country where you do not know anyone. I told the Lord, "I do not think I missed you. But if this is not what you want me to do here, then show me what else you have for me as I have 10 days in this country." At 5am, I called again, and Onesmus answers. All he says is, "I be there" and hangs up. I wait another hour. No Onesmus. So I call again, "I be there.". At 7am he finally shows. What I did not know is that he had no car. He had gotten a friend to take him to the airport. They had started out at 3am. Neither of them had been to the airport before. Then his phone malfunctioned and they got into a 2 hour traffic jam. Obviously there was opposition to this trip from the beginning.

## ARRIVING IN MACHAKOS

After arriving in Machakos, it was difficult to actually see what I was seeing. I was the only white person around. All Americans and Europeans had fled Kenya during the violence. So seeing a white person was quite unusual. More than that though, there is a great cultural difference between Westerners and Africans. So it took quite a while for me to understand what I was seeing. Onesmus and wife, Esther, were very careful to only tell me what the Lord was showing them to tell me. There was much that was on their heart for this trip, but they were most careful not to unload their issues and problems on me. In fact, they would pay for me to ride a taxi from the meetings to the hotel. Never did they ask me for money. However one day, he showed me a very thin piece of perhaps indoor outdoor carpet in the church that was very filthy. It was so dirty that you would not even have it in your tool shed. He indicated to me that it was a gift. He was quite excited about it. From this I began to see that they had absolutely nothing. So, one day I asked Onesmus if he needed some money. I thought perhaps he needed some money for taxis. I had no idea of their actual financial state. His eyes grew as big as saucers and he told that he was never going to say anything to me about money, but that since the Lord had opened my eyes, he would share with me his plight. They were deeply in debt. They were near to be locked out of the fellowship building and their own rented house. They were 3 months behind in rent. They desired money for instruments as well as bicycles for the ministry. They also needed some chairs for people to sit in for service. As he shared with me his heart concerning finances, the Lord spoke to me, "Go home and get your business affairs in order, for I am going to make you a channel of funds into Africa." I knew it was the Lord as I did not want to do this. I was more than willing to come to teach and to preach, but I did not want to handle money. I had seen such abuse of this and also had had a negative experience once before in getting a nonprofit started. However He did not relent. Before I left, Esther came up to me and told me, "Every time I pray for you, I see you and me pushing this boulder up the mountain. What is this boulder?" I did not know.

## GIVING TO THE WORK OF THE KINGDOM

Once I came home from Kenya, if I just mentioned Africa, people started handing me money to send over. I would get calls saying, "The Lord has told me to write you a check for Africa, will you be home to receive it?" It was phenomenal. I would not ask for money, but it would come in. We quickly got the debts paid off and the ministry needs taken care of. I actually wondered if perhaps this would only be a short term project.

## REFLECTION OF AFRICA

While I was in Kenya the first time, Onesmus began telling me some of his story. It took me nearly 18 months to get this story in full and I may not have it all now. But I will share it with you as I understand it. Onesmus was a preacher in Africa Church. This is a denomination that does not believe in the gifts nor power of the Holy Spirit. One day as he was preaching from his notes, a wind came into the building and blew his notes away. The Lord told him to "Forget your notes, receive my Holy Spirit, open your mouth and speak with new tongues." He did this while in the pulpit. 200 people came forward to be saved or filled with the Spirit. The next week, his bishop came to him and told him he could not preach this strange doctrine in this church and fired him. At some point, he went to another fellowship and preached. He did not know that the elders of this fellowship were into witchcraft. So 8 times in the middle of the night, a snake would drop from the ceiling of their house into their bed. Onesmus would have to get up and kill the snake with a machete. 7 of the snakes were pythons and one was a green mamba. However, one night in which he was killing a python by decapitating it, he took the head and body of the snake outside and to his disbelief saw the head and body of the snake come together and slither off. It was during this time that his wife told him that she could take no more snakes in her bed and that they must do something else. For some reading this story, this sounds too fantastic to believe. However, witchcraft is real and this kind of thing does happen.

So Onesmus and Esther ended up returning to their home area in the Meru district. He had land there from his father and he also opened up a shop in a local hotel. By Kenyan standards he began doing well. However, the Lord had other plans for this man and his wife. The Lord first began dealing with Esther. He told her that Onesmus must return to Machakos and begin to preach on the streets. So, she dutifully told Onesmus, "The Lord says that we must return to Machakos and you must preach on the streets." "That is not the Lord. I will not go back to Machakos." The next day or so the Lord told Esther, "If your husband will not go back to Machakos and preach on the streets, then I will kill him." Onesmus replied, "That is not the Lord. I will not go back to Machakos." Then the Lord became very direct with Onesmus himself, "Onesmus, if you will not go back to Machakos and preach on the streets, then I will kill you." His eyes got big as saucers when he told me and he said, "And brother, I did not want to die, so I return to Machakos to preach on the streets." Now for those who say that God would not do this sort of thing, take Moses as an example. After calling Moses back to Egypt and on his way, we read this verse, "**And it came to pass by the way in the inn, that the LORD met him, and sought to kill him.**" The Lord is serious about obedience. People have lost their lives because of disobedience. In our modern time, we once again need the fear of the Lord upon us.

So Onesmus turned his land over to his brother and closed up his shop and gave away all of the merchandise. He moved his family of 3 children and his wife to Machakos and they moved into a one room apartment. He began to preach on the streets. Slowly one by one there were some converts. However, there was no support and it became a miracle everyday just to feed the family. It was very slow going. There were many days of fasting due to lack of money to buy food. Eventually, they were able to rent a larger home and get a fellowship building to meet in. However shortly before I arrived, they were again unable to pay rent. So they were locked out of their house. They sent their children through the windows to get some bedding material and they slept in their cooking shed the next 3 nights. This is a filthy shed where open fires are used to cook food. They had no food and so for 3 days slept in this shed and fasted. Even the children had no food. Esther by now had become very discouraged. She had begun to doubt that they had heard God about Machakos. To get her answer, after they had borrowed money to get back into the house, she decided to fast for 14 days to hear from God. At the end of the fast, an angel of the Lord appeared to her in a night vision. He was brilliant and dressed in white she said. She began to tell him all of her troubles. However, he raised his hand and told her, "Do not tell me your troubles, I already know them. Help is on the way, but when help arrives, remember the poor." Now let that statement sink in. Here is a woman who cannot feed her own family. She is being told to remember the poor. This is an astounding statement. This ought to challenge every one of us in the US.

## A BURDEN FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

On my next trip to Kenya in June of 2008, Esther once again tells me that every time she prays for me that she sees the two of us pushing this boulder up the mountain. She asks, "What is that boulder?" I tell her that I do not know. She says to me, "I will ask the Lord and He will tell me." A couple of days later, she says to me, "The Lord has told me what the boulder is. It is a burden for the widows and orphans of Kenya." My first thought was, "I did not know that I had that burden." She then asks me, "Can you walk?" "Yes, I can walk." "No, can you really walk?" "Yes, I can really walk." "No, can you really, really walk?" "Yes, I can really, really walk." "Then I take you up into the mountains to see the orphans."

## HIV ORPHANS

So she took me on a hike for about 6 hours up into the hills surrounding Machakos where the HIV orphans were living. She had a list of nearly 100 orphans up in the hills around Machakos that she visited on a regular basis and would pray for them. She was so poor that she could give them anything. But she would pray for them. They would beg to be added to her list. As we visited these poor families, the Lord began to deal with me. These folks were living in abject poverty. Most were elderly grandparents who have neither help nor support raising their orphaned grandchildren due to their parents' death from HIV. Some of these children were living with teachers or whoever would take them in. You would see four year old children taking care of their infant siblings. These children were going days with no food. This is where the Lord began to speak again. He told me, "Now, you have asked me for the nation of Kenya, so do it My way." There is only one pure and undefiled expression of faith in the word, and that is to visit orphans and widows in their distress and to keep oneself unspotted from the world. Traditional evangelism doesn't work and traditional church planting doesn't work. These have not changed the world. I want you to minister to the poorest of the poor and then watch me change the spiritual atmosphere of the area and of the nation."

I must say that I had no grid for this. This was not anything that I could have thought of. I began to realize that perhaps He was saying we should build a school and home for these children. Ultimately, I think that is indeed what we are to do. However, first things first. I just agreed to do this work His way. I determined not to get ahead of Him and to try to remain on His timeline.

I had been very reluctant to get my nonprofit started. I had had a bad experience with this once before and I did not eagerly want to get back into it. Right after returning from Kenya the first time, I had been offered two possible joint ventures with others in their nonprofits. This would keep me from having to go through the paperwork hassles and such. I thought this might be the provision of the Lord. However, as I wrote previously, He had told me to get my business affairs in order. I knew that this meant for me to get my nonprofit established. Both of the attempts to piggyback with others failed miserably. One day a prophetic man told me, "It is imperative for you to do what you must do." I knew that was to establish my nonprofit. So I began the paperwork and established East Africa Zarephath Ministry.

## NEW MINISTRY BIRTHED

In August of 2008, I began the paper work to form East Africa Zarephath. One might ask, why Zarephath as a name? The answer can be found in 1 Kings 17. In that chapter, the prophet Elijah was sent first to a brook for the ravens to feed him and the brook to water him during a devastating drought and famine that came upon Israel at Elijah's word given to him by God. Eventually the brook dried up and the Lord told him to go to Zarephath where he is told there is a widow who has been commanded to feed him. So he travels there. She does not know of this command. Only Elijah does. He finds her and she is expecting to die along with her son due to the drought and famine. She is gathering sticks to make a fire to cook her and her son's final meal. Elijah asks her to bring him something to eat. She tells him of her and her son's plight. He says to her to have no fear but bring me a little cake first and then the meal and oil will not run out until rain come on the earth. In faith, she obeys this word of Elijah and indeed the barrel of meal does not run out nor does the oil fail for many days. Later, the fatherless child dies and Elijah raises him from the dead. The meal and oil miraculously continue until the drought is over. So everything that I feel called to in Africa is present in that chapter. There is the fathering spirit of Elijah, the widow, fatherless child, miraculous provision, and signs and wonders. In addition to this, Kenya has been in the midst of a 3 year drought and famine. So many of the parallels are unmistakable. The Lord gave me the help I needed to get the paperwork done and it was filed with the state and the IRS.

## KENYA SEPTEMBER 2008

I took a trip back to Kenya in September of 2008. On this trip, we visited one of the orphan's grandparent's homes. This grandmother is raising 3 grandsons who have been orphaned due to HIV. Two of the three have HIV. On this visit this grandmother tells us of her difficulty in taking care of these children. She states

that she puts them to bed many nights with nothing to eat simply because she doesn't have enough. You must understand that in Kenya there is neither old age pension nor social safety net. There is no help for these caretakers. So the Lord spoke to me again. He said to me, "Now you have asked me for this orphanage and you will get it if you are faithful. I want you to take care of these needs that you see before you starting now. Begin to feed them now." I again had no grid for this. We had just started the paperwork for the ministry. However, He was wasting no time in telling us to get started ... **in faith**. So I knew that we must begin a food program. We started with around 44 children. We are now at 65. It was remarkable how the Lord would provide the funds to take care of the needs of the ministry in East Africa. No sooner had funds been dispersed until they would be back.

## KENYA JANUARY 2009

By the time that I had returned to Kenya in January of 2009, other things were beginning to happen. We began to be connected to bush fellowships that were being formed in the bush of Kenya. The one that stands out the most is Kibunga in the Thyraka district of Kenya. Here were a people who were worshipping in a mud fellowship building. There was no electricity. There were no paved roads anywhere in the area. The road to the fellowship was literally a goat trail of sorts. However the worship was fervent and the people's heart was for the Lord. We had a baptismal service for the people on the January trip. We took off down a dirt road on foot to the river which was at least 1 hour and 15 minutes away under the blazing tropical sun of Africa. The people were singing and dancing and praising the Lord for the opportunity to be baptized. Most of them were barefoot. The procession stretched ahead for at least one quarter of a mile. The folks were beating drums and dancing before the Lord. People came out of their huts to watch this procession. At one point, we came upon a village and a drunk man on a bicycle decided to join the procession. Upon reaching the river, the Africans just knelt down and began drinking from the brown river water. The service began and was soon interrupted by the drunk man wanting to be baptized. Onesmus prayed with him and cast some demons out and then passed him on to be baptized. Upon arrival back at the church building, the people wanted to present us with some gifts. They handed us baskets and other things. I noticed though in the back of the line stood a woman holding a live chicken. I realized that she was going to give this as her gift. My friend Bob was singled out as the one to receive the chicken. The chicken was taken back to Machakos to be a meal.

## KENYA MARCH 2009

My next trip came in March of 2009. On this trip I was challenged by something that truly has been life changing in the way I perceive this work. Esther took me up into the hills to see some of the orphan families. The home we went to was a new family to the food program. In this home, there was a grandmother who was taking care of her widowed daughter and her 3 fatherless grandchildren. The mother has HIV and two of the three children have HIV. This family was Roman Catholic. When we arrive, I notice the mother of the children sitting in the dirt outside the house. She was so weak that she could not walk. The house is a hovel with no electricity and no plumbing. The latrine is but a hole in the ground with a few rags on sticks surrounding it for some privacy. On the inside of the house is the mother's bedroom which has no furniture except for a single bed without linens. She and the three children slept on this filthy mattress. The grandmother lets us know that they have had no food for four days. I hand her some money.

The baby daughter is in the dirt with flies on her and no underpants. Esther and the grandmother are talking in their native language. Stephen is translating for me. I hear that the mother has been in the hospital for 2 months because of TB as a complication of her HIV. Then I hear Esther say that they had recently had a visitation from the Lord after the mother of the children had died. She goes on to talking with the grandmother as if she weren't going to tell me what the visitation was. So I interrupt and ask, "What visitation?" "Well, maybe she will tell you," Esther retorts. I wasn't sure that she was going to respond to the request.

## VISITATION FROM THE LORD BRINGS SECOND CHANCE

The story was quite phenomenal. About two months prior to this event, the mother with HIV had grown very ill one night. She became so ill that she actually died. It was night and there was no way to get a vehicle to take the body down the mountain to the mortuary. So, they wrapped the body for the mortuary and left the body in the room for the night. They wrap the body from the toes up to the chin when they wrap them for the mortuary. Upon passing, the mother finds herself confronted with a wall upon which she sees her name written. Next to her name, she sees that she is condemned to hell. She begins to cry and cry and cry. She cries all night. She is finally told that if she will repent of the evil that she has done in this life, she will be sent back. The grandmother meanwhile had gone out looking for a vehicle to carry the body to the mortuary. When she returns, her daughter is alive. As I observe this scene, the fear of God came upon me. I began to realize that I was looking on someone who had been dead but wasn't and that no one had even prayed for her to be raised from the dead. Esther then chimes in, "And we are praying that she will truly be saved!" This actually blew every theological circuit in my brain. I suddenly realized that I did not know God like I thought I knew Him. His mercy is far greater than I had perceived. Not only that, but we cannot put Him in any of our theological boxes. He just won't fit. Here I had happened upon a miracle of God that had been performed in the outback of East Africa. No one would ever know of it unless I told it. The Lord was not really too concerned whether others knew of it or not. I understood that if you want to see the Lord move, and then move among the poor. That is where He apparently shows up. It blew my mind even more that this lady was not even saved as we understand salvation. By the way, two months later, she was saved!

Then the grandmother gets up and starts talking in a loud voice. "I got up at 5 this morning and realized that we had no food again. This is the fourth day for no food. I cried out, God you are the God of miracles, and I must have one TODAY!" I handed her some more money. I had already given her some. Then the Lord stunned me. My mind was already scrambled from the story of the resurrection from the dead. Not that He raised her, but that no one had prayed for this and that she wasn't even saved. But then the Lord said something to me that deeply shook me. He simply spoke a phrase to my spirit, **To the least of these.** He said nothing more. Now, I know the Scriptures pretty well. However, I could not even identify this phrase as my mind was so scrambled from what I had just experienced. I could not place this phrase. Of course it comes from Matthew 25 at the judgment between the sheep and goats. The Lord just let that phrase sit there for a while. Then He said, "**I was hungry and you gave me food. I was sick and you visited Me ... to the least of these.**" He then blew me away even more at the next sentence. "It happened today." At this I truly realized that I was visiting holy ground. I realized how seriously He took this ministry to the poor. I

began to look upon this work very differently. I began to see it as very holy and sacred work not to be taken lightly.

## KENYA JUNE 2009

Lori and I returned to Kenya in June of 2009. At that time, there were still about 35 or 40 people who attended the fellowship on a regular basis. However, we began to see a glimpse into the work of Esther and Onesmus. Lori stayed in their home during the day while I ministered to the men of the area. She would see women show up each day. She did not understand much of what was happening, but eventually, Esther opened up about it. Women came each day some from many miles away asking her for food. Many had children that had not eaten in as many as four days. All had walked for many hours to get there. Esther would not tell Lori what the needs were, she would just hand the ladies a small amount of money and tell them to come back at food distribution time. She told Lori that she never turned any away. This is when she revealed her experience with the Angel of the Lord and how He had told her to remember the poor. She now considered it her duty under God to give whenever asked by the poor. Now, if you were to see how Esther lives, you would think that she is still poor. However, that is not the way she sees it.

She told Lori that people start showing up at 5:30 am each morning for Onesmus to minister to them. He would not be finished ministering until late in the evening. This actually had to be addressed on my next trip. However the point is that the Lord was sending folks to them and miracles were beginning to happen almost daily. One day, a young man who was unknown to Onesmus shows up and asks for prayer. He tells him that every night at midnight, an evil spirit comes to him and begins to force him to do things that he doesn't want ... even to have sex with it. He is tormented by this spirit. Then the Lord told him to go to Onesmus and he would pray for him and he would be healed. He did not even know of Onesmus. We prayed for him to be delivered. On another day, a young woman who is not known by Onesmus shows up and tells us that the previous day a lady had cursed her by witchcraft and told her she would destroy her eyes. That morning, she went out to start her fire for breakfast and a snake came out of the wood and spit in her eye and she was having trouble seeing. The Lord had told her to come there ... she knew nothing of this ministry, and that she would be healed. Lori and Onesmus prayed for her and her eyes were healed.

I had sensed on the trip in June that some fundamental shift had occurred in the ministry there in Machakos. However, I did not fully appreciate it until my next trip in September occurred. It is important to remember what the Lord had indicated to me at the beginning of this work. He had told me to focus effort on ministering to the poorest and most helpless and then to trust Him that He would change the spiritual atmosphere of the region. This is what we saw played out from the time we left in June of 2009 until our return in September of 2009.

## WOMEN'S CONFERENCE IN SEPTEMBER 2009 CHANGES LANDSCAPE

When we arrived to have a women's conference in September of 2009, we found a whole new landscape to the fellowship in Machakos. Over the summer, response to the evangelism from Onesmus had exploded. Literally hundreds of people had responded and come to faith in Christ, most notably from Roman Catholic backgrounds. Now instead of 30 or 40 folks on a Sunday morning, now there were at least 500 in attendance and often more. There was no room to accommodate them in the hall that had been in use for several years. So almost as many would sit outside with a loud speaker or would just look in through the windows. It was actually astounding to see the explosion in numbers. Whereas this is a good problem to have; nevertheless, it is a problem. Onesmus had already been in great demand daily for ministry to the people. Now it was a crushing demand for his time. He would frequently minister from 5:30am to 10pm with no time to eat or be with his family. His wife saw him very little to not at all. This was not immediately apparent on getting there. However very quickly events occurred that would move us into overdrive to try to handle this grave imbalance in the ministry there in Machakos.

## FOCUSING ON THE LORD'S PRIORITIES

Now you may ask, what caused such a monumental shift in the momentum of the ministry? I think the answer goes back to what the Lord had told me when we began ministering to the poor. He had told me that such ministry would result in His changing the spiritual atmosphere of the region and even the nation. I would contend that when we as a ministry began to focus on what the Lord considered His priorities, then He gave the increase of the fruit in the evangelism. This is often where we fail in our work for the Lord. We think we hear the Lord tell us to evangelize a region and we just go out and do it in a way that seems best to us. However, if He wants a work done, then He has a strategy as to how to do it. It will most often be counterintuitive. Certainly this was so to me. However, it is His fruit anyway, so it is best to get it His way....really that is the only way you are going to get it anyway. Learn to hear God and to do things His way. As the old hymn says, the way to be happy in Jesus is to trust and obey.

## DELIVERANCE NEEDED

One of the most immediate problems with all these new converts would be the amount of deliverance needed for them. So many people had been involved in witchcraft that a great deal of deliverance was needed. However much valuable time was being used in the services to deal with this and it was even getting out of hand. It was even becoming a show and at some point the enemy was causing trouble by becoming the show that people were watching. So I taught one day on the proper way to handle deliverance as I saw it. Immediately there was a test of that word. Everything I had taught was promptly ignored and a show began on the floor as several folks were laid out on the floor and were writhing with demons. This prompted a confrontation between me and the leadership as to what needed to happen. It was indeed confrontational. It was unpleasant and against everything that I wanted to do there. However in the end, we were able to come to understanding and agreement. I began to realize that both Onesmus and Esther were overwhelmed with the numbers of new converts. His gifting is that of an evangelist...not pastor. She was trying to raise a family and had a newborn infant and was feeling overwhelmed with it all. So we sat down and worked out a solution. The Lord showed me to offer to come back sooner than I had planned so that I could train a team to minister healing and deliverance to the people. I laid out some guidelines for Onesmus as to how much he should be available to the people and how much he should only

be with his family. That was actually a relief for both him and his wife. He was worn out but felt that he had no other option except what he was doing.

## FORGIVENESS

The women's ministry was great. The key principle that was taught was forgiveness. All of these women have had difficult lives and many have been abused by men. So forgiveness was a huge step forward in their spiritual lives. Much fruit was born out of this. There was even breakthrough for Esther in the area of forgiveness. Some of the desperateness of the people can be seen when a lady begged one of our team members to take her baby from her. She had two others and she could not feed them all. Her mother had told her she must dispose of the 3rd one. This was heart wrenching.

## MACHAKOS WITCHCRAFT

I want to take a time out and describe to you what was going on in the background around Machakos. The other pastors in town had not been happy with my coming nor with Onesmus' success in ministry. Every time that I would go there, they would band together and fast and pray against my trip and against the ministry of Onesmus. In January 2009, as soon as my plane touched down at the Nairobi airport, I began to feel sick in my stomach. I awoke in the night with vomiting and diarrhea. Once daylight came, I would be better. However, this persisted for 3 days. At midnight each night, I would be awakened and would be sick. It would either be diarrhea or nausea. Finally on the third day, I realized that it was not going away. I realized that we were leaving for the bush the next day and that I couldn't be sick there. So I went to Onesmus and Esther and asked them to pray for me. As I entered their house, I saw that the entrails of the chicken that they had killed for our dinner had been left out near the front door. I had not noticed this happening before. I almost got sick again ... now I have a very strong stomach concerning this sort of thing, but this affected me. I had not eaten in three days. I could eat very little that night. The only thing I could eat was a few bites of the chicken. Actually as I ate it, I began to feel better. Then Onesmus prayed for me. As soon as he did, the illness broke off and was gone. I was healed. He finished by saying, "This was nothing more than Machakos witchcraft." Then Esther told me that as soon as my plane had landed in Nariobi, the Lord had awakened her to tell her that I was sick and to start praying. So she had been praying since that time. I am convinced that the praying and fasting of the pastors of the region had contributed to my illness. It was really nothing more than witchcraft. This kind of opposition is continual in Machakos. There is extreme jealousy on the part of the pastors toward this work. Unfortunately, the jealousy is so intense that it has led them into witchcraft.

## REFLECTING BACK ON HEALINGS IN SEPTEMBER 2009

Little has been said of the many healings that we had witnessed since first coming to Kenya. Let me digress for a moment and recount them before going back to the September 2009 story. In Sept 2008, my wife had prayed for a little girl who could not move her arm. Immediately, the Lord healed her and she had normal movement of the arm. She then prayed for a baby boy who had a rash all over and had had diarrhea since birth. She did not see immediate results, but next day, the mother told her that the rash was virtually gone and that the diarrhea was gone. Later in the week, this same child developed a severe staph infection on his

forearm. He had a large fluctuant abscess on his forearm and was febrile. This was the sort of infection that one would want to lance and then give parenteral antibiotics to the child. However, that was not possible. So we rebuked the fever and the infection and prayed for healing. Next day, the child and his arm were normal. There was no sign of the infection. There was no evidence of previous infection or abscess. There were numerous back pains, toothaches, and headaches healed. Upon seeing folks the next day, if we asked them how they were, they would reply, "I am healed." There was never any doubt in their minds about the healing. Faith works like that.

There were three further incidences in the trip of September 2009 worth recounting. The first occurred during the food distribution to the orphan grandmothers. One of the team members, Connie, noticed an elderly woman sitting in the dirt in the full hot sun. She felt the Lord directed her to go to her and talk with her. She noticed that her eyes were clouded as if she were blind or near blind and most likely represented cataracts. She took Stephen with her to interpret. She asked the woman her age. The woman did not know; however, Connie said she was indeed old. She then asked her if she knew Jesus and she indicated that she did not. So she led her to the Lord and she believed. Connie then thought that she should be baptized in the Holy Spirit and Stephen led her in this. The woman then lifted her hands to the sky and began to pray. Connie asked Stephen what she was saying, and he said, "I do not know, she is praying in tongues." As she prayed in the Spirit, they both saw her eyes clear up. They went from cloudy to clear as she prayed in the Spirit.

## GRACE HAS VISION OF WHITE PEOPLE

On our trip to the bush, we visited a fellowship in Ithitwe. There we met a prophetic lady named Grace. In 2003 and again in 2004, Grace had had a vision of white people coming to her village to help her in the ministry. She had at the time told the Lord that she did not know how this could happen as there are no paved roads into Ithitwe and it is far off the normal travel paths. Shortly after seeing these visions, the Lord told her to leave her institutional church and just seek Him in her home. This she did much to the displeasure of the people of her area. She received much persecution for this. However, after several years, the people of the area came to her and asked her to teach them what she had been learning. This she was glad to do. Initially about 50 people would come to her home for fellowship. Eventually as the group grew, they had to move to a building that could accept a larger group. Now there are around 100 in attendance. When we came, there were 50 people sharing one Bible. We brought 50 Bibles. That still left 50 people without Bibles. The other part of the story is how we became connected to her. One night, she had a dream. She was told in this dream to find Pastor James in Kibunga. So by foot she travelled a few hours to a nearby village called Mitunguu. Upon arrival there, she begins to ask if anyone there knows of a Pastor James in Kibunga. Someone did and had a phone number. He is connected to us and thereby we became connected to her. So her dream to have white people come to her village to help in ministry did indeed come to pass. On a subsequent trip, she recognized one of our team members from her original dream.

## SPIRIT OF CONTROL

As we were on our way back to Nairobi, we visited a fellowship in Runenjes. From the beginning in this fellowship, we noticed a bad spirit there. The women were very controlling and much focused on material things and money in particular. At one point, I had to address this. It did not sit well with the women of the fellowship. On our way out, Connie noticed two of the controlling ladies giving her a very cold look. She momentarily noticed some discomfiture. Upon our arrival in Nairobi, she began to feel sick with nausea and fever. This persisted into next day. She continued to have fever and nausea. I went to visit her in her room and could find no reason to expect this to be malaria. She felt that it might indeed be witchcraft coming from Runenjes. So we prayed. I broke off the witchcraft and put it under the blood of Jesus. We prayed for healing. The fever broke immediately. Over the next few hours, she progressively felt stronger and healed. This indeed demonstrated the power of the blood of Jesus over the demonic. This is one of several lessons in dealing with witchcraft in Africa that have occurred on these trips. The biggest lesson is that Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world. The other lesson is to have no open doors for the enemy to walk through to whatever degree possible.