

Journey into Mission

Renewal and Revival

***Geoff Waugh
with Don Hill***

Amazon Review - 5 stars

I have read many similar stories, but this one exceeds them all.

I read the on-line edition and was blown away by the response of the Solomon Islanders to the power of the Holy Spirit. It was amazing, or should I say God-planned. Geoff has done well to not only be in so many places and seeing God at work, but also writing a book about it all. It's as if it has all happened in a world apart, but the events in Brisbane show that it could happen in Australia also.

~ Barbara Vickridge (Perth, Australia)

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Cover: Simbo Lagoon, the Solomon Islands

Geoff's Books: see www.renewaljournal.com including
Flashpoints of Revival, South Pacific Revivals, and
Looking to Jesus: Journey into Renewal and Revival

Don's books include ***Travelling with Geoff***
Don gives more details in his book
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*Logo: basin & towel,
lamp & parchment,
in the light of the cross*

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Foreword

*As we prayed for people we often saw healings and deliverance. It usually looked ordinary – just doing what we always did. But in revival scenes, faith and unity are stronger than usual and more happens. More respond. More are changed. **This book describes significant revival events in bold** including: a martyr for Jesus; dead return; supernatural fire; light rain from clear sky; angels sing; communion bread multiplied to feed slum families; youths swim nine hours to get help; whole school responds; whole village responds; children and youth lead in revivals; English understood by non-English speakers; non-English speakers pray in beautiful English; first PM of Solomon Islands hosts team; first PM of Fiji washes feet; powerful unity; healing the land; many healings, and more, like locals going out on mission to other islands and other nations. See the **Addendum** for a compiled summary of many revival events.*

Life is mission, wherever we are – with friends, with family, and with people we meet. A lot of my mission happened to be cross-cultural. **So what did I learn?** Here's a handful of lessons I learned on mission.

1 Listen to God. He guides. He'll often lead you into new ventures and surprising adventures. He sustains you.

2 Listen to God's Word. Absorb it. Jesus' life and ministry and his disciples' example often guided and inspired me.

3 Listen to others – especially local leaders. They know their people and their culture far better than you ever will.

4 Listen to your heart. Where is your heart in all this? Why are you doing it? Be led by the Spirit. He knows the desires of your heart so well.

5 Step out in faith. Don't wait till you are perfect – you'll be in heaven then. Pray and obey. Use the gifts God has given you,

humbly and boldly. Serve together in humble unity, responding to God together, and give God all the glory. He does so much in and through us, exceedingly abundantly above all we are asking or even thinking (Ephesians 3:20-21).

Highlights

A lot of key passages and exciting developments get lost in the details of this book so highlighted many of them in ***bold print*** but I have added these Highlights which bring some of those key revival passages together.

From Chapter 5 – Australia: Elcho Island (1994)

In that same evening the word just spread like the flames of fire and reached the whole community in Galiwin'ku. Gelung and I couldn't sleep at all that night because people were just coming for the ministry, bringing the sick to be prayed for, for healing. Others came to bring their problems. Even a husband and wife came to bring their marriage problem, so the Lord touched them and healed their marriage.

Next morning the Galiwin'ku Community once again became the new community. The love of Jesus was being shared and many expressions of forgiveness were taking place in the families and in the tribes. Wherever I went I could hear people singing and humming Christian choruses and hymns! Before then I would have expected to hear only fighting and swearing and many other troublesome things that would hurt your feelings and make you feel sad.

Many unplanned and unexpected things happened every time we went from camp to camp to meet with the people. The fellowship was held every night and more and more people gave their lives to Christ, and it went on and on until sometimes the fellowship meeting would end around about midnight. There was more singing, testimony, and ministry going on. People did not feel tired in the morning, but still went to work.

From Chapter 8 – Philippines (1995)

During the class seminars, my students reported on various signs and wonders that they had experienced in their churches. Many of them expected God to do the same things now as he did in the New Testament, but not all! “We don’t seem to have miracles in our church,” said one student, a part-time Baptist pastor and police inspector. “You could interview a pastor from a church that does,” I suggested. So he interviewed a Pentecostal pastor about miraculous answers to prayer in their church. That student reported to the class how the Pentecostal church sent a team of young people to the local mental hospital for monthly meetings where they sang and witnessed and prayed for people. Over 40 patients attended their first meeting there, and they prayed for 26 personally, laying hands on them. A month later, when they returned for their next meeting, all those 26 patients had been discharged and sent home.

From Chapter 9 – Ghana (1995)

When we arrived in the mountain town of Suhum, it was dark. The torrential rain had cut off the electricity supply. The rain eased off a bit, so we gathered in the market square and prayed to God to guide us and to take over. Soon the rain ceased. The electricity came on. The host team began excitedly shouting that it was a miracle. “We will talk about this for years” they exclaimed with gleaming eyes. ...

My interpreter that night didn’t know a lot of English. I think he preached his own sermon based on some phrases of mine he understood or guessed, and apparently he did well. When we invited people to respond and give their lives to Christ, they came from the surrounding darkness into the light. Some wandered over from the pub, smelling of beer. They kept the ministry team busy praying and arranging follow up with the local churches.

At that point I left the work to the locals who understood one another. I just moved around laying hands on people’s heads and praying for them, as did many others. People reported various touches of God in their lives. Some were healed. Later in the week an elderly man excitedly told how he had come to the meeting almost blind but now he could see.

Each day we held morning worship and teaching sessions for Christians in a church, hot under an iron roof on those clear, tropical sunny days. During the second morning I vividly ‘saw’ golden light fill the church and swallow up or remove blackness. At that point the African Christians became very noisy, vigorously celebrating and shouting praises to God. A fresh anointing seemed to fall on them just then.

From Chapter 9 - Toronto, Canada (1995)

Both of us appreciated the gracious, caring way people prayed for us, and others. No rush. No hype. No pressure. Whether we stood, or sat in a chair, or rested on the carpeted floor, those praying for us did so quietly with prayers prompted by the Holy Spirit. Those praying laid a hand on us gently, as led, and trusted the Lord to touch us. He did. Warmth and love permeated us. We returned to our hotel after the meetings aware of increased peace and deeper assurance of the Lord's love and grace. ...

After returning to Brisbane I noticed that people I prayed for received strong touches from the Lord, most resting in the Spirit on the floor. We needed people to be ready to catch those who fell, to avoid them getting hurt (then needing extra healing prayer!). Some of them had visions of the Lord blessing them and others.

From Chapter 13 - Nepal (2000)

By Raju:

After praying on the bridge we approached the Chinese officials to get a permission to enter Tibet. The first official refused but the second one nodded approvingly, taking the four Australian passports from my hand as security, and let us go free of charge! This could happen only by the supernatural intervention of our Almighty God, Hallelujah! We had good prayer inside Tibet, especially on those individual shopkeepers whom I would grab and pray on without any resistance from them!

On 21 April all the eight of Australians and I had a trip to Gochadda in west Nepal and held a three days conference over there at Easter. While driving toward the destination I shared the Word with the driver of the private bus and during the inauguration of the conference he approached the altar and accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. On the same day a Christian brother whose hand was partially crippled for six years was touched by the Holy Spirit and healed absolutely. He was shaking in his whole body and raising his hands, even the crippled one already healed, praising the Lord with all his strength, he glorified the Lord for his greatness, Hallelujah!

Out of about 200 participants in the conference by the grace of God 100 of them were baptized in the Holy Spirit praising the Lord, singing, falling, crying, and many other actions as the Holy Spirit would prompt them to act. About ten of them testified that they had never experienced such a presence of the power and love of God. Some others testified being lifted to heavenly realms by the power of the Holy Spirit, being surrounded by the angels of the Lord in a great peace, joy, and love toward each other and being melted in the power of his presence. Many re-committed their lives to the Lord for ministry by any means through his revelation.

On the second day of the conference the trend continued as the people seemingly would fall down, repent, minister to each other

in the love of Christ, enjoy the mighty touch of the Holy Spirit, singing, prophesying, weeping, laughing, hugging, and all the beauty of the Holy Spirit was manifested throughout the congregation by his grace and love. One woman of age 65 testified that she never had danced in her life in any occasion even in secret, but the Lord had told her that she should now dance to him and she was dancing praising him with all her strength. For hours this outpouring continued and the pastors of the churches were one by one testifying that they had never experienced such a presence and power of God in their whole Christian life and ministry.

Some 60 evangelists from Gorkha, Dhanding, Chitwan, Butwal declared that they were renewed in their spirits by the refreshing of the Holy Spirit and they are now going to serve the Lord in the field wherever the Holy Spirit will lead them to be fully fledged in His service. In the last day of the conference while praying together with the congregation and committing them in his hands, many prophesied that the Lord was assuring them of great changes in their ministry, life and the area. While the power of God was at work in our midst three children of 6-7 years old fell down weeping, screaming and testifying about a huge hand coming on them and touching their stomachs and healing them instantly. After the prayer all the participants got into the joy of the Holy Spirit and started dancing to the Lord, singing and praising Him for His goodness.

Before leaving Gochadda while we were having snacks in the pastor's house a woman of high Brahmin caste came by the direction of the Lord to the place, claiming that she was prompted by a voice in her ear to go to the Christians and ask for prayer for healing of her chronic stomach pain and problems, and that is why she was there. We prayed for her and she was instantly healed and we shared the Gospel, but she stopped us saying, "I need to accept Christ as my Saviour so don't waste time!" She accepted Jesus as her personal Saviour being lifted in spirit, and even the body as she said she didn't feel anymore burden in her body, and spirit, Hallelujah!

On 25 April we held another conference in Nazarene Church pastored by Rinzi Lama in Kathmandu. Ten churches unitedly participated in the two days gathering where about 100 people participated. The outpouring of the Holy Spirit continued in this conference refreshing many in their spirits and bringing much re-commitment. Some cases of healing were testified. ...

On 27 April we held a one day conference in Hosanna Church where the touch of the Holy Spirit was tremendous and people blessed by the Holy Spirit and his might were manifesting his power and presence in the place. While people were worshipping and praising the Lord, a prophecy came and the Lord said, "What happened to the vision given to you six years ago? You have forgotten to pray about it but I have not forgotten what I have promised to you through the vision!" I was reminded by the Holy Spirit that I had seen a vision where I was taken over the highest mountains in this country with a few of my foreign friends and some of our evangelists and as we put our step on the top of the mountain it started shaking and melting and my friends and the evangelists started disappearing, then I cried out, "Lord where are my friends?" And He said open your eyes and see, and I saw all my friends and the evangelists were scattered all over the mountains and they were coming towards me with multitudes of people behind them. I started weeping and with a feeling which words cannot explain I was thanking the Lord for His goodness, I was laughing in the Spirit for the repetition of the vision which I could see again. Hallelujah!

From Chapter 14 – USA: Pensacola

I liked the spontaneous bits best. Before Friday night's revival service some people in the singing group of over 50 people on stage began singing free harmonies without music while they waited for the sound system to work, and we all joined in. It sounded like angels harmonising in continual worship. Wonderful. No need for words!

Later, during the service Lindel Cooley, their worship leader, led spontaneously from the keyboard without other instruments, singing the chorus of an old hymn from his youth (and mine) – 'Love lifted me'. All the oldies joined in, and then it went on to a verse sung from memory. It moved me deeply, from my own boyhood memories, especially as I had just then been asking the Lord for a personal touch from him.

A visitor preached, calling for faith and action. Their prayer team prayed for many hundreds at the 'altar call' – short and sharp, but relevant and challenging. The man who prayed briefly for me spoke about national and international ministries the Lord would open for me.

From Chapter 15 - Vanuatu (2002)

By Romulo: “The speaker was the Upper Room Church pastor, Jotham Napat who is also the Director of Meteorology in Vanuatu. The night was filled with the awesome power of the Lord and we had the Upper Room church ministry who provided music with their instruments. With our typical Pacific Island setting of bush and nature all around us, we had dances, drama, testified in an open environment, letting the wind carry the message of salvation to the bushes and the darkened areas. That worked because most of those that came to the altar call were people hiding or listening in those areas. The Lord was on the road of destiny with many people that night.”

Unusual lightning hovered around the sky and as soon as the prayer teams had finished praying with those who rushed forward at the altar call, the tropical rain pelted down on that open field.

God poured out his Spirit on many lives that night, including Jerry Waqainabete and Simon Kofe. Both of them played rugby in the popular university teams and enjoyed drinking and the nightclub scene. Both changed dramatically. Many of their friends said it would not last. It did last and led them into ministry and mission.

From Chapter 16 - Vanuatu (2003)

Significant events associated with the coming of the Gospel to South Pentecost included a martyr killed and a paramount chief's wife returning from death.

Thomas Tumtum had been an indentured worker on cane farms in Queensland, Australia. Converted there, he returned around 1901 to his village on South Pentecost with a new young disciple from a neighbouring island. They arrived when the village was tabu (taboo) because a baby had died a few days earlier, so no one was allowed into the village. Ancient tradition dictated that anyone breaking tabu must be killed, so they were going to kill Thomas, but his friend Lulkon asked Thomas to tell them to kill him instead so that Thomas could evangelise his own people. Just before he was clubbed to death at a sacred Mele palm tree, he read John 3:16, then closed his eyes and prayed for them. Thomas became a pioneer of the church in South Pentecost, establishing Churches of Christ there.

Paramount Chief Morris Bule died at 111 on 1st July, 2016, the son of the highest rank paramount chief on Pentecost Island. After a wife of Chief Morris's father died and was prepared for burial, the calico cloths around her began to move. She had returned from death and they took the grave cloths of her. She sat up and told them all to leave their pagan ways and follow the Christian way. Then she lay down and died.

Chief Morris's son, Paramount Chief Peter, had an uncle who returned from Queensland as a Christian in the early 1900s. When he was old, after many years telling them about the Gospel, one day he called all his relatives to him, shook hands in farewell with everyone, and lay down and died immediately.

From Chapter 16 – Solomon Islands (2003)

Revival began with the Spirit moving on youth and children in village churches. They had extended worship in revival songs, many visions and revelations and lives being changed with strong love for the Lord. Children and youth began meeting daily from 5pm for hours of praise, worship and testimonies. A police officer reported reduced crimes, and said former rebels were attending daily worship and prayer meetings.

Revival continued to spread throughout the region. Revival movements brought moral change and built stronger communities in villages in the Solomon Islands including these lasting developments:

1 Higher moral standards. People involved in the revival quit crime and drunkenness, and promoted good behaviour and co-operation.

2 Christians who once kept their Christianity inside churches and meetings talked more freely about their lifestyle in the community and amongst friends.

3 Revival groups, especially youth, enjoyed working together in unity and community, including a stronger emphasis on helping others in the community.

4 Families were strengthened in the revival. Parents spent more time with their youth and children to encourage and help them, often leading them in Bible reading and family prayers.

5 Many new gifts and ministries were used by more people than before, including revelations and healing. Even children received revelations or words of knowledge about hidden magic artefacts or ginger plants related to spirit power and removed them.

6 Churches grew. Many church buildings in the Marovo Lagoon were pulled down and replaced with much large buildings to fit in the crowds. Offerings and community support increased.

7 Unity. Increasingly Christians united in reconciliation for revival meetings, prayer and service to the community. ...

Children received revelations about their parent's secret sins or the location of hidden magic artefacts or stolen property. Many children had visions of Jesus during the revival meetings. Often he would be smiling when they were worshipping and loving him, or he would show sadness when they were naughty or unkind. ...

At Seghe the children and youth loved to meet every afternoon in the church near the Bible College there. The man leading these meetings had been a rascal involved in the ethnic tensions but was converted in the revival. A policeman from Seghe told me that since the revival began crime has dropped. Many former young criminals were converted and joined the youth worshipping God each afternoon. Revival continued to spread throughout the region. ...

We taught in morning sessions about revival and answered questions. One mother, for example, asked about the meaning of her young son's vision of Jesus standing with one foot in heaven and one foot on the earth. What a beautiful, powerful picture of Jesus' claim that all authority in heaven and on earth has been given to him (Matthew 28:8), seen in a child's vision.

From Chapter 17 - Vanuatu: Pentecost (2004)

By Matthias: The deliverance ministry group left the college by boat and when they arrived at the Bungalows they prayed together. After they prayed together they divided into two groups.

There is one person in each of these two groups that has a gift from the Lord that the Holy Spirit reveals where the witchcraft powers are, such as bones from dead babies or stones. These witchcraft powers are always found in the ground outside the houses or sometimes in the houses. So when the Holy Spirit reveals to that person the right spot where the witchcraft power is, then they have to dig it up with a spade.

When they dug it out from the soil they prayed over it and bound the power of that witchcraft in the name of Jesus. Then they claimed the blood of Jesus in that place.

Something very important when joining the deliverance group is that everyone in the group must be fully committed to the Lord and must be strong in their faith because sometimes the witchcraft power can affect the ones that are not really committed and do not have faith.

After they finished the deliverance ministry they came together again and just gave praise to the Lord in singing and prayer. Then they closed with a Benediction.

From Chapter 19 - Vanuatu Pentecost (2004)

By Don: The night's worship led by the law students started off as usual with singing, then spontaneously turned into a joyful party. Then Joanna Kenilorea gave a testimony about a very sad event in her family that brought the Keniloreas back to God. She was especially eloquent in her address and when finished, Geoff found that it had been so powerful that he had no more to add that night and made an immediate altar call for prayer. Almost as one, 300 high school students, teachers and others present rose from their seats and moved out into the aisle to the front of the hall. There were a couple of slow starters, but when it became apparent that Geoff could not possibly pray for each individually, even these moved up to the back of the crowd until everybody in that room had come forward. Geoff in all his years of ministry and association with renewal ministries and revival (and that was the subject of his doctorate) had never experienced anything like it. The most remarkable thing for Helen and me was we were there and part of it in such a remote and previously unknown part of our world! It was surely a night to remember.

From Chapter 21 - Vanuatu: Pentecost (2005)

Many of the older people attending these intensive teaching sessions had been involved in local revivals through many years. They understood the principles involved such as repentance, reconciliation, unity, personal and group prayer that was earnest and full of faith, and using various gifts of the Spirit. They were most familiar with words of wisdom and knowledge, discerning spirits (especially from local witchcraft), revelations, healings and deliverance.

I learned much from them, especially about the spirit world and humbly seeking God for revelation and direction. We westerners tend to jump in and organize things without really waiting patiently on God for his revelation and direction. Many westerners, including missionaries, find waiting frustrating or annoying, but local people find it normal and natural. Wait on God and move when he shows you the way. For example, you can seek the Lord about who will speak, what to say, and how to respond. We westerners often use schedules and programs instead.

“Wait on the LORD; Be of good courage, And He shall strengthen your heart; Wait, I say, on the LORD!” (Psalm 27:14)

From Chapter 22 - Kenya (2005)

Before the Kibera slum church moved into their corrugated iron shed they met in a community hall. I taught leaders there, and spoke at their Sunday service with about 30 people. We gave them real bread for communion, not just symbolic cubes. The Spirit led me to give them all the bread we had, just two loaves (not five barley buns as the boy had in Scripture).

“Can I take some home to my family?” asked one young man. That’s a hard question to answer in front of 30 hungry people.

“It’s yours. You can take some of your own communion bread home if you want to,” I answered.

Everyone then took a large handful of communion bread, and most put some in their pockets to take home later. We shared real glasses of grape juice in plastic glasses, thanking the Lord for his body and blood given for us. After my return to Australia I heard that the bread apparently multiplied, as those who took some home had enough for their families to eat. Some of them were still eating it two weeks later.

From Chapter 22 - Fiji (2005)

By Jerry: While we were praying and worshipping, the Lord told me for the first ever time to take the salt water and the land and give it back to God. And I told this brother that when we offered it to God the rain is going to fall just to confirm that God hears and accepts it according to His leading.

I told him in advance while the Lord was putting it in my heart to do it... this is the first ever time and I always heard about it when people are being led... now it has happened to me... I could not even believe it.

As soon as he brought the water and I brought the soil to signify the sacrifice, I felt the mighty presence of God with us and was like numb... and the sun was really shining up in the sky with very little clouds. This rain fell slowly upon us.... I still could not believe... my cousin was astonished and could not believe it... it happened according to the way the Lord told me and I told him. It was like a made up story.

It was the blessings of God and I told the Lord that I am waiting for His own time to rebuild the walls of my village... but the Lord already told me that He wants and has chosen me to rebuild the wall of my village like Nehemiah.

From Chapter 23 - Fiji (2006) re Tanna Island

The Director of the Department of Meteorology in Vanuatu was in Fiji for a conference and I met him there again. He is also a pastor (Pastor Jotham) at Upper Room church in Port Vila where many of the law students attended.

In May 2006 he had been on mission in Tanna Island where the Lord moved strongly on young people, especially in worship and prayer. Children and youth were anointed to write and sing new songs in the local dialects. Some children asked the pastors to ordain them as missionaries – which was new for everyone. After prayer about it, they did.

Those children are strong evangelists already, telling Bible stories in pagan villages. One 9 year old boy did that, and people began giving their lives to God in his pagan village, so he became their 'pastor', assisted by older Christians from other villages.

From Chapter 24 - Vanuatu (2006)

At sharing time in the Upper Room service, a nurse, Leah Waqa, told how she had been recently on duty when parents brought in their young daughter who had been badly hit in a car accident, and showed no signs of life - the heart monitor registered zero.

Leah was in the dispensary giving out medicines when she heard about the girl and she suddenly felt unusual boldness, so went to the girl and prayed for her, commanding her to live, in Jesus' name. She prayed for almost an hour, mostly in tongues, and after an hour the monitor started beeping and the girl recovered.

...

The revival team, including the two of us from Australia, trekked for a week into mountain villages. We literally obeyed Luke 10 - most going with no extra shirt, no sandals, and no money. The trek began with a five hour climb across the island to the village of Ranwas on ridges by the sea on the eastern side. Mathias led worship, and strong moves of the Spirit touched everyone. We prayed for people many times in each meeting. At one point I spat on the dirt floor, making mud to show what Jesus did once. Marilyn Wari, wife of the President of the Churches of Christ, then jumped up asking for prayer for her eyes, using the mud. Later she testified that the Lord told her to do that, and then she found she could read her small pocket Bible without glasses. So she read to us all. Meetings continued like that each night. ...

Revival meetings erupted at Ponra. The Spirit just took over. Visions. Revelations. Reconciliations. Healings. People drunk in the Spirit. Many resting on the floor getting blessed in various ways. When they heard about healing through 'mud in the eye' at Ranwas some wanted mud packs also at Ponra!

One of the girls in the team had a vision of the village children there paddling in a pure sea, crystal clear. They were like that - so pure. Not polluted at all by TV, DVDs, videos, movies, magazines, and worldliness. Their lives were so clean and holy.

Just pure love for the Lord, especially among the young. Youth often lead in revival.

The sound of angels singing filled the air about 3am. It sounded as though the village church was packed. The harmonies in high descant declared "For You are great and You do wondrous things. You are God alone" and then harmonies, without words until words again for "I will praise You O Lord my God with all my heart, and I will glorify Your name for evermore" with long, long harmonies on "forever more". Just worship. Pure, awesome and majestic.

From Chapter 24 - Solomon Islands (2006)

Revival in the **Guadalcanal Mountains** had begun at the Bubunuhu Christian Community High School on Monday, July 10, 2006, on their first night back from holidays. They were filled with the Spirit and began using many spiritual gifts they had not had before. Then they took teams of students to the villages to sing, testify, and pray for people, especially youth. Many gifts of the Spirit were new to them - prophecies, healings, tongues, and revelations (such as knowing where adults hid magic artefacts). ...

The National Christian Youth Convention (NCYC) in the north-west of the Solomon Islands at **Choiseul Island**, two hours flight from Honiara, brought over 1,000 youth together from all over the Solomon Islands.

By Grant: “Most of a thousand youth came forward. Some ran to the altar, some crying! There was an amazing outpouring of the Spirit and because there were so many people Geoff and I split up and started laying hands on as many people as we could. People were falling under the power everywhere (some testified later to having visions). There were bodies all over the field (some people landing on top of each other). Then I did a general healing prayer and asked them to put their hand on the place where they had pain. After we prayed people began to come forward sharing testimonies of how the pain had left their bodies and they were completely healed! The meeting stretched on late into the night with more healing and many more people getting deep touches.

“It was one of the most amazing nights. I was deeply touched and feel like I have left a part of myself in Choiseul. God did an amazing thing that night with the young people and I really believe that he is raising up some of them to be mighty leaders in revival.”

A young man who was healed that night returned to his nearby village and prayed for his sick mother and brother. Both were

healed immediately. He told the whole convention about that the next morning at the meeting, adding that he had never done that before.

The delegation from Kariki islands further west, returned home the following Monday. The next night they led a meeting where the Spirit of God moved in revival. Many were filled with the Spirit, had visions, were healed, and discovered many spiritual gifts including discerning spirits and tongues. That revival has continued, and spread.

From Chapter 25 - Solomon Islands (2007)

We held revival meetings at the Theological Seminary at **Seghe** in the fantastic Marovo Lagoon – 70 kilometres with hundreds of tropical bush laden islands north and west of New Georgia Island. Morning teaching sessions, personal prayers in the afternoons and night revival meetings, with worship led by the students, filled an eventful week in September 2007. That was the first time the seminary held such a week, and again we prayed for so many at each meeting, students and village people. Meetings included two village revival services in the lagoon. At the first, an afternoon meeting in the framework of a large new church building, everyone came for prayer, all 100, and 30 reported on pain leaving as we prayed for healings. Then we had a long evening meeting at Patutiva village, where revival started in Easter 2003 across the Lagoon from Seghe. That meeting went from 7pm to 1.30am with about 1,000 people! We prayed personally for hundreds after the meeting ‘closed’ at 11pm. Students told me they could hear the worship and preaching on the PA across the lagoon 1k away in the still night air, so those in bed listened that way! ...

The week at **Taro** was the fullest of the whole trip, the most tiring, and also the most powerful so far. Worship was amazing. They brought all the United Church ministers together for the week from all surrounding islands where revival is spreading and was accelerated after the youth convention near here in Choiseul the previous December, where the tsunami hit in April. Many lay people also filled the church each morning - about 200. ...

Night rallies at the soccer field included the amplifiers reaching people in their houses as well. Each night I spoke and Mathias also spoke, especially challenging the youth. We prayed for hundreds, while the youth lead worship at the end of each meeting. The ministers helped but they preferred to just assist us, and people seemed to want us to pray for them. I involved the

ministers in praying for people also. There was a lot of conviction and reconciliation going on.

It's fascinating that we so often see powerful moves of God's Spirit when all the churches and Christians unite together in worship and ministry. God blesses unity of heart and action, especially among God's people. It always involves repentance and reconciliation.

In all these places people made strong commitments to the Lord, and healings were quick and deep. Both in Vanuatu and in the Solomon Islands the people said that they could all understand my English, even those who did not speak English, so they did not need an interpreter. Another miracle. ...

Saturday night was billed as a big meeting at **Patuvita** across the channel. This is where the revival started with children of the lagoon at Easter 2003. Geoff had previously visited this church in September 2003. The old church building has been pulled down and the foundations were being pegged out on an open ridge high above the lagoon for the new one, which will probably hold up to 1000 as the revival swells the numbers.

Again students led the worship. Most of the adults were traditional, but there were forty or so in revival ministry teams who pray for the sick, cast out spirits and evangelise. We joined the meeting by 8pm and finished at 1.30am!

Worship went for an hour. Geoff then preached for nearly an hour. In his words –

Very lively stuff. Only tiny kids went to sleep - 50 of them on pandanus leaf mats at the front. Then we prayed for people - and prayed, and prayed, and prayed and prayed, on and on and on and on! I involved the ministers (after praying for them and leaders first), and the students - and still people came for prayer - by the hundreds.

We prayed for leaders who wanted prayer first, then for their ministry teams, then for youth leaders and the youth, and then for anyone else who wanted prayer, and at about midnight Mark called all the children for prayer, so the parents woke them up and carried the babies. I guess I prayed for 30 sleeping kids in mother's arms and for their mothers and fathers as well.

Then after midnight when the meeting "finished" about 200 remained for personal prayer, one by one. So I involved four students with me, and that was great on-the-job training as well as praying. We prayed about everything imaginable, including many barren wives, men whose wives were un-cooperative, women whose husbands weren't interested, and healings galore - certainly many more than 100 healings. In every case, those with whom we prayed said that the pain was totally gone.

I doubt if I've ever seen so many healings, happening so quickly. At 1.30am there were still 30 people waiting for prayer, so I got desperate, and prayed for them all at once. I told them just to put their hands on the parts of their body needing healings, and I prayed for them all at once, while the students and some ministers still there laid hands on them, and I also moved quickly around to lay hands on each one.

They were all happy, and again reported healings. I wish I'd thought of that at midnight! But at least a few hundred had a chance to talk with us and be specific about their needs.

From Chapter 27 - China (2007)

I loved it there among such humble, hungry, receptive, grateful, gentle, and faith filled believers. I was often in tears just being there, appreciating their heartfelt zeal in everything. I have rarely been so impressed anywhere. No concerts. No acting. No hype. Just bare essentials. What a big and wonderful family we belong to, and our Father is so proud of his family there, I'm sure.

I had the great honour of speaking at a house church. People arrived in ones or twos over an hour or so, and stayed for many hours. Then they left quietly in ones or twos again, just personal visitors to that host family. Food on the small kitchen table welcomed everyone, some of it brought by the visitors.

About 30 of us crowded into a simple room with very few chairs. Most sat on the thin mat coverings. They sang their own heartfelt worship songs in their own language and style, pouring out love to the Lord, sometimes with tears. The leader played a very basic guitar in a very basic way.

Everyone listened intently to the message, and gladly asked questions, all of it interpreted. There was no need for an altar call or invitation to receive prayer. Everyone wanted personal prayer. Our prayer team of three or four people prayed with each person for specific needs such as healing and with personal prophecies. That flowed strongly. I knew none of that group, but received 'pictures' or words of encouragement for each one, as did the others.

While prayer continued, some began slipping quietly away. Others had supper. Others stayed to worship quietly. It was a quiet night because they did not want to disturb neighbours or attract attention.

Most people in that group were new believers with no Christian background at all. They identified easily with the house churches of the New Testament, the persecution, and the miracles, because they experienced all that as well. Many unbelievers

become Christians because someone prayed for their healing and the Lord healed them.

From Chapter 28 - Fiji (2008, 2009)

By Romulo (2008): “Inter-tertiary went very well at Suva Grammar School that was hosted by Fiji School of Medicine Christian Fellowship (CF). It was an awesome two nights of fellowship with God and with one another. The Pacific Students for Christ combined worship was a huge blessings for those that attended the two nights of worship. Pastor Geoff spoke on Obedience to the Holy Spirit - this being a spark to revival and power.

“Students came in droves for prayers and the worship lit up the Grammar School skies with tears, repentance, anointing and empowerment. The worship by Fiji School of Medicine students brought us closer to intimate worship with the King. It was a Pacific gathering and each and every person there was truly blessed as young people sought a closer intimate relationship with the King. We were blessed beyond words. Thank you all for the prayers, the thoughts and the giving.”

Roneil, a Fijian Indian, added, “It was all so amazing, so amazing that words can’t describe it. For me, it was obvious that the glory of God just descended upon the people during the Inter-tertiary CF. I’ve never seen an altar call that lasted for way more than an hour. I myself just couldn’t get enough of it. It was and still is so amazing. God’s anointing is just so powerful. Hallelujah to Him Who Was, Who Is and Who is to Come.” ...

By Romulo (2009): Two of the memorable highlights were the washing of leaders’ feet at RCCG Samabula and the worship service on Wednesday at RCCG Kiuva village. In fact I remember picking up the pastors on Sunday morning, and seeing Pastor Geoff carrying towels. I said to myself, ‘This is going to be fun.’ And fun it was.

God was teaching the church the principles of servanthood, demonstrated not just by words but by actions. It was a moving experience as Pastor Geoff on his knees started washing feet, drying them with a towel and speaking into the lives of

leaders. Powerful also was the fact that Pastor Geoff's leading was to wash the feet of leaders.

That Sunday former PM Rabuka, who heard of the Pastor's visit, came to church for prayer. Of course the leading for Pastor Geoff to pray for leaders meant Rabuka would get his feet washed too. One of the acts that will be embedded forever in my mind was seeing Rabuka sit on the floor, remove his coat and wash the feet of Pastor Geoff and KY Tan. He then dried their feet with his 'favourite' Fiji rugby coat (he played in their national rugby team). I was blown away by this act of humility, as demonstrated by Christ on his final night with the disciples before his arrest and execution.

On Wednesday night, (their last night in Suva), we were at Kiuva village in Tailevu. The powerful and angelic worship of young people and kids in Tailevu made the atmosphere one of power with a tangible presence of the Lord in the place. We saw a glimpse of revival and the power of God at work in such a simple setting. I was blessed to witness for myself the prevalent hunger in the body as lives connected with God. In all, it is purely refreshing being in the presence of God and being touched and filled by the Holy Spirit.

Preface

I, Geoff, compiled and expanded this book from these two books: ***Looking to Jesus: Journey into Renewal and Revival***, my autobiography, especially chapters 4 (Mission) and 8 (Revival). ***Travelling with Geoff: Mission Adventures***, by Don Hill.

If My people who are called by My name will humble themselves, and pray and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land (2 Chronicles 7:14). When we do that, God keeps his promise. All revivals include repentance, humility, unity, prayer, faith, and obedience. We saw a lot of that happening.

I met Meg, my wife, during our missionary work in Papua New Guinea, and we were blessed that she could share in some of these subsequent mission adventures. Our children and grandchildren have been involved in various short-term missions as well. Don's mission memoirs include interesting details about our mission travels together. Don mostly travelled with his wife Helen who recorded my teaching, usually interpreted, and made it available in video and DVD for the local people.

My mission memoirs, compiled here along with Don's mission memoirs, have stories which otherwise would be lost. It preserves mission information for relatives and friends. Many people prayed with us and for us, sharing powerfully in it all. Jesus kept surprising us. He is building his church as he said he would.

I add my comments in italics in the chapters drawn from Don's book.

Here are Don's comments from his Preface:

Don and Helen Hill consider themselves just an ordinary couple who have been blessed throughout their life and had many opportunities to do extraordinary things. Perhaps that is over simplifying their lifetime experiences, when in reality they have recognised opportunities, prayed for guidance and discernment and then acted. This has led to extensive travel to foreign lands on evangelical and teaching missions with the Rev. Dr. Geoff Waugh, to whom the title of this book refers.

Don and Helen have retired and Don has just completed writing up an extensive memoir of their lifetime experiences, mainly a private family diatribe for their children and grandchildren. Re-reading these memoirs showed there were a lot of extraordinary things that should be shared around. They have recently coined the phrase *....and it just so happened...* But did it? They think not and there is evidence of the hand of God and His leading.

Don was an electrical engineer and Helen a primary school teacher. In 1987 Don, with his then boss took voluntary redundancy and they set up their own engineering consultancy. Don leaving the power industry was akin to jumping out of a boat after thirty five years of job security. It was not done without a lot of very careful and prayerful consideration, but it was still a step into the unknown trusting completely in God.

This was a major change in Don and Helen's lives and opened many unknown doors and opportunities, especially the opportunity for quality overseas engineering assignments and associated opportunities in places like Malaysia, Burma, Brunei, and the Pacific Islands to name a few.

But more importantly Don and Helen became aware of, as well as part of, the Brisbane Renewal Fellowship led by Geoff Waugh at about the same time. Both their secular and spiritual lives received a boost. ***They were travelling with Geoff both spiritually and physically.***

Geoff had a quiet but powerful ministry and mainly through his work as editor of the *Renewal Journal* became widely known.

Invitations were received to come and preach in places like Ghana, Nepal, Sri Lanka, and the Pacific Islands to again name just a few. When the letter reads “Come over to Macedoniayou do not know how poor we are...” it is hard to refuse.

Geoff accepted these invitations, but never asked others to accompany him. He asked them to pray about it and if they felt called they were quite welcome to come along. People from the Renewal Fellowship often did accompany him. All had the love of the Lord and if nothing else were travelling companions in foreign lands and *backroom* helpers.

Helen developed a video ministry recording Geoff’s teaching, and left videos and later DVDs to multiply the word. This was particularly important where it was difficult to post Christian literature back into the country without it being intercepted and *lost*.

Don was just *there* most of the time, but with the publication of the material in this book, perhaps his time has come and the stories recorded will have an impact.

Thus as you read you will find in chronological order accounts of *God moment events* both from their personal experiences and as a consequence of their ***travelling with Geoff***.

NOTE: Don’s chapters in this book, ***Journey into Mission***, are condensed from his book ***Travelling with Geoff***.

Introduction

When I was 70 I wrote my autobiography, ***Looking to Jesus: Journey into Renewal and Revival***. See www.renewaljournal.com for details.

A decade later at 80, I expanded that story in this book to tell what I had seen God do in so many places among so many friends in our mission trips. Miraculously, and with a lot of family help, I was able to travel to every continent (except Antarctica) on mission, usually in a team, including teams of local people. So here is that story.

This book may have more detail than you want or need, so I've highlighted many significant events in ***bold print***, so you can skim to those. This is an expanded version of chapters 7, Renewal, and 8, Revival, of my autobiography. This book is also condensed in my book, ***Journey into Ministry and Mission***.

My books are available in a Basic Edition (normal print) and a Gift Edition (colour print, so more expensive). All editions are also available as eBooks. Just look in Amazon for Geoff Waugh *Journey into Mission*, and see the Blogs on my Renewal Journal website – www.renewaljournal.com

I have been to the South Pacific islands, and particularly to Pentecost Island in Vanuatu, more than anywhere else. It became my escape from Australia's winter! I saw many moves of God there and had the honour of teaching at their beautiful Bible College on Pentecost Island.

So this book, and also ***Pentecost on Pentecost and in the South Pacific***, give you accounts of many moves of God we have heard seen.

Similarly our teams saw surprising moves of God in many other countries including outpourings of the Spirit in Nepal, clear skies and miracles at meetings during monsoon rains in Ghana,

communion bread multiplied to feed slum families in Kenya, and people believing, filled with the Spirit, healed and set free in every place. I was especially blessed to see leaders and youths anointed and equipped to bless others as they preached and prayed.

I was so blessed to travel on mission with my wife Meg before her death in 2002. We met on mission in Papua New Guinea and our first child was born there. Later our whole family was involved in many mission and ministry opportunities together including at children's, youth and family camps. More recently many of our family have been deeply involved and committed in mission especially helping orphanages and schools in Myanmar, and with church groups in Australia.

Family background

I want to acknowledge and thank God for a rich heritage in my family of origin. We were financially poor but rich in God's blessings. We had a large family of nine children. As the eldest I had plenty of natural leadership training in helping to care for younger siblings. We always seemed to have babies around to nurse and to feed in their high chair at every meal, many nappies to change, and fun things to do. I told lively stories to entertain lively younger siblings.

Dad, an innovative Baptist minister, worked with other ministers in town to help people in need in many ways. A carpenter by trade, he was always building or making something including church halls and homes for us to fill. These were all in New South Wales in Australia.

My earliest memories include riding my tricycle and playing with my uncle Frank's train set and toy cars when dad was a married student pastor at Arncliffe in Sydney where he attended theological college and led the church. Those were war years when we had large underground air-raid shelters in the school

playground and had to black out windows at night with taped blinds.

We sometimes grew our own vegetables, and I was even a member of the Junior Farmers League at primary school in Griffith in country New South Wales! But we always seemed to be on the move about every five years.

During high school at Tamworth I gained experience in drama and debating and taught children in Sunday School and Christian Endeavour. It just seemed a natural part of being the PK – the preacher’s kid. Our mum, Hilda, died at the end of our time at Tamworth when I was 17 and we had six young children in the family.

While at Teachers College in Newcastle and later while teaching I was able to help in the church at Gloucester. There dad met and married our new mum, Eileen Maude, and our family grew with three more children. All nine of us became Christians and married Christians. Now we have grandchildren and even have great-grandchildren.

My childhood memories included dad reading stories from the Authorised Version of the Bible and praying with us after breakfast, and reading from the brightly illustrated Bible story book, *Through the Bible*, after dinner and praying with us then too. We prayed in ancient English in those days!

Similarly, I am especially grateful to my three adult children and our eight grandchildren for our journey together, loving, supporting and encouraging one another, including shared life together at home or overseas.

Chapter 1 – Papua New Guinea (1966-1970)

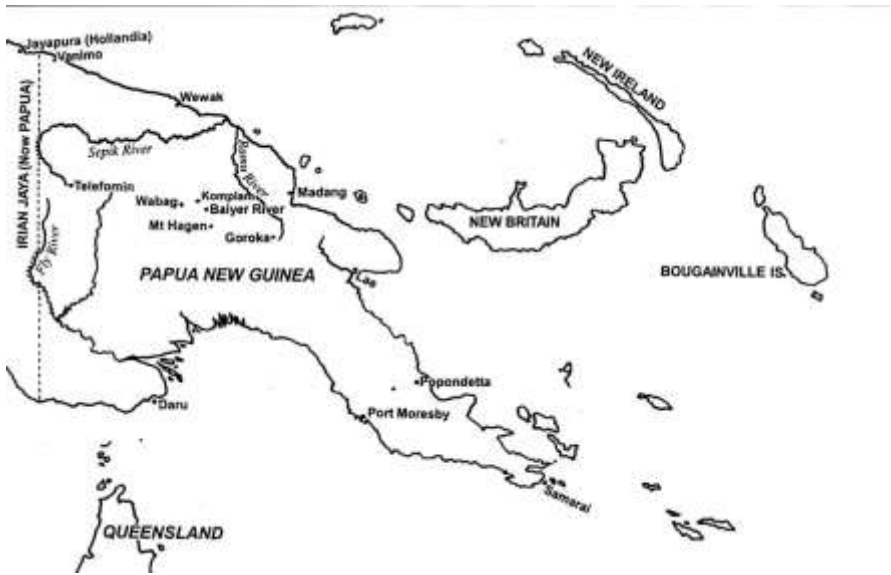
My time in PNG as a missionary teacher from 1966 widened my horizons with the very first Sunday in a village church. Dirt floor and no seats. Grass roof and bamboo walls. Hens and piglets hanging in grass-fibre string nets (bilums) from the bamboo walls. Unwashed, hot bodies. Native dress. Preacher in nothing but a dirty lap-lap (sarong). No four-hymn sandwich there! Best of all, only one church in a village, in the early days. Western denominations had not divided the community along historic, doctrinal lines. We were one body in Christ. In reality, of course, we are one body in Christ anyway, and will be one forever. Imagine that!

I felt like a liberated kid, let out of school. New vistas tumbled into view among those towering highland ranges. Church was the community worshipping and working together, every day. No Sunday best in dress or manners – just life as normal. I evolved from using ancient English in scripture and prayer to the common language, theirs and mine. Casual dress always. Classes sitting under the bamboos telling stories, village style. That changed me. My perspectives changed for good: that is, they both changed forever, and they changed for the better.

I'm grateful to the mission staff. They knew their anthropology and missiology. Senior staff curbed my tendencies to export Western Aussie church traditions into that culture. I learned to ask questions more than give answers. Usually the best answers came from the pastors in the villages. They knew their people and their culture better than we ever would. They followed the biblical patterns of communal life better than we did. They understood the spirit-world and revival more than we had experienced it ourselves.

We enjoyed interaction with missionaries from other areas and denominations. I participated in many conferences and training courses with them, and worked closely with some of the Methodists in Christian Education. I needed PNG more than PNG

needed me. Life there helped me to understand more fully the culture of the Bible, the truths of Scripture, and the limitless possibilities of Christian living. I'm grateful.



Engas

The first pioneers among the Enga tribes began in 1949. The first baptisms in 1956 marked the official birth of the Enga churches.

By 1965, when I arrived, four mission stations provided bases for reaching the whole area. Baiyer River and Lumusa among the Kyaka Engas in the south eventually had road access (in good weather) through the Baiyer River valley to Mt Hagen. Kompiam and Lapalama among the Sau Engas to the north had road access from Kompiam up the Sau River gorge to Wabag. Apart from the usual trekking, MAF Cessnas provided the main transport between stations on their weekly scheduled visits carrying people, supplies and mail.

Eventually I had the adventure of being the pioneer missionary at both Pinyapaisa among Kyaka Engas and then at Sauanda among Sau Engas. I also had the great privilege of commencing short term Bible Schools in each area and the full time Bible School for the Engas at Kwinkia in the big Baiyer Valley.

Max and Pat took some of us to my first village church service. We travelled 15 kilometres back into the wide Baiyer Valley on the mission truck, most of us standing up in the back or hanging onto the sides. I stood to enjoy the ever unfolding, fantastic view of high kunai grasslands in the valley surrounded by majestic, towering mountain ranges. Most villages had been built on the tops of the ridges because of tribal fighting and killings. A village in a valley was easy plunder, and soon wiped out. So most villages sat high on mountain ridges.

We parked the truck by the road near Kwinkia at the foot of one of those towering ranges, and then followed the dirt tracks up, and up, and up, usually along ridges leading to higher ridges. We climbed about 1,000 feet in the hot sun of the morning. In those days no village had tanks on top of the ridge, as they do now, so any water had to be carried there from a stream part way down the ridge. Any stream we crossed became our wash room, cool, refreshing, and good to drink, if it did not come through bush where scores of pigs roamed, dug and made a mess.

After about an hour of steady climbing, we arrived at Kendapena village on the ridge top around 9am. People sat about in clusters sharing news. They all came to greet us, shake hands and chatter away in Enga. I listened with admiration as Max and Pat interacted with them fluently. We were dressed in our Sunday best, of course, a light dress for the women and a light short sleeve shirt or T-shirt for us men, with shorts and either boots or thongs (flip flops).

I tried boots for a while, but found them too hot and heavy especially when trekking through mud, although I needed them for the long treks across the mountains. Soon I settled for thongs,

and later for bare feet like all the locals around the stations or villages where I lived. My feet hardened quickly, but never became as tough as theirs. My students could easily play 'kik bal' (kick ball - soccer) in bare feet, but when I tried I broke a small toe so reverted to sandals for those games.



Sunday clothes for the villagers were the same as for every other day and night. That was a small pandanus leaf string cord for women, with narrow pandanus fibre netting in the front and back. Nothing else. The men wore a thick netted long fibre apron in front and soft leaves at the back, both strung from a belt of bamboo or vines, or a

well-worn old leather belt obtained as a gift or payment. Comparatively, we were over-dressed. They gladly accepted our differences, as we were seen as rich westerners.

Some of them had washed. Most had not. Dirt remained encrusted on many bodies. After all, a layer of dirt helps to keep one a bit warmer on those mountain ridges at night and in the mornings at 3-5,000 feet high. Soap? The hospital and aid-post staff taught its value, and gave some away, but it seemed a rare commodity in the mountain top villages, though well used by everyone on the mission station.

No one had watches of course, unless it was a missionary or teacher or 'doctor boy' medical orderly. The church service started when everyone was there. So on bright sunny mornings such as we had that day, it may begin around 9am, but on cold, cloudy mornings it could be noon or later. Few knew or cared what the time was. They cared about who was there and who may still come.

We gladly ate the food they gave us while we waited for more people to arrive. I had sugar cane, raw, chewing on the juicy fibres. Everything grew there lavishly, in fertile ground, drenched daily in the afternoon rains. Paw-paw, pineapple, and bananas grew luscious and big. Like a tourist, stunned with the novelty, I took photos, including one of a beautiful young lady eating a pineapple.

“You won’t be able to show that one at home,” Max whispered to me. It had not dawned on me that what was so natural and modest there in the village, including bare essentials in clothing styles, could not be thrown up on a church wall in Australia.



The village church at the edge of a cleared space (the village green!) blended in perfectly with all the other village houses, dirt floor, platted bamboo walks rising to four or five feet, and a thick kunai grass roof shaped like a circular tent around a central pole. So we bowed low to get through the door, and we all sat packed tightly together on the dirt or dry grass, cross-legged in the dimly lit church. Soon our eyes adjusted, but I must admit my nose did not

adjust that day. After a few months I realised I no longer noticed the unwashed body odours. We sang. Well, they sang. Of course I did not understand any of it. If someone’s piglets made too much noise people would tell the woman caring for it to keep it quiet. If a baby began to cry the men on the opposite side of the crowded dirt floor would call out “Give it the breast.”

I was surprised to hear that most of the announcements were about normal community life (not church life) including arrangements for road building. At that stage of Australia’s administration in the highlands the villagers paid no taxes, but

the tribes all helped build roads one day a week as community service. They used the provided picks and shovels, which regularly disappeared. When revival swept through that area in the seventies, hundreds of 'stolen' shovels and axes and other tools reappeared at the mission station as people were convicted by the Holy Spirit to return 'borrowed' items! Missionaries then had to ask people to stop returning these borrowed tools, and gave them as permanent gifts.

Max introduced me and invited me to say something, which he interpreted. I gave my first Enga message, in English! After saying how pleased and impressed I was to be at my first Enga service, I noted how we all had to bow low to come through the door into their church building, and compared that with responding to Jesus' invitation and declaration, "I am the door." Those who enter his house or kingdom do so through him, by humbly believing in him.

The village pastor could not read (few adults could then) so one of the school boys read a Bible passage in Enga from a duplicated translation. The pastor gave his message, studied some days before at the mission station's pastors' school. I really admired the way our culturally sensitive missionaries worked with the village leaders and pastors. We were the guests, invited to help the local leaders.



Church life, however, did reflect many western traditions. For example, it struck me as odd that communion followed western styles using symbolic cubes of sweet potato (no bread in the village) and berry juice passed around in little bamboo cups (like thimbles). Their way of sharing together in the village was much closer to what Jesus did!

The service closed with more singing and we filed out to sit or stand around together for a while. We had time for sharing more information, disseminating news from the schools or hospital, and planning any future events, as well as eating together again. Then we made our way carefully back down the mountain track into the wide valley below, and I rejoiced all the way back in the truck thinking, so that's church in New Guinea.

Enga pastors evangelised and disciplined their people. They conducted all the baptisms (as in this photo) and teaching in the villages. We were support staff, and I learned to watch and appreciate how well they led a strong and rapidly growing indigenous church.

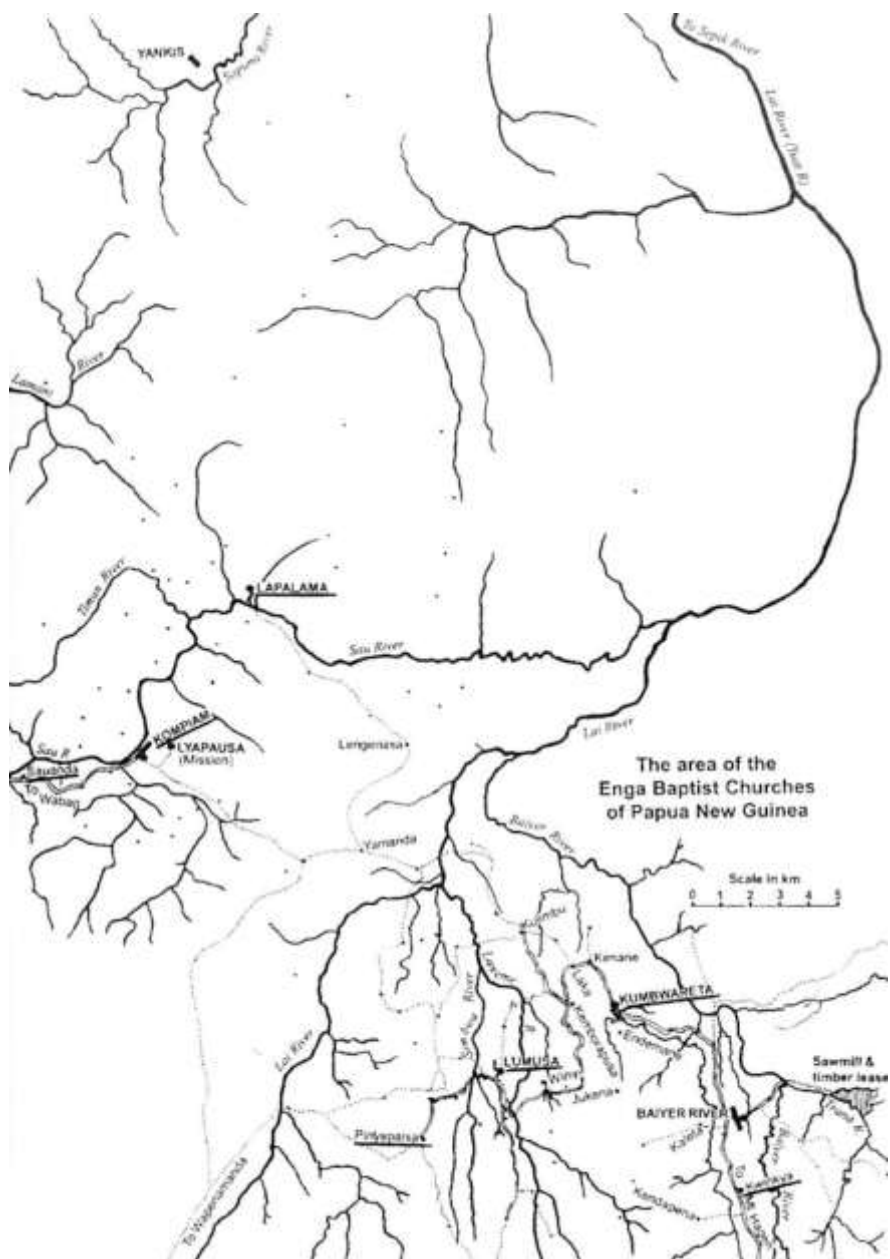


My mission experience mixed work and relaxing. A trek was work and fun. Exploring those rugged ranges was work and pleasure. Flying in MAF Cessnas was work and adventure.

Reading missionary books or another translation of the Bible was work and relaxing. It all merged. The usual boundaries or barriers seemed to melt away. Work was pleasure. The secular became the sacred. All of life was

mission, and mission was a whole lifestyle. I lived out that mission vocation teaching in schools and Bible Schools. I include more details in my book *Light on the Mountains*.

Chapter 2 – Papua New Guinea Schools (1966-1968)



I arrived in New Guinea at the beginning of the school year in 1965 so immediately began teaching in English using the Australian government's Jacaranda Press materials especially produced for New Guinea. Following World War II, Australia administered New Guinea as one of its territories until independence in 1975.

Students wanted to learn English because English speakers found many jobs. Teaching in English slowed down my learning Enga, although I began using Enga as much as I could. I later studied elementary Enga to get started on the basics of Enga grammar and idioms.

School life echoed schools at home but with brown bodies and chatter in tongues unknown to me. I enjoyed school life in New Guinea. The mission established primary schools using English on all the mission stations, and village schools in the villages where indigenous teachers taught in Enga and Pidgin. Most children and many young adults began to learn literacy and numeracy in their small bush village school, and the brightest or most ambitious quickly moved to the mission school to learn English. The brightest or most ambitious of those moved on to high school in Mt Hagen, and some to university or teachers college in Port Moresby. As the years passed beyond the sixties more educational opportunities opened up locally including trade schools and Bible Schools.

(1) Baiyer River

As a new, single missionary teacher I had my baptism into New Guinea school life at the large primary school at the main mission station at Baiyer River where most of the school teachers were missionaries, assisted by indigenous aides in those days. Later, especially after independence in 1975, most teachers were trained indigenous teachers. Fitting in with Enga culture, men taught in the boys' school and women taught in the girls' school. School buildings, like many on the station, often had milled

timber floors with the typical woven bamboo walls and a thick, cool, kunai grass roof.

School structure followed the Australian pattern, starting by 8 or 9am and finishing by 2 or 3 p.m. in the hot afternoon. School text books provided relevant materials for New Guinea, clear, cute and comprehensive. Even Grade 1 books could be adapted to adult learning. Coloured pictures, drawings and photos depicted typical village or town scenes in New Guinea.

The Baiyer River mission station had been established 15 years before I arrived, so the school, and hospital, functioned well, and the pupils were young, typical primary school age. No one really knew their birthday or birth year, but if a child could touch their left ear with their right arm reaching over their head, they were about 5 or 6 and eligible to start! The same applied for left-handers touching their right ear.

However, in the more recently established mission stations, such as at Lapalama in the more remote Sau Valley district, where I taught after a few months at Baiyer River, the Grade 1 students were often teenagers. Chiefs wanted their young men and women to learn English. I had one Grade 1 female student who left school later that year to be married! So sometimes our text books and teaching methods were adapted to suit adult education, even at primary school level.

During those first few months I began habits which became a pattern in my missionary life through two terms covering six years in New Guinea. Some of the most significant habits, I believe, were these:

1. Reading different translations of the Bible, especially the New Testament. In those years I read through many versions of the New Testament, especially *The Good News Bible* (originally Good News for Modern Man), Moffat's and Philip's translations, the *Revised Standard Version*, and others. I would skim through the Old Testament every year and then read a few versions of the New Testament each year. Later, back home, I continued reading

other versions, but at a much slower pace, and so discovered and came to love the more inclusive versions (truer to the original) including the *New Revised Standard Version* and *Today's New International Version*.

2. Keeping a diary. Each day I liked to note a phrase or words from one of the verses in my morning Bible reading. Each Christmas my family mailed me a Collins pocket diary with a pencil, a week to an opening. I accumulated over 30 of them, 1965-1995. Then stupidly I threw them all out because we moved from a family home to a small unit in Brisbane, so we dramatically downsized everything. How dumb to discard diaries! When I occasionally looked back over them, I was amazed to note how those daily scripture entries in red biro traced solid reading of the Bible, especially what the Holy Spirit impressed on me. I added sets of the colourful New Guinea postage stamps scattered through my dairies as those historic stamps became available.

3. Writing letters. I typed hundreds of letters. I typed more quickly than I could write. On some mail days, the regular Tuesday visits of the MAF Cessna, we would have a couple of visits by the MAF pilot as he shuttled people and goods between stations. So I would quickly scan my mail from the mail bag in the first plane load and dash off quick replies to the family in time to catch the last plane load for that day. I soon learned to duplicate interesting circulars, at least I found them interesting! Then I could quickly add a personal sentence or two at the end. Many of those newsletters or prayer letters focused on life on a mission station, or in the villages, or at school, or at Bible School. Kind friends in Australia, especially from Ariah Park, duplicated my circulars from the stencils I sent them and mailed the circulars to interested and praying people.

4. Staying healthy. Those were the fittest years of my life. We lived by the adage, early to bed and early to rise. The power generator operated from about 6-10 p.m., and we rose at dawn at 6am We bought very healthy food from the village people on

market days, and grew some ourselves, supplemented by trade store orders delivered by plane each week. At Lapalama we enjoyed fresh milk, a nice change from the usual powdered milk. We had abundant fresh water from our tanks. And we walked. We hiked. We trekked. Constantly. So those years in our twenties and thirties developed strong bodies, provided constant mental challenges, and opened many spiritual discoveries.

5. Listening. Of course we had to listen, over and over again, to learn the languages - Enga dialects and Pidgin. More importantly, we needed to listen to learn about the culture, and what the church may be like in that culture. Although my job always involved teaching, I needed to listen and learn more than I taught, and then teach out of that learning. I was being baptised into another culture, another way of life, another expression of the church, another view of the Bible such as from a communal, tribal, non-materialistic perspective, and one much closer to the culture of Bible times.

After a few months at Baiyer River I was needed at Lapalama.

(2) Lapalama



Our mission worked in four districts of the Enga people. The southern two at Baiyer River and Lumusa (across a gorge from Baiyer) were the first and most established. The northern two at Kompiam and Lapalama in the Sau Valley area, a full day's trek north, were smaller. The Engas spoke two main dialects of the Enga language, Kyaka-Enga in the south and Sau-Enga in the north. Warren and Mavis Brown, with their young family, organised station life at Lapalama, the newest and smallest mission station then, where I ran the two teacher school. My assistant Keyane Tangaipi, an indigenous teacher, taught Grades 1 and 2, and I had the rest. Lapalama had two milled timber homes, and the two

room school was also made from milled timber – a modern school [photo]!

I remember one emergency when I was in charge of the mission station. Village aid post orderlies and an attending crowd of relatives and stretcher-bearers carried in a woman with a retained placenta after giving birth. So I had to get onto the two way radio and organise an emergency MAF flight to take her to the Baiyer River hospital. Imagine my non-medical explanations of her condition and its severity! That entertained the whole mission staff listening in. All I could do was put the local ‘dokta boi’ (doctor boy, medical orderly) on air and let him try to explain.



I enjoyed life at Lapalama, and like most people there had bare feet most of the time, so they hardened. No one at school had shoes, including the other teacher, Keyane. He often wore native attire, the string net in front and leaves behind. Most people did that there then. Most men grew beards. It was far easier to trim a beard than to shave, so very few shaved. I grew a beard also. However mine seemed to be rather thin compared to their thick curly black beards, and mine had strange colours like ginger mixed with light brown.

We trekked a lot, mostly to local villages at weekends. My longest trek took a week with Warren Brown and some pastors from Lapalama over the 8,000 foot ranges further to the north to Yangis in the remote Wapi area, a mission and evangelistic outreach of the Enga church. The Engas sent pastors there to pioneer a new church in that area. I remember returning from some of the longer treks, so tired, and forcing myself to just keep taking one step after another, until at long last the mission station ridge came into view. Home never looked so good.



At weekends I continued to visit different village churches. Usually my school pupils walked with me to their village. That gave them a chance to practise their English, and gave me an opportunity to practise my Enga. So we had strange conversations where they used poor English and I used poor Enga as we talked together!

One of my brightest pupils, the son of the most respected pastor in the district, lived in a village about three hours walk up into the ranges. I liked going to that village church as the pastor was such a godly, compassionate and intelligent man. However, the first time I went there the pastor amazed me. There was the highly regarded pastor, sitting with the men, unwashed, with a dirty laplap, smoking the home grown local tobacco rolled leaf, as many men did, and he had a runny nose as well – and of course no handkerchief, not even an old cloth. Further to my conservative astonishment, when we all went into the grass hut church for the meeting, the pastor just put out his unfinished rolled tobacco leaf and stuck it between his curly, dirty hair and his unwashed ear.

At school we had other expectations. Pupils had to wash. Every Monday when they returned from the village the indigenous staff would inspect the heads of students to find any lice. Where lice lived, that student received a very close haircut and an extra shampoo. School on Monday mornings sometimes looked like a barber shop. Actually most students seemed to like getting a hair cut and shampoo.

Early in my second year at Lapalama, I walked with a group of about a dozen young men from Baiyer River to Lapalama. The Baiyer school did not have enough staff to teach them just then, so I taught them at Lapalama. That walk took us two days. We slept in a village in the ranges on the way there, dining on the

usual sweet potato in the mountain village. We had to cross two huge gorges, each with a swinging vine bridge at the bottom of the gorge, strung across raging waters. A great adventure!



The vine bridge over the Sau River led to the track up the ridge to Lapalama. We could walk to that river and bridge in about half an hour from the mission station, and I sometimes took the school there for swimming lessons. Many of the older boys liked to swing off the vine bridge and drop into the water, so they taught me to do that

too! The last time we swam there was in the wet season, and I had not realised how swiftly the river flowed then. One of our biggest, strongest lads swam too close to the rocks where the river narrowed, and it swept him away downstream, with him thrashing and yelling but unable to get out.

I had a whole school crying, lamenting and howling as it dawned on them that he had been swept downstream. Older boys leapt through the bush along the sides of the river, heading down the river looking for their mate or a drowned body. I had to stay with the school pupils, and I would not have been nearly as fast as those boys were, sprinting over rocks and through bushes till they were out of sight around the bend in the river.

The young man who had been swept away was named Kyaka, and he was a Kyaka Enga who had walked with his friends and me from Baiyer River to Lapalama. I was already imagining and dreading the repercussions. In their vendetta culture I would immediately become the prime target for a pay-back killing. However, their culture also accepted that anyone from the offender's tribe could be killed instead, so I had put the whole

Lapalama community in peril. Christians, of course, usually did not follow those tribal customs, but not everyone was Christian.

Our prayers are really earnest, sincere and desperate in such emergencies. We had to wait nearly half an hour for the boys to return, shouting as they came. They were shouting in fast Enga but some students explained to me in Pidgin that “Em I dai” (Him, he die). Now the language was really confusing. I wanted to know if he did die. So I tried to clarify it, “Em i dai finis?” Plain English words had other meanings in Pidgin, so it took a while to clarify that “Em i no dai finis. Em i dai liklik tasol.” (Him, he no die finish. Him he die a little bit, that’s all).

My student Kyaka staggered back very battered and bleeding, but alive. We were all thanking God as we celebrated together. The students who found him said that the only thing that worried Kyaka when he eventually climbed onto a rock was that in all the tumbling he had lost his laplap (sarong). I was thankful he had not lost his life. I learned from Kyaka, years later when I returned for a holiday visit in the nineties when he was then a senior church leader among the Engas, that some people in his tribe did want to kill me, but he had talked them out of it.

That was not the only time I had been in danger in New Guinea. As teachers, and later as Bible School teachers, we sometimes flew to inter-mission conferences for in-service training. I accompanied two young Enga ladies to Madang and then on to Rabaul for a Christian Education conference. In Madang I walked with them around the town and then back to our mission guest house. The next morning the night watchman at the guest house told me he had found a group of angry young men with knives creeping toward my room intending to kill me. They thought I was another white man who had taken two of their girls into my room. Fortunately the night watchman explained that the girls had their own room, and I was their missionary friend and guardian. This guardian was asleep and unaware of the danger.

(3) Tekin

The mission had established stations among the Min tribal people in the highland ranges to the west, close to the West Irian (then West Papua) border. The largest was as Telefolmin, also a government administration station for the whole area. A long day's trek from Telefolmin brought you to Tekin, a small mission station with a pastors' school, a primary school and Aid Post. Normally two missionary families lived there. The senior missionary would care for all the village churches, helping to train village pastors, and teaching staff ran the small school.

After I had been teaching at Lapalama school for a year the mission leadership appointed me to Tekin as their relief teacher and school supervisor for part of the time that the teacher and his family were away on furlough. As Tekin was a remote and recent outpost station, facilities were minimal but adequate. We had the usual generator to provide electric power from dusk to 9 or 10 p.m., kerosene fridges, and strong bush material buildings. It was higher and cooler in the ranges than the Enga area, so we wore jumpers in the cool evenings.

Again I gained new experiences among the Tekin people, teaching basic English, and trekking to some villages with mission staff at weekends to attend village services. I enjoyed wide ranging talks with missionaries and their assistants on the trek and saw one of their baptismal services as a group of new believers, mostly young, publicly declared their commitment to Christ. As with the Engas, they held their very public service in a damned creek forming a baptismal pool.

Being fit and healthy I took the opportunity to make the long trek from Tekin to Telefolmin, and enjoyed a weekend with the staff there, learning about their approach to mission, evangelism and discipleship. Then I returned on the weekly MAF flight to Tekin, famous for it's unusual and alarming airstrip in a narrow valley, with a slight curve in it! Fortunately the plane always slowed

enough to negotiate the sloping curve on landing, and took off down the slope with sufficient speed after the curve to take off.

(4) Sauanda



During my third year I commenced some short-term Bible Schools among the Engas, and was then asked to start a new school in a village called Sauanda about 5 kilometres up the Sau Valley from Kompam. So for the last six months of my first term, while still single, I lived in that village by the river on land set aside for the school. We had

basic bush buildings, one school room, my house and cook house, and my assistant's house for the 'haus boi'. All were made of woven bamboo with thick grass roofs. One night my assistant stoked his house fire too much and sparks flew into the dry grass roof, so it soon caught fire and burned down completely. He quickly rescued his few belongings, mainly some clothes. Within a day, the villagers built him a new one room house.

Years later, after the school had grown to its full size with seven or eight classes and teachers, a pay-back war erupted between that village and a neighbouring one because someone stole food from a garden, and in the fighting the whole school was burned down. They had to build all over again higher up the ridge.

There I also learned a bit more about the local spirit culture. One night a man arrived, as many did, wanting to talk. He was really scared. He had seen a local spirit, the spirit of a man gliding along toward him just above the track. They believed it was the spirit of someone who had been murdered. I knew about spirits from the Bible. So we talked about Jesus' victory over everything

including the spirit world, and I encouraged him to trust in Jesus not only for his own protection, but also for local leaders to also trust in Jesus to free their people, fully.



Early mission reports

Chapter 3 – PNG Bible Schools (1968-1970)

At that time in the sixties we had no Bible Schools in our area. I discussed this with many missionaries, and I was keen to teach in Bible School once I had passed my language exams and could at least speak and preach in basic Enga. Senior missionaries led courses for regular pastor schools and occasional Bible Schools for keen leaders, but no full-time Bible School existed there then.

The mission staff discussed this, on and off, for a year, including discussing some papers presented at the annual staff conference at Baiyer River. Eventually, after a lot of consultation with the pastors, we all decided to hold a three-month short-term Bible School in Enga and Pidgin in each of the four districts, based in Baiyer River and Lumusa in the south, and Kompiam and Lapalama in the north. I organised and led them, and the pastors and mission staff approved and adjusted the proposed curriculum.

We all used Gestetner duplicators in those days, and like everyone else, I was soon churning out endless stencils with my typewriter and with drawing implements, and even inserting a marvellous range of stencilled pictures, photos and cut outs. We all produced translations, notes, teaching aids, and many kinds of booklets. These included Bible passages, stories, health manuals, agricultural and building guidelines, and weekly devotionals.

The mission gave me the great opportunity to visit other Bible Schools in New Guinea so that I could see what others did. That was informative and reassuring. We had been blessed as a mission. We worked among a very receptive people who showed a lot of leadership in church growth and mission themselves. Our Bible Schools could contribute to that.

(1) Pinyapaisa (Lumusa area)

I started in the Lumusa area at a mountain village called Pinyapaisa, about four hour's walk beyond the Lumusa plateau. Being single I found it easy to move there, although later on

Seaton and Barbara Arndell lived there as well. Strong young men earned carriers' wages by carrying my tin trunks on long poles, and they even carried a kerosene fridge tied to long poles as well. Although I lived in a village setting, I still had 'mod cons' such as a fridge, a typewriter and a portable Gestetner duplicator.

I had to create most of my teaching materials. We did, however, have some booklets in Enga including translations of some books of the New Testament. We also had *Nupela Testamen* (New-fellow Testament) in Pidgin, and a Pidgin Bible Story book. The rest I created. Later on Tony Cupit, with Mapusiya Kolo and others, completed the Kyaka-Enga translation of the New Testament, printed in the seventies just in time to help the people understand the revival that swept through the whole area.

I tell the revival story more fully in my longer autobiography, ***Journey into Ministry and Mission***. Revival began in September 1973 when pastors from the Solomon Islands spoke to the Enga pastors about revival and prayed for them. The next Sunday God's Spirit fell powerfully in all those pastors' villages churches. They received spiritual gifts, revelations,

I taught basic Bible information, but also practical training for village teachers and young pastors-in-training. Many of my students were, or would be, village teachers or village pastors. So I found myself running a short-term teachers college and a short-term ministry training college, called a Bible School. I taught these young village leaders literacy and numeracy in Enga and Pidgin as well as the more usual Bible School subjects such as the life of Christ, Bible overview, the early church, and teaching and ministry skills. And they were teaching me a lot about their own culture as well.

I was teaching them how to use Pidgin resources, and they were teaching me Enga, but now I was mixing up their Kyaka-Enga in the south with my Sau-Enga from the north. I never fully sorted it all out! Some words were the same or similar in the two

dialects, but many were different. They often laughed at my muddled Enga.

It was adult education with stimulating cross-cultural exploration of Jesus' life and teaching and life in the early church, applied to their village life and culture. They were teaching me as I was teaching them. We often started with a Bible passage and then I wanted them to tell me what that meant in their own culture.

They pointed out that they were much closer to the Bible culture than I was. They shared everything, or had everything in common, as in the New Testament church. They knew a lot about spirits, and Jesus certainly took authority over a lot of unclean spirits. They knew a lot about the power of demons, curses and magic. That was a lively part of the Book of Acts and the early church as well.

(2) Kompiam

After three months at Pinyapaisa in the Lumusa district, I moved to Kompiam in the Sau Valley, again carting all my worldly goods in my tin trunks. Carriers walked them back to Lumusa and then an MAF Cessna flew them and me to Kompiam. Again for three months I taught village teachers and pastors in a basic Bible School, this time working with the more familiar Sau-Enga dialect of that area.

There I produced an interesting 8mm film of the Good Samaritan story, depicted in the Enga culture. The students loved it and became overnight movie stars in that area. I mailed my 8mm films to Australia for developing, then spliced and edited them into a movie. So I was director, editor, and producer, but my students were the stars. When we showed the film in the villages (using a portable generator) it was the first time those people had seen a movie. They thought we had filmed real life, and were really upset about the poor village man attacked and robbed and left to die, but they were relieved that he did not 'die finish.' Although the uncaring local pastor and village teacher

both ignored the victim, at least a stranger from a foreign tribe helped him and took him to the aid post.



While I was at Kompiam I began a stimulating correspondence with Meg Bowman, then teaching in the school at Lapalama where I had been previously. Later that year I started the new school up the Sau Valley at Sauanda and would sometimes head back to Kompiam on my motor bike on Friday afternoon, and then trek/run for 3 hours (usually a 5 hour hike) across to Lapalama to visit Meg. We both returned to

Australia in December, 1967, became engaged, and married in May, 1968, near the end of six months furlough.

(3) Lapalama

Married, we returned to Lapalama in 1968 where Meg taught in the school again, and I ran their short-term Bible School. As at Kompiam, I was back in the Sau Enga area, using that Sau-Enga dialect and Pidgin with my students. Again I was teaching young men who would be village teachers or pastors.

Now Meg's involvement with the students enriched my teaching. We often had them in the house for discussions or eating together. Both of us kept very busy preparing materials for Bible School and for school, and I had begun external studies in education with the University of Queensland.

Those months back in Lapalama seemed to race by very quickly. Again we accompanied our students to village churches at weekends, and now I was seeing more of my students involved in preaching or Sunday School teaching.

I loved to see them applying what they were learning. Of course, they had been doing plenty of that before we started the Bible School, but that just made our classes all the more relevant and interesting because I was teaching many of them on-the-job with in-service continuing education.

(4) Kwinkia (Baiyer area)

Early the next year we moved with all our goods, including our wedding gifts, back to the Baiyer River area. The mission's agricultural training land at Kwinkia in the wide Baiyer valley had become available to establish a Bible School, so we moved there into the large bush house on that land previously the home for Rob and Win Thompson. They had trained agricultural workers there, but more recently they had moved to the Baiyer River station to work full time with pastors, as well as supervising agricultural developments in the villages including growing coffee for income and running cattle. The Baiyer River staff had run a short term Bible School for that area at their pastors' school.

The local people at Kwinkia built a new large classroom for the Bible School and I established the Bible School there, once again mixing my Sau-Enga with their Kyaka-Enga. So at the beginning of 1969, we commenced the full time Bible School there. That had been a long range plan of the mission and the pastors. The pastors from each of the four districts chose eight men to be the first full time students, committed to two or three years of Bible School. Pastors from Lapalama also urged the mission to take three extra students from the even more remote Wapi area around Yangis, a missionary outreach of the Enga church. So we did. Those three men from Wapi had less education than the others, and needed more help with literacy, but they showed great commitment and strong faith. These students later became leaders in the Enga revival from 1973.



In our first year there at the new Enga Baptist Bible School, I was the inaugural principal and teacher. Our students were very committed, and really keen. The photo is Pastor Sai

speaking at the opening of the first classroom.

Teaching them was not like work, but a privilege and pleasure. Some were married and had children, so our hostel area included many small homes for young families. Meg taught the wives literacy as well as practical skills for home and church life. Our first child was born that year at the Tinsley Hospital at Baiyer River, and quickly became a special attraction in the nearby village as well as with the students and their families.

Every morning we had Enga style classes, often more like discussions and story-telling, the way Engas would do that, sitting around the village in the shade of the tall bamboo clumps. During the afternoons the students worked in their food gardens and at night had prayer groups or studies by the light of kerosene lamps.

We regularly ate with groups of them in our home, the eight from a district at a time, and the 11 from Lapalama, introducing them to our cutlery and some of our food, as well as sitting together on the floor Enga style, sharing their food. At least to some degree we became part of their communal living.

I prepared teaching materials in both Enga and Pidgin. That included opportunities to produce some Pidgin materials for wider national use. For example, Scripture Union in New Guinea published daily reading notes on different books of the Bible, and asked me to write their notes for the book of James. I enjoyed writing devotional comments on each section of James' small practical letter, applied to the South Pacific communal culture.

Kongoe Sipwanji joined me at Kwinkia to teach in the second year. One of the strong leaders from the Lumusa area, he had just graduated from the Christian Leaders Training College in Banz in the highlands where the teaching was in English. So now I had welcome help in preparing materials we needed for our very practical subjects, exploring the Bible, the church, ministry, teaching, and discipleship. We also included practical teaching on agriculture and community life, usually taken by visiting specialists from the mission.

When revival swept through that whole Enga area in the seventies, the pastors and village teachers had already explored what it could mean, and they seemed to understand it more than many missionaries, and moved in the Holy Spirit's authority, just as in the New Testament. They knew about spirits, deliverance and healing, visions and revelations, and spiritual gifts.

Revival began in every village in September 1973 the Sunday after pastors from the Solomon Islands 1970 revival spoke and prayed for the Enga pastors. People were filled with the Spirit, healed, and began using many spiritual gifts more powerfully.

I am grateful to the mission and the Enga church for the privilege and experience of inaugural teaching in their Bible Schools. I'm sure I grew at least as much as the students in discovering biblical and ministry truths relevant to their culture and to me. Cross-cultural experience like that took me through a paradigm shift in my understanding of the Bible and the church. I thank God for that. I think I needed New Guinea more than New Guinea needed me!

Later in that second year there, Meg and I returned to Australia for furlough and deputation, medical clearance, the birth of our second child, and I also studied at the University of Queensland to complete my Bachelor of Educational Studies degree which I had commenced externally in New Guinea. Meanwhile at

Kwinkia, Seaton and Barbara Arndell joined Kongoe to teach at the Bible School and develop it into the Enga's church's Bible College which eventually had a fully indigenous staff, with Maku Lunga and then Kongoe as principals.



Typical highland village on ridge top

Chapter 4 - Australia (From 1970)

We have been involved in renewal and revival for almost half a century since 1970. Meg and I moved to Brisbane where my work with many churches began. Very briefly, here are some highlights of our 'mission' in Australia.

I worked with the Methodist and then Uniting Church, 1971-1994, first in Christian Education and then teaching at Alcorn College (their lay training college), and Trinity Theological College, focusing on mission and renewal.

Our family with three children lived at Kangaroo Point in Brisbane, then Toowoomba, then Corinda in Brisbane. I travelled a lot, teaching and preaching in the Darling Downs region of southern Queensland. I led renewal meetings and seminars in national conferences, at Wesley church in the heart of the city, in Toowoomba, and then at Wesley Church in Kangaroo Point back in Brisbane. I enjoyed working with Col Warren (Principal of Alcorn College) and Wal Gregory (part-time minister of Kangaroo Point Uniting Church) as we saw the church grow in renewal and we took many teams to meetings in many other churches to encourage them.

For many years our family lived in community with others who were involved in renewal, mostly with home groups linked to Wesley Church at Kangaroo Point. The interdenominational Renewal Fellowship began in our home group, and then moved to Trinity Theological College when I taught there.

The Renewal Fellowship met on Friday and Sunday nights for almost two decades from the mid-eighties with Hilary Mackerras at the piano. We shared informal communion on Sunday nights, constantly praying together in groups. We took teams to many churches and on mission, as described in this book, and supported many people. Our offerings, with no salaries or building costs, were placed in an offering box near the door and mainly supported missions.

Our library of loaned renewal and revival books was well used constantly.

We led renewal worship and prayer at Gateway Baptist Church in monthly rallies for a couple of years with a filled baptistery and clothes available for those wanting baptism. A Ph.D. student from Malaysia saw a humbling vision of Jesus there during our worship, surrendered to Jesus and was immediately baptised that night.

I taught elective courses at college on ministry and mission including renewal. Students came from Uniting, Anglican, Catholic and Pentecostal churches. Then from 1995 I taught degree and diploma courses in the Bible College of Christian Outreach Centre, the School of Ministries of Christian Heritage College. We developed and taught a lot of courses on renewal and revival.

As part of my teaching, and leading the Renewal Fellowship, I was the founding editor of the *Renewal Journal*, initially published twice a year for a decade. It became a digital web journal at www.renewaljournal.com. The *Renewal Journal* spread widely including internationally, and found its way into many university and college libraries in England and America as well as Australia. I began receiving invitations to teach and lead renewal meetings and conferences in many countries. That is the story told partly in this book.

I am grateful for the constant prayers of friends and the Renewal Fellowship and also the 6-7am prayer group at Kenmore Baptist Church five mornings each week. For 7 years the Lord woke me before 6am Monday-Friday with no alarm set, even in the cold, dark winter!

I tell the story of those years in Australia in more detail in my autobiography, [*Looking to Jesus: Journey into Renewal and Revival*](#).

Chapter 5 – Australia: Elcho Island (1994)

Australian Aborigines, 1979

The Lord poured out his Spirit on Elcho Island in northern Australia on Thursday, March 14, 1979. Rev Djiniyini Gondarra was then the Uniting Church (formerly Methodist) minister in the small community of Galiwin'ku at the south end of the long narrow island. He had been away on holidays in Sydney and Brisbane, returning on the late afternoon Missionary Aviation Fellowship flight.

He was travel weary and just wanted to unpack and go to bed early. Many of his people, however, had been praying for months, and some of them had prayed together every day while he had been away. They wanted to have prayer and Bible study with him in his home. This is his account of that Pentecost among Aborigines in the Arnhem Land churches across the north of Australia:

After the evening dinner, we called our friends to come and join us in the Bible Class meeting. We just sang some hymns and choruses translated into Gupapuynu and into Djambarrpuynu. There were only seven or eight people who were involved or came to the Bible Class meeting, and many of our friends didn't turn up. We didn't get worried about it.

I began to talk to them that this was God's will for us to get together this evening because God had planned this meeting through them so that we will see something of his great love which will be poured out on each one of them. I said a word of thanks to those few faithful Christians who had been praying for renewal in our church, and I shared with them that I too had been praying for the revival or the renewal for this church and for the whole of Arnhem Land churches, because to our heavenly Father everything is possible. He can do mighty things in our churches throughout our great land.

These were some of the words of challenge I gave to those of my beloved brothers and sisters. Gelung, my wife, also shared something of her experience of the power and miracles that she felt deep down in her heart when she was about to die in Darwin Hospital delivering our fourth child. It was God's power that brought the healing and the wholeness in her body.

I then asked the group to hold each other's hands and I began to pray for the people and for the church that God would pour out his Holy Spirit to bring healing and renewal to the hearts of men and women, and to the children.

Suddenly we began to feel God's Spirit moving in our hearts and the whole form of our prayer suddenly changed and everybody began to pray in the Spirit and in harmony. And there was a great noise going on in the room and we began to ask one another what was going on.

Some of us said that God had now visited us and once again established his kingdom among his people who have been bound for so long by the power of evil. Now the Lord is setting his church free and bringing us into the freedom of happiness and into reconciliation and to restoration.

In that same evening the word just spread like the flames of fire and reached the whole community in Galiwin'ku. Gelung and I couldn't sleep at all that night because people were just coming for the ministry, bringing the sick to be prayed for, for healing. Others came to bring their problems. Even a husband and wife came to bring their marriage problem, so the Lord touched them and healed their marriage.

Next morning the Galiwin'ku Community once again became the new community. The love of Jesus was being shared and many expressions of forgiveness were taking

place in the families and in the tribes. Wherever I went I could hear people singing and humming Christian choruses and hymns! Before then I would have expected to hear only fighting and swearing and many other troublesome things that would hurt your feelings and make you feel sad.

Many unplanned and unexpected things happened every time we went from camp to camp to meet with the people. The fellowship was held every night and more and more people gave their lives to Christ, and it went on and on until sometimes the fellowship meeting would end around about midnight. There was more singing, testimony, and ministry going on. People did not feel tired in the morning, but still went to work.

Many Christians were beginning to discover what their ministry was, and a few others had a strong sense of call to be trained to become Ministers of the Word. Now today these ministers who have done their training through Nungilinya College have been ordained. These are some of the results of the revival in Arnhem Land. Many others have been trained to take up a special ministry in the parish.

The spirit of revival has not only affected the Uniting Church communities and the parishes, but Anglican churches in Arnhem Land as well, such as in Angurugu, Umbakumba, Roper River, Numbulwar and Oenpelli. These all have experienced the revival, and have been touched by the joy and the happiness and the love of Christ.

The outpouring of the Holy Spirit in Arnhem Land has swept further to the Centre in Pitjantjatjara and across the west into many Aboriginal settlements and communities. I remember when Rev. Ronang Garrawurra, Gelung and I were invited by the Warburton Ranges people and how we saw God's Spirit move in the lives of many people. Five hundred people came

to the Lord and were baptised in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

There was a great revival that swept further west. I would describe these experiences like a wild bush fire burning from one side of Australia to the other side of our great land. The experience of revival in Arnhem Land is still active in many of our Aboriginal parishes and the churches.

We would like to share these experiences in many white churches where doors are closed to the power of the Holy Spirit. It has always been my humble prayer that the whole of Australian Christians, both black and white, will one day be touched by this great and mighty power of the living God.¹



¹ Djiniyini Gondarra, www.renewalJournal.com – Issue 1.



Aborigines baptised at Elcho Island (2010)

Geoff continues, in italics:

We invited a team of Aborigines from Elcho Island near Darwin to come to Brisbane for Pentecost weekend in 1993. The Uniting Church on Elcho Island experienced strong revival from March 1979, led by their pastor Rev Djiniyini Gondarra. It sparked revival in aboriginal communities and churches across the north and west of Australia, so I wanted them to share with us. Two dozen came and we housed them at Trinity Theological College in the students' dormitories. They found the beds too soft but enjoyed sleeping on the carpeted floor!

We held the meetings at Christian Outreach Centre in Brisbane, in their large auditorium offered freely to us. Although we began in the seats, we soon found ourselves sitting on the floor on and around the large platform and its steps, talking and praying together aboriginal style. They sang, gave testimonies and spoke, in simple, clear ways. They surprised me when they told me that it was the first time they had been invited to lead meetings in a white congregation!

I asked them to pray for people at the end of each meeting. "We don't know how to pray for white people," they said. "We haven't done that before."

"Just pray for us the same way you do for your own people," I suggested. They did. We sat with them on the floor, talked together and then prayed for one another.

They prayed with the faith and gracious insights typical for them. Asked why white churches did not invite Aborigines to minister to them, and why the revival did not touch white churches they replied softly, "You are too proud."

*They invited us to join them on Elcho Island the following March, 1994, for their anniversary celebrations of the beginning of the revival. A small team of 10 of us flew there as guests, attending and enjoying the meetings and friendship. Although the initial intensity of the revival had died down, the meetings and community still carried the warmth, vitality and improved social conditions brought by the revival. You can read about that revival on www.renewaljournal.com in the first issue of the **Renewal Journal**.*

Aboriginal pastors and leaders spoke at the meetings, celebrating what God had done among them. I had the honour to speak one night, gladly thanking them for their God-given national leadership in revival, much needed by the rest of us in Australia.

Some of us visited a small community, driving 50 kilometres on 4WD dirt tracks to the north end of the long narrow island. That community had one trade store, a single room school and a church. The whole community of about 30 people prayed together every morning and night, especially for revival in Australia. They had seen their prayers being answered among their own people, but continued to pray together daily for the whole nation. I found it a holy, humbling time to pray with them.

Features of this revival continue to occur in many aboriginal communities in Australia, particularly in North Queensland from July 1999. Christians repent and pray. God's Spirit brings widespread confession. People find freedom from addiction to social vices including drunkenness, immorality and gambling. Family life becomes harmonious and happy. Increasing civil order produces widespread peace and joy.

Don wrote:

Numbers were limited as we had to fly out in the Missionary Aviation Fellowship Cessna 208 and it only carried six including the pilot. As the aircraft had to come across from the island to pick us up, we flew on consecutive days. Geoff went with four others on the first flight and we followed with the remainder on day two. It was a two hour flight each way.

We arrived in Darwin around noon, picked up a hire car and stayed in a Darwin hotel over night. Saturday we drove north to Jabiru airstrip, squeezing five people into the car. It had to be parked in the bush as Jabiru airport had absolutely no facilities, and we waited until the Cessna 208 arrived early afternoon.



The pilot was Bill Fuller who Helen and I had met on a visit to our daughter Judi in Aurukun in 1985. He and his wife Yvonne and children were now living on Elcho Island and we would be billeted with them for the weekend.

Small world again!

Bill looked at his passengers, most of whom were rather larger than usual, and worked out the order in which we could board and where we would sit so that the aircraft's balance on three wheels would be maintained and the tail would not strike the ground. It was a bit of a juggling act, but he managed and he

finally took his seat with the tail well down. One has to wonder how that small machine ever became airborne with that load and fuel for a two hour flight. Take off was dreadfully slow and we did not clear the trees by much. We certainly had great views of the severely eroded sandstone rocks of Arnhem Land, but they were a little too close for comfort for the first minutes of the flight. I think it took nearly 40 minutes to eventually get to 6000 feet! It was a smooth but cramped flight and we did arrive safely.

We found Geoff and the advance party had also arrived safely and were settled into their accommodation. The Fuller's made us very welcome and comfortable. That night a big rally had been arranged with Geoff as the guest speaker. **It went all night until dawn Sunday morning, so we were told, as we retired just after midnight.**

Sunday morning was a special church service, lengthened by the necessity to translate the message into different languages. This was followed by lunch on the grass at the church. Helen's video came in handy for the local Australian Pastor, recorded in two languages.

That afternoon it was overcast and gloomy, but it did not rain, and we witnessed a long graveside ceremony for a recently departed local. Aboriginal tradition is still strong even though this was now a Christian community. That night there was another rally.

Monday morning and it was time to go. Our group, although last in, were first to fly out, with Bill returning for a second trip in the afternoon.

We stayed in Darwin overnight as we could not make the 1.30pm flight to Brisbane that day.

Chapter 6 – Papua New Guinea (1994)

Many revival movements changed village life and culture in Papua New Guinea (PNG), especially from the early 1970s. I give details of those revivals in my book ***South Pacific Revivals***. You can ‘read inside’ on Amazon, and see the Blog on www.renewaljournal.com. That book is available as an eBook and in paperback.

I first went to PNG in 1965 as a single man in my twenties to teach in schools and in Bible Schools (See Chapters 1-3). There I met Meg, who also went to PNG to teach in schools, and we married in Sydney on furlough (now called home assignment) in 1968. Then we returned to PNG for a further term, teaching in Bible Schools. Our first daughter was born there in 1969.

Meg and I returned to the Enga area in the highlands of PNG on a three week holiday visit in June-July, 1994, accompanied by our youngest daughter Melinda, then a trainee nurse. A former student at Trinity Theological College, Rev Gideon Tuke, had invited me to speak at a United Church conference in the Solomon Islands, so we combined that with our return visit to Papua New Guinea.

We stayed with mission staff at Mt Hagen, Kompiam and Baiyer River, and renewed friendships with many people we had known and taught almost 30 years previously. Pioneer church leaders Sai and Pii still lived, respected and honoured. Sai laughed sympathetically when I tried to revive my Enga and remembered some Sau-Enga phrases. Pidgin, though, was still easy and commonly used.

Revival had swept the area in the seventies, followed by an upsurge of crime in the eighties. Mission stations now needed high protective wire fences and employed night watchmen – a huge contrast to the safety and freedom we had known there. My daughter, a nurse, could not visit village clinics in the hospital jeep, heavily protected with thick mesh wire, in case of rape or

robbery. The women had to stay on the mission station for protection.

I did take a wild, fast ride by jeep from Baiyer River back to Kwinkia where we had lived, and spoke at some meetings there, prayed with many, and met former students who now, like me, had their own families and held many positions of leadership in the church and community. We celebrated God's grace and goodness, even in the midst of opposition and danger.

I especially remember a moving night at Kompiam where Leneya Bulae from Yangis found me. He had been one of the first students at the Bible School at Kwinkia, one of the three from the remote Yangis area north of Lapalama. His education had been limited, and he was one of the quieter students. Now he served the Lord as a pastor at Yangis and also for six months a year as a roving evangelist, Spirit-led and empowered. Like many others in the revival, he found new anointing and gifting in his life and ministry. He saw many saved, healed and delivered as he prayed for them. He received unusual revelations for people. A Bible reference would come to his mind, even though he did not know what it said. When they read it, they would find it particularly relevant. Leneya only had an Enga New Testament and Pidgin Bible overview, with no commentaries or concordances.

As we prayed for each other, he felt that Luke 17:5 was for me, "Lord, increase our faith." Now the student taught the teacher! Interestingly, I felt that Judges 6 applied to Lenya, another Gideon destroying local idols and defeating invading forces with small resources under God's direction.

I love to see people living the Scriptures today. That happened with many I have taught who serve the Lord powerfully in Papua New Guinea, other Pacific islands, the Philippines, Nepal, India, Sri Lanka, and Africa. That too became my search as I researched renewal and revival, with a growing family.

Meg, Melinda and I flew from Mt Hagen in the highlands to Port Moresby for our connecting flight to Honiara in the Solomon

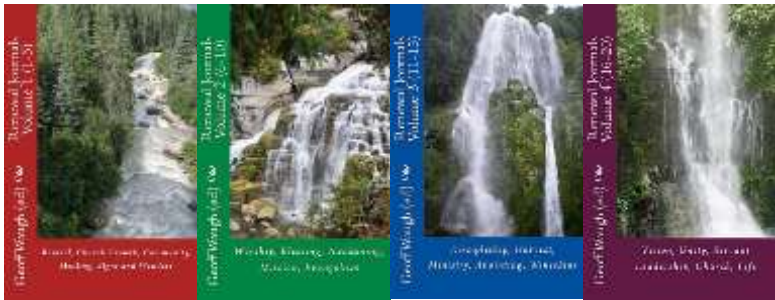
Islands, and then we flew on to Munda in the Western Solomon Islands.



PNG highlanders celebrate sing-sing



Looking to Jesus: Journey into Renewal and Revival



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Chapter 7 – Solomon Islands: Tabaka (1994)

By Don, with my comments in italics

*Meg, Melinda and I flew west from Honiara early, 6.30-7.50am on Monday morning July 4, above the vivid greens and blues of the islands and lagoons. We joined the team from Australia already in Munda. We clambered into tightly packed outboard canoes to sail on stormy seas about an hour to the island camp at Tabaka for the week long men's conference with Gideon. There I taught on the Holy Spirit and revival using my book **Living in the Spirit**, recently published by the Uniting Church in Australia.*

Helen Hill with Meryl Hirsche and Ada Koy, all from the Renewal Fellowship, had already reached Munda, staying at a local guest house, Agnes Lodge on the sea shore. Due to the stormy weather and crowded camp, Meryl and Ada stayed at the Lodge in Munda, supporting the conference in prayer and fasting. Helen helped with administration and videoing sessions, and Meg and Melinda also helped the women and cared for the sick as well as praying for people, although in that culture and at a men's camp, it was very much a supporting role.

These pastors and church and community leaders have a strong evangelical mission and church history and had seen touches of revival, so many of them were keen to learn more about the Holy Spirit and revival. I left copies of my book with them and in later visits to the Solomon Islands often saw worn out copies of those books still carried and used by pastors and leaders.

In June-July, Helen and four or five women from the Renewal Fellowship accompanied Geoff to a men's camp in the Solomon Islands at the invitation of Rev. Gideon Tuke. We knew Gideon from the time he was in Brisbane studying for the ministry at the Uniting Church Theological College at Bayliss Street, Auchenflower in the mid-1980s. He was now an ordained minister of the United Church of the Solomon Islands.

This was a *girls own adventure* and it started from the moment the girls fronted at the check in counter at the old Brisbane International Airport where some, including Helen were told they would not be going as the plane was over booked. Time and again this sort of thing was to happen on Renewal Fellowship adventures as the Devil stepped in to either stop the venture or to at least thwart it. The girls dug their heels in and said they were going, and that was that, so there was a bit of a confrontation at the counter.

That was just the start. They did reach Honiara early afternoon after a three hour flight and did make the connection for the hour long flight in a smaller aircraft to Munda on the extreme western tip of New Georgia, just before dark. Next day there was the hair raising trip in an overloaded tinny through rough seas and reefs to the camp site at Tabaka.

There were two hundred (200) men already encamped in tents in a jungle clearing when the girls arrived. Local wives fed the multitudes by boiling huge quantities of rice and fish, baking bread in camp ovens, and so on. Then there was the scrubbing of the pots with no more than elbow grease and sand.

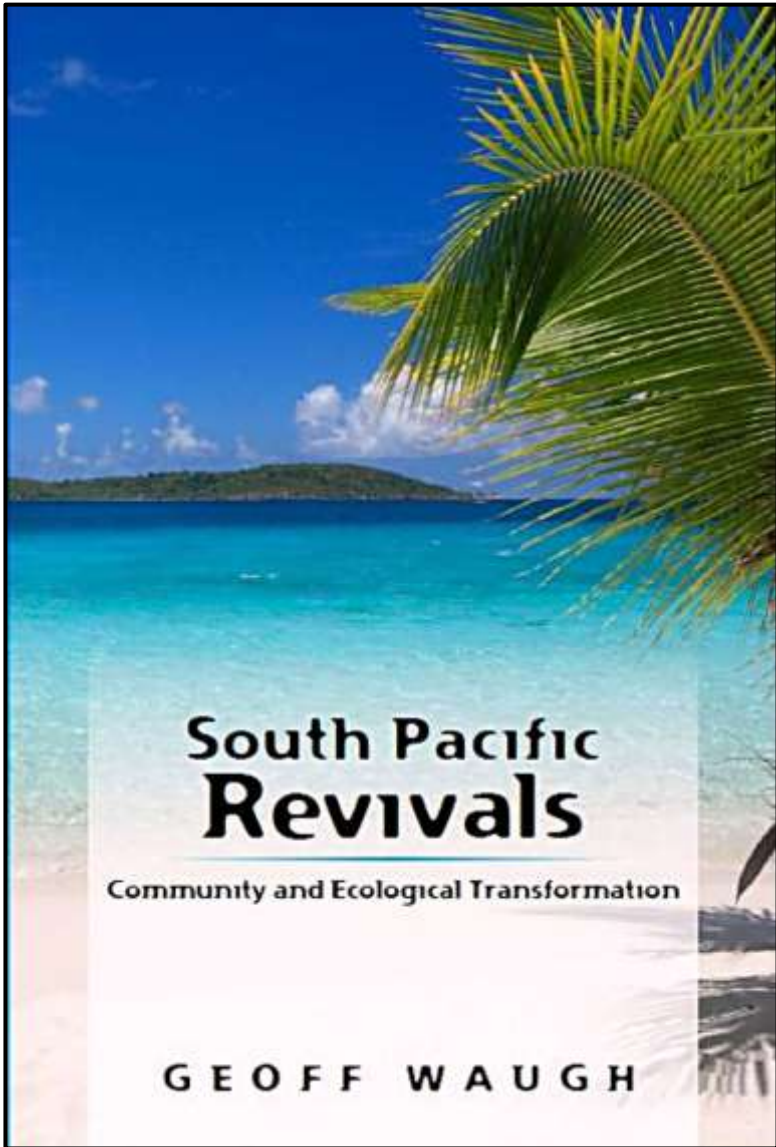
All that was just part of the adventure, but I want to focus on the impact this group of women had on the Renewal Fellowship and its future missions. Although Elcho Island earlier in the year had been the first outreach where a group had accompanied Geoff, this was the first overseas, and paved the way for many further missions to many other countries.

Having travelling companions on these trips freed Geoff from a lot of administration work and allowed him to concentrate on his evangelism tasks. Inevitably the travelling companions mixed with the locals and provided valuable feedback to Geoff. Geoff's wife Meg and trainee nurse daughter Melinda treated many medical needs such as cuts, infections and malaria.

Helen had been using her video camera now for several years and had an idea that it was worthwhile to video these events. Initially

perhaps just for the record and to encourage those back home, but the idea developed and on future trips Helen videos of Geoff's teaching and tapes were left behind for local use. Later this work would develop further with better cameras to the stage where comprehensive sets of DVDs were made to multiply the word. A fifteen minute interview with Gideon Tuke at the Tabaka Camp, was perhaps the forerunner of a long and continuing association with him.

On Helen's return, the Renewal Fellowship rallied with all sorts of stuff for Tabaka and for Simbo Island, Gideon's home island. At one time there were six tea chests being tightly packed in the lounge of our Brisbane home. Lids were then nailed down and addresses painted on them before being taken down to the wharves in our VW Kombi van for shipment. This was the first of many such shipments, which would eventually include such things as Helen's mother's sewing machine, another sewing machine from the *under the house collection* of a good friend, a new portable generator, a TV set and a video machine.



South Pacific Revivals

Chapter 8 - Philippines (1994, 1995)

Dr Charles Ringma invited me to teach graduate subjects at the Asian Theological Seminary in Manila in the Philippines where he taught. Charles and his wife Rita also worked with Servants Mission, managing their guest house and headquarters. I had known them in Brisbane when they were the inaugural directors of Teen Challenge in Australia.

So I stayed with Servants Mission and found my way to the seminary on hot, crowded Jeepneys, adapted from the popular army jeeps with passengers sitting side-saddle, or standing and crouching. Most Jeepneys sported brightly coloured religious texts and slogans – *Jesus is Lord, God is love, Hallelujah, Blessed Virgin*, and hundreds more.

I taught M.Th. subjects during the June vacations in 1994 on Revival History and in 1995 on Signs and Wonders, and visited huge churches in Manila. My assistant lecturer invited me to a church he had established. People there responded quickly, loved praying for one another, and expected healing and miracles. A student in our class invited me to her home to pray for her sick daughter. The little girl slept on her mattress on the floor, so I just rested my hand on her and prayed. She slept on. Next day her mum brought her to enjoy our air conditioned classroom, happy and healthy.

During the class seminars, my students reported on various signs and wonders that they had experienced in their churches. Many of them expected God to do the same things now as he did in the New Testament, but not all!

“We don’t seem to have miracles in our church,” said one student, a part-time Baptist pastor and police inspector.

“You could interview a pastor from a church that does,” I suggested. So he interviewed a Pentecostal pastor about

miraculous answers to prayer in their church. That student reported to the class how the Pentecostal church sent a team of young people to the local mental hospital for monthly meetings where they sang and witnessed and prayed for people. Over 40 patients attended their first meeting there, and they prayed for 26 personally, laying hands on them. A month later, when they returned for their next meeting, all those 26 patients had been discharged and sent home.

In Manila I joined the team of Servants Mission in their guesthouse base. They worked with the poor in the slums and most lived in the slums with the people they served. They lived simply, identifying with the people, trusting God for his supernatural intervention in personal and social needs. I found it moving and challenging to visit the tiny slum homes where Dr Dorothy Mathieson and Judy Marsh from Gateway Baptist lived and worked then. Conditions there in the slums made the rest of Manila look luxurious, even with the city's regular electrical brown-outs, jammed telephones, cracked and gritty streets, and badly broken road drainage awash with sewerage in heavy rains.

Following my return from Manila in 1995, Meg and I travelled on round-the-world tickets to Ghana, England and Canada. That was the cheapest way to visit Ghana on mission.



Jeepney

Chapter 9 – Ghana, Canada: Toronto (1995)

By Don, with my comments in italics

..Come over to us in Macedonia, you will cry when you see how poor we are...

The physical and spiritual blackness of darkest Africa has to be experienced to be even partially understood. Physically, for the full week we were in Ghana, we saw no white faces apart from our own, and on arrival at 7pm at the stony, muddy, market place in the town of Suhum for the first night of a three night crusade with the rain pouring down and in the middle of a blackout, darkness took on a completely new meaning. Spiritually, we were told by the locals that Satan lived in the blackness down beyond the glimmer of light when the six lonely fluorescent tubes placed on temporary poles to light the crusade area finally came on. The only movement down there came from the occasional goat that moved in and out of the shadows. People avoided the area.

We were in Ghana in response to a call from Pastor Nana Korankye of Wintel (win and tell about Jesus) Ministries International, one of the numerous small Christian groups in Ghana. Pastor Nana had read one of Geoff's articles on renewal and wrote to him earlier in the year with a plea *to come over to us in Macedonia, you will cry when you see how poor we are.*

As we were intending to visit our son Jonathan in South Africa and then carry on to a work conference in England we saw the possibility of perhaps supporting Geoff in this call to Ghana. After all Ghana could be on the way to England from South Africa.

Timing was left in Geoff's hands and we found that June fitted perfectly with both his and our prior commitments. It also fitted in with the school holidays so Geoff's wife Meg could accompany him. **We then marvelled at God's provision of airline seats for four people exactly when we needed them, especially as the**

airlines were heavily booked to South Africa for the Rugby World Cup.

However it was also the middle of the monsoon season and to the worldly wise not an appropriate time for an outdoor crusade. But God also took care of that. Apart from us both generally supporting Geoff, Helen made videos of the proceedings of the outreach so that the blessings could be multiplied throughout the country.

We spent a week with Jonathan on the way over, and the UK conference evaporated, so we carried on to Toronto in Canada for a three day visit to check out what was happening at the Toronto Airport Christian Fellowship.

To Johannesburg.

Sunday 18 June 1995. Geoff and Meg Waugh flew in today on the same flight just one week later. Jonathan and I picked them up and left them to rest for the morning and recuperate. It was Geoff and Meg's first time in Africa. Jonathan then took us all for an afternoon outing through downtown Johannesburg to Gold Rush City (an historical village) and on to Soweto.

We departed Johannesburg at 11pm Sunday night for Accra via Harare in Zimbabwe flying Ghana Airlines for the first and only time in our lives in what was probably one of the oldest DC10 aircraft around.



The DC10 was the Douglas and later McDonnell-Douglas answer to the Boeing Jumbo. It was just slightly smaller and was easily distinguishable with two large engines under the wings and a third perched majestically half way up the tall tail. It had not been an entire success and there were several early disasters. I remember once reading a book called the *Rise and Fall* of the DC10. Nevertheless the problems seemed to

have been fixed and they continued to fly around the world in the colours of the national airlines of poorer nations, or relegated to freight duties.

Even though we were committed to Pastor Nana's mission we still had another string in our bow, which no doubt made the decision to go just a little easier. Some little time before, Jonathan had saved one of the onsite employees at the Sadiola mine in Mali from drowning. His name was Brem Acquah, and he was the son of a Jehovah Witness pastor in Accra. When the word went around that we were contemplating a visit to Ghana, his father Pastor Dan Acquah and his wife offered accommodation and an airport pick up on arrival.

As we had not had confirmation from Pastor Nana it seemed a good idea at the time to accept the offer just in case Pastor Nana did not materialize. Communications with Pastor Nana had been minimal consisting only of the letter of invitation and one or two telephone calls. There had been no communications for several weeks now and another source in Accra who could not track him down advised us not to waste our time and money on the trip.

We could only find Pastor Nana through a friend's telephone or by mail through a post office box.

Monday 19 June 1995. As we disembarked through a surprisingly new and well ordered terminal the moment of truth arrived. Both pastors were there waiting for us in the baggage collection area. Pastor Acquah had never heard of Pastor Nana. Thus we had to make the embarrassing decision as to whose guests we really were. Obviously we had to stick with Geoff and Meg so we had to go with Pastor Nana, but we did arrange to call and see the Acquah's later in the week, which we did at the end of the mission program.



We were taken to the Prince Charles Hotel, somewhere in Accra, in one of the worst taxis we had ever seen. The doors rattled, the suspension was rough, and there

was only one window winding handle for all windows that we passed around to wind windows up or down. No speedo or odometer, so how far we travelled or how fast was anybody's guess. The windscreen wipers were erratic and mostly did not work.



So we finally had Pastor Nana in the flesh. Here was the man who was head of the Wintel (win and tell) Ministries of Ghana. Wintel consisted of perhaps a dozen faithful souls dedicated to changing the world for God, just one of thousands of such groups found throughout Ghana, which was at least an outwardly switched on Christian country in contrast to the mainly Muslim communities through northern and central Africa.

Christianity was in evidence everywhere, particularly on the highways and byways, where every vehicle, be it a car or a truck was painted in bright colours and carried a Christian slogan.

Very little was actually revealed at our first meeting. I think that although they fully expected us to come, they didn't have money or resources and now we were there in the flesh they had to get on with it. Vaguely, the situation began to unfold, but we had some language problems and Ghana runs on rubber time.

The plan was for us to participate as a team from Australia in a three night open air crusade and three day time seminars at Suhum, which was *not far*, but turned out to be some 60 kilometres and an hour and a half drive from Accra. Several thousand posters had been printed billing the Australian team as the star attraction and literally plastered all over Accra and the surrounding area.

We found as they said in their invitation letter that they were indeed poor, in fact so poor that Pastor Nana did not even have a bicycle because his had been stolen the previous week. And yet their faith was strong enough to write that letter, and God

provided their every need. We cried as they said we would, not so much because of how poor they were but rather for our own lack of faith compared with their faith. So we were exhorted to pray and vaguely told that perhaps the rain might stop tomorrow.

Tuesday 20 June 1995. People came to see us on and off throughout the day, so there must have been a flurry of arrangements being made somewhere. I found it difficult to understand why we were not just taken to Suhum if it was *not far* where we could have a look over the place and get on with it.

The day dragged on until around 4.30pm, when we were told all was ready and a taxi would call for us soon. It was raining. We squeezed into the taxi – four big Australians and a small Ghanaian driver - for what I still naively thought was just a short trip around the corner, or perhaps at worst just across Accra. But no, we headed out of the city and into the blackness of the night and continuing heavy rain. We drove on and on for nearly two hours having by now lost all sense of direction with absolutely no idea where we were. We seemed to be following a main road as we did pass the occasional car coming towards us, and sometimes perhaps a village in darkness, as it appeared the rain and storm had taken out any street or house lights there might have been. The possibility of a kidnap or worse passed my mind, but I thought best not to mention it. We were completely at the mercy of these people and of course God, on whose prompting we were here. There were a few lessons in faith in store for us that night.

Finally with bodies complaining of cramp and minds totally confused we pulled up just after 7pm, just on two hours after we had started out. Through the rain we could vaguely make out that we were in some kind of a town, and probably at the local market place. Pastor Nana hopped out of his taxi behind us so at least we were with him again, but to get out in that rain was just not on.

What happened next is probably best taken from Geoff's book ***Flashpoints of Revival*** written and published shortly after this

adventure, in which he documents records of revivals throughout the world over the past two hundred years. Several pages have been devoted to what happened in Ghana. Geoff has recently revised this book and added a comprehensive Appendix, and reading this again has been a prompt to continue writing these memoirs.

We drove for over an hour² in torrential rain for our first evening open-air crusade meeting in Ghana, West Africa. As the guest speaker, on my first visit to Africa, I wondered why the meetings had not been switched from the market area to a church building with a roof. Our hosts from a small independent church that was cooperating with other local churches for these meetings explained that they always held crusade meetings outside in the market where the people were. But what about the rain, I wondered.

Immediately before this visit to Ghana I taught a course on “signs and wonders” at the Asian Theological Seminary in Manila in the Philippines. (It was during my mid-year vacation from the Brisbane Christian Outreach Centre School of Ministries where I teach). While teaching the class I never dreamed that I and several other Australians would be holding outdoor meetings in the middle of the tropical rains in equatorial Africa. But there we were. Now we really needed some kind of a “sign”, and I was certainly “wondering.”

When we arrived in the mountain town of Suhum, it was dark. The torrential rain had cut off the electricity supply. The rain eased off a bit, so we gathered in the market square and prayed to God to guide us and to take over. Soon the rain ceased. The electricity came on. The host team began excitedly shouting that it was a miracle. “We will talk about this for years” they exclaimed with gleaming eyes.

² Geoff might have thought it was “over an hour”, but by my reckoning it was closer to two.

I asked them again why they had planned outdoor meetings in the rainy season. They told me that if I could only come at that time, then they trusted God to work it all out.

Soon the musicians from one of the local churches had plugged their instruments into the sound system. I noticed the loud speakers were not facing the faithful Christians gathered in the fluorescent lit³ area, but were pointing at the surrounding houses, the stores and a hotel.

My interpreter that night didn't know a lot of English. I think he preached his own sermon based on some phrases of mine he understood or guessed, and apparently he did well. When we invited people to respond and give their lives to Christ, they came from the surrounding darkness into the light. Some wandered over from the pub, smelling of beer. They kept the ministry team busy praying and arranging follow up with the local churches.

At that point I left the work to the locals who understood one another. I just moved around laying hands on people's heads and praying for them, as did many others. People reported various touches of God in their lives. Some were healed. Later in the week an elderly man excitedly told how he had come to the meeting almost blind but now he could see.

Each day we held morning worship and teaching sessions for Christians in a church, hot under an iron roof on those clear, tropical sunny days. During the second morning I vividly 'saw' golden light fill the church and swallow up or remove blackness. At that point the African Christians became very noisy, vigorously celebrating and shouting praises to God. A fresh anointing seemed to fall on them just then.

Although it did not rain again for the whole time we were holding meetings, the day after the meetings finished the rains began again. The following week saw floods in Ghana that were reported

³ There were just six 40w fluorescent lamps to light the outdoor market meeting.

on international television. Later on we received letters telling us how the church where we held our meetings had grown, expanded their building and sent out teams of committed young people in evangelism. Through that experience God showed us a glimpse of what He is doing in a big way on earth right now.

We talk about the darkness. Helen and I stayed at the back of the crowd as we felt it was important for Geoff to get feedback from the gathering. Africans are spiritual people and if they said Satan lived down there in the darkness then we believed them. It was certainly a black hole and nobody ventured down there. When we saw it next day in daylight it was still a dark and ominous looking area.

Meanwhile in the light, conga dancing broke out as only Africans can dance, with the line weaving through the market place. Conga dancing is said to have originated in this part of Africa, and went over to America with the slaves.

Finally just before midnight we broke away to get into the taxis for the drive back to Accra. It didn't take quite as long for the return journey as the rain had ceased, but it was still over the hour. This was just the first of four round trips.

Wednesday/ Thursday/ Friday 21/22/23 June 1995. Needless to say we were hardly asleep when it was time to get up again for breakfast.

There were morning seminars today and the following two days at Suhum followed by two more night meetings. We rejected Pastor Nana's suggestion that we come back to the hotel for a rest after each seminar and travel out again for the night meeting. That would have been just too much travel and no rest at all, so we opted to stay at Suhum each afternoon but return to Accra each night. I doubt there was anywhere to stay at Suhum!



On the drive out we saw in daylight what we had missed at night. We were actually on the main road to Kumasi, Ghana's second traffic hub and capital of the

ancient kingdom of Ashanti, and Suhum was only 60km from Accra.

The seminars were held indoors at the Christ Apostolic Church. We could not drive to the church as the laneway from the street had been washed out by the runoff from recent rain, and was no longer suited to anything but walking and then with difficulty.

However, after we crossed the creek at the bottom we found the church set in a pleasant enough, but untidy grassed area surrounded by a few houses and gardens.



We met Rev. Meenu, the minister of this church and spent the afternoons after the seminars sitting on the veranda of his small

house with his wife and some of his many children watching the world go by, particularly the traffic to and from the nearby well.

The toilets were another problem and we were not shown to one until we reached bursting point and had to ask. Not so simple. Seems Meenu's was not for us and we were directed to a new one a neighbour had just built. It might have been new but that's all that could be said for it. It consisted of a grid of small logs straddling a pit and the art was to squat and aim between the logs, not an easy task. Then having squatted one had to get up and pull on the pants without losing one's footing and slipping between the logs. No need to mention the stench!!

We found as the meetings progressed more and more people were coming and the joy continued to flow. As we talked to more and more people we learned that very few of the pastors knew each other and the meetings were a great opportunity for unity and strengthening the local churches. During the last session many testimonies were given and many blessings and healings were reported. Interestingly most had occurred at the market place at the night meetings.



Photos: Pastors Nana and Meenu; Wintel Ministries Group

The dancing and singing remains one of the lasting memories, particularly the way everybody waltzed up with their offering money and in so doing created a conga line that wove its way in

and out and around the church. Also seemed the conga went on and on until there was enough money in the plate!

As there was no Friday night meeting we returned to Accra in the early afternoon. Friday night we had dinner with Pastor Acquah and his wife in their home at Tema, a newish suburb not all that far from the Prince Charles. Tema was the site of a huge aluminum refinery, probably the single most important industrial undertaking in Ghana. It was located here to take advantage of cheap electric power from the hydro-electric scheme on the Volta River to the north.

Saturday 24 June 1995. Today was appreciation time when, with the crusade behind us, Pastor Nana and his group were determined to take us out and show us something of Ghana. We think the plan was to take us down to the Cape Coast to see a slave castle, which they did, but unfortunately we doubt any one of them had ever been there before, and had no idea of time or distance. The result was that by the time the taxis had been organized and filled with fuel, it was already noon and there was a long way to go. The result was we reached the Cape Coast at Elmina Castle (my best guess) with just a half hour of daylight remaining. We would have liked at least an afternoon, but that was not to be.

We talk about the miracles in Ghana. The fact that we did get back to the hotel in Accra by midnight, safe and sound, but shaken and anxious, was another one of them. The chances of going off the road and drowning in a ditch that black rainy night were very real. This was the start of the rain that produced the floods reported later on international television, the rain that held off for the duration of the mission.

Sunday 25 June 1989. This was our final day in Ghana and having only returned to the hotel in the early hours of the morning after a very stressful night out, we were reluctant to rise early. The rain eased for a while and we attended the last of the three morning services at the Lighthouse Church in Accra. 2000

people regularly worship at each of the three morning and one evening services.



Helen and I flew out to London that night, (Geoff and Meg flew out a day later).

London and Accra are on the same meridian of longitude and hence the flight was direct and due north, straight up the Greenwich meridian. It took just six hours. Landing just after dawn at Gatwick rather than Heathrow took the hassle out of the arrival.

By Geoff:

Yes, we flew to London, hired a car, enjoyed visiting Meg's sister Robyn and her husband Ferry, and drove to green and hilly Wales under sunny skies where we drove through or past key revival towns from the Welsh Revivals. Then we relaxed in a motel at Pembroke by the sea and heard congregations singing old revival hymns in their moving Welsh harmonies. I had assignments to mark!

Toronto, Canada

After driving back to London, appreciating country pub meals along the way, we flew direct to Toronto Canada, passing over the sunlit ice landscape of the arctic.

Since the mid-nineties Toronto and Pensacola became famous in revival literature. The Lord poured out his Spirit in amazing ways in both these cities. Hundreds of thousands have visited both places, discovering fresh touches from God. Meg and I spent a memorable week at the Toronto Airport

Christian Fellowship (TACF). Over 100,000 a year flocked there from all over the world for well over a decade.

The wide diversity of people from different denominations and countries there impressed me. Love and respect for others filled the atmosphere and testimonies. We joined the crowds of over 1500 each morning and night, enjoyed the low-key sensitive worship (knowing very few of their songs), appreciated the balanced teaching, and received personal prayer.

Both of us appreciated the gracious, caring way people prayed for us, and others. No rush. No hype. No pressure. Whether we stood, or sat in a chair, or rested on the carpeted floor, those praying for us did so quietly with prayers prompted by the Holy Spirit. Those praying laid a hand on us gently, as led, and trusted the Lord to touch us. He did. Warmth and love permeated us. We returned to our hotel after the meetings aware of increased peace and deeper assurance of the Lord's love and grace.

Our visit included a day's bus trip to Niagara Falls. It seemed like a parable of God pouring out his Spirit in abundance. We stood in the tunnel lookout under the roaring wall of water, and sailed through the spray below the falls in the Maid of the Mist ferry. Niagara Falls reminded us of our awesome creator and provided a time of refreshing in another way.

After returning to Brisbane I noticed that people I prayed for received strong touches from the Lord, most resting in the Spirit on the floor. We needed people to be ready to catch those who fell, to avoid them getting hurt (then needing extra healing prayer!). Some of them had visions of the Lord blessing them and others.

Chapter 10 – Solomon Islands: Simbo (1996)

By Don, with my comments in italics

The Renewal Fellowship in Brisbane had been supporting the Rev Gideon Tuke for some two years now since the group of women had attended the men's camp in 1994. *Several container loads of stuff* had been sent across to Simbo Island where Gideon lived. This trip was an opportunity that came our way for a short packaged visit to the Solomon's including air fares and five night's accommodation. We took up the opportunity to visit Gideon at home on Simbo Island and focus on what he had done with the *stuff* and to see the church he had built using labour paid for by showing videos to the workers at night using the generator, TV set and video player sent over as part of the *stuff*.

I came home from a Sydney trip on one Friday night and we were off to the Solomon's the following Thursday night. It is interesting how the trip slotted in so well between work commitments away from home made well before the travel deal came up. You have to believe God has a hand in these arrangements when you are about His work.

We departed Brisbane on a Solomon Airlines flight (run by Qantas) at 11pm (well over an hour and a half late), and arrived in Honiara at 2.30am on Friday morning 16 August. Gideon's sister Salome and husband Arelo met us on our arrival and took us into town for a two hour nap at King Solomon Hotel⁴ before returning to the airport for the 6.30am flight by Twin Otter aircraft to Gizo via Seghi.

Seghi was an hour up from Honiara and just a strip of grass cleared out of the jungle on a steep slope on a peninsular on New Georgia. It was built by the USA marines in WW2 in ten days. It has a crushed coral base and the grass is mowed so it was not too

⁴ That was part of the accommodation deal. If the flight had been early, and customs and immigration faster we might have had a couple of additional hours.

bad for light aircraft operation. Back in WW2, coach watchers were located near Seghi and they were never found by the Japanese.

We did not see anybody around as we landed but as we taxied back a few people appeared out of the bush. Some passengers left and disappeared into the bush, some boarded, and we flew onto Gizo⁵ at 1500 feet over flying Munda and Banga Island where Helen attended the men's fellowship camp some two years before.

The air strip for Gizo occupies most of the small island of Nusatope some 2 km off Ghizo Island.

Gideon and his brother Philip arrived in from Simbo as we were walking out onto the jetty to take the launch to Gizo. We went with him and booked into our second hotel for the day and it was only 9am. Another freshen up and a cup of coffee while Gideon did some shopping and then it was off on the two hour open sea crossing to Simbo Island in what I like to refer to as *a plastic canoe*.



It did not look much, had very little freeboard, no bucket, bailing or safety equipment whatsoever and was not exactly the thing sane people would willingly use for a 40km open sea crossing. But then the locals used them all the time so who were we to object? We set

out in faith and with more prayer than normal. Photo: *Gideon (front) and his brother Philip at sea*

⁵ If you are confused "Ghizo" is the island and "Gizo" the town.

We were very thankful when Simbo Island finally appeared out of the mist and rain that had hovered over us for the entire crossing and we were even more thankful for the calm water in the lee of the island for the run to Lengana. It was now 1.30pm.

Gideon lived in the village of Lengana at the time in the minister's house with his wife Vasily and their twins Judith and John, who would be five on 22 August 1996, three year old daughter Serema, and their older adopted daughter Fiona. Fiona has finished primary school and helped with the other children. She would attend secondary school when the family moved to Munda on the island of New Georgia later this year.

After meeting Gideon's family and being shown our accommodation and how to use the *facilities*, we rested before departing back to the village of Tapurai for an evening service. We had called at Tapurai⁶ on the way to Lengana from Gizo so Gideon could check on arrangements for the monthly youth service, which was to be held that night.

We returned from Lengana at around 5.30pm to attend the service and stay over for the night, as it was not safe to try to return to Lengana over the reef strewn waters at night. On this trip over we were drenched both from the sea and from the rain. However, as in Ghana the rain stopped on our arrival and apart from a short sharp shower one night later it did not rain again during our visit. We eventually dried out.

⁶ *Tapurai as well as Righuru on the east coast were totally destroyed with loss of life when a tsunami struck on the Monday before Easter 2007. Geoff and Don returned to Simbo in September 2007 to inspect the damage.*



The church was built on a low hill just above the village. Getting up to it in the dark that night was quite slippery and hazardous from the rain, and we needed helping hands. Interestingly, being built on the hill, it was the only building in

Tapurai that survived the 2007 tsunami that destroyed the rest of the village. (see later Chapter)

The young people had formed a choir and conducted most of the service that night. The girls in the group wore very attractive red dresses they had made for themselves, and some of the boys wore red shirts. Their presentation was very impressive considering this group of young people were considered drop-outs in the islands. They leave high school at form three as limited spaces for higher education are available, and return home where there is little to do.

Helen had an opportunity to talk and pray with them and to encourage them in what they planned to do. We were told that our visit was very much appreciated as it was the first time visitors had prayed with them. Normally white visitors only told stories.



We slept that night in one of the class rooms of the school after the desks had been removed and pandanus mats placed on the floor. A thin piece of foam was provided for us to give some cushion between us and the wooden floor, but the

locals sleep directly on the mats. Toilets were not in evidence at Tapurai, or anywhere else on Simbo for that matter. The locals just seemed to melt away into the bush. For us it was necessary

to either venture out into the pre dawn darkness or to find a secluded spot off the rather small beach and be quick about it.

Back at Lengana around 8am on Saturday the main events of the day were being arranged; a plastic canoe trip to the volcano in the morning and an afternoon walk across the island to the eastern shore to Nggagho.

On Sunday we attended the 11am service in the new church. The young people's choir sang again and six children were baptised. Around 4.30pm we walked over to Masuru for the evening service. Sunday night we set up the TV screen outdoors to view the videos Helen had taken of the service. The word quickly spread and before we knew it there must have been at least 150 pairs of white eyes in a sea of blackness to see themselves on the screen.



The New Church that Gideon Built

Monday we were taken on a trip around the island to the village of Nusa Simbo.

Tuesday was time to grit our teeth and leave, hoping the sea would not be too rough. It could have been worse but we still took quite a pounding on our ageing bottoms. Helen thought

again this might really be *our last great adventure*. However it was a clear day and we could see Simbo disappearing behind us, Ranongga glistening in the early morning sun, and most importantly, Ghizo ahead of us and getting larger every minute.

We left at 7.30am and after two hours at sea in the little boat we arrived safely back at Gizo where we booked back into the hotel for a shower, coffee and a change into more suitable travel clothes (remember we had paid for five nights but only used two hours). A walk up the street and back (that's the extent of Gizo) and we went off to the airport island of Nusatope for flight to Honiara.



This time it only required a small Norman Britten Islander for the four passengers. It was a good trip although the old aircraft was quite noisy. The door I was seated against did not seal very well and water came in when we flew

through rain. There was a half hour refuelling stop at Munda on the way to Honiara.

Gideon's sister Salome and husband Arelo met us again on our return from Simbo and took us to their home for an evening meal and out to the airport for the trip home departing at 9.30pm.

There was a deep open concrete drain running across the tarmac about a meter out in front of the departure lounge, and a couple of metal plates formed a bridge over it opposite the lounge exit door. I walked out of the door, and seeing the aircraft parked to the right and with my eyes on it and not on the ground in front of me, walked into the drain, skinning my knee and drawing blood.

As we were boarding there was no point walking back into the lounge, so we boarded the aircraft. Incredibly, although it was a Qantas aircraft, there was no first aid on board by way of a band aid or bandage. All I was offered was a plastic bag of ice!

By Geoff: The interdenominational Renewal Fellowship, meeting each week at Trinity Theological College in Brisbane, gave a lot of support to Gideon and others we met on our mission trips. Don and Helen, Bob and Jill Densley (who had worked in Nepal) and Philip and Dhamika (students at the college, from Sri Lanka), were all active in supporting overseas friends.

I did not accompany Don and Helen to Simbo in 1996, but made many visits there to work with Gideon. The following photos of Simbo are from my visits.





Village teaching activity at Tapurai, Simbo



Bamboo band at Tapurai village, Simbo

Chapter 11 – Nepal, India: New Delhi, Sri Lanka (1996)

Our friends Bob and Jill Densley, from the Renewal Fellowship, worked with the United Nations in Nepal for a few years. They encouraged many pastors there, most with small house churches, facing hostile opposition. Holding church meetings in Nepal was illegal until the 1990's. Most pastors have been imprisoned, many of them severely beaten.

During several visits to Nepal from 1996, usually with a team from the Renewal Fellowship visiting and working with Bob and Jill, we had meetings in Kathmandu the capital, in East Nepal with Bhutan refugees and churches, and in Maoist dominated West Nepal.



The map shows part of Nepal in the Himalaya mountains with China north, India south, Mt Everest east, Pokhara and Gorkha west, and Kathmandu the capital centre.

In 1996 our team of eight joined Bob and Jill Densley for meetings with many pastors and some of their churches in

Kathmandu, and then by bus to Pokhara in West Nepal on narrow roads cut precariously into the sides of the steep mountain ranges.

In Kathmandu, on that same visit, we stayed in a Buddhist retreat house, because that was a safer location than hotels we had used previously. Some hotels had been bombed. Even there, in that Buddhist 'safe house' we had a night watchman on duty all night. He walked around tapping his stick loudly so that nearby soldiers would not mistake him for a terrorist!



Pastor Raju Sundras organized most of our visits. We first met him as a young evangelist who had already been imprisoned and beaten severely many times. Raju, with his wife Samita, began Hosanna Church in Kathmandu which grew to over 800 by 2009, and around 2,000 by 2014, one of the largest churches in the nation. Each time we visited them we found they had expanded their premises. They planted other churches, mostly house churches, in Nepal, Tibet, India, and in refugee communities from Bhutan and networked with over 300 churches by 2014. Ten years ago it took a decade to add 100 people to a church. That now happens in six months or less.

Their church prays. A lot. They have a 24 hour prayer room where many of their people go to fast and pray. They believe in miracles, and see many. I was deeply moved to visit their "upper room" prayer centre, open for prayer all the time, and usually people there praying and fasting.

Their outreaches include feeding hundreds of street children in their 'Jesus Kitchen'.

We saw many leaders filled with the Spirit, many people healed, and many gifts of the Spirit poured out, including revelations and visions.

In West Nepal, especially, we saw deeply committed pastors and leaders touched powerfully by the Spirit as we talked with them and prayed for them. Many there had visions of an open heaven and God's Spirit anointing and empowering them.

Some people there saw in the Spirit a dove or God's hand touching people who were then immediately healed or filled with the Spirit. They all faced fierce opposition in their house churches and villages, but were fully committed to loving and serving God.

We were blessed indeed to be with them and encourage them. They inspired me with their dedication and willingness to lay down their lives for their Lord and the gospel.

New Delhi



Our team from the Renewal Fellowship visited Grace Bible College and orphanage near New Delhi, India's capital. Dr Paul Pilai and his family pioneered India Inland Mission, sending out thousands of evangelists and pastors across India. Their Bible College, the largest in India, had 600 students studying under-graduate and post-graduate courses, with 200 evangelists sent out each year.



I had the humbling honour to speak to their students, and also pray with the staff at the Bible College. Most of their graduates face hostile communities as they plant churches in Hindu villages and towns. We heard about two of their graduates who were shot dead in West Nepal when we held our meetings in West Nepal in 1998.

I first met Paul Pilai when he stayed in our community home while he spoke at churches in Brisbane. Paul had been a young Hindu lawyer, converted when healed through prayer in Jesus' name. He told us how he and his evangelism team had once been severely beaten by radical Hindus who broke his arm and tried to kill them all. God intervened. By the firelight of their burning tent, the team saw themselves surrounded by handsome men who moved them to a safe place, miraculously. Those angels said, "God will send you back here again."

He did. Later on a man from that area invited them back to hold meetings in his home. That became the beginning of a church there.

Paul gave this report of challenges facing their graduates:

Manoharpur, where Australian missionary Robert Stains and his two sons were killed by burning them alive in their vehicle, is seeing a mighty revival. Thousands of tribal people are coming to Christ.

Several of our teams are using the 'Jesus' movie all over that area where Bajrang Dal killers are brought in from outside that area to attack Christians. Killing of Christians may continue in that area, but the prayer of saints all over the world is making a change. Many Bajrang Dal killers also are coming to know Christ in miraculous ways.

Our churches in Kashmir are suffering much as the war is raging there between India and Bin Laden's high tech Islamic 'Mujahideen' (holy warriors) with Pakistan as their base.

With Chinese technology, and enormous amounts of Arab money, Pakistan and Afghan terrorists believe that there should be a nuclear war in South Asia for the conquest by Islamic terrorists as an 'historic Jihad' as a final holy war to wipe out Christianity. This big blow to Christian work in Kashmir will affect us for a long time to come.

Two of our Grace Bible College graduates working in Rukum district in Nepal were shot dead by the Hindu police for baptising Hindus in Nepal. Secret attacks are still going on while thousands are coming to Christ all over Nepal. More than 42 leading evangelistic organisations organised and directed by Grace Bible College graduates are working all over Nepal today.

Today there are more than 2,000 believers worshipping in different house churches in Bhutan secretly. Having an open border with India, Indian Christians are the only missionaries there. No church buildings are allowed in Bhutan. Many students graduated from our Bible College are working in

Bhutan. This Himalayan foothill kingdom needs the Gospel desperately, and we need your continuous prayer and support for this strategic ministry.



While at New Delhi, our team of 8 took a tourist day trip by bus to the famous Taj Mahal, glimmering in marble. There's a strange gap between the very rich and the very poor in India. We westerners are among the rich, but at least many, like Mother Teresa, pour out their lives to serve and help the poor, living with them as Jesus did, living among the poor and despised.

Sri Lanka

I taught Philip and Dhamika George, at Trinity Theological College. They came from Sri Lanka where Philip's brothers and sister are pastors, prayerfully supported by their godly parents. Philip and Dhamika, based in Brisbane, have raised many thousands of dollars for mission, especially in Sri Lanka. They invest in God's Kingdom, and see miracles continually.

I conducted their miracle wedding in Brisbane. It cost them nothing. Not only did they have no minister's fees, but also the church, the flowers, the bridal party's clothes, the banquet, and the wedding video all came free, without them asking for any of it!

Philip earned money while a student by cleaning St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, a beautiful, gothic church in the heart of Brisbane city. So they offered him the church for the wedding. The people arranging flowers for the Sunday service the next day made it special for the wedding also. A student friend's mother

owned a clothing boutique, and donated all the bridal party's outfits, normally rented or bought.

Philip boarded at the Salvation Army hostel near the college, so they gladly provided the smorgasbord wedding breakfast for 100 people. Another friend offered to video their wedding. Imagine the family's surprise when they saw that video in Sri Lanka.

They also provided their 'miracle' rental house freely to a mission team from the South Pacific for a month. They bought that house with no money, just a generous loan from a lady they befriended, and sold it two years later for a large profit, which wiped out all their debts and contributed more to missions.

Philip had inherited land near Kandy and his brothers, and brother-in-law Suresh, had established churches in the area. So our mission trip took us from Nepal to India to Sri Lanka.

We were involved with church meetings most days, a pastors' conference and also in dedicating Philip's land for God's purposes. A beautiful fresh water spring on his land gave them the opportunity to build a water-bottling plant there and to support family ministries and missions by selling the water in Sri Lanka and internationally.

We returned with a small team two years later in 1998 to dedicate the new water-bottling plant on their land.



Fish markets near Colombo



View from Philip & Dhamika's land near Kandy

Chapter 12 - Nepal, India: Darjeeling, Sri Lanka (1998)

By Don, with my comments in italics

Following a return visit to Nepal, Meg and I, with a team from the Renewal Fellowship, visited majestic Darjeeling in the Himalayas and we flew on to Sri Lanka's luscious green mountains. In every place we saw people touched by God in many ways, especially being filled with the Spirit and healed. They had strong, simple faith.

Nepal

Don gives a lot of detail about this visit, so I just comment briefly. We returned to Nepal to work with Bob and Jill Densley, and especially help Raju, now the pastor of the new and thriving Hosanna Church in Kathmandu. Raju also worked tirelessly in planting house churches across the ranges of Nepal and nearby countries.

*Raju organized our visit to Butwal in West Nepal and Damak in East Nepal, where again we saw the Spirit of God move powerfully on very dedicated pastors and leaders gathered from towns and villages for our conference. Raju did most of the translating for us, so he had a very busy time, and saw abundant fruit for his service. **I was especially moved to hear English spoken so beautifully in tongues by a young man in Damak, and met a man in Hosanna Church who also prayed in English, though neither of those people could speak English.***

Darjeeling

Dr David Mangratee hosted our visits to Darjeeling. A gracious, pioneering Apostle in the Himalaya mountains, David said our visits opened new doors for him to work among all the churches. People from many churches joined together for our meetings on

renewal and revival. His own congregation at Mt Hermon had experienced revival, rapid growth, and had launched missions to remote regions. David translated my book **Flashpoints of Revival** into Nepalese, adding his reports of his involvement in revival, as part of his doctoral studies. Here is part of his reports about previous revivals:

Revival broke out in Darjeeling in 1960. The person God used in this great revival was Rev. David Mangratee. Born into a Hindu family, I had a wonderful birth. I asked the Lord, when I had a vision of the Lord, whether my father had died before he was born and had lived again, for I was told by my parents that my father died in the year 1933. He was to be taken for burial. People had made everything ready. He was kept inside the coffin ready for taking him the burial place. But before they could take him he woke up and lived again. After this my father lived for another 20 years and died again in 1953 never to rise again. During my vision I asked the Lord whether this was true. The Lord answered, "Yes, because I wanted a man with a miracle birth."

On Pentecost Sunday in the month of May, 1960, one of our church members got filled with the Spirit of God. She spoke in tongues and prophesied. Then in the month of June that same year the Holy Spirit came upon the believers mightily. They were filled with the Spirit of God and God blessed them with gifts of the Spirit, especially the word of wisdom and the word of knowledge. By this, lost money was found, lost souls traced, sick healed and sin uncovered. Many miracles took place in the ministry, even raising the dead. The work faced a lot of opposition in the beginning but the changed lives of the first Christians made their mouths shut.

Sri Lanka

Teams from the Renewal Fellowship visited Sri Lanka with Philip and Dhamika, staying with their family and relatives, speaking in

their relatives' churches and local Bible Schools, and praying with their people.

We had the privilege of dedicating a spring water bottling factory built on their land there, supplied by a fresh mountain spring on their property. That provided income for their relatives' ministries in their churches and Bible Schools. In spite of ethnic war with the Tamils and many Buddhist threats against churches and pastors, God moves strongly in the nation. Some of Philip's relatives have been taken to court, imprisoned, and had bomb threats, but they continue to trust God and serve him.

Don gives more details

In November 1998 we embarked on another overseas mission with Geoff, this time to Nepal, India and Sri Lanka. organised by on-the-spot Renewal Fellowship members Bob and Jill Densley, who were working for the United Nations in Kathmandu.

The Logistics of Getting There

There were five of us going from Brisbane including Geoff and Meg Waugh, Don and Helen Hill and Dhammika George. Bob and Jill Densley were living in Nepal and would join us there. Philip George, Dhammika's husband, would join the group later in Sri Lanka.

Tuesday 17 November 1998. We met at the Brisbane International Airport and boarded the 2.15pm Singapore Airlines Flight to Singapore. With the two hour time difference we were in the Albert Court Hotel in Singapore by 9pm for a reasonable night's rest before returning to the airport early next morning for the flight from Singapore to Kathmandu.

Wednesday 18 November 1998. We had a 9am flight to Kathmandu and being a daylight flight it had great prospects for stunning views of the Himalayas. As expected it took quite some

time to get through immigration and customs, but the Densley's were there to meet us. We settled into the Summit Hotel, which appeared to be a popular place for those setting out on trekking expeditions. Around dusk we gathered at the Densley's unit just around the corner for a briefing on what had been planned.

Thursday 19 November 1998. Today we learned about travel by road in Nepal as we travelled the *highway* between Kathmandu and Butwal, 250km in something like nine hours with only very brief stops.

On the outskirts of Butwal we noticed a motor bike travelling along with us. Then we noticed the name on the motor bike. It was called *Praise the Lord*. It was Raju Sundas, the man who had arranged the Butwal meetings, now with us to escort us in. This was our first sighting of a man who was to have a huge impact on our spiritual life from here on and become a very precious friend. He still calls us Mum and Dad rather than Don and Helen.

It was 3pm and we had been on the bus for nine hours and very glad to be escorted to the United Nepal Mission Hostel where we would stay for the next two nights. We were mistakenly looking forward to an afternoon sleep, but no sooner had we been shown to our room than we were ushered back on the bus for the short trip back to the meeting hall. The assembled crowd had been waiting all day for Geoff Waugh to appear and if Geoff Waugh was in town, they wanted him there.

Inside the building was a gathering of Christian leaders and lay people from the surrounding districts, many of whom had walked for up to three days just to be there. They were full on fire Christians, the like of which we had never seen before, except perhaps in Ghana. The hall was absolutely packed. I have never seen a room crowded to the same extent either before or since. Geoff said what had to be said that day and the worship flowed.

Friday 20 November 1998. This was a full day of meetings supposedly from early morning until late afternoon, and we were

at the hall early to set up the camera. The crowd poured in and it was not long before it was as packed as it had been yesterday. Geoff took the stage and started the day with Raju interpreting.



Now Geoff has a very quiet ministry and rarely raises his voice or shouts, but the same cannot be said of others, and Raju in his enthusiasm was no exception. It was amazing how he could use his voice

to emphasise what Geoff had said and so the sound level began to rise. The photograph shows Raju in action.

Geoff did not talk all the time of course and there were sessions of worship, singing and prayer. I went outside to assess the situation and perhaps take a few photographs of the hall or even the town. There were people in the street but they seemed to be going about their business and not taking any notice of the noise coming from the hall.



However, all was not well in the community as we heard that a couple of young Christian men who had been away at Bible School in India for a couple of years were promptly arrested as spies and shot in a nearby village just a week after the Butwal meeting.

At mid-day we had a break and it was here we observed the Nepalese national dish called *dal bhat*, (lentils and rice) being prepared for lunch.

Sometimes just a little meat is added.

The afternoon sessions carried on much the same as in the morning with more teaching and worship. Geoff was of course very tired at the end of the day but again had difficulty getting away. Our evening meal was served when we returned to the hostel and we made sure Geoff and Meg retired early.

Meanwhile we continued to talk about the events of the day and were about to retire ourselves about 8pm when a group from the meeting burst in and wanted Geoff. We argued that he was very tired and asleep, but to no avail. They were on fire and had decided to set off for their villages at dawn next day and wanted more time with Geoff. We reluctantly had to wake him.

Geoff adds: Although tired, I too was inspired and invigorated in that dynamic atmosphere of strong faith and anointing for powerful and effective prayer, evangelism, and 'equipping of the saints for the work of ministry'.

Saturday 21 November, 1998. Today we returned to Kathmandu on our bus. No doubt about these people, they do not have much, but what they have they share, so if there was a bus going back to Kathmandu, and there was room, jump on board. Raju's wife Samita with their two very young children travelled back with us and Raju followed on his motor cycle. We were away at around 8am on a fine clear day, but it was still a nine hour trip, which put us back into Kathmandu around 5pm just as the sun was about to set.

Sunday 22 November, 1998. We had to get a TV set and a video recorder set up in our room so that we could transfer the contents of the mini tapes to a standard VHS. It was editing of a sort, but only to the extent that parts not wanted could be omitted. It was still analogue video and home editing on computers was not yet available. That would come with digital video. I had to fiddle around with leads and a power supply, but everything was working before lunch time and Helen was downloading what she had recorded.

Mid-afternoon we went to the **Nazarene Church** for today's meeting. This was located in an unfinished building somewhere in Kathmandu not far from the Greenwich Village Hotel. The church itself was a relatively small room on the ground floor, which, like Butwal was absolutely packed. Although we didn't have to move outside, we found it more convenient to video Geoff through a window conveniently located just off the stage.

It was here we met Pastor Rinzi Lama and his wife Nani Beti. Geoff and others from the first Nepal mission had already formed an association with the Nazarene Church. Unlike Raju who was just setting out on his evangelical mission, Rinzi was the established pastor at this church where he still ministers today, particularly to many orphans and street kids in the area. There seems to be no end to Rinzi and Nani Beti's own and adopted children⁷.

It was a great meeting again, perhaps more controlled and less noisy being in a church environment. Afterwards, we were invited for an evening meal with Rinzi and Nani Beti who lived upstairs in the unfinished top floor of the building. Up top on the flat roof, there were rows of small pens around the edge housing chooks and rabbits.

Videos were discussed of course. Around 7.30pm somebody suggested where we might get video tapes. Bob Densley knew the shop. We reached it just as it was closing and bought the entire stock of three VHS blank tapes! This meant we could continue to copy well into the night and next morning to leave a video record of Geoff's teaching. The timing was perfect.

Monday 23 November, 1998. Today we were up early to finish off copying and found time by mid-morning to have a look around. We were booked to fly to Biratnagar in East Nepal at 2.40pm this afternoon, on the way to Damak. It is on the Indian

⁷Rinzi and Nani-Beti visited Brisbane in April/ May 2013. They now look after 32 street kids and orphans in their home. Rinzi looks after 51 churches

plains about 40km from the eastern border of India and Nepal on the main east west highway to the border with India.



From Biratnagar, the nearest airport with a regular airline service, it was another 70km by road to Damak. We were flying today with Buddha Air. We were at the airport a good two hours before the flight, but that time was easily

consumed waiting in queues progressing from one check-in station to the next, all for a 35 minute domestic flight. The aircraft was late and it was more like 4pm when we finally boarded and were in the air. While we waited we found an English newspaper and read about a growing concern within Nepal about the 100,000 refugees from Bhutan who had been forced out of their country as part of an ethnic cleansing many years previously. These refugees were now living in camps in East Nepal, right where we were going, supported by the United Nations.

We had never heard of the problem in Australia, so it was interesting that we should pick up a paper left lying on an airport departure lounge seat and be made aware of a situation that was going to loom big in our lives over the next few days and extend out over the next ten years. There were now eight of us as the Densley's and Raju had joined the party. Rinzi and others from Kathmandu did turn up at Damak, but they travelled by bus.

It was a good flight on this fast turbo prop and we were in Biratnagar in just over half an hour, fortunately with plenty of daylight left to sort out local transport and get to Damak before dark.



The country was flat and the roads reasonably straight. Once we had negotiated Biratnagar itself, speed increased and we made Damak just before dark. No problem finding the hotel as there was only

one, surprisingly quite a large non-descript building.

It was dark by now and Raju, that ball of energy, and Bob, not far behind, ushered us out onto the footpath where they summoned four trishaws to go for a night meeting! The trishaws were just modified bicycles with three wheels. The driver sat on a conventional bicycle seat and there were two side by side seats behind him over the back wheels. A flimsy canopy covered the passengers. It was probably only four or five kilometres to our destination, and after two return trips a day for the next three days we sort of became used to it, but that night travelling into the unknown was a terrifying test of faith.

We eventually turned off the main road and bumped our way along what turned out in daylight to be a narrow country lane. We arrived at the “Little Church of Hope” somewhere in the wilds of Eastern Nepal where we received a very warm welcome and three days of the most amazing experiences. It was a little church in all respects, except its faith, which surpassed that of many, many other churches we had experienced. Small it might have been but it was nevertheless an important icon sitting (as we found out in daylight) on a very small block of land surrounded by farms. The building was small, but that did not matter as the congregation either stood or sat on the bare concrete floor so it could accommodate quite a lot of people. After the introduction, Geoff spoke and conducted a worship service and we remounted our trishaws for the return trip to the hotel.

Tuesday 24 to Friday 27 November, 1998. We had meetings at the Little Church of Hope for the next three days and many things happened during this time. Raju and his wife Samita had two small children and believed God was telling them to adopt ten more. That's a tall order, but Raju had a big vision for ministry in Nepal, most of which has come to pass and continues expanding.



The team assembled outside the hotel for the ride to the Little Church of Hope.

We pedalled (or rather were pedalled) out to the Little Church of Hope immediately after breakfast each morning and settled down to a cup of tea with the leaders in the pleasant surroundings of the church grounds before the first session started. Then we pedalled back for lunch and a quick nap before pedalling out again mid-afternoon for an evening and night session and a ride back to the hotel in the dark. Although there were stars we were in the northern hemisphere now and the Southern Cross was no longer there to guide us.



Geoff was not the only speaker at these meetings billed as The East Nepal Christian Leadership Seminar. There were several other pastors and church leaders for at least part of the time. In particular there was Raju and Rinzi whom we had already met, Bashu, a very well presented young man with a big heart in the right place, and a couple of other higher up church leaders, whose names I have forgotten.

The remainder of those gathered were mainly church leaders from villages both near and far. Some had walked several days to get there. They were a colourful lot and quite different both in appearance and dress to those gathered at Butwal.

They were probably more Tibetan in origin. They had no problem with the lack of chairs and were quite content to sit cross legged on the floor. Most of them slept on the floor of the church at night.



The church was surrounded with farms on all sides, with just a narrow laneway to give access.

Trishaws or bicycles were the only mechanised means of access. It seemed to be a very fertile area with small crops, and on one side a tea plantation.



The camera was set up on the tripod at the rear of the church, we found ourselves a couple of chairs and started to film Geoff's teaching. This was the pattern for the next three days with Helen moving around from time

to time to get shots of the audience from different angles.

A youth choir from the refugee camp had been well prepared for their presentations to get things going each morning. They had managed to get a uniform of sorts from their meagre means.

Geoff's teaching and preaching was interspersed with worship and items from others to become a most enjoyable spiritual experience, even though we found communications in another language difficult.



Colourful People in National Dress

This brings me to a rather special occurrence during the seminar. At different times throughout each day there would be times set aside for prayer where the participants were invited to pray for each other either in a group or individually. Many had the gift of tongues, a heavenly prayer language.

On this particular occasion people were praying in tongues and as Geoff moved around among them he was attracted to

one man who was praying aloud in English. What caught Geoff's attention was that the English was some of the most beautiful expression he had ever heard. He remarked on this later and discovered that the man had absolutely no knowledge of English. He neither spoke English nor did he understand English but nevertheless he was praying in this beautiful and coherent English!

It was during another prayer session that an attachment was formed with Chandra, one of the refugee choir girls. She was about 12, 13 or maybe even 14, but she was very distraught. She had lost her mother some time previously.



A quite strong bond developed between Chandra and Helen, so much so that before the end of the seminar, Raju had agreed to take her into his family, as the first of the ten he believed he had to

adopt. He would take her out of the camp and back to Kathmandu where he would provide a home and an education for her. His idea was that with a Christian education she would hopefully one day be able to return as a missionary to her own people in Bhutan. We agreed to support Chandra, which we did for the next ten years. However, so that she would not feel alone, Raju also adopted her good friend Sanu, whom we also supported.

Friday 27 November, 1998. Today we made our way to the India/Nepal land border crossing point and then on and up to Darjeeling. The border was about 35/40km from Damak. The road was relatively flat being on the Indian plain and as an important east/west highway, it was sealed. We were at the Nepal Border Control about 9am, and we were soon walking

across the 200/300m of no man's land into India. Our Nepal mission was complete but unfortunately we had not been able to download our Damak video before we left. Hopefully we could do something about that in Darjeeling.

We arrived at the office and started to fill in forms. It was slow work. ***Then all of a sudden the clerk spotted the name Waugh and asked Geoff if he knew the famous Australian cricket twins Mark and Steve.*** When Geoff joked that he was related, like an uncle, things changed dramatically and we were processed into India in record time!

The main town on the map was Shiliguri, but nearby was a place called Bagdogera where there was an airport. We had tickets to fly out of Bagdogera when we returned from Darjeeling. Whatever the town was called the whole area was just one conglomerate mess of narrow streets, alleyways and thousands and thousands of people all busy doing something.

We had selected and hired two vehicles at the border for the drive up to Darjeeling as the only way to get there today was by road. They were what we might refer to as *bongo* vans in Australia – sort of small boxes on wheels. These seemed to be the norm. There were only seven of us so with the two drivers, we fitted nicely four in one and five in the other, together with our baggage.

When we did eventually leave civilisation behind we faced the 2000m climb up the range. Darjeeling is at the end of a mountain spur rising up from the Indian plains. For the first half of the trip the road has been cut into the eastern escarpment, clinging to the mountain on one side and overlooking seemingly bottomless drops on the other. Then the road ducked across to the western side and continued in much the same fashion.

By the grace of God, and we really mean that, we did arrive safely at Alice Villa Hotel by midday. Not a bad effort, just four hours from Damak.



At 2,200m in altitude, the air was fresh and clear, but during our stay there were periods where even the mountains were contaminated with exhaust fumes. The general area of the Alice Villa Hotel looked clean if not exactly tidy. It was one of the better areas with several public schools close by. The whole of Darjeeling was built on mountainous slopes, and in most cases buildings just seemed to be built on top of each other. A challenge for any architect.

We went to the dining room for lunch and met our host, Rev. David Mangratee who briefed us on what had been arranged over the next few days.

Although it was a Friday afternoon and there was never any guarantee as to when we would arrive, an initial kick off meeting was hastily arranged. The venue for this and all meetings in Darjeeling, except for Sunday when we went to the Mt. Herman Church, was an abandoned and somewhat derelict picture theatre on the other side of downtown Darjeeling, which, like most buildings, clung precariously to the side of the mountain.

We were all appalled when we saw what a dark, dismal and foreboding place it was. Now, one does not expect to have windows in a picture theatre and we were not disappointed in that, but it had been locked up for goodness knows how long and was dark and musty inside. Outside was even worse as the alley way access was used as an open air urinal, and underneath as a toilet. The stench was something awful, penetrating into the

building even when the doors were closed and we were under lights.

There was nowhere near as many at this meeting as there had been at Butwal. Perhaps there were as many as at Damak, but spread out in the much larger building the assembly looked a lot smaller. Still they were very enthusiastic and a great time was had by all. Helen set up and videoed most of the action and teaching.



Saturday 28 November, 1998. Last night we were each presented with a woven woollen shawl, which was a very thoughtful gift as we had not realised just how cold Darjeeling at 2,200m could get. We had woollen jumpers of course as we knew Nepal was cold, but nothing much

else. We noticed a fire place in our room, but took little notice when we booked in little realising we would need a coal fire in our room all night. This explained the men in the street with large baskets of coal on their backs.



Today I ventured out before breakfast to explore our surroundings. As I mentioned Alice Villa Hotel was set in a pleasant enough area with a lot of greenery. Maybe the greenery was in response to a Kodak advertisement sign in the street which said ***Clean Darjeeling, Green Darjeeling.***

But I was totally unprepared for the view that greeted me as I rounded a corner not 200m from the hotel and confronted the full face of Mt. Kanchenjunga, the third highest mountain in the world in all its glory, in the bright morning sunlight. At 8586m it completely dominated the view even though it was at least 60km away across the deep valley of Sikkim (Darjeeling was at the end of the mountain spur we had ascended and the terrain dropped away steeply from here)



Needless to say there was a scurry back to the hotel to get Helen and cameras to record this great scene, and we continued to *pop around the corner* every spare moment we had during the next few days to enjoy this magnificent

spectacle.

Today was a full day of meetings in the old picture theatre. The smell was still there. We just had to put up with it. Rev David Mangratee arranged with the local very Scottish Presbyterian minister to act as an interpreter. Helen continued to record Geoff's teaching, but all enquiries to borrow a video machine proved fruitless. We made our request known through prayer.

Sunday 29 November, 1998. Today being Sunday the meetings were focused on public worship at the Mt. Herman Church, which although supposedly on a mountain, was really in a valley as we descended quite a way to reach it. A couple of local church members provided transport in *jeeps* which seemed to be the most popular vehicles on the mountain. The day went well with morning and afternoon sessions and lunch provided in between. The afternoon session went on for quite a while and it was dark before we were ready to be taken back to Alice Villa Hotel.

Geoff adds: At all meetings, as usual, the team prayed with and for people. Meg had been praying for the Mt Hermon Mission and school since the 1960s as part of her regular mission prayers. Here she noted that when she and the other ladies prayed for the women there, they seemed to float gently to the floor, resting in the Spirit, being renewed and revived.

Monday 30 November, 1998. This was the last day of organised meetings. Tomorrow would be a free day when we could get out and see a little more of Darjeeling. It was an interesting day, and a day when I think we could legitimately claim at least a couple of miracles. During a break in the morning session, we met a young man, David from the Toto tribe in India, the smallest tribe in the world with just 1050 members. He was then homeless, having been forced to leave home and country because he chose to become a Christian. His English was good and we had an interesting conversation with him about his situation.

In the afternoon Geoff's voice and the power to the picture theatre failed more or less at the same time. It seemed Satan thought he would have a final go at wrecking the meetings, seeing the smell and darkness of the venue had failed. Very quickly one of the locals had a bank of car batteries on stage to power up the amplifier and although Geoff's voice was weak, that did not matter particularly as most of what he had to say was spoken through the interpreter.

We were sitting in the dark in the front row of the old picture theatre and there was a spare seat next to Helen. Somebody came

and sat there during the session. When the session was over, and some lights had been restored, Helen struck up a conversation with the man in that seat. This was the first meeting he had attended. ***“And what is your ministry?” Helen asked. “Oh, I have a video ministry. I take the Jesus Film to the tea plantations.....”*** Let your request be made known!

The man was N K Rai. He was a retired Ghurkha, living with his wife in Darjeeling on a military pension. He had become a Christian after retirement from the Ghurkhas and now spent his time and the little he could afford from his pension taking his video machine to the tea plantations and showing the then very popular *Jesus Film* to the plantation workers. He was around at Alice Villa Hotel next morning to work with us copying what we had to leave in the country. He was of course also very keen to get copies of whatever video he could to supplement what he had. N K Rai specialised in this kind of work and hence they were probably shown to a much wider audience.

Tuesday 1 December, 1998. After breakfast N K Rai arrived with his machine and we set up in our room. Difficulties ranged from setup connection problems to intermittent and unexplained power disruptions to the hotel. Nevertheless we did achieve our objective, the job was done and N. K. Rai went away with a lot of new material.

Wednesday 2 December, 1998. Today we had a 2.30pm flight booked from Bagdogara to Delhi followed by a stopover of about eight hours before a 1.45am flight next morning to Colombo.

We were eventually away on the two hour flight to Delhi an hour late and landed before sunset at the domestic terminal. From here it was a bus ride to the other side to the International Terminal where we settled down for a long night. The crowd started to build up around 9pm so we thought perhaps it would be a good idea to get into the queue at the check in, even though there was still four hours to departure time. We were quickly at the counter only to find we were not on the Colombo flight and

there were no spare seats, this despite having checked as required from Darjeeling and told we had confirmed seats. We stood our ground at the counter for a long time.

Thursday 3 December, 1998. In fact we stood our ground until 1am, almost four hours on our feet whilst others came and went even though we were an obstruction to the free flow of traffic. The ladies retired to seats, but Bob, Geoff and I just stood there and waited. Finally, we were told we were on the flight after all. That was just the start of another mad scramble, as by now the flight had been called and we had a long way to go through customs and immigration if we were going to actually get on that aircraft.

Eventually, stage by stage, we reached a boarding gate and started down the aero bridge. By now departure time had come and gone. Halfway down there was another blockage. This time it was an Air Lanka security check by a crew that had been flown in and would return on our flight, so that at least gave some comfort they would do a thorough job. It did not occur to us until much later when we saw the security at Colombo there was a shooting civil war⁸ in Sri Lanka between the government and the Tamil Tigers.

Then the miracle of the day occurred. Dhammika we knew had worked in security of some sort before migrating to Australia. It now turned out she worked in airport security in Colombo and one of the Air Lanka staff recognised her. We were through. No fuss!

Instead of the normally scheduled Boeing 737 for this service with seating for perhaps 150, tonight ***a new Airbus A340 was on the job with seating for around 400.*** Although we were seated behind all other passengers, we were not at the back of the aeroplane, there being at least 100 empty seats behind us, as well

⁸ In 2001 two Air Lanka 330 Air Lanka aircraft were blown up on the tarmac at Colombo Airport.

as a lot in front of us. We arrived in the grey light of dawn, very tired after the frustrations of the night and lack of sleep. Needless to say we were not very happy when we found *all our baggage damaged to some degree*. Fortunately nothing had been spilled and nothing seemed to be missing.

The flight was already late and no doubt Philip George, Dhammika's husband who had recently arrived from Australia to join the group in Sri Lanka, had been waiting a long time for us to appear out of the arrivals door. He now had to wait even longer as we filled in forms describing the damage in detail and tried to find out just what Air Lanka was going to do about it. I do remember Philip taking some items to *someone he knew* for repairs, which in Sri Lanka did not cost much.

For years the Renewal Fellowship had helped Philip and his family finance a bottling plant for spring water found on a block of land near Kandy which Dhammika had inherited. Philip had several brothers and at least one sister and together with the parents they were all Christian pastors or missionaries and always in need of support. Philip and Dhammika sent considerable amounts of their Australian earnings back to Sri Lanka to support them and the Renewal Fellowship made significant contributions toward the project. The plant⁹ was now finished and our group had diverted on the way home from Nepal to represent the Renewal Fellowship at the dedication service.

Friday 4 December, 1998. Today we went up into the hills to Kandy. Philip organised a mini bus of sorts with a driver for the trip up and back. It has seen better days and the tyres were bald (one blew out on a country road the next day) but otherwise it did the job.

⁹ *Although it was a small operation with each bottle filled by hand from a single tap, the operation was a success and provided a cash flow as expected. Last we heard an export trade had been established shipping bottled water to Israel. Philip is a man of incredible faith. If he believes it is in God's will, then it is in God's will and it will be honoured. He has proved that time and time again. Now I know the Israelites need water to drink, but shipping it in a container from Sri Lanka and making a profit, well, it defies logic.*



But firstly, it was a beautiful sunny day at Negombo and we detoured to the fish market. Further down at the shore line were the boats and fishermen still emptying the nets. It was here we saw what could have been a re-enactment of the story of Ruth gleaning in Boaz fields,

only this time it was the poor woman picking out the small fish the fishermen had missed (or purposely left) and putting them carefully into her basket.

The trip to Kandy was by a wide but winding sealed road and we were comfortably at the top before lunch. In Kandy we were staying at the home of Suresh Ramachandran, husband of one of Philip's sisters. We met him at the Renewal Fellowship one night when he turned up with Philip and Dhammika. He was on his way home to Sri Lanka from the United States but had only been able to make it to Australia. He needed his fare to Sri Lanka and he had it that night before he left from the pockets of those present; ***his fare was donated from the pockets of those present.*** It was an amazing fact that there was always at least \$1000 available on any Friday or Sunday night meeting of the Renewal Fellowship. Giving took on a new meaning within that group, and great rewards flowed from it.

Suresh had been an accomplished entertainer and high flyer on the world entertainment stage for many years. He had then *seen the light*, renounced his past wild life and became a Christian. He was now a high power evangelist and pastor¹⁰ back in his home town of Kandy. He had rented a large house, which easily

¹⁰ It is not easy to be an outspoken Christian in a country like Sri Lanka, where religious tolerance is low. Suresh went through a particularly hard time a few years ago to the extent of spending time in jail.

accommodated the group for the night, and we certainly appreciated his hospitality.

Saturday 5 December, 1998. Today was the dedication and opening of Philip's bottled water project. It was located in hilly country some 20km out from Kandy. The water bottling plant was quite simple, and with one tap from which bottles would be hand filled could hardly be called a *plant*. The open rooms were required to hold empty bottles waiting to be filled and filled bottles waiting to be transported to Colombo. The spring was of course at a higher point and the water just gravitated down to the tap. Simple enough for us perhaps, but something quite new for the locals, and more importantly, they had done it themselves and had a marketable product.



One store room was set up that day as a chapel and the dedication service was held within. Philip, Dhammika and members of the George family said what they had to say and Geoff blessed the project before turning on the solitary tap and filling

the first bottle.

Just remember every journey starts with one small step.

After lunch, our time with the group was complete. Helen and I had an 11.45pm flight to Singapore, but the remainder would stay in Kandy with Suresh for Sunday services. Late in the afternoon, we were taken back to Negombo, picked up our baggage at Dhammika's father's place and taken to the airport.

The shooting war was still on it seemed and army personnel searched the mini bus before we were allowed into the airport. Other than that it was a Sunday night late flight and the airport

was deserted. We were back with Singapore Airlines for a no hassle and on time departure for once.

Sunday 6 December, 1998. We arrived at Singapore Airport at 6am with a fifteen hour stop over on our hands. The flight sectors of this trip as you will appreciate did not co-ordinate very well, but it was the best that could be done with connections to unusual destinations from Australia. We booked into one of the short term rooms for the first six hours to catch up on lost sleep, and spent the remainder of the time in the Diners Club Lounge, except for a short tour of Singapore in the afternoon where special visas were available just for that purpose.

Monday 7 December, 1998. Early arrival at Brisbane. Mission accomplished.

The Sequel

We met a lot of people and made several sincere and lasting friendships.

Raju: For the record Raju has gone on to become the leader of a very big church organisation in Nepal. Shortly after we left he obtained a scholarship to study divinity in the Philippines, and thought he could support his wife Samita and their two children on his allowance for the three years they would be away, if they accompanied him. They did it tough, particularly when Samita fell pregnant with their third child. Nevertheless they stayed faithful to God and with some monetary and prayerful support from the Renewal Fellowship, Raju came through topping his class in the final examinations, even though he had been advised to give up at the end of the first year. Not bad for somebody with a limited primary school education.

Then before he returned to Nepal he was diagnosed with a thyroid problem. He underwent a twelve hour operation, which has been completely successful. The Christian surgeon tells how he felt he had to be particularly careful with this man as he needed a *good voice box*. On his return to Nepal, now with formal educational qualifications, he could move, preach, and pastor in wider circles, planting and nurturing many new churches. He was able to move in business and government circles. He was involved in drafting a new constitution for Nepal.

He visited Australia on several occasions lecturing and raising support for his work. We were able to have him stay with us at our home at Rainbow Beach on two occasions, the last being in 2009 with Samita. When addressing a group at Tin Can Bay, he told how he had been granted an audience with the Prime Minister of Nepal. ***During their talk, the prime minister said he liked Christians because they were clean and honest. He was also able to persuade the Prime Minister to grant a public holiday for Christmas Day – the first time that had happened for 250 years.***

Raju and Samita went on to adopt a large family. Chandra and Sanu were amongst them. We continued to support these two and they received a good education. Raju and Samita had a fourth child of their own born early with complications for both mother and child while he was with us on his first visit to Australia. Both the baby and Samita's lives were in danger. There were telephone calls from Australia to Nepal, as well as a lot of prayer. The outcome was Samita did not lose a leg as was feared and the baby survived. Helen had naming rights and suggested Alison. We are now supporting Alison through school.

One of the strengths of Raju's ministry is prayer. He set up what he called his **Power House** at his church in Kathmandu where prayer is offered continuously twenty four hours a day. Somebody or a group is always there on roster.

We had need for all the prayer support we could get following our daughter Christine's death recently (23 October 2010). An email to Raju cranked up the Kathmandu power house, adding significantly to the prayer support we were getting from other sources. We are sure it made a big difference to smoothing out some sticky patches.

Rinzi: We have maintained a close friendship with Rinzi Lama who has a different kind of ministry, but again the focus has been work amongst the street kids, many of whom he and his wife Nani Beti have taken in. We get regular updates of their work and have been able to provide some support over the years.

Bashu: He has kept in touch from time to time. His first priority when we first met him was to find a wife and asked we pray for him in this regard. His and our prayers seem to have been satisfactorily answered as he did marry soon after and went to the United States to study. We get emails asking for prayer support every so often as he returns to run seminars in Nepal.

My Consulting Business. Just days after our return there was not one, but two approaches to buy the company. We had also committed that to prayer, and here was a timely answer. Within three months the consultancy had been sold and we started out on the next phase of life's journey. More doors opened.



Fish markets at Negombo beach



Helen filming at the new water-bottling plant



Dedication of the new water-bottling plant

Chapter 13 – Nepal, India: Darjeeling (2000)

I had the further privilege of returning to Nepal and Darjeeling in the Easter holiday of 2000 with a small team from Brisbane. We flew into Kathmandu on Friday, April 14, and then on to Bhadrapur at the Indian border on Saturday 15, and, once through customs, again took the breath-taking four hour road trip up to Darjeeling in the Himalayas.

Darjeeling

Again, our group stayed at the convenient Alice Villa hotel, and visited churches each day with Dr David Mangratee (who did his doctoral research on revivals in India and Nepal). Our first service was at the Mt Hermon church and we shared in a house baptism in a cement tank in the afternoon.

We had meetings every day until we left. Our team prayed for people at every meeting. Meg observed that at Mt Hermon church the ladies they prayed for seemed to just gently float down to the floor as they rested in the Spirit – a new ministry experience for Meg and the others.

During this trip it seemed that our work in Darjeeling was complete. David, his leaders and pastors, and co-operating pastors in other churches had caught a fresh vision for revival and renewal. They would continue this ministry among their people and take teams into other areas.

Nepal

We drove back to the border on Thursday, April 20, and once again filled out forms at customs to cross into Bhadrapur and connect with our flight back to Kathmandu where we stayed at Aloha Inn.

We hired a mini bus to drive down the ranges to Gochadda in West Nepal on Good Friday, April 21 returning on Easter

Monday for more meetings in Kathmandu until we returned to Brisbane via Bangkok on April 28-29.

During meetings at Gochadda in West Nepal near the Indian border, we walked the 20 minutes from our accommodation cabins to the church, past unfriendly or suspicious villagers. Two pastors came to collect us in a jeep but took another route and missed us. They panicked, thinking we had been abducted. After that they insisted that we wait to be collected each time! God's Spirit moved powerfully in the meetings, as Raju reports about our team visit at Easter 2000:

Greetings in the name of our Almighty God Jesus Christ from the land of Himalayas! The Lord continues to do great things in this land, we have not much to do but to praise Him and thank Him for every good gift raining on us from Him and only Him.

It was a great blessing from the Lord to send us a team from Australia mid-April. The fellowship, the Word from God, the mighty touch of the Holy Spirit, the love of Christ flourishing from our Australian brothers and sisters, the awesome presence of the Lord throughout the rushing schedule of conferences, trips, and visits, overwhelmingly expressed the great love of our Lord Jesus Christ towards this nation. During the short stay of about two weeks with the team of eight people we had the privilege to see the ministry of the Holy Spirit through them in several occasions.

Some of the group along with me had a short trip to the Tibetan border. We started early morning and arrived there about noon time. The towns of Liping on the Nepali side and Khawsa on the Tibetan side are connected through a bridge on Bhotekoshi river and right in the midst of the bridge is the border white line showing the boundary of each country. At the end of the

bridge on the Tibetan side is the entry gate which is controlled by Chinese guards and immigration officials.

After praying on the bridge we approached the Chinese officials to get a permission to enter Tibet. The first official refused but the second one nodded approvingly, taking the four Australian passports from my hand as security, and let us go free of charge! This could happen only by the supernatural intervention of our Almighty God, Hallelujah! We had good prayer inside Tibet, especially on those individual shopkeepers whom I would grab and pray on without any resistance from them!

On 21 April all the eight of Australians and I had a trip to Gochadda in west Nepal and held a three days conference over there at Easter. While driving toward the destination I shared the Word with the driver of the private bus and during the inauguration of the conference he approached the altar and accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. On the same day a Christian brother whose hand was partially crippled for six years was touched by the Holy Spirit and healed absolutely. He was shaking in his whole body and raising his hands, even the crippled one already healed, praising the Lord with all his strength, he glorified the Lord for his greatness, Hallelujah!

Out of about 200 participants in the conference by the grace of God 100 of them were baptized in the Holy Spirit praising the Lord, singing, falling, crying, and many other actions as the Holy Spirit would prompt them to act. About ten of them testified that they had never experienced such a presence of the power and love of God. Some others testified being lifted to heavenly realms by the power of the Holy Spirit, being surrounded by the angels of the Lord in a great peace, joy, and love toward each other and being melted in the

power of his presence. Many re-committed their lives to the Lord for ministry by any means through his revelation.

On the second day of the conference the trend continued as the people seemingly would fall down, repent, minister to each other in the love of Christ, enjoy the mighty touch of the Holy Spirit, singing, prophesying, weeping, laughing, hugging, and all the beauty of the Holy Spirit was manifested throughout the congregation by his grace and love. One woman of age 65 testified that she never had danced in her life in any occasion even in secret, but the Lord had told her that she should now dance to him and she was dancing praising him with all her strength. For hours this outpouring continued and the pastors of the churches were one by one testifying that they had never experienced such a presence and power of God in their whole Christian life and ministry.

Some 60 evangelists from Gorkha, Dhanding, Chitwan, Butwal declared that they were renewed in their spirits by the refreshing of the Holy Spirit and they are now going to serve the Lord in the field wherever the Holy Spirit will lead them to be fully fledged in His service. In the last day of the conference while praying together with the congregation and committing them in his hands, many prophesied that the Lord was assuring them of great changes in their ministry, life and the area. While the power of God was at work in our midst three children of 6-7 years old fell down weeping, screaming and testifying about a huge hand coming on them and touching their stomachs and healing them instantly. After the prayer all the participants got into the joy of the Holy Spirit and started dancing to the Lord, singing and praising Him for His goodness.

Before leaving Gochadda while we were having snacks in the pastor's house a woman of high Brahmin caste came by the direction of the Lord to the place, claiming that she was prompted by a voice in her ear to go to the Christians and ask for prayer for healing of her chronic stomach pain and problems, and that is why she was there. We prayed for her and she was instantly healed and we shared the Gospel, but she stopped us saying, "I need to accept Christ as my Saviour so don't waste time!" She accepted Jesus as her personal Saviour being lifted in spirit, and even the body as she said she didn't feel anymore burden in her body, and spirit, Hallelujah!

On 25 April we held another conference in Nazarene Church pastored by Rinzi Lama in Kathmandu. Ten churches unitedly participated in the two days gathering where about 100 people participated. The outpouring of the Holy Spirit continued in this conference refreshing many in their spirits and bringing much re-commitment. Some cases of healing were testified. In one case the brother testified that he had received healing from the Lord and his swollen feet and the high Uric Acid had disappeared from his body, confirmed by the Holy Spirit.

We showed the Transformation video brought from Australia. All committed themselves for constant prayer to bring transformation to their cities too by God's power.

On 27 April we held a one day conference in Hosanna Church where the touch of the Holy Spirit was tremendous and people blessed by the Holy Spirit and his might were manifesting his power and presence in the place. While people were worshipping and praising the Lord, a prophecy came and the Lord said, "What happened to the vision given to you six years ago? You

have forgotten to pray about it but I have not forgotten what I have promised to you through the vision!"

I was reminded by the Holy Spirit that I had seen a vision where I was taken over the highest mountains in this country with a few of my foreign friends and some of our evangelists and as we put our step on the top of the mountain it started shaking and melting and my friends and the evangelists started disappearing, then I cried out, "Lord where are my friends?" And He said open your eyes and see, and I saw all my friends and the evangelists were scattered all over the mountains and they were coming towards me with multitudes of people behind them. I started weeping and with a feeling which words cannot explain I was thanking the Lord for His goodness, I was laughing in the Spirit for the repetition of the vision which I could see again. Hallelujah!

I have to thank the Lord for His great outpouring of the Holy Spirit and I have to thank the Lord also for my Australian brothers and sisters who took up the burden to come over to this place and minister to our people.

Raju also reported on further developments the next year:

During the past two months in 2001 we have experienced a new wave of outpouring of the Spirit on the congregation. Many instant healings of people suffering from fever, flu, unconsciousness, blood discharge, boils and tumours, stomach problems, chronic headaches. The fame of the healings in the Church has reached many unbelievers through the congregation and numbers of unbelievers are coming to seek the healing, most of them ending up saved!

The Church is growing rapidly in the Spirit, many standing in faith are experiencing prosperity, good health, spiritual satisfaction, close intimacy with the Lord and moreover a hunger and thirst along with zeal

of God to know Jesus intimately and to do his will whatever it may cost. This new wave of revival in the Church is another assurance from the Lord that in the days ahead he has got great and marvellous plans to be revealed and carried out by the people he has called to fulfil his purposes.

This revival is quite a new movement of God in the Church and the leadership of the Church is waiting on the Lord to receive revelation if there is anything to be done or just let it grow to maturity as it is growing by the Holy Spirit. Since the start of the year 2001 the leadership of the Church is busy to pray on almost every individual of the Church for receiving the gifts of the Spirit as well as counselling them in the Word and praying with them at the time of need.

In December 2007 the Prime Minister invited Raju to speak at a nationally televised Christmas Day service in their International Stadium. Hosanna Church musicians led the 2,500 people there in singing their Nepalese version of Carols by Candlelight, as they held their candles: *Happy Birthday to You, Happy Birthday to You, Happy Birthday to Jesus, Happy Birthday to You.*

The following year, in 2008, for the first time in Nepal's history, the government proclaimed December 25-26 a national public holiday for Christmas.



Mt Everest



Regional pastors and leaders at Gochadda



Praying for regional pastors and leaders

Chapter 14 – USA: Pensacola (2002)

My life changed in 2002. I had met my wife Meg in PNG where we both taught in mission schools and Bible Schools from 1965/66 to 1970. We married in Australia on furlough and returned to live in two bush houses, one in Lapalama and one in Kwinkia. Later, we continued in mission together when Meg was able to join me on short-term mission trips to five countries.

Then in 2000 Meg was diagnosed with ovarian cancer which spread. This was a really tough time for her and all the family including our children and grandchildren. We followed the usual medical procedures and of course we prayed. And hoped. But Meg died at home with us on 26 February 2002. The medical people called it a “good death”, peaceful and mostly without pain. I did not think death was “good” but we continue to trust God in life and in death.

Now I faced new challenges. Would I continue in mission? I didn't have to, and it always cost money. Would I continue to pray for the sick in faith and hope? Would I continue to teach others, especially pastors, to pray in faith? That year I retired from full time college teaching and just taught one or two days a week. At 65 that year I was eligible for the aged pension in retirement.

Yet, doors kept opening. Invitations to lead and teach in mission continued to come. I appreciated having family around me, and living with some of them in the granny flat. That became my base for further mission trips and ministry.

USA: Pensacola

A round-the-world ticket, in the June-July college vacation, took me to England, visiting relatives, and then on to Pensacola in Florida in the south east of the United States in 2002. Security was exceptionally tight after the 9/11 attacks in America the previous September, 2001. We had to remove shoes, belts, and

empty our pockets as we progressed slowly through two or three x-ray checks in each boarding queue.

I flew to New Orleans from Miami, drove a rental Ford Escort over 200 miles to Brownsville in Pensacola on the southern coast, found the church and a nearby motel.

Revival burst out there in June 1995 with evangelist Steve Hill speaking, invited by the pastor John Kilpatrick. It became famous worldwide and attracted thousands. Worship leader Lindel Cooley was leading the powerfully anointed worship when I visited and they had a guest speaker.

Lightning hit the main church auditorium building on July 4, 2002 (their national holiday!) the previous week, knocking out their electrical system. So we met in their new octagonal Family Worship Centre seating 2000, built for revival overflow crowds. I attended their Wednesday to Friday night meetings. They sounded much the same as any Assemblies of God service at home, but with a wonderful presence of God, hard to describe, but easy to soak in.

I liked the spontaneous bits best. Before Friday night's revival service some people in the singing group of over 50 people on stage began singing free harmonies without music while they waited for the sound system to work, and we all joined in. It sounded like angels harmonising in continual worship. Wonderful. No need for words!

Later, during the service Lindel Cooley, their worship leader, led spontaneously from the keyboard without other instruments, singing the chorus of an old hymn from his youth (and mine) – 'Love lifted me'. All the oldies joined in, and then it went on to a verse sung from memory. It moved me deeply, from my own boyhood memories, especially as I had just then been asking the Lord for a personal touch from him.

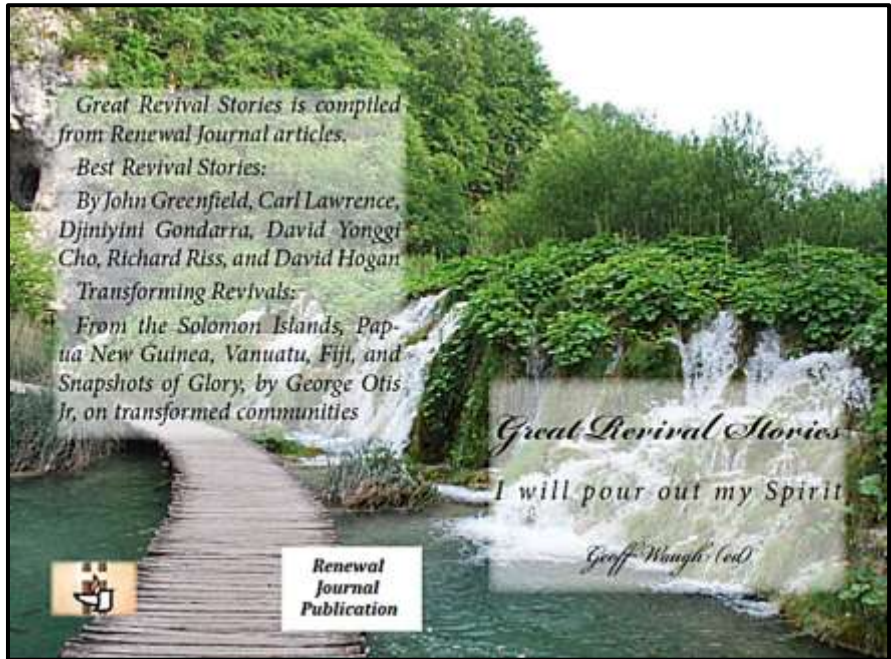
A visitor preached, calling for faith and action. Their prayer team prayed for many hundreds at the 'altar call' – short and sharp, but relevant and challenging. The man who prayed

briefly for me spoke about national and international ministries the Lord would open for me.

The Pensacola style of revival felt more strongly Pentecostal than the Vineyard renewal style at Toronto, but both were saturated in the powerful presence of the Lord. That wonderful presence touched me most.



*Brownsville, Pensacola
John Kilpatrick & Lindel Cooley*



Great Revival Stories

Chapter 15 – Vanuatu, Australia (2002)

Vanuatu, formerly called the New Hebrides, is a nation of over 80 islands between the Solomon Islands and Fiji. It has seen many revival movements.

Port Vila

I flew to Port Vila in Vanuatu in the South Pacific for a holiday in September 2002. I planned to travel in the school and college mid-semester break at the end of September but the planes were full, so I booked flights for a weekend before the vacation. That year I was teaching from 9am to noon, about the Holy Spirit on Wednesdays and about Revival History on Thursdays. So I booked flights with Air Vanuatu for Friday morning, arriving at 11.30am and returning Monday afternoon, with 2½ hour flights.

Such a short trip was unusual for me, but those were the flights available to Port Vila, the capital, so I took them just to visit this “Paradise” of the Pacific. It became a divine appointment.

There I met leaders of the Christian Fellowship (CF) at the Law School. As I wandered along the main street of Vila from my nearby economical resort, I heard Christian songs played loudly, amplified from a CD. A team from the CF had a stall outside the supermarket advertising a Christian concert they were having on Saturday night and selling tickets. What a bonus! I just “happened” to be in Port Vila that weekend of their concert. Seini Puamau, the CF Vice-President, and her friends enthusiastically invited this visiting stranger to their concert, and we shared our common faith in Jesus together in a brief talk. I had no idea that we would share in many missions together and I would stay in Seini’s family home in Fiji many times.

I turned up promptly on time at 7pm for the concert in the Vanuatu Club hall in town, and learned about ‘Pacific time’. Only Romulo Nayacalevu, the CF President, and one or two others were there setting up the hall for about 100 people expected that night. So I met Romulo and sat and watched people wander in

over the next hour and get ready, including preparing for supper. Eventually, the concert began. It had about 20 items by the students.

The CF presented their long, lively concert that Saturday night, 14 September. Items from these bright, lively students included singing, dances and clever skits. I loved the segment when Sala spoke for five minutes, first asking all who believed personally in Jesus to raise their hands. Most did. Then she emphasised that she was speaking to all who did not raise their hands and challenged them to prepare for eternity as well as for our much briefer time here on earth.

I discovered that the CF planned to take a mission team to Australia. They organised the concert to help raise money for that mission trip. I offered to host them in Brisbane, if they wanted to visit Brisbane, and I felt a strong leading to give them all the Australian dollars I had in my wallet as back-up money. That was one of the best investments in mission I ever made!

The Law Students

The University of the South Pacific, based in Suva, Fiji, has its School of Law in Vanuatu because of the unique combination of French, English and local laws in Vanuatu) previously called New Hebrides) and ruled jointly by France and Britain. Students come from many nations of the South Pacific to study law at Vanuatu, many being the children of chiefs and government leaders.

The very active Christian Fellowship regularly organised outreaches in the town and at the university. About one third of the 120 students in the four year law course attended the weekly meeting on Friday nights. A core group prayed together regularly including daily prayer at 6am, and organised evangelism events. Many were filled with the Spirit and began to experience spiritual gifts in their lives in new ways.

Those law students saw an unusual move of God's Spirit in 2002. The Lord moved in a surprising way at the Christian Fellowship

(CF) in the School of Law at Port Vila, Vanuatu on Saturday night, 6 April, 2002, the weekend after Easter.

The University's Christian Fellowship held an outreach meeting on the lawns and steps of the grassy university square near the main lecture buildings, school administration and library. God moved strongly that night.

Romulo Nayacalevu, President of the Law School CF, reported:

The speaker was the Upper Room Church pastor, Jotham Napat who is also the Director of Meteorology in Vanuatu. The night was filled with the awesome power of the Lord and we had the Upper Room church ministry who provided music with their instruments. With our typical Pacific Island setting of bush and nature all around us, we had dances, drama, testified in an open environment, letting the wind carry the message of salvation to the bushes and the darkened areas. That worked because most of those that came to the altar call were people hiding or listening in those areas. The Lord was on the road of destiny with many people that night.

Unusual lightning hovered around the sky and as soon as the prayer teams had finished praying with those who rushed forward at the altar call, the tropical rain pelted down on that open field.

God poured out his Spirit on many lives that night, including Jerry Waqainabete and Simon Kofe. Both of them played rugby in the popular university teams and enjoyed drinking and the nightclub scene. Both changed dramatically. Many of their friends said it would not last. It did last and led them into ministry and mission.

We often stayed at the Simon's home in Port Vila, Vanuatu, thanks to the kind hospitality of his parents Silinga and Aonga Kofe. Later, Simon also led prayer groups and youth teams on Tuvalu, his home country, and became the next president of the

law school Christian Fellowship. Jerry became their prayer convener, and Seini, the Vice-President, also led a team of law students on mission on Pentecost Island.

I met them during a 6 day holiday in Vanuatu, the first of many trips there. I planned to go in my college's September break but planes were full so I went earlier. That weekend the Christian Fellowship of the Law School of the University of the South Pacific held a concert to raise money for a mission team planning to come to Australia – another divine appointment.

Romulo Nayacalevu, the president of the Christian Fellowship, wrote about that encounter in his book, ***Dream On: Connecting the heart of dreamers and visionaries*** (Holy Fire Publishing, 2018, Chapter 2):

I remember the day a dreamer walked into my life. I am sure God heard the yearning within for mentoring. He saw that as a young Christian leader who would influence others around me, I needed to be mentored first. One day as our University Christian fellowship group in Vanuatu stood outside a supermarket in downtown Port-Vila, selling tickets for a Christian concert we had organised, this dreamer walked up and bought a ticket to the concert.

As the concert rolled on that night and in response to a tugging within my spirit, I shared with the participants the reason we were holding this concert. Pastor Geoff then walked up and introduced himself. He was a Bible lecturer from Australia and was in Vanuatu for a holiday.

I discovered that this was a God-orchestrated meeting because he had previously attempted to come for a holiday, but was unsuccessful until the very weekend when we were holding our concert. Even Pastor Geoff Waugh shared that he felt the timing of his visit was a divine one.

However, that was not all. You see, when God orchestrates the opportunity for dreamers and visionaries to connect, there is an immediate kindling of spirits. A spiritual connection that recognises the potential of both the dreamer and the visionary to operate within their spheres of calling. We were strangers on a road of destiny, but through a divine appointment, we were standing on the promises of God, that He has already gone before us.

Pastor Geoff then told me that as I shared the purpose of the concert and our plans to go for a mission trip to Australia, he felt a conviction in his spirit to do two things: firstly, to give our team all the money in his wallet as a seed into our mission trip and secondly to offer to host our mission team if we are to visit his city of Brisbane. This first experience was the beginning of my witnessing practical Christianity where faith was complemented by works.

The concert organised was in obedience to a prompting for me to take a University mission team to Australia. The idea of being missionaries in Australia was certainly an exciting one. We planned to go to Sydney for our mission opportunity, or so we thought. In God-ordained fashion, we ended up going to Brisbane and the encounter and mentoring I received during that month felt like a lifetime of teaching and depositing of the practical Word.

My limited Pentecostal background boxed my understanding of where I could operate spiritually. I was taught, by observing that the altar was only for the ministering of the pastor or elders with the special occasions where the altar was opened for others such as children's Sunday.

Do not get me wrong.

I get the reasoning and the sacredness of the altar, but I also accept that God is no respecter of persons (Acts 10: 34) and He will use willing and obedient vessels to advance His

Kingdom. Moreover, by practical application of the Word of God, we discovered that God was more than willing to use us in ministering to those that came to the services throughout our mission trip.

The best part was, we did not need to have theology degrees nor titles for God to use us in ministry. We simply had to be available.

Through our availability, we saw lives being surrendered to Christ in brokenness as healing, deliverance and restoration followed. I learnt to trust and rely on the Holy Spirit to lead me into His purpose whether it be in the laying of hands, ministering through prayer or in releasing a word of wisdom and knowledge.

Pastor Geoff guided us through these firsts of spiritual encounters and experiences and we were empowered to step into ministry. These were intimidating moments for us, but as Pastor Geoff mentored and encouraged us into ministry, we felt empowered and supported to follow the leading of the Holy Spirit as we ministered. There was a spiritual hunger in our team, and yearning to learn, be disciples, and attuned to the convictions and leading of the Holy Spirit.

It brings into perspective the reasons the Apostle Paul spent so much time inspiring the young Timothy and reminding him not to let anyone look down on him because he was young, but to be an example in speech, conduct, love, faith and in purity (1 Timothy 4: 12). Pastor Geoff was like Paul to us for this mission experience as he mentored and provided us the opportunity to grow our faith.

In one of our ministry times, we were invited to lead an afternoon service in a suburb within the city. The word had gone out that a group of Pacific student missionaries were ministering that day. As the ministry took place, I looked up

and saw a packed altar as people drawn by the power of the Holy Spirit kept making their way to the front of the church.

There was a tangible presence of the Lord as tears flowed and people were making themselves right with God. I was praying for the senior pastor and his wife and the power of the Holy Spirit came upon them causing them to be slain. I was taken back by this experience. Little me, a student missionary praying for a senior pastor and his wife and seeing them get slain by the power of the Holy Spirit.

I was bemused, but Pastor Geoff reminded us that it was all about the Holy Spirit and we were the vessels that He is using. He also reminded us to be sensitive to the Holy Spirit and flow in the anointing.

Again, at the time, these seemed like strange teachings to me. Nevertheless, the more one learns about the Holy Spirit, the more one sees that in His Sovereignty, God will use any person that is available to be a vessel for Him.

At this stage of spiritual discoveries, I was blessed to have a dreamer walk alongside me and teach me through the Word the principles of growing in knowledge and intimacy with God. Pastor Geoff brought into my life his many years of experience with God from being a young missionary in the highlands of Papua New Guinea to his years of teaching about revivals and the Holy Spirit at colleges in Brisbane. At over 70 years old, he is still travelling to the mission fields of the Pacific and Asia catching glimpses of revival and inspiring many more.

Mission in Australia

After I met this on-fire team of Pacific Island law students in Port Vila in 2002, we hosted them in Brisbane for a month that November. Philip and Dhamika George from Sri Lanka, keen

supporters of our Renewal Fellowship that I was then leading in Brisbane, provided their accommodation. In 2002 Philip and Dhamika bought a 'miracle house' with no money! They used it for the Kingdom.

A lady they befriended bought two rental properties in Brisbane at that time and advised them to do the same but they had no money for that. So she gave them an interest-free loan of \$1000 for a deposit on a rental house. They bought that house just in time to offer it to the mission team of Pacific islanders to stay freely for a month. When they sold it two years later, they gained almost \$90,000, wiped out their debts, and were able to give more to mission, especially supporting family mission in Sri Lanka.



Some of the Pacific Islands law students outside the house in Brisbane

The team of eleven law students from their Christian Fellowship (CF) visited Australia for a month in November-December 2002, involved in outreach and revival meetings in many denominations and as well as in visiting home prayer groups. I drove them 6,000 kilometres in a 12-seater van, including a trip from Brisbane to Sydney and back to visit Hillsong.

The team stayed in the ‘miracle house’ provided freely by Philip and Dhamika George, available for them just when they needed it. They also met and visited many of my family, in Brisbane as well as in Tamworth, Manila, Orange and Sydney – an easy way to combine meetings, touring and accommodation with my brothers and sisters!

Again and again we saw the hand of God quietly meeting every need and giving ministry and serving opportunities for this on-fire group of young leaders from the Pacific islands.

I especially enjoyed their harmonious Pacific Islander singing in the limestone caves at Wellington (on the way to Orange), in the rotunda on the Katoomba scenic walk which then filled with tourists who stayed to listen, and in the scores of meetings and prayer group times. [Photo: team at Katoomba]

They wanted to visit Hillsong church in Sydney. We “happened” to arrive there at Carlingford Baptist (where my brother Philip was the pastor then) on Wednesday afternoon. That night the Hillsong musicians and singers had their weekly Bible Study group and practised for Sunday. We were invited to join them. So our little group of 12 enjoyed being the only congregation listening to them rehearse in their huge tiered auditorium.

These keen young students (now all leading lawyers in many South Pacific countries) spent most of Thursday, and much of their money, at Koorong book store in Sydney, and on Friday I drove them back to Brisbane in a 6am to 8pm road trip along the eastern coast of Australia.

During their month with us, the team prayed for hundreds of people in over a dozen churches and home groups, and led worship at the daily 6am prayer group at Kenmore Baptist Church (following their own 5am daily prayer meeting in the house provided for them).

You can see photos of this mission team in Australia in links on my Images Blog on the Renewal Journal website – www.renewaljournal.com .



*Team with kangaroo and joey
Team leader Romulo with hat*

Chapter 16 – Vanuatu, Solomon Islands (2003)

By Don, with my comments in italics

Pentecost Island

Significant events associated with the coming of the Gospel to South Pentecost included a martyr killed and a paramount chief's wife returning from death.

Thomas Tumtum had been an indentured worker on cane farms in Queensland, Australia. Converted there, he returned around 1901 to his village on South Pentecost with a new young disciple from a neighbouring island. They arrived when the village was tabu (taboo) because a baby had died a few days earlier, so no one was allowed into the village. Ancient tradition dictated that anyone breaking tabu must be killed, so they were going to kill Thomas, but his friend Lulkon asked Thomas to tell them to kill him instead so that Thomas could evangelise his own people. Just before he was clubbed to death at a sacred Mele palm tree, he read John 3:16, then closed his eyes and prayed for them. Thomas became a pioneer of the church in South Pentecost, establishing Churches of Christ there.

Paramount Chief Morris Bule died at 111 on 1st July, 2016, the son of the highest rank paramount chief on Pentecost Island. After a wife of Chief Morris's father died and was prepared for burial, the calico cloths around her began to move. She had returned from death and they took the grave cloths of her. She sat up and told them all to leave their pagan ways and follow the Christian way. Then she lay down and died.

Chief Morris's son, Paramount Chief Peter, had an uncle who returned from Queensland as a Christian in the early 1900s. When he was old, after many years telling them about the Gospel, one day he called all his relatives to him, shook hands

in farewell with everyone, and lay down and died immediately.

*These stories are reproduced in this book in bold print, and also included in my book **Pentecost on Pentecost and in the South Pacific**.*

I met another chief, Chief Willie Bebe, when I stayed at his tourist bungalows on a quick one week visit to Pentecost Island, initially to see the famous land diving. Men, and even boys, would jump at different levels from the 30 metre high bamboo towers with vines tied to their ankles. This spectacle originated on Pentecost Island, the only place in the world where it's done.

The first time I went there, in 2003, my host Chief Willie asked me to throw out an afflicting spirit giving him a headache, literally. He said that 'enemies' had cursed him. So we prayed together, bound and cast out attacking spirits, and he felt fine.

At other times, on later visits, people asked me to help them get rid of strong invading spirits such as one that haunted a house by 'jumping' onto the stones on the floor at night. We prayed and it was gone after that. However, that impudent one 'jumped' on the stones in my bungalow that night, so I had to cast it out in Jesus' name, and it never returned. It's rather weird to hear something 'jump' into your dark room at night!

In May 2003 I took a team from the University of the South Pacific, Vanuatu campus Christian Fellowship (CF), to Pentecost Island for a weekend of outreach meetings on South Pentecost. The national Vanuatu Churches of Christ Bible College, at Banmatmat, stands near the site of the first Christian martyrdom there on South Pentecost, an hour's flight north of Port Vila, the capital.

Hosted by Chief Willie Bebe, the CF team of six led meetings in Salap village, near Pang'i, each night Friday to Sunday and Sunday morning - in Bislama, the local Pidgin and in basic English. It was a kind of miracle. That village church sang revival choruses, but

the surrounding villages still used hymns from mission days! The weekend brought new unity among the competing village churches. The Sunday night service went from 6-11pm, although we 'closed' it three times after 10 pm, with a closing prayer, then later on a closing song, and then later on a closing announcement. People just kept singing and coming for prayer.

God opened a wide door on Pentecost Island (1 Cor 16:8-9). Another team of four students from the law school CF returned to South Pentecost in June 2003 for 12 days of meetings in villages. Again, the Spirit of God moved strongly. Leaders repented publicly of divisions and criticisms. Then youth began repenting of backsliding or unbelief. A great-grand-daughter of the pioneer Thomas Tumtum gave her life to God in the village near his grave at the Bible College.

We held rallies in four villages of South Pentecost each evening from 6pm for 12 days, with teaching sessions on the Holy Spirit held in the main village church of Salap each morning for a week. The team experienced a strong leading of the Spirit in the worship, drama, action songs with Pacific dance movements, and preaching and praying for people.

Mathias, a young man who repented deeply with over 15 minutes of tearful sobbing, became the main worship leader in revival meetings. In 2005, we experienced light rain from a clear sky on our prayer group where Lulkon was killed, and in 2006 during our revival meeting a huge supernatural fire blazed in the hills directly behind the Bible College chapel, but no bush was burned.

Later in 2003 a team of law students in Vanuatu joined me in a revival mission in the Solomon Islands. There we saw evidence of revival among children and youth which had begun there at Easter that year.

Western Solomon Islands from 2003

Don continues:

We had not travelled overseas with Geoff since the trip to Nepal in 1998, but that was about to change. This Solomon Islands trip was the start of a series of missions into the Solomon Islands and Vanuatu over the next four years.

Geoff and the Law Students

Geoff's wife Meg died of cancer on 26 February 2002. Geoff took a cruise to Vanuatu later in the year and made **two unplanned (but might I suggest God planned) contacts that were to change the direction of his ministry from then on**. His first was the contact with the law students, and the second was with Chief Willie Bebe on Pentecost Island. We will come back to the second later, when we accompany Geoff to Pentecost Island in Vanuatu. For now let's continue with the law students.

A team of eleven law students from the University of the South Pacific, School of Law in Vanuatu visited Australia in November/December 2002, hosted and accommodated by Geoff and members of the Renewal Fellowship. Geoff really went the extra mile hiring a twelve seat bus and driving them to Sydney and back for a few days at Hillsong, as well as to other places.

Jerry from Fiji returned home at Christmas after the visit to Australia and prayed for 70 sick people in his village, seeing many miraculous healings. His transformed life challenged the village because he had been converted at the Christian Fellowship after his wild times at the village.¹¹

Simon returned to his island of Tuvalu also transformed at the university through the Christian Fellowship. He witnessed to his

¹¹ You need to read Geoff's books for the full stories, but for the record here Jerry became a practising lawyer and pastor of a church he had planted in Suva as well as a new church in his village.

relatives and friends all through the vacation bringing many of them to the Lord. He led a team of youth involved in Youth Alive meetings and prayed with the leaders each morning from 4am. Simon became president of the Christian Fellowship at the Law School from October 2003 for a year.

Geoff made several mission and teaching visits to Pentecost Island during 2003 accompanied by some of the law students. At the conclusion of the visit in late November/ early December, Geoff and the group flew on to the Solomon Islands. This is where we met the group and this story begins.

Solomon Islands 2002-2003

Now let's have a look at what was happening in the Solomon Islands in 2002 and 2003.

Basically the country was out of control and in the grip of ethnic tensions, which translates to civil war. I will mention some of the atrocities as told to us later. The Solomon Islands government invited Australia to intervene with the *Helpim Fren* deployment of the Regional Assistance Mission Solomon Islands (RAMSI) of Australian soldiers and police to help curb the lawlessness. By the time of our trip in December 2003, their job was almost complete, peace and order had been restored, and they were about to pull out.

This is how Geoff saw revival, recorded in his book *Flashpoints of Revival (2009 revision)*

The Lord poured out his Spirit in fresh and surprising ways in New Georgia in the Western District of the Solomon Islands in 2003, and touched many churches in the capital Honiara with strong moves of the Holy Spirit. God's Spirit moved powerfully especially on the youth and children. This included many conversions, many filled with the Spirit, and many having visions and revelations.

Ethnic tension (another name for civil war) raged for two years with rebels armed with guns causing widespread problems and the

economy failing with the wages of many police, teachers, and administrators unpaid. In spite of this, and perhaps because of it, the Holy Spirit moved strongly in the Solomon Islands.

An anointed pastor from PNG spoke at an Easter camp in 2003 attended by many youth leaders from the Western Solomon's. These leaders returned on fire. The weekend following Easter, from the end of April 2003, youth and children of the huge scenic Marovo Lagoon area were filled with the Spirit with many lives transformed.

Revival began with the Spirit moving on youth and children in village churches. They had extended worship in revival songs, many visions and revelations and lives being changed with strong love for the Lord. Children and youth began meeting daily from 5pm for hours of praise, worship and testimonies. A police officer reported reduced crimes, and said former rebels were attending daily worship and prayer meetings.

Revival continued to spread throughout the region. Revival movements brought moral change and built stronger communities in villages in the Solomon Islands including these lasting developments:

- 1. Higher moral standards. People involved in the revival quit crime and drunkenness, and promoted good behaviour and co-operation.***
- 2. Christians who once kept their Christianity inside churches and meetings talked more freely about their lifestyle in the community and amongst friends.***
- 3. Revival groups, especially youth, enjoyed working together in unity and community, including a stronger emphasis on helping others in the community.***
- 4. Families were strengthened in the revival. Parents spent more time with their youth and children to encourage and help them, often leading them in Bible reading and family prayers.***

- 5. Many new gifts and ministries were used by more people than before, including revelations and healing. Even children received revelations or words of knowledge about hidden magic artefacts or ginger plants related to spirit power and removed them.**
- 6. Churches grew. Many church buildings in the Marovo Lagoon were pulled down and replaced with much large buildings to fit in the crowds. Offerings and community support increased.**
- 7. Unity. Increasingly Christians united in reconciliation for revival meetings, prayer and service to the community.**

Don continues:

In July 2003 Dr. Ron Ziru (a dentist) then administrator of the United Church of the Solomon Islands hospital at Munda on New Georgia, invited Geoff to visit the Western Regions to teach about revival and the Holy Spirit. Geoff witnessed the revival already mentioned in the Marovo Lagoon area around Seghe, which had now spread to the Roviana Lagoon area around Munda.

Methodist missionaries established strong churches in New Georgia a hundred years ago. These were now part of the United Church of the Solomon Islands.

Rev. John Francis Goldie with Rev. S. Rabon Rooney left Sydney on Friday 3 May 1902 on the SS Titus. The party dropped anchor and went ashore on Nusa Zonga Island on 23 May, 1902 at 4.30pm. After initial contact with the local people a permanent head station was built at Kokeqolo for the Methodist Mission.¹²

Munda on the northwest corner of New Georgia has the church's headquarters with its administration, hospital and schools. It lies 80km from Seghe, which is close to the Marovo Lagoon. Seghe

¹² Kokeqolo is the area of Munda where the Headquarters of the United Church is located, and where we would stay.

Theological Seminary is the National Bible College for the United Church.

Western District, 2003

Geoff continues:

Some leaders in the Solomon Islands invited me to come and teach about revival. Ethnic tensions, fighting and vandalism had flared up in the Solomon Islands during 2002-2003. Their government invited Australia to intervene with the 'Helpim Fren' (to help a friend) deployment of the Regional Assistance Mission, Solomon Islands (RAMSI). Australian soldiers and police helped to curb lawlessness and assisted local police to apprehend criminals.

Dr Ron Ziru, then administrator of the hospital at Munda, invited me to visit the western region to teach about revival and the Holy Spirit. Cultural tensions were still high, so the Hon. Augustine Taneko, the government Minister for Police and National Security, met me at the airport at 1am off the late night flight from Vanuatu. Augustine drove in an old taxi and someone hit it with a stone as we drove from the airport into town. No limo for the honourable Member! We got to bed around 2.30am that Friday morning July 4! In Honiara, the capital, I stayed with Augustine Taneko, the Member for the Shortland Islands. During the ethnic tensions (civil war) police had relocated his family to Honiara in the large United Church guest house.

On Saturday night we had a prayer meeting there with his relatives including the Assistant Commissioner for Police, Johnson Siapu. I spoke at their meeting and washed the feet of them and their wives and children, led by the Lord to honour and serve them. Both men are strong Christians, Catholic and Anglican, and Augustine had been a key government minister negotiating Australia's intervention. He rose early every morning praying for an hour or two with his relatives.

Revival was spreading in spite of, and perhaps as one result of, the ethnic tension for two years. Rebels armed with guns had caused

widespread problems. The economy failed with wages of many police, teachers and administrators unpaid. But the Holy Spirit moved strongly in the Solomon Islands.

The weekend following Easter, from the end of April, 2003, youth and children in the huge, scenic Marovo Lagoon area, filled with the Spirit, had seen many lives transformed. Revival spread with the Spirit moving on youth and children in village churches. They had extended worship with revival songs, many visions and revelations and lives being changed with strong love for the Lord. Children and youth began meeting daily from 5 or 6 pm for hours of praise, worship and testimonies.

Methodist missions had established strong churches in New Georgia a hundred years ago. These are now part of the United Church of the Solomon Islands. Munda, on the south-west of New Georgia where the pioneers began, has the church's headquarters with its administration, hospital and schools. It lies 80 kilometres from Seghe on the south-east coast in the Marovo Lagoon, with its 70 kilometres of lagoon with 1,000 islands. Seghe Theological Seminary is the national Bible College for the United Church. James Mitchener in *Tales of the South Pacific* said, "I think Segi Point, at the southern end of New Georgia, is my favourite spot in the South Pacific. Behind the point, hills rise, laden with jungle. The bay is clear and blue. The sands of Segi are white. Fish abound in the nearby channel." Seghe (formerly spelt Segi) in the south east of the island and Munda in its south west both have airstrips.

My first experience of this revival was near Munda, on a nearby island. I visited the area from Monday July 7, 2003, and first saw this revival on Nusa Roviana Island near Munda on Wednesday July 9. We rode an outboard motor canoe with Rev Fred Alizeru the pastor at Munda. Fred had previously been in my classes at Trinity College in Brisbane.

Two weeks previously, early in July, revival started there with the Spirit poured out on children and youth, so they just wanted to

worship and pray for hours. They met every night from around 5.30pm and wanted to go late every night. I had to encourage them to see school as a mission field, to pray with their friends there, and learn well so they could serve God better. So they needed to get to bed early enough to do that!

We had revival meetings there and in Munda, with many revival songs, teaching about revival and praying for people at the end of the meetings. In the mornings we had teaching sessions for adults to help them understand these strange revival events. They had many questions, typical for traditional church people.

Children received revelations about their parent's secret sins or the location of hidden magic artefacts or stolen property. Many children had visions of Jesus during the revival meetings. Often he would be smiling when they were worshipping and loving him, or he would show sadness when they were naughty or unkind.

I visited Seghe and Patutiva in the Marovo Lagoon where the revival had been spreading since Easter. Some adults became involved, also repenting and seeking more of the Holy Spirit.

On Friday, July 11, we travelled in outboard canoes the 80 kilometres from Munda in the west of New Georgia to Seghe in the east, partly on the open sea and partly through rivers and channels, arriving late in the afternoon. Strong young men even carried these fibreglass or tin canoes in one stretch of a shallow channel where we just walked in the water. No, I never did get to walk on the water!

At Seghe the children and youth loved to meet every afternoon in the church near the Bible College there. The man leading these meetings had been a rascal involved in the ethnic tensions but was converted in the revival.

A policeman from Seghe told me that since the revival began crime has dropped. Many former young criminals were converted and joined the youth worshipping God each

afternoon. Revival continued to spread throughout the region.

We took another canoe the half hour across the lagoon from Seghe to Patutiva on Saturday, July 12, and stayed with Pastor Zakia (Zacchaeus). We had a revival meeting that night in the church, and again after the Sunday morning service and in the afternoon. The pastors seemed happy to leave me to do most of the praying for the people at the end of the meetings, even though I urged them to join me! When visitors are not there then they would to that also.

The morning service was still a traditional Methodist service with the old hymns, but the revival meetings were filled with revival songs in their own language.

The revival included these effects:

Transformed lives - Many youths that police used to check on because of alcohol and drug abuse became sober and on fire for God, attending daily worship and prayer meetings. A man who rarely went to church was leading the youth singing group at Seghe. Adults publicly confessed hatreds and many were reconciled after years of longstanding divisions and strife.

Long worship – The worship often included prophetic words or actions and visions. I visited Sunday services in July in Patutiva village in the lagoon. About 200 youth and children led worship at both services with 1,000 attending. They sang revival songs and choruses accompanied by their youth band. I prayed individually for over 200 people from 9.30 to 11.30pm. They just kept coming - mostly adults. On the Monday night at Seghe the congregation there worshipped from before 6pm to after 9pm. After that, I taught and then prayed with each of the family groups there.

Visions - Children see visions of Jesus (smiling at worship, weeping at hard hearts), angels, and hell (with relatives sitting close to a lake of fire, so the children warned them). Some children saw Jesus

reigning over heaven and earth. One boy preached (prophesied) calmly and softly for 1½ hours, Spirit-led.

Revelations – *especially words of knowledge about hidden things, including magic artefacts and good luck charms. Jesus will have no rivals! Children showed parents where the parents hid these things. If other adults did that there would be anger and feuds, but they accepted it from their children. One boy told his pastor that a man accused of stealing a chain saw was innocent as he claimed, and the boy gave them the name of the culprit, by a ‘word of knowledge’.*

Spiritual Gifts – *Adults asked many questions at teaching sessions. We discussed traditional and revival worship, deliverance, discernment of spirits, gifts of the Spirit, understanding and interpreting visions, tongues, healing, Spirit-led worship and preaching, and leadership in revival. Many young people became leaders moving strongly in many spiritual gifts.*

Confusion - *Adults asked many questions at teaching sessions. My study in renewal and revival for over 30 years helped me understand aspects of the revival that confused them, such as traditional and revival worship, deliverance, discerning spirits, gifts of the Spirit, understanding and interpreting visions, tongues, healing, Spirit-led worship and preaching, and leadership in revival.*

One of the young leaders from the village in the Marovo Lagoon where the revival began among the children summarised its effects this way:

- 1. Moral behaviour improved, especially among children and youth.*
- 2. Christian activities increased, especially witnessing and praying.*
- 3. Community participation in Christian activities increased.*
- 4. Household fellowship and prayer increased.*
- 5. Liberty and freedom of expression in meetings increased.*
- 6. Churches grew in numbers and zeal.*

These effects continued to spread throughout the Solomon Islands. Revival movements brought moral change and built stronger communities in villages in the Solomon Islands.

Confusion and suspicion continue however, as seems typical of all revivals. Genuine manifestations of the Holy Spirit are sometimes mixed with excessive human reactions or demonic intrusions. So we have been involved in helping people to understand and participate in these powerful outpourings of God's Spirit.

As we keep praying for people to be filled with the Spirit, and as they learn to step out in faith and pray for others, revival spreads. We don't make it happen. God does. We co-operate with him.

Our revival mission teams constantly saw God touching people, and us, in powerful ways. Many are filled with the Spirit. Many discover new gifts of the Spirit in their lives.

Revival Mission Team 2003



South Pacific revival mission team at the home of Sir Peter and Lady Margaret Kenilorea



*Hosts Sir Peter and Lady Margaret Kenilorea
First Prime Minister of the Solomon Islands*

A team of law students from the University of the South Pacific Christian Fellowship in Port Vila, Vanuatu, joined me with some others in Honiara and the Western Solomon Islands in December 2003. Sir Peter and Lady Margaret Kenilorea hosted the team in Honiara. Sir Peter was the first Prime Minister of the independent Solomon Islands, and was then the Speaker in the Parliament.

Dr Ronald Ziru, then administrator of the United Church Hospital in Munda in the western islands hosted the team there, which included his son Calvin. The team had to literally follow Jesus' instructions about taking nothing extra on mission because the airline left our luggage in Port Vila! We found our bags at Honiara two weeks later after our return from the western islands.

The team experienced the strong revival on Nusa Roviana Island across the lagoon from Munda. We took the outboard motor canoe with Rev Fred Alizeru from Munda. Children and youth lead the worship in a packed church. Then many of them slept on the floor during the speaking and while the team prayed for the people.

We held meetings in the main church at Munda as well as in surrounding villages and churches. There the children and youth always wanted prayer, because they often had revelations and visions when prayed for. They loved to lead the worship with revival songs in their own language.

Don and Helen joined us at Munda where Helen again recorded teaching and worship on video, now on DVD.

Don continues with more details:

Our Trip, 4-12 December 2003

Geoff went to Vanuatu on a mission in late November supported by the law students. They would then fly together across to Honiara from Port Vila on Thursday night, 4 December, and carry onto Seghe or Munda next day to check out the revival both there and in the Marovo Lagoon. We would meet up with them, which we did *by a set of curious chances* that only God could organise, as when we left Brisbane we didn't really know whether we would end up in Seghe or Munda. Once again having said we would go, everything worked out well as it had on every previous occasion. In fact it usually works out better than expected, in unexpected ways.

We arrived in Honiara around mid-afternoon on Thursday 4 December with an onward ticket to Seghe next morning and a return ticket from Munda the following Thursday. Seghe is a one hour flight from Honiara, and Munda is about twenty minutes further on.

Dr. (medical) Rooney Jaquilly, a relative of our good friend Rev. Gideon Tuke, stepped forward to claim us as his friends. This was greatly appreciated and we were soon loaded into Rooney's car and on our way to the Anglican Melanesian Brotherhood Chester Rest House for an overnight stay pending Geoff and the team's arrival from Vanuatu later that night.

We would not see Gideon this trip as he was on a three year scholarship in St. Louis in the USA. Nevertheless he made sure Rooney would look after us. We would meet Gideon's wife Vasily later at Munda.

We went to bed that night without any word from Geoff. When we woke in the morning we had a ticket for a flight to Seghe later that morning where we thought the action would be, but had not heard from Geoff. About 8am phone contact was established. He and the team had not long arrived, the flight from Vanuatu being very, very late, and their baggage was left behind in Vanuatu. All they had was what they were wearing. The team and Geoff were then at the home of Sir Peter and Lady Margaret Kenilorea, the first Prime Minister and now Speaker in the Parliament. Their daughter Pamela was a law student at Port Vila. They were well looked after.

We had to get tickets to Munda. Fortunately the airline office was just down the street and it was not much of a problem as the flight we were on landed at Seghe and carried on to Munda. Provided nobody boarded at Seghe, our seats would still be available for the last leg. We went out to the airport and met Geoff who was also booked on the morning flight to Munda. The team would follow on an afternoon flight.

There were two flights to Munda that morning, but nobody seemed to know which one we were on, or when it would leave. It's all very laid back in the islands so we just took shelter from the sun under an awning facing the tarmac and looked out at a lone Twin Otter on the tarmac.

While we were waiting with others, Geoff spotted Ron Ziru, who as it turned out was also booked on the flight to Munda. Calvin Ziru, Ron's son, was a law student in Port Vila and was coming to Munda with the law students team, so I guess it was also reasonable to assume Ron would look after the team's accommodation.

Also as we waited for our flight we watched an Australian Army Caribou aircraft land, taxi and park close into the terminal. The rear loading door dropped to the ground and a group of ragged handcuffed men were marched out onto the tarmac. We were now observing the *ethnic tensions* first hand.

Geoff, Ron and ourselves were all on the same flight and the first to leave Honiara. We arrived at Munda around lunch time. There was a brand new truck belonging to the hospital to meet Ron. Geoff, Helen and I climbed onto the back and we set off for Ron's home driving straight down the rather long and very potholed airstrip runway for the first part of the trip of a couple of kilometres.

Mission in Munda

We were accepted and made very welcome by both Ron and his wife Nancy at the Ziru home. It was not a large house, probably three bed rooms, lounge, kitchen out the back and a closed in front veranda. There was one bathroom/ WC toilet with water pumped up to it from a rather noisy electric pump. It was on high stumps and not unlike a lot of Queensland houses. There were some rooms underneath and an area for laundry of sorts in the back yard.

Out of all this we were given a good bed in our own room, still unaware that when the eleven strong team arrived later that afternoon there would be fourteen guests in that house as well as Ron and Nancy. After the arrival of the team the kitchen was a food production line – always busy with many hands preparing, cooking and cleaning up, and of course there was always a queue for the bathroom, but nevertheless it worked very well.

There is not much at Munda. Just a couple of shops, a bank, a post office, and telecom centre, the airstrip and a small port, as well as the United Church headquarters. The United Church hospital, known as the Helena Goldie Hospital, is a small hospital

originally set up by the Rev. Goldie and named after his wife. Ron Ziru, a doctor of dentistry, was the present administrator.

Late afternoon the team arrived – all eleven of them in what they stood up in as their baggage was still back in Port Vila. They would beg, borrow, and swap these clothes for the next fortnight. We could now put faces to the very familiar names, although picking Jerry from Simon from Romulo did not come easily to a couple of now elderly Australians. They were as switched on a group of youth as could be imagined, all on fire for Christ. They were all from the families of chiefs or leaders in the communities of their home lands, and when they had law degrees it augured well for the future¹³ of the Pacific Island Nations.

There was one white face amongst them belonging to Jamie Crossen, son of Dale Crossen with whom I had worked in the Queensland power industry. Jamie had met up with the group at the Kenmore Baptist Church during their visit to Australia and was now, like us, tagging along.

Ron, we found, was very fortunate to be alive. He came home one night during the civil war to be confronted in his lounge room by an assailant who put a gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. Ron heard the click, but the gun did not go off. The assailant then pointed the gun at the ceiling and it did go off. The assailant took fright and ran off no doubt wondering just what was going on. We were living among people who had been through a lot of trauma during the past couple of years.

¹³ *There is a lot to tell about what actually happened after graduation, but without exception they all took on responsible positions back in their own countries. I can't recall all the details. Jerry and Simon have already had a mention. Seine a Fijian girl became a crown prosecutor. Calvin Ziru became lawyer to the Solomon Island's Parliament. And so it went on. We would meet up with many of them again when on missions with Geoff to Pentecost Island, Vanuatu.*

Why Were We Here?

Helen had a video ministry. She now had a digital video camera and an editing program and could produce high quality DVDs. DVD players and TV monitors were becoming available even in isolated communities, so here was another grand opportunity to multiply the word especially with the opportunity to witness and record special events in a real revival situation. It was a unique opportunity not to be missed.

Then there was Geoff himself. In the past he was often accompanied by his wife Meg, but now without her, we felt we could, if nothing else, provide some measure of support by just being there as travelling companions. He had enough to do just teaching and preaching. We also enjoyed the experience of just being present at meetings, and being down the back, could provide feedback as to what was happening amongst those too shy to sit closer to the front.

The Munda Meetings

Being December, school was over for the year and Rev. Fred Aleziru,¹⁴ the local minister had organised a camp for Sunday School students, all 400 of them, at the Kokeqolo complex. This was an interesting collection of three large buildings, all of which had served as a church at some time.

On entering the grounds the first building was the original church, now just a structure with open sides and a sago palm thatched roof. It was huge and would have held, at a guess, 500 or more people.

Just past this was the second church now used as a hall. It was about the same size but of a more conventional timber

¹⁴ Fred had been a student of Geoff's at the Uniting Church of Queensland's Trinity Theological College, Auchenflower

construction. In this building 400 Sunday School students slept on the hard concrete floor and were fed their daily ration of rice.

Further in again was the newest building, now used as the church. All meetings were held here. We had a walk of about 800m from the Ziru residence to the complex.

Friday Night 5 December, 2003. No doubt most people would have known of Geoff, but nothing was known of Don and Helen Hill – they just turned up.

Just on dark the group set off down the track in the direction of the church buildings for an evening meeting.



As we approached the first building, the first church with the thatched roof, we were aware of a large gathering of people. Now, with the open sides there was no need to go in through

a doorway, so we (Helen and I) just walked up to a position along the side where we could see the stage and see what was going on. We had just walked into one of the greatest shows of our life. It was the “thank you” celebration and farewell from the local people for the RAMSI contingent about to leave for home (the Regional Assistance Mission, Solomon Islands).

We set up the tripod, turned on the camera to record the night, and remained there for the whole show. This was a sincere and as genuine a “thank you” as possible from people who had been through hell during the past two years and we felt very proud to be Australians as group by group from the schools and the community presented their *skits* and delivered an address and a thank you message. There were some very polished and practiced performances. What a privilege it was to be the only Australians present (apart from the RAMSI police).

Further on in the church building Geoff and the team held their meeting, which also went well into the night. Late night meetings become understandable when it is realised how much cooler it is at night. From here on there were meetings most mornings and afternoons and always at night. Here is what Geoff had to say in his book *South Pacific Revivals*.

We held meetings in the main church at Munda and in surrounding villages and churches as well. Children and youth always responded freely. They usually led the worship with revival songs. Their simple, strong faith and ardent love for Jesus touched us all. I really appreciated one of them praying for me with humble prophetic insight. Many revival leaders are very young.

We taught in morning sessions about revival and answered questions. One mother, for example, asked about the meaning of her young son's vision of Jesus standing with one foot in heaven and one foot on the earth. What a beautiful, powerful picture of Jesus' claim that all authority in heaven and on earth has been given to him (Matthew 28:8), seen in a child's vision.

Those powerful, yet simple and natural effects of revival in strong worship, visions, revelations, healings and deliverance continued to spread throughout the Solomon Islands.



Each meeting was different. The law students often took part with mime and dancing which was well received. One night there was a singing competition between the choirs from the various Sunday Schools. That was a night of song to remember!

On another night we gathered in the second building for a Christmas party including the evening meal. This was followed by a Christmas tree and presents for the children. I was nominated as Santa Claus (probably because I was the only one there with white hair), but there was no red outfit to go with the job. Peace and good will had indeed come to Munda that Christmas!

Other Daytime Activities

We went back further in history one day when the boys from the law students commandeered a tinny with an outboard motor and ferried us across to a small island about a kilometre off shore for lunch. This was an uninhabited island only about 100m in diameter, and was the burial place



for several of the early missionaries. The head stones recorded the early history of the first missionaries.

On another occasion Gideon's wife Vasily with the twins John and Judith came over from Simbo (via Gizo) to see us. This was a long trip in a *plastic canoe*. We met and talked on an upturned and rotting dugout canoe just lying there between the United Church building and the landing. This was interesting enough, but even more interesting was the procession of the hierarchy of officials¹⁵ from the United Church, including the bishop, who came out to talk to Helen and me one by one while we were waiting for Vasily to arrive.

The church was somewhat confused about what was going on and with good reason. They were not only trying to come to grips with a revival fired up by the children and youth, but now they had Geoff and a team of law students in the area, Gideon's wife was about to arrive, and as if that was not enough, Don and Helen

¹⁵ We had met several of them before either on previous trips or in Brisbane.

Hill were around with a video camera and sitting on their upturned canoe!

Our Departure

On Thursday morning 11 December we flew off to Honiara on the way home. As always flying in these remote areas is interesting with a landing on Seghe and another on the island of Yandina between New Georgia and Guadalcanal. From here on to Honiara, we flew over the sea at just 500 feet. I don't know why, but the pilot announced his intention before the take off so we skimmed the waves over Iron Bottom Sound and had great views of Guadalcanal and Honiara straight out of our window.

Rooney was at the airport in Honiara to meet us and took us back to the Melanesian Brotherhood Chester Rest House. We would not stay overnight, but with a flight out around midnight we needed somewhere to rest. Our flight was supposed to depart at midnight so Rooney dropped us at the airport after our meal. The airport was crowded and disorganised. We stood around and queued for four hours before finally departing at 2am for a dawn arrival at Brisbane.



The team relaxes back in Honiara after the mission

Geoff Waugh
with Don Hill



Pentecost on Pentecost
and in the South Pacific



Mission Adventures

Pentecost on Pentecost and in the South Pacific

Chapter 17 – Vanuatu: Tanna & Pentecost (2004)

Tanna Island

When Simon was a law student, his parents, Silinga and Aonga Kofe, kindly hosted me and others on many mission trips to, and through, Port Vila, on our visits to Vanuatu and the Solomon Islands. Often, I met with the law students in their home to eat, pray and plan. The Easter vacation in April 2004 (for the students and for me) gave us an opportunity for an Easter convention meeting at the Law School and for a mission trip to Tanna Island.

Although rain shortened the outdoors meeting at the Law School on Saturday, April 10, once again we prayed with and for many students. The Christian Fellowship at the Law School was unusually committed to daily prayer each morning, and evangelism among the students, seeing many of them changed. Their leaders were keen to involve students in weekly meetings, friendship evangelism and in mission. I joined a team of the law students for our mission trip to Tanna.



The host church at White Sands had invited the team. It was linked with the Upper Room church in Port Vila, which many of the law students attended. We flew south for an hour to the small international airport on the western side of the island and then rode in a truck across the hills on a rough dirt road to White Sands on the eastern side. It is close to Mount Yasur volcano, which gives a red glow to the area at night. We also enjoyed the hot springs on the nearby beach.

The church arranged for teaching meetings in their building in the mornings and crusade meetings for the village on the grounds near the chief's meeting house (nakamal) at night. People attended from other villages as well, some even walking across the island from Green Point on the south west, for Wednesday to Sunday, April 21-25. The students have a strong impact and were a great help with prayer and preparation, testimonies, items and praying with and for people, especially the young people. We flew back to Port Vila on Monday morning and I connected with the flight to Brisbane that same afternoon, retuning in time for teaching at Christian Heritage College that week. My students always appreciated hearing about mission and revival.



Mission team at Mount Yasur volcano

Pentecost Island

By 2004, the Churches of Christ national Bible College at Banmatmat on Pentecost Island increasingly became a centre for revival teaching. Pastor Lewis Wari and his wife Merilyn hosted these gatherings at the Bible College, and later on Lewis spoke at many island churches as the President of the Churches of Christ. Lewis had been a leader in strong revival movements on South Pentecost as a young pastor from 1988.

Our leaders' seminars and youth conventions at the Bible College focused on revival. The college hosted regular courses and seminars on revival for a month at a time, each day beginning with prayer together from 6am, and even earlier from 4.30am in the youth convention in December, 2004, as God's Spirit moved on the youth leaders in that area.

Morning sessions continued from 8am to noon, with teaching and ministry. As the Spirit moved on the group, they continued to repent and seek God for further anointing and impartation of the Spirit in their lives. Afternoon sessions featured sharing and testimonies of what God is doing. Each evening became a revival meeting at the Bible College with worship, sharing, preaching, and powerful times of ministry to everyone seeking prayer.

Teams from the Bible College led revival meetings in village churches each weekend. Many of these went late as the Spirit moved on the people with deep repentance, reconciliation, forgiveness, and prayer for healing and empowering.

The church arranged for more revival teaching at their national Bible College for two weeks to over two dozen church leaders. On the weekend in the middle of that course, teams from the college held mission meetings simultaneously in seven different villages. Every village saw strong responses, including a team that held their meeting in the chief's meeting house of their village, and the first to respond was a fellow from the 'custom' traditional heathen village called Bunlap.

Through 2004-2005 we held many revival leadership meetings at the Bible College, usually in my vacations from college in Brisbane. Don and Helen Hill from the Renewal Fellowship in Brisbane joined me there for some visits. They provided needed portable generators and lawn mowers and Don repaired the electrical wiring and installations at the Bible College. Helen recorded my teaching sessions, now available on DVD. Friends around the world, such as in Kenya, Nepal and the Pacific, have used those DVDs for their leadership training.

Chief Willie asked for a team to come to pray over his home and tourist bungalows. Witchcraft magic concerned him. So a prophetic and deliverance team of leaders at the Bible College of about six people prayed there. Mathias reported that they located witchcraft items in the ground, removed them and claimed the power of Jesus' blood to cleanse and heal the land. He wrote:

The deliverance ministry group left the college by boat and when they arrived at the Bungalows they prayed together. After they prayed together they divided into two groups.

There is one person in each of these two groups that has a gift from the Lord that the Holy Spirit reveals where the witchcraft powers are, such as bones from dead babies or stones. These witchcraft powers are always found in the ground outside the houses or sometimes in the houses. So when the Holy Spirit reveals to that person the right spot where the witchcraft power is, then they have to dig it up with a spade.

When they dug it out from the soil they prayed over it and bound the power of that witchcraft in the name of Jesus. Then they claimed the blood of Jesus in that place.

Something very important when joining the deliverance group is that everyone in the group must be fully

committed to the Lord and must be strong in their faith because sometimes the witchcraft power can affect the ones that are not really committed and do not have faith.

After they finished the deliverance ministry they came together again and just gave praise to the Lord in singing and prayer. Then they closed with a Benediction.

Those Bible College sessions seemed like preparation for revival. Every session led into ministry. Repentance went deep. Prayer began early in the mornings, and went late into the nights. I taught revival courses at Banmatmat in my Brisbane college breaks during these visits:

April 14-19 (planning), October 18-31, and December 12-18 (camp), in 2004.

March 28-April 22, June 13-July 5, and September 21-October 8, in 2005.

Don and Helen joined me in October 2004 and April and September-October in 2005. Don gives details of those visits in Chapters 19-21.

Village evangelism teams from South Pentecost continue to witness in the villages, and visit other islands. Six people from these teams came to Brisbane and were then part of 15 from Pentecost Island on mission in the Solomon Islands in 2006.

Law students return to Pentecost

A law student team from Port Vila, led by Seini Puamau, Vice President of the CF, had a strong impact at the High School on South Pentecost Island with responses at all meetings. Most of the whole residential school of 300 responded for prayer at the final service on Sunday night, 17 October, 2004, after a powerful testimony from Joanna Kenilorea (daughter of the first Prime Minister of the Solomon Islands, Sir Peter Kenilorea). The High School principal, Silas Buli, had prayed for years from 4am each morning for the school

and the nation, alone or with some of his staff. He became a Member of Parliament in 2016.

Don gives more details of Ranwadi and Banmatmat in Chapters 19-21.



Ranwadi High School Chapel and Principal Silas

Jerry Waqanabete

Jerry, one of the USP law students, spoke at a Youth Conference at the Bible College, Pentecost Island, Vanuatu, in December 2004, where about 100 youth met at 4.30am during the last few days of the conference for two hours of worship and prayer and ministry to around 6.30-7am, with God touching them strongly. We showed them the video of Transformations 3 - "*Let the Seas Resound*" - about Fiji and Vanuatu. In that, every time a village leader publicly returns the land to God in repentance and commitment, showers have fallen (even from a clear sky) as a sign of God's blessing, and then the land has been blessed. See Jerry's comment on this in his report on page 111.

That also happened to the Pentecost leaders the first time we went to the sacred 'Mele' palm tree site near the Bible College where Lulkon, the martyr was killed and eaten (though everyone who ate him soon died from dysentery). He gave his life so that his Pentecost friend Thomas (converted in Bundaberg, Queensland as a 'kanaka' working on sugar cane plantations) could live and bring the gospel to his people. As we prayed, standing under the Mele palm, a warm, light shower fell on us all from a clear sky - a sign of God's anointing, and blessing.

Jerry married Pam (another law student who was with my teams in Pentecost Island) in December 2004 after his graduation. Jerry is the grandson of the village chief, and Pam is the daughter of the first Prime Minister of the Solomon Islands - both of them are anointed by God for leadership. They attended Redeemer Christian Church, an independent church in Suva founded by a Nigerian missionary, where Romulo (former CF President in the law school in Vanuatu, and mission team leader in Australia) and many of the law graduates attended.

Following the youth camp on Pentecost Island, Jerry returned to his home village to stir up prayer and revival again. As a grandson of the chief, and with his cousin, he dedicated the sea and land in his village to God, and again light rain fell on them from a clear sky.



Student Jerry at the sacred Mele palm tree

Chapter 18 – Nepal (2004, 2014)

During the September mid-semester break at college I was able to return to Nepal with our friends Bob and Jill Densley. They had first invited me when Bob was working there with the United Nations and also helping local pastors.

So again I we flew into Kathmandu after an overnight rest at Bangkok airport, arriving at Kathmandu soon after mid-day on Thursday, September 9. Raju's friends found their way to the airport amid tight security due to Maoist threats. At that time some western based hotels had been bombed so our hosts, Hosanna Church, arranged for we three westerners to stay at the safer Buddhist owned Grand Norling Resort on the edge of the city. This was upmarket for us, with a beautiful wide winding central staircase leading to beautifully tiled spacious rooms upstairs with their own bathroom attached. It was, in fact, so impressive that on many days we had to wait for a local film crew to finish filming scenes there! So we had a glimpse of the stunning film stars, surrounded by large groups of technicians.

Every night there were full time night watchmen walking around the buildings banging their stick loudly on the ground so that nearby soldiers on the road would not mistake them as terrorists. Before coming here I recently read how Chinese pastors learned to jump out windows to escape capture, and so I checked my window exit route. It was rather high on the upstairs floor, but possible to manage a window escape via some nearby ledges!

We had visits from our friend Pastor Rinzi there also, as well as from Pastor Raju, our main host. Each day we went to Hosanna Church for leadership teaching sessions and for revival rallies, always praying in faith with large numbers after each meeting, and getting them to pray for each other – so easy for them, not needing an interpreter nearby as we did.

We then travelled in mini buses from 6am to 3pm from Kathmandu down the ranges to the Indian border plains at Gochadda once again, and again a full church of pastors and leaders crammed into each session till Monday night. Again many of them had walked for days from remote mountain villages to join us. Such hunger and faith makes a wonderful atmosphere for the Spirit to move in power, healing, freeing, and filling people.

After a day's rest back at the Grand Norling Resort we flew with Buddha Airlines west to Baratnagar airstrip and then drove in local taxis to Damak again. We held teaching revival sessions there from Thursday to Saturday, September 16-18. I was especially impressed with the three generations of the Thurling pastors and evangelists, the grandfather having survived severe beatings in prison just for his faith.

We flew back to Kathmandu, with clear views of Mt Everest, for more meetings there from Sunday 19 to Saturday 25. The church had been growing steadily, saturated in prayer. Their building complex now included a 24 hour prayer room with prayer cubicles. People came and went constantly, many fasting and praying for extended periods. So the church was full of faith, healings, miracles and constant evangelism. Raju, ever the visionary. Continued to find ways to develop training programs including for employment ventures such as hairdressing and tradesmen. They developed highly regarded Christian schools which continued to grow in size and quality, often gaining government awards.

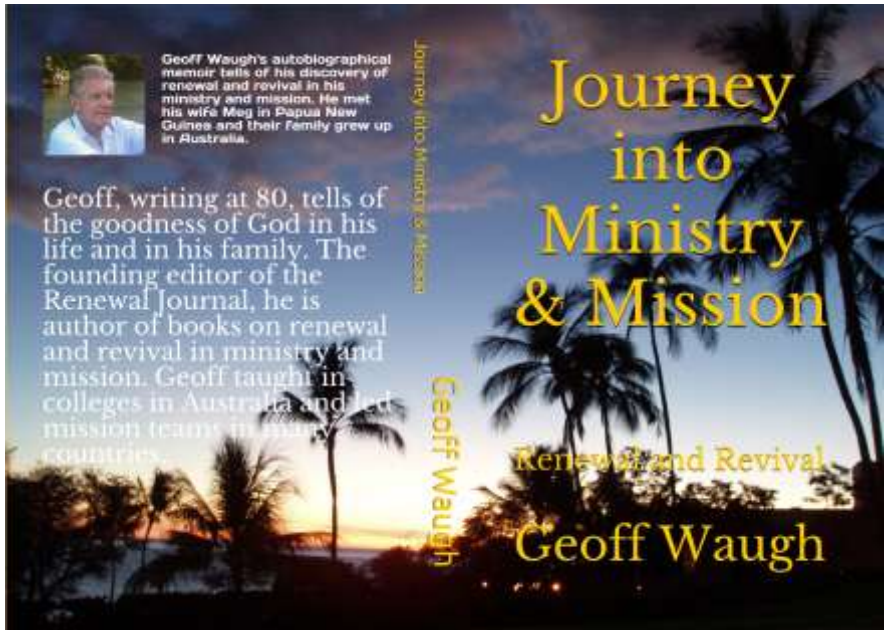
So we flew back to Brisbane in time for my teaching again from Monday, September 27, tired physically but renewed in spirit, with great mission stories to entertain my students.



Roadside discipleship with Raju and team



3 generations of Thurling family, pastors & evangelists



Journey into Ministry and Mission

Condensed from

Looking to Jesus: Journey into Renewal & Revival

Journey into Mission

Chapter 19 – Vanuatu: Pentecost (2004)

By Don, with my comments in italics

We had experienced strong moves of God's Spirit in Vanuatu and especially on Pentecost Island. I talked with Chief Willie and Pastor Rolanson about the possibility of returning to teach leaders and pastors about revival and the Holy Spirit. They encouraged me to do that.

We talked with Pastor Lewis Wari and his wife Merylyn about their long experience of revivals. Lewis held a responsible position in the Vanuatu Churches of Christ and later was their President and then Mission Director. He offered to co-ordinate the 2 to 4 week teaching sessions at the Bible College at Banmatmat.

So we arranged for revival teaching sessions at the then unused Bible College in 2004 and 2005. I was able to lead those 'intensive courses' during my vacations from my part time teaching at the School of Ministries of Christian Heritage College in Brisbane.

Many of us felt strongly that God was doing something new and powerful at the Bible College, and many believed that more revival lay ahead.

Don continues:

In October 2004 the opportunity arose to accompany Geoff on a mission trip to Pentecost Island in Vanuatu. I have already explained how Geoff became involved with the law students and Vanuatu. This association developed further in 2004 with Geoff making more visits to Vanuatu and in particular to the Vanuatu Churches of Christ Bible College at Banmatmat on Pentecost Island.

Geoff was (in retirement) teaching part time at the Christian Heritage College School of Ministries in Brisbane, and volunteered to conduct regular teaching seminars at Banmatmat.

The first course of two weeks duration was to be held in October 2004, and the first of four courses planned for 2005 would be held from Easter 2005. These fitted in with his term vacations.

Leaders from the nation and various churches would study these courses in a revival context, as a college community, praying, learning and ministering together. Teams would then visit villages on mission throughout Pentecost Island each weekend putting theory into practice. We went to record the teaching sessions on video, which Helen would subsequently turn into teaching DVDs for distribution back to Vanuatu and other parts of the world.

We were also able to turn our hand to many other necessary tasks to assist with the rehabilitation of the college at Banmatmat including refurbishing of the power system, very necessary to charge the camera batteries as well as to provide a little light. If God was taking Geoff to Vanuatu and we felt we could be of use, there was an exciting adventure ahead.

Banmatmat Bible College was damaged in a 1999 earthquake and landslides restricted the already limited access. Ranwadi School suffered structural damage. We saw evidence of damage at both Banmatmat and Ranwadi.

Pentecost Island

We spent most of our time on Pentecost Island. A lot of new place names are going to appear from time to time in this narrative. Some you might have heard of before, but most will probably be new, so before I go further into our story let's have a look at some of them for background information.

Pentecost was first sighted on the day of Pentecost, 22 May 1768, by Louis Antoine de Bougainville. It was also sighted by Captain James Cook during his voyage through the area in 1774. It has been influenced by successive Christian missionaries but traditional customs remain strong.



Pentecost is one of the 83 islands that make up Vanuatu. It lies 190km due north of the capital Port Vila on the large main island of Efaté. It is a lush, mountainous island rising high straight out of the depths of the sea and stretches north to south some 60km. It supports a population of 12,000. The mountain range, of which the highest peak is 947m, marks the dividing line between the humid, rainy eastern coast and the more temperate western coast. Because of the way it rises out of the depths of the sea there are no significant beaches or fringing reefs, neither are there any safe anchorages or ports, and although surrounded by the sea, the people are not sea farers or fishermen.

The population centres are concentrated along the west coast, although some live inland. Most places have village telephones

and one or two inhabitants own 4WD trucks, which the villagers use for transport. A couple of these villages also have a small bank and a post office. The east coast is wild and inaccessible, with relatively few inhabitants.

Note: Banmatmat is too small to be marked on this map. It lies between Ranputor and Wanur on the south west corner.

Pentecost Island is notable as the spiritual birthplace of the extreme sport of Bungee jumping, originating in an age old ritual called *The Gol* or land diving. Between April and June every year, men in the southern part of the island jump from tall towers around 20m to 30m in height with vines tied to their feet, in a ritual believed to ensure a good yam harvest.

Rugged country and lack of communications had seen the development of five distinct languages, but most people speak Bislama, the form of Pidgin English that is Vanuatu's national language. Educated islanders also know English or French, which are taught in schools.

Ranwadi

Geoff had an association with two main places on Pentecost Island, viz., Ranwadi and Banmatmat, both through the Churches of Christ.



Ranwadi School

(officially known since 2003 as Ranwadi Churches of Christ College) is a co-educational boarding school. There are just over 300 students, who

come from all over Pentecost Island and from other parts of Vanuatu.

The unusual thing about this school was to find such a place of such importance to the country in such an isolated place on an isolated island. Australian aid has been poured into infrastructure. Anybody who is anybody sends their children to Ranwadi, and as with the Law Faculty of the University of the South Pacific in Port Vila, many of the future leaders of the region will receive their basic education at this school. The school is run on strong religious lines. The motto is Luke 2:52 - *and Jesus grew in wisdom and stature and in favour with God and men.*

Banmatmat

This is the location of the Vanuatu Churches of Christ Bible College. It is located in a secluded valley on the western shore of Pentecost Island near the southern tip about 15km south of the airstrip at Lonorore. It is completely surrounded by steep jungle covered mountains running right down to the sea. The only access is by foot, or by boat.

Many villages on Pentecost Island have churches founded by pioneer “kanakas” who were sent to work on Queensland sugar plantations from the 1880s, and converted to Christianity through a Churches of Christ *Queensland Kanaka Mission* at Bundaberg. On their return they brought the gospel to their villages.

One of these, Thomas Tumtum, returned to his village of Banmatmat on South Pentecost around 1901 with a new young disciple, Lulkon, from the neighbouring island of Ambrym. Unfortunately and unbeknown to them, the village was *tabu* (taboo) because a baby had died a few days earlier.

Tradition dictated that anyone breaking tabu must be killed, so they planned to kill Thomas. However, Lulkon signalled to kill him instead so that Thomas, who knew the local language, could evangelise his people. Just before Lulkon was clubbed to death as a martyr at a sacred Mele palm tree in the mountains behind Banmatmat, he read John 3:16 from his pocket *New Testament*, then closed his eyes and prayed for them. Those who ate his body died of dysentery. Thomas became the pioneer missionary. Thomas lies buried in the jungle within a 100 metres of the Banmatmat College. We visited his grave.

From the information I have been able to gather, Banmatmat College was established by USA missionaries in the 1960s and must have been quite a place. Buildings were substantially constructed of masonry blocks with lecture rooms, dormitories,

houses for the staff and visitors, and a boat shed and boat for transportation. Electricity supply was provided from a generator located in the bush where the noise would be muted, and underground power was reticulated to all buildings.

The place was apparently abandoned a couple of years before we arrived, and quickly became overgrown as the jungle reclaimed the land. However by 2004 Banmatmat had increasingly become a place for revival. Pastor Lewis Wari and his wife Marilyn took up residence in the old Principal's House and hosted revival meetings. When we arrived it was being slowly reclaimed from the jungle, but more about that later as our stories evolve.

Our Trip - 12 October to 1 November 2004

Geoff's windows of opportunity to conduct courses on Pentecost Island were dictated by his teaching commitments in Brisbane. He would finish mid-term commitments on Friday 19 October, fly to Port Vila that afternoon and then on to Pentecost Island first thing Saturday morning for a weekend mission at Ranwadi High School before moving down south to Banmatmat for teaching sessions over the following two weeks.

We had never been to Vanuatu, so opted to go over a few days earlier to have a look around Port Vila and Efate Island, and found ourselves on the afternoon Virgin Pacific Blue flight on Tuesday 12 October. Virgin were consolidating their position as Australia's second domestic carrier after the Ansett collapse and were branching out overseas with *Pacific Blue*. This was one of their first overseas flights on a brand new bright red Boeing 737 800.

Seine, Simon, Loretta and Jay, four of the law student's organised accommodation for us in Port Vila at the Hibiscus Motel, a small place close into the Port Vila township, which I see from the few notes I made on this trip, *surpassed our expectations*. They met us at the airport, took us to the motel and made sure we were comfortable.

Wednesday 13 October, 2004. Today was overcast with a slight drizzle and a couple of muted sunny breaks. Seine had booked our airline tickets to Lonorore on Pentecost Island and we had to pay for and collect these. Simon picked us up after lunch and took us into town to the Air Vanuatu Office. After that Simon took us out for a look around the campus at the University.

Thursday 14 October, 2004. Today we went on an all-day mini bus tour around Efate Island, which was about an 80km drive. Again it was a day of high cloud and some heavy rain.

Friday 15 October 2004. A team of four or five law students flew out to Pentecost Island this morning to prepare for the weekend activities at Ranwadi High School. Geoff would fly in tonight and stay with Simon's family. We would meet Geoff at the airport tomorrow morning.

Saturday 16 October 2004 - Pentecost Island. We met Geoff at the airport as planned and were on our way to Lonorore on Pentecost Island on time at 8am. It was a very easy flight in an Air Vanuatu Twin Otter.

Although over the sea for most of the flight with good views of other islands, the flight path crossed over Epi Island and then on the descent over Ambryn Island where two volcanoes were active and the desolation of the ash plains clearly visible.



Arrival at Lonorore - Bislama sign: EMI - them he, TABU - taboo, BLONG ENI MAN - belong (for) any man, IKO LONG AIRFIELD - he go along/on airfield, TAEM - time, PLEN IE LAN - plane he land.

This translates as "It is forbidden for anyone to go on the airfield when the plane lands."

Lonorore was just a grassed clearing in the jungle parallel to the coast. There was just one small structure more of the nature of a shelter than a building for waiting passengers and an airline office to check tickets. There was a radio of sorts inside and occasionally the voice of a pilot would shatter the silence of the jungle. Up in the bush there was a toilet (a proper one) and one small house where the airport family lived. There was also a row of post office boxes at the house where local mail was placed to be picked up later.

We were met on arrival by a 4WD truck from Ranwadi. We set off on the 10km trip north to Ranwadi, which would take about an hour. The track was not all that bad, it was just the time taken to ford several fast flowing streams, as well as a stop at a local farm to pick up a couple of chooks with their legs tied, which were thrown in the back with Geoff, me and the luggage.

On arrival at Ranwadi, we and the chooks were unloaded with our baggage and made welcome. We were taken to a house and shown to a bedroom we could occupy for the weekend, and surprise, surprise, there was a bathroom with a flush toilet inside the house. Geoff was taken to the residence of the principal, Silas Buli, and his wife where he would be their guest. *In 2017 Silas was elected to parliament representing South Pentecost.*

After lunch the law students staged a mock trial in the Assembly Hall where poor Geoff was arraigned before the court on a charge of being drunk and disorderly in a public place. This was a great opportunity for the law students to interact with the school students and to show by demonstration just how the court process in Vanuatu worked. Seine was the Crown Prosecutor and Joanna Kenilorea, daughter of Sir Peter and Lady Margaret, the first Prime Minister and now Speaker in the Parliament of the Solomon Islands, was the judge. Interestingly, Seine became a

crown prosecutor in Fiji after graduation. The boys also had parts to play in the court process.

At some time during the day I was introduced to Ezekiel Buli, the school mechanical and general maintenance man. He showed me around his world at the school including his workshop and the electrical generator and power system, and we discussed his problems. He had been told to accompany us to Banmatmat on Monday where we would see what could be done to get the power supply system working again there.

Tonight after dinner there was a rally in the Assembly Hall which the whole school attended. Custom dictated we had to sit up on the stage with the official party and Helen had to video from that vantage point. It was another great night run mainly by the law students, who by now had established a great rapport with the school. As public speaking was part of their chosen profession their performance and delivery of their message was something to be enjoyed and appreciated. Geoff took over at the end, but there was not a lot more for him to say. He had a great team of apprentices.

Sunday 17 October 2004. Lights out last night was a real cut off point. The generator stopped and that was that for the night. Today being Sunday everybody attended the morning church service, which went on for a couple of hours. Geoff was guest speaker. I had learned many years ago *to throw my watch away* and forget about time as it becomes irrelevant when worship becomes intense.

The service was memorable in several respects. Firstly the hall was full and that makes a big difference especially with the singing. Without TV and radio, singing becomes a cultural thing and outlet and those kids put everything they had into it. Then there was the dress, especially the girls who adorned themselves in their very best and colourful Sunday finery. Helen did very well with the video camera as we were now *allowed* to sit up the back.

We had lunch (a large plate of rice) with the school after the service. On the way in we passed the store rooms where bags of rice labelled *Gift from the Peoples Republic of China* were very much in evidence.

Helen's video camera was well known around the school by now and after lunch while the law students were practicing for the night meeting senior students asked Helen to video some dance segments they had practised. So successful was this session that the generator was started up, music and a TV set found, and the students saw themselves for the first time on TV. They wanted more and more, and this interaction filled the whole afternoon. We left a DVD player behind, edited this segment and mailed it back. It was probably played continuously when the generator was on, and was taken by these same students *on mission* to other schools or churches in the islands. Sometimes God's agenda overrules.

There was another meeting in the Assembly Hall tonight which must go down as one of our greatest *God experiences of all time*. Geoff included the event in his book *South Pacific Revivals* (page 126) where he records the highlights of revival history throughout New Guinea and the Pacific Islands. Helen, from a vantage point at the back of the hall, recorded this unique event on video.

The night's worship led by the law students started off as usual with singing, then spontaneously turned into a joyful party. Then Joanna Kenilorea gave a testimony about a very sad event in her family that brought the Keniloreas back to God. She was especially eloquent in her address and when finished, Geoff found that it had been so powerful that he had no more to add that night and made an immediate altar call¹⁶ for prayer. Almost as one, 300 high school students, teachers and others present rose from their seats and moved out into the aisle to the front of the hall. There were a couple of slow

¹⁶ A call to the front for prayer is not in the Bible, it is just a "way" to respond.

starters, but when it became apparent that Geoff could not possibly pray for each individually, even these moved up to the back of the crowd until everybody in that room had come forward. Geoff in all his years of ministry and association with renewal ministries and revival (and that was the subject of his doctorate) had never experienced anything like it. The most remarkable thing for Helen and me was we were there and part of it in such a remote and previously unknown part of our world! It was surely a night to remember.

Silas, the principal was over-awed. He had risen from his bed every morning at 4am for many years to pray for the school and here was an answer.

Monday 18 October 2004. We were moving on to Banmatmat today, but you do not just get up and leave after a weekend like the one we had experienced. We were therefore led up on stage again at the 8am Assembly of the entire school, thanked, blessed and farewelled. The entire assembled school of 300 then rose and sang all verses of the Vanuatu National Anthem, before Geoff, Helen and I, and the law students were lined up just outside of the door to shake the hand of every student and teacher at the school.

The law students left for the airport at Lonorore, and we followed later in the morning for Banmatmat with a driver and Ezekiel. The distance to Banmatmat was only about 25km but it took all day¹⁷. The track south from Lonorore was much slower, in parts not a track, detouring onto the stony beach to get around steep headlands. Pentecost Island was a wild place.

We stopped at the village of Pangi where there were a couple of stores, a bake house, post office, bank and telephone. The arrival of a vehicle in the village brought a few people out, mainly people who knew Geoff from previous visits.

¹⁷The drive plus a later boat plus waiting for the boat

“*Good-days*” exchanged, we continued on for perhaps another half kilometre to Salap and Chief Willie's Bungalows, definitely the end of the road. From here on if you were serious about Banmatmat it was boat or walk.



We met Chief Willie and his wife and had an afternoon tea and conversation with them while a boat was arranged to take us to Banmatmat. First lesson; nothing is prepared in advance. It was probably Chief Willie's *plastic canoe* moored out in front, the only thing visible in the immediate area that floated. Soon however, a dugout canoe appeared and was paddled out to bring the *plastic canoe* to shore. We would spend a lot of time with Chief Willie and his family over the next year, but today we were in transit and left as soon as we could as the sun was sinking and we did not want a night arrival at Banmatmat. It was probably no more than a five kilometres trip from Chief Willie's. The photo is of Chief Willie with Geoff.

We had a couple of extras on the boat. These would have been from nearby villages to attend Geoff's lectures. There were also some taro roots and a bunch of bananas for food, but this time no live chooks.

Our arrival was soon noted and we met Lewis and Marilyn on the beach. They helped carry our stuff up to the visitor's quarters about fifty paces inland. Another surprise, the visitors quarters, at least in the half dark, looked like a five star hotel given we (or at least I) expected a grass hut with a toilet somewhere in the bush. No, this was a concrete masonry building consisting of a central kitchen/ dining room area with a bedroom each side, a veranda and a store room. Out the back by a few paces but still under the cover of the roof, was a flush toilet, a wash room and a shower. Maybe the shower was cold, but there was a hot spring

on the beach, which provided for a warm swim. There was a gas stove in the kitchen, which worked when we bought the gas in the next village.

However, having moved in with our stuff, we were taken straight to the chapel where the pastors and elders who would participate in the course were already assembled to hear Geoff. They had come to hear Geoff Waugh and that was exactly what they intended to do! Let the conference begin with uninhibited singing and dancing as it seems only the islanders know how. It was a great welcome and a great night, even under the light of just two kerosene hurricane lanterns.

Surviving Banmatmat

Although Lewis and Merilyn were the *resident caretakers* at Banmatmat occupying the principal's house, Michael and Margaret Watas and their three young daughters were also staying there in a single room in the married quarters. They were employed to do the work around the place.

Their home was a thatched grass hut at Ranputor (half way back to Pangi). Michael was not only the odd job man, but also a baker and each day of the conference baked twelve loaves of bread. We looked after our own breakfast, but Merilyn always made an early morning call with a loaf of bread, bananas, pawpaw and anything else edible that might be suitable for breakfast. Sometimes we would get a few eggs, and occasionally a huge turkey egg, which was good omelette material.

Lunch and dinner were cooked meals taken with the group in the main kitchen/mess. Rice was served with every meal as well as base vegetables such as taro and manioc roots and a variety of unrecognisable greens from the jungle. They did not start their meal until we had finished ours. It was a little embarrassing at first, but it had to be accepted as part of the culture. After a while we became used to this and just accepted it for what it was - respect. Actually the custom was to get your meal then walk away

to eat by oneself with your hands, no utensils. Not us, we brought our own cutlery and plates.

The lecture room was one of two in a building in the middle of the complex. It was in a state of disrepair with a rusted iron roof and most of the glass louvers broken, but the roof did not leak, and apart from the noise of rain on the roof, rain never held up proceedings. For those who rose early in the morning there was a dawn prayer meeting in the chapel. We would either wake up with the chooks crowing in the bush before the prayer time, or if we slept through that, we would wake up to the singing in the chapel. Either way, a good way to start the day.

Geoff's sessions started after breakfast with a worship segment around 8am (yes, we used a clock, it was not always island rubber time) followed by lectures all morning with a break around 10am. Lunch came up at noon. After lunch there was a sharing time until 3pm when English lessons started. It was usually dark before dinner was served in the dim light of two hurricane lamps. A night worship session with inspired singing and dancing in the chapel followed.

Helen recorded the morning lectures from the back of the lecture room with the camera mounted on a tripod and later edited this into some twenty hours of teaching on DVDs, which were returned to Pentecost as well as being distributed through Geoff to other places he had visited such as Kenya, Nepal and the Solomon Islands. The major problem with recording was keeping the batteries charged. *Rolanson brought his generator, and we used it at Banmatmat and in many villages for lights in the night meetings, and later for musical instruments such as electric guitars and keyboards.* Petrol was available at a high price in small quantities (a couple of litres at a time) by walking to the store in Wanu, the next village to the south, which was much closer than Pangi.

Geoff planned eight teaching sessions, Tuesday to Friday of each week. The first Monday was obviously out as we were travelling to Banmatmat, and the second Monday was out as that was the

one day of the week set aside to tend the gardens. I tried to attend each teaching session as although I had attended regular Renewal Fellowship meetings with Geoff for at least fifteen years, these were oriented towards worship and I had never sat through his serious and specific teaching sessions. The program was something like this:

Tue 19 Oct	What is evangelism?
Wed 20 Oct	Evangelism in the NT Church
Thur 21 Oct	Principles of evangelism
Fri 22 Oct	Spiritual Gifts for evangelism
Tue 26 Oct	Revival evangelism in the Pacific
Wed 27 Oct	Revival evangelism in the OT
Thur 28 Oct	Revival evangelism resources
Fri 29 Oct	Revival evangelism visions

Revival teaching began with worship and prayer using spiritual gifts including prophecy, words of knowledge and wisdom, and healing. Sessions concluded with prayer ministry for people responding.

The Rest of Week No.1

I had the mornings free to sit in on Geoff's lectures. These all focused on evangelism and the teachings of Jesus and the way Jesus went about training his disciples. Geoff would follow up his lectures and lead the team out to the villages over the weekend doing it the way Jesus did. Practical hands on training. They would walk (the only way on Pentecost Island) and take nothing with them for the trip, relying on village hospitality on the way. This is probably something we cannot do in our society, but it could be done on Pentecost Island, was quite appropriate to the culture and situation, and it worked well.

Saturday 23 October 2004. The team was farewelled early that morning and after that we were almost on our own. Lewis, Merilyn and family stayed behind as did Michael, Margaret and family and a few locals from nearby villages, so this gave us time to just move around the gardens and beach at Banmatmat sitting

on logs here and there and talking to anybody who came along, something that could not be done as easily during lecture days. We even had a swim in the warm water near the hot spring.

Sunday 24 October 2004. So far the weather had been good, and although overcast on most days there had been no serious rain. However the track over the headland to Ranputor, being in the jungle, was always wet and slippery. If Helen was to get to church at Ranputor, she would have to traverse the track. There was no boat available. Thus we set out early and with Lewis ahead and me behind and several rest stops, we made it over the top and down the other side. With the tide out it was then possible to get through the mangroves and walk onto the beach to Ranputor.

Ranputor was only a small village so there was only a small congregation, but everybody joined in. After that it was an inspection of the church and grounds, group photographs, and some more singing under a tree near the beach accompanied by Lewis on the guitar. Historically this was an important location. The most significant grave in the church yard was that of teacher and elder Willie Tumtum, born 1918, died 1980, son of Thomas Tumtum, the man who brought Christianity to the area from the cane fields of Bundaberg.

For our picnic lunch, banana leaves were spread out in the shade of a tree near the stony beach, and a huge amount of lap-lap spread out on that together with other food items such as bread, fruit, and tins of fish. A quick nap followed after lunch before tackling the track back to Banmatmat. This was more difficult than coming over as the tide had come in with the waves breaking into the mangroves. Helen struggled and at one stage when further progress looked impossible, Lewis, in desperation, suggested we should pray. We did.

Monday 25 October 2004. Geoff and his team arrived back Sunday night, but today, Monday, was a rest day for us but a working day for the locals to tend the gardens in the hills behind Banmatmat.

The Rest of the Week No.2

Tuesday 26 October 2004. Today the lectures resumed and life went on much the same as for the first week. However, as we were leaving on Sunday, Geoff would not take a team out this coming weekend. Instead, we made a pilgrimage into the mountains on Thursday afternoon to the site of Lulkon's martyrdom.

This was a very special experience and I felt privileged to be part of it. Helen unfortunately had to stay at Banmatmat as the location was in the jungle high in the hills behind Banmatmat, over an hour's trek away. There were only one or two in the group who had ever made the journey.

The group assembled in the chapel immediately after lunch for prayer before setting out in single file, machetes at the ready, along the well-marked but overgrown track up to the gardens, where small areas of the jungle had been cleared to expose rich soils for the gardens,. Taro, manioc, bananas, paw paws and other fruits were cultivated. From here on it was a matter of forcing a way through the dense undergrowth by dead reckoning with the leader cutting a path with his machete. It was a bit scary being in this thick jungle, and although a snake ended up on the end of the leader's machete, they were not to be feared as there were no poisonous snakes on Pentecost Island.

Finally the elders called a halt, held a conference and agreed we had arrived at the spot, and there before us stood a lone Mele palm. It was not the palm Lulkon had stood under as after a 100 years that one had gone, but it was thought to be from a seed of the original. We gathered around the palm for a service led by Geoff and Lewis. Lewis had brought his guitar to accompany the singing. It was a special place and a very special thought provoking service.

Digressing a little, this was the time when a series of videos were produced known as the *Transformation videos*. These focused on extraordinary events, particularly healing in various forms that followed periods of prayer by dedicated groups. The one relevant to the South Pacific called *Let the Seas Resound* showed how an area of Fiji had experienced a remarkable recovery after many years when the river was fouled, the land turned infertile and the fish disappeared from the sea. The land was restored and the fish returned.

In many cases where God healed the land following intense prayer, it was initially accompanied by a light misting rain that came out of a clear sky and lasted for perhaps ten minutes - a sign that God was pleased.



This happened while we were at Lulkon's tree. Although we were in thick jungle, there was a sliver of a clearing in the trees that allowed a glimpse of an intense blue sky. Out of this sky for about ten minutes when the worship was perhaps most intense, there was this period of light rain. Whatever the reason it made the hair on the back of the neck stand on end and reinforced the *God moment* of what we were doing. One night, Helen saw light, which looked like a fire in the hills near where Lulkon's tree would have been. Several locals went back up the mountain in the morning but could not find any evidence of a fire.

Sunday 31 October 2004. Sunday was the day for us to (reluctantly) depart from this isolated island paradise. Saturday had ended with a huge farewell feast in our honour when chook was served and we were all presented with woven baskets and strings of beads. Geoff would return many more times, and we would come back on two more occasions in 2005.

Sunday morning a boat was found to take us and our stuff as far as Chief Willie's bungalows where we spent time with him and his family. After lunch a 4WD truck appeared to take us to the Lonorore Airfield for the flight back to Port Vila.

At the airfield we were surprised to find a group of eight or nine Australians, half a plane load. They, as a group wanted to stay that way and conversation with them was difficult. But we knew the language this time and quickly realised they were a group from AusAID in Canberra who had been told to spend the weekend at Ranwadi to check on the aid program. They were not impressed with the hard beds or three meals of rice a day and could not get off the island fast enough.

Fortunately the plane was on time that afternoon and with the noise of the engines that was the end of any further contact with our fellow countrymen and women in a foreign land. Pity the money spent on that week end was not used to provide an additional class room or two, but that unfortunately was just the way it was.

We went to the Upper Room Church service in Port Vila that night where we met up with the law students again and experienced the place where the Pacific Islands adventures and ministry had started for Geoff in what at the time looked like the end of the road for him and the beginning of retirement. Instead it opened new doors in ways that we humans could never have planned or brought about, and those doors are still open.

It will never make news headlines but just think of the impact of what looked like a chance meeting between Geoff and the law students has had and will have on the life and well-being of the South Pacific Islands both now and in the future. Eleven committed Christian lawyers let loose in that society is a force to be reckoned with.

What we had experienced all started with two men, Thomas Tumtum and Lulkon.

Chapter 20 – Vanuatu: Pentecost (2005)

By Don, with my comments in italics

During last year's (2004) trip to Vanuatu Geoff offered to return on four occasions this year (2005) to run courses for pastors and leaders and to help get the closed Banmatmat College up and running again and we accompanied Geoff on two. This is the record of our second trip to Pentecost, at Easter 2005.

We had not set out to rehabilitate a rundown mission college - *it just so happened.....* Without tools and a lot of bits and pieces there was little I could do on the first trip, but I did examine what was there and made plans. I could do something to improve the *creature comforts* at Banmatmat.

We departed on Tuesday 22 March, a few days before Geoff to explore a little more of Vanuatu. Geoff had lectures in Brisbane and would come over on Friday 25 March (Good Friday).

Day 1 - Tuesday, 22 March 2005. We had a 9.30am flight from Brisbane to Port Vila with Pacific Blue, now well established with regular flights to Vanuatu direct from Brisbane. After an early afternoon arrival we booked into the Hibiscus Motel using a *bongo van* (with the number plate commencing with B) trip in from the airport for \$1. A trip into town followed with the first call this time being Goodies as we were now street wise and *in the know*. We changed AUD1,000 over the counter.

Day 2 - Wednesday, 23 March 2005. A *lay day* to enjoy Port Vila, mainly down town at the markets, the museum and the area around Parliament House. Had a phone call from Chief Willie in the afternoon.

Day 3 - Thursday, 24 March 2005. We had an 8am flight by Twin Otter south to Tanna Island. It was about forty minutes, about the same time and distance as the Pentecost Island flight but in the opposite direction. There were no sealed roads on Tanna Island

and we had to cross to the other side of the island - maybe 30km, but when sliding all over the place and climbing in and out of washouts, who really knows how far it was.

We were delayed by a storm, so by the time we arrived near Mt. Yasur volcano there was not a lot of light left for photography, but at least the rain had ceased. We stopped for a while on the black ash slopes that surround the mountain before driving up to within 200m of the crater. From here it was a gentle walk to the edge, noting the ground was hot in places and the landscape was strewn with recently arrived rocks thrown out from the crater.

Day 4 - Friday, 25 March 2005. We returned to Port Vila on a 12.35pm flight on an Air Vanuatu ATR-42 aircraft, the largest they had, and I suspect limited to flights in and out of Port Vila, Tanna Island and perhaps Luganville on Santo Island. It also made international flights to Noumea. Being Good Friday we arrived at a deserted airport at Port Vila, and had to wait until transport of some sort turned up to take us to the motel.

Days 5/6, Saturday-Sunday 26/27 March. We met Geoff at the airport for the 8am flight to Lonorore on Pentecost Island. As was the case on our previous trip we were picked up at Lonorore airstrip by a 4WD truck from Ranwadi School and taken off to the school where we were accommodated in the same house as on our previous visit.

We spent Easter Saturday and Sunday at Ranwadi High School and after a quiet Saturday afternoon started the Easter Day celebrations at 4am with the women's dawn service. Then it was straight on down to the beach for a baptism service for about 40 students as the sun rose over the mountains behind us and the moon¹⁸ set into the western sea. This was a very special place and a very special event in the life of the students and the school.

¹⁸ *The dates for Easter are set by the phases of the moon. Hence the full moon setting while the sun was rising.*

The school assembled around a small semi-circular bay where the water was chest deep on the children. The bay was decorated with palm leaves and tropical flowers. Church women and pastors made a semi-circle in the water as the entire school sang hymns quietly and unaccompanied at the sea shore.



Baptisms in the ocean



The women then quietly and reverently escorted each girl and boy into the water and passed them on until they came to the three pastors who prayed and immersed them before passing them on around the circle to the shore. We walked up the steep road to the school for a quick breakfast before a four hour worship service. At night Geoff spoke at another powerful worship service.

Day 7 - Monday, 28 March. Today we travelled by 4WD truck from Ranwadi to Pangi, and by boat on to Banmatmat. This was a re-run of the trip last year with a stop at the village of Pangi to greet those we knew from last year, and then another kilometre on to Salup, where Chief Willie was waiting for us. As usual there was a delay until a boat was produced to take us, our luggage, a few bunches of bananas, and anybody else who wanted a lift on

to Banmatmat, where we arrived just on dark. We quickly unpacked, refreshed and we were off to the welcome meeting in the Chapel

Day 8 - Tuesday, 29 March 2005. This morning the rain started and it rained and it rained continuously for the next three weeks. From here on we had to contend with mosquitoes and our clothes, either wet with sweat, wet with rain or just plain wet and smelly. Mould grew everywhere. However we did manage to get a small portable generator set flown in from Port Vila just before the airstrip closed for three weeks and I was able to restore power of a sort to at least some of the buildings, working under very difficult conditions.

This and every day from here on started either at or before 6am. As before we were woken by the *cock-a-doodle-doing* of the chooks that foraged around the place, or by the early risers singing hymns and choruses in the Chapel in preparation for early morning worship. We were mostly with them but sometimes we did sleep in. After breakfast we would walk over to the No.1 Lecture Room where I would set up the tripod and Helen's camera at the back ready for an 8am start. Geoff adhered to the established pattern teaching through until noon with a mid-morning break, after which there would be something to eat in the Kitchen/ Dining Room, before an afternoon sleep.



Geoff usually returned to the Lecture Room between 2pm and 4pm for a time of sharing or teaching followed by a rest and dinner before the night worship. It was a *full-on* day and night. *Photo: the lecture*

rooms – one being used as a storeroom and for a generator.

During the afternoon I made a start on the refurbishment of the wiring in the Chapel. Two reasons for starting at the chapel:

1. The need was most urgent as the night services were conducted using the light from just two kerosene hurricane lamps.
2. It was probably in better condition than anywhere else as it was the most used building. [Photo: the Chapel]



Day 9 - Wednesday, 30 March 2005. This was a very interesting day. Lewis and I had to make our way up (north) to Pangi, about 5 or 6km from Banmatmat. We set out in light rain over the very slippery and steep track over the headland to Ranputor and then through the abandoned coconut groves before we could get onto the beach for the final stretch into Pangi.



We were in the coconut grove, when the lightning flashed and the thunder roared and we were well and truly caught out in the open in a violent storm. We went for the only shelter in sight - and old and long

abandoned copra drying shed. It was a bit tumbled down, but the iron roof was still sort of waterproof. We left when the rain reduced to a heavy drizzle. This storm was the start of a very wet

spell and the rain continued unabated for the next three weeks. At Pangí there was a General Store with a Post Office cum Bank around the back. Here we transferred the money for the generator. We were of course soaking wet. We returned to Banmatmat where I resumed work on the Chapel.

Day 10 - Thursday, 31 March 2005. I completed refurbishing the wiring in the Chapel today but, for the time being, it was never going to be more than a *patch up* job. [***That night Helen saw the mountains at Banmatmat on fire with a supernatural fire, and I saw the end of it at the end of the meeting, in this week following Easter Sunday.***]

Day 11 - Friday, 1 April 2005. I had accumulated a collection of old fluorescent fittings removed from various buildings and spent the day salvaging what I could and scrapping the rest.

Day 12 - Saturday, 2 April 2005. Geoff and his class set out early this morning to walk to Panlimsi, Pastor Rolanson's village, which was inland by a few kilometres from Pangí, probably a 10km walk from Banmatmat. They would spend the weekend there putting Geoff's teaching into practice. We would stay at Banmatmat with Lewis and Merilyn, Michael and Margaret and their three young daughters.

Day 13 - Sunday, 3 April 2005. This was a real rest and read day. We did not try to get over the steep jungle track to the church at Ranputor as it was still raining. Geoff returned with some of the group by boat just on dark with the generator on board. It had been delivered on the Saturday morning flight to Lonorore. The boat was the ideal way to get it to Banmatmat. The airport was closed for three weeks after that flight due to the rain. It was a close call.

Day 14 - Monday, 4 April 2005. Every Monday was garden day, the day of the week on which everybody attended to the village gardens. Although Lewis was the only permanent resident at Banmatmat, there were other gardens beside his located in clearings up the mountain sides. I busied myself unpacking the

generator and checking it out. Tonight there were lights in the Chapel, and Helen's batteries had a good charge.

Day 15 - Tuesday, 5 April 2005. Armed with refurbished 40W fluorescent fittings I tackled the Dining/ Kitchen area so we could see what we were eating at night.

Day 16 - Wednesday, 6 April 2005. Work continued on the Dining Room

Day 17 - Thursday, 7 April 2005. The Dining Room lighting was complete and we dined under fluorescent lights.

Day 19 - Saturday, 9 April 2005. Geoff took the leaders and pastors away again for the weekend, this time trekking across the island to the eastern side. I carried on work tackling the Married and the Guest Quarters. Here I found a faulted cable to our quarters, which meant we could not connect into the lighting system. It was still raining, but Geoff and his group just carried on.

Day 20 - Sunday, 10 April 2005. On our own but plenty to do. There was a good beach and we even went swimming. The water was quite warm in places near the hot spring on the beach. It continued to rain most of the time.

Day 21 - Monday, 11 April 2005. Garden day again for the locals. I tackled the library. The book and audio tape collection was vast for a place like this. The books were in reasonable condition, but it would need a big and devoted heart to sort things out again if the college ever reopened.

Day 22 - Tuesday, 12 April 2005. Today it was the Men's Quarters. This was a relatively new building and I found things in good condition, but nevertheless I still had to dismantle most of the installation to make sure.

Day 23 - Wednesday, 13 April 2005. Today I completed the Men's Quarters and moved up the hill to the Principal's

Residence now occupied by Lewis and Merilyn and their four children.

Day 24 - Thursday, 14 April 2005. Part of today was spent at the Lewis residence to complete all I was going to do (or could do).

Day 25 - Friday, 15 April 2005. We were leaving tomorrow so a big farewell feast was prepared for us in the Dining Room tonight - under lights! Some of the free range chooks came to grief today and ended up cooked, gift wrapped in large green leaves (heads and all) and placed before us on the table.



Speeches were made and woven bags and beads presented. No trouble getting the bags through quarantine in Brisbane, provided they were fumigated, but the strings of beads were another matter if they included seeds.

Note the photograph where I am holding a presentation cooked chook in my hand and both Helen and I have woven bags, leis, and several strings of beads around our necks.

Day 26 - Saturday, 16 April 2005. It looked as if the sun might come through this morning, but by the time a boat came to get us the weather was turning foul again and we were caught in a storm at sea on the short run across to Chief Willie's bungalows where we would stay the night before flying out on Sunday afternoon. It was a rough trip and we were drenched again.



Staying with Chief Willie at his bungalows was not a bad option. He had built four of them for tourists who came to witness the land diving. Geoff had provided some of the money. They were built in

native style with sago palm roofs and bamboo matting sides, and were weather proof.

The floor was gravel off the beach covered for the most part with woven mats, and the raised bed had a rubber mattress and a mosquito net and was comfortable enough. They were wired for electric lights for when Chief Willie ran his portable generator. The toilets and bathrooms were down in the bush, and although basic and small were kept clean.

So we stayed here as guests of Chief Willie until Friday when we managed seats on the first plane in after Lonorore dried¹⁹ out. That night, Chief Willie, Geoff and I walked into Pangi by torch light and then inland to Panlimsi to Pastor Rolanson's Church where there was a night meeting. It was drizzling rain again, but the greatest hazards of the night were the numerous fresh cow pats all over the path. The locals in this area raised beef cattle for export.

It was a good and lively meeting after which we walked home. I tried to sneak into bed without waking Helen and I think I was successful. However, Helen did wake shortly after as she thought I was rocking the bed. I was sound asleep. An earth tremor had been responsible for the movement.

¹⁹ Lonorore was a grass strip on a hill side. Although well drained, the problem was a spring near the top after heavy rain. Geoff reported after his visit in 2012 that the strip is now sealed.

Day 27 - Sunday, 17 April 2005. Geoff conducted a church service at Chief Willie's, and apart from that we just enjoyed the beach and the antics of Chief Willie's grandchildren and friends. We were greatly amused with them and took lots of photographs, particularly of some of the young boys as they imitated their elders and went through the motions of land diving from logs on the beach.



The Rest of the Week.

The sun did shine again. Chief Willie looked after us and showed us around his area. Previously we had done little more than pass though. In Pangi there is a small jetty and a nearby plaque to note a visit by Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip on 16 February 1974 to witness the land diving.



We were shown bales of kava roots ready to be loaded on the first ship to come this way. These roots are used to produce a drink with sedative and anaesthetic properties. Kava is consumed throughout the Pacific Ocean cultures, and a lot of it comes from Pentecost Island. Then we were shown how taro and cassava and other food crops were grown.



On another occasion Chief Willie took me for a long walk to the land diving site. As the season was approaching the new tower was being built. New towers are required every year to maintain the required elasticity. The tower itself acts as a shock

absorber in addition to the vines. I was allowed to climb all over the tower if I wanted to, but I didn't.



He told me about the construction, but the most amazing thing was the way the length of the vine attached to the diver's feet was determined. He just looks the diver up and down and from that provides the

required length of vine. No other measurements and the diver accepts the vine without question. Photo: *A vine coiled up and ready for use.*

Day 32 - Friday, 22 April 2005. Word came through the bush telegraph that there would be a plane on Friday morning and we had seats on it. Chief Willie arranged a 4WD truck to take us the 10km to Lonorore to see what happened.

There was a bit of a shelter at Lonorore and a radio in the little office. Before the Twin Otter arrived we could hear the pilot talking on the radio to somebody about the way the plane was out of balance and something had to be done about it. As was normal practice, the aircraft came to a halt and the pilot hopped out leaving the co-pilot in the cockpit with the starboard engine

running. He opened the passenger door and three well-built tourists emerged. Then the pilot opened the luggage compartments at both the nose and tail of the aircraft and proceeded to unload everything. He then reloaded swapping things from front to back and vice versa. When he seemed happy, we boarded and sat rather squashed in the seats presumably vacated by the tourists, the pilot came on board, and we prepared for take-off.

As expected, there were no spare seats, but we were not prepared for the amount of cabin baggage including more chooks with their legs tied placed under seats. It seemed that local custom demanded gifts of food when visiting friends and relatives, and without refrigeration what better things than live chooks?

One had to wonder how that little aeroplane jammed full of humanity and live stock was ever going to get airborne, especially up that hill at Lonorore, but it did. Our flight was a window of opportunity. We could have been delayed on Pentecost Island for another week because rain again closed the airstrip.

At Port Vila we were able to book into the Hibiscus Motel again for two nights and a flight to Brisbane on Sunday morning at 7am with Air Vanuatu/ Qantas.

We had Saturday *at leisure*, but I did visit Pacific Supplies where I had bought the little Power-Mate generator, to see what else there was and to check out lawn mowers as the old one at Banmatmat had seen better days and we might have to make another donation next time we came over. I also made myself known at Agricultural Supplies, another company who dealt in generators and lawn mowers.

Day 33 - Sunday, 24 April 2005. It seemed a quick flight home to Brisbane on Sunday morning with good clear daylight views of the rugged mountains of New Caledonia.

Geoff adds:

That Easter visit stays strong in my memory, because of the revival teaching sessions and outreaches, and the amazing supernatural fire in the mountains behind the Bible College.

My 2005 plans included teaching revival subjects at the resurrected Bible College on Pentecost with two subjects each month:

27 March – 25 April (a month after Easter)

New Testament & Old Testament Overview

12 June – 10 July (mid-year vacation)

Renewal Theology 1 (God) & 2 (salvation)

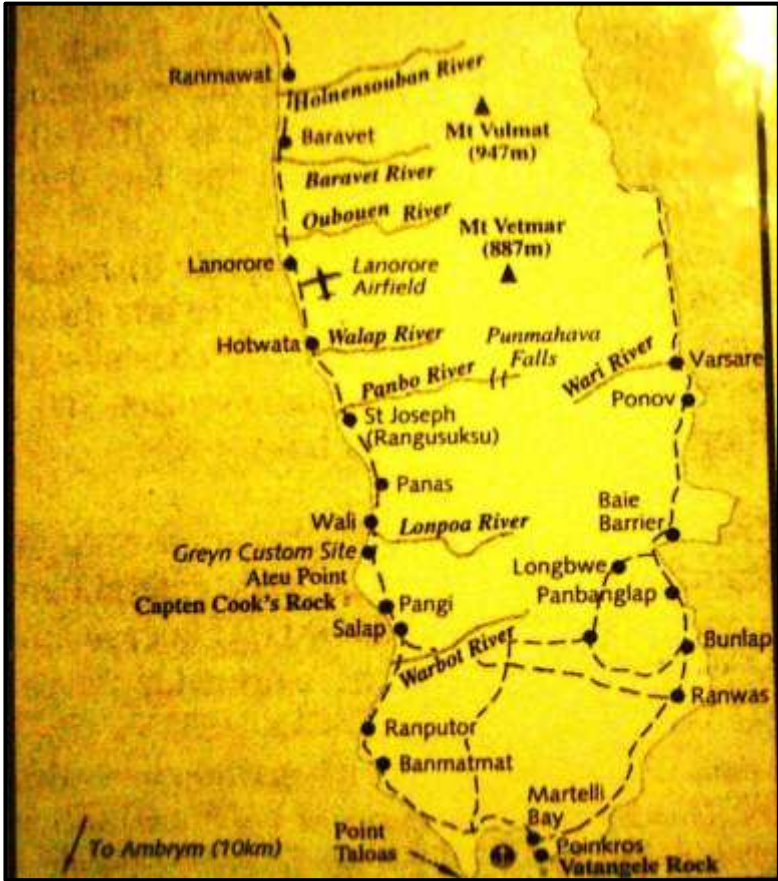
18 Sept – 16 Oct (mid-term vacation)

Spiritual Formation & Bible Study Methods

13 Nov – 11 Dec (Christmas vacation)

Holy Spirit and Ministry & Revival History

These plans had to be flexible, depending on local activities and programs, the preferences of the local people who wanted Bible teaching, and the usual changes over time. Eventually we had three intensive courses during 2005 so the teaching planned for the fourth session was woven into the three.



Map of South Pentecost

Chapter 21 – Vanuatu: Pentecost (2005)

By Don, with my comments in italics

When we left Pentecost Island we were not sure when we would return, if at all. We would not be available to accompany Geoff on his next visit (June-July). The next opportunity for us would be late September/ early October.

We loved the place and there was still a lot we could do. I picked up a range of bits and pieces of electrical fittings again and with a supply of tinned butter, vegemite, coffee, etc, we packed our bags to 20kg and set off on yet another adventure.

Day 1, Monday 26 September 2005. For some reason, which we cannot recall, we could not travel over with Geoff, but left a few days later on the now regular 10am Pacific Blue flight to Port Vila. On arrival at 2pm local time we booked into the Hibiscus Motel, went into Goodies to convert another AUD1,000 over the counter and on to Air Vanuatu to pick up our tickets for the flight out to Lonorore. However, this time we could not get a direct flight and had to deviate via Luganville on Santo Island, which included three landings on other islands.

Day 2, Tuesday 27 September - Bali Hai and Pentecost. It was an early flight today and we ordered a taxi for 5.45am for a 6.45am flight, *just to be sure*. The trip to the airport is no more than 10 minutes and with only one flight with a maximum of 18 people, check in is quick - when the staff finally turns up.

First stop was at Norsup on the Island of Malekula. Never heard of it before, but that was part of the adventures for the day. Seems it was a popular tourist destination just a half hour flight from Port Vila with a narrow sealed strip not much wider than a country road. Norsup was large enough to support a hospital. Five minutes on the ground to drop off a couple of tourists and we were on our way to Luganville on the Island of Santo, just ten minutes away.

We had a couple of hours to wait for the next flight and, knowing this would be the case Geoff had arranged through a contact he had that Dominic, a baggage handler at the airport would meet us and take us for a tour. Dominic was there and we took a taxi into town on a brand new highway recently provided by the Chinese. The Chinese were spending a lot of money in Vanuatu, and it was visible.

We had an early morning look around a deserted but very clean and tidy town. It was smaller than Port Vila, but still quite an important town in Vanuatu with an international airport. Pacific Blue later extended some of their flights from Brisbane through to Luganville.

There was not a lot to do after driving up and down the main street, but the local market was in progress and we had a look around. We bought a few onions, as onions were not on the menu on Pentecost Island.

The next leg of our flight turned out to be on a little Norman Britten Islander, an ugly looking aircraft which I did not particularly like due to the cramped seating and noise from the two Lycoming engines just outside of the windows. I had flown on them in the Solomon's, Australia and Africa and every time hoped it would be the last time, but here we were again in the South Pacific with a couple of locals about to fly across to Ambae Island - in an Islander!

Ambae was the legendary *Bali Hai* invented by James Michener and later popularized by the Broadway musical South Pacific. During WW2 James Michener was stationed on Santo Island and the sight of Ambae looming on the horizon inspired one of his best stories.

The call at Ambae was quite unexpected. In fact we made two landings, one at Langana and the other at Walaha, both very primitive and rough fields in jungle clearings. One has to wonder how the wheels and undercarriage cope with these conditions.

There were only half a dozen on the aircraft (It can carry 9) and we disembarked the other passengers on Ambae. We then flew across the sea to Lonorore, where we were literally *dropped off* as if at the end of a taxi ride, and left completely alone with our baggage on the side of the strip.

We were told our schedule had changed when we picked up the tickets, but by then it was too late to contact Chief Willie or Geoff with the new arrival time, so we could do nothing about it. It never crossed our minds that the airstrip, small as it was, could be deserted, or that on hearing an aeroplane somebody would not be alerted to investigate. But deserted it was at 11am in the morning.

Fortunately following on from our experience last trip I had bought not one, but two phone cards in Port Vila, so I was able to ring the General Store in Pangl, and spoke to John who arranged for us to be picked up. Harry turned up at 1.30pm, 2¹/₂ hours later.

Chief Willie was pleased to see us and had a boat waiting so that was something. The second generator and the lawn mower had been delivered and we took them with us in the boat to Banmatmat. This time we arrived before dark, after quite an adventurous day to previously unknown places.

Day 3, Wednesday 28 September. First job was to unpack the new generator and get it working. I could then connect Lewis Wari's house to the central system and take the little Power-Mate down to our Guest House so we could have some extra light at night and top up Helen's batteries. Helen, in the mean time, continued to record Geoff's lectures.

Day 4, Thursday 29 September. I tackled the Guest House and fitted new lights on the veranda and out the back to illuminate the toilet area (that was, of course only possible when the generator was running and of little use in the dead of night!). I also fitted a separate switch on the light in Geoff's room so he

could stay up later if he wanted to do some reading or writing. We were getting quite comfortable.

Day 5, Friday 30 September. Today it was time to unpack the new mower. It started easily and by nightfall Michael had mown half the main field.

Day 6, Saturday 1 October. Today was open day with a clothing market in the Dining Room. This was quite important for the local women as it was not easy for them to get to the outside world for even basic clothing. Even Chief Willie paid a visit, and after lunch he, Geoff and I took a walk to the village of Wanur.

Day 7 Sunday 2 October 2005



This was a special day of worship when the churches in the area combined for worship at Banmatmat for probably the longest service we have ever attended - 4 hours and 10

minutes, but as I have often said throw away your watches and enjoy the experience.

Day 8, Monday 3 October. This was garden day and a day to get over Sunday.

Day 8, Tuesday 4 October, to Day 11 Friday 7 October. Helen continued to record Geoff's lectures each morning and I attended in the morning for the remainder of this week. As Friday was our final day again there was another big dinner that night when

more chooks met their end and we were presented with more bags and strings of beads.

Day 12, Saturday 8 October. We were all ready on the beach by 10am. Unfortunately something went wrong and the boat did not arrive. It was 4.30pm before we managed to arrange another boat.

Day 13 Sunday 9 October. The flight was 2¹/₂ hours late today and it was 5.30pm before we were back at the Hibiscus Motel.

Day 14 Monday 10 October. We returned to Brisbane on the Pacific Blue afternoon flight.

Helen set about editing Geoff's teachings and produced a lot of teaching DVDs, which were widely distributed to places where we had been with Geoff including Nepal and Darjeeling, as well as back to Pentecost Island. We left a DVD player behind with Chief Willie on this trip.

Geoff adds:

Thanks to Don and Helen's work and generous support we had basic comforts with lights in the main buildings. So although Banmatmat was still mostly reclaimed by the jungle and most buildings were in poor condition, we could function as a college and as a regional revival centre, at least temporarily.

Many of the older people attending these intensive teaching sessions had been involved in local revivals through many years. They understood the principles involved such as repentance, reconciliation, unity, personal and group prayer that was earnest and full of faith, and using various gifts of the Spirit. They were most familiar with words of wisdom and knowledge, discerning spirits (especially from local witchcraft), revelations, healings and deliverance.

I learned much from them, especially about the spirit world and humbly seeking God for revelation and direction. We

westerners tend to jump in and organize things without really waiting patiently on God for his revelation and direction. Many westerners, including missionaries, find waiting frustrating or annoying, but local people find it normal and natural. Wait on God and move when he shows you the way. For example, you can seek the Lord about who will speak, what to say, and how to respond. We westerners often use schedules and programs instead.

“Wait on the LORD; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen your heart; Wait, I say, on the LORD!” (Psalm 27:14)

Chapter 22 – Kenya, Fiji (2005)

I met Francis Nyameche, a youth evangelist from Kenya, when he studied for his Bachelor of Ministry degree in Brisbane, graduating in 2000. Since then I've visited him in Kenya a few times.

His father, Pastor Samson Nyameche, founded the Believers Fellowship Church in Kisumu, Kenya, with 2000 attending, and established over 30 churches. He runs an orphanage for 50 children on his family farm.

Frank had a vision of Jesus when he was five, and was powerfully filled with the Spirit as a teenager. He became the youth pastor in his father's church and spoke at local markets where thousands were saved and filled with the Spirit. Frank evangelised in many places in Africa.

Supported by his wife Linda, Frank began Nairobi Believers Mission church in the slums of Kibera where a million people live, jammed together in small mud brick homes with rusty iron roofs. I've had the privilege of teaching leaders and speaking at meetings there. In spite of poverty and political unrest, their churches grow steadily in this slum, the largest in Africa.

Before the Kibera slum church moved into their corrugated iron shed they met in a community hall. I taught leaders there, and spoke at their Sunday service with about 30 people. We gave them real bread for communion, not just symbolic cubes. The Spirit led me to give them all the bread we had, just two loaves (not five barley buns as the boy had in Scripture).

“Can I take some home to my family?” asked one young man. That's a hard question to answer in front of 30 hungry people. “It's yours. You can take some of your own communion bread home if you want to,” I answered.

Everyone then took a large handful of communion bread, and most put some in their pockets to take home later. We shared real glasses of grape juice in plastic glasses, thanking the Lord for his body and blood given for us. After my return to Australia I heard that the bread apparently multiplied, as those who took some home had enough for their families to eat. Some of them were still eating it two weeks later.

My glimpses of revival in Kenya with Francis in the slums, with his parents in the orphanage and teaching pastors and leaders from over 30 of their churches, reminded me that God uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. People with limited or no resources still see the Kingdom of God come powerfully among them.





Evangelism at Kibera slum

Fiji

George Otis wrote:

In September 2004, 10,000 people gathered to worship together in Suva, Fiji, drawn by reconciliation initiatives of both government and church leaders. Only four years previously such unity among government and church leaders was unimaginable. Ethnic tensions flared in the attempted coup of May 2000, when the government was held hostage for 56 days, and violence erupted in the streets of Suva.

The President of Fiji, Ratu Josefa Iloilo, called the churches to unite in repentance and prayer for the nation. At a united rally in _____ 2001, Laisenia Qarase, later elected as Prime Minister, confessed: "Our efforts in building the country will come to nothing if they are not rooted firmly in the love and fear of God. I ask Him to forgive me for the times I have been neglectful and cold in my relationship with Him. With Your guidance Lord, this sinner will renew himself; will find new purpose in the pursuit of Your will. Lord, I entreat You, again, to forgive me, to save me, to capture my heart and hold my hand. I honour You as the King of Kings."

The Association of Christian Churches in Fiji (ACCF) emerged as one structural response to this desire for reconciliation and unity among Christians and in the community. As people of Fiji unite in commitment to reconciliation and repentance in various locations, many testify to miraculous changes in their community and in the land.

Three days after the people of Nuku made a united covenant with God, the water in the local stream, which for the previous 42 years had been known as the cause of barrenness and illness, mysteriously became clean and life giving. Then food grew plentifully in the area.

Fish are now caught in abundance around the village of Nataleria, where previously they could catch only a few fish. This change followed united repentance and reconciliation.

Many people of Fiji acknowledge that these changes in reconciliation, unity, and in the eco-systems confirm God's promise in 2 Chronicles 7:14 – "If my people who are called by my name will humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven, I will forgive their sin, and I will heal their land" (Report by George Otis, Jr., The Sentinel Group).

More details about Healing the Land are given in my book *Pentecost on Pentecost and in the South Pacific*.

Redeemer Christian Church with Jerry

Romulo Nayacalevu and Jerry Waqanabete became leaders and then voluntary pastors at the Redeemer Christian Church in Suva, founded by a Nigerian missionary. Jerry gives some of the background leading up to his involvement as a pastor there as well as pastor with his brother in their village church. Jerry is the grandson of the local chief.

Jerry had been leading revival teams in his village in his university vacations from 2002. In 2004-2005 he reported:

December 2004: As soon as I arrived home from university, after the camp on Pentecost Island, I went right down to the village and I saw that many of the committed youth or all them who were in the revival team from 2003 had backsliden. I was crying out to God in my first Sunday asking Him when He will be going to revive us again. I felt the mighty presence of God hit me as usual just to confirm that He heard my cry.

I came out after the service and called one of the team members (he is a backslider too) and told him about the urgency of doing something... the heartbeat of God I felt which is to save His people.

I spoke to him and asked him if it is possible for the two of us to go down to the beach to pray and seek the Lord after lunch... He was willing. We went down and I told him that there would be no program but we need to be lead by the Holy Spirit. I was leading and I felt that we should both examine ourselves and testify about it before the Lord's presence.

While we were praying and worshipping, the Lord told me for the first ever time to take the salt water and the land and give it back to God. And I told this brother that when we offered it to God the rain is going to fall just to confirm that God hears and accepts it according to His leading.

I told him in advance while the Lord was putting it in my heart to do it... this is the first ever time and I always heard about it when people are being led... now it has happened to me... I could not even believe it.

As soon as he brought the water and I brought the soil to signify the sacrifice, I felt the mighty presence of God with us and was like numb... and the sun was really shining up in the sky with very little clouds. This rain fell slowly upon us.... I still could not believe... my cousin was astonished and could not believe it... it happened according to the way the Lord told me and I told him. It was like a made up story.

It was the blessings of God and I told the Lord that I am waiting for His own time to rebuild the walls of my village... but the Lord already told me that He wants and has chosen me to rebuild the wall of my village like Nehemiah.

Back to Suva, my first Sunday at Redeemer Christian Church (where Romulo was a leader) I asked the Lord as usual: "What is my mission in the place where we are staying at now...?" Really I was thinking of other places like my village to go and have mission. But the Lord spoke to me very clearly that He placed us there in Suva for the boys (my cousins who are

staying in that house). I thanked the Lord. They were drinking alcohol, smoking, one was almost gone to Jail, involved in stealing and all sorts of illegal and ungodly activities you may know. I was not surprised. We were talking one afternoon and I slowly asked them if it is a right time for us to change and give our lives to the Lord. They went quite quiet.

That evening, I invited them in to the house and we started the fellowship. I preached and called for the altar call right after that. They are all Methodists - conservative... Not surprisingly, they all gave their lives... (3 of them). One did not attend and was running away from it. Pam was crying. I bought four big Bibles for each of them. The one who ran away gave his life later. He came to me and wanted to give His life to the Lord. I was crying in my heart and even my cousins were all emotional including my aunties and uncle... they could not believe it. I was fasting for the last one's life... God honoured it and brought him to His altar....ALL GLORY TO JESUS.



Park evangelism with Pastor Jerry



Youth worship in Jerry's village, Kiuva, Fiji



Chapter 23 – Fiji: KBC & COC Teams (2006-2007)

I enjoyed being part of the combined Kenmore Baptist Church (KBC)²⁰ and Christian Outreach Centre (COC) teams in Fiji in 2006-7. The teams, led by senior pastor Ric and Anne Benson and pastor Jesse and Cookie Padayachee, worked with the COC churches in Lautoka in the west and Navua on the Coral Coast in the east. We saw many saved and healed in morning visits to villages, as well as at the night meetings.

Ric Benson, senior pastor of Kenmore Baptist Church, wrote:

Warm country, warm people. Like the warmth of their weather, and the bright, colourful vegetation blanketed in vivid green, our brothers and sisters in Fiji are always welcoming, hospitable, thoughtful and appreciative.

In July 2006, a mission team from Brisbane lived at a Christian camp and motel on the Coral Coast, near the COC centre there, shuttled around in hired buses and cars. The team prayed with hundreds of people. This included visits to many villages along the coast, a primary and high school there, and evening meetings at COC (Christian Outreach Centre).

Jesse Padayachee (evangelist and main speaker) led people to the Lord daily, and prayed for the sick and oppressed daily, assisted by the team. A 'magic man' in one village came for prayer after seeing healings in his village. Three women and a man who had done fire walking from another village made commitments to Christ, renounced their spirit involvement and were healed from constantly itchy skin irritations on their legs. Jesse prayed for 11 people in the Suva hospital who were then sent home soon afterwards. Many Hindus forsook their gods to follow Christ, as Jesse and his wife had done many years ago in South Africa.

I was involved with two groups of people.

²⁰ Now Riverlife Baptist Church in Brisbane.

(1) COC (Christian Outreach Centres) hosted our team of 26 from Brisbane, which included Jesse & Cookie Padayache (Indian evangelist with a strong healing and deliverance ministry), Ric & Ann Benson (senior pastor of Kenmore Baptist Church), KBC older members, talented youth from COC high school with their teachers, and me. The team had a very full two weeks based on the Coral Coast, 50k east of Suva the capital. The youth visited schools, sang in the worship teams at night meetings, and delivered the contents of two container loads of goods including 50 computers for a high school there, 1600 blankets, bags of clothes, boxes of books, food and more. Jesse and the KBC team ministered daily in various villages, speaking and praying with people as daily many believed and were healed and set free. Ric and I spoke at a pastors and leaders conference in the COC church on the Coral Coast, a large centre called the Garden of Joy. Each Sunday Jesse, Ric and I preached in various COC churches including ones in Suva in the east and Lautoka in the west.

(2) Young Christian lawyers hosted Mathias from Pentecost Island in Vanuatu and me, as we linked up with them again after previous mission trips with many of them when they were USP (Uni of the South Pacific) students at the law school in Port Vila, Vanuatu. We have had mission teams with them in Pentecost and Tanna islands and in Port Vila in Vanuatu, and in Australia and in the Solomon Islands as well as in Fiji previously. I had a week in Lautoka in the west at the beginning of the month, then two weeks with the team from Brisbane on the Coral Coast, then another week with our lawyer friends in Suva in the east at the end of the month. Mathias joined me on the coast and in Suva. We joined some of them for some meetings, but mainly in their homes with food and fellowship, and powerful times of prayer and prophetic ministry including washing and anointing feet with oil.

The Director of the Department of Meteorology in Vanuatu was in Fiji for a conference and I met him there again. He is also a pastor (Pastor Jotham) at Upper Room church in Port

Vila where many of the law students attended. In May 2006 he had been on mission in Tanna Island where the Lord moved strongly on young people, especially in worship and prayer. Children and youth were anointed to write and sing new songs in the local dialects. Some children asked the pastors to ordain them as missionaries – which was new for everyone. After prayer about it, they did. Those children are strong evangelists already, telling Bible stories in pagan villages. One 9 year old boy did that, and people began giving their lives to God in his pagan village, so he became their ‘pastor’, assisted by older Christians from other villages.

Here is a report from Fiji, June-July 2007. Ric Benson reports in the first part, and I add my report in the second part.

Ric Benson, Senior Pastor, Kenmore Baptist Church, reported:

What an incredible God we serve, and what a mighty Lord and Saviour is Jesus.

The team has just returned from Fiji following an amazing two weeks of full-on mission. The team of 15 people were involved in:

- * village and settlement visitation involving prayer for needs, evangelism, and inviting people to come to the evening evangelistic rallies;
- * building projects associated with both the Coral Coast Christian Camp and the Garden of Joy COC Bible College;
- * Pastors and leaders training;
- * distribution of food, clothing, computers, office equipment, and furniture to very needy schools, settlements and villages; and
- * 11 evening evangelistic rallies.

The ministry took place around Lautoka near Nadi and Navua on the Coral Coast, near Suva. We worked alongside Lautoka COC and Garden of Joy COC churches, through contacts established

through our links with COC College Mansfield where several team members teach. The outcomes are as follows:

- * 11 evangelistic night rallies held with 37 first time commitments in the three rallies at Lautoka (all held in a cane field in makeshift buildings), and 200 first time commitments in the 8 rallies at Garden of Joy COC at Navua. Several Muslims came to faith, many Hindus and many Fijian Islanders. Of the 237 commitments about a third were young people.

- * Many homes were visited especially those of the Indian community, prayer was offered, the Gospel shared, and people prayed for. This began a great process of building relationships between the churches and the community.

- * The Bible College lecture rooms had a ceiling installed, floor resurfaced, and finishing carpentry nearly completed. The camp site had a tank installed and water pressure system installed.

- * Throughout the rallies many miracles of healing occurred, including removal of blindness, deafness, muteness, lameness, ulcerations on limbs, foot-mouth-hand disease, back and body pains, demonic presences, and much inner healing in the area of forgiveness, depression, relationships and marriage also occurred.

- * Networks were formed with churches, the national health system, government, the legal system, para-church organizations, all of whom are willing to work with our mission team to assist the country, particularly the very poor in the two areas in which we were working.

- * Pastor Jesse Padayachee was used mightily in preaching, deliverance and healing throughout the mission, well supported by the team, and was able to share the Gospel, pray for many people and for the nation on a Hindi radio station talk back program for 45 minutes. The response was overwhelming. Also a women's prayer meeting for Indian women ended up to be a major healing meeting with women arriving from everywhere to be prayed for. God again did a miraculous work.

- * The team worked powerfully and lovingly together, each carrying out without complaint their assigned tasks, whether it was preaching in various churches each Sunday, serving, caring, praying, demonstrating compassion to the many hurting and

needy people, washing dishes and cleaning up after meals, or ministering at the rallies.

All praise to God for a mighty outpouring of His Spirit both in and through the team, and throughout every aspect of the mission. Thank you Kathy and Ian for all your valuable work as team leaders, to the team for their contribution, and to you the church for your generous and prayerful partnership.

My personal report:

First two weeks – spent with the KBC/COC team:

A ‘magic man’ in one village came for prayer after seeing healings in his village. Three women and a man who had done fire walking from another village made commitments to Christ, renounced their spirit involvement and were healed from constantly itchy skin irritations on their legs. Jesse prayed for 11 people in the Suva hospital who were then sent home soon afterwards.

I worked with the combined KBC/COC team, and the COC churches in Lautoka in the west and Navua in the east. I helped lead the morning teams visiting villages and settlements, as arranged by COC, to speak, pray, and minister with people. We saw many saved and healed in those visits, as well as at the night meetings.

I enjoyed leading a small group each day as we visited homes, and spoke in many village gatherings, and then prayed for the sick. I was especially touched watching Dr Andrew from KBC, a paediatrician, pray for the sick, often with tears, especially for children. Many reported immediate improvement. I also taught the pastors and leaders one morning on revival now stirring in the South Pacific.

One morning in Navua our group had a home meeting in the home of an Indo-Fijian pastor Nevian, and his wife Esther. He had just begun there this year, having finished Bible College in Suva last year. Everyone we prayed for there was touched

strongly. The first lady prayed for was delivered from some Hindu god spirit. Nevian then became our interpreter as we visited some other Hindu homes nearby, and he helped us lead one old man with cancer to faith in Jesus. Nevian and his family then attended all the rest of the night meetings, received healings and saw his Hindu sister saved as well.

Night meetings in both centres were powerful. Jesse preached and gave his testimony, and prayed for everyone who came forward, assisted by the team. We prayed first for salvation and repentance, and the team gave follow-up materials to first time believers. Then followed the lengthy times of prayers for healing and deliverance. Jesse had been free to wait on the Lord each day, so was able to move strongly in words of knowledge and authority. Many meetings went late! In both centres the crowds grew as the meetings progressed, and reports of healings and deliverance spread.

On the first Sunday there I was with Jesse and some of the team at Emmanuel Worship Centre in Nadi in the morning. It was powerful. That church of over 100 prays, and it shows. Leaders pray together at 4am before work (and I thought the 6am prayer group at KBC was a challenge!). That church has very anointed worship, wise pastors, and strong ministry times. It will be a leader in revival in Fiji. At night we were at Nadi COC for another alive and lively ministry time. They too are strong in being led by the Spirit.

On the second Sunday there I spoke at the Assembly of the Lord Jesus Christ church in Suva, an independent Spirit-filled congregation of around 100, half of them youth. Romulo (leader of the 2002 law student team in Brisbane) joined me with Jimmy a uni student from Vanuatu. The Spirit moved strongly. Romulo called youth out for prayer during the worship, and I involved him in the preaching as well and he called people out again for ministry at the end. That went for some time. After the service we shared food together including a lovo, food cooked in the earth oven.

Then that night I spoke at Sigatoka COC, an hour's drive back toward Nadi, with 100 attending, sitting on the ground outside a makeshift iron roof temporary cover for the musical instruments and 'platform' area on the ground. We prayed for almost everyone there, and saw beautiful healings and some delivered and saved. I was especially touched by a couple of young children with hearing problems who told their mothers that after the man prayed for them they could hear well. We thanked Jesus together.

Second two weeks – spent with our lawyer friends:

After the team finished, I stayed on to visit the young lawyers I had hosted for a month in Brisbane in November 2002 when they were students in the law school in Vanuatu. In 2002 I drove them around and took them to meetings, and now they drove me around and took me to meetings.

I stayed with Seini Puamau's family again. She was vice-president of the Christian Fellowship in law school and a strong leader, now a prosecuting lawyer. Her father Sowane and mother Dr Priscilla held very significant and influential positions in Fiji. Her brother Lai was with us on a mission to the Solomons, and kept fit as a member of the national basketball team. Her sister Eileen and brother Manoah continued to tackle their studies. I really appreciate their warm and generous hospitality, including Dr Priscilla's careful attention to every need, especially food. Seini's lively nana Eileen was also with them and joined us often for meals and outings, and Seini's cousin Priscilla (part of the 2002 team, now also a prosecuting lawyer) took leave to join us as well. Then many others joined us for special events, including meals.

On my third weekend in Fiji I joined with many of the lawyers. We had an early-morning prayer group and then breakfast with the Graduates Christian Fellowship, another group of movers and shakers in the nation, led by Romulo. I got to pray personally for each of the 20 there.

Then that afternoon on Saturday, 7-7-07, I was part of the memorial service for the Nigerian founding pastor of the Redeemer Church in Fiji. Jerry (another of the 2002 team in Australia) and his wife Pam are now the honorary pastors there as well as working as lawyers, a common arrangement in the Pacific for smaller churches with honorary pastors. It was a privilege to be part of Jerry's Commissioning service on the Sunday.

Then on the Sunday Jerry led the service and I preached, and we had two ministry times in that service, including a commissioning for Jerry and Pam led by the Nigerian regional coordinator for the Redeemer Church, based in his church in Melbourne.

On my last Sunday in Fiji I preached again at Redeemer Church, supporting Jerry. We had three ministry times, as the Spirit moved in the worship and the message. As that church grows in faith it will certainly be a mighty spark for revival in the nation, and will impact leaders, youth groups, and churches all over the nation, as it has begun to do in the past. Romulo, another leader in that church, and a lawyer with the United Nations in Fiji, continues to impact many churches and youth groups through his networks of key young leaders in Fiji and other nations.

Jerry took a week's leave from his lawyer work, so we had some very significant times praying together, and each time God spoke strongly to us, especially about being more available to him for his mighty purposes in the Pacific.

I had not planned to be at Redeemer Church at this pivotal time in its history, but I was, by God's grace. I'm sure the wind of the Spirit blows across the South Pacific now, and we've seen that in the Solomons, and strong touches in Vanuatu and Fiji.

Yet there is more, much more. I believe that anyone who is willing to really seek the Lord can unfurl their sail of faith and catch those winds right now.

Chapter 24 – Vanuatu, Solomon Islands (2006)

Revival movements continue to spread in the South Pacific. Here are some background reports from Vanuatu, selected from *South Pacific Revivals*.

Healing the Land, 2006-2007



Pastors Walo Ani and Harry Tura tell how revival transformed whole communities in Vanuatu, including healing of the land.

Hog Harbour, Espiritu Santo

The island was named Espiritu Santo because that is the island where over 400 years ago in May 1606 Ferdinand de Quiros named the lands from there to the South Pole the Great Southland of the Holy Spirit.

After hearing about the Healing the Land stories of Fiji, Pastor Tali from Hog Harbour Presbyterian Church invited the Luganville Ministers Fraternal to run a week of HTL meetings in Hog Harbour village.

In April 2006 the Fraternal, under the leadership of Pastor Raynold Bori, conducted protocol discussions with the Hog Harbour community leaders and explained to them what the Process involves. In May 2006 six pastors from Luganville did the HTL Process and God's presence came on the people that week.

Here are some of the stories of Healing the Land in a village of 800 people:

- * Married couples were reconciled.
- * Schools of big fish came to the shores during the reconciliation.
- * A three year old conflict, bloodshed and tribal fighting that could not be stopped by the police, ended with reconciliation.
- * The presence of the Lord came down on the village.

In June of 2006, 12 pastors from the Luganville Fraternal were invited by the Litzlitz village on Malekula Island to do the HTL Process there. These pastors spent three weeks teaching and doing the Process during which many instances of reconciliation and corporate repentance were witnessed. Village chiefs and the people committed their community to God.

One year later the President of Vanuatu re-covenanted the Nation to God on the island of Espiritu Santo.

Pastor Harry Tura, then pastor of Bombua Apostolic Church in the main town of Luganville Espiritu Santo Island, adds these stories of transforming revival in Vanuatu.

I wish to indicate to you what God is doing now in Vanuatu these days as answers to your prayers, and ask that you continue to pray for us.

Litzlitz Village, Malekula Island

I went to Litzlitz village community on the island of Malekula on Sunday, June 4, 2006, and the Transformation activities started on the same day. The study activities and the process of healing the land closed on the following Sunday, June 11. The presence of the Lord was so real and manifested and many miracles were seen such a people healed, dried brooks turned to running streams of water, fish and other sea creatures came back to the sea shores in great number and even the garden crops came alive again and produced great harvests.

Miracles happened three days after the HTL Process:

* The poison fish that usually killed or made people sick became edible and tasty again.

* The snails that were destroying gardens all died suddenly and didn't return.

* As a sign of God's transforming work a coconut tree in the village which naturally bore orange or red coconuts started bearing bunches of green coconuts side by side with the red ones.

* A spring gushed out from a dried river bed and the river started flowing again after the anointing oil was poured on it when people prayed and repented of all the sins of defilement over the area.

* A kindergarten was established in the village one week after the HTL Process took place.

* Crops are now blessed and growing well in their gardens.

Vilakalak Village, West Ambae Island

On Tuesday June 20, 2006, I flew to Ambae Island to join the important celebration of the Apostolic Church Inauguration Day, June 22. After the celebration I held a one-week Transformation studies and activities of healing the land at Vilakalak village community. It began on Sunday June 25 and closed on Saturday July 1, 2006. A lot of things had been transformed such as people's lives had been changed as they accepted Christ and were filled with the Holy Spirit for effective ministries of the Gospel of Christ.

The Shekinah glory came down to the very spot where we did the process of healing the land during the night of July 1. That great light (Shekinah glory) came down. People described it as a living person with tremendous and powerful light shining over the whole of the village community, confirming the Lord's presence at that specific village community area. On the following day people started to testify that a lot of fish and shell fish were beginning to occupy the reefs and they felt a different touch of a changed atmosphere in the village community. I flew back to Santo on Tuesday, July 4.

The lands and garden crops then started to produce for great harvests, and coconut crabs and island crabs came back in great abundance for people's daily meals these days. The people were very surprised at the look of the big sizes of coconut crabs harvested in that area. I went there a month later to see it. You can't believe it that the two big claws or arms were like my wrist when I compared them with my left wrist. That proved that the God we serve is so real and he is the owner of all the creatures.

We started the Transformation studies and activities at my church beginning on Monday, July 17, and closed on Sunday, July 23, 2006. After the Transformation studies and activities had been completed, we did the final process of healing the land on Sunday, July 23. As usual the Shekinah glory of the Lord's presence appeared the following night of Monday, July 24. The people were amazed at the scene. That confirmed that God is at work at that specific area. A lot of changes are taking place at our church base and its environment - the land, the sea, and the atmosphere above us. People experience the same blessings as the others had been through.

On Sunday, August 13, 2006, I took a flight to West Ambae again because the Walaha village community had requested me to carry out the Transformation studies and activities and healing of the lands in their area. The Transformation studies started on Monday, August 14. Again the presence of the Lord came down (Shekinah glory) on the whole village community early on Wednesday night and they all witnessed the scene the following day. They were very excited and began praising God all over the place. I took a flight back to Santo on Tuesday, August 22.

The revival is now taking place at that particular community and lives are totally changed and people turned out to be experiencing a mighty difference of atmosphere and have been transformed to people of praise and worship. All sorts of fish are coming back to the reef and garden crops came green and are now beginning to produce a great abundance of harvest at the end of this year by the look of it now. This is all the hand of the

Lord who does the work which is based on the transformation key verse in 2 Chronicles 7:14, which reads: "If my people who are called by my name shall humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven and forgive their sins and heal their land."

Lovanualikoutu Village, West Ambae

Walo Ani and a team conducted more of the HTL Process in Vanuatu.

In 2004 Walo was invited by a pastor in West Ambae to do the HTL Process there. It wasn't until May 2007 that a small team consisting of Pastor Walo Ani, Deryck and Nancy Thomas of Toowoomba Queensland and Tom Hakwa from Lovanualikoutu village (who then worked for Telekom Vanuatu in Port Vila) flew to West Ambae to do the HTL Process. The protocol was done by Tom some months before the team's arrival and a prayer team was already praying and fasting a month before the actual event took place. Deryck and Nancy coordinated the home visitation teams and saw many miracles of people restored to the Lord and witchcraft destroyed. The Chief said the sinner's prayer on behalf of the community one night and they all surrendered their lives to the Lord as he invited Jesus into the village.

In the morning of the last day one of the teams was trying to pray down a stronghold in the bush when a bone fell through a hollow tree, taking them by surprise. They all jumped back but then stepped forward and dealt with it once and for all. Many taboo (sacred) places were demolished and items of witchcraft and idolatry were burnt in a bonfire as reconciliations flowed till after midnight.

Also on that morning a team of people swam out to sea with the anointing oil to worship there and dedicate the sea and reef back to God. The day after the team's departure from the village a pastor who went out spear fishing saw a large migration of fish. He in fact reportedly speared two fish together at one stage.

When he reported this to the Chief there was dancing and rejoicing under the cocoa trees where the Chief and some young people had been working.

During the reconciliation when the Chief began to speak, a light shower fell from the sky. There were no clouds but only a sky full of millions of stars. Surely God was in this Process! The prayer team continues to see visions and witness miracles of more reconciliation and repentance. Harvests from sea and land have begun to be more abundant than ever before witnessed.

Port Vila

Grant Shaw joined me on Pentecost Island in Vanuatu in September-October 2006. Grant grew up with vocational missionary parents, saw many persecutions and miracles, and had his dad recounting miraculous answers to prayer as a daily routine. They often needed to pray for miracles, and miracles happened often. From 14 years of age Grant participated in mission teams travelling internationally in Asia. Then he attended a youth camp at Toronto Airport Christian Fellowship which has seen revival since 1994. He then worked there as an associate youth pastor for 18 months before studying at Bible College in Brisbane and then being a youth pastor in a large Brisbane church. So he is used to revival - all his life! In Vanuatu he had clear words of knowledge, and saw people healed daily in meetings and in the villages. That inspired and challenged everyone.

This trip was amazing. So many things just 'happened'. Grant and I just 'happened' to get row 3 on the plane from Brisbane - first behind business class with extra leg room. We 'happened' to sit beside an American student studying in Townsville who came for a week's holiday, was converted a few months previously and attends a Vineyard church in America (Toronto Airport Christian Fellowship was part of Vineyard originally). I just 'happened' to have the Nicky Cruz DVD "Run Baby Run" in my cabin bag, and it was exactly what she wanted as she has come out of the night club, drinking, and drugs scene, so I gave it to her (I had grabbed those DVDs at the last minute).

On Sunday in Port Vila, the capital, we joined a Holiness Church in the morning – a good message on holiness, but even better was a worship time with my favourite worship choruses, and a beautiful strong anointing on us.

We also heard another congregation singing at the back of that hall, so after the service went there to see what it was, and it was an Apostolic Church, where the preacher was still going. A problem was that the entrance was beside the preacher!

So we hung around but did not go in, but the pastor Zebedee came out (someone else was preaching) and took us in. I told him I knew Paul Grant (who taught part time at the Brisbane college where I taught). Paul had been an early Apostolic missionary in Vanuatu. Pastor Zebedee knew him well - and so Grant and I got to speak after the message.

We both took off with anointed speaking. I reminded them of the revival with Paul Grant in Vanuatu in 1962 and Grant told them about revival in China in the underground church where his parents and grandparents have been missionaries for years. He also described the revival at Toronto where he was on staff and was in the weekly core group of 12 with John and Carol Arnott (senior pastors).

Then I invited people to respond, especially youth, and the whole church came out for prayer.

In Port Vila we attended the 4pm service with the Upper Room - the church I've worked with in Vila where the law students attended that I had on many missions in Australian and the South Pacific. When the Upper Room leaders arrived we found out the senior pastors were in Tanna Island on mission and the remaining leaders were so glad God had sent us to preach that night! It was fantastic. Worship was strong.

Raised from the dead



Grant Shaw and Leah Waqa

At sharing time in the Upper Room service, a nurse, Leah Waqa, told how she had been recently on duty when parents brought in their young daughter who had been badly hit in a car accident, and showed no signs of life - the heart monitor registered zero.

Leah was in the dispensary giving out medicines when she heard about the girl and she suddenly felt unusual boldness, so went to the girl and prayed for her, commanding her to live, in Jesus' name. She prayed for almost an hour, mostly in tongues, and after an hour the monitor started beeping and the girl recovered. What a great start to preaching and ministering!

I spoke on the opening verses of Luke 8, 9, 10 - where Jesus, the 12 and the 70 all did the same things, with no money, preached the same message on the Kingdom of God, and had the same

ministry of healing. Grant then spoke, and started with words of knowledge about healings needed and prayed for those people, then gave some of his testimony.

Grant saw Jesus in a vision after a visiting speaker prayed for him when he was eight years old, and Jesus was so bright that Grant could not see his face. Grant prayed for all the kids, many of them 'resting' in the Spirit. Then he continued with more of his testimony - the Toronto bit. Then I gave the invitation, and again most people came out for prayer, most of them falling like skittles when we prayed for them.

On Tuesday, the day we flew to Pentecost Island I woke again at 3am, as I had often done in the previous few weeks, but this was different. I had just had the quickest and most vivid moving vision (while asleep) that I've ever had. I saw accusations against me (from "the accuser of the brethren") on a large wall something like the former huge Berlin wall. Then it kind of tore apart, like paper, starting with a golden tear from the top, and in the widening gap (at first like a brilliant bookmark picture) I saw the most marvellous long cascade waterfall full of living colours much more brilliant than earthly colours, widening till it covered all the "wall".

Then it merged into a brilliant hillside scene with Jesus the Good Shepherd (shawl and staff and all) standing there gathering his flock to him. At first I thought they were sheep but the forms became children and people, rather like the old Sunday School large poster of Jesus and the children - with kids from many nations gathered around him - a boy from the Pacific, black curly hair, brown back looking at Jesus; an Asian; a European girl standing by him, and so on - but much, much more brilliant than that old painting. I didn't really see Jesus' face but felt his huge love for everyone - wanting them all to come to him and gathering them to himself. I woke up crying with joy.

That was significant timing, because we began on Pentecost Island that night.

Pentecost Island

Our revival mission trip on South Pentecost Island was based in the village of Panlimsi, just a half hour walk inland from Pangi on the western coast. Mathias was then the young pastor, working with Pastor Rolanson the evangelist at Panlimsi. The Spirit moved strongly in all the meetings. Repentance. Reconciliations. Confessions. Anointing. Healings every day. The healings included Pastor Rolanson's young son able to hear clearly after being partially deaf from birth. Rolanson leads evangelism teams, and helped to lead this mission.

South Pentecost attracts tourists with its land diving – men jumping from high bamboo towers with vines attached to their ankles. Grant prayed for a jumper who had hurt his neck, and the neck crackled back into place. An elderly man no longer needed his walking stick to come up the hill to the meetings. Grant prayed for a son of the paramount chief of South Pentecost from Bunlap, a 'custom' village. He was healed from a painful leg and later he invited the team to come to his village to pray for the sick. No white people had been invited there to minister previously.

The revival team, including the two of us from Australia, trekked for a week into mountain villages. We literally obeyed Luke 10 – most going with no extra shirt, no sandals, and no money. The trek began with a five hour climb across the island to the village of Ranwas on ridges by the sea on the eastern side. Mathias led worship, and strong moves of the Spirit touched everyone. We prayed for people many times in each meeting. At one point I spat on the dirt floor, making mud to show what Jesus did once. Marilyn Wari, wife of the President of the Churches of Christ, then jumped up asking for prayer for her eyes, using the mud. Later she testified that the Lord told her to do that, and then she found she could read her small pocket Bible without glasses. So she read to us all. Meetings continued like that each night.

We then trekked through the 'custom' heathen village where the paramount chief lived, and prayed for more sick people. Some had pain leave immediately, and people there became more open to the gospel. Then the team trekked for seven hours to Ponra, a remote village further north.

Glory in a remote village

Revival meetings erupted at Ponra. The Spirit just took over. Visions. Revelations. Reconciliations. Healings. People drunk in the Spirit. Many resting on the floor getting blessed in various ways. When they heard about healing through 'mud in the eye' at Ranwas some wanted mud packs also at Ponra!

One of the girls in the team had a vision of the village children there paddling in a pure sea, crystal clear. They were like that - so pure. Not polluted at all by TV, DVDs, videos, movies, magazines, and worldliness. Their lives were so clean and holy. Just pure love for the Lord, especially among the young. Youth often lead in revival.

The sound of angels singing filled the air about 3am. It sounded as though the village church was packed. The harmonies in high descant declared "For You are great and You do wondrous things. You are God alone" and then harmonies, without words until words again for "I will praise You O Lord my God with all my heart, and I will glorify Your name for evermore" with long, long harmonies on "forever more". Just worship. Pure, awesome and majestic.

The team stayed two extra days there - everyone received prayer, and many people surrendered to the Lord both morning and night. Everyone repented, including us, as the Spirit moved on us all.

Grant's legs, cut and sore from the long trek, saved the team from another long trek back across the island. The villagers arranged a boat ride back around the island from the east to the west for

the team's return. Revival meetings continued back at the host village, Panlimsi, led mainly in worship by Mathias, with Pastor Rolanson organising things. Also at two other villages the Spirit moved powerfully as the team ministered, with much reconciliation and dancing in worship.

Pastor Rolanson in the host village heard angels singing there also. At first he too thought it was the church full of people but the harmonies were more wonderful than we can sing.

We two Australians returned full of joy on the one hour afternoon flight to Port Vila after a strong final worship service at Panlimsi, the host village, on the last Sunday morning there. We reported to the Upper Room church in Port Vila on Sunday evening. Again the Spirit moved so strongly the pastor didn't need to use his message. More words of knowledge. More healings. More anointing in the Spirit, and many resting in the Spirit, soaking in grace.

One result of those impacts of the Spirit was national teams going on mission. A team from Pentecost Island visited the Solomon Islands on mission later that year in November-December 2006. Other teams visited villages on Pentecost Island and nearby islands in Vanuatu to lead revival meetings and pray for people. The youth from Ponra village had a strong impact on other youth and village churches and communities in South Pentecost. Some of them were part of the mission to the Solomon Islands, and some also participated in meetings in Brisbane, Australia, on their way to the Solomon Islands in November 2006.



Mission Team at Parliament House, Solomon Islands

Solomon Islands: November-December 2006

Six of the Vanuatu team that went to the Solomon Islands, came via Brisbane from Friday, November 10, and stayed at our place, experiencing the wonders of electricity, hot and cold tap water, travel in the van, and exploring a huge city. They were Pastors Rolanson and Mathias, Deaconess Daisy, and youths Catherine, Beverlyn and Joshua, all from the south of Pentecost Island.

They led worship powerfully at the Kenmore Baptist Church (KBC) 6am daily prayer group, and spoke at some meetings including Pomona Living Hope church north of Brisbane with Joy Starr-Cross and Alan, as well as visiting Australia Zoo and the coast. Some of the people they met were able to bless them with guitars to take to the Solomon Islands and back to Vanuatu.

Five others I met as students at the college where I taught in Brisbane flew with us to Honiara on Thursday, November 16. They included Arjen and Marry Van Leeuwen with their young son Christopher. They were sailing the world from the Netherlands (Holland) and had been converted on a beach on the Sunshine Coast north of Brisbane through the testimony of Christian Outreach Centre (COC) people there. So they decided to study at the COC Bible College.

Other international students who joined us were Sunim Jeong from Korea and Toria Withams from England. Jesse Padayachee, an Indian healing evangelist originally from South Africa, now in Brisbane, joined the team for the last week. Jerry Waqainabete and his wife Pam (nee Kenilorea), participated in Honiara.

The first week in the Solomons saw us in Honiara the capital, with meetings in many churches. We had a morning visit to the prison and an encouraging time with the prisoners (some in for life), with many responding for prayer and very real commitments, we believe. We had large numbers to pray for in the meetings, so having a team to pray with people helped a lot.

Simbo Island

During our second week Grant Shaw and I accompanied Rev Gideon Tuke, the organizer of our whole visit, to Simbo in the West (Gideon's island). It involved an hour's flight to Gizo (with its unique small island airstrip nearby), and a two hour open sea canoe ride to Simbo, south east of Gizo Island. The rest of the team had more meetings in Honiara. Grant has a powerful prophetic and healing ministry, so we were praying for a lot of sick people at each meeting and in the villages.

Simbo is the nicest island we have seen, picture postcard everywhere. We had great meetings each morning and at night in three villages, so slept in one at Tapurai, and at Gideon's place at the main village for the others - all in close walking distance to the meetings. We prayed for many sick people, and lots of pain disappeared.

We took a canoe to Tapurai village on the north west of Simbo for that first night, Tuesday, November 21, and had a large outdoor meeting on the wide flat grassy fields beside the low lying seashore village. Their village has strong faith and regularly pray for sick people with hands laid on them and often commanding evil spirit to leave. Long lines of people came for healing prayer, and then later for anointing in the Spirit.

The whole village was destroyed in the huge tsunami of April 2007 with one minister drowned there. The villagers ran to the nearby hills and later rebuilt their village at the top of those hills. We learned on a later trip to their mountain village (still being built with many living in temporary shacks), that 30 people in their prayer teams constantly prayed for the sick, and theirs was the only village on Simbo with no names from their village recorded in the island's medical clinics for the previous three years, except for babies being weighed.

A few days later a sick chief asked us to come to his village – a fantastic scenic lagoon trip – and after we prayed for him we prayed for most of the adults in the village, breaking off

many curses there. They all felt much better, and pain went. We saw views of scenic grandeur in the one hour dugout canoe (outboard motor) trip up the absolutely marvellous lagoon between the two islands.

At each meeting on Simbo we prayed for many people, because they are so open, hungry and receptive. Of course we prayed for their revival teams of about 60 people who also pray for the sick and have seen many healings and many delivered from spirit afflictions.

We had teaching sessions on revival each morning. Every day we were praying for the sick in the villages and again at the night meetings. Having Grant there lifted that to a new, powerful dimension.

Guadalcanal Mountains

I led the revival mission team of 22 visiting the Solomon Islands for a month in November-December 2006. Most of them came from Pentecost Island, Vanuatu, on their first international mission. Seven of us came from Brisbane.

In the Solomon Islands the revival team of 15 from Vanuatu and 6 of us from Brisbane visited villages in the Guadalcanal Mountains, three hours drive and seven hours trekking into the mountains south east of Honiara. We held revival meetings in November 2006 to encourage revival leaders. The team trekked up mountain tracks to where revival was spreading, especially among youth. Those young people went in teams to the villages to sing, testify, and pray for people. Many gifts of the Spirit were new to them. The team prayed for the sick and for anointing and filling with the Spirit. They prayed both in the meetings and in the villages.

Our revival team of 15 from Vanuatu and 6 from Brisbane stayed in Chokare and Arabia (Kela Kela) villages from 28 November to 6 December, 2006, and held revival meetings in each village. I taught on revival and the Holy Spirit. Grant Shaw had many

words of knowledge and led in prayers for the sick who constantly reported that the pain went. The team prayed for the sick and for anointing and filling with the Spirit. We prayed both in the meetings and in the villages.

On Sunday night, 3 December, Grant and Mathias (the team worship leader) shared on how they learned to move in the power of the Spirit. Then I was led to send them both out from the meeting (as Jesus sent people out in pairs) and they prayed for a lady in the village with back and leg pains and she was healed. They returned to the meeting rejoicing and reporting on this miracle.

That Sunday, December 3, at Kela Kela (now Arabia) village was a very full day - 6am worship with prayer and ministry, the morning service from around 10am and more ministry, and afternoon teaching sessions on gifts of the Spirit from Romans 12, Eph 4, and 1 Cor 12 - which they are all experiencing in revival now.

Then at the night service, where I was so tired, I just involved the team in giving reports from Pentecost Island - and it took off with anointed sharing and the 10 minute drama/live action of going out to pray for the sick and reporting back.

Mathias, the worship leader from Pentecost Island, was amazingly anointed (as he was at the KBC 6am prayer meetings, but more so), involving the youth touched by revival with singing groups, keyboards, guitars, and spontaneous items. I've never had so much fun on mission before!

A team of over 20 makes a huge difference, especially when we are praying for most of the congregation with personal prayer and prophecies, and running out of room for bodies to rest on the floor!

Then on Monday, December 4, Grant and I trekked with guides the seven hours back down the mountains and along a wide

flowing river (great for a swim) to Hobura village on the main dirt road, a three hour van drive east of Honiara. The driver we hired was rather drunk and drove far too fast, but once again we were protected and arrived back at Ron Ziru's Honiara guest house that evening tired but rejoicing. We left for a convention in Choisel in the western islands the next day.

Our team stayed on for more days of revival meetings that week in the Guadalcanal mountains, and then returned to Honiara. Ron's guest house was also a miracle provision for the team. It had been fully booked out before our arrival, but at the last minute two sporting teams cancelled their booking and we had ample room for our team of 22.

Jerry and Pam arrived from Fiji at Sir Peter Kenilora's place (Pam's dad) early in December, and Jerry joined us - still on fire. He and Romulo became ordained honorary pastors in the Redeemer Christian Church in Fiji where they have been leading Saturday youth revival meetings for a couple of years. They see even more healings and renewal than ever before.



Mathias and Grant with leaders on Prayer Mountain in the Guadalcanal Mountains of the Solomon Islands

The people from that region met together for their revival convention from Tuesday 5 December, and continued to worship powerfully, and pray for one another, and for their villages.

Revival in the Guadalcanal Mountains had begun at the Bubunuhu Christian Community High School on Monday, July 10, 2006, on their first night back from holidays. They were filled with the Spirit and began using many spiritual gifts they had not had before. Then they took teams of students to the villages to sing, testify, and pray for people, especially youth. Many gifts of the Spirit were new to them - prophecies, healings, tongues, and revelations (such as knowing where adults hid magic artefacts).

South Seas Evangelical Church (SSEC) pastors Joab Anea (chaplain at the high school) and Jonny Chuicu (chaplain at the Taylor Rural and Vocational Training Centre) led the revival teams. Joab reported on this revival:

“We held our prayer in the evening. The Spirit of the Lord came upon all of us like a mighty wind on us. Students fell on the ground. I prayed over them and we were all praying for each other. The students had many gifts and saw visions. The students who received spiritual gifts found that the Lord showed them the hidden magic. So we prayed about them and also destroyed them with the power of God the Holy Spirit. The students who joined in that night were speaking and crying in the presence of God and repenting.

“We also heard God calling us to bring revival to the nearby local churches. The Lord rescued and released many people in this time of revival. This was the first time the Lord moved mightily in us.

“Pastor Jonny Chuicu teaches Biblical Studies and discipleship at the Taylor Rural and Vocational Training Centre. He teaches

about the gifts of the Holy Spirit, and is using the book *Understanding Our Need of Revival*, by Ian Malins.

“Some of the people (who are all students) have gifts of praying and intercession, worship, healing, preaching, and teaching.”

Our international mission team visiting the villages in the Guadalcanal mountains saw the zeal and commitment of these young people. We were blessed to be able to teach and encourage them.

Choiseul Island

The National Christian Youth Convention (NCYC) in the north-west of the Solomon Islands at Choiseul Island, two hours flight from Honiara, brought over 1,000 youth together from all over the Solomon Islands. Most of them arrived by outboard motor canoes. The group coming from Simbo Island in two canoes ran into trouble when their outboard motors failed. Two of their young men swam from noon for nine hours in rough seas to reach land and get help for their stranded friends.

That national youth convention (NCYC) drew youth from right across the nation. Two outboard motor canoes came from Simbo - Gideon's island. Both the girls' fibreglass canoe and the boys' wooden dugout canoe had motor trouble in the rough seas in the 2-3 hour trip north from Gizo Island to Choiseul (the convention island). They had to dump all their sweet potatoes and rice as the loaded canoe was being swamped, as it drifted without power. Two lads lightened the load by swimming for 9 hours back to Gizo to get help - noon to 9 pm. The younger one became so exhausted swimming he told his friend to go on and get help while the younger youth just gave up and drowned, but the older one told him to hang onto his shoulders till he recovered some strength, so he did. They staggered onto a beach that night too exhausted even to talk. Some people from a nearby village found them and gave them water and food. Eventually they got a message to the Australian soldiers there, who then sent a launch

to tow the canoes back to Gizo to get one of the motors repaired. They arrived the next day - with two heroes, later written up in the national paper.

I participated for five days with Gideon and Grant. The Friday night convention meeting saw a huge response as Grant challenged them to be fully committed to God. Most of the youth came out immediately so there were hundreds to pray for. The anointed worship team led the crowd in "He touched me" for nearly half an hour as we prayed for them, including many wanting healing.

Here is Grant's description of that youth crusade night:

"We were invited to speak for their huge night rally. Geoff began and God moved on the young people in a special way. Then he handed it over to me at about half way and I gave some words of knowledge for healing. They came forward and we prayed for them. Most of them fell under the Spirit's power and they testified that all the pain left their body. After that I continued to speak for a bit and then gave an altar call for any youth who choose to give their lives fully to Jesus, no turning back!"

"Most of a thousand youth came forward. Some ran to the altar, some crying! There was an amazing outpouring of the Spirit and because there were so many people Geoff and I split up and started laying hands on as many people as we could. People were falling under the power everywhere (some testified later to having visions). There were bodies all over the field (some people landing on top of each other). Then I did a general healing prayer and asked them to put their hand on the place where they had pain. After we prayed people began to come forward sharing testimonies of how the pain had left their bodies and they were completely healed! The meeting stretched on late into the night with more healing and many more people getting deep touches."

“It was one of the most amazing nights. I was deeply touched and feel like I have left a part of myself in Choiseul. God did an amazing thing that night with the young people and I really believe that he is raising up some of them to be mighty leaders in revival.”

A young man who was healed that night returned to his nearby village and prayed for his sick mother and brother. Both were healed immediately. He told the whole convention about that the next morning at the meeting, adding that he had never done that before.

The delegation from Kariki islands further west, returned home the following Monday.

The next night they led a meeting where the Spirit of God moved in revival. Many were filled with the Spirit, had visions, were healed, and discovered many spiritual gifts including discerning spirits and tongues. That revival has continued, and spread.



*A study group at the National Christian Youth Convention
At Choiseul Island in the western Solomon Islands*



*Youth from the Kariki at the national convention
saw revival begin in their islands straight after the convention*

The following April (2007) a huge tsunami destroyed these low lying costal villages at Choiseul where we had been, as well as part of Gizo and Simbo.

During our last week in the Solomon Islands there we had meetings in Honiara with Jesse Padayache speaking and praying for the sick, with many healings.

God provided Kapoe Lodge for the team to stay in for most of that month, to the surprise of its owner, Dr Ron Ziriu. He is Calvin's dad. Calvin lead worship with the law student team in Australia in 2002. Those students in 2002 are now all lawyers, on fire for God.

Ron had to sell Kapoe Lodge when he administered the Methodist/United Church hospital in Munda in the west, where I took teams previously. The owners then sold it back to him, and he used it as a mission team base. He offered mission teams free accommodation, and that was ideal for us, and a great blessing. It is also a budget guest house and hostel in Honiara.

CHOISEUL ISLAND: ARTICLE FOR THE SOLOMON STAR

Here is my article published in the national daily paper, *The Solomon Star*.

HEROES SWIM FOR 9 HOURS TO SAVE FRIENDS

Dio Pabulu and Willington Zepa his friend from Simbo swam for nine hours in rough seas to get help for their group of 35 youths stranded with motor problems between Gizo and Choiseul. They were on their way to the National Christian Youth Convention of the United Church held last week and this week at Choiseul.

The 1200 youth and leaders from the convention return to their home islands this weekend.

The Simbo delegation, ran into trouble when the motors of their two canoes failed in the rough seas on Tuesday last week.

They dumped all their potatoes and rice. The men's dugout canoe was still being swamped, so Dio and Willington swam for help. From noon to 9pm they battled the strong currents and rough waves as they swam back toward Gizo.

Dio, the strongest swimmer helped his exhausted friend who had to hold onto his shoulders part of the time. Totally worn out they staggered onto the beach near Gizo unable even to talk. People from the nearby village helped them recover. Then a RAMSI team drove by and radioed for a RAMSI launch to find the two stranded canoes and tow them back to Gizo.

On Wednesday last week, with one motor repaired, the whole group of 35 left again for Choiseul, arriving Wednesday afternoon for the convention.

The brave and sacrificial act of the swimmers illustrated the convention theme: "Making a difference for Christ". Convention speakers emphasised that we make a difference as we help others, serve others, and love others, as Christ did.

Church and community leaders spoke at the conference. They included the Rev Tabe Wagina, Regional Secretary of the United Church, representing the bishop. Two visiting speakers, Rev Dr Geoff Waugh from Brisbane and youth leader Grant Shaw, who grew up in China with missionary parents, taught about the revival now moving through the Solomon Islands. They were part of an international team visiting the Solomon Islands.

That mission team included 15 from Pentecost Island in Vanuatu, and Bible College students studying in Brisbane from many nations. Team members came from England, the Netherlands, Korea, and Grant from China.



Dio Pabulu

I also wrote:

The revival team visited Parliament House in Honiara as guests of the Speaker of the House, Sir Peter Kenilorea. They prayed together there for the whole nation, emphasising the Christian teaching in Jesus' command: love one another as I have loved you.

The team also visited the prison, to encourage and share friendship with the inmates. They sang and spoke in many churches in Honiara including SSEC churches, Kingdom Harvest, the Full Gospel Church and Christian Outreach Centre.

They trekked for a week in the Guadalcanal mountains, sharing in village life and leading meetings in the villages. They helped churches and villagers there understand the powerful revival movement now moving through that area.

Many people were healed through prayer in every area visited. That is happening in the revival movements as people pray for each other and support one another. It helps to strengthen and transform village and community life.

The 1200 youths and leaders from across the nation returned from the National Christian Youth Convention to their island communities with that revival vision and purpose. They aim to make a difference for Christ as they live out their Christian values in their communities and churches.



International mission team at Honiara airport

Gideon (Solomons), Jerry (Fiji), Jesse, Grant (Australia), Sunim (Korea), Christopher, Marry, Arjen (Netherlands)

Chapter 25 – Solomon Islands (2007)

By Don, with my comments in italics

The tsunami of April 2007 hit Simbo, Gizo and Choiseul where we had been in 2006. It wiped out the village of Tapurai on Simbo where we had meetings and slept in September 2006, and destroyed many others. Many died including their Bishop, and most had to relocate to high ground since then.

In September 2007 we held reconciliation and revival meetings in Gizo and Simbo United Churches. The first meetings were on Simbo with the Taparai village people whose village was completely destroyed by the tsunami in April. Revival has been strong there. Community leaders reported that for the last three years the clinic statistics on Simbo show that Taparai people did not need medical treatment at the clinic because their prayers for healing were being answered in the village.

Community leaders on Simbo also had a reconciliation meeting chaired by Gideon, the first of that kind in 40 years, where long standing problems were discussed and resolved. The community is discovering more reconciliation, unity and harmony.

Revival Movements, 2007

Many revival movements continue to spread in the Solomon Islands. Visiting teams have participated and encouraged leaders.

Honiara, the capital has seen many touches of revival. I stayed there from Sunday September 2 to Sunday September 9, 2007, with Calvin and Kata Ziru and Calvin's parents Ron and Nancy Ziru at their Kapoe guest house complex again. A week of evening revival meetings spontaneously erupted in Wesley United Church that week in Honiara. It was the first time they had had such a week of revival meetings, including joining with youth of other churches. Calvin, their youth leader, had been worship leader in the law student team we hosted in Brisbane in

2002. He was then legal advisor to the parliament in the Solomon Islands, ideally placed to lead combined churches youth revival meetings and also help in the parliamentary Christian fellowship.

Seghe lies at the south east point of New Georgia in stunning scenery. I joined Gideon and Varsity Tuke there from Sunday, September 9 to Sunday, September 16. Don Hill also joined us there and then at Simbo and Gizo. **We held revival meetings at the Theological Seminary at Seghe in the fantastic Marovo Lagoon – 70 kilometres with hundreds of tropical bush laden islands north and west of New Georgia Island. Morning teaching sessions, personal prayers in the afternoons and night revival meetings, with worship led by the students, filled an eventful week in September 2007. That was the first time the seminary held such a week, and again we prayed for so many at each meeting, students and village people. Meetings included two village revival services in the lagoon. At the first, an afternoon meeting in the framework of a large new church building, everyone came for prayer, all 100, and 30 reported on pain leaving as we prayed for healings. Then we had a long evening meeting at Patutiva village, where revival started in Easter 2003 across the Lagoon from Seghe. That meeting went from 7pm to 1.30am with about 1,000 people! We prayed personally for hundreds after the meeting ‘closed’ at 11pm. Students told me they could hear the worship and preaching on the PA across the lagoon 1k away in the still night air, so those in bed listened that way!**

Simbo. A tsunami ravaged Gizo and Simbo islands in April 2007. It smashed all the Simbo canoes, except Gideon’s and his brother’s which were then on the ocean on the two hour trip from Simbo to Gizo. Strong moves of the Spirit continue on Simbo. Tapurai village on Simbo has hosted many revival meetings. It was wiped out by the tsunami, so the villagers relocated to higher ground. **Those villagers have a revival prayer team of 30, and no one from that village needed medical help from the clinic in three years since they started regularly praying for the sick, laying on hands and casting out spirits.** We travelled there by boat

from Seghe to Gizo, and then by an overloaded canoe from Gizo to Simbo, and had revival meetings on Simbo from Monday, September 17 till our return to Gizo on Friday, September 21.

***Gizo**, the provincial capital of the Western Region, is the Solomon Islands' second largest town. Its unique airstrip fills a small island near the town, with its pressed coral runway covering the whole length of the island. Travellers ride in a canoe or a launch across to the town. The central United Church hosted revival meetings in September 2007.*

The Premier of the region asked penetrating questions in the open discussion time and joined those who came out for prayer. He testified that he was immediately healed from stress-related head pain and tension.

Healings and testimonies have been a normal part of revival movements in the Solomon Islands and in the South Pacific. People see these as usual and to be expected when the Spirit of God is moving among them as in revival meetings or in personal prayers for one another.



Gizo's small island airstrip

***Taro.** The regional centre for Choiseul province in the west Solomon Islands hosted an amazing week of unprecedented unity*

among all the churches, the United Church, SDAs, Catholics and Anglicans when I was there with Mathias from Sunday, September 23 to Sunday, September 30.

*Leaders from Western Solomons gathered for a week of revival meetings on the small island of Taro, 500 square metres with the airstrip amid lagoons, the provincial headquarters for that region. **The meetings included 30 leaders from Kariki in the Shortland Islands region, further west. Revival started in Kariki the day after leaders returned from the National Christian Youth Convention in Choiseul Island the previous December.***

Pastor Mathias from Pentecost Island literally dropped out of the sky at Gizo on an early flight from Honiara. He boarded the plane with no ticket and no money! Dr Ron Ziru in Honiara took him to the plane, an extra one with spare seats, so he walked on leaving his international ticket at the office till we paid the fare! I paid for his flight to Gizo/Taro and the church at Taro paid for his return to Honiara.

The week at Taro was the fullest of the whole trip, the most tiring, and also the most powerful so far. Worship was amazing. They brought all the United Church ministers together for the week from all surrounding islands where revival is spreading and was accelerated after the youth convention near here in Choiseul the previous December, where the tsunami hit in April this year. Many lay people also filled the church each morning - about 200.

Crowds grew at Taro all week. The first Sunday night the United Church was packed, and worship was powerful - indication of a strong move of the Spirit here. .

We had teaching every morning after the 6 am prayer time led by Mathias. I taught 8-12 with a morning tea break, again to a full church of ministers and leaders from the region. Mathias led worship at the beginnings and endings of sessions. I prayed for

people each afternoon, and some of the ministers did that around the village and at the small hospital.

I also spoke one afternoon to the regional officials, including the regional premier, police officers, and government department heads at the regional parliament house. The director for medical services and his staff arranged a meeting at the hospital. Another afternoon I spoke at the Catholic Church and then prayed for them personally afterwards also. By the end of the week our meetings were ecumenical - all together including the SDA youth leading worship on two nights.

Night rallies at the soccer field included the amplifiers reaching people in their houses as well. Each night I spoke and Mathias also spoke, especially challenging the youth. We prayed for hundreds, while the youth lead worship at the end of each meeting. The ministers helped but they preferred to just assist us, and people seemed to want us to pray for them. I involved the ministers in praying for people also. There was a lot of conviction and reconciliation going on.

It's fascinating that we so often see powerful moves of God's Spirit when all the churches and Christians unite together in worship and ministry. God blesses unity of heart and action, especially among God's people. It always involves repentance and reconciliation.

In all these places people made strong commitments to the Lord, and healings were quick and deep. Both in Vanuatu and in the Solomon Islands the people said that they could all understand my English, even those who did not speak English, so they did not need an interpreter. Another miracle.

Don continues with more details:

Geoff was spending six weeks in the Solomon's during September and October 2007. As he would be visiting Simbo Island, the home of our long standing friend Rev. Gideon Tuke and family,

and two villages on Simbo had been destroyed in the 2 April (2007) Tsunami, it was an opportunity not to be missed in spite of the need to once again expose myself to the two hour open ocean canoe ride across from Gizo to Simbo.

I picked up with Geoff at the United Church Theological Seminary at Seghi prior to traveling on to Simbo with him. Helen was still recovering from a knee operation in early July and would not be able to cope with the rigors of travel in this part of the world where a lot of the travel is on foot. Geoff reported daily by email to his support group and students whenever there was an email café available. I have drawn on a lot of Geoff's email material as background in compiling this diary.

Day 1 - Thursday 13 September, 2007 - Getting to Seghe. First step nowadays is to look up a timetable on the net and plan around that. I wanted to fly from Brisbane to Honiara and onto Seghe on the same day to avoid a Honiara stop over, and on the way back, fly from Gizo to Honiara to Brisbane on the same day for the same reason.

The first turn-around miracle of the day [after an aircraft change]: The aircraft was one of the fully refurbished all business class OZJET fleet. With only 76 passengers booked to share the 102 plush leather seats on the old Boeing, I had row 5 to myself and one of the best flights ever. In spite of a two hour departure delay, time was made up with a Honiara arrival just 1¹/₂ hours late – at exactly the time my flight to Seghe was supposed to leave!

From here on the second miracle of the day. I was one of the first off and third in the immigration queue. Bags off quickly, no customs problem and I was out of the door in ten minutes flat. Taxi to the domestic terminal (about half a kilometre away) – deserted except for three or four women sitting near the entrance. Then I spotted a pilot coming to the toilet in the reception area - “Has the Seghe/ Gizo flight left yet?”

“No but it's fully booked - you won't get on!”

“Is there anybody inside I can talk to?”

“See what I can do” - and he disappeared back through the door from which he had emerged.

Eventually somebody did appear. I explained I wanted to get on the Seghe flight if it had not departed and I had a confirmed ticket. Next problem was to find the aeroplane and other passengers, which I eventually did through an unlabelled door. The passengers were walking out to the Twin Otter loading up baggage on the tarmac. It then occurred to me that I could not see my bags. I suggested to the man loading the bags that mine did not seem to be there. He ran inside the terminal and shortly emerged with them - *he had forgotten*. The bags were put on board, and having seen to that I was the last to get on as the engines started and we were off. It had been just 36 minutes since the jet from Brisbane had arrived and I was going to Seghe after all, in spite of the delays. It was a one-hour flight to Seghe and we made a rough landing in the jungle clearing as the sun sank low in the west.

Rev. Gideon Tuke was there to meet me. There are no cars at Seghe so we walked and carried my baggage for the kilometre to Gideon's house near the Seminary where Gideon's wife Vasily and 10 year old Helen had tea ready as the sun set and the hurricane lights came on. No electricity at Seghe these days.

Geoff had been working hard in Seghe with a four hour teaching schedule each morning of the week, followed by a revival meeting every night, which could go on for several hours. That night was no different and the meeting started soon after the evening meal. Gideon had organised conventional beds for Geoff and me in the spare room with a thin rubber mattress and a mosquito net, but tired as I was I was not to get into it until much later that night after the meeting.



The Seghi, Uepi, Marovo Lagoon Area

Day 2 - Friday 14 September, 2007 – Seghe and Marovo Lagoon Trip. I slept well when I eventually made bed but was rudely awoken at 4.45am in the pitch dark by the Seminary bell that summoned the students to morning worship. Worship, prayer and speaking went on for an hour and with the first elements of dawn just breaking and a brilliant morning star in the eastern sky. I returned to bed for another hour's sleep – or so I thought as Seghe must have the most vocal chooks on earth.



Gideon was appointed as a lecturer at the Seminary earlier this year and brought Vasily and Helen from Simbo to look after the domestic chores and meals during the busy week with Geoff in residence. The Seminary is the only United Church training institution in the Solomons and

it has had its ups and downs over the years. It looks very tired and shows the signs of neglect. On occasions it has been closed. However, there were 15 students who attend lectures for two years followed by two years field training and another year full time before graduation.

Things appear to be changing as revival spreads. It started with the children and young people and was initially opposed by the hierarchy of the United Church, but there is now a co-operative acceptance and things are on the move again. This has been considerably enhanced through Gideon's appointment as a lecturer, and the bishop elect for the Gizo Region, Rev Jebede Padokama, a present lecturer at the seminary who approved Geoff's visit and attended all reconciliation and revival seminars and night meetings.



The radio schedule is necessary as there is no working telephone (or email) to Seghe. Maybe there was one, but it needed to be repaired. The government apparently will do the repairs free of

charge when they get around to it.

There has been no electricity for at least four years since the generator stopped working. Unfortunately the generator was old and parts were no longer available.



There is a small hospital within the Seminary complex (but not apparently a part of it), where minor ailments and illness can be treated, but no doctor. Very serious cases would need to be

transported to the hospital at Munda at the other end of the

island. That would be a three hour trip by the *fast boat* every Sunday afternoon or a one day trip by canoe, the only means of transport, except by air one or two days a week.

I had landed at Seghe airstrip several times. It had been bulldozed out of the jungle in just 10 days by the US in WW2 and nothing has been done since. There is a large concrete wharf 100m east of the airstrip. This is located on the deep channel between New Georgia and Vangunu Islands and is where the newly introduced *fast boat* service from Honiara to Seghe, Noro and Gizo calls on the way to Gizo on Sundays and on the way back on Mondays.

After sitting in on the latter part of Geoff's morning teaching session I opted to go with Gideon on an afternoon canoe trip on the Marovo Lagoon to pick up Gideon's 15 year old daughter Judith from the isolated United Church boarding school at Patukae. Geoff was going with one of the students to Nga Ngari to pray with a sick woman.

Marovo Lagoon is world heritage listed and is the largest lagoon in the world. It contains 1000 islands, which is probably a conservative estimate. It is located on the north eastern shore of New Georgia extending to the east and south of Vangunu Island. A fringing reef dropping off steeply to the open ocean protects it. A narrow channel perhaps 100-200m wide separates New Georgia and Vangunu, which to all intents and purposes would otherwise be one island. Seghe is on the New Georgia side of the Channel and Patuvita, is on the Vangunu side.

The trip took just over an hour on a fast canoe – never far from a shore or an island with the sea colour changing from vivid greens to vivid blues as the sun reflected off water of different depths.



Judith was waiting at the water edge for the boat, anxious to get home for a two-week break. Reluctantly she went back to give me a very quick look at the school, a scatted collection of

class rooms, dormitories and teacher's residences. It was the only thing on the island and must have been one of the most isolated and basic boarding schools in the world.

Photo: Gideon's daughter Judith on right

More canoes were arriving to pick up children as we headed off towards the large red roof across the water, which turned out to be the church and we were given a grand tour.



This is when the impact of revival in Marovo Lagoon really comes home. Here at a place called Chubikopi was a church almost complete to seat probably 500-700 people on an isolated island in a remote part of the world in a village with a population of no more than 100. Thus the congregation would all virtually

have to travel across by canoe. We were told it was already full for Sunday services. What a vision these people had to take on to finance and build this place.

The trip back was just as enjoyable as the trip over and we were in Seghe again about 4.30pm.

Geoff had just returned with the exciting tale of his adventure to Nga Ngari. His visit to the village to pray for the sick woman turned into a two-hour revival meeting with the whole village in attendance. Then when he made a call for anyone requiring prayer to come forward all 100 responded. He reported they had also pulled down their old church and the steel frame for a much larger building – probably about the size of the Chubikope church, had been erected.

Time for a short sleep and evening meal before another full on night meeting in the Seminary Church. Tomorrow was Saturday and was to be a day of rest and relaxation. It was, sort of.

Day 3 - Saturday 15 September, 2007 – Uepi Resort, Patuvita Night Meeting. Saturday today, and a day at leisure. Geoff could certainly do with a day off as he had been doing two and sometimes three teaching/mission meetings a day for almost two weeks. No 4.45am gong at the Seminary on Saturdays, but the Seghe chooks crowed all night.

Gideon, Geoff and I with Helen and Judith hired a *fast* canoe for the hour long trip across the Marovo Lagoon to Uepi Resort. This time it was more or less a straight line trip, but we still passed a lot of small islands all of which were covered in thick green jungle down to the water. The thought crossed my mind as to how this could be so when the little bit of land that was above water level was surrounded by salty ocean water. Must get lots of rain!

Uepi is a barrier reef island, covered in rainforest, defined by fringing reef and sandy beach and flanked by the warm waters of the lagoon on one side, and the oceanic depths to 2000m of *The Slot*, a deep marine abyss, on the other. We arrived too late to order lunch, but could use the dining room and lounge.

We all went for a swim. Virtually no beach, just straight into beautiful clear deep water with myriads of fish. This was great and we soaked it up. Afterwards I went for a walk to a little jetty about 100m away and found to my amazement that this jetty overlooked a very deep pool of clear water on the edge of the channel, so deep that the bottom was not visible directly below.

Again myriads of multi-coloured fish swam by and I was able to photograph them as if I had been diving with them. Then came a dozen or so large sharks, but they never once attacked a fish. Geoff was intrigued and had a strong desire to swim with them. That's OK Geoff, but count me out. *I just want exclusive photographic rights!*



*Geoff swimming with the Sharks.
An audience watching Geoff.*



Geoff checked with the resort and found they actually feed the sharks sometimes and they **thought** it was safe to swim with them. I guess divers do this all the time, but as far as I am concerned that's different. So Geoff swam around for half an hour while I kept the camera ready. Believe it or not the sharks gave Geoff a wide berth and I was not able to

get any close up action but I did get one shot including Geoff and a couple of sharks.

Geoff had inadvertently spent a few minutes at the resort on the previous Sunday when his flight from Honiara to Seghe could not land at Seghe as the strip was too wet and boggy. So instead he was dropped off at Ramada in the north east of the Marovo Lagoon in the company of eight tourists going to the resort. They trekked with their big bags through a little jungle track to the boat pick-up spot where he hitched a ride on the 150hp resort canoe travelling at about 60kph for over an hour across the lagoon to the resort. He thought he *might have to spend a night at the resort*. However, God seemed to have other plans and like me he was going to be at Seghe before nightfall that day.

Gideon had travelled up from Honiara on the *fast boat* arriving at Seghe about 4pm. The first person Gideon saw was the airport manager who reported the airport closed and of course no Geoff. Gideon made the correct assumption that Geoff would have been carried on to Ramata so quickly arranged for a canoe to go over from Seghe. The resort boat and the Seghe canoe arrived at the same time so Geoff only had to step from one to the other and he was on his way to Seghe where he arrived just on dark.

Saturday night was billed as a big meeting at Patuvita across the channel. This is where the revival started with children of the lagoon at Easter 2003. Geoff had previously visited this church in September 2003. The old church building has been pulled down and the foundations were being pegged out on an open ridge high above the lagoon for the new one, which will probably hold up to 1000 as the revival swells the numbers.

Mark, the superintendent minister came across in a canoe to pick up Gideon, Geoff and myself, just on dark, and we had a private meeting with him more or less by way of a rest stop after climbing up the hill to the old hall.

Mark as superintendent looked after seven other ministers in the lagoon area and twenty-one congregations and tonight a big crowd was expected. I estimated about 400 in the hall and a lot more standing outside.

Again students led the worship. Most of the adults were traditional, but there were forty or so in revival ministry teams who pray for the sick, cast out spirits and evangelise. We joined the meeting by 8pm and finished at 1.30am! Worship went for an hour. Geoff then preached for nearly an hour. In his words -

Very lively stuff. Only tiny kids went to sleep - 50 of them on pandanus leaf mats at the front. Then we prayed for people - and prayed, and prayed, and prayed and prayed, on and on and on and on! I involved the ministers (after praying for them and leaders first), and the students - and still people came for prayer - by the hundreds.

We prayed for leaders who wanted prayer first, then for their ministry teams, then for youth leaders and the youth, and then for anyone else who wanted prayer, and at about midnight Mark called all the children for prayer, so the parents woke them up and carried the babies. I guess I prayed for 30 sleeping kids in mother's arms and for their mothers and fathers as well.

Then after midnight when the meeting "finished" about 200 remained for personal prayer, one by one. So I involved 4 students with me, and that was great on-the-job training as well as praying. We prayed about everything imaginable, including many barren wives, men whose wives were uncooperative, women whose husbands weren't interested, and healings galore - certainly many more than 100 healings. In every case, those with whom we prayed said that the pain was totally gone. I doubt if I've ever seen so many healings, happening so quickly. At 1.30am there were still 30 people waiting for prayer, so I got desperate, and prayed for them all

at once. I told them just to put their hands on the parts of their body needing healings, and I prayed for them all at once, while the students and some ministers still there laid hands on them, and I also moved quickly around to lay hands on each one. They were all happy, and again reported healings. I wish I'd thought of that at midnight! But at least a few hundred had a chance to talk and be specific about their needs.

It was too late at night (or early in the morning) to go looking for a canoe back to Seghe, so we accepted a bed at *Super* Mark's house (as he was now being called). It was a reasonable house for the area and solidly built. *Super* Mark's wife had anticipated this when I had watched her drive nails into a bedroom wall with the back of an axe earlier that night to rig up mosquito nets.

Day 4 - Sunday 16 September, 2007 - Seghe to Gizo. We were woken up by a gong at 6am and went down to the church where a very small group had gathered for an early morning prayer meeting. After a breakfast of dry biscuits, jam and tea/coffee we made our way back down to the channel for a canoe trip to Seghe.

It was then that I noticed the rather large concrete wharf and the road bulldozed back up the hill just to the side of our track down. My original thought was snigging logs out of the jungle. No way – these facilities were in place to bring in the building materials for the new church. What a vision these people have!

Back at Seghe Geoff and I went straight to bed and slept until mid-day while the local church service was in progress. It was then time to pack up and walk around to the wharf to catch the *fast* boat to Gizo. It ran every Sunday and was due probably sometime around 2pm but without communications a large group gathered under the shelter of the nearby market building and just waited. It came in at 4pm.



It was indeed a *fast boat* and top heavy and unstable particularly at the wharf when everybody crowded to one side. There must have been 200-300 on board in three inside cabins and a rear deck. As Gideon said, "It was just like an areophane."

As Gideon said, "It was just like an areophane."



Day 5- Monday 17 September, 2007 – Gizo to Simbo. An early proper breakfast at the Gizo Hotel (buffet and cooked – eggs, toast sausages, etc, at Australian prices) and then Geoff was into the internet café on the ground floor of the hotel to catch up on his Seghe reports. He stayed there on and off until around 1.30pm with a storm approaching and at least two hours at sea ahead of us. *On and off* were the operative words as that's the way the internet system worked at Gizo that day.

Meanwhile Vasily and the girls (Judith and Helen) went shopping for provisions such as bags of rice and other food items. Gideon's 15-year-old son John (Judith's twin) arrived with the driver and



the canoe from Simbo and the loading and stowing process began. It was the same canoe Gideon had when we visited Simbo eleven years ago and one of only

three Simbo canoes remaining after the tsunami. All three just 'happened' to be at sea or at Gizo when the tsunami hit. Canoes still at Simbo were destroyed.

We finally set off just after 1.30pm loaded down to the gunnels with very little freeboard. Everything was either packed up under the forward canopy or as a heap under a huge black plastic sheet amidships. The seats were barely visible. I could not see exactly what was on board under cover – the surprises came when we unloaded. Gideon readily admitted it was overloaded, but that's just the way it is here with these people who have been making these trips for hundreds of years - dugout canoes and paddles before the advent of fiberglass and outboard motors.

John sat astride the bows and when he had pulled up the anchor lay out there on his stomach for the rest of the trip. All we saw of John from then on was his bottom up profile over the top of the low canopy. Geoff, Judith and I occupied the front seat and, as the heap in the middle was higher than the seats, we could lie back and were reasonably comfortable, but could not turn around to see behind. Gideon and Vasily shared the rear seat facing backwards as the heap in the middle took up any foot room there might have been. I think their daughter Helen might have slept on the floor at their feet. The driver stood at the back. That's eight people accounted for.



Then about an hour out – and a long hour at that – the motor coughed and stopped. It’s one thing to be travelling along roughly parallel with the ocean swell with a lot of forward motion and just a gentle up and down across the long

swells, but with a stalled motor the overloaded canoe just sat very low in the water and wallowed in lazy circles until the motor fired again after much pulling of the starter rope. There was a great feeling of relief to hear that motor fire – and keep on firing. The motor stopped on two more occasions. There was a problem with the fuel tank so those in the know were not unduly concerned. ***I think we all thought about the incident late last year (2006) when 35 youth set out in two canoes to travel from Gizo to Choiseul to the National Christian Youth Convention (about 80km). Both canoes had engine trouble and two young men, Dio Pabulu and Willington Zepa from Simbo, swam for 9 hours from noon to 9pm against the current to get help.***

They staggered exhausted onto a village beach and later a RAMSI vehicle picked them up and radioed for a RAMSI launch to rescue the 33 youth in the two canoes. Towed ashore late that night, they repaired one engine and the 35 then boarded one canoe and set out again!

Just on the two hours we rounded the end of Simbo and passed close inshore off the white coral beach to observe from the sea what was left of Tapurai village. The only building was the church on a low hill behind the narrow piece of flat land, which had been the village. The flat land was deeply eroded and becoming overgrown with weeds.

As it was high tide we were able to continue close inshore to Gideon’s village of Mengge a kilometer or two further on (at low

and from the meeting. The student minister Hapara Sotutu joined us and travelled to most places with us over the next few days, as Gideon often had other things to do.

The new Tapurai village was situated within a couple of kilometers of the old village, but about a hundred feet above the sea on a now cleared shelf of land. World Vision had provided some tents and as there was no church building or hall, a very large temporary bush timber frame covered with a green tarpaulin served the purpose.



We met Gideon's eldest brother Daniel on arrival and had a brief talk before moving over to the 'hall' where the whole village, men women and

children had gathered to hear Geoff. Half were inside and half outside.

The meeting took the usual format of praise singing followed by an address by Geoff. I wondered what he would say to these displaced people, but the appropriate revival message seemed to come through - where there are disasters, expect revival miracles, and he has plenty of materials to call on.

The meeting went for two hours and the time passed quickly. It was 1pm when we left for a lunch in one of the houses in an adjacent long established village with Daniel, Amos (an elder), Martin Luther (Western Province Council) and others.

This was probably the first time the question of what was happening with aid was asked, but we did not have any positive answers. Many people had donated to relief work and it was all being channeled through the Solomon Islands Government, who seemed to be concentrating on infrastructure.

That means the villagers get little or nothing personally. The United Church had SID4,000 to give to the relocated villagers on Simbo. When that was shared around each family received SID15 (that's AUD5 per family).

They've been rebuilding with bush materials and making dugout canoes. New dugout canoes dot the shores. They are vital for fishing and transport.



Back to Gideon's for a shower and quick sleep before a short walk through the low-lying jungle area to Lengana

where the major schools and a clinic are located.

I had walked this track before but now the vegetation had been knocked around in the tsunami and there were quite a few bare and washed out sections.

The waves came ashore at Lengana and although they came a few hundred meters inland they did little damage to the substantial buildings – all well back from the shore. One school building was washed away and had been replaced.



The waters stopped about 20m in front of the Church Gideon built with the generator, TV set, and video machine sent over 12/13 years ago. (Gideon paid wages by showing videos to the

workers at night). The wrecks of a couple of canoes were evident where they came to rest – never shift anything! These included the front section of the United Church canoe – the rear section was never found. I guess they will just stay and rot under the trees where they were left.

Simbo seems to be sinking. The small concrete wharf at Lengana used to be above water at all tides. It is now only visible above water at low tide and submerged at high. Notice the slight tilt in the photograph below.

The meeting started with a small crowd around 5pm and finished around 6.30pm. John came over and took us back by canoe – a pleasant ride as the sun disappeared below the horizon.

Day 7 - Wednesday 19 September, 2007 – Simbo, Lengana Again. Today Geoff had a teaching session in the morning and a big meeting tonight in the Lengana Church. We walked over the same tracks as we did late yesterday afternoon and to our surprise there was a small steel ship at the jetty.



It was low tide and it could be easily unloaded. It belonged to the Christian Fellowship Church and travelled around the islands dropping off and picking up supplies. Looking at

it, I was not at all sure it would have been any better at sea than the canoe.

The teaching session was well attended and went off well and we had a small lunch afterwards provided by the local Superintendent Minister's wife, under a clump of shady bamboo.

At the mid-morning meeting Elder Amos told me the elders pray for sick Tapurai people and nobody from the village has gone to the clinic to be treated for illness since 2003. "You can check the book – the only entries will be for mothers to get their babies weighed."

A great moonlight canoe trip back to Gideon's after the meeting.



Day 8 - Thursday 20 September, 2007 – Rigumu, Tapurai Old Villages. Today was free of meetings and the day we would land and look around at the devastated sites of Rigumu and Tapurai.

To do this we travelled by canoe, firstly half way around the island to the eastern side to Rigumu and then back to Tapurai. Gideon could not come as he had called a meeting of the elders of the Tuke family to resolve a few issues, but we had John, Hapara Sotutu and Dio Pabulu, **the young man who had swum for nine hours on the Choiseul trip**, to show us around.

The motor behaved badly and stopped on several occasions, but the fuel line was finally cleaned and Dio was not required to swim for the shore this time. However, he had to *pole* the canoe through the shallows at times (Photo: Dio with pole).

I had not previously been to Rigumu. It was now an eroded and deserted brown water swamp of uprooted trees.



There was little to be recognized – a shattered concrete shower base here, a few short house stumps there and looking

through the swamp in one direction I noted several mosquito nets hooked up in trees.

There were two deaths and six injuries at Rigumu. A relative of Gideon told me later that the dead were his grandchildren who were found caught up in trees. He was away on the other side of the island at the time. This information turns statistics into heart-rending reality.

Helen and I had been to Tapurai before in 1996 and had slept (intermittently) on the floor of the school after attending a meeting in the church up on the hill. Gideon had produced thin foam mattresses from somewhere, but they were really thin!



We vividly recall the difficulty we had getting up to the church in the rain that night, due to the slippery mud on the tracks. It was also our first attendance at a church in the Solomon's and we

were somewhat amazed at the way babies and young children were laid out on the bare concrete floor and actually went to sleep!

Day 9 - Friday 21 September 2007 - Back to Gizo. We had early breakfast and made a 7.30am start back to Gizo to give Geoff as much time as possible at the internet café. The sea on the lee of the island was like glass and augured well for a good trip over, which it was.

Maybe it was going home, or maybe I was getting used to it, but with a much lighter canoe, it was quite pleasant rolling up and down across the long ocean swell just watching the flying fish. Gideon came with us on his way back to Seghe and Vasily came to say goodbye.



I spent the day walking around and observing the activity especially around the market, watching canoes come and go with their produce and human cargoes. Gizo on a Friday was a busy place. It's all

over by around 3pm as the canoes need daylight to return home.



There was a meeting arranged for Geoff that night in the United Church, but although it was well attended the going was much harder in the town than it was in the village environment.

Geoff flew on to Taro Island to continue his mission next day.

Day 10 Saturday 22 September, 2007 – Back to Brisbane. That was it for me. A short trip by launch across the lagoon at 9am to the small off-shore island where the airstrip is located and then a one and a half hour Twin Otter flight direct back to Honiara, and then on to Brisbane the same day.

Chapter 26 – Kenya (2007)

I met Francis Nyameche, a youth evangelist from Kenya, when he studied for his Bachelor of Ministry degree in Brisbane, graduating in 2000. Since then I've visited him in Kenya a few times.

His father, Pastor Samson Nyameche, founded the Nairobi Believers Mission (NBM) Church in Kisumu, Kenya, with 2000 attending, and established over 30 churches. He runs an orphanage for 50 children on his family farm.

Frank had a vision of Jesus when he was five, and was powerfully filled with the Spirit as a teenager. He became the youth pastor in his father's church and spoke at local markets where thousands were saved and filled with the Spirit. Frank evangelised in many places in Africa.

Supported by his wife Lindah, Frank began Nairobi Believers Mission church in the slums of Kibera where a million people live, jammed together in small mud brick homes with rusty iron roofs. I've had the privilege of teaching leaders and speaking at meetings there. In spite of poverty and political unrest, their churches grow steadily in this slum, the largest in Africa.

Before the Kibera slum church moved into their corrugated iron shed they met in a community hall. I taught leaders there, and spoke at their Sunday service with about 30 people. We gave them real bread for communion, not just symbolic cubes. The Spirit led me to give them all the bread we had, just two loaves (not five barley buns as the boy had in Scripture).

"Can I take some home to my family?" asked one young man. That's a hard question to answer in front of 30 hungry people. "It's yours. You can take some of your own communion bread home if you want to," I answered.

Everyone then took a large handful of communion bread, and most put some in their pockets to take home later. We shared real glasses of grape juice in plastic glasses, thanking the Lord for his body and blood given for us. After my return to Australia I heard that the bread apparently multiplied, as those who took some home had enough for their families to eat. Some of them were still eating it two weeks later.

Francis added: "Actually the miracle continued months after we began NBM and were feeding members each Saturday afternoon with tea and bread. God continued multiplying the food and there was always enough."

My glimpses of revival in Kenya with Francis in the slums, with his parents in the orphanage and teaching pastors and leaders from over 30 of their churches, reminded me that God uses the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. People with limited or no resources still see the Kingdom of God come powerfully among them.



Praying for and with people at every meeting

Chapter 27 – China, USA, Brazil (2007, 2008)

China

One of my most humbling and stirring experiences of revival happened in China in 2007 where Christians have been severely persecuted for over half a century, and it is still illegal to hold unregistered meetings, free of government control and restrictions. I loved it there among such humble, hungry, receptive, grateful, gentle, and faith filled believers. I was often in tears just being there, appreciating their heartfelt zeal in everything. I have rarely been so impressed anywhere. No concerts. No acting. No hype. Just bare essentials. What a big and wonderful family we belong to, and our Father is so proud of his family there, I'm sure. One memorable night I had the privilege of speaking to a roomful of about 30 house church leaders, a meeting alive with faith and expectation. We all prayed for one another there.

I had the great honour of speaking at a house church. People arrived in ones or twos over an hour or so, and stayed for many hours. Then they left quietly in ones or twos again, just personal visitors to that host family. Food on the small kitchen table welcomed everyone, some of it brought by the visitors.

About 30 of us crowded into a simple room with very few chairs. Most sat on the thin mat coverings. They sang their own heartfelt worship songs in their own language and style, pouring out love to the Lord, sometimes with tears. The leader played a very basic guitar in a very basic way.

Everyone listened intently to the message, and gladly asked questions, all of it interpreted. There was no need for an altar call or invitation to receive prayer. Everyone wanted personal prayer. Our prayer team of three or four people prayed with each person for specific needs such as healing and with personal prophecies. That flowed strongly. I knew

none of that group, but received ‘pictures’ or words of encouragement for each one, as did the others.

While prayer continued, some began slipping quietly away. Others had supper. Others stayed to worship quietly. It was a quiet night because they did not want to disturb neighbours or attract attention.

Most people in that group were new believers with no Christian background at all. They identified easily with the house churches of the New Testament, the persecution, and the miracles, because they experienced all that as well. Many unbelievers become Christians because someone prayed for their healing and the Lord healed them.

Afterwards, some of us drove to a local park just to pray with an elderly gentleman, unable to go to the meetings. He had been wounded in the 1989 student uprising in Tiananmen Square in Beijing. He thanked us so eloquently for coming to his country to support and encourage his people. I was deeply moved. So much personal support, encouragement and evangelism happen that way, so simply.

It neither looked nor sounded like a Western revival! It wasn't. Yet it was part of one of the greatest revivals of the last half century, bringing over 100 million into the Kingdom of God.

USA – Atlanta, and Caribbean

Travelling on mission with keen, faith-filled and faithful young people and students inspires and encourages me. I flew with Grant Shaw to join a discounted group booking with Toronto Airport Christian Fellowship's Caribbean cruise in January 2008. John Arnott and Heidi Baker spoke at the morning electives and evening rallies on board, and we enjoyed care free days exploring the islands. I take every opportunity to receive prayer and fresh anointing in these meetings. There's always more.

Grant and I visited his aunt Pam and her family in Atlanta, Georgia in America for a week during our long flights from Brisbane to Los Angeles to Atlanta and on to Fort Lauderdale to join the cruise.

There I met Pam's teenage son, Grant's cousin Andrew Chee and his brother Scott. We prayed for them and with them and I sensed a strong anointing in those prayer times. Like meeting Romulo and the law students in Vanuatu, I later enjoyed many mission trips with Andrew and for a while he stayed in our home with his brother Scott. I was led to take Andrew with me on mission to Nepal and Thailand as well as many times to Vanuatu. He connected so well with other young people, inspiring them to move in anointing and faith, and Scott later came with me to Vanuatu.

Grant and I enjoyed prayer groups in their family home in Atlanta most nights, and spoke at youth groups and the Sunday services at their Vineyard church in Atlanta. Again, we appreciated sharing and praying with so many in their faith-filled groups and church. Where there is faith – expecting God to act – more can happen, and it does.

Brazil

In June 2008, I saw something of God's mighty work in Brazil. George and Lisa Otis and the Sentinel Group hosted a conference in Belo Horizonte and a group of us visited communities that have been transformed in Brazil.

We worshipped on Sunday in the huge Baptist Church of Lagoinha in the city of Belo Horizonte. This church of about 35,000 holds four services every Sunday. The sanctuary is round with two high galleries. Before the worship service began they baptised about a dozen people in the baptistery high above the platform. Their worship leader, Ana Paula Valadao, is well known in Brazil. She led worship at the conference and has led national worship gatherings with over one million attending.

The worship service ended, as always, with an invitation for people to give their lives to God. As people streamed forward, counsellors joined to pray with them. People in the sanctuary let down banners saying, “Welcome to the family of God”.



We visited the city of Teresopolis, just north of Rio, where a whole community that once existed on the city’s garbage dump, now lives in a beautiful new valley nearby. We met youths from former gangs, now transformed into prayer and evangelism warriors, and we prayed with them on the prayer mountain there.

Then we flew north to see the transformation of Algodao de Jandaira, a rural town which suffered from 24 years of drought, until God answered prayer. My story draws on information from the Sentinel Group report.

The Valentina Baptist church in Joao Pessoa hosted us. Many of them had cried out for a fresh move of God. A quiet choir member began to have vivid dreams about a town called Algodao de Jandaira. Later they discovered such a place existed in a desert area with no proper roads.

A prayer team drove there, as we did. When the team arrived at the outskirts of the community, they were shocked by the poverty of its 2,200 inhabitants. The community well stayed dry. The team approached one home and discovered it was the only evangelical home in the community!

The church sent a team once a month with needed supplies. These follow-up trips continued through 2003. At the end of each visit, after they had delivered their meager supplies of food, salt and clothing, the team would walk up to a rock outcropping above the village to pray. We prayed there also.

That year the congregation decided to help the people of Algodao de Jandaira at Christmas. They took their supplies and continued to pray earnestly for God to intervene.

On January 24, 2004, the team returned to Algodao de Jandaira. About five miles from the community they approached a riverbed they had crossed dozens of times before. This time raging waters coursed down the channel. Parking their vehicle, the ecstatic believers hoisted supply sacks onto their shoulders and waded across the river.

As they walked the final stretch to town, a spirit of worship overcame them. Reaching the edge of the village, the team stood in astonishment. From the rock outcropping that served as their prayer station, a waterfall was pouring forth life-giving water upon the community below. Children ran in the river, splashing and laughing all around. Men watered their horses, while goats drank their fill.

Shortly after their previous visit the heavens over Algodao de Jandaira had unleashed a deluge. Water exploded out of previously dry wells with such force that huge boulders were tossed into the air like pebbles. After the “Flood of Blessings” – the 24 year old mayor’s term for the recent miracle – they drilled 45 wells to tap what hydrologists now say is a substantial water table under Algodao de Jandaira. We met the young mayor and prayed with him.

The land now produces fava beans, papaya, guava, and other crops. Bees generate high quality honey, goats yield record amounts of milk, and the river is filled with fish and shrimp. For the first time ever they can sell their overflow produce to public schools and outside distributors.

Algodao de Jandaira's population rose to 3,000. The Valentina congregation has planted a church and social center in the community, and holds joint services there with a local Assembly of God congregation. Today, a substantial majority of Algodao de Jandaira's citizens follow Christ as their Lord and Savior. When glory is to be given, it is given to God rather than their former patron saint, Padre Cicero.

The mayor's leadership has landed multiple federal grants worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Recently, when he presented his case for a further grant, Algodao de Jandaira was the only community in the state of Paraiba to win a grant.

We worshipped in the Valentina Baptist Church, now powerfully Spirit-filled, and also in the Christian pioneers' home in Algodao de Jandaira, and out on the street in front of that home. That family hosted us. We worshipped and praised God on the rocky outcrop near the town, where their prayer teams had prayed each month. And I swam in the cool fresh water, now flowing through the low dam beside the town. Photo: baptisms in the dam.



God answers prayer! Not always as soon as we want, and not always the way we want, but he does. I left Brazil filled with awe once again. Revival has made Brazil the country with the third largest number of Christians, after America and China.

Chapter 28 – Fiji (2008, 2009)

Fijians have seen many powerful moves of God’s Spirit such as when churches joined in unity and repentance in 2001 following the coup and rioting in 2000. See the Sentinel Group’s DVD, “Let the Seas Resound.”

My book, *South Pacific Revivals*, gives many examples of healings of the land following prayer, reconciliations, and destroying idols. That transformed communities and the ecology. Here are a few more local examples of touches of revival.

Law students from the Christian Fellowship (CF) of the University of the South Pacific experienced strong touches of revival at their Christian Fellowship (CF) in 2002 at their Law School in Vanuatu. The leaders were mostly from Fiji. They grew strong in faith. I appreciated opportunities to lead revival mission teams with them in Australia, Vanuatu, the Solomon Islands, and Fiji.

2008

I spoke at the combined inter-tertiary Christian Fellowships prayer rally weekend in October 2008. The Fiji School of Medicine Christian Fellowship organised and led it. Over 500 tertiary students met for two nights of worship and prayer.

The Fiji School of Medicine Christian Fellowship has about 200 doctors in training with some trainee dentists. They impressed me. Their leaders seek God, and respond strongly to him. Their worship team led the combined campuses rally on the Friday and Saturday nights. Buses brought in groups from the various universities and colleges. Different Christian Fellowship (CF) groups presented powerful Pacific dances to strong Christian songs. The prayer team prayed personally for over an hour at the end of each meeting for the hundreds of tertiary students who responded, while the School of Medicine CF continued to lead appropriate and anointed worship.

Romulo reported:

Inter-tertiary went very well at Suva Grammar School that was hosted by Fiji School of Medicine CF. It was an awesome two nights of fellowship with God and with one another. The Pacific Students for Christ combined worship was a huge blessings for those that attended the two nights of worship. Pastor Geoff spoke on Obedience to the Holy Spirit - this being a spark to revival and power.

Students came in droves for prayers and the worship lit up the Grammar School skies with tears, repentance, anointing and empowerment. The worship by Fiji School of Medicine students brought us closer to intimate worship with the King. It was a Pacific gathering and each and every person there was truly blessed as young people sought a closer intimate relationship with the King. We were blessed beyond words. Thank you all for the prayers, the thoughts and the giving.

Roneil, a Fijian Indian, added, "It was all so amazing, so amazing that words can't describe it. For me, it was obvious that the glory of God just descended upon the people during the Inter-tertiary CF. I've never seen an altar call that lasted for way more than an hour. I myself just couldn't get enough of it. It was and still is so amazing. God's anointing is just so powerful. Hallelujah to Him Who Was, Who Is and Who is to Come."

Similar scenes have been repeated in the following years as well. University and college students responded in huge numbers. We prayed for hundreds of them. Their leaders do that constantly also.

2009

I was deeply moved in July 2009 to see God's Spirit powerfully present at two congregations of the Redeemer Christian Church of God. Pastor Jerry is senior pastor of their churches in Samabula, Suva, and in his seaside home village of Kiuva north of Suva. Romulo described part of our visit in 2009 this way:

Two of the memorable highlights were the washing of leaders' feet at RCCG Samabula and the worship service on Wednesday at RCCG Kiuva village. In fact I remember picking up the pastors on Sunday morning, and seeing Pastor Geoff carrying towels. I said to myself, 'This is going to be fun.' And fun it was.

God was teaching the church the principles of servanthood, demonstrated not just by words but by actions. It was a moving experience as Pastor Geoff on his knees started washing feet, drying them with a towel and speaking into the lives of leaders. Powerful also was the fact that Pastor Geoff's leading was to wash the feet of leaders.

That Sunday former PM Rabuka, who heard of the Pastor's visit, came to church for prayer. Of course the leading for Pastor Geoff to pray for leaders meant Rabuka would get his feet washed too. One of the acts that will be embedded forever in my mind was seeing Rabuka sit on the floor, remove his coat and wash the feet of Pastor Geoff and KY Tan. He then dried their feet with his 'favourite' Fiji rugby coat (he played in their national rugby team). I was blown away by this act of humility, as demonstrated by Christ on his final night with the disciples before his arrest and execution.

On Wednesday night, (their last night in Suva), we were at Kiuva village in Tailevu. The powerful and angelic worship of young people and kids in Tailevu made the atmosphere one of power with a tangible presence of the Lord in the place. We saw a glimpse of revival and

the power of God at work in such a simple setting. I was blessed to witness for myself the prevalent hunger in the body as lives connected with God. In all, it is purely refreshing being in the presence of God and being touched and filled by the Holy Spirit.

Mighty moves of God continue to amaze us when we seek after him. The visit by Pastor Geoff and KY Tan was for many of us an opportunity to move in our gifting. It reminded me of the divine encounter we had in Vanuatu many years ago where, as student leaders in the university's CF group, we were in need of direction and to hear God. Many years later today we continue to witness the greatness of God and his willingness to use our lives as we remain available and yielded to him. Indeed miracles and wonders have followed us and the best part of it all is just seeing the power of the Word of God bring life to them that believe.



Tailevu youth worship in Jerry's home church

Chapter 29 – Myanmar (2009-11-12-18)

In January 2009, I visited Myanmar (Burma) for the first time, also on mission. This time I enjoyed being part of three generations of our family on mission together, with my son Jonathan and my eldest grand-daughter Jemimah, as well as my sister Hazel all involved. Jonathan's friend Andrew Rogers organised team visits there for many years. Andrew had lived with us for a couple of years when he studied at university.

It's tough for Christians there and pastors and Christian groups, including many of our friends, do a wonderful job in caring for victims of ethnic and religious conflict such as in their homes and orphanages. We worked with leaders in the Apostolic Church. They run orphanages in Yangon, a Bible College out in the country, and they bring their pastors together for an annual national conference. The Bible College is small, but students are very committed and extremely grateful. So were the pastors, some of them coming from very hard, remote areas. They were all so appreciative, and of course want return visits. Those return visits developed into annual short-term mission trips.



Praying together

Jonathan and Jemimah did a lot with the children and youth in the two orphanages, and Jonathan helped with practical work. My sister Hazel visited the orphanages and attended some of the pastors' conference.

Hazel provided help for the Bethel Baptists and their orphanage as well. We both spoke at their church, and prayed for people there. She and her husband Kerry returned there, and people in their home church at Orange support that ministry in prayer and practical ways. After Hazel died in July 2011, Kerry continued to support their work and now they have a beautiful two storey accommodation building dedicated to Hazel.

Some of us travelled daily to the Bible College for the conference, 1½ hours away by side-saddle covered truck. Jonathan helped with building their pig sty, so their pigs could be an income producing project. I helped teach the pastors about revival and taught the students at the Bible College. We prayed together in faith for God's mighty purposes in their land.

As in all the countries I have been privileged to visit on mission, not only do we see God blessing the people abundantly, but we too are abundantly blessed.

Jonathan reported, "On our last day a number of local people came to me and expressed their deep gratitude that we came over. There is a level of joy and encouragement that they receive from our simple presence, from white people coming to a tough environment to try and help practically and spiritually. It is so humbling to be told over and over that they are praying for us. May it go back to them a hundred fold."

Jonathan, and members of his family, then returned every year in December-January to help with the orphanages and to help expand orphanages and schools. These trips also included teams from Bellbowrie Community Church in Brisbane with Scott Farrell actively involved in raising funds and helping.

I returned in January 2011 with my sister Lynette, and again taught at their Bible School for the annual pastors and leaders conference. Then Lyn and I visited Don and Kay Fox in northern Thailand, spoke in some churches and taught pastors and leaders for a day in their Bible School, which at that time it was just a roof with open sides.

The following year, 2012, I returned to Yangon with Jonathan's family and taught again at the annual pastors and leaders conference with Graeme and Val Rogers, Andrew's pastor parents. After the conferences I flew north to Tachieik on the Thailand border with Pastor Lian, Andrew, Jonathan, and Scott, We spoke at their church and Bible School there, including at the Graduation Service for Bible School students. Then we flew south to Tayngyi and visited Inle Lake and the village on the lake, with home meetings in pastors' houses, including a home meeting in a home above the lake. Then we flew back to Yangon and the next day flew on to Singapore and Brisbane.

Jonathan and his family returned each year with his children gaining valuable experience in leading, speaking and praying with people, including Dante with his guitar and Jemimah with her flute. In January 2017 my daughter Melinda and her daughter Joelle joined them and then in December-January 2017-18 I joined them all again along with Melinda and her daughters Joelle and Dana. So we had three generations of our family there again, including my grandchildren. How I love to see them all growing in serving and helping and praying with so many, especially with young people.

These trips included team visits to the coast, the delta and north to Thayet, helping and praying with people in churches, schools, orphanages and hospitals, as well as raising funds for orphanages and giving supplies such as over 700 blankets last time. The team raised support for orphanages and schools in this tragically war-torn land. Contact me for information if you would like to help, on email geoffwaugh2@gmail.com.



Family serving in Myanmar/Burma



Myanmar scenes



Family serving in Myanmar/Burma

Chapter 30 – Malaysia (2010)

KY Tan from Malaysia, husband of a keen and capable college student I taught, came with me on mission in Fiji in 2009. Following that he arranged for us to visit his home city of Melaka, capital of the coastal state of Malacca in south-west Malaysia, for a week in April, 2010.

We flew to Singapore and then drove by bus from Singapore island across the bridge into the Malaysian peninsular, south of Thailand and Myanmar/Burma. The customs officer was interested in my box of books and resources, mostly on revival.

My very gracious and helpful hosts, Julian and June Ma, met us at the Melaka bus stop beside a large, modern shopping mall, and then, after sharing a marvelous meal together, drove me to their beautiful home. We drove to meetings in their impressive Mercedes cars, busy businesspeople also active in their church, the City Christian Church. They kindly drove me back to Singapore after the mission.

Most of our meetings were at their church, but we also participated in the city's Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI).

At all the meetings I was led to tell about current revivals and moves of God's Spirit, especially as their church is part of that revival movement. Their pastor, James, had led the church into revival ministries with powerful worship, faith and responses in all meetings.

I was not only impressed with their worship team, but also with their technical team. They matched songs with appropriate backgrounds and even during messages were able to quickly put up Bible references (obviously doing so constantly) and could show internet references and locations as I talked about them.

We prayed for people at every meeting and encouraged them to pray for one another in their seats and at the end of each meeting. That was familiar territory for them – so different from most churches.

When you step out in faith and pray for someone specifically, and stay responsive to the Spirit, you receive insights and ‘words’ just for them. Many are renewed, their faith strengthened, and they receive impartation and anointing from God’s Spirit as you pray in united faith and humility. “Therefore confess your sins to one another, and pray for one another, so that you may be healed. The prayer of the righteous is powerful and effective.” (James 5:16-17).



City Christian Church, Melaka, Malaysia

Chapter 31 – Thailand (2011)

We have an open invitation to visit our friends Don and Kay Fox in northern Thailand. We knew them when we worked together in Christian Education in Brisbane and eventually we bought their house there after they moved to America to work with Teen Challenge and others in helping youth.



They fell in love with the Karen refugees from Burma during a YWAM mission trip to northern Thailand. So they eventually returned to live and work there, built a simple two-storey shack, and raised support for the children through “Handclasp”, the mission agency they founded. Their wall has over 500 photos of sponsored children who were helped through school

and college.

After visiting Myanmar with my sister Lyn, we both flew the scenic trip across the peninsular to Bangkok and then one hour north to Chang Mai in northern Thailand and met Don and Kay there around 2pm on Monday, January 10, 2011. We all drove five hours south-west to Mai Sot on the Myanmar/Burma border, slept in a local hotel, and on Tuesday morning drove on to the crowded Burmese refugee camp on the mountainous border with Myanmar/Burma.

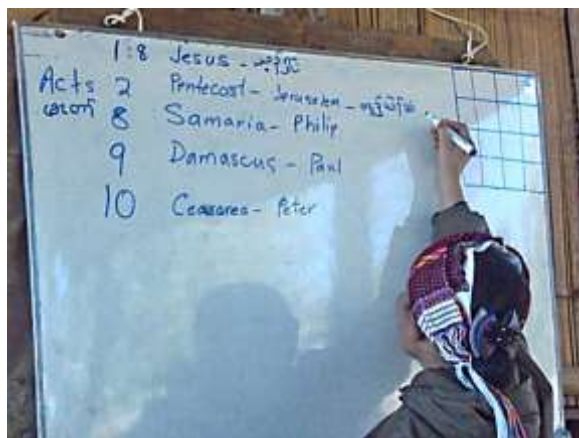
Over 60,000 Burmese live in bamboo and thatch huts there, and thousands more along the border, mostly Karen people escaping genocide. Thousands of children became orphans, cared for by aid and mission organizations. I had the honour of teaching at the



Bible School there for 30 refugee youth who want to serve and evangelize their own Burmese people.

On Tuesday afternoon we all drove back to Chang Mai for an overnight rest and then on Wednesday drove north for four hours up into the mountains to Don and Kay's base in the village of Musekee. There they work with the dynamo lady Siami who organizes an orphanage, school, and local projects.

That evening we joined the regular evening devotions of the children living there. Like Yangon orphans, they are beautiful, obedient, friendly and earnest.



On Friday we had a lively session at the Bible School. Siami gave a vocal and written translation. This photo summarizes teaching on the Holy Spirit, with a puzzle. If the squares were all square, how many squares do

you see? Some see 16, others see up to 30. It depends on your perspective, as also for life in the Spirit.

Their temporary rural Bible School building for the district was an iron roof, one front wall, and planks to sit on. We had many standing outside as well.



At the weekend we had meetings in the main village church as well as at the orphanage, and as always, we prayed with and for many people. Then on Monday Lyn and I flew to Phuket, combining a holiday with visiting Christians there and speaking at some of their meetings and again praying together.



Musekee village church and Lyn praying with friends at a church in Phuket

Geoff Waugh ∞ Renewal and Revival



I make all things new

Renewal and Revival

Chapter 32 – Germany, Israel (2013)

A big blessing in teaching at Bible Colleges and Theological Colleges in Australia is meeting and teaching committed students from many countries. Many of my mission trips came from visiting former students who are now pastors and leaders in their own countries. Mostly that has been mission in developing countries.

David Metzner, however, came from Germany. He turned up at Christian Heritage College looking like a hippie with long braided hair – rather different from other students. He did not need to conform! Soon we discovered that he would step out in faith at every opportunity, and create many opportunities.

He led a team of Bible College students who would pray for others at the end of the weekly chapel service for students from all the CHC schools – Education, Counselling, Business, Arts and Ministry. We had to encourage the prayer team to be quick, as lectures continued straight after chapel.

Students like David (and Francis from Kenya, and Grant an Australian from China) helped make classes lively and powerful. They moved in faith, expecting things to happen, especially when we pray. The tutorials they led were always interesting, often involving everyone in stepping out in faith.

Just before David returned to Germany with his Bachelor of Ministry degree, he invited me to join him there to encourage revival among renewal groups and churches. Soon the way opened for me to go. David and his charming parents Leo and Andrea hosted me in their compact two storey home in Roth, north of Munich in southern Germany. I really enjoyed the forest walk from their home to the town centre and castle in Roth.

David and I spoke at three different churches and many home, youth and prayer groups, with David interpreting for me in

German as well as speaking himself. What fun! We constantly prayed for people, again with David hovering to interpret my English. Flowing together in unity in prayer is so effective and creative.

One day we explored Nuremburg with David's friend Jonas, and prayed prophetically at the parade ground where Hitler had stirred the masses. Later David and Jonas were involved in planning for massive European Christian youth conferences there with international speakers, especially from Bethel Church in California.



David and Jonas at Nuremburg and at the parade ground there

David's pastor, Peter, drove us around key missionary places in Bavaria, southern Germany, where the gospel first arrived in Germany.

Later David drove me to Herrnhut in north-east where Count Nicholas Zinzendorf led the powerful Moravian revival movement which touched the world. Moravian missionaries in London led John and Charles Wesley to saving faith.



Looking south from Berthelsdorf to Herrnhut

I loved the tree lined one kilometre long walk between the two villages of Herrnhut and Berthelsdorf. Zinzendorf originally lived in his castle at Berthelsdorf but later moved to the Moravian refugees' settlement at Herrnhut on the land he gave to them there.

The Moravians regularly walked to the Lutheran Church at Berthelsdorf for church services but also held daily worship and prayer at Herrnhut.



The Holy Spirit fell upon that revival movement in 1726 at a communion service in the Berthelsdorf Church. The Moravian refugees had suffered severe persecution and found refuge on the land that Count Zinzendorf gave to them.

So it was a moving experience to stay at Herrnhut, join prayer groups there, and walk to Berthelsdorf, and pray together at the church there.

The Moravian Revival is the first revival story I recount in my book ***Flashpoints of Revival***. We used that as a text book in my college classes on revival.

Israel

At Roth in Germany I discovered cheap return fares to Israel, returning via Rome with a train trip back from Rome to Munich and Roth. So I took the opportunity to visit Jerusalem again, 33 years after we had taken our family there in 1980. Again I stayed in the Christ Church hospice near that Anglican Church inside the Old City of Jerusalem, close to its Jaffa Gate. See my books, ***Exploring Israel*** and ***Mysterious Month***.

Again I walked the 2.5 miles around the Old City walls, past its seven gates in the 1000 year old walls rebuilt by Crusaders. Those walls encompass the Temple Mount at the east of the city facing the Mount of Olives, a short walk across the Kidron Valley.

My five days in the Old City of Jerusalem gave me opportunity to visit key biblical sites there once again and walk where Jesus walked, even along that final walk to the cross from the Roman army's barracks in the Antonia Fortress beside the temple along the route now called the Via Dolorosa – the way of sorrows. Again I could walk and meditate in the beautiful, serene Garden Tomb site just outside the old city walls. Again I could climb the Mount of Olives, past the ancient olive trees in the site of Gethsemane, and look over the city from the top of the mountain near where Jesus ascended.

It's always a moving experience for me to visit Israel, the land of the Bible, with its long, crucial history. Here Jesus lived and died and rose again.



The Old City of Jerusalem from the south with the Temple Mount central, and Kidron Valley and the Mount of Olives to the east (right)



Temple Mount central, and Kidron Valley and the Mount of Olives to the east (right)

Chapter 33 - Nepal, Thailand (2014)

Nepal

Andrew Chee was with me on Pentecost Island in July, and was free in August, so after a few quick email inquiries we were off to Kathmandu and northern Thailand (following up on earlier invitations).

We 'happened' to arrive on the first Sunday that Raju Sundas had his first afternoon service, with a full church of a thousand or so, on August 17, 2014. Previously they only had a morning service, but now they have two with a full church each time. I got to share briefly and challenged them to give their lives to God, be baptised, and filled with the Spirit in a 5 minute word. The day before we left, Raju's two children were baptised and we shared an extended family meal together.

Raju's Hosanna Church now has a Christian school with dormitories on nearby properties and we 'happened' to be there for their first cultural dance program, as a witness to the surrounding community.

We had a powerful week at their Bible School. They take in about 40 (from all over Nepal) twice a year for three months full time and we 'happened' to be there for the first week of the new group. The translators told us that it was the most powerful start they had seen. Of course we prayed for them often, and got them praying for each other, with many healings and deliverances. Many of them were Andrew's age and were inspired by his faith and obedience.

Raju has 55 satellite churches now, and we both preached at different ones on our second Sunday there, again with large numbers responding for prayer and healing. Then on Monday we flew to Thailand.

Thailand

I returned to visit our friends Don and Kay in northern Thailand with Andrew on our return trip from Nepal in August 2014. We arrived at Chang Mai, via Bangkok, on Monday night, August 25, and again stayed with Don and Kay at their rooms there. On Wednesday we all drove on the now improved roads up into the northern mountains to Musekee, and joined the children at the orphanage for their evening devotions, once again enjoying their singing and speaking.

We talked and prayed with various groups during the week and on Saturday we had a full church for a pastors and leaders seminar. They came from ten churches in the area and asked many questions about faith and healing prayers. We had teaching and ministry sessions with 50-60 of their pastors and leaders, and again a lot of prayer for empowering, anointing and healings.

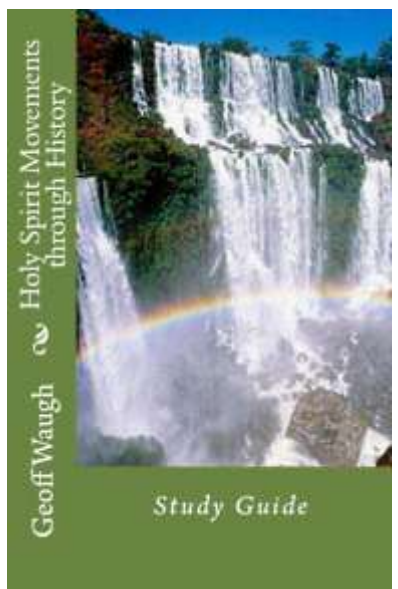
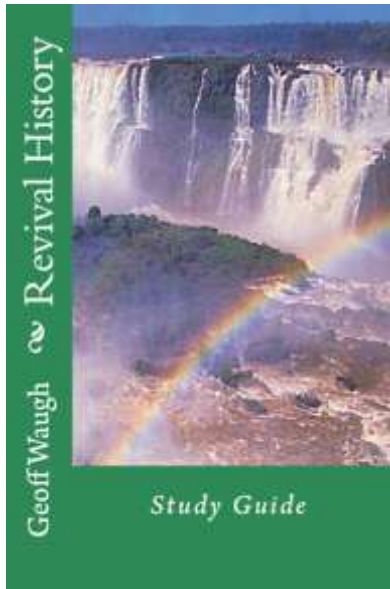
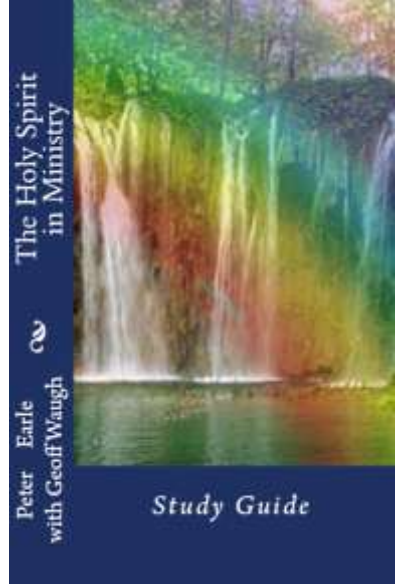
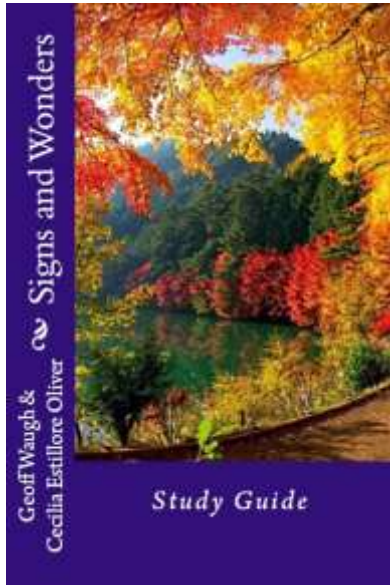
Then on the Sunday we both preached at different churches and again prayed with many people. I had an email from one of our interpreters telling me how those prayed for have been testifying to answered prayers, and one woman is back at work even though the doctors said she would need 3 months off work to recover.

At all meetings we prayed with people including for healings and deliverance. We're always encouraged when people report that their pain has gone, as happened often. I am constantly aware that it is God who does it all, and together we all are a part of what he is doing, especially in prayer.

We drove back to Chang Mai on Tuesday, September 2, and flew to Bangkok and on to Brisbane on the long overnight flight, arriving home on Thursday morning, ready to rest and recover.



Pastors and leaders from 10 churches in northern Thailand



Study Guides

Chapter 34 – Vanuatu: Pentecost (2010-2017)

Pentecost Island – July 2010

I returned to Pentecost Island in July with two students from college, Ben Butler and Heidi North, for two to three weeks of ministry. Ben and Heidi made a big hit with the children and youth in the school and the village, including the football teams. They gave testimonies and spoke at most of the meetings also.

Previously I have visited South Pentecost with many teams including Pacific law students from Port Vila and Grant Shaw from college in Brisbane. During my visit with Grant in 2006 we saw strong moves of God in many villages, especially the remote village of Ponra. Our village ministry team in 2006 trekked 5 hours across the island and then after some meetings there we hiked a further 7 hours north to Ponra. There God's Spirit touched everyone.

This time I saw some results of that. Youth from Ponra are having a strong influence on other youth and leaders in South Pentecost. The meetings where they were involved were the most powerful ones, with great worship and large numbers responding for prayer.



We made history this time by trekking three to four hours to the Anglican village of Point Cross on the southern tip of Pentecost Island, at their special invitation. This was the first combined churches meetings ever held there.

I taught on the Holy Spirit and transformation in their beautiful cement church, painted white with a majestic spire, visible for kilometres all around. It contains dramatic paintings of Jesus painted on the walls by a Pentecost Island man (see photo). We also met in the chief's meeting house. At all meetings there we prayed with large numbers of people, including prayer for healings and to be filled with the Spirit. The helpful Member of Parliament there provided us with a free boat trip in his outboard canoe, back to our base village at Pangi.

Church life has changed in the years I have been visiting Pentecost Island. Now all the churches we work with, including the Anglican youth, have revival style meetings with revival choruses and personal prayer for those responding.

Return to Pentecost, 2012

21 year old Andrew Chee (Grant Shaw's cousin) came with me on a three week mission to Vanuatu in June-July 2012. We saw God's blessing and many miracles.

Andrew sensed God telling him to go on this trip, and he booked his flights only one week before we left when flights were full so he was wait-listed but the next day seats became available.



Andrew and Grant (photo) love praying for the sick because they see God constantly taking away pain and healing people. They have strong faith in God's Word, such as Mark 16:17-18. Jesus said, "these signs will follow those who believe: In My name they will cast out demons; ... they will lay hands on the sick, and they will recover." We saw all that in Vanuatu, literally. Daily.

Andrew, from Hawaii, once lived to surf. Now he lives to serve – for God.

We flew into Port Vila, the capital, late on a Friday night and stayed at the Churches of Christ transit house above the church there. Next morning at 6am we heard young people worshipping in their beautiful island harmonies, so we joined them. They welcomed us and invited us to speak briefly and pray for anyone sick. Andrew had words of knowledge about people with pain who then came out for prayer immediately. Our praying continued for everyone wanting prayer after the closing prayer. Nice fast start to our mission!

That morning we flew for an hour in a very small plane on a windy trip to Pentecost Island – the bumpiest I have had on my many visits there. So now I was returning again, with another keen young firebrand for God.

This long, narrow island was sighted and named on the Day of Pentecost, 1764, by explorer Bougainville, and also seen by Captain Cook in 1774.

Pastor Rolanson met us at the airstrip and we walked 300 metres to the beach to ride for half an hour in the outboard canoe 10k south to Pangi village with captain Elder Jackson.

There Rolanson's boys met us to carry our bags along the muddy track a kilometre inland to their village, Panlimsi.



I stayed there many times, including with Grant in the bush house behind Andrew and Rolanson in this photo.

Rolanson, pastor and evangelist, keeps asking us to return to encourage revival, pray for people, and help him train leaders and village evangelism teams.

We had our first meeting there in the village church, partially lit by a couple of old fluorescent lights when the generator was started, usually after everyone has arrived – to save fuel! So most meetings begin in the dark with torch light or candles.

Early in the worship Andrew again had words of knowledge about people's pain so worship included praying for the sick. Their pain left. After we both spoke that night, we prayed for many more.

So began three weeks of such night meetings. During the day every time we went out into the villages people asked for healing prayer. So like Jesus sending out the 12 and 70 (Mark 6:7; Luke 10:1) in pairs, we too went through the towns and villages proclaiming the kingdom of God, healing the sick and casting out spirits. Many illnesses there result from curses or witchcraft. Often we had to break curses, bind afflicting spirits and cast them out in Jesus' name.

This time we experienced strong witchcraft. On our last day there, when Andrew and I were weary, Andrew was hit by severe aches and headache. That night I saw a strange dull light, like a reddish torch light, moving horizontally just outside our village hut. We began praying against powerful spirits. God's Spirit reminded Andrew to bless those who curse you and pray for your enemies. He did. The strange spiritual connection was immediately broken, and

pain started easing off. It took a day to recover from that one. “All hail the power of Jesus’ name ...”

One Sunday there we shared in a combined churches service in the packed village church. Before the service Andrew had words of knowledge about pain in a man’s shoulders and the right side of a woman’s face. Both came for prayer while people were gathering in the church. We then discovered that the man was the leader of the service and the woman preached that day! Many times, the words of knowledge Andrew received were for pastors and leaders first, and then later we prayed for others.

At that Sunday service I was strongly led to call people out for prayer during communion. That was a first for them. It never happened in communion. A large number came for prayer and the healings were fast and strong.



One night Andrew felt led to wash everyone’s feet. That took the whole service! We put a bucket of water near the door (regularly refilled) and Andrew washed everyone’s feet as they arrived while we worshipped, prayed, spoke and called people out for healing and empowering prayer. I was led to wash the leaders feet that night also [Photo: Andrew washes the chief’s feet].

Our adventures included another outboard motor canoe trip an hour north for a combined churches youth rally on the beach with a large campfire at the end of the meeting. We joined forces with another Australian mission team from Gladstone staying there. That night we also prayed for many people after the service. Healings were the fastest and strongest we had seen till then. We realized that people’s faith was rising and God was especially blessing unity.

Bunlap

The heathen village of Bunlap on the east coast is famous as the spiritual centre for pagan witchcraft and curses. I went there with Grant in 2006 on a five hour trek across to Ranwas village and then via Bunlap on a seven hour trek to Ponra village where we saw the power of God at every meeting and I heard angels singing in the night, like the church was full, although no people were there. Grant had prayed for the paramount chief's son whose groin was healed at Pangli village on the west coast, so we offered to go to Bunlap and pray for the sick. A couple of days later we heard that the chief had invited us to come and pray – the first white people to ever be invited to pray for people there.

This time Andrew and I were swimming off the jetty near Pangli when one of chief's sons from Bunlap and his friends wandered onto the jetty. Two of those young men had pain so Andrew prayed for them and the pain left. The chief's son told us they would be there when we came to Bunlap the following Saturday to pray for sick people again.

This year we enjoyed the luxury of a four wheel truck trip across the island through the dense green mountains. We had three nights of meetings at Ranwas village, Friday to Sunday, including the Sunday morning service there. On Saturday we trekked half an hour through the jungle to Bunlap.

People were even more welcoming this time at Bunlap. We prayed for dozens of people, and their pain left. We talked about the kingdom of God and how Jesus saves and heals. Some of the people told us they believed that, and when the chief allowed it they would be part of a church there.

The paramount chief once burned a Bible given to him by a revival team from the Christian villages. Now he is willing for a church to be built on the ground where he burned the Bible. Hallelujah – what a testimony to God's grace and glory. For the first time ever that paramount chief asked for prayer. He wanted healing from head pain. Andrew placed his hands on the sides of the chief's head and we prayed for him in Jesus' name. The pain left.



Then another chief there prepared lunch for us so the pastors in the team and Andrew and I ate in his house – again the first time ever for white people on mission there.

Like Jesus' disciples, we returned to Ranwas village church rejoicing that afflicting spirits were cast out, people were healed in Jesus' name, some believed in Jesus, and they now plan to have a church there. Our Bunlap host chief told Pastor Rolanson he can bring his guitar and have meetings in the chief's house anytime.

Some Christians at Ranwas were amazed to hear the reports. They have endured witchcraft and curses from Bunlap for a century. Again, during communion on Sunday large numbers came for prayer for healing, and healings were fast and strong. They had never done that in communion before. At all the meetings Andrew had specific words of knowledge about healings, and pain left quickly. In the beginning we had to pray for some people two or three times before the pain left, but as the weeks passed and faith rose, healings were much quicker and stronger. By the end of the mission trip people in

the congregation were praying for each other in faith and seeing God touch their friends.

Andrew encouraged leaders to pray with him for people's healings, just as he had learned from leaders in his church. Soon those village leaders and others were praying more strongly in faith. Many of them do that constantly anyway, so we were just encouraging them to believe and take authority in Jesus' name even more fully.

Santo

The largest island in Vanuatu is Espiritu Santo (usually just called Santo) with Luganville the second largest town in Vanuatu, after Port Vila the capital. That's the island where Pedro Fernandes de Queiros in 1606 named the island group La Australia del Espiritu Santo – the great south lands of the Holy Spirit, from which Australia gets its name. We flew from Pentecost Island to Santo Island. There I met again two of their leading pastors who had worked with me in previous visits to Vanuatu, and they invited us to the youth meeting at the church on our last night in Vanuatu.

What a beautiful end to the mission trip. About 30 youth practiced a new song to sing on Sunday, and the leader invited us to speak briefly and pray for them. Again, Andrew's words of knowledge proved to be for their leaders first who were immediately healed. Then we prayed for other needs and finally asked all who wanted to be filled with Spirit and empowered by God to come out. Everyone came! What a wonderful atmosphere of faith and expectation.

2014 Update

We returned to Ranwas village, and Bunlap village in 2014, with similar results. The sick were healed. Hearts were opened to faith in Jesus.

In 2014 we also spoke and prayed with many people at the Independence Celebrations held every 24th July for a week. Many responded, and many youth came for prayer during our time there.

We slept one night with a local football team and woke up to them singing:

*For I was made in His likeness
Created in His image
For I was born to serve the Lord
And I can't deny Him
And I will always walk beside Him
For I was born to serve the Lord.*

I challenged them all to live fully this way and the whole team responded for prayer.

2015 Update

It was great to be accompanied by three young fellows full of energy and zeal, Andrew Chee (3rd time there, and he was with me in Nepal and Thailand in 2014), his friend Ben Gray, and my nephew-in-law Noel Missingham.

Pastor Rolanson has been the main organizer of my visits to Pentecost Island and I often stay in his village. This time Rolanson came to Vila the first week we were there so we stayed in Vila for a week with contacts given to Noel. We joined with a new church group there and had free accommodation as well. The boys loved praying for people in the streets and seeing immediate healings, and we were taken out by church people on three days to pray for many, including the Paramount Chief of Port Vila, and for many of his people in his island village.

We had a good week on Pentecost staying with Elder Jackson and wife Annette (who worked in a bank branch there) in their house near the beach at Panggi, as Rolanson stayed on in Vila with government stuff. The team prayed for healings every day and in

all the night meetings. Night meetings in four different villages: Panlimsi, Hotwater, Wali and Pangi, were all strong with personal prayers for healings, anointing, empowering and mission. See South Pentecost map.

It was a time of building them up again. Everyone who was prayed for about their healing reported that the pain had gone – quickly. I left some of the treks into the mountains to the young men this time, and Andrew and Noel returned and prayed for the ‘custom’ paramount chief not only for healings in the village but for his salvation.

We had prayed for his healing and healing for his people, and now he indicated that he wanted to give his life to God and open all the ‘custom’ villages to evangelism. Two other ‘custom’ chiefs opened their villages for healing prayers and evangelism.



Noel and Andrew pray with the ‘custom’ paramount chief for healing and salvation

We had a few days at Santo Island on our return. Pastor Lewis (who hosted my time teaching at the Bible College in 2004-5) was there in the main office as Director of Mission. We had a few days to relax on sunny Santo.

2016 Update

Noel Missingham returned to Pentecost Island many times in 2015-16 including two visits with his family of four young children, hosted by Jackson and Annette at Pangi village. Here is their report in June 2016.



Noel, Judith and family

Email from Noel & Judith:

Greetings to our friends and partners,

It has been an exciting time for us over the last few months. Looking back, our word from the Lord was simply 'come and follow Me,' so we found ourselves stepping into the mission field on Pentecost Island in Vanuatu.

In being obedient to this word we have seen the Lord do amazing things and it feels like we have just been along for the ride. We have seen the Lord open deaf ears, make the blind see, heal backs, knees, ankles, broken bones and headaches.

The Lord has brought us before people great and small. He has created divine connections with leaders in Vanuatu and has given us 'standing before kings'. In the small time we have been spending there, we have seen impossible situations made possible, broken relationships restored and enormous favour for the Lord's work.

We have seen people baptised in water and be completely overwhelmed after being touched by the Holy Spirit. We never anticipated the Lord would use us in such a way.

Out of everything we have witnessed so far, we've found that nothing quite compares to the miracle of salvation; seeing a repentant heart weeping in the Father's love. A story that comes to mind is when a man approached us after a service. It had been some time since he last stepped into a church building, but something told him he should go this morning. As he listened from outside, the Lord touched him and he came forward and shared how he had been involved in adultery. Wow, what a scene as he completely broke down and gave the Lord everything and when we are willing to give everything to Jesus, He is willing to take EVERYTHING from us. He makes us clean, puts a robe and ring on us and calls us 'faithful and beloved'... When the time for church announcements came, this man took the microphone and with tears in his eyes he apologized to the church and individual leaders and people he hurt. The leaders in turn forgave him, and restored him to the place he was formally serving, on the worship team. A son restored!

One of the 'impossible made possible' situations has been the restoration of the Banmatmat Bible College. As Noel hiked around the island to take the gospel to distant villages, one of the things he felt was that it could be more effective. While we are seeing divine favour, signs and wonders, healing and salvations and clear open doors, to do it by ourselves or with a small group of people is not as effective as it could be.

We feel the need for multiple teams of people, and strategic planning so that we can really take Pentecost Island, and all the islands of Vanuatu for the Lord, and then go beyond there to other nations. Of course the Lord had a solution already in the pipeline: The Banmatmat Bible College.

The Lord brought Banmatmat to our attention on one of our previous trips. It lies in the south of the island, a remote part only

accessible by hiking or boat. It now lies in ruins and disrepair, however in times gone past it was regarded by locals as a paradise, and a valuable source of training and equipping for many pastors serving there and in surrounding islands.



Bible College and beach at Banmatmat, South Pentecost

We learned that the people dedicated the land where the college is located to God, a few generations after one of the first Christians was martyred (and eaten) near the site. The Church of Christ college was built on that location in 1964. It lasted up until 2005 when the college closed for various reasons. ...

[From Geoff: I was able to teach there many times in 2004-2005, hosted by Pastor Lewis Wari, a revival pioneer, who later became President of the Churches of Christ in Vanuatu. God may have other purposes for this place in the future. Many people have had amazing prophecies about revival in South Pentecost.]

The other thing that the Lord opened up on the last trip was different connections with church leaders around the island (from Anglican, Catholic, Seven Day Adventists and Churches of Christ). These are divine connections with brothers and sisters who know Him and love Him and just want to see the King glorified regardless of denominational boundaries.

In closing out this update letter, we want to personally thank each of you for partnering with us in the work the Lord has us doing in Vanuatu. We pray that our Lord continues to richly bless you as we labour together in his work. Remember we are partnering together!



Bible College chapel 2005

Noel and his family and some relatives made various trips to Pentecost Island, and of course their four small white children were quite a hit, especially in villages where white people rarely visit.

I have been especially blessed to work with many teams of committed visitors to Pentecost Island, beginning with teams of South Pacific islanders in 2003, and many college students and friends gave time and resources to help serve the people there.

Supporters at home in Australia also helped, not only in sending resources but especially in prayer and with finances and supplies. For example, we have distributed hundreds of donated used spectacles to help the islanders with their reading. It's fun to watch them trying out 10-20 spectacles to find which ones work best for them. No optometrists around to help!

Team Visit, June-July 2016

We had the privilege of sharing in meetings every night during our visit covering three weekends in 2016. The team, for part or all of the time, included Noel, Andrew, Stan and Dante (my grandson, in photos).



Again, most meetings and outreach were around Pangli village on the coast (where we slept) and up the ridge at Panlimsi village, in Pastor Rolanson's church. Again we participated with local people and encouraged them to continue boldly in faith in

praying for one another and for mission teams to go out to the villages. At every meeting we had many responding for commitment to God, anointing and healing. This included evangelism meetings in a few different villages along that west coast of South Pentecost.

During the day we mixed with the people in their daily activities, including fishing with outrigger canoes and with nets. So we enjoyed fish cooked on the fire on the beach a few times, just like the resurrected Jesus with his friends on the shore of Galilee.



Andrew, Noel & Dante with local guides at the martyr site

Again we visited the martyr site where Lulkon offered his life so that Thomas could live and evangelize his people. We prayed there and then also down the ridge at Banmatmat. Later, Noel and Stan accompanied Rolanson and other leaders to Banmatmat to assess future possibilities. No one seems to know what will happen there, or when, but it remains in our prayers along with the possibilities of having a Revival Training Centre on South Pentecost as the Lord opens the way.

Pioneer chief dies at 111

Paramount Chief Morris lived to 111. He died in Panlimsi village on 1st July 2016 when we were there, so we had the honour of

being involved at the graveside and in the combined churches memorial service on Sunday, 3 July. **Morris was a young man when a wife of his father, the highest ranking chief on the island, died. After they had wrapped her body for burial the cloths began moving. They unwrapped her and she told them to leave their heathen ways and follow the Christian way. So most of them did.**

Pastor Rolanson's father, a Christian chief, gave them land where they relocated among Christian villages. Chief Morris helped to pioneer the Gospel in other villages in south Pentecost Island.

I had the privilege of speaking at the graveside and in the memorial service on the Sunday in July 2016. I sensed the Lord give me a word of comfort and a word of challenge – “Come and Go”:

Come to Me ... I will give you rest ... My yoke is easy and my burden is light ... (Matthew 11:28-20).

Go and make disciples of all nations ... I am with you always even to the end of the age (Matthew 28:18-20).





Chief Morris at 111 with his grandson Presley & the burial

2017 Update

I returned with Dante and others in June-July, 2017. Stan came with his wife Daphne (my sister) and Emily from Riverlife Baptist joined us. The Riverlife church people sent a keyboard, a guitar, and a large box of reading glasses with us. We often take used and discarded spectacles with us on these trips.

This time we had meetings at Ranwadi High School again and once again prayed with large numbers there. Then we returned to Pangi and Panlimsi villages for more meetings and visitation with Pastor Rolanson. At a Sunday service, Elder Jackson gave his testimony that his blood readings were normal at the clinic following prayer for diabetes.

We continue to encourage Christians to pray for one another in faith and obedience. I also participated when their new MP Silas Bule, formerly principal at Ranwadi, distributed Gideon's New Testaments to the local school.

Then in 2018 I had a team of seven of us. The six young men with me included Dante and Ben again with Ben's friends Scott (Andrew Chee's brother), Blake, Sergie, and Dylan. We stayed in Rolanson and Doneth's village at Panlimsi, up the ridge from Pangi on the coast.

Again we prayed with large numbers at their village meetings and during the day. Pain left immediately with healing prayers, people were filled with the Spirit, using spiritual gifts, and we saw rising faith and obedience among them.



The memorial service at Panlimsi with the overflow crowd

We encourage and support revival leaders on Pentecost Island regularly. That includes providing revival books and resources, Bibles, and helping pastors with high school fees for their children. I usually take donated spectacles to give away to help people read their Bibles. We have invested into establishing a Revival Training Centre as a revival base to help equip local team ministries.

If you would like to help financially, including for orphanages in Myanmar, contact me at geoffwaugh2@gmail.com

About the Author

I met my wife Meg during our mission teaching in Papua New Guinea. Later I was involved in short-term teaching and evangelism missions in Australia, in Ghana and Kenya in Africa, in Nepal, India, Sri Lanka, Myanmar, Thailand, Malaysia, the Philippines, China, and in the Solomon Islands, Vanuatu and Fiji in the South Pacific. Don and Helen Hill joined in many of those mission trips and Don's memoirs give more information in this book.

Teaching Ministry and Mission subjects in Bible Schools in Papua New Guinea led to teaching at Trinity Theological College (also part of the School of Theology at Griffith University) and Christian Heritage College in Brisbane, Australia, as well as on many short-term missions. My Doctor of Missiology degree is from Fuller Theological Seminary and I am the founding editor of the *Renewal Journal* and author of books on mission and revival including *Flashpoints of Revival* and *South Pacific Revivals*.

Blessed with three adult children and eight grandchildren, our family lived and grew through creative times together including living in community with others for a decade, and later in extended families. Our families excelled in study and in their chosen activities including teaching, nursing, sport, dance, information technology and helping people, such as helping in orphanages and schools in Myanmar/Burma.

Appendix

Chapters of my smaller book, *Pentecost on Pentecost and in the South Pacific*, are included here in brackets.

- Chapter 1 – Papua New Guinea (1965-1970)*
- Chapter 2 – Papua New Guinea Schools (1965-1968)*
- Chapter 3 – Papua New Guinea Bible Schools (1968-1970)*
- Chapter 4 – Australia (From 1970)*
- Chapter 5 – [1] Australia: Elcho Island (1994)**
- Chapter 6 – [2] Papua New Guinea (1994)*
- Chapter 7 – [3] Solomon Islands: Tabaka (1994)**
- Chapter 8 – Philippines (1994, 1995)*
- Chapter 9 – Ghana, Canada: Toronto (1995)**
- Chapter 10 – Solomon Islands: Simbo (1996)**
- Chapter 11 – Nepal, India: New Delhi, Sri Lanka (1996)*
- Chapter 12 – Nepal, India: Darjeeling, Sri Lanka (1998)**
- Chapter 13 – Nepal, India: Darjeeling (2000)*
- Chapter 14 – USA: Pensacola (2002)*
- Chapter 15 – [4] Vanuatu, Australia (2002)*
- Chapter 16 – [5] Vanuatu, Solomon Islands (2003)**
- Chapter 17 – [6] Vanuatu: Tanna & Pentecost (2004)*
- Chapter 18 – Nepal (2004, 2014)*
- Chapter 19 – [7] Vanuatu: Pentecost (2004)**
- Chapter 20 – [8] Vanuatu: Pentecost (2005)**
- Chapter 21 – [9] Vanuatu: Pentecost (2005)**
- Chapter 22 – [10] Kenya, Fiji (2005)*
- Chapter 23 – [11] Fiji – KBC and COC Team (2006, 2007)*
- Chapter 24 – [12] Vanuatu, Solomon Islands (2006)*
- Chapter 25 – [13] Solomon Islands (2007)**
- Chapter 26 – Kenya (2007)*
- Chapter 27 – China, USA (2007, 2008)*
- Chapter 28 – [14] Fiji (2008, 2009)*
- Chapter 29 – Myanmar (2009-11-12-18)*

Chapter 30 – Malaysia (2010)

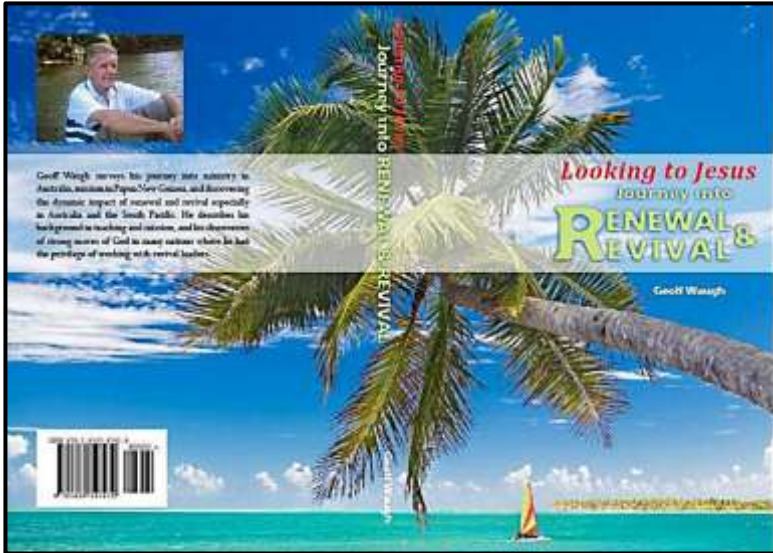
Chapter 31 – Thailand (2011)

Chapter 32 – Germany, Israel (2013)

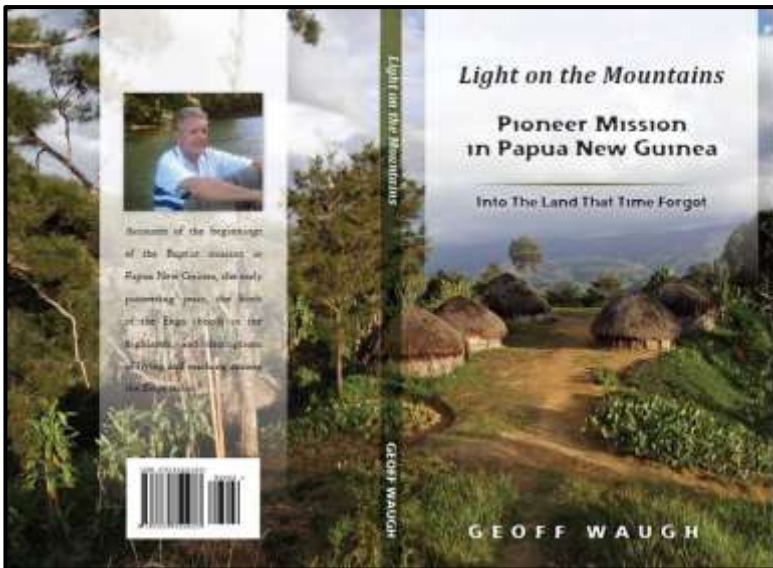
Chapter 33 - Nepal, Thailand (2014)

Chapter 34 – [15] Vanuatu: Pentecost (2010-2017)

Biographical Books

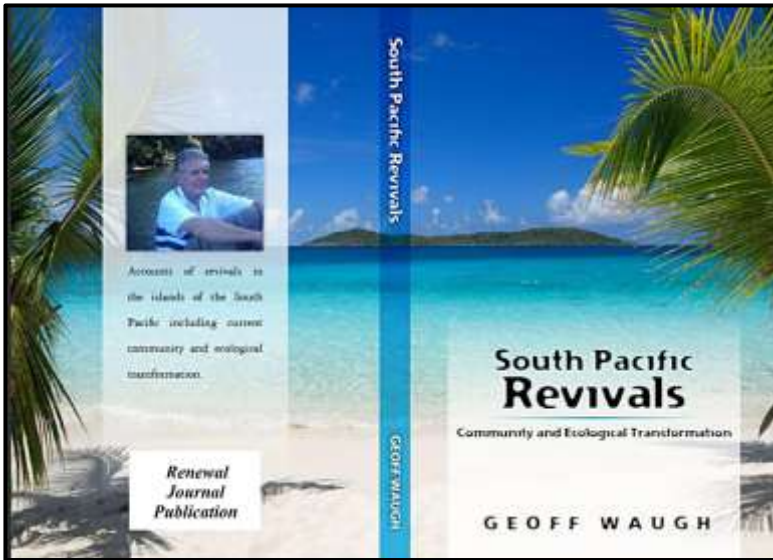


Looking to Jesus: Journey into Renewal & Revival

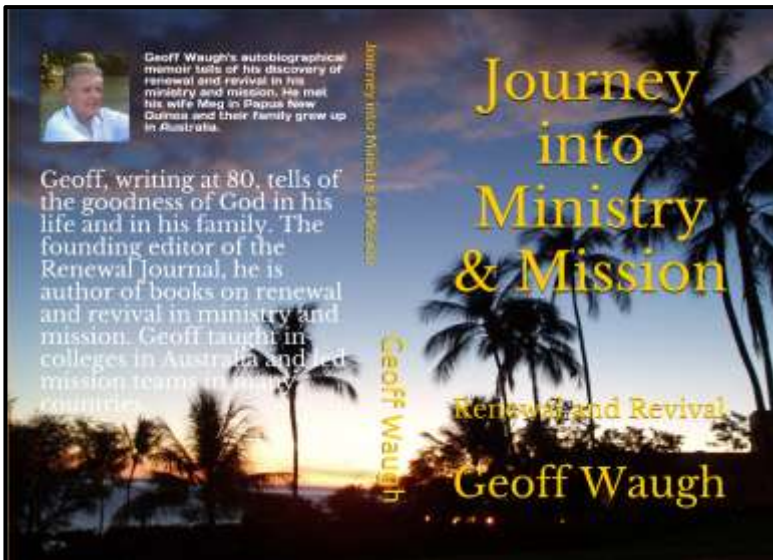


Light on the Mountains:
Pioneer Mission in Papua New Guinea
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Mission Adventures



South Pacific Revivals



Journey into Ministry & Mission

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Popular Books

The Christmas Message

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, in the first of her annual Christmas Speeches (1952), reminded us that 'Peace on earth, Goodwill toward all' is the eternal message of Christmas and the desire of us all. The Queen's Christmas Messages describe the significance of Christmas as well as giving us her compassionate review of the year. This book compiles in one volume her Majesty's reflections on the meaning and significance of Christmas. Excerpts are given from all her annual Christmas Broadcasts.

About the Author



The Rev Dr Geoffrey Waugh is the founding editor of the *Renewal Journal* and author of books on ministry and mission. He taught Anglican, Catholic and United Church students in Trinity Theological College and the School of Theology of Griffith University and taught at Christian Heritage College in Brisbane, Australia. He taught in schools and Bible Colleges in Papua New Guinea and in the South Pacific and led short-term missions in Africa, Europe, Asia and in the South Pacific islands.

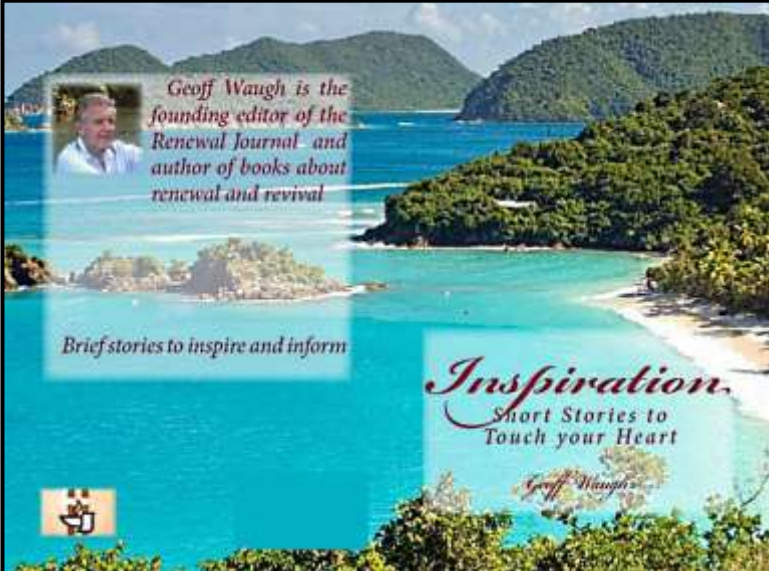


The Christmas Message
Edited by Geoffrey Waugh



Queen Elizabeth II describes the Significance of Christmas

The Christmas Message




Geoff Waugh is the founding editor of the *Renewal Journal* and author of books about renewal and revival

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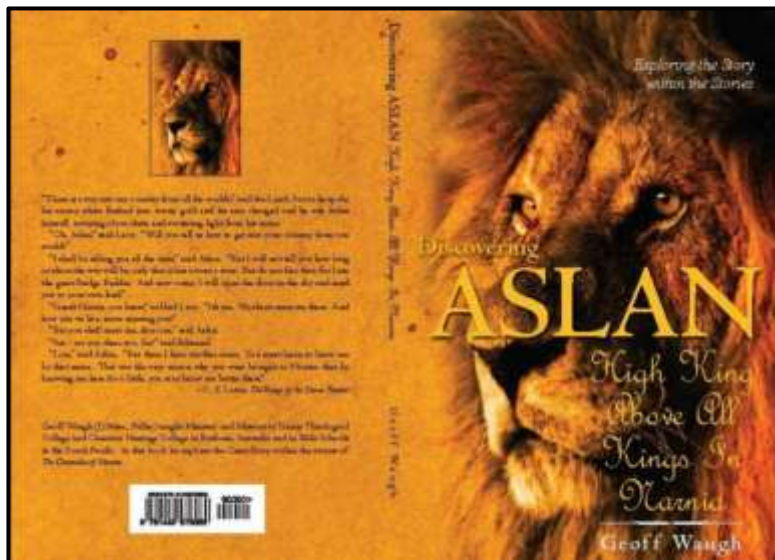
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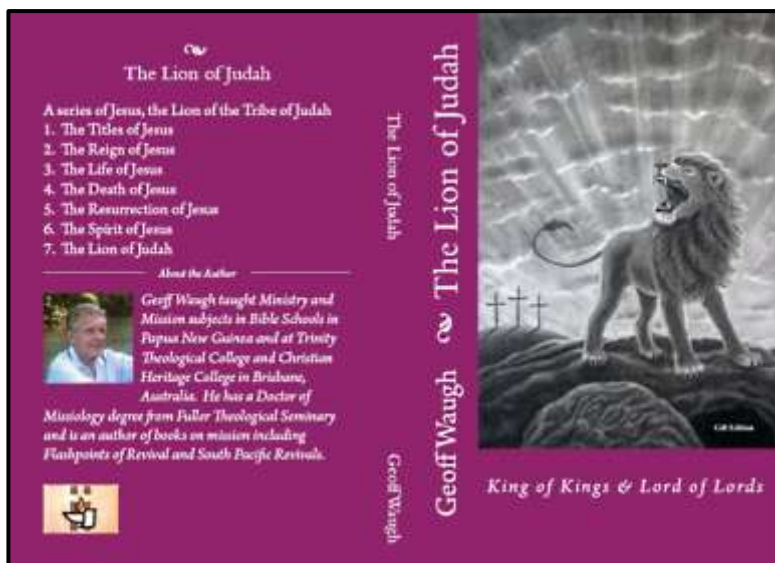
Inspiration

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Jesus the Lion of Judah



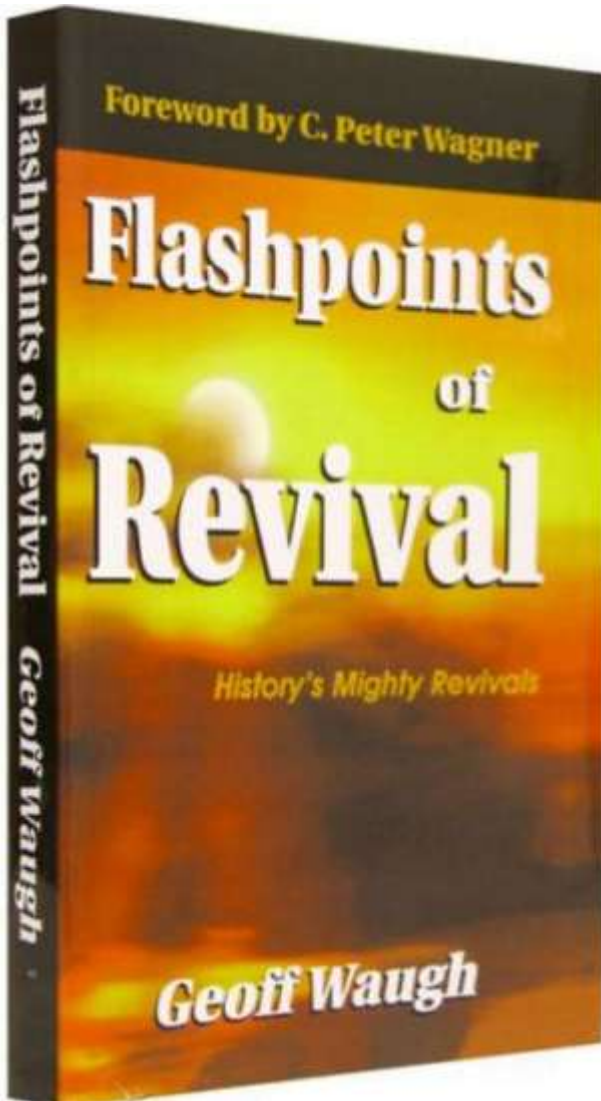
Discovering ASLAN: High King above all Kings in Narnia



The Lion of Judah: King of Kings and Lord of Lords

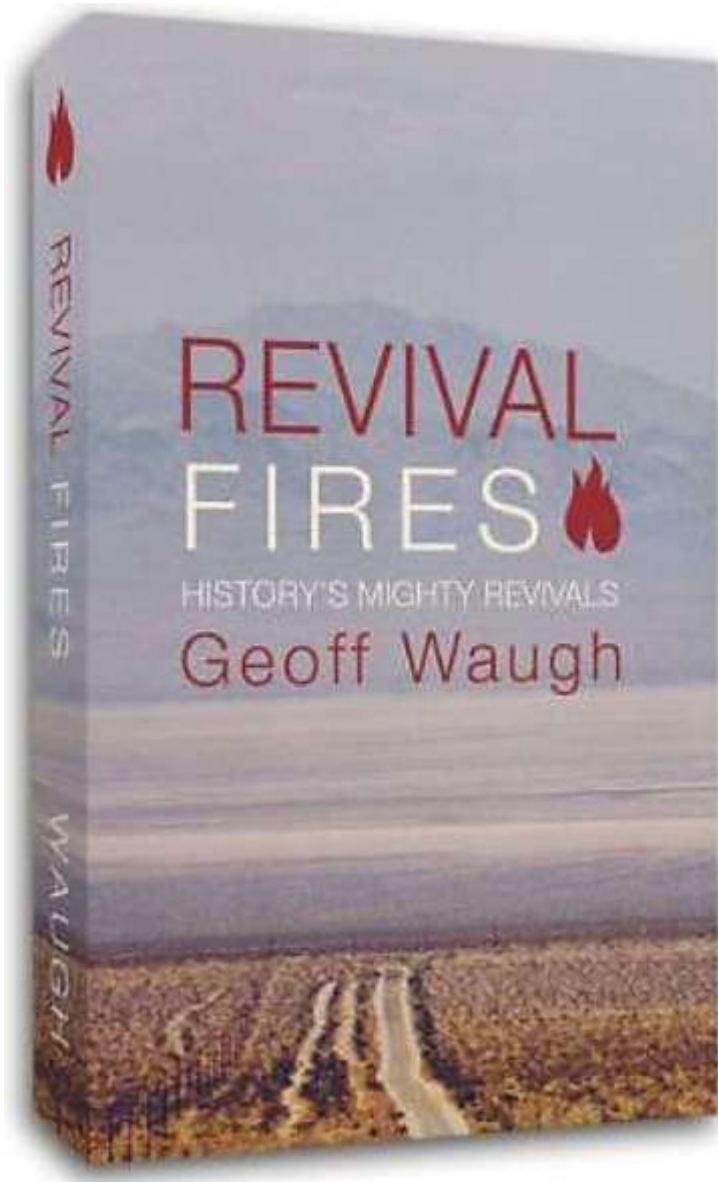
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Flashpoints of Revival

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The Body of Christ, Part 2: Ministry Education, with Learning Together in Ministry

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Jesus the Model for Short Term Supernatural Mission

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Your Spiritual Gifts

Fruit & Gifts of the Spirit

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Revival History

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Risen: Long version & our month in Israel

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Kingdom Life in Mark

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Discovering Aslan in Prince Caspian

Discovering Aslan in the Voyage of the 'Dawn Treader'

Discovering Aslan in the Silver Chair

Discovering Aslan in the Horse and his Boy

Discovering Aslan in the Magician's Nephew

Discovering Aslan in the Last Battle

General Books

You Can Publish for Free

My First Stories by Ethan Waugh

An Incredible Journey by Faith by Elisha Chowtapalli

Biographical:

By All Means by Elaine Olley

Exploring Israel – Geoff's family's trip

Light on the Mountains – Geoff in PNG

Looking to Jesus: Journey into Renewal & Revival

Journey into Mission – mission trips

Journey into Ministry and Mission - autobiography

Pentecost on Pentecost and in the South Pacific

King of the Granny Flat by Dante Waugh

Travelling with Geoff by Don Hill

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