

#ineverystep

ISSUE 01



#ineverystep is a biannual magazine that tells the stories of those whose lives have been transformed by a revelation of Jesus.

His story in our story. Our story in His story. A true love story. He is indeed in every step.

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IMAGINE you are a donkey or colt. An animal considered of no use. You are tied up, unable to go anywhere, unable to do anything. Then along comes a servant of the King of the entire Kingdom. The servant of the King unties you. You are set free from this bondage. Then the servant of the King says, 'The King has need of you.' The servant of the King treats you with respect, of great value and takes you to the King. You then walk into this great city. As you enter this great city people take off their coats and lay them down so the path you walk on is gentle for your feet. The people of this great city shout hosanna, hosanna, hosanna! People treat you with respect. They give you great praise. You remember...all this is because you carry the presence of the King. Hosanna to the King!



God's love revealed in Jesus is perfected when we know and experience living in Him. jesusloves.com : the world exists to preach, teach and train on the Kingdom of God so all who are willing may be established in His truth, rooted in His love and filled with the fullness of God. www.jesuslovestheworld.info
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Names and locations are withheld/changed for security and privacy reasons.

MISSIONARY MOMENTS Stranger at Airport:
Ask the Holy Spirit to go before you and
Jesus will get all the glory!

ONE TRIBE

It is stinking hot, the humidity higher than high. My body's glowing as a result of its own sweat. No air-conditioning, just an open window along the dusty trail—dust that takes your breath away.

It's a five hour drive up the mountain, a long and winding road, with vehicles being stopped every 30 minutes by the military to search for drugs and weapons making the journey seem much, much longer. It has been said by many an Indian, 'You are more Indian than us!'. However, I'm travelling in a protected state, meeting a new tribe, clearly a foreigner. My skin colour gives it away. I chat to one of the soldiers and say, 'You must have seen much pain.' He's strong, youthful, rifle at the ready, yet tears well up in his eyes and he responds with a silent nod. I thank him for his service and he thanks me for thanking him. I am told normally there is much suspicion and interrogation, but we pass through unhindered. We move on to another checkpoint, and another, and yet another. Yet all is well. I have high expectations; I knew the adventure was going to a new level, but nothing like what was about to take place over the next few days.

We enter the remote village of our destination. I step out of the vehicle to stretch my legs, not knowing the final 10 minute 'ride of the brave' lies ahead. A tiny, elderly woman, well under 5 feet in height, rushes through the welcoming committee of youth volunteers and embraces me. I immediately lower my body to her height (the first of many lowering encounters as, in the locals' own words, 'We are of short stock!'), and with great urgency she whispers in my ear, 'Unity, unity, we need unity. Speak on unity.' I reassure her, 'God has already given me the messages, come to the sermon on Sunday.' She is so happy.



Now... 'the ride of the brave'. Near the top of the mountain, emerging out of low cloud, is a tribe of people awaiting my arrival. To my left is a picturesque tin-roofed church, and to my right, my sleeping quarters labelled 'The Resource Person'. This is my home for the next few days. It all seems somewhat surreal—a registration desk manned by three youth volunteers, delegates arriving from surrounding regions, and, as I glance more closely at the church, the exterior proudly displays a 'Welcome to The Kingdom of God Seminar' banner, each letter perfectly hand cut out of polystyrene and attached to royal blue cloth.

Ammon, the seminar co-ordinator and one of my three translators, declares in his lovely military style, 'In two hours we will have welcome service and you preach.' 'Okay.' I reply joyfully, 'I never say no to sharing God's Word.' I follow with a silent prayer: 'Father, what is to be your special Word tonight for these, your precious people?'

I spend time sitting with the delegates, listening to their conversations. They know I do not understand their language, nor they mine, but we laugh and enjoy each other's company.

It is now 6:00pm and time for the bell to signal to the surrounding villagers to come to the evening welcome service. Ammon and his wife Keosha, the second of my three translators, enter my room. Ammon says, 'We pray.' Their heart is heavy for their people. Keosha says, 'So many problems, so many strongholds, heavy burdens, much addiction, fear of evil spirits, broken relationships and legalism.' I ask Keosha to pray, as I know she is not bound by such thinking, and pray she does, powerfully, with hope and expectation.



We enter the church and I go to sit down, but clumsily mistime my release of body weight. Ouch. (Note to self: short stock, low, wooden pews.) I close my eyes and listen closely. There's something special about worshipping in heart language. The songs are sung at a slow, slow tempo, using a unique call and response style harmony, backed by a hypnotic rhythm from a traditional drum. It sounds a bit like a fusion of tribal chants, southern Baptist gospel, Negro spirituals and traditional three-quarter-time hymns.

My time had come. 'Father, I'm not sure how they will receive this message, but I trust in you.'

God touches many. The tiny woman who hours earlier greeted me down in the village turns out to be the wife of the former senior pastor. She presents me with a traditional hand-woven pheingou (tribal shawl) in her tribe's own colours. I immediately remove my much-travelled shawl and declare that I will wear her colours with great honour.

Afterwards, heading back to the accommodation block, a group of young women walk up to me and declare, with tears in their eyes, 'We have come to learn and will go tell others what we learn.' I am overwhelmed by what God is already doing.

Ammon hands me tomorrow's schedule. My eyes land on '5:00am rise and shine!' I respond, 'I might not be shining at that hour.' He laughs. 'This, for delegates only. You, free until 8:00am.' This tribe, that rise so early, and like their chai tea black, is indeed a tribe like no other I'd encountered.

It is now the end of a very long day. With a grateful heart I declare, 'The Resource Person is going to bed.' Thank you Father for a time such as this.

The night is cold. The rains come.

It is 10:00am and time to start. Ammon states, 'We finish today at exactly 4:30pm with a 45 minute lunch break. At 4:30pm question time. 7:00pm evening service and you preach. Ok.' 'Ok', I replied joyfully. Again a silent prayer, 'Father, what is to be your special Word tonight for these, your precious people?'

As the sun sets behind the mountain, the cross on the church in silhouette, everything looks so picturesque. It is hard to imagine what turmoil lies under the surface of each heart. This tribe's traditional religion is animist and often includes sacrifices, magic and mysticism. It is called 'the way of our forefathers.' However, many years ago Christianity came to this region. The pure seed of the Gospel was not planted and flourished within their unique cultural expression. As a result, many Christians trust in amulets, are trapped in fear of the spirits, bound by legalism and confused by satan's lies.

I walk into my room. I wonder how today's Kingdom of God teaching has been received. I'm sure many have been challenged.

I learnt God is with us in this damaged world when we receive Jesus. He is there to restore the Kingdom in us.

Keosha and Ammon follow. Keosha says, 'Jesus' love is so challenging. So many problems we have in receiving all Jesus gives. This teaching and truth so powerful. We receive it with joy. Praise the Lord!'

I now realise it is my relationship with God that is most important and if I give my power to control over to Him, He will change me.

It is now 10:00pm! With a grateful heart I declare, 'The Resource Person is going to bed.'

Day 2. The sun is shining, the humidity high. As I walk across to the venue I hear the delegates singing in their heart language. I recognise the tune, although the tempo is much slower. It's the old southern Baptist gospel song *What a friend we have in Jesus*. And so today's session begins.

Keosha asks a question concerning amulets, very cleverly opening up the opportunity for me to speak deliverance and the Truth into the situation.

After the evening reflection Keosha states, 'Everyone so touched. You have come all this way and teach in our heart language, which is only starting to be written. It is all 100% correct. We can take these handouts away, meditate, study, reflect and teach others. We are so amazed how much our people have opened up to you.'

This seminar has broken strongholds over people and this village. It has brought a unity never seen before between the churches and people. We have never seen, heard or experienced anything like this before. It is truly a miracle from God that so many people came during the harvest season and they were so open to you and the teaching. Many challenging things for our people, but we receive it with joy. Thank you, thank you, thank you.'

I replied, 'Only God can do this.' With a grateful heart, I declare, 'The Resource Person is going to bed.'

Day 3. In a village a little down the mountain, they're celebrating the anniversary of the death of a kinsman rebel and freedom fighter hanged in 1931. He fought against the oppression of the British and started a no tax campaign. Everyone is invited.

Love the systematic teaching, especially the study of the Kingdom of God and Kingdom of Heaven. Never heard the Kingdom of God was on earth, nor what that meant, and as Jesus said, 'Today the scripture is fulfilled in your hearing.' I now know what that means—here and now—and that the Kingdom of God is within me in Jesus and what that means here on earth in this damaged-by-evil world.



Despite tiredness and the lure of the village celebrations, we have full attendance with a hunger for more.

One delegate stands up and testifies,

'First time this seminar we learn by doing. We always told seek first Kingdom of God but we never get fruit. This time we learn how to bear fruit. How to upbringing and teaching method for the children is real special. We did not know so I was not a good father but I will teach my grandchildren. I will teach more young people to know the new learning.'

Yet another who has been touched by God:

'I have done many seminars but never given any notes, never in my own heart language and never empowered to go and teach others what I have learnt and received... until now.'

Yet another and another and another...

With a grateful heart I declare, 'Only God can do this.'



We all head down the mountain to join in the festivities. The village is abuzz. Time passes. We have dinner, freshly slaughtered and home cooked. The expectation of the villagers rises, as the traditional dance competition is about to commence. An hour or two later it commences. First up is an all male 'victory dance' followed by four different male and female dance ensembles. The traditional tribal dress of hand woven belts, pheingous and skirts, exotic yet simple handcrafted headdresses, all interwoven with reflective and multi-coloured material, creates a spectacular visual display. Each group is accompanied by drums, whistlers and harmonic chants, echoing through the night air, creating a unique ambience.

It is now very late and time to head back up the mountain. The legs are weary, my load heavy with camera equipment. Finally we make it to the compound. With a grateful heart, I declare, 'The Resource Person is going to bed.'

I have studied Bible for six years but this time learnt that there is no end to learning God's Word. Now I understand the world more clear and I am going to share in the three churches in my place.

For me the way you base everything on scripture and bring out the Truth in context. It has ignited my heart for more and to study and immerse myself in His Word and presence.



**MISSIONARY MOMENTS: Stranger on plane:
Go save the world for me. Reply: Jesus
has already done that!**

Day 5. Sunday. Earlier than the usual rise—and shine—to prepare for today's sermon. This tribe that rise so early, and like their chai tea black, is indeed a tribe like no other. Morning service actually starts at 7:00am!

Day 4. The attendance for the women's seminar is above expectation. One woman comes up to me and states, 'You are gathering souls into the Kingdom, may God continue to bless you in all that you do.'

As the sun's light withdraws and the night darkness emerges, Keosha and I sense this is only the beginning of what God is doing. With a grateful heart I declare, 'The Resource Person is going to bed.'

Today's message is Adoption into One Tribe (of freedom fighters) in Christ. Ephesians 1. The introduction is the story of Pong Suey. Yesterday Keosha shared with me what the delegates discussed and decided, I must have come from the same tribe as Ammon, and gave me a tribal name, Pong Suey, which means 'forever blooming'. I declared, 'So I have been adopted into Ammon's tribe, you are now my sister-in-law and Ammon is my brother younger!' We both laughed hysterically. 'Yes!' She affirms. 'They have adopted you!'

The service begins as usual, songs, announcements... then unexpectedly a tribe/church elder slowly walks to the podium. Emotional, he turns to me and boldly declares:

Many years I have followed Jesus but lived in fear not knowing whether I was saved. Through this seminar I am sure, now certain, I am saved. When I saw your face, witness, it is more than silver and gold. I am now set free. You have given me more than anything on this earth. You have given me MY Jesus! We are now praying for the surrounding villages and the region that they also know the Truth. Hallelujah!

I never knew of the Kingdom of God on earth. I always thought I had to suffer here on earth and live in the hope of entering the Kingdom of God when we die and go to heaven.



This evening Keosha is cooking a special dinner at my adopted family home. Brother younger comes to escort me up the mountain. As the sun sets we all sit outside, chewing freshly harvested boiled corn, enjoying the moment together. Time passes. Ammon, Keosha and myself have dinner, then enter the house. We all sit around the fire. The tribe/church elder and father of the house (my adopted father) says,

I had forgotten I was forgiven and had many strongholds over me. I now know I am forgiven and so can forgive others.

Our people lived in fear, now we can stand in the truth, we have been set free! Hallelujah! Thank you is not enough. In honour of the sacrifice of your husband releasing you to us, we give him this.

I am presented with a 'man colour' pheingou. I am once again overwhelmed. Then I am presented with a 'woman colour' pheingou for my bed-ridden mother!

My adopted mother (the tiny elderly woman who days earlier greeted me down in the village) is so full of joy. We are all so full of joy. It is now time to say goodbye. However, I never say goodbye...I say to my family elders and youngers, 'Until we meet again, in this life or the next.'

With a grateful heart I declare, 'The Resource Person is going to bed.'

I have been a Christian for many years yet had confusion about the evil of this world and the Kingdom of God. Now I have my answer and clear presentation of the Gospel with easy drawings. I am now very, very happy.

Very, very early the next morning an elderly couple walked up the mountain to the compound and waited, wanting to speak to me. Keosha comes to get me. We sit. The husband states,

Thousands of evil spirits had overtaken this village, yet when you came and taught the Truth, we have been set free and no evil spirits are here now. My wife and I do not have much but we give you this.

They give me some money, then present me with a hand woven tribal belt for my husband. The husband shares that he could not sleep until he told me this. He is now very happy. He now has peace.



We start our long decent down the mountain. My sister-in-law declares, 'That is the power of the Sword of the Spirit.' With a grateful heart I declare, 'Only God could do this!'



THE GOOD NEWS STORYBOOK PROJECT

It is estimated that 2.91 billion unreached* people, who have never heard of their Creator's love for them, live in an area from north-west Africa right across the globe to eastern Asia. This area is termed the 10/40 window. The majority of the world's poor, and more than eight out of ten of the poorest of the poor, live in this area. Through oppression (spiritual, mental, physical, economic, etc.) the poor become powerless, relationships broken and their identity becomes marred. This hurts the soul and becomes a contributing factor of poverty. They are trapped in a web of lies and the resultant fear becomes the driving force.

In The Name of The Unknown God

The Good News Storybook Program Manual has 16 lessons linked to each of The Good News Storybook stories (6 book series), and share the Gospel truth through various interactive means of learning (including games, storytelling, story writing, drama, action songs, object lessons and drawing programs). This discipleship program is a result of working with indigenous leaders and children throughout the 10/40 window, in both rural and urban areas. The Good News Storybooks are chronological Bible stories simply told from the viewpoint of the newly literate reader. Translated into heart languages using short sentences, repeated words and illustrations from tribal children produced from the Gospel Creative Workshop in-field program, the Good News Storybook Series creates an indigenous Gospel that empowers the powerless.

*An unreached people group is one in which there is no indigenous community of believing Christians with adequate numbers and resources to reach this people group. (Joshua Project www.joshuaproject.net)

Giving Hope in Jesus' Name

Through informal education—and the love of Christ—Tejas Asia brings hope to children at risk. Their Hope Community Centres have incorporated the Good News Storybook program into their school curriculum.

The children are empowered to participate in the transformation process of their community through interactive workshops, creative expression and the truth of the Gospel through the Good News Storybook Project. Here are some of their stories.

Manyu: I enjoy playing cricket and games. I like so much the story of Noah because everybody want to save their lives. Jesus save their lives, this I like. I understood very well that lesson. I want to be a doctor. I want to save people.

Muskane: I like running, action songs and drama. The stars best story I like and the colour and drawing this page.





'The Good News Storybooks Program so good for children from different background not having good clothes, food and all, through these stories they understand whatever they need they can ask Jesus. He is their provider. This is the way useful for the children believing and asking God.'

Teachers Testify

Ramita: When I was child, family not good situation. Father drunkard nothing going, good health a problem also. I come to know Jesus with a sister but didn't believe, but when health not good, friend came to pray and I was healed.

I thank God that through these books and program I now have opportunity to tell children about Jesus explaining through the books, drawings, program. Through the books children now learning how creation came. They are starting to believe. Children very happy enjoy class/program, the action songs and the story and pictures in the Storybooks.

The children enjoy so much and enjoy learning about this God.

I am very thankful for the books. I believe but don't go to church because of family. Read Bible but don't understand much from Bible but when started to read/teach the Good News Storybooks it is so clear and easy to understand, Bible now more clear. I also learnt God can do anything. I am waiting on God for some things in my life, when reading the Abraham story, 'God can do anything.' I started to say, 'God can do anything.'

I had Storybooks at home. My mum not Christian and I cannot speak about Jesus with her. My mother saw the letters so big in the Good News Storybooks in her language and said, 'I wanted to read them', so mother started to read Storybooks.' I say THANK YOU.

Charu: In my family no one studied to 12th class. I had no dream and no hope. When I came here I work as a team and got a dream about life, changed and gave me chance to study further. I saw people praying together and believing in Jesus. Seeing them also I thought to believe in Jesus. I started to follow Him.

We teach children what is happening round the world and take those Bible stories in the Good News Storybooks, we can teach believe in Jesus and what happened to them is very interested. Whatever they (the children) were asking God, believing God, God has blessed them in that, so we are encouraged to teach them. It will be useful to them as they grow up. It will help them trust in God. I also have learnt from the Good News Storybooks Program. Trusting God more and more.

Prama: When a child had some problems in family to grow in education. Looking at other kids feeling to do something but condition not able. I had to do something for kids in future. I was not knowing about Jesus but when I came to Tejas Asia, I came to know about Jesus. They were so happy and enjoy so I had question how can they be so happy/smile always. Never understand they pray Jesus and have peace in their heart. So started to believe Jesus as well. I came to know about Jesus.

I enjoy sharing Jesus to the children. When was teaching the story, the action song from the Good News Storybook program manual related to the story, they are so happy. If we just teach it is not useful to them but with the program they enjoy a lot. I understand the stories (in the Good News Storybooks) and they (the children) understand easily the stories. They like the stories written inside the Good News Storybooks.

Sangena: I like being with friends. I have my Storybooks. Each day I bring to lesson and take home. I like my Storybooks because very easy to understand and keep in my mind.

I learn Abraham story that God ask Abraham to offer his child then when he was going to kill the child, God said, don't do it, I wanted to see the destination for him.

Learn we believe God. I can read and tell whole story from the books to my family and friends. My friends say, 'Really good story.' When they see the books they say, 'This books is very good.' They ask, 'Where did you get such books?' I tell them the Hope Centre.

I dream to be a doctor to save lives and sick when not having any help from others.

My favourite page has many colours. Favourite drawing is the first drawing in the Noah story because they made nice trees, clouds and birds flying.





Answer to Years of Prayer

Pastor Jacob and his wife Amu have a heart to reach the families and children living in the city slum. They built a shelter out of old tin sheets right in the middle of the slum area. They provide for children at risk by cooking a nutritious meal and informally teaching literacy and numeracy in their heart language. Pastor Jacob and his wife pray for God to give them a strategy and the resources to reach these children and their families with the Gospel. When they were given the Good News Storybook program and Storybook sets for each of the children, the tears welled up. Amu states, 'Have never seen such program or material like this.' Now with the Good News Storybooks in their heart language the children can effectively learn literacy and know about Jesus simultaneously.

We have been praying how can we reach these families and now we have the tools to do it.

The Good News Storybooks and program are developing our work and a special tool to bless these children.



Out of a Revelation of Jesus the Light Shines

Outside the main area of the city is a slum where refugees of various people groups live in conditions not fit for any human.

They are outcasts, rejected by their own and rejected by the lowest of castes in this new 'home'. They have no sense of belonging and believe they are not worthy of anything better. A handful of Christians decided to make a difference and come once a week to this slum and teach the children the truth of their value.



The children love these books so much they felt it's a special gift encouraging them to study. Even their parents not believing their kids are worthy to study but we believe they are more than worthy, God is really touching them.

SITTING IN THE DIRT

It is now time to say goodbye to the missionary who has touched my heart so deeply. As I try to hold back the tears, she declares, 'I never say goodbye, but until we meet again, in this life or the next.' We hug. I think back to the first day she arrived. I could see that God had brought her for a time such as this. With one purpose, so we can have a greater revelation of who Jesus is, have a hunger for Him and His Word. She had come to the Bible College to teach a course she had written just for us. But my learning and revelation was not just in the classroom. She has given so much of herself to every one of us. Over the years I have seen many come and go. But no one like this!

I am Zara and this is my story of a time such as this. I am from a tribe of another country and a third generation living here. I am torn between cultures, the one of my forefathers and that of this land I am born into. I have a missionary calling and dream to bring the light to children trapped in spiritual darkness, those of another land. I have seen it in a vision, a land under the shadows of a big black mountain.

I live in the Christian compound that by day is an international school and by night a Bible College. I am the cook for the school canteen and visiting lecturers.

WISDOM QUOTE 'The personalness of communication results in the fact meanings are more felt than reasoned.' Charles H Kraft, *Communicating Jesus' Way*.

The first morning I come to bring the morning breakfast, but no answer. Abi declares, 'She was invited by the school teachers to take their devotional and she considered it an honour.' We were both surprised as no visiting Bible College lecturer would give time to the teachers of the school. Abi continued, 'Then she is taking the children's assembly and devotion session, ministering to the kids!' This was to be the routine every day for the duration of her stay. Morning devotion with the teachers, children's assembly and devotion, breakfast, then preparing the evening lecture handouts, lunch and afternoon mentoring the teachers on how to teach the gospel effectively to the children, evening meal, then three nights a week lecture till 9:00pm, answer questions and preach on Sundays. God had sent her for a time such as this.

Throughout the day, she always makes time to come and engage with me. She may have a Word, answer a question or thank me for the meals she is enjoying. She asks with a big smile, 'What delicious meal will you cook next?' She knew I liked to cook different things each time and it was my way to say thank you.

This evening there is great excitement among the class as two older students invite us all to their wedding tomorrow night. It will be a time of great celebration as Jesus has done a great thing. The bride has been married before, to a husband who drank, abusive and not a Christian. He left her and they divorced. The groom has been married before, to a wife who was a Christian. He drank, was abusive and not a Christian. Yes, they were married and divorced to each other! The groom had a revelation of Jesus and is totally transformed. He's now living his life according to His Father's will and together they plan to reach their people. This course is preparation for ministry. They too believe our visiting lecturer is here for such a time as this.

Tonight is the night. The whole village is full of excitement. The music plays. The curries and the rice smell so good. Everyone's in their best dress. I don't have much, as all my money goes for my niece's education, but I do have one simple dress for special times such as this. We sit in the dirt and to my surprise our guest lecturer sits in the dirt with my niece and me and not with the important people at the front. I think that she must be so humble. I think that is true leadership.

Now the party is over I lie awake and think how she sat down in the dirt with us. The next morning I share this with her and she replied, 'Zara, when you sit in the presence of the King and you receive a revelation of how much He loves you and wants to serve you, you cannot help but be humble. We are all equal. He has given me a new way to see people through His eyes.'

I now see I too am of equal value. I thank our Father for a time such as this.

VALUE OF RESPECT

I'm in an area of high persecution, lecturing pastors on the Kingdom of God in a 'safe house'. The mention of Jesus in public could cause them trouble.

My bodyguard, a young pastor, escorts me through the town back to my accommodation. I ask to stop for some chai.

I *namaste* the chai man, giving respect. He responds with two superb cups of chai and a cup of coffee for my bodyguard. Over the next three days we give respect and laugh together each time I pass through. On the last day I say, 'flying out'

with an aeroplane hand gesture. He nods and gives me an extra cup of chai. As I hand him the money to pay he walks off! Shocked and confused we go. Then we hear his whistle motioning us back to the stall. We do a u-turn to head back. Now everyone—including armed soldiers—are watching us. Silently, the chai man gently takes my arm and ties two bracelets he had just purchased on my wrist. The colours match the top I am wearing. With one simple act of respect, he saw Jesus. In his eyes I was now his sister.

Back at the safe house my bodyguard testifies to the delegates how the chai man saw Jesus.

The darker the darkness, the brighter His light shines. Hosanna to the King!



