

#ineverystep

JUNE 15



#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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## EDITORIAL

IMAGINE you are a branch of a large vine. You are connected to the main stem of the vine, surrendered to the will of the gardener. All you are doing is just hanging there, nothing else, just hanging from the main stem.

Now because you are hanging to the main stem, all the goodness of the vine is naturally flowing from the roots, through the main stem, into you. Its water, its nutrients; everything from the vine is flowing into you. All you are doing is hanging out with the vine, receiving its goodness.

One day, you feel a 'tingling' sensation. You discover you have grown. Little bunches of fruit start to form. Pop (love), pop, pop (joy, peace), pop, pop, pop (patience, kindness, goodness), pop, pop, pop (faithfulness, gentleness, self-control).

As the sun beats down and the rain pours over you, on the inside is the soothing flow of the living waters and nutrients from the vine. How is this happening? You haven't been doing anything! All you are doing is hanging out with the vine, receiving its goodness.

That is the will of the gardener.

'And the Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" And let him who hears say, "Come!" And let him who thirsts come. Whoever desires, let him take the water of life freely.'

JUNE 15

## ONE TOUCH

I did not know Jesus. I have no husband. He is dead. All around me are broken families, men drink, women drink. The smell of the home brew is so strong I feel shamed. I live among so many problems. A change has got to come.

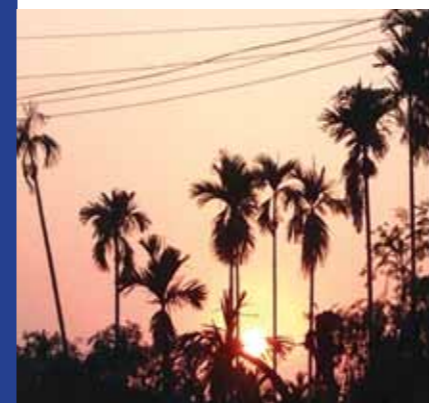
One day this man came to my house. He sang a song and prayed. When he sang I felt peace, but I still had a heavy heart. I felt unworthy. He said he was singing about the giver of peace. He said he was looking for a house to worship and pray each Sunday. I said, 'Come here, sing and pray.'

So every Sunday for three years Uncle would come, sing, worship this Jesus and pray. I felt such peace when he sang. I recently took Baptism. Now some of the women come on Sunday. We sing, worship and pray.

Along comes this 'foreign' woman who dresses Indian and, together with a friend of Uncle, comes to stay, teach and train some leaders. They are from different villages. They also come to stay.

I noticed many things were different about this woman. She is so joyful; such love, serving my people tirelessly. I testify, she taught me how to serve by how she served. She gave everyone the same respect, every tribe, age, belief or situation. Just the other night one drunkard saw her at my window and came inside.

She gave him respect, he sat down, talked and she listened. He said, 'I wanted to come to worship but felt shame.' Gently she said, 'No shame, come if drink, come if not drink, come and worship Jesus with us.' Then miraculously he said, 'I want to be free!' She said, 'Only Jesus can set us free.' He agreed, bowed his head ready to receive. She knelt down in the dirt in front of him, put her hand on his head and they prayed.



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Names and locations are withheld/  
changed for security and privacy reasons.  
All scripture quoted from NKJV.



# 14 HOURS, 30 MINUTES AND 14 MONTHS LATER

What if two people, destined to meet, had never met? This is the true story of when they did.

In the far north region lives Ammon. He is 33 years and just found his wife. Despite differences in age, tribe and personalities, they are a good match. The date is set, however, and soon after they will be apart. Ammon's wife will travel to the other side of the country to attend a conference. Ammon is praying, 'God, show me how I can mobilise others to help reach my people.'

8,711 kilometers away...

A 53-year-old missionary girl, married for 22 years to a wonderful husband, is planning her next trip. She teaches on the Kingdom of God and creates resources in heart languages. She is praying, 'God, connect me with indigenous leaders of the same heart, so that the world may know you.'

Meanwhile...

A friend of the missionary girl, after two years of asking, 'Come to my church,' receives his 'yes' answer. Standing in the noisy, crowded foyer, a friend of the friend of the missionary girl says to her, 'Come back here at 2.30pm.' The missionary girl declines as she has a previous meeting, not knowing there is a postponement message on her phone.

Fast-forward 3:00pm...

The missionary girl has no contact numbers but enters the church building not knowing what to expect. In stark contrast to the morning, the foyer is quiet, perhaps too quiet. Has she arrived too late?

A door opens. She is directed into a room where a small Bible class is in session. During a break, the visiting pastor introduces himself. He spent five years in the same country where this missionary girl ministers. He says, 'It is the indigenous leaders that must embrace. You must speak to Uncle. He is a great friend, great leader and well connected. I will send an introduction email to you both.' Uncle invites the missionary girl to come to his conference in a few months' time. This will be the exact same time the missionary girl is going to be in that country.

Months later..

During the second evening of the conference, two women, who have never met are praying the exact same prayer in separate rooms. 'Father, I'm not a networking person. Please put the person you want me to connect with right in front of my face. Your will be done.'

Next day...

Two women stand face to face. After a brief silence, they start a conversation. Yes, it's Ammon's wife and the missionary girl from a land far away. Ammon's wife excitedly says, 'You must come to my house and meet my husband.'

4 months later...

Ammon and the missionary girl finally meet. They pray and they talk well into the night.



Next morning...

While it is still dark, an early rise to visit the 'field'. Thus begins an arduous 12-hour bus journey up the big mountain, through rugged terrain, including a coal-mining area, to reach a small town. An overnight stay, then into a four-wheeler for another 2-hour journey, this time through fertile fields to a remote village.

Ammon: There are 20 evangelists who work this field and have been invited for lunch. You have 30 minutes to speak to them. Then we eat.

Ammon and the missionary girl enter the hut. Five have come. They sing songs and then it is time. The missionary girl speaks. Ammon listens intently and is so impacted (as this is the first time he hears such things) he forgets to translate! Everyone laughs. After 45 minutes, Ammon declares, 'We must eat quickly to make it back in time for the bus.'





Seminar Delegate: Learnt relationships restored equal, equal in Jesus. This message much needed in reached and unreached, in all community.

5 months later...

In a different region Ammon and the missionary girl run a seminar. Many delegates come. One from the five arrives after very long travel. He can only attend half of the seminar, but he knew he must attend. Every delegate is impacted, testimonies of lives transformed, false beliefs gone, the region of disunity becomes united, 1000 evil spirits are no longer in the village ... much, much, much fruit.

9 months later...

Ammon and the missionary girl do a seminar in the first region. All of the original five attend and testify!



Ammon: This time even greater fruit than the first seminar! Both Ammon and the missionary girl thank God, and 14 hours, 30 minutes and 14 months later, testify, 'Only God can do this!'

Seminar Delegate: Learnt vine relationship receiving from Jesus, surrendered to Father's will, this is most important.

'The Lord has changed the life of these children through Good News Storybooks. I am very thankful to God as well as to Empart for transforming and impacting life through these books.' Pastor Dipakarni

## LIVES TRANSFORMED FOR ETERNITY

Empart's mission '...is to reach the unreached,\* restoring, releasing and resourcing them to fulfil the Great Commission.' In partnership with the Good News Storybook Project, an indigenous Gospel that empowers the powerless through participatory lessons linked to The Good News Storybooks, lives are being transformed for an eternity. Here are some of their stories.

Rohit and Lokit are siblings from a Hindu family. Their parents work as agricultural labourers. They are not economically strong. Both the parents leave for work early in the morning and return home by night. No one is there to look after Rohit and Lokit so they work their own will. They are very weak in studies, rude in behaviour and spend most of their time playing outside.

Pastor Dipakarni, a church planter, had special concern for the children and tried his best to bring development in the children's life. He prayed for them. He prayed that God would open ways to increase their curiosity to study and read the Bible.

God answered his prayers through the Good News Storybook Project and he distributed the storybooks amongst all the children. Seeing the pictures and colours, the children were very excited. Initially Rohit and Lokit were not showing much interest in reading the books and used to just flip the pages over. However, gradually they also started reading the books. The pictures and the Bible stories attract the interests of every child.

Now Rohit and Lokit are so interested to read the books that they are memorising the verses and are even trying to remember the biblical characters.

Everyone is so surprised to see the change in both brothers.

'Earlier I never liked to read books, but this books is very interesting. I love the pictures in them and the stories written in it are very interesting. Now I spend some time reading the Storybooks and also study the Bible.' Rohit



\*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 [joshuaproject.net](http://joshuaproject.net))





'I love this Storybook; it has lots of pictures and nice stories. I have also learned and memorised Bible verses through this book. Reading this book is great fun.' Shanti

I have a burden for children and start Sunday classes. The initial days were very tough to gather children at one place and teach them from the Word of God. Children were not very much interested in knowing about the Biblical truths. They wanted to watch cartoons, go out to play and do lots of mischief in the class. But the Good News Storybook Project became a great help.

With the help of the Good News Storybooks the tutor started telling the stories and sharing the Word of God to the children. Now, all the kids were interested to listen to what the tutor is going to say. They started behaving well, came regular to class with an expectation to hear a new Biblical story.

The best part of the Good News Storybooks is it has lots of pictures of the character on which the story is written, and this became the centre of attraction for the kids along with the stories that was easy to understand. The children who used to run away are now asking for the books and reading the stories on their own.

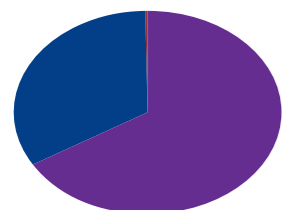
Shanti, young girl, 10 years, is attending classes since last three years. She gives no attention to what is taught. Her parents were very worried and talked to the tutor and the church planter about her negligence.

Then one day, Empart proposed to initiate the Good News Storybook Project with an expectation to grab the children's interest.

And to everyone's surprise, the moment the Good News Storybooks were distributed to the children, all including Shanti were very excited. The books contain lots of Biblical stories with pictures. The children are showing interest to read the stories on their own and ask questions to the tutor about what they read.

It makes the entire team feel so good to see the children being touched and transformed in such a way that will enhance their future.

PROJECT UPDATE: 100% OF MONEY DONATED GOES TO THE FIELD



LEGEND

- Translations DTP
- Printing
- Distribution

During the last six months another four language translations were completed (7);\* another 8,000 children resourced with the Good News Storybooks as their first Bible (48,150), and 385 indigenous leaders were equipped with the Good News Storybook Discipleship Program Manual (3,126).

\*(Total to date)



Empart church planter, Pastor Davanand, also has a great burden for the young ones. He always wanted to share the Word of God with them but had no resource or tools to attract them. He tried to bring the children together and share the Bible stories with them, however not many were interested to listen. He worried for their future.

Pastor Davanand was praying in heart for this concern. He was asking God for some ways which he could reach out to these little kids.

At this juncture he distributed a set of the Good News Storybooks with beautiful pictures and encouraged them to read, and in next class he will ask about these stories.

Next Sunday to his surprise children came with lots of questions. The Good News Storybooks really worked in their hearts. It increased their curiosity to know more about the stories in the Bible. Here is a wonderful story of Nadja and Pakima who received these set of books.



Nadja, young girl, 12 years. She comes from a village. She used to be very silent all the time. But when Pastor Davanand gave her a set of Good News Storybooks we see a different attitude in her. After reading those books she is spending most of her time in reading the story loudly. It has changed the ambience of the house.

The most amazing thing was the joyous words of her parents, 'We were praying for Nadja, because she was not giving much interest in reading Bible. But now she spends much of her time reading the Bible truth. We are very grateful to the Pastor for this source of blessing in the form of these books.

The joy was not over here. Another boy Pakima, according to his parents, spends most of his time watching television. Pastor Davanand gave him these Good News Storybooks to read. Gradually day-by-day he started gaining interest in reading these books and admiring the characters in it.

These Good News Storybooks are really helpful for our tutors to teach the children, and share the word of God. The non-Christian children are attracted towards the pictures and taking interest to read the Good News Storybooks.

**Pakima's parent: This is a great change in Pakima, we are grateful for transforming our son's life. Now he is also giving interest in his studies.**



## THE FIRST 3 DAYS

The past four weeks have been hectic. Very little sleep. So, so very tired. After a day of travel across the country, I arrive at my next stop... or so I thought.

The humidity is high, yet the overall temperature is cooler than my previous destination, so my body feels refreshed. The roads are very muddy. The locals tell me there have been some violent storms. As the night moves in, there are less people in town. The trucks roaring through intermittently shatter the quietness. I settle into my new abode and fall asleep.

The darkness of the night yields to the morning light. This is the first day.

I am asked to pack for a three-day journey. I quickly rustle up my essentials: bottled water, change of clothes, Bible, mobile phone and backpack. We begin our travels. I silently pray, 'Father, thank you for all you are doing. I want to see great fruit, people set free and empowered, receiving a greater revelation of Jesus, by Your Spirit Father, your will be done, in Jesus Name.'

Tiredness gives over to great expectation.

Time passes.

We arrive at our destination... or so I thought.

As I get out of the vehicle, I am informed that this is a boarding school for tribal children from the surrounding hills. In this region there are many different 'warring' tribes. Paal exclaimed, 'All 230 students are waiting for you!' I turn my head. Visible through the trees, there they all stand, in school uniform, from the youngest to the oldest, line by line, waiting...

As I walk across the lush ground towards the children, I silently pray, 'Father, what is your special message for these children and their teachers?'

God: I will reveal my love and my Son through you and they will see I AM the *Light of the World*.

So God did just that.

After a teaching session where all participated, and 230 'high fives' later (the only way to end!), the principal asks,

**'Please stay. Everyone enjoyed and learnt so much. The children want more. The teachers – even those who do not follow Jesus – want to learn this.'**

After two hours of teacher training and another session with the children, it is time to say, 'Until we meet again.'

Leaving the vehicle behind, we trek through the land of the hill people and down to a river. A small bamboo boat is waiting for us. Noticing that the boat's bottom is just floating bamboo slats, I try to find a place to put my feet. Then the boat rocks like it's about to tip over! Very quickly we adjust, evenly distributing our body weight. Later, as we are disembarking up onto the local jetty (four bamboo slats), I think back to my school days, unsuccessfully walking the balancing beam. I stretch out to grasp the handrail (one bamboo slat) to discover it moves, offering no help. Silently I pray, 'Help me Lord.'

So God did just that.

Having crossed over, we continue walking through lush farm land. Turning off the main path we enter a compound of accommodation huts and a church. I am told that this evening the youth from the surrounding villages will come and I am to bring the Word of God to them.

We have arrived at our destination.

In His presence, walking around the grounds in the heat of the afternoon, I stop at the commemoration stone: *The miraculous leading. The bountiful blessings and unfailing love of God in the past*. I pray, 'Father, what is your special message for your people?'

God: For tonight's message, hope: from time past, for the present and in the future. The sermon I have given you, *Behold I Am Coming!*

Sitting in my room, tiredness sets in.

Distant singing starts to change the atmosphere. Refreshment washes over me. Tiredness gives over to energy. 'Father, your will be done in Jesus' Name. Pour out your Spirit in this place.'

So God did just that.

Through relaying the foundation of His Truth, a much needed refreshing comes.

It is now time for sleep. 'Thank you LORD for the honour to speak life into their lives.' I set my alarm. The morning service starts at 6:30am! It is hot, very hot. I open the window and slip into my mosquito net.

'Father, what is your message for tomorrow?'

I fall asleep.



'I was so touched by your message. I now know no one can curse who God has blessed.'

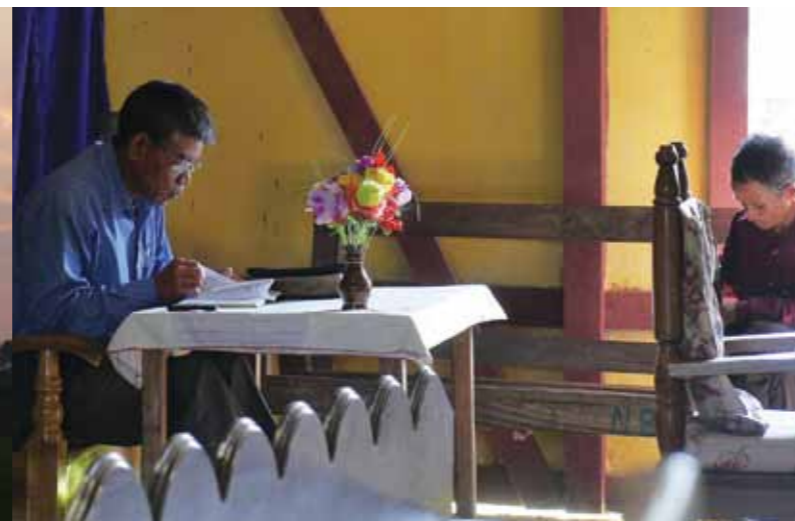
The darkness of the night yields to the morning light. This is the second day.

'Father, what is your message?'

God: *What I Have Blessed No One Can Curse.* There are those trapped in fear of the lies of satan and many mentally and emotionally trapped in need of healing. I will reveal my Truth through you.

So God did just that.

Back in my room, an elderly woman seeks permission to speak to me. I ask, 'If Jesus was standing here in the flesh before you and He said, "What do you ask of me?" what would be your reply?' She said, 'I ask three things. 1: I have place in heaven.' I interject and speaking His Truth, by His Spirit, she receives a revelation that it is because of Jesus she has her place in heaven.



As I walk to the church I notice dark, ominous clouds moving in. The heavens open, the deluge is relentless. Yet people still come. The rain on the tin roof is almost deafening. Even with amplification it is difficult to hear.

As I sit waiting for my introduction, I silently pray, 'Father, please stop the rain so all who have come will hear your Word.'

One of the church elders also silently prays, 'God, stop the rain so we can hear your Word from your chosen servant.'

As I rise to my feet and step up to the podium, the rain stops! We all give thanks.

Many received a touch from Jesus. Many are set free; some from fear, others emotional hurts, others the lies of satan, and yet others physical pain.

Distant singing starts to change the atmosphere. Refreshment washes over me. Tiredness gives over to energy.

'2: To die peacefully and 3: I worry about the next generation.'

My translator informs me she is one of the prayer warriors that gather over yonder, late every afternoon. Oh! I excitedly tell her how I heard her singing prayers yesterday and the impact it had on me.

She now has fullness of joy, knowing God hears and answers her prayers.

Together we pray.

We head off for a walk through the lush farming area to a building savaged by last week's storm. All that remains are the wood supports, roof and door! Standing next to what was once a solid brick wall, we pray for the warring tribes to come together and rebuild.

Next-door is a small building that remarkably remained intact. It is *The House of Healing and Prayer* led by three women and one man. Inside is a small gathering. I bring a Word from God. His power is tangibly present. Two women ask for healing, one with fever and pain all through her body, the other side and back pain. 'Everyone gather round and let us pray together,' I declare. Both visibly receive a touch from God. (Later in the day a message reaches us: both women are healed. Thank you Jesus.)

Time to minister to the prayer warriors with a special Word.

We pray, we worship, we give thanks. Everyone receives tremendous refreshing, including

myself. We rejoice! They share with me, 'In you coming today God answered our prayer.' They are so overwhelmed by God and His love. 'We will pray for you every day.' And indeed they will.

**We have been praying for God to send His servant to pray and bring His Word.**

Walking back, as the heat and humidity rise, I hear beautiful singing in the distance. It sounds heavenly. Where is it coming from? As we turn up the path I discover Sunday School is in. I sit taking rest - eating watermelon, listening to the songs. The language I do not understand but delightfully I recognise one of the tunes. At this moment, I am requested to bring a message to the children, after my watermelon, of course.

Walking over to the church, God's message is clear: the story from the Storybooks that has the same message as the song I recognised. Dripping with sweat, telling and acting out the story, the children participate enthusiastically. We conclude with a victory cry. Thank you Father for your refreshment, your love, truth and power in Jesus' Name.

11:00AM Lunchtime!

Time passed. It is early afternoon.

Trekking back to the river we say, 'Until we meet again.' Negotiating the 'balancing beam' and boat weight distribution seems easier the second time around. Praise God. Upon arrival back at the school, a cool drink and 230 assembled children are waiting in the hall! I am informed it will be another half hour before our vehicle arrives... 'Lord, what to do?'

God: *The Lost Sheep*...a participatory drama and celebration dance.

The children open up their hearts, interact, have so much fun, do an excellent job and learn very quickly. The teachers join in. We were all enjoying ourselves so much we didn't realise our vehicle had arrived! The driver waits. I say, 'Until we meet again.' All the other children go back to their normal routine.

The Principal pleads, 'Please wait, one child wants to give you a gift.'

One girl emerges excitedly from the building and runs toward me. As I bend down she takes off her tribal necklace (probably the only thing she owns) and with great joy places it over my head. Another girl comes running towards me. I bend down once again. She gives me her tribal scarf. This is a special moment, remembered for all eternity.

As we head back to our destination, the driver requests that tonight I do a program in his hostel. 'Father, what to do?'

God: Take rest. Another night...

I reply, 'Another night, I need to take bath, rest and prepare for tomorrow's seminar.'

Here, the overall temperature is cooler due to the rain, so my body is experiencing a refreshing change. As the night moves in, there are less people in town. The trucks roaring through intermittently shatter the quietness. I settle into my new abode. 'Father, thank you, thank you.'

God: I love you.

I fall asleep.

The darkness of the night yields to the morning light.

This is the third day.

After the echoing thunder, lightening display and heavy rain subside, the early morning village sounds emerge. One child washing and cleaning starts to sing, 'Here I am to worship...'

So God did just that.

**Seminar Delegate: 'Learnt Ephesians 1:9-10, all heaven and earth under Jesus and the practical application for today.'**



