

#ineverystep

ISSUE 03



#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.

CONTENT

THE POWER OF HIS LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES

God's unconditional love is evidenced by His relentless pursuit of those who are lost.

I CAN SEE

Familiar sights, sounds and smells, yet within it is different.

OUTSTRECHED ARMS

Out of the revelation of Jesus the light shines. This is God's story, in their story.

PHOTO JOURNAL

A visual journey.

HEAVEN COMES DOWN

A community challenged and changed forever.

ANSWERS

When God's heart intersects with surrendered wills.

WISDOM QUOTES

Acknowledging those who have gone before.

EDITORIAL

WITHOUT IT everything I do is meaningless.
I could have everything, yet have nothing.

For I was created because of it,
Yes I was created to receive it and give it.

It is never jealous or proud or rude or selfish,
and cannot be easily given to anger.

Remembering no wrongs done against it,
is grieved with injustice and delights in truth.

It never gives up, always hoping, always trusting.

Yes it is patient, kind and never ending.

WHAT IS IT?

The love of God.

For God so is.



God's love revealed in Jesus is perfected when we know and experience living in Him. [jesus loves : the world exists to preach, teach and train on the Kingdom of God](http://jesuslovestheworld.info) 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
For more information please email info@jesuslovestheworld.info

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



**He walked in our shoes. He saw through our eyes.
He felt our pain...He lives in our hearts,
He has set us free, sent to heal others, in His Name!**

THE POWER OF HIS LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES

God's unconditional love is evidenced by His relentless pursuit of those who are lost. Reaching out in love, only He can bring peace...only He.

Looking into Sabiqah's eyes, through the window of sorrow and pain, reveals a heart yearning to experience peace. Life has been hard for Sabiqah. Relationships have only brought sorrow; her husband deserted her and her children deceived her. At age 70 she is 'existing' in a harsh environment of impoverish conditions, an area designated as a slum. But the greatest tragedy of all...Sabiqah is alone.

Sabiqah heard that a free medical camp was coming to her area. Experiencing physical pain resulting from several health issues, Sabiqah felt compelled to go.

The medical van and team arrive.

Sabiqah watches intently as a woman from a distant land gets out of the van. Their eyes meet. For the first time Sabiqah feels noticed, recognised and respected. The women talk, sit, sharing a moment together. Sabiqah breaks down and cries on the woman's shoulder. 'I pray to Allah but have no peace, I just want peace!' she exclaims. The woman from a distant land talks about the giver of peace, how He sees her tears and feels her pain. At this moment the nurse declares to Sabiqah, 'The doctor is ready to see you now, come.' Sabiqah, assisted by the woman, stands and enters the van. Time passes.

As Sabiqah exits the medical van, eyes meet once again. Slowly Sabiqah walks directly to the woman from the distant land and asks her to pray. Yes, pray for her in the name of the giver of peace. After prayer, Sabiqah testifies, 'God brought you here to me today. When you pray, I receive my peace.'

The woman from a distant land declares, 'Only Jesus can fill a broken heart with His love and peace...only He.'





Another slum, another woman,
another moment.

Mansi, a mother and a wife, a devote Hindu, has a troubled mind. Her family has many problems. She receives no satisfaction from her gods, even though she gives everything to them. Mansi walks to the local water supply and sees a crowd gathering around a van not of her community. People stand in line. 'What is this?' she asks. A free medical camp is the reply. Standing at a distance Mansi watches, and waits, and waits. As people come and go, Mansi notices a woman from a distant land sitting with the people from her community. It is clear to Mansi that this woman from a distant land does not speak her language, yet she is sharing a moment with each of the onlookers, male and female, young and old, strong and weak, giving each one equal respect.

After a while Mansi concludes this woman is with the team providing free medical assistance. Mansi approaches the leader of the team and asks, 'When this medical camp is complete, would this woman from a distant land come to my home and pray?'

As the crowd disperses, the woman comes to Mansi, takes her hand and together they walk along a cleared dirt path, through the rubbish tip of the slum, to Mansi's house. Her house consists of two small concrete rooms. Mansi and the woman remove their shoes and enter. In the second room Mansi points to the shrine of her gods. Through a translator the woman from a distant land explains to Mansi, 'I come in the name of the unknown God, the One True God, your creator. His name is Jesus.' Tears well up in Mansi's eyes at the sound of His name.

The two women talk some more. Then Mansi declares, 'God has sent you to me. I want this Jesus. I want to receive Jesus.' This is a big shock to all. Together they pray in Jesus' name. Mansi testifies, 'When we prayed, I felt peace in my troubled mind for the first time.' The two women hug and say their farewells.

The woman from a distant land declares, 'Only Jesus can fill a troubled mind with His peace...only He.'



Another place, another heart,
another moment.

Kushagra is a well-respected man within the well-off community. He has a government job and good security, yet he is experiencing trouble in his body. His heart is palpitating. His body is under attack. Kushagra has his gods, his lucky charms, and yet they do not provide him deliverance.

One cold, damp, dark night, Kushagra walks into a five star hotel. That night there is a gathering for a celebration service. He has been this way before – a pastor comes and prays for him, and another pastor comes and prays. He feels nothing. He goes home empty.

As Kushagra walks into the room, he senses tonight is different. From the middle of the room he observes a crowd has gathered at the back. Something seems to be happening. Are they praying? Getting closer Kushagra sees a woman from a distant land and a man in the centre of the group. This woman from a distant land is praying over the man and starts telling everyone, including the man, to praise Jesus! The man becomes overwhelmed. Krushagra thinks, what is this?

The pastor turns her eyes to Krushagra and tells the woman from a distant land to go over and pray for him. The woman from a distant land walks over to Krushagra. To his surprise the woman asks the most extraordinary question. 'If Jesus was standing in front of you and asked you, "Krushagra, what is it you want of me?" what would it be?' He replied, 'I am Hindu.' The woman smiles and asks the question again. Krushagra responds, 'I am not ready for Jesus to be my God.'

The woman smiles and asks again! It becomes evident to Krushagra, usually a quiet man, that this woman understands him and has compassion for his situation. Krushagra opens up and shares his story.

'My sister wants me dead. She wants my property. She has put a curse on my body. My heart is palpitating, my body is in need of healing and deliverance. You can pray if you must.' The woman responded, 'I don't need to pray for you. The question is, do you want me to pray for you, pray in the name of Jesus?' No one had ever said such things to Krushagra before. Compelled, he humbly enquires, 'Can Jesus heal me?' The woman testifies, 'Absolutely. Only Jesus has defeated the evil spirits.' Among all the noisy celebrations, music and multiple conversations, there is this moment. Softly, Krushagra says, 'Please pray for my healing and deliverance from this evil curse that has been put on my body.'

After the prayer, Krushagra whispers, 'I felt peace flow through my body. Tell me, what is this power?' The woman looks directly into Krushagra's eyes and says, 'Your body has experienced Jesus. It is His power.'

That night, another heart experienced the love, truth and power of the living God.

The woman from a distant land concludes, 'Only Jesus can bring peace and deliverance to a body that is yet to receive Him...only He.'



WISDOM QUOTE 'Kingdom power will cause ripples of transformation as a community of 'unequals' who do not exploit their inequality. Kingdom power will spread redemption.' Jayakumar Christian, God of the Empty-Handed



I CAN SEE

The wet season is late. The nights are humid. Ah yes, the familiar sights and sounds and smells. Out of the darkness come odours from an open drain, cow manure, refuse. There's a woman balancing a chair with wheels on her head, then a cart loaded up beyond capacity, and bicycles without lights darting here and there. There's endless dust and millions of insects circling a few dim lights. A busload of weary travellers disembarks.



And as for me, I am Cheten, a lecturer and translator at a Bible College, on my evening walk. It is my time to reflect.

For three days we have journeyed together. We feel like we have known her all our lives. We have learnt so much. I was amazed



when Rhoit stood up and testified. He is so quiet. He is from a remote village and feels some shame he cannot read very well. We all had a big shock when he said to her in front of everyone, 'As she was travelling in most difficult places to teach us, at her age of 55 years, I was amazed at her energy, her passion and her love of God and all people. I was so inspired. If she can do all this at 55 then I at 21 can go back to my village and tell others, by God's grace I can do also.' She laughed joyously and testified. That is the change God has made in her heart, mind and eyes. She adds it is His joy over her that is her strength.

Then Abhik. He's the youngest of our group. He testified, 'I learnt everybody talking, God wanting to talk to us.' This may not sound like much of a revelation, but to Abhik it was a major breakthrough. He never thought God would want to talk to him, be personal, reveal Himself to him, to know of His great love.

Bible Student: 'I learnt we don't look at small part of scripture but look at big picture, full picture, all of God's Word.'

Geet declared with newfound understanding, 'This world darkness. What we are seeing today is darkness, sickness and that is not punishment. When Jesus came in this world, light we got from Jesus. We now know what is true. He is Lord. We know His light in His presence. We know Jesus pushes away the darkness.'

Bible Student: 'I learnt it is important to study Bible to know God more.'



One by one each stands and testifies of the many things they have received.

Bible Student: 'I learnt for us today even when we make mistake God still loves us.'

I too learnt much. Yes, we will miss her, we already do. Yet God has done an amazing thing in all of us. She gave us a piece of her heart, and by His Spirit ignited the flame within us with a greater hunger for Him and His Word.

The World Bible Translation Center (WBTC) India reaches people with the Good News by providing them with easy-to-read Bibles in their own language. Under the special projects division, WBTC undertakes the translation, printing and distribution of the *Good News Storybooks* (six-book series) and the *Good News Storybooks Program Manual*.

The *Good News Storybooks* have easy-to-read chronological Bible stories told simply and from the viewpoint of the reader's literacy level, speaking directly into their current belief system. Using short sentences, repeated words and illustrations by tribal children, the *Good News Storybooks* create an indigenous Gospel that empowers the powerless.

'The books are so colourful with pictures, the words used are as simple as to understand us.' Chandra



WITH OUTSRETCHED ARMS

Producing a set of indigenous Gospel readers not only assists in the restoration of the marred identity of the participants, but the Gospel also reaches a wider community through the *Good News Storybooks'* creative and literacy programs. The community is empowered to take ownership of the Gospel in the context of their everyday life and go and teach others to do likewise. This is God's story, in their story.

It is Saturday. My name is Moulik and I'm a field worker for WBTC. I'm in a remote and needy area conducting another *Good News Storybook Training Seminar*. 25 leaders attend. During the training, everyone learns different skills of communicating to children, so the children will keep the Good News in their mind and heart. Embracing the *Good News Storybook* project, each leader is fully equipped with sets of *Good News Storybooks* – a set for each child – and a program manual for themselves, all in their heart language. They are empowered and committed to implementing the *Good News Storybook* program into their respective villages.

One training recipient testifies, 'The *Good News Storybooks* project is a great opportunity for the children of remote areas to learn God's Word.'

Another says, 'We were doing classes every Sunday in our village, but without materials. This materials is very useful, and also we are very delighted to say that through this training we learn many skills.'

Time passes.

Children testify!

My name is Ria. My age is 12 years. I like the story of powerful than other, because evil is defeated by truth in the *Good News Storybooks*. The one thing I learn about God from the *Good News Storybooks* is God is Creator of all the things so God is worthy to praise. I dream to become a doctor and serve the poor people.

Taksheel, 11 years. 'I like most the colourful pictures with simple words. Easy to understand the stories and keep in mind. The beautiful picture creation and the ark made by Noah is my favourite. The story of David, where he spent time in praise and worship I like. I learnt the Lord is love and His love is forever. His love for us made Him to sacrifice to rescue the world. My dream is to know the Lord and love Him alone and be a nurse to help others.'

My name is Kali. I am age 18. My favourite story in the *Good News Storybooks* is *Jesus is Healer*. I like the story of Jesus because He healed many sick people. The *Good News Storybook* is very beautiful and colourful. It has good story, which makes us know about God. The one thing I learnt about God from the *Good News Storybooks* is that Jesus is the Light of the World. He drives all the darkness and brings light to the world. My dream is to become a teacher.

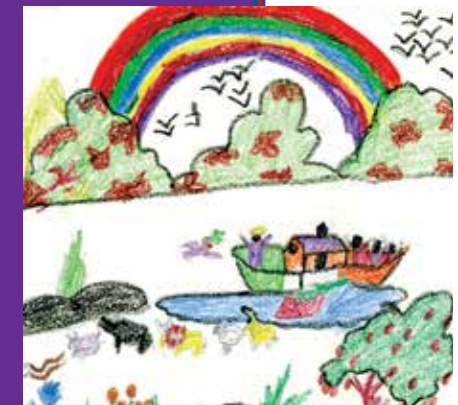
My name is Vania, I am 9 years age. My favourite story in the *Good News Storybooks* is *Fire from Heaven*. I like the way Elijah prayed to living God who answered him by sending fire to the altar. My dream is to spend time in prayer. As God is living so, He hears and answers in His time.

My name is Sanvi. My age is 14 years. My favourite story in the *Good News Storybooks* is the story where Jesus heals a 12 years girl, made her alive. The father has concern for his daughter, this I also like. My favourite drawing is where Jesus is hanging on a cross. (In) the bloodshed he says, 'I still love you. I will rescue you. You will find me. I forgive you. I give you my life.' My dream is to grow in Jesus and be an engineer.

Surdeep aged 12, 'The pictures of the books are so colourful and it has good stories in it. My favourite story is *Great Storm*. I like how Noah became good carer of Lord's created creatures. I like the picture of the rainbow. I learnt that God is the Creator of the world and all living and non living things, so He is able to take care of us.'

Bhavin, 12 years. 'I learnt about God from the *Good News Storybooks*. The Lord, His love is always, because He is true Lord. My dream is to become an electrician and serve the Lord.'

'I like the stories of all books and pictures too. It teaches lot of things to know about God.' Pranesh



HEAVEN COMES DOWN

After negotiating planes, trains and autos (including a hectic dash in peak hour traffic through one of the world's busiest cities to catch yet another plane), I buckle up, catch my breath and prepare for take-off. Not knowing what lies ahead, I am venturing into another state, to a place the locals call 'the tail of the mountain'.



13:30 hours, we land. Welcomed by a pleasant 29 degrees, we journey along the winding road towards the distant mountain. Like a lizard stretching its neck, the head of the mountain rises above the low cloud. We arrive at our destination...or so I thought. Tonight we take rest, pack for three-days travel and very early tomorrow we head up the mountain.

03:45 hours, time to prepare. It is dark and wet – not even the birds have awoken yet.

As our tuk-tuk (three-wheeled vehicle) chugs along the winding road, climbing up, up, up the mountain, the clouds appear to be descending.

11:00 hours, the tuk-tuk stops. Now the real adventure begins. To my surprise we are to ascend the rest of the mountain on foot, starting with a steep, narrow, muddy, slippery path... 'the tail of the mountain'. Help me Lord!

As the sun breaks through, the humidity intense, sweat pouring out, the jungle comes alive. The walking track is a winding trail, but has become much wider and less steep. Around another bend, a young man is waiting. He shakes my hand and gives thanks to God for sending me to bring the Gospel to his people.

12:00 hours, we rest. While eating our supplies (bananas), a leach tries to attach itself to the young man. Quickly he reacts. No harm done, except to the leach! We continue on. Around another bend, a small village becomes visible. A woman excitedly greets me with the fruit of her labour, cucumbers.

13:00 hours, we rest and eat some more. Heading off once again, around another small bend another small village and more cucumbers. A few burps and we continue on.

14:00 hours. The path narrows and the ascent becomes very steep once again. Surely this is the neck of the mountain! My visibility is limited by thick tropical forest. I have gone ahead of the pack, as their pace and mine differ greatly, with specific instructions, 'Follow the path.' It is at this time my leg muscles begin to feel the pain of the journey. It is difficult to navigate the steeper slope. My legs are quickly losing their strength. Surprisingly, I start singing praises to my Lord. I receive just enough strength for the remainder of the trek and, after some time, and several incidents along the way, I emerge out of the jungle to 'there,' the head of the mountain.



Tonight,
physically
so close
to heaven,
spiritually
heaven came
down on all
who came
to receive.



The villagers are very surprised that I, a woman, from a distant land, of such years, arrives ahead of the local men.

As low cloud begins to roll in, the rest of the team arrive, tired, hot, relieved. We enter our lodgings just in time...the heavens open with a relentless deluge of tropical rain.

18:00 hours. It is just half an hour before the night service begins. It is feared people will not come. It is during this negativity that God whispers to me, 'Those who want to hear from me will come. Pray against the rain for it to stop.' I pray. As we enter the church, the rains stop. Five people are waiting.

Another whisper from God, 'Trust me.'

After some time the congregation leader unknowingly chooses my song. My song is the song that my Father God puts on people's hearts to play when He wants to get my attention in an extraordinary way. In this instance it is to confirm I am in the right place, at the right time, with His special message for those who come tonight. Yes, for a time such as this. After my song concludes, I look up into the congregation. The seats are filling, hearts are ready, introductions made. It is time to preach.

21:30 hours. All have departed for the foot journey back to their huts. No lights – this area is very remote. I look out into the darkness, a few lanterns and torches dance off into the distant night.

22:00 hours. The rains beat down; a cold wind howls through the window opening. The hut appears to sway in the wind. My body is exhausted. As I write my journal bugs enter my room through nooks and crannies seeking respite from the storm. I look up. Two giant moths have managed to sneak into my mosquito net. I pull my scarf over my eyes and wrap myself tight in the blanket. In amongst all this chaos, all is well. My heart is glad, my spirit rejoices. I give thanks to God my Father for all He has done.

09:30 hours. After a wonderful night's sleep, I awake to the heavens continuing to pour down torrential rain.

10:30 hours. Feedback from the evening service is astounding. Everyone was challenged yet extremely joyful.

One church leader testifies, 'We are Christian, yet no growth, no change in us. God has sent you to reveal to us how to grow, make disciples, let Him change us by His Spirit and surrender to our Father's will and He will change us into image of His Son.'

11:00 hours, lunch. I am informed that at 12:30 hours (if the rain has stopped) we will head a third of the way down the mountain to our next stop.

12:30 hours, the rain stops.

So it goes for another three days and nights. Another village, another church, another message, another move of God, another bed, another night. The hardest of hearts are softened to receive. Ninety per cent of the congregations, including elders, have a change of thinking; chains broken, lives transformed, deliverance and restoration.

We are in awe of Him. By His Spirit, in His name, to the glory of our Father!

Heaven comes down.



ANSWERS

It was last year VM came and taught us on Ephesians 1. I remember as if it was yesterday. Even though I had read Ephesians before, it was like I was hearing for the first time such Truth. Secretly, together with two of my brothers, we pray, 'Please God, send VM to teach us all of Ephesians.'

Today there is great excitement at the college. We are informed VM is coming to stay with us and teach a special subject. Could it possibly be?

VM arrives, receiving her cup of chai with great joy. We know what she likes, so we are well prepared with supplies of chai, mixed veg subji, egg curry, chapatti, rice, daal.

Excitedly, we gather. VM announces, 'The principal of this college has asked me to teach you a new subject. The subject is Ephesians.' I sneak a look over to my two brothers, exchanging a knowing nod and smile.

VM continues, 'Be ready to receive from God. Yes, you will be challenged but let go of all you think the scripture says and let us journey together through Ephesians with fresh eyes, by His Spirit, through His eyes.' We listen to VM carefully. Time passes. The sun is now setting.

As we head into winter, the evenings are becoming very cold. We all feel the chill, especially us brothers from the south. VM says she has come from summer season in her country where it is hot, so she too feels the cold air especially. I'm from a small village, never travelled out of country, so wonder how such things can be.

Soon it will be time for chapel. I'm in charge of chapel this week so I ask VM to preach.

After worship VM brings us the Word of God and there is great presence of Almighty God. For all of us it's a time of surrender, a time of refreshing, and a time of experiencing the living God intimately, personally, spiritually, some for first time.

That was evening of the first day. The morning sun breaks through the fog. VM has been walking, taking photos. She shares with us. We see woman alone at a well, in silhouette, with the morning sunlight revealing a man and child walking away in the mist. We ask, 'Where is this?' VM replies, 'Just 10 minutes walk from the college, behind that big park, the other side of the canal.' Our eyes are opened.

Several days later after many sessions on Ephesians it is clear many have received new revelation. Old thinking, doubts, confusion, and strongholds of the flesh, are torn down. We discover more Truth. Our hunger for Him and His Word increases. Relationships becomes a strong theme.

We have so many questions. VM loves questions! She says, 'We all learn best by asking questions, no shame.' In fact, the handouts and notes are all questions! This is a new way of learning for us and we enjoy very much.

That was our last evening together. Now it is morning. We are sad because VM is leaving. Our days together have passed so quickly. Already our prayers have started for God to bring her back to us soon.

VM has a final pray over us and says her familiar, 'Until we meet again, in this life or the next,' farewell. As all my brothers exit chapel, together with my two brothers, we approach VM. I say softly grinning continuously, 'Last year you came and briefly taught us on Ephesians. Since then my two brothers and I have been praying for your return to teach us all of Ephesians.' VM smiles and exclaims, 'I just love the way God works! I had been praying for an invitation to come and teach an in-depth subject with you boys. At that same time your principal heard God tell him to invite me to come teach Ephesians!'

We all give thanks to God.

Yes, it seems like everybody got their answers!

Do we see
through His
eyes? Do we
feel with His
love? Do we
truly know Him?
Do we...?



