

#ineverystep

ISSUE 06



#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

The bride makes herself ready...
clothed in fine linen, bright and clean,
given to her by her bridegroom,
revealing her rightness, a gift from Him.

The bride makes herself ready...
surrendered to the Father's will, His Spirit
transforming her, living in the fullness
of her bridegrooms' gift of Himself.

The bride makes herself ready...
living in the promise of His return, each day
knowing and growing in the revelation
of His unconditional love and faithfulness.

The bride makes herself ready...
standing in her bridegroom's love, truth and
power, tearing down strongholds, sent to heal
the broken hearted and set the captives free.

The bride makes herself ready...
as she is the one who has received and believed
in the bridegroom, Jesus her bridegroom,
her saviour and King.



God's love revealed in Jesus is perfected when we know and experience living in Him. [jesus loves](http://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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THE STREETS OF THEIR DARKNESS

I walk through
the streets of
their darkness.
I see fear, distrust,
brokenness,
anger and pain.
The life journey
is relentless;
resilience abounds.
Bright and dazzling
colours; flowers
of honour and
devotion. Despair
and hope collide;
the haves and
have-nots, the
struggle for
power and all
its abuses.
The hand of
the empty
outstretched.

I walk through
the streets of
their darkness,
in the reality of
the divine light.
By a simple act
of giving respect,
dignity and
honour, fear
and distrust are
pushed back
by His light.

The God of the
empty-handed
reaches into their
brokenness, anger,
sorrow and pain.
The giver of liberty,
hope, faith, love,
equality and life
eternal. Jesus is
His name.

EXPERIENCE THAT REMAINS

Today is the day. Great excitement in my village!
The men have built a stage out of clay, a roof
out of leaves, a floor out of straw. I look out
from my room and observe the arrival of many
provisions: water, meats, vegetables, rice, daal,
so many bags of rice. I hear the chopping of
the wood for the cooking fire. I get dressed
into my best, braid my hair, prepare the chai.
I hear the auto coming, people are gathering.
Big convention and VM is coming as the
preacher of God's Word. I'm so excited I did
not know I would ever see her again. I want
to tell her what I experienced that day with
her. I will never forget it. I am Rajeshwari.

VM arrives and comes to my home. I serve her chai...I remember she
enjoys chai so much! After so long I now have opportunity to tell her.
She sits, she listens. 'The youth seminar, I attended. The teaching
on the Kingdom of God went deep in my heart. When you prayed
the Holy Spirit came down, I could never forget. In my own village,
my own church. This was first time touched and experienced the
Holy Spirit upon me. I did not know such an experience was possible.
My whole body was like a cooling and soothing.' VM replies, 'Praise
God. He is so gentle and loving and wants so much for everyone
to intimately experience Him.' She continues, 'There is always
more with God, a never ending supply of Him.' I tell her I will
be singing today. I have a gift of singing. VM prays for me. In her
prayer she tells me, it is not to be a performance. I am to worship
God from the depth of my heart and others will be drawn into the
worship through me worshipping from my heart, in His spirit and
truth. I receive this prayer. We open our eyes. VM declares, 'Be free
in Jesus' name!' We walk together down through the village as VM
gives respect to each one, we all enjoy. Everyone so happy. Many
people come, over 600 women I think, from villages near and far.



With much singing, praise and worship, dancing and introductions, it is now time for VM to bring us the Word of God. I sit, expecting, ready to receive. I observe all of us sitting, quiet, amazed she has come all this way. Over the next two days we are filled with understanding of the pure truth of God. We will never forget, *Good Seed Produces Good Fruit*, and who we are in God's Kingdom here on this earth. We each have a place and opportunity to be part of God's wonders. Together so many of us experience an open heaven, many for the first time.

'My heart feels like it is being filled with light,' one woman testifies.

We eat our last meal together as the music stops, the sun sets, everyone says farewell and all is quiet. We all are amazed what happened. The Word of God came to us in truth, love and power. God has given us so much through His servant. One of the greatest of joy was she ate our food, danced our dances, prayed for anyone who asked, so many she prayed for, we laughed together and she became one of us!



VISION OF PROPHECY

Father, I commit all to you. Time in your presence. I hear your gentle whispers, 'Hold out your hand. What do you see?' 'An empty hand,' I reply. 'I am the God of the empty-handed.' Thank you Father, I know that you will provide all that is needed. You anoint what you put in the empty-handed. You change and multiply according to your will. Father, reveal your glory to us.

AN OPEN HEAVEN

It is the holidays. I have worked hard with my studies and doing well. My mind becomes so full. I am enjoying the time of rest back at my village. My body is strong and still growing. Spiritually I don't know where I am with God. I believe in God, had some great times with God, but now I feel so distant. My name is Prakesh. I am 14 years old and this is my story.



It is time to leave my village and return to boarding school, my home for three years now. I have friends there. We catch up on the news as I unpack. Daniel says excitedly, VM and D are here! They have been here a week now. I wonder why I did not know this. 'Tonight I will see them,' I replied. I keep in my heart how much I have missed them.

Tonight has come. It is time for evening devotion. I try to hide my emotions. It is so good to have VM here. She teaches many things, she teaches us about God. VM has written a special discipleship program for our people, for us youth and the adults. First session most of us catch very quickly, but some are slow to catch. A lot of Bible verses and questions for us to discover answers! VM guides us. We write down the answers in our workbooks. They are in our own language which makes it easy for us to understand. We finish first night. We have learnt so much. I am so happy. Time for sleep now.

Second night everyone comes early. VM makes everything exciting. She has surprise for us. She announces we will have a competition between the boys and the girls! We are always very competitive and so love beating the girls. Final score of the evening: the boys, that's us, two points ahead. VM asks if tomorrow night we want to rest. NO we shout. VM gives us all of her heart, all of her teachings. She wants us to take the program and continue the teaching after she is gone. This we will do. I help VM pack up. It is time for sleep.

Early morning is cold. It is winter here. There is mist covering the sun. Everything is wet. Today is full. I take bath, eat breakfast, morning assembly, school classes, lunch, afternoon classes with VM and D teaching us important things about a special project they give us, volleyball game with my friends, evening tuition, evening meal and then evening discipleship program with VM.

'I have read this scripture many, many times and never understood. Tonight I found my answer.' – Amulia



With the day's schedule complete, we gather with our discipleship workbooks in readiness for tonight's session. Tonight was another good night. The boys have a bigger lead now, we are three points ahead. We learn so much and enjoy.

After another full day's program we are ready for VM. She begins, 'Tonight we will be giving God time, in His presence, letting Him refresh us. Everyone put your pens and workbooks down. Let us stand up in the presence of God. Everyone close your eyes out of respect for each other and God.' VM's voice is soothing, gentle, peaceful, talking of an open heaven and surrendering to God, being silent and still in His presence. She is gently praying against any blockages over us. Then all is silent. I feel the presence of God over me. He feels so close, so loving, so gentle. I feel such peace inside. I am in heaven!

VM whispers, 'Be free, be free' My hunger for God is ignited. I am free. From the silence we all start singing together with beautiful voices, like I imagine angels would sound. This is a most special time.

It is now time to open our eyes. I look at VM. She knows how much God loves. She has brought us so much. We all thank VM and she thanks God and us! I say, 'big sleep and sweet dreams'. She gives her big smile and says back, 'big sleep and sweet dreams to you too.'

Another session with VM as we complete some more of the discipleship program. Tonight is the last night of our competition. VM will hand over the program to us. During this session leaders from amongst us volunteer to lead the program in the future. Yes I am one of them. The competition is down to the last question. Boys and girls are level! Much tension. Who will be the first to give correct answer? The correct answer is given. The victory roar goes out and is heard throughout the whole campus. There are protests but the winner is the winner.

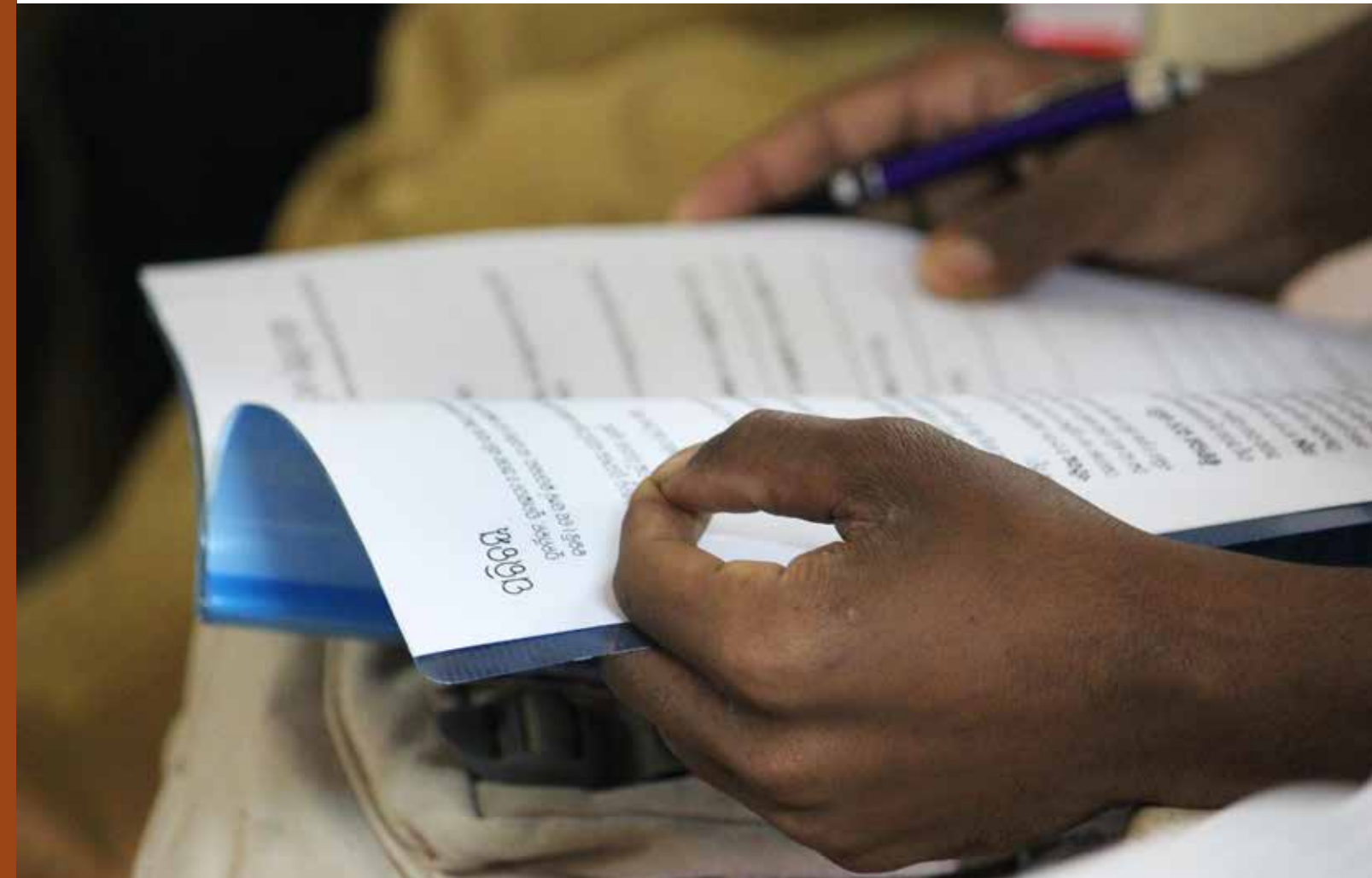
We all become silent and listen to VM as she explains what is required of us in continuing the program when she is gone. We ask VM to pray over us. We are in God's presence once again. VM prays so powerfully. We now feel we are ready to carry this program. God is with us. We are so thankful to God for VM and D, for everything they have taught and given to us, especially their time and heart.



Today is a new day, but a sadness comes over me. VM and D are leaving. I cannot come to say goodbye as I will cry, but I must. I wait for everyone to say goodbye, one by one they come. My tears start. I step forward from the crowd. I say my goodbyes to D. Now I turn to VM. She gives me that smile. She also has tears. She never says goodbye, she always says, 'Until we meet again.' We miss you so much when you are gone I want to tell her, but the words do not come.

We are missing her now. Yet my hunger for God has grown. I am able to experience His open heaven anytime, any place. For such is God's love toward us. He is with me.

Oh and the competition? We lost.







THE NEW THING

I lie on the bed and stare into the spinning centre of the ceiling fan. I stare so long the blades merge into a concentric blur. It is hot, oh so hot. The religious spirit is strong in this village, yet Father, your truth is stronger.

My mind is spinning from one thing to the next. So much has happened. Three days ago Pastor Abe stands up in front of all the people and states, 'This morning I saw dead bones. God told me He is sending His servant here and, after her teachings, all the dead bones are going to receive life in the Word of God, as she is God's true witness.' Then Mrs Abe shares, 'This morning God showed me a crowd of stones and I asked, "God, what is this?" God said these are stones for you, but they are my people. They will receive life when you receive a new revelation from my servant.'

Oh Father, in your relentless pursuit of the lost and found. I am one with your heart.

When I look into the teary eyes of the one who has just been touched by God, I see His love perfected.



Yesterday's message, *Without Love, Everything is Meaningless*. The concluding declaration of 1 John 4:9-16 goes deep into David's heart and mind. Like a little boy He shares: 'All day I kept saying to God, God are you really in me and I in you? Mum this is so powerful. All His people need to hear this.'

David continues excitedly: 'They catch the vision and want 1,200 Kingdom of God Discipleship Program Workbooks! What if God does not provide, what shall we do?' I replied, 'Everyone get on our knees and ask God.' Yes, testimony after testimony.

Sheryl states, 'Always think we can be good Christian just coming to church but this training made me think definitely that we should submit all myself to Him and let His will be done in our lives and transform us into His fullness.'

Ruth adds, 'I now understand that God's love for all is not just for only those who pray and come to church. I have seen a great light and I feel that light now touched me and am now changed forever.'

In coming days more catch the vision and want the teachings. Another 1,500 workbooks ordered! What to do? No provision is coming. The fan keeps spinning.

I close my eyes. The village sounds permeate the air. Dogs bark, a rooster crows, pots are being scrubbed, clothes are being bashed on the washing stone, music's playing...it all fades away. Stillness. The gentle whispers of my Father: 'Trust me. Stay focused on me and the vision I have given you. Remember I called you to write this teaching and reproduce it. I have opened their minds and put fire in their hearts to receive. I will not let the evil one put water on the fire or let the ways of old take root. I will provide.' Thank you Father, I trust in You. Amaze and astound us!

Meanwhile a widow is praying. She receives a small pension that covers her medicines. She wants to sow into what God is doing and gives two months worth of her pension towards the Kingdom of God Discipleship Program. This will cover the printing of 22 workbooks, praise God!

People say, in this country...not possible, you do not know the mind of the people. Yet I say, 'I know God.'

Such is the life of the wandering prophet.

MISSIONARY MOMENTS

'In the Holy of Holies I live in your presence, your love overwhelms, your protection abounds, where no evil can exist, I run into your arms.'

'Mom I see the change in people's faces as they receive the truth.' – David.



THE END BRINGS NEW BEGINNINGS

My name is Jay. I have been married many years. We have no children. I have such pain in my mind, such tension, brain disease and treatments. I have not slept for so many days, weeks, months. I want to end my life. I cannot live one more day.

As I sit in the evening prayer meeting, a woman from a distant land is preaching. She talks about being one with the living God, surrendered to God's will. She shows us the heart of the living God is full of all love, goodness and life for us. I listen. I feel some hope in my heart. I know Jesus. My family is from another faith and I am secret devotee of Jesus, but the troubles of this world have become too great for me. But what if?

I listen some more. The woman from a distant land says, 'Anyone wanting to experience more of the living God, receive more of His love and goodness, reach up to heaven in surrender to Him.' I reach up my hands. The woman from a distant land prays over us. Hope rises more in my heart and mind. What if? Would she pray for me again one last time? I walk up to her. She acknowledges me, knowingly she puts her hand on me and starts to pray. I do not understand her language but I feel something. She wraps her arms around me. Heat, so much wonderful, loving heat. Then it happens. I sob uncontrollably. Sobbing, sobbing, sobbing. I hold her tight. She keeps the embrace and continues to pray. Gently, softly, oh so lovingly. She speaks one word of my language that I do understand, 'Peace.' She repeats and adds, 'Complete peace.' I stop sobbing. I feel such joy, such incredible peace in and through my body, mind, spirit. I slowly raise my head and open my eyes. The woman from a distant land smiles, and with her fingers gently wipes away my tears. She says, 'Thank you Jesus, thank you Jesus!' I smile for first time in such a long time.

This is the evening of the beginning of a new day. I sleep like never before. I wake up full of life. I am so happy. God speaks to me. I hear His voice: 'Go to the woman from a distant land and bring lunch to her. Sit with her and tell her what I have done for you.' This I will do with great joy. I travel in the midday heat to where she is. We embrace once again. I can't stop smiling. She is so grateful for my coming, and yes my lunch for her she enjoyed so much. She tells me God put me on her heart this morning to pray for her. It was the exact same time I woke up, heard God's voice to come. Once again she says, 'Thank you Jesus! Thank you!'

**This is the beginning of my new day.
I too say, 'Thank you Jesus! Thank you!'**





WISDOM QUOTE 'To know the will of God, we need an open Bible and an open map.' William Carey

THE GREATEST GIFT

Looking back to when I was first sent out, sent to this new town, new people, new state, I remember how reluctant I was. Even though it was to my own tribe, I am a stranger in these parts. This is a very closed community made up of three different congregations, yet with open arms they welcome me. Their expectations are high. I tell everybody I have committed to five years as their pastor. After the time has passed I will return to my own place. Fast-forward a couple of years and I still count the days until my return.

The congregation is a blend of youth, young families and the elderly. Like any congregation they have their share of problems. Tribal traditions are strong and as a minority tribe these are the things we must hold on to. Our men are superior to women. The women's role is clear, they are to raise the children and cook the food. The men hunt, or rather, used to hunt. We are mostly farmers now. Never before have we had an outsider, a foreigner, come and preach in our church. As I said, we have traditions.

Yet this Christmas, two outsiders from a distant land are coming to share Christmas with one of the respected families in this community. A woman preacher, teacher and trainer on the Kingdom of God and her husband. It has been requested by a respected member that she bring us the three Festive Season messages. I am reluctant as I know people come with their own agenda, their own church doctrine, which could confuse the people. I am told she is different... 'just the pure seed of the gospel'. They say she is a wandering prophet sent to this country by God. It seems people want her to preach. To ensure there are no surprises I choose the verses and the topics for her. Expectations build.

It is the evening before the night before Christmas. I see a transit vehicle stop in the market. The market is very simple, just a few stalls of fresh, local produce. I wonder what they will think of our humble town, our food, our people? From a distance I observe. The woman from a distant land gets out of the vehicle, taking interest in the people, giving respect to each. The husband remains in the vehicle. I will visit tomorrow, after they have had some rest for their journey has been long.

It is now evening, the disturbances of the night set in. What will they be like, I wonder?

It's early as the rooster crows and the sun rises. The village stirs with morning activities. After some time I visit the new arrivals to welcome them. We talk and talk. There is an unexpected affinity with them. It seems as if they are a part of this family. I am informed the husband has just been given his tribal name and 'adopted' into the family. It is a time of great celebrations. I return to my house as the evening sets in. I lie awake in bed. If we don't receive revival this Christmas when would we I wonder? Yes I sense this Christmas is going to be something special.

Today is Christmas Day! I'm up early with much to do. The morning sun pushes the evening cold back. I have invited the woman from a distant land and her husband to a breakfast feast. Last night in readiness I tied up the chicken, however my sister gave it liberty, setting the chicken free! Breakfast is delayed... we must find that chicken!

The guests arrive. They fit into our culture so very nicely, looking magnificent in their tribal best. We talk, we feast, we enjoy. I observe what a humble man her husband is. His love, respect and gentleness toward her is something new for us. He is right by her side at all times, supporting her. He lets her be at the forefront because he loves her so much. As we walk together up to the podium, she asks where should her husband sit? I reply, 'Up here with you. He should always be by your side.' Their love and respect for each other has opened my heart...opened all our hearts. We listen intently as the woman from a distant land delivers her message. All three of her messages go deep into our hearts.

I observe 75% of the congregation, my congregation, surrender to God. Yes, my congregation. We surrender to God our weaknesses, our strengths, our hurts, our broken hearts and our pride that is humbled by His unconditional selfless love towards us and each other. I observe the entire congregation raise their hands and their hearts in unison to receive a greater revelation of God's unconditional selfless love. This Christmas has indeed been something special.



We know they are from God for a time such as this.

For these few days we journey together. We laugh, we cry, we sing, we dance, we give thanks, we eat, we drink, we talk and we are family. Each night they stay back for our festivities and sit through the many singing and dancing competitions. The evening cold blows through our marquee, yet they remain.

Tonight is their last night in our village. They have given us so much, they have given us their love. They have honoured us in a way we never imagined. I have nothing to honour them, nothing of value. There is one thing very special to me, the only possession in this world I treasure, my tribal vest. I come and sit down beside the husband. I try to hold back the tears as I explain, 'I have nothing to give except this vest. It is very special to me and I would like you to have it. Will you take it and wear it?' The husband has tears in his eyes as he humbly accepts and considers it a great honour. The congregation has given them both tribal scarves, a his and hers set. They are overwhelmed by these simple acts of kindness. They are so grateful. We are so grateful.

This Christmas I learnt what it is to give of oneself to a people, no matter how long the journey. This Christmas we received much...the greatest gift of all.



The Good News Storybooks use chronological Bible stories simply told from the viewpoint of the newly literate reader. Using short sentences, repeated words and illustrations from indigenous children, the Good News Storybooks empower the powerless.

THE GOOD NEWS STORYBOOK PROJECT

Good News Storybook Reader:
Anchal, Aged 12. I am in 9th standard. I like Storybooks, come to know many things about the Creator God through these books. My favourite story is the first story, the stars and animals are singing to the Creator God. I like so much I tell what I learn to my friends.



Good News Storybook Teacher:
As a boy I had no father. Life was hard. We lived off the streets. I came to know Jesus. I was given the opportunity of education and even went to Bible college, yet I did not know the fullness of the love of God. Through the Good News Storybooks, reading the stories, I came to know and experience who God is. I came to know the love of the Father.

