

2016 Indonesia Update

Before we even left for Indonesia, we realized we were fighting powers, principalities and spiritual wickedness in high places. We changed hotels in Jakarta at the last minute with the threats of terrorism looming and felt more secure. We continued praying for God's peace and protection and that's exactly what we received. We spent two days in the world's largest muslim city. Three of us went to a private hospital for underprivileged with a staff of half Christian and half muslim. Adam taught CPR, Whitney taught them to refresh themselves after giving of themselves and I felt the Holy Spirit impress upon me to throw away my notes and share the simple Truth of the Gospel through my testimony. I felt like I was drowning. The only thing I remember saying was I believe in The One True God! When I finished, I felt it was the worst presentation I had ever done and was beating myself up. The sweet Holy Spirit reminded me that He did the speaking and He is the only One that can make a difference. The next day I was to present strategic methods for reaching professional women. I pulled out my sword, The Word of God, and shared examples of others boldly sharing the Gospel. I told them that I don't have to worry yet about being persecuted for my faith like they do but I do know God is faithful when we obey Him. I didn't worry that day if they enjoyed the speaker just that they heard from and about Jesus Christ. "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might" (Ephesians 6:10).



"So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it (Isaiah 55:11). A sweet Godly woman gave \$200 to Stan and told him to use it for missions so we purchased 25 large print Bibles in their language. During clinic one day, we heard Stan give a "Whoo!" and I looked over to see his hand raised, praising the Lord. The lady on the left asked to know more about Jesus then prayed to receive Him as her Lord and Savior. The lady on the right was having anxiety issues so we shared verses. When I asked if she had a Bible so she could read them herself, she said yes but she couldn't read it. We gave her a pair of reading glasses and a large print Bible.



"Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it" (1 Thes. 5:24). The Indonesian missionaries living there have two goals; to strengthen the believers and to win and disciple unbelievers to Christ. We had some clinics in churches, a home and our last clinic was in a school (left) where they had never heard the name of Jesus. We had an open door with free medicine (and MoonPies) but we were advised to only ask them if we could pray for them in Jesus' name. We wanted that door to remain open and knew we were planting seeds. Everyone except two allowed us to pray for them with a translator in Jesus' name. My translator heard some in the hall advising people not to accept Jesus. Hearing that broke my heart but I can't explain the peace of God as we shared and loved them. I pray they will want to hear more and seek Him. "And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart" (Jer. 29:13).



"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose (Romans 8:28). When we went over a bridge and Stan said, "I don't know how we didn't go into the water." I said, "It's like God pushed us back on the road." I looked at the clock and it was 3:30 in the morning on the east coast and I thought, God woke someone up and they are praying for us! I haven't heard who it is yet but I'm sure that is what happened. On our way back from the muslim village, we decided to walk across the soft dirt they were using to build the road instead of damaging the vehicle like we feared going. The driver (we think it was his first time) didn't stay in the tracks but went off the side and was stuck. The guys pushed him out just to get stuck deeper.

We had to be at the dock by 5 or we would miss the boat and be stuck in a village with nothing. Everyone had their own methods of dealing with this unfortunate ordeal but I decided to give out my last bag of MoonPies while the excavator dug out the vehicle. No doubt we were the entertainment of the village but I pray they saw the love of Jesus in us even though most have never heard His name. My heart was breaking as they crowded around us knowing that they didn't know that Jesus Christ died on the cross for their sins just like He did for mine. We all were praying; knowing God's plan and His timing are perfect. We pulled up to the dock at 4:58, boarded our boat and started back to base camp in a river full of debris and huge limbs as the sun quickly faded. The tiny light and the faithfulness of God guided our driver to return us to camp. Thank you for praying! We never take them for granted!



"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35b). Needless to say, I was overwhelmed by my beautiful drawing! Yes, it's a MoonPie.



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