

Oct 2011



**J, President
B, MD. Medical Director**



Joh 11:40 Jesus *said to her, "Did I not say to you that if you believe, you will see the glory of God?"

Thanks to Citychurch and Pastor's D and J L, and C M for completing what was lacking in this ministry, a children's outreach.

"For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost."

The Taking of Lake Chad, 1, 2, 3

Big brother, treachery, sleepless nights, limited food and water, government bureaucracy, theft, sand dunes, sickness, disease, sabotage, storms, darkness, insects, suffering, and miracles. Is it possible that these can all come together in anything other than a fiction novel to lead to a successful end to a mission, mission impossible? I remember that line in the Tom Cruise movie, "this isn't mission difficult, this is mission impossible". Well sorry enemy, everything will be possible with God, and so it was.

The Father is so good and He is awesome in His desire to allow us to be warriors in the great celestial battle going on for the souls of muslims across West Africa. The trip to the unreached seemed to never get off the ground. Even the money sent to M was delayed in getting into his hands. They let him stay at the bank after hours to receive it 48 hours after sending it. Moneygram and Western Union have apparently black-balled me or the areas or people of interest to whom I send money. The bank transfer went smoothly on this end, not on the Nigerian end.

M and B feared the worse when the day before our arrival they could not get authorization to operate and purchase medicine. Then a breakthrough occurred, M remembered a letter he had from a year ago but even that did not move the ministry of health. Yet, when we arrived it was enough for the Catholic mission hospital to authorize the sale of medicine to us. Getting out of N'djamena took hours and money was flying out of our pockets. The medicine was 3 times the cost of what we pay in Nigeria.

About six hours into the Sahara the three 4x4's and our free-spirited drivers brought us to Nguere at 0300. After making camp we left at 0600 for Bol, struggling across the dunes of the desert. On this trip we got stuck and had to push out one vehicle or another at least 12 times. One of the vehicles was found to have defective ability to engage in four wheel drive making it quite slow and hazardous for us.

Arriving in Bol we fully expected to be in the boat and on our way to the village of Fitinoa, but government bureau-

cracy and the African way of life kept us from leaving until the evening. Not a good idea as it turned out. The boat that never had engine trouble picked that night to fail during a raging wind storm. We truly feared for our lives with the waves throwing our fishing boat from side to side. The men did well through it all and we took authority over the storm....we thought. For some reason it did not respond to our commands in Jesus name. Then the HS said "maybe the storm was from the Lord not the devil." J L had a blinking LCD flashlight that led to our rescue by my son Emma in the other boat.

The 8-10 men transferred to the other boat and the 13 of us made for the shore with our stuff and our lives, (I had forgotten Jer 45:5 the Lord had given me before the trip). At this point the Africans and I were at odds with each other and I was able to badger them into going back to Bol. We slept on the beach that night under our mosquito nets and waited for dawn. Renting another boat we proceeded again, reaching an isthmus that was totally blocked by reeds. M then said, "D, the light has come on. If we had reached this place last night we would have been in grave danger. I now see that you were right". Thank you God.

Paying a few men to cut us out of the reeds we got to a small island but could go no further. Making the best of the opportunity D L and J went to preach to a small gathering of women and children and we preached to the

adults. One young man who had hitched a ride without our authorization took some of our water bottles and interrupted me while preaching. Afterwards I called him over and rebuked him for stealing our bottles and disrespecting me while preaching. Then I did something unexpected even to me. Clearly an act of the Holy Spirit I put my hand on his shoulder smiled at him and said, "I want you to know that



**LBNF Dream Team October 2011
across the lake from Ngoraram**

I forgive you, and I love you. Also the Lord love's you and wants to forgive you." That led to his salvation and we started back to Bol again when suddenly a five pound Tilapia jumped into my lap in the boat. It was chaos as the men chased it down finally caught and killed it. Good eating.

Thirty minutes later still on the lake I asked the Lord if this change in plan was from Him, and if so to make another fish jump into the boat. The Lord said to me, "wasn't the first one good enough for you?", I replied that it was cool but asked Him to indulge my request. Before I could finish my thought a much smaller fish popped out of the water into the moving vessel. The men were quite encouraged about this sign. In fact we were still able to minister in four villages as originally planned.

Across desert terrain we went to the first village of Kudibul. Pastor D led many children to the Lord as I conducted the first medical outreach. The Lord had caused the dust to invade the sky and shadow the sun as the temperatures dropped from about 110 F to 85 degrees. I was so appreciative of the Lord's kindness and in our state of fatigue this helped immensely. One two year old girl who limped because of what M thought was Polio came to me. Jesus healed her leg the mother said "after she took two steps I knew she was healed" as she prayed to received Jesus as Lord. The people welcomed us and slaughtered a goat for us.



All hands on deck as we waded through the reeds.

The evening crusade was done differently than normal, this night after the Jesus film, M preached after myself and nearly 20 men came to the Lord. Someone also left us a special surprise in our generator gas tank which was not discovered until we went to Ngoraram. Sugar and gas/oil mixtures don't mix we discovered. James discovered the problem and immediately fixed it as we showed the Jesus film and spoke to the people.

Ngoraram was the highlight village for me. We had to pass through elephant territory to get to the bank of the lake. Once there we had to cross over in a fishing boat to get to the island village. The bulama or chief immediately sought prayer, something we do not see often. As I conducted the medical outreach my soul was thrilled to hear the clapping of many young hands of children who had received Jesus as Lord and Savior. What a treat. Yet, the Lord had something for me also. In addition to being able to touch young, sick children, I was able to participate in the miracles of healing seen in about five in this village alone.

The first was a girl with a right foot that pointed dramatically outward. After suggesting the mother follow Jesus after He healed her, I laid the child on my leg with her feet toward me. As I prepared to pray I placed two fingers upon the inside

of her foot and immediately the foot began to turn into the middle toward my fingers. I said, "Lord I have not prayed a single word." His answer was "remember Mark 16:18", healing does not have to accompany words, just the power of Jesus.

There were several other examples of healing. Perhaps the best example of the grace of the Lord Jesus was the Imam of Sawa. I was relating a story to about 20 elders sitting outside the mosque drinking tea with M. A young boy had half his ear bitten off by a horse and had also suffered some hearing loss, which the interpreter from the village also noted. After prayer he could clearly hear better and the interpreter came to the Lord.



The Imam, lower left, of Sawa received complete healing of his esophagus.

After relating the story the Imam said 30 years ago he swallowed a fish bone and he has felt it lodged in his esophagus since that time. I asked him if he would follow Jesus as Lord after he was healed. He would not respond. So I said to M, "maybe the grace of Jesus will be released upon this man anyway". So I prayed twice with significant improvement noted. I said what do you think about Jesus now and he replied with the standard muslim response, the Quran notes that Jesus was a healer. I said that is true, but



A lovely morning view from the beach at Ngoraram

"dead men cannot heal"! That evening he came to the outreach. He stayed the whole

time and afterward we asked him how he felt and he said the pain was completely gone.

One man healed in Ngoraram of foot pain got saved and wanted a French NT (he was a teacher). He had three friends who got saved. All childhood friends and teachers.. I gave him a Proclaimer in Kanuri. His friends wanted one but I told them to use his. They replied "no we live in four different villages and we are all friends." The HS said to give them all a Proclaimer and that these are the fire that He would start across Lake Chad. Going to the unknown, to make Him known, J LBNF, PO Box 50292, Amarillo, TX. 79159. www.lostbutnotforgotten.org, (806) 433-7693. LBNF is a 501c3, non-profit organization.