

International FOCUS Ministries

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2006 INDIA

Ministry in the State of Andhra Pradesh part one

What a joy and delight it was to have our daughter Cheryl accompany me to India this year. Truly it was ordained of God! I had no idea that I would still be recovering from foot surgery, and Cheryl, being a nurse, was a tremendous blessing to me personally and to everyone she came into touch with in India. It was obvious that goodness and mercy followed her every where she went!

In this and the next newsletter we will be sharing as much as space will permit, pictures and reports of the 8 medical camps that blessed hundreds of people, 3 crusades outreaches, several church services, pastors conferences, teaching in three Bible schools, women and youth meetings, a special Family Life Conference, a large common worship service with fellows believers from different organizations, and the opportunity we had to share in a special Hindu family celebration- (something very rare but the Lord opened the door).

Our trip began on departure morning with Delta airlines calling to inform us our flight out of New York that night was cancelled due to the largest snowfall in New York history. We made a quick dash to the airport to be re-routed through Atlanta to Amsterdam—where we got back on schedule.

For the first time in my 26 years going to India we had a flight directly into Hyderabad from Amsterdam. This saved so much time and the hassle of processing from

international to domestic terminals in Mumbai (Bombay).

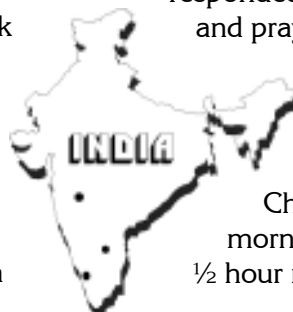
We arrived on Wednesday morning and began the first crusade service that night in the city of Pantachura with Pastor B. Baskara Rao. This young pastor is doing an unusual work in this city. He simply cannot build a facility fast enough to contain all the people that are coming to the church he has planted there. I have been here several times and it is obvious the Hand of the Lord is upon this young man with a divine anointing and special favor in the city.



Photo: Village street crusade in Hyderabad

One of his believers, a man of noble reputation in the city, had the street in front of his house blocked off three ways to give us an area large enough to accommodate hundreds of people who sat on the ground hungry to hear the Word of God! Some of these people walked 4 to 8 miles to and from the meeting each night. It was a beautiful site as many responded to the invitation to receive Christ, healing and prayer for numerous needs!

The following two days, in addition to the nightly crusade services, we conducted Bible school classes and two medical clinics for the Bible school students and Children's Home in Hyderabad. Saturday morning we boarded the 6:00 a.m. train for the 6 ½ hour ride to Vijayawada. The train ride was one of



many “new” discoveries Cheryl would experience in the ensuing days.

The following week was literally packed with gospel crusade services in two locations- Challapulli and Repalle, teaching in the Bible school in Vijayawada, Cheryl conducting 4 medical camps, speaking to the women and two youth services, and special one day meetings in several areas as far as four hours away.



Photo: Bandaging boy at medical camp



Photo: Harley teaching Maranatha Bible College students



Photo: Harley preaching at street crusade

A highlight of our time in Vijayawada was to have two days with Pastor Jackie and Beverly Sanders



Photo: Cheryl speaking to youth in Repalle from Smyrna, Georgia. This was their first time to visit India and we had a beautiful time of fellowship together with them, Moses, Amaji and the family.

One of the medical camps was with Suvarna Raju whom we have been working with for the past 26 years. His brother-in-law, Doctor Sandayanna, who has helped us conduct medical camps in previous years, joined with us to conduct this medical camp in the village of Kankapadu where Raju’s father planted a village church in 1958. It was here an unusual thing happened! In the middle of the camp, we heard a boy screaming, as his grandmother rushed him into the little church to see the doctor. He was bleeding profusely. I thought he might have had an accident but was shocked when the doctor told me his mother bit him in the head for missing school. Dr. Sandayanna treated him and had him taken to a small hospital some distance away to have stitches put in the wound. Over 200 people crowded this little church with the temperature soaring above 90 degrees to receive medical help. We were told there were many more that wanted to come to this free clinic but were not able because they were in the fields working.

The pastor of this village church was overjoyed that he was able to share Christ’s love to the people of his village through this medical camp. I am confident he is going to reap a beautiful harvest from this service of love.

Cheryl’s India Encounter

It was almost 1:00 AM when we stepped off the plane in Hyderabad, home was more than 20 hours away. We were greeted by one of the pastors and his driver. When we stepped out of the airport we were surrounded by what I call professional beggars. They wait on the international flights and try to get money which is then given to the person they work for. It happened so fast and we were on our way to the quest

rooms at the Maranatha Bible College before I could process it all in my jet lagged mind. At 5:00 AM I was awakened by what I found out later was a Muslim with a microphone doing his morning prayers. Shortly after that the Bible college students started singing and praising the Lord in Telegu. I knew I wasn't in Ohio any more. I was in Andhra Pradesh, India. Truly a dream come true.



Photo: Medical camp in the village church with Doctor Sandayanna



Photo: Breakfast with pastor Jackie, Beverly, Moses and Amaji

At 7:00AM there was a knock on my door, I wasn't sure if I should answer or not. After a couple more knocks I opened the door to a lovely woman holding a platter with coffee on it. I instantly bonded with this gal. The platter had about a quarter cup full of hot water, half cup hot milk, instant coffee, and sugar granules that reminded me of what we called rock candy. Not exactly sure what to do I mixed it all together and drank. Over the next three weeks I became quite fond of this Indian coffee. Even now at home I make a cup in the afternoon and think of India.

We headed out at 5:30PM to a village for a crusade service. I got my first true picture of traffic in India. The city of Hyderabad appears on the map to be close to the same size of Columbus Ohio. The difference is there are 8 million people in Hyderabad. I swear they were all on the same road we were that evening. My dad said you need a good horn and set of

brakes to drive in India. He was right, because both were used constantly on our trip to the village. We passed groups of people walking, most of them in bare feet. We were informed they were on their way to the meeting.

After miles of bumps and curves we turned down a narrow road. In the distance I saw a stage, bright lights, musicians, singers and many, many people sitting in the middle of the road. A man from the church had favor with some of the officials and was given permission to hold the meeting in the street in front of his house in the middle of a predominately Hindu neighborhood. We were escorted to the stage. I looked out and as far back as I could see there were people gathering to hear the Word of God. Women and children sat in the front on cloth on the road. The men and elderly sat on plastic chairs in the back. I was overwhelmed as I sat and listened to the heartfelt worship of God in another language and witnessed the looks of love and adoration on the faces of these beautiful people.



Photo: Medical camp for elderly in Vijayawada

Well I knew it was coming, I was asked to greet the people. I wasn't exactly sure of what to say. With the weight of political correctness hanging over me I spoke nicely and sat down, not at all happy with myself. Then dad stood up and immediately with power and authority and urgency he preached Jesus to the people in the middle of the street in a village in India. I sat in awe as I listened and the weights of fear and political correctness were lifted. We were in this village preaching two evenings. Many of the Hindu neighbors were spotted peeking over their fences and gates listening to the Word of God. Many wonderful results came out of these meetings. The most memorable one for me was a girl who turned 13 that day gave her heart to Jesus on her birthday. Many went home rejoicing from the touch they received from the Lord as they called upon His Name.

During the next few days Dad taught the Bible college students and I did medical camps for the bible

college students, staff and the children's home. It was humbling getting to know these dedicated and loyal people and help meet their physical needs. I noticed a lot of complaints of back pain among the bible college students. I discovered they sleep on the tile floors while they are there. I introduced them to ibuprofen.

After our few days in Hyderabad we took a six hour train ride west to the city of Vijayawada. We were greeted at the station by two brothers in law of the pastor in Hyderabad. This ministry has two Bible colleges, four children's homes, an elderly home, two main churches and hundreds of pastors that have graduated from the bible colleges that they help and support. It is truly a family effort involving Pastor Moses, his wife Amaji, three daughters and sons in law and many other relatives and friends that work endlessly to reach their world for Christ. I thought I worked hard as a Christian but these people put me to shame.



Photo: Medical camp on rooftop of Children's home in Vijayawada

Again our days were filled with Bible college classes, chapels, and medical camps for the elderly, bible college students, and children's home. The nights were spent in villages some taking over two hours to reach. The roads to these villages were crowded with cars, buses, and ox driven carts, herds of cattle and goats and motorbikes with up to five people on them. It was hot; there were bright lights and lots of mosquitoes because most of the meetings were outside. Mostly though there were people of all ages, many that sat on the ground for hours to worship the Lord and hear the gospel preached. Pastors from the villages and their families were ministered to, along with youth and women's services. Salvation, healing and deliverance were seen in each service.

Towards the end of the week we joined Brother Raju and his family for some fellowship then we went to a village church and did a medical camp with Raju's brother in law Dr. Sandayanna. We saw two hundred people in three hours. Many of these folks had

difficulties with hypertension and diabetes. We also took care of an emergency situation where a mother bit her son on the head because he didn't go to school. We bandaged him and sent him for stitches. We had medicines bought and on hand to give to the people as we saw them. This was a great blessing as these people are mainly farmers and field workers and can't afford medical care.



Photo: Medical camp with bible college students

What a fast twelve days we had in the state of Andhra Pradesh! To sum it up we saw about one hundred Bible college students and staff, one hundred and fifty children, twenty elderly and two hundred people in the village camp. Thanks to your prayers and financial support we were able to supply medications and equipment for a dispensary at each children's home we visited and the bible colleges. I wish I could grab you right now and give you a big ole bear hug and let you know that we absolutely could not have done this without you. What we did you did also. Jesus said if you've done it to the least of these you've done it unto Him. Please remember this every time you give your time in prayer and share your finances to further the gospel.

Well I am about out of space. There is so much more I want to tell you about these wonderful people and their service to the Lord. I wish I could sit down with you and go through the six hundred pictures dad and I took on this trip. I will share some more in the next news letter. I love you all very much and my prayers are with you. Thanks for letting me share this wonderful experience with you. God bless you! --- Cheryl



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