

“ You shall go out with joy and be led forth in peace, the mountains and hills will burst into song before you and the trees of the field will clap their hands.” Isaiah 55: 12

Sunday 27th February

On a Thai Airline flight to Bangkok, we took off from Auckland at 4pm and headed out over the coast line where the tide was out and shallow pools of water were making patterns across the sand. The sun was streaming in the windows as we flew through drifting clouds over the harbour and the Manukau Heads. We veered to the right and headed north up the coast line, beyond which was a beautiful clear view of hills and coastline. Then we were turning left away from the coast out over the open sea. Heading to Nepal! As we flew, the blue sky met the blue of the sea and faded into a misty white horizon. Our route was across the Tasman sea and over Queensland and the Northern Territory of Australia.

Lyndal, who was sitting next to me and was one of our group of five, was revising her Nepali vocabulary. She gave me some Nepali words, and, thinking they may be useful, I wrote them down. As others did, I watched some movies to help the time pass. After eleven hours, we arrived in Bangkok at 3am New Zealand time.

Soon after 9pm (Bangkok time) that evening, we were driven to the airport hotel in a shuttle bus. On checking in, John & Lyndal were given rooms of their own. Jan, Kerry and I were given our room key and, on arriving at the room, found only two large single beds for the three of us. Kerry said this won't do and went to sort out the problem. Another fold up bed was brought in and placed between the two beds. For the inconvenience, we were given three free breakfasts the next morning. That first night, I was glad to room with Jan and Kerry, as it gave me the opportunity to get to know them a little better. Some explosions of noise and light that night were brief interruptions to our sleep.

Monday 28th February

Full of joy, I awoke in Bangkok Airport Hotel, and went down stairs for a free breakfast of anything we chose from an amazing array of food. Soon after, the five of us were on our way in the shuttle bus to the airport. We queued for our boarding passes and then had a leisurely walk past duty free shops to the boarding gate. I went to pick up my pack from the trolley and ouch! Back pain! John and the team prayed for me and I received some relief. As we sat and waited to embark on the next leg of the flight to Kathmandu, my movements were careful from that time on.

It was early afternoon (7.20pm NZ time) when the Himalayas came into view. Some cloud hung along the peaks of the mountain range. In the foreground, the hills were darker than blue as they emerged from the mist.

At the Tribhuvan airport, the only international airport in Kathmandu, as we queued for our visas, we completed the appropriate forms to which the spare passport photos were attached by a local lady passing back and forth with her stapler.

Once through the airport, we were met by Puran Rasaili, a Nepalese pastor, who helps John organize Schools of Healing in Nepal. A van with its driver was waiting to take us to Samsara Hotel through dusty congested streets. Buses, vans, bicycles, rickshaws, motorbikes, and people were travelling in such close proximity to each other. Vehicles were continually tooting as they made their way through the traffic, which came from all directions.

It took about about half an hour to travel from the airport to Samsara Hotel in Thamel. The entrance to the hotel was attractive with pot plants, filled with colourful flowers, lining each side of the front steps.



We were assigned our individual rooms and, soon after, gathered at a table outside on a small lawn, surrounded by tall buildings. After a drink of the national tea, chia, which is tea, milk, and sugar boiled together, we, four women, went for a walk down the street. First, we went up the stairs of a building to an official money changer to exchange our American dollars for rupees. Our passports were photocopied. When my turn came, the photocopier was proving a problem. Finally we all had the rupees, that we had requested.



We wandered down the busy narrow streets past the small dusty shops and stalls, in which and outside of which the local people hung their wares. The shopkeepers tried to entice us into their shops to sell us their products. Bicycles passed by, rickshaw drivers waited for customers, other rickshaw drivers moved along with their passengers, motor bikes beeped as they scooted passed and vehicles tooted as they hurried by. We seemed to attract the interest of some people. Jan and Kerry are blonde and they stood out among the dark-haired dark-skinned people of this country.

Before any purchase was made in this locality, bargaining was the way of determining a price satisfactory to both buyer and seller. With the help of the others to get an acceptable price, I bought a shoulder bag and a shawl. Also we bought bottled drinking water for we had been warned not to let local water pass our lips. Because of the pain in my back, I walked on one painful step after the other over the uneven pavement.

When we arrived back at the hotel, John was talking with a couple, she, a New Zealander and he, a Nepalese. To my surprise, they were Marilyn and Dhana. Their names had been given to me by Anne Donker in Wellington and, on leaving New Zealand, I accepted the impossibility of finding this couple in the city of Kathmandu with a population of about 290,000. To my surprise, after meeting Puran at the airport, they were the first people I met on my first day in Kathmandu. We had dinner together and I learned that Marilyn had family in NZ and planned to return to see them very soon. There were problems with regard to Dhana getting a visa to visit NZ with her. I understand they have been married for about 3 years and that Dhana's mother and 105 year old grandmother live with them in Kathmandu.

The evening was cool as we gathered together for prayer at 7.30pm. Kathmandu is about 4500 feet above sea level. While standing praying together in a circle, and praying for my back, there was a sudden pain on right side of my spine, after which came greater relief. I believe that was the beginning of improvement in my back. Just after 8pm, we retired to our rooms.

Tuesday 1st March

I woke at 3.15am overwhelmed with joy.

After breakfast on Tuesday morning, with our luggage loaded into the van, we headed to the airport in a vehicle, which was inspected by riot police at least twice in the half hour on the way to airport. Arriving at the Kathmandu domestic airport, we seemed to be of interest to a few local men, who were observing us as we pulled our suitcases over uneven pavements to be checked through for the flight to Nepalgunj. It was great to have Kerry look after the travel arrangements and this meant only one person was presenting all the travel documents at the counter and receiving the boarding passes. Our suitcases were weighed together and we were hand frisked and had our handbags checked in a private little alcove. Ladies were in one queue and men in another. We were in a third world country airport where the public facilities are not maintained and the standard leaves a lot to be desired. After some waiting time, we boarded a bus to take us to the plane.

On the Yeti Airlines aeroplane, which carried about thirty passengers, we were able to choose our seats. I sat on the right hand side of the aeroplane over the wing to get a view of the Himalayas. The hostess offered cotton wool for our ears and lollies to chew. The engines roared, as the plane took off in the sunshine over the city. With the speed of its rotation, the propeller disappeared from the naked eye. As we flew west, we enjoyed views of the mountain range where the mist hung low occluding the terrain between the base of mountains and the hills.



While we were humming along with cotton wool in our ears, the sun was emphasising the contours of the land and revealing colours of brown and beige on the slopes that ran into deep valleys, which were covered with large areas of dark green forest. Roads, that ran along ridges, and rivers, that ran down into deep ravines, made lines of connection across the landscape. Settlements on ridges and patches of terraced hillside indicated something of the demography and land use in the area.

Where was Mount Everest? We couldn't identify it on the mountain range. The Nepalese name for the mountain is Sagarmartha meaning goddess of the sky. As we approached Nepalgunj, near the southern border between Nepal and India, the topography changed and wide plains and less forest spread below.

A van was waiting in the uncared for surroundings of the airport to take us along the busy dusty roads to a grand new white building, which was the hotel with the name of Kitchen Hut, where we were to stay. Young Nepalese men opened the door to welcome us.

John was to run a School of Healing in this area. But first, it was lunch at the hotel with the local pastors. After enjoying a variety of Nepalese food, we moved to the cool meeting room, which was part of the hotel complex. While John spoke, and pastors contributed and commented in the Nepali language, we tried to chase away the persistent mosquitoes that buzzed around us.



Observation of facial expressions and perception of attitudes indicated all was not well with some of the pastors, who based opinions on unfounded accusations, with the consequence that there was division and disunity among the pastors. Without unity among the pastors, the School of Healing could not and would not be organised in this district.

Having changed our arrangements with regard to staying at the hotel, with our suitcases tied to the roof rack of the van, later that afternoon we were soon rattling our way across the plains and heading north to Surkhet in the hills. Houses of various materials, brick, mud, stone, thatch, etc. lined the main route out of Nepalgunj. Many houses were unfinished with steel rods protruding from the top storey. Apparently if houses are unfinished, there are no rates to pay. So this was an explanation for so many unfinished houses! We passed school buses, which were little carts, larger than rickshaws, pulled by bicycles and packed with children on the way from school. Motorbikes scooted by. Tooting was continuous, as vehicles made their presence known and also their intention to drive on through the traffic in spite of what lay ahead. Bullocks, goats, and dogs were seen on the road and in the yards around the houses. Large piles of rice from the fields were waiting in yards to be threshed. People were going about their daily chores.

From the flat straight roads across the plains, we began to wind our way through the bush-covered hills, often meeting from time to time large colourfully decorated buses and trucks, and therefore having to move over to the left, off the uneven seal onto the unsealed verge, below which there was often a deep tree-lined valley. We passed young women who were laden with leaves, carried on their shoulders and backs, as they guided their small herd of the goats along the side of the road.

As we clattered by, we caught occasional glimpses of local birds. From the windows of the moving van, Jan and I were trying to capture typical scenes on our cameras. There were road blocks along the way and road police checking driver, vehicle and sometimes casting long looks at the passengers.



In the hills, we drew off the road for a cup of the local tea at what would have been a roadside café. Local people were gathered in the clearing at the side of the road in front the buildings.



Meanwhile, Lyndal brought out balloons and sat down out in the open where soon women and children, some boys, and one or two men gathered around her as they showed interest in the procedure of blowing up the balloons and twisting and turning them adeptly into shapes for the children. She had an attentive audience and children vying for a balloon of their own.

Our journey continued through the hills until we arrived at an ornate orange five storey hotel with red and blue balustrades on the balconies at each level above the entrance. This was our destination in the city of Birendranagar in the Surkhet region. Our rooms looked out on the street where large earth removal machines were parked in front of the hotel gates.

After eating that night, we went to our rooms, which often have blue painted concrete walls. Until about 10.30pm, there was much noise and finally, after the banging and crashing of metal roller doors being closed over the windows at ground level, we were able to settle to sleep.

Wednesday 2nd March

5.40am. Crash! The doors were opening downstairs. Vehicles and motor cycles were rushing and rattling along the road tooting all the way. The day had begun.

I was told that if the driver of the vehicle used his horn to make others aware of his presence and his intention to drive on through then he was alleviated of any responsibility if there was an accident!

Our breakfast consisted of omelette with sweet white bread lightly toasted, followed by grapes and small pieces apple and banana and a hot drink of tea, coffee or lemon and honey.

Here we met a lady, whose life, as a result of a person offering her a meal when she was sick in hospital, was changed forever. She is now a happy Christian lady with lots of smiles and hugs.



That morning we considered walking to the meeting as we were told the church was ten minutes away on foot. However, we were glad that we waited in the sunshine at the front of the hotel for our transport, for we found that it was nearer ten minutes drive along a

busy dry dusty road to the venue for the School of Healing. We arrived to the joyous sounds of singing and clapping accompanied by exuberant melodic music. Young men led the singing and they were joined by young women in white national dress. Accompanied by guitar, bongo drum, bells, and tambourine, they sang and danced. Into such a lovely uplifting atmosphere, we were welcomed.

The women, dressed in their colourful saris, tunics and trousers, with jewellery in their noses and ears, sat cross-legged on one side of the room and the men, fewer in number, sat in the same way on the right hand side of the yellow painted elongated church building, decorated with small flags criss-crossing below the rafters that supported the corrugated iron roof. There were six small barred windows down one side and, on the other side, five windows and a door.



John began by inviting all who had pain to stand. There was prayer for each one.

A woman with pain throughout her body found it very difficult to raise her leg and after prayer felt very light and now could raise her leg. Now she only had a small pain in right hand.

A girl had terrible pain in her feet. After prayer, she said they were much better.



John proceeded to teach expressively, with Puran energetically translating. People were encouraged to pray for each other.

The first lady, for whom I prayed, fell down under power of Holy Spirit. I went on to pray for others who said they were healed or felt better. But we encouraged them to pray for each other to practise the teaching they had received.



The question: Who has been healed?
 Luke 10:9 "Heal the sick who are there and tell them the kingdom of God is near you."



In groups of three, the people prayed for each other.
 Examples: 1. heaviness 2. man 3. woman – red 4. three girls

The following are pictures of some who were prayed for, and had testimonies of healing.



At lunchtime, the hot spicy curry and rice with dahl made my nose run and my lips burn. People came for prayer and also Lyndal and Kerry were having fun dancing to the amusement of the onlookers.

As the sessions continued, curious little faces were looking in at the windows. As is the custom, before entering the building, we left our shoes outside the entrance with about two hundred other pairs of shoes. When the last session was over at 5pm, we came out to find our trampled dusty shoes into which we slipped our feet before getting a ride back to the hotel.

I was told a local Nepali would probably only have one pair of shoes and their response may well be, "We only have two feet, so why the need for more shoes?"

Thursday 3rd March

When we arrived for the first session that morning, the church building was packed with people. Everyone was seated ready to begin the day. I set up the video camera with the intention of recording some of the teaching and testimonies. Before the teaching began, evil spirits were manifesting in a woman, who was taken out and prayed for by Kerry and Lyndal. The problem of spirits of witchcraft dealt with, she returned quietly to the meeting.

People continued to come and they sat closely together on the floor. This day more mothers brought their babies, who were placed on the floor to sleep.

During the offering, which was to help towards running a School of Healing in Bardiya, collected by the young girls in white, everyone was singing and clapping, unaccompanied to the tune 'I surrender all.' I found this very moving. We learned later that over 10,000 rupees were collected.

The time came for the people to go out to practise what they had learnt, so in groups they dispersed to pray for the sick in homes, on the street, in the hospital. Meanwhile the team had a leisurely stroll down the main street of the town observing the activity of the people sauntering or selling or sewing on the streets and in the shops.

We all returned to hear the following testimonies of the people who went out to pray.

Video Clips

1. Young girl in pink cardigan: "They went to the hospital. They found a lady who had fallen from a tree and an operation was done on one of her legs, but she was finding it very difficult to walk. They said, "Can we pray for you?" and she accepted. They prayed for her. She had actually gone out of her room and wasn't able to come back to her room so they prayed for her and instantly she was healed and she was able to walk back into her room."
2. Young man in cream shirt and jeans: "When he left from here, he was pretty scared as well. He wasn't quite sure whether he would find anyone, but finally found someone suffering from jaundice and she had a swollen stomach as well and she wasn't able to bend or do anything. When we met her, her body was burning and she had this burning sensation all over her body. We prayed for her and soon after she was instantly healed. She was able to bend forward and sideways and the burning sensation had also completely gone.

Then after we went to another family. The wife was very sick and she could not move out of bed. She was lying on her bed. We asked if we could pray for her or not. They accepted. We prayed for her. The lady was lying for quite sometime on her bed. Soon after our prayer, she was able to walk around. We prayed for the husband as well but nothing happened to the husband but the wife was healed.

3. Older lady in striped jersey and white cap: They went to the hospital. There there was a child who was crying all the time. The doctors and nurse were giving him injection and other medication as well. We asked whether we could pray for the child or not. They agreed. As soon as we prayed for the child, the child was completely at peace. He stopped crying.
Then we went to another family. We wanted to pray for her and there was demonic manifestation but we prayed and the lady's husband was completely set free.
4. Man in tan jersey: God has given us a key and authority and today we used that key and authority. We prayed for five people and three were completely healed. We are hoping that the other two will also get better.
5. Younger man in blue shirt: Couple of us went together looking for sick people. We went to a home. In that home, I suddenly remembered what we were taught this morning. As soon as satan sees us, and they are the ones who are terrified and scared, want to escape and leave that place. We noticed the manifestations of an evil spirit. Suddenly a calmness and again that spirit was shouting at us, 'Leave this place! Go away, go away!' Satan knew we were there.
Then we went to another family as well. While coming out of hospital, we met a lady who had a pain on her arm and she wasn't able to move her hand and I prayed for her. Then I checked. I asked her to raise her hand. She was completely able to raise her hand and I asked The pain had completely gone. On the way back, I popped into the same home where we cast out the demon and asked the family how he was doing and the lady said he was completely fine.
6. Man in cream waistcoat:invited man to come.....
7. Young woman in dark red skirt and tan shawl: An old lady had pain on her knees. We told blindness to go. She opened her eyes and started screaming and shouting. Her knees were healed and they invited her to church.
8. Older woman: At the hospital, there was a woman with asthma. She had medicine from the doctor but found it difficult to breathe. We asked the doctor if we could pray and doctor wanted prayer as well as the patient, who found it difficult to breathe. Her breathing was much better. We have taken her name and invited her to church.

The girls sang a farewell song, and we were each presented with a small picture of scenes in Nepal. Before leaving, I enjoyed dancing with the young girls, by following their rhythm and moves. As we left, we were given hugs, kisses and smiles, a lovely farewell outside as we drove away.

As the five of us gathered for dinner that night, John said, those two days had exceeded his expectations. Praise God!

Friday 4th March

I arose at 5.30am to get organised for the day of travel to Bardiya. The sun was shining this morning, but John said there had be rain last night and that it often rained after a meeting. We, with Maya and Puran, left Birendranagar, (sometimes called Surkhet) at 8.20am. The windscreen on the van was cracked and, thirty minutes later on the road in hills, the vehicle had a flat tyre. No surprise, when we saw the rubber was peeling off the tyre! By the standard of the vehicles and their tyres, I don't think warrant of fitnesses are issued in Nepal!





We climbed out of the van and wandered on down the road while the driver and his friend changed the tyre. It was a pleasant walk along the road, bordered on one side by tree covered hills and, on the other, a deep valley ran well below the road. There was habitation on the riverbed where a narrow stream also ran through the valley. There was some kind of excavation going on below and activity in the primitive village. This was home to a number of village people, who lived in thatched huts.

We travelled on our way again, until we stopped at the roadside café to have chia, the traditional tea, as a refreshment. Local food, which was cooked on the primitive stove, was also available and Puran enjoyed some local fish full of bones. One needs to develop a technique to eat the fish and avoid the bones. The smoke from the stove blackened the ceiling and slowly burned away the rafters that were holding up the corrugated iron roof. In due course, the rafters would have to be replaced.

In camouflage uniform with AK47 rifles hung from their belts, they could have been soldiers, or were they traffic police, who were there again to check the vehicle or the passengers? Sometimes they would take a good long look at us, and other times, it seemed that it was the vehicle and the driver in which they were more interested.

We arrived back in Nepalgunj about 12.30pm and found a garden restaurant in which to have lunch.

It was quite a pleasant oasis in this dirty dusty busy city. After lunch, we were notified that our van driver wanted to have a roof rack attached to the vehicle. Perhaps it would take ten minutes! By this time, we had come to understand that the Nepali ten minutes could be any length of time, so ten minutes became a standing joke. The flies were persistent and kept our hands busy. It was a time for relaxed chatter, which provided food for thought and amusement.



No matter what we were doing, no matter what happened, or how long we had to wait, or the standard of the vans in which we travelled, or even the quality of the tyres on the vehicles, there was no tension, worry or concern. God was with us and we were “led forth in peace”.

Saturday 5th March

John, by van, and Kerry on the back of a motorbike had left with their guides to speak at churches well out of town. Kerry has her own amazing story to tell of God's activity at church that day.

Jan, Lyndal and I walked to the service at Kaluram's church in Gulariya where each of us had the opportunity to speak. Kaluram later told me that I “had a powerful testimony”. We prayed for people to receive “Fire” (as Jan felt she or we had been called to do) and the baptism of Holy Spirit and also for those who asked for healing. Both Jan and I had encouraging words for Kaluram.

I met Subash Rasaili, a nephew of Puran, who is an enthusiastic 15 year old Christian, who had school examinations coming up. He said his desire was to serve the Lord in full-time ministry. He wanted us to pray for his grandmother's knee so together we prayed for her knee and she said it was better. His grandmother? If Subash was Puran's nephew, then Puran's parents were his grandparents and I met them. Another grandmother?

Sunday 6th March

We were downstairs well before daylight at 5am to travel to Bardiya National Park. As the front doors of the hotel were locked, we couldn't get out! Soon Kerry had woken someone to unlock the front door and Puran, John, Kerry, Jan and I walked to the end of the street to wait on the corner for a prearranged van to collect us. A fellow on the corner of the street had his pot boiling, probably expecting some early morning callers wanting an early breakfast.

Our long drive to the National Park, between 10 -15mph, was along mainly rough roads in the rattly van in the dark until the sun rose to reveal the landscape and the typical country villages where we saw people emerging to begin their daily activities. As we drove along I had a strong awareness of God's great compassion for the people of Nepal.

About 8.15am, we arrived at an accommodation centre for tourists, where we sat in pleasant surroundings in the warmth of the morning sun to enjoy our breakfast of cheese and tomato in naan bread along with boiled eggs and coffee and tea.

After driving to the entrance of the Park, we waited until the tall wire and wooden gates were unlocked and, having paid our fees, (one price for tourists and a much cheaper price for the locals) drove into the National Park.



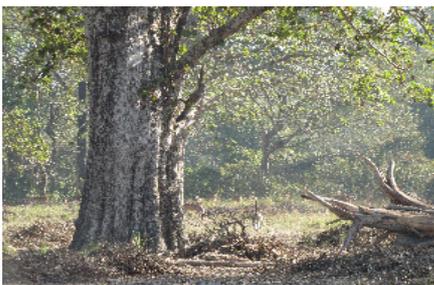
The signs at the gate told us of all the kinds of wild life that roamed freely here.

Bardiya National park is the largest lowland protected area in Nepal. It encompasses a total area of 968 square metres and is home to tigers, elephants, spotted deer, hog deer, sambar deer, swamp deer etc. an estimated 73 rhinos, bears, tigers, snakes, alligators, 53 species of mammals, more than 25 species of reptiles, over 400 species of birds and 121 species of fish.

We reached a wide river bed through which we had to drive, but soon we found that at 9.15am on Sunday 6th March, we were stuck in a river in the Bardiya National Park in Nepal! But thankfully, we were not there for long. John and Puran were quickly out of the van and pushing, but, as soon as

John took the wheel, we moved forward out of the water over the stony river bed and, with our hired driver, back in his seat, drove on along the track through the forest and scrub.

We observed red spotted deer grazing in the clearing, but, alert to unusual sounds, some scuttled off to find security in the undergrowth. In the morning sun, monkeys were feeding in the grass and in the trees. A stately Kapok tree on the landscape caught my attention.



Sitting on the roof of the vehicle, with his binoculars ever ready to catch sight of birds on the wing and in the trees, John was always keen to find and identify the birds that came into view.

We arrived at an area not far from a lookout near a river and soon we were out of the van and walking towards river, in the hope of seeing rhinos. Their well worn tracks were evident, as were their trademarks and footprints, but not a rhino was in sight. With our



Christian guide and a young man, who may have been his son, whom he was teaching to also be a guide, we walked across the river bed, and where the water flowed quietly through, placing our feet on the higher stones. A large elephant was being guided across the river bed by the mahout high on his back. Across the riverbed and up the bank into the brush, we tracked along behind our guide, who had given me his sturdy bamboo stick.



I was advised that if I saw a cat, e.g. tiger, don't run, just stand! I was asked if I could run, so I assumed if saw a rhino I was to run! Were they teasing me or were they serious, as I wasn't sure I could do either? However, the four of us followed our guide through scrub and then on along the riverbed looking for rhino. In the heat of the day, we walked for 45 minutes through brush and over dry river stones and through brush again until we saw ahead of us the van that had left us at the other place down the river. But no rhino came into view.

We climbed the many steps to lookout platforms and eventually the guide was able to encourage a rhino and her baby out from the trees and scrub into full view as they crossed the riverbed. While encouraging the rhino, the guide told us that he saw a white elephant, hidden from our view from the lookout. John identified fifty species of bird. After a most enjoyable day with the wildlife, seen and unseen, in Bardiya National Park, we drove through the gates and departed from the park to return to Gulariya.



Monday 7th March

Our accommodation in Gulariya,, was at Hotel Mirror, the best hotel in town, we were told, but the rooms varied greatly in comfort and quality. Some of the rooms were substandard, and with no hot water and sometimes without water, without toilets that flushed, without electricity at times and without our usual standards of hygiene. But whatever the circumstances we took everything in our stride. It was another experience.

The School of Healing began this day in a red, white and blue tent set up next to the church building. A number of chairs were available.



In pairs, people were praying for each other. Some told of how they had been healed.

1. Man Bad headache and as prayed, headache went.
2. Man Pain in hip. Now feels better.
3. Man Headache – gone.
4. Man Bad pain in leg. Since this morning had pain, really struggling. Pain completely gone.
5. Man Hurt his chest. Pain completely gone.
6. Lady Bad pain on head and eye sight troubling, vomiting, couldn't sit properly. Feels better.
7. Lady As she was coming, pain in thumb and arm and not able to write. No pain.
8. Lady For more than a month, pain over her heart, not able to sit properly. No pain.

More testimonies:

1. Man For more than a month, problem with eyesight. Pain gone.
2. Man For two days, pain on his arm – much better.
3. Lady Not able to move arm. Now movement.
4. Young man With gastric problem. Healed. (Subash and myself prayed for him)

1. Stomach pain - gone
2. Ankle – seems to be fine.
3. Child – stomach pain – fine.

After the meeting finished about 5.35pm that day, wandered back to the hotel along the dusty and dirty streets past the shops. Little beggar boys stretched out their hands for money.



Tuesday 8th March

Last night there was much noise in the streets as loud music and drums filled the night air. Perhaps there was a wedding and then followed early morning music booming forth from the mosque. In the morning, a water pump outside my window added to the noise. In the passage, there were sweeping and scraping sounds, bucket and water sounds with a strong smell. There always seemed to be noise and activity in this town and around this hotel.

Lyndal and Jan were not well this day. John, in one rickshaw and Kerry and I, in another, enjoyed our ride along the streets to the meeting this morning.

The man in a red jacket was paralysed down the right side of his body. He couldn't clasp his hands or hold a pen. He was prayed for the previous day and this morning gave his testimony. The paralysis had gone. He had the feeling back in this right side and he had regained the ability to use his hands.



The lady in red with a pink scarf on her head moved to the front platform and sat on the mat while John was speaking. She said she was healed, that she now had her eyesight.

The following are testimonies of people who went into the town to pray for others.



1. Young man, mauve shirt: Went to the hospital. Elderly man couldn't walk. Later on asked him to walk. Another man, No doctor. Sore leg healed. Lump on hand - pain gone.
2. Hera: Went to hospital, emergency ward. Three patients
 - (1) 2 year old child. Diarrhoea, seemed to be asleep or in a coma. Prayed for baby, about 20 minutes later, child was discharged from the hospital.
 - (2) 60 year old man had kind of fever, sweating. Prayed for him - fever disappeared
 - (3) Man with high blood pressure. Doctor measuring blood pressure and it came down.



3. Young man, blue jacket: Went to the home of an elderly couple. Man on bed. Gave us a weird look. About to leave then asked again. Pain on knees can't walk. Daughter in law jumping up and down very surprised.

Man with spectacles was on crutches. Walked without crutches. Walked here to the meeting without using his crutches.



4. Maya (in foreground) said they went to a mother who very ill with many diseases. Swollen and not able to walk. As soon they prayed, the swollen body came back to normal. She was able to walk, and her sandals were not tight.



5. Lady - red, green, black shawl: (1) Praying for woman who was sweating badly. After prayer, all pains better and she was feeling much better
(2) Child, prayed, joy in face (prophet?) (3) Elderly man with asthma welcomed us into his home. People didn't come to his home. Feeling much better and very happy.



6. Young girl with black scarf, checked outfit: Went to the market looking for anyone who wanted prayer. Person with something on leg. Others came around. Elderly man blind, prayed for him. Some were healed.

7. Man, white shirt: Prayed for man with epilepsy, feeling better. Man able to walk, could walk across ditch, could jump properly.



8. Woman orange red scarf: (1) Elderly man sitting on chair. Asked, "Why, you a doctor?" "No, from School of Healing." (2) Woman with diabetes and pain. Told her rise up and take a walk and she did. (3) Another woman



9. Man with blue shirt: (1) Went nearby to a boy with very high fever. People were a bit anti-Christian. They said they just wanted us to pray. The child opened his eyes and looked at them. Child better. (2) Lady with child who had high fever, prayed for him. Then he wanted to drink water and was able to talk.



10. Young lady in maroon – Rada: (1) A Moslem lady was sick. Difficult to get a breakthrough. (2) At another house, a man with twisted ankle. Asked, "Can we pray for you?" Bit hesitant. "I can't walk (with twisted ankle). He was surprised. His wife surprised. He said the evil spirit had gone. Took away the stick and he was able to walk.



11. Lady in pink: Man lying on the road half unconscious. Since he was very old, he had been asked to leave home. Fell unconscious. As they prayed, he was able to sit up and he was healed.



12. Young lady: said she was not feeling well. She had a pain in her stomach. Felt better and went out to pray for others and was healed.

13. Young lady, black shawl, green dress:

Met elderly ladies who were taken to hospital, suspected poisoned by some evil spirit, which was able to come out.



14. Prem, striped blue shirt: Went to the home of an elderly lady, noticed that she responded well and invited her to the church and invited a couple of other families to the church. Also they were invited to visit again.



15. Young girl, black stole, checked dress: Went to quite a big family, told them they were from School of Healing. Whole family sat around. Son had been sick for long time. "Pray for him." They were a bit desperate. Man of house had headache and heaviness lifted. Some of the family cried. They got our contact number and we invited them to church as well.



16. Sauru, Pastor Kaluram's wife (left):
 (1) This lady (red spot, black shawl) testified diagnosed with cancer, others in family died of this cancer, not able to move hands, pain all over her body, now can move hands. After prayer, burning dissipated and invited to this place.

- 2) To another lady served food, crying, prayed for her and helped her out of bed.

These testimonies of God's healing power concluded our wonderful time with these people in Gulariya.

Wednesday 9th March

That morning when only John, Kerry and I came down for breakfast, my usual omelette was served up, but with a difference. It had dirty dark streaks and patches mingled with the light yellow colour of the egg. With my fork, I casually turned over the omelette to find a dead fly. Oh!! Did I hear laughter from across the table? I just couldn't eat this omelette! I would rather go without breakfast. However, when we drew the boy's attention to the omelette and the fly, he brought me another (omelette, not fly), which I was able to eat and enjoy.

Shortly after 9am we were driving along the main route on our way back to Nepalgunj. Half an hour into our journey, we were held up on the road by local people, who were blocking the road and not allowing vehicles through. A strike! They did let tourist buses go through, but other public

transport was stopped by men and women gathered together on the public highway. These road hold-ups apparently happen often, the reason being that there are not enough local buses and vans to transport the local people, who don't like drivers taking fares and transporting people when there is a strike. So we were turned back and had to take a very slow, although interesting, alternative route over humps and hollows and ditches along winding dirt tracks through villages, past green wheat fields, up a dry riverbed, through a forest of tall Sal trees where the sunlight filtered through to make shadows on the dry ground over which we travelled, until we connected with the road that took us directly to Nepalgunj.

At the Hotel in Nepalgunj, we were checked in and soon we were on our way down various city streets to the home of Sher where we had been invited for lunch. We met his wife, Joti and his daughters, Rebecca and Esther, who gave us cool refreshing drinks and served us a generous lunch of curry and rice, chicken and fish with bread. The family did not eat with us, but would have eaten after we left. The girls wanted to teach me songs, which they sang for everyone's benefit. Jan stayed on with the family and the rest of us went to meet Cornelius at the garden café and chat with him over a cup of tea.



Then it was back to the hotel for dinner and the night. It was here that Kerry and I shared a very pleasant room. Such luxury with good food, clean bedding, a shower and hot water after the previous accommodation!

Thursday 10th March

In Nepalgunj over sixty-five people, many of them church leaders gathered for the day in the meeting room at the hotel to be taught to run Schools of Healing. TOT (Training of Teachers) was the abbreviation used to describe this training day.

Why heal the sick?

In groups, the people discussed reasons for healing the sick.



They were given teaching principles to help them in their preparation to teach Schools of Healing in the future.



As a result of the day, about twenty seven people made a commitment to teach Schools of Healing.

Friday 11th March

This morning we were on our way to the Nepalgunj airport and, on arrival, pushed into line with a number of the local people to get our suitcases inspected by hand and then checked through. Later, we were advised that there would be a delay as the plane had a cracked windscreen and some mechanical problems. Finally, after sitting and waiting about three and half hours, we boarded the thirty seater plane and sat in the single seats on the left hand side so as to get a view of the mountains. As we flew east, the ride got more turbulent and the view of the mountain tops was lost in a mist of white cloud on horizon between the blue of the sky and the bluish purple of the hills.



On showing our baggage tickets to men, who were hastily supervising distribution of the luggage to its rightful owners from a trolley outside, we collected our bags to load into the waiting van. The journey back to Samsara Hotel seemed so long through those congested and dusty streets. I was so glad that we were to have pleasant comfortable rooms with shower and hot water.

Saturday 12th March

On this their Sabbath day, we were driven by taxis to Puran's church service, which was held in the basement of his and Rebecca's home. There would have been at least 30 people of all ages crowded closely together on the floor in that room. With voice and guitar, Padam led the enthusiastic singing. When the opportunity came for prayer, altogether the people prayed loudly and fervently.

A warm welcome was given to us and Lyndal, (future and a hope) Jan (husband's healing from cancer) and I (need for the baptism of Holy Spirit) had an opportunity to speak to the group, before John gave his message.

The mother and the baby, Kalpana, who had been thrown into the fire by her drunk father, were present at the service. While the mother needed to take her child to the hospital for treatment, she was staying with Puran and Rebecca and their two boys. Kerry led this lady to make a commitment to the Lord and she removed, from her forehead, the red spot, that indicated she was a Hindu,

We accepted Puran and Rebecca's invitation to join them for lunch at a pleasant restaurant where we enjoyed a relaxing time and a variety of delicious Nepalese food. Later we visited a vacant site, surrounded by high rise buildings, not far from where Puran lives, and where he hopes to build a church on the leased land.

While there, a young man come up the street and said to Kerry that he would like to become a Christian. She asked him, "Why?" His response was that he had Christian friends and he liked Christian music.



We stayed on for the youth service at 5pm, at which Kerry spoke and concluded by inviting about 16 young people to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit, which they did, as they knelt together that evening.

Sunday 13th March

Sunday was another still warm day, but one in which we could relax and do as we chose. John had left to visit a chicken farm. We had heard of the Civil Mall which had recently been established along western lines, so four of us, in a small taxi, drove there to explore the new shopping centre. A number of the shops were not yet open. Most of the fashion was western style. We returned to the hotel soon after midday and went our separate ways for the afternoon.

As the day was fading and our sojourn in Nepal was coming to an end, we walked, breathing in dust and fumes, some distance through the busy streets to find a restaurant at which to have our last evening meal together. The floor of the restaurant was of pebbles and the lights were low. A few westerners, who receded into the background, were eating there. Jan and Kerry enjoyed sizzling steaks, but the others of us didn't have much of an appetite. We returned on foot to the hotel along a different and shorter route, where, in places, the dark streets were lit only by the lights of passing vehicles. After a good night's sleep, we were looking forward to home again.

On Monday morning, after a wonderful experience in Nepal, we began our journey back to New Zealand.

