

LOVED. NEWS

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From Krishna to Christ

The Cross in Kaaba
The Moscow Express
And More...



Read Inside: How Rob & Glenda Rufus Came To Know Jesus



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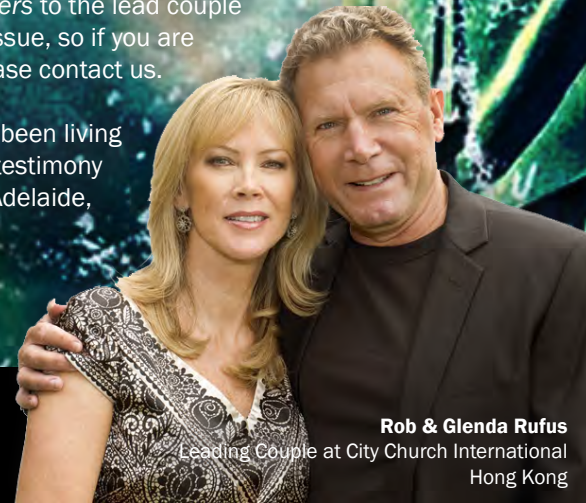
LOVED.

From Krishna to Christ

Luke and I had the privilege of spending 6 weeks at City Church International (CCI) in Hong Kong. This was a life changing time. We would like to thank CCI for making us feel a part of the family and for being such a great example of His Kingdom. Something that really stood out for us at CCI was the way they honoured one another, everyone in the congregation seem to understand that they carry the living King and that they can make a difference to the world.

We shared a lot about our journey in Hong Kong while we were there, but just to continue honouring them we have decided to dedicate the first of our articles to *honour local leaders* to the lead couple at CCI: Rob & Glenda Rufus. We are hoping to include this section into every issue, so if you are a local leader or you would like your local leader testimonies to be shared please contact us.

Rob & Glenda have a remarkable testimony of how they were saved and have been living radical lives for Jesus ever since. We found an old article by Rob detailing his testimony written while he was a Pastor at Coastlands International Christian Centre in Adelaide, and it is our privilege to share it with you.



Rob & Glenda Rufus
Leading Couple at City Church International
Hong Kong

A Devoted Search For Meaning

My father was a committed atheist and my mother was an agnostic. Although my parents didn't believe in God and didn't go to church, they sent me to Sunday school until the age of twelve.

When I got to be twelve, the church I was going to decided that I needed to be 'confirmed'. I didn't know any better, I didn't know it was not in the Bible, so I decided to be confirmed. The night before my confirmation I asked Dad to come along to the ceremony. He said that he had sent me to Sunday school so I can make up my own mind but, as for him, he believed that Christianity was a modern form of superstition. He was very convincing; I couldn't beat any of his arguments and I went to bed that night angry with God because He didn't exist anymore.

I was confirmed the next day, but never went to that church again. From that time I went out of my way to criticise and persecute Christians, because I believed they were psychologically weak people who needed a crutch.

At seventeen I was called up into the South African army. I was a dope-smoking surfer enjoying Durban life: living by the commandment "Thou shalt not deny thyself." Then I joined the army and came under the control of brute beasts with stripes on their arms. Day and night for nine months they tormented us with physical training and discipline. We were being prepared for front-line service in Angola, and there were no shortcuts.

Once taken out of the comforts of western living, and moved into live firing zones with an actively hostile enemy, I began to question the things I had previously taken for granted (there are very few atheists in war zones). When I came out of the army I believed there was a God, though that didn't change my life in any way.

There are millions of people who believe there is a God; that's very easy. The Bible says even the demons believe and tremble. There's no virtue in believing in God; His existence is so evident.

I then moved into the happy-go-lucky, couldn't care-less, anything-goes crowd at university. As a result Glenda fell pregnant and we got married; she was seventeen and I was twenty. We lived in one room. I had no income; so Glenda had to work. After six months I was throwing ashtrays through windows. We went to all the university parties. I would be sitting on the floor, smoking marijuana and having fun. University had given me a description of life, but not an explanation.

I started to believe that, if there was a God, surely I could contact Him. I tried Zen Buddhism for a while; and tried to contact the spirit of the trees, but the trees were not very responsive. I tried Transcendental Meditation. They said they would give me a mantra that was unique to me, but I found out later that other people had been given the same mantra. When I went to receive my mantra they said I had to give obeisance (or worship) to a whole lineage of spiritual masters. That's religion; I don't care what anyone says. The thing I didn't want was to be conned: I was searching for reality.

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... FROM KRISHNA TO CHRIST CONTINUED ...

Then the Hare Krishna people came to the university: their hair shaved, with little pigtails at the back; clay from the Ganges all over their bodies; saffron robes; preaching from the Bhagavad-Gita and the Upanishads – ancient Vedic Hindu scriptures that came from India, some historians say, six thousand years ago.

I began to study these. I told Glenda about it, and I started getting up at three in the morning to practise Bhakti yoga. The philosophy was that man is separated from Krishna and, in order to get delivered from our delusion and come into Krishna-consciousness, we had to chant the Krishna mantra – that meant going around 108 beads, sixteen times, and on each bead repeating the Krishna mantra. We had to remain celibate, even in marriage, except for the purpose of procreation. (You had to chant for two and a half hours before you made love so you would be so detached you would not experience any pleasure) I was celibate for about nine months (except for one night when Glenda seduced me). I decided that I would finish my third year at university and go full time to the Hare Krishna farm; I was going to take a vow and, after some more training, become a celibate itinerant monk in India.

Phillip Maxwell and I were doing Physical Education and Gymnastics, and we were practicing for our exams one day when I happened to see a big black book covered in dust on top of one of the lockers. It was a Bible. After all my years of mocking Christians, just seeing a Bible fascinated me. I opened it at random and read, “there is no other name under heaven given to men by which we must be saved”. I felt like someone had punched me in the chest.

A few nights later Phillip Maxwell, Glenda and I went to the Psychology Lecture Hall to hear one of the Hare Krishna devotees lecturing on ‘the Hare Krishna philosophy’. The Hall was filled with university students. The devotee gave a brilliant discourse on Krishna consciousness: very impressive, elaborate vocabulary. At the end he invited questions. A few people asked ‘cosmic’ type questions.

We found out later that three Christians had said, “God, we’re going to that lecture. And if we get any opportunity, we will open our mouths and speak about You.” And God, in His sovereign arrangement had them sitting right behind the three of us. One of them, an anaemic, weedy little guy stood up and asked in squeaky unimpressive little voice “Didn’t Jesus say, ‘I am the way, the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father, but by Me?’”

I saw this Hare Krishna change colour several times. Then he said, “Yes, well, Jesus did say that, but in the cosmic dimensions of that period and latitude of the expression of spirituality and of the age in which they lived, Jesus said that, but he meant in actual fact that he was a partial incarnation of the revelation of the things that could happen, but.. you know... because the people were ignorant in those times, Jesus had to say this, but he knew it really wasn’t the truth, for them it was relevant, and we have cosmic manifestations happening all over the world today. So sit down.” And once again I felt like someone had punched me in the chest.

I turned around at the end of the lecture and I said, “How dare you speak to that brilliant man like that!” And we proceeded to have a ten minute argument, during which I felt we devastated all of his arguments.

I went home that night and I couldn’t sleep properly (don’t ever underestimate the convicting power of the Holy Spirit. Jesus didn’t say, “Go into all the world and win theological, religious debates.” That only leads to arrogance and a waste of time; but humbly present truth and back off.) Then these same people – the audacity of these Christians! – found out where I lived and came knocking on my door. When I saw them I thought, “Oh no! The persevering buzzards. How dare they invade my privacy?” I said “Come in.” They sat down and the same anaemic little guy – who didn’t surf, who didn’t wear the right Levis, who wasn’t part of the in-crowd – told me, with tears in his eyes, that Jesus is the only way to God. Finally he invited us to go to church with them that night. I refused – “There is no way I’m going to church with you. You’re weird. The whole church is full of hypocrites!”

But Glenda went off with them and she committed her life to Jesus. That really freaked me out!

It was very difficult studying for my finals in a single room with a crying baby, so the very next day Glenda went to live with her dad. She phoned me often and told me about Jesus. She would say – if I was the only person in the world – Jesus would have died for me. I told her that was stupid. “Jesus was a good man. Why did He have to die on the Cross? He should have just taught His good moral philosophy and lived to a ripe old age.” The Bible says the preaching of the Cross is foolishness to those who are being lost.

Glenda wrote me letters that were stained with her tears, appealing to me to get to know Jesus. I suffered anxiety. I felt nauseous all the time. One night I fell out of bed screaming, “Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Moses, whoever: which is the right one?”

I got so desperate that I even went to a Christian meeting (without telling Glenda). A typical, slick American evangelist – who was everything I couldn’t stand – got up and, for the first time in my life, I heard the gospel preached without compromise and the fear of God came on me. I saw miracles: cripples healed. I thought, “This isn’t philosophy or the wisdom of religion in man. This is the power of the living God manifest in our midst, before our eyes. I’m seeing God work. Is this Krishna or is this Christ?”

Then the man said, “There’s a thirty year old woman here who has been thinking about committing suicide for the last three weeks. God says come out now and He will deliver you.” And I thought; “Now we’ll see this guy exposed as a fraud. No one is going to come.” But an emaciated little woman went up to the platform. And then the idiot shouted at her, “I rebuke you spirit of suicide. Come out of her!” and she fell to the floor. Now I was a Physical Education student, studying advance first aid and asphyxiation, and I decided that the woman was asphyxiating – she had fainted or was having a fit – and these idiots obviously didn’t know anything about physiology.

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... FROM KRISHNA TO CHRIST CONTINUED ...

I was trying desperately to force my way through the crowd to go to her assistance, but without success, when she got up and went to the microphone saying, "Praise God!"

Then they invited people who wanted to receive Jesus to go to the front. My friend and I went. I wasn't going to give my life to Jesus, but I wanted to ask the man to pray that, if his God was different to mine, He would reveal it to me.

We were swept through to a back room with some ushers who had obviously been training for weeks in preparation: they were so excited at the prospect of 'getting' us. An inexperienced young guy came up to me and said, "Oh isn't it wonderful! You've given your life to Jesus." I said "No, I haven't. I'm a Hare Krishna." And his eyes came out on stalks! Then I said, "I want you to pray that if I am wrong about pursuing the Hare Krishna movement, God will show me." He eventually prayed once he got his breath back.

I finished my exams and went to join the Hare Krishna farm, in order to be trained full time as a Hare Krishna devotee. Glenda – I don't know how she did it – humbly came with me.

The Hare Krishna movement believe in the transmigration of the soul: whatever you're thinking of at the time of death, you will become in the next life. The Hare Krishna movement does not consider women to be of a very high incarnation. (You hadn't been too spiritual in your previous life if you were a woman!) Men had a much higher ranking, so the men always eat first, and the women wait outside and eat the left overs. Glenda was there, submissive, wearing a sari, wanting to win me to Jesus, bringing me Bible verses which I just arrogantly dismissed.

We used to worship statues of Krishna. One night I remembered – from my Sunday School days – that the Bible said not to bow down to graven images. And as I was looking at these statues – feeling conviction that it was wrong to bow down to graven images – the head dress of one statue fell off and the other statue fell over.

A stranger arrived just then asking to stay "for as long as it's necessary." As I showed him to the single men's quarters, he looked me straight in the eye and said "Jesus Christ is the pure sacrifice of God, and He's the only way." And he pointed at a picture of Krishna and shook his head in negation. I felt like someone had punched me over the heart.

I asked him to come outside and talk with me, but he said, "No." The next morning he was gone. No one knew when he left; we never saw him again. After that I began to read the New Testament. I got to Matthew 24 where Jesus said in the last days false prophets and false messiahs will come and deceive many. And I started to think about all the spiritual masters – all claiming to be the Christ, all claiming to be the Messiah, all claiming to be the guru of the New Age – that abound in our generation.

And I started to see something unique about Jesus. He was born of a virgin. Buddha, Mohammed, Krishna, and all the others, were all descended from a lineage of fallen people. But Jesus was born of a virgin by the power of the Holy Spirit. That makes Him unique.

We used to sell books on the streets on Saturday mornings in Durban. And, while we were out there, Christians would constantly come up to me. Those Christians who said to me, "You idiot; you're going to hell; you're lost. You fool, why are you dressed in those funny clothes? Why is your hair cut like that?" reinforced my commitment to the Hare Krishna movement. But The ones who listened to me and let me talk and explain what I was about, and respected me, and then shared the gospel, really disturbed me.

One day an old lady spoke to me and I gave her my usual spiel about Krishna consciousness. She took my arm and said, "There, there, there. That's very nice. Now, what's this book you've got in your hand?" I said, "That's the Bhagavad-Gita, it's a conversation between Krishna and Arjuna." And she said, "There, there, there. That's very nice. Now, is it the same as mine?"

And, taking the biggest Bible I had ever seen in my life out of her bag, she led me through a quick Bible study.

"You said Krishna is the name by which we can be saved, but the Bible says in Acts 4 that Jesus is the 'only name under heaven whereby we must be saved.' Look over here, Ephesians 1 says He has 'a name above every other name, not only in this age but in the age to come.' And look here, Philippians 2 – amazing, isn't it – tells us that He has been exalted to the highest place, so that 'at the name of Jesus every knee will bow and every tongue confess to the glory of God the Father.'"

At that point, I grabbed Glenda, and I began to run with panic, looking over my shoulder in terror that this little old lady was chasing me. I ran down the road and took a turn down a side street. Someone in a Christian book store – who could not have seen what happened with the little old lady, who just saw us running by in our Hare Krishna outfits – came sprinting out of the shop, caught us up and ran along next to us for a while, saying "You need this", then put some Christian literature under my arm, and peeled off and went back.

I returned to the ashram – the temple – and said to the temple president, "If I go on the streets again I'm going to become a Christian. They're coming to get me!" But the president said "No, you have to go out there."

A few nights later we went to the Hindu Bombay Temple at Pietermaritzburg. Thirty of us devotees were dancing and presenting the Hare Krishna message to a large group of Asian people. We led them in the Hare Krishna chant and gave an expository on the Bhagavad-Gita.

After we had finished and were packing our things into the van, a little Indian man came through the crowd of devotees – like a heat-seeking missile – straight up to me. And I thought, "He wants me to bless his family". Then I thought, "Oh no, he's one of them. I can see it, I can see it! He's got that little glow in his eyes."

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... FROM KRISHNA TO CHRIST CONTINUED ...

He said, "Can I talk to you for a while?" and grabbed me and took me around the corner. Then he said, "That was very nice, what you did up there on the platform, quite nice. I remember I used to be a Hindu once, but then my little daughter was dying of a terminal disease. And I took her to the altar and offered the fruit and the incense and all of these things, but she got worse. Then a man came to the city, set up a tent and preached about Jesus Christ, laid his hands on my little girl and she was healed of this terminal disease. Can I tell you about Jesus?" And when he said that I knew he knew Christ in reality. His eyes demonstrated that he was a disciple of the living Christ. I felt like I had been punched in the chest again and I began to say, "You've got your religion and I've got mine; you keep to yours and I'll keep to mine."

And as I was saying this, God spoke to me. And I heard these words almost audibly, "So long ago you asked me that, if you were wrong in pursuing the Hare Krishna movement, that I would reveal it to you. Is this not enough now?" I didn't know what to do. I went back to my cell and closed my eyes. The presence of God with me was such that I felt – had I opened my eyes – I would have seen Jesus.

The very next day we were out on the street – I didn't know how to leave the movement – and I was standing there

trying to persuade people to Krishna conscious, yet my heart was wanting to follow Jesus. I didn't know what was going on. I didn't know what was different about Christianity. I sincerely believed that all religions lead to God. But sincerity is not enough. You can sincerely believe error. You have to sincerely believe the truth.

And out on the street I said, "I want to know, Jesus, why You are the only way."

Then an Indian man in an immaculate suit came up and started speaking to me and said, "Let me tell you this: all the religions in the world have many similarities and parallels, but Christianity is not a religion, it is a relationship with God – it is a rescue operation.

All religions agree that man is not the way he ought to be. There is, although he has noble aspirations, a quirk in man that causes him to mess up and move to destruction. Man is trapped at the bottom of a well of sin and destruction.

At the top of the well Krishna came and said, 'if you do this, you'll claw your way out of the well' Mohammed came and said, 'If you do that, you'll claw your way out of the well' Moses came and said, 'If you keep the ten commandments, you'll claw your way out of the well.' Buddha came and said, 'Keep the noble eight-fold path, and you will claw your way out of the well.'

Jesus came: but He didn't stand at the top of the well, He lowered Himself to the very bottom. The Bible says He sat with prostitutes, He went with people the religious world rejected and despised; He loved and identified Himself with them. And He took their sin to the cross so that, if they believed on Him, they would never need to be judged." I believed in Jesus Christ right there.

A Muslim man was once asked why he changed from Islam to Christianity. He replied, "If you were walking along and came to a fork in the road which had no sign posts, but there were two men there to guide you, and one was dead and one was alive, which one would you follow?"

Jesus is alive. Follow Him!

Rob and Glenda are a highly inspirational couple that have lived and pastored churches in South Africa, Australia and Hong Kong. They spend much of their time travelling all over the world demonstrating God's amazing grace. This is just the story of how they started, there is so much more to share about these champions of the Kingdom. We look forward to releasing more of their adventures in future issues.

"You are the Christ, the Son of the living God."

THE CROSS IN KABAA

Dave and Frances van den Berg



On our journey through Asia we met and spent time with lots of incredible, God loving people. On one of these journeys we met an amazing woman, Francis, who travelled alone into Hong Kong to work into Asia along with a team Luke and I had the privilege to help with. Francis and her Husband had left their home in South Africa to work in the mission field of Russia. It was amazing hearing this woman describe the very, very cold place known to us as Russia and how these people desperately need God.

Our eyes were opened to another place God was breaking into and changing people's lives through those who choose to lay down their lives to share the good news. Francis shared many incredible testimonies with us over the short period we had with her and she was willing to share these stories with all of you as well. We have picked out a few stories for this issue and we are looking forward to sharing more from the journeys of Francis and her husband, Dave.

We started the school of ministry in Medan in mid-June with 16 students. Some are pastors from various towns and villages where they plan to plant new churches. The students are from two local churches run by Pastor David Mariepan and Pastor Domi.

One of our students, Omar, is a former imam (Muslim priest). (I have changed his name for protection). As a young man, he went on a pilgrimage to Mecca. Upon entering the Kaaba, a holy Islamic site, he was cautioned not to look up at the ceiling for God's holy presence was up there. If he looked up, he would certainly die. Omar decided that it was worth dying for if he could just see God. Taking a wild gamble, he glanced up ... and was astounded to see a cross shining brightly above. Apparently there is a cross engraved into the ceiling of the Kaaba which the Muslims have not been able to remove, despite their best attempts. This experience left a deep imprint on Omar's heart.

He returned home to Aceh in Indonesia and told his people what he had seen. He was rewarded for his lack of discretion by being thrown in jail. However, a shining Light appeared to him and led him safely

out of the prison to freedom. The presence of the Light caused all the prison doors to open before him.

In time, influenced by Aceh's oppressive, fanatically-Muslim atmosphere, and having no Christian friend to show him the way, Omar got swallowed up again in Islam. Indonesia does allow freedom of religion, but the region of Aceh is an exception. There Christians are persecuted and even martyred. Omar became a very dynamic imam. Reminiscent of the apostle, Paul, he successfully persuaded at least 100 Christian families per year to convert to Islam during his 23 years as an imam. These were nominal Christians with no spiritual backbone, lured by offers of money. One of Islam's ploys is to offer people better jobs if they convert to Islam. He also closed down 40 Christian churches during this time.

The year 2012 became a turning-point for him. Troubled by a recurring dream about the Light and unable to forget his earlier vision of the cross, he began to seriously question the Muslim faith.

Becoming increasingly disillusioned, he expressed his viewpoint that the prophet Mohammed must have been a gangster!

Outraged, the Muslim leaders threw him in jail.

During this second stint in jail, the Light appeared to him again and asked him: "Omar, why have you never tried to find out who I am? Why do you never speak to Me?" And so Omar began to converse with the Benevolent Presence, the One who had been pursuing him his whole life, seeking a response and a commitment from him. He discovered for the first time the name of the Presence - it was Jesus. And Jesus, the Light, once again led him safely out of the prison, rendering him invisible to the jailors. He guided him through the city and soon he found himself on a bus on the way to North Sumatra.

Sumatra is a region of Indonesia that enjoys freedom of religion. Eventually Omar ended up in the city of Kabanjahe where he heard about our Bible School in Medan and was sent here. When he arrived at our school, he was already convinced about the divinity of Jesus. During the past week, he has received assurance in his heart that he is born again. He sits in our school very studiously taking notes every day. And it is our privilege to have him as a student.

THE MOSCOW EXPRESS

AN EVENT THAT CHANGED HER LIFE FOREVER

We first met Vera on a train trip from the Ural Mountains to Moscow. The comfortable side of the train has cushy compartments, but this time we were travelling by economy class. Known as platskaats, this side of the train consists of open coaches - there are no compartment doors, no privacy, and lots of people squashed into a small space. It's not very comfortable. However, it's a great way to connect with people.

I (Frances) was trying to get some sleep early in the morning when I heard a woman groaning in a nearby bunk. Her cries of distress intensified, suggesting that she was in great physical pain. Somewhat reluctantly, I rolled over in bed, suspecting that this was an assignment from the Lord.

I introduced myself to her and found out that her name was Vera, and she came

from a place called Communist Village! I began to share the gospel with her. Amazingly Gallia, the woman on the seat opposite us, turned out to be a born again Christian. (The chances of this happening in Russia are about as unlikely as finding a snowball in the Sahara Desert). The two of us began to fish together for Vera's soul. Initially Vera resisted and spoke scathingly about people who accept the Lord because they need a crutch in life. However, as the day wore on, the conviction would not leave me that she was in terrible need and that this was no accidental meeting. Finally I asked her if I could pray for her. Her face widened into a big smile and she gratefully acquiesced. I laid hands on her and prayed a prayer from my heart over her. She softened noticeably after this.

Some time later the thought came to me that she was at last open and ready

to receive Jesus into her heart. I was wondering how to do it because in the meantime two Muslims from Uzbekistan had joined us and the conversation had turned to other things. Suddenly out of the blue Vera piped up: "But when are you going to pray with me so that I can invite Jesus into my heart?" Gallia, our fellow-traveller, then led her in the sinner's prayer.

Directly after accepting Jesus, Vera ran to the toilet and vomited. I'm sure that the presence of Jesus in her life caused a demon to make a speedy exit. She looked like a brand new person after this and her countenance glowed. Needless to say, the two Muslims witnessed her conversion, and we were able to share the gospel with them as well.



Frances van de Berg

WALK WITH THE SPIRIT

STEVE & ILONA POTTER



Steve and Ilona Potter currently are part of the senior leadership team at Coastlands Church in Adelaide. This awesome couple have been working into Indonesia for the last 13 years. They are involved in various orphanages as well as local churches where they train leaders and demonstrate the power of God. Their hearts are fully committed to see the people of that nation established in the love of God and launched into a brighter future both spiritually and physically.

Ilona shared with us some amazing miraculous stories from their most recent trip and we have the privilege to share them with you. Keep in mind Indonesia is by majority a Muslim nation and has strict religious guidelines that forbid converting people to other religions. It is not illegal however to heal the sick!

For Steve and Ilona in their words "it is so much fun" to see God heal those who have been in pain or crippled. Recently they found themselves in a village where they came across a man limping in pain, which they later discovered, was caused by arthritis. This man spoke no English and both Steve and Ilona can only speak some basic Indonesian, but this little communication was enough to tell this man, after all the pain was completely gone, that it was Jesus who took his pain away.

At a local hotel where they were staying, Ilona heard a word from God regarding one of the staff members. She strongly felt that this man had a knee injury and so in faith she stepped out and asked the man if this was so. The staff member responded by saying yeah, yesterday he had injured his knee and the pain was so intense it was very difficult to walk. Ilona acted the only way she could and offered to pray for this man in the name of Jesus. Not days or hours later, but instantly this man was completely healed! The power and love of God was being released on the street, where they lived, out in the open and they had not even attended a church meeting yet.

In one of the prayer meetings during this trip Ilona had a strong sense of God's angels bringing a message of healing. In this meeting there was a pastor from Borneo who had a life threatening tumour, which caused him incredible pain. Hearing a clear message of healing for the meeting the team there prayed for this man and his testimony was that the pain immediately left and later upon inspection the tumour had disappeared!

Their time in Indonesia was filled with God encounters, people lives being radically changed. The cool thing is God is not about using us only when we go on "mission" trips but he loves

to move through us wherever we go! To finish off their trip Ilona went to visit her brother in Singapore. On the first morning while coming down the stairs she found her brother's maid in tears. The maid explained that she had fallen down the stairs and her right arm was in extreme pain. She had no movement in her hand and couldn't lift her shoulder.

Ilona offered to pray for her and this woman's expression of pain changed into a look of shock as the pain left her body. She kept saying: "It's magic! It's magic!" Ilona was then able to share with her that it wasn't magic, but rather Jesus who has healed her and he is an extremely kind God that loves her and doesn't want her to be in pain. This woman was then even more open for Ilona to pray again. After another prayer all the movement was restored in the woman's hand. Ilona shared some more about the healing power of Jesus with this woman and showed her how to pray. After some more prayer all the movement was also restored in her shoulder.

The maid's whole persona was transformed and she told Ilona that she was going to start reading a Bible someone had given to her.

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... STEVE & ILONA CONTINUED ...

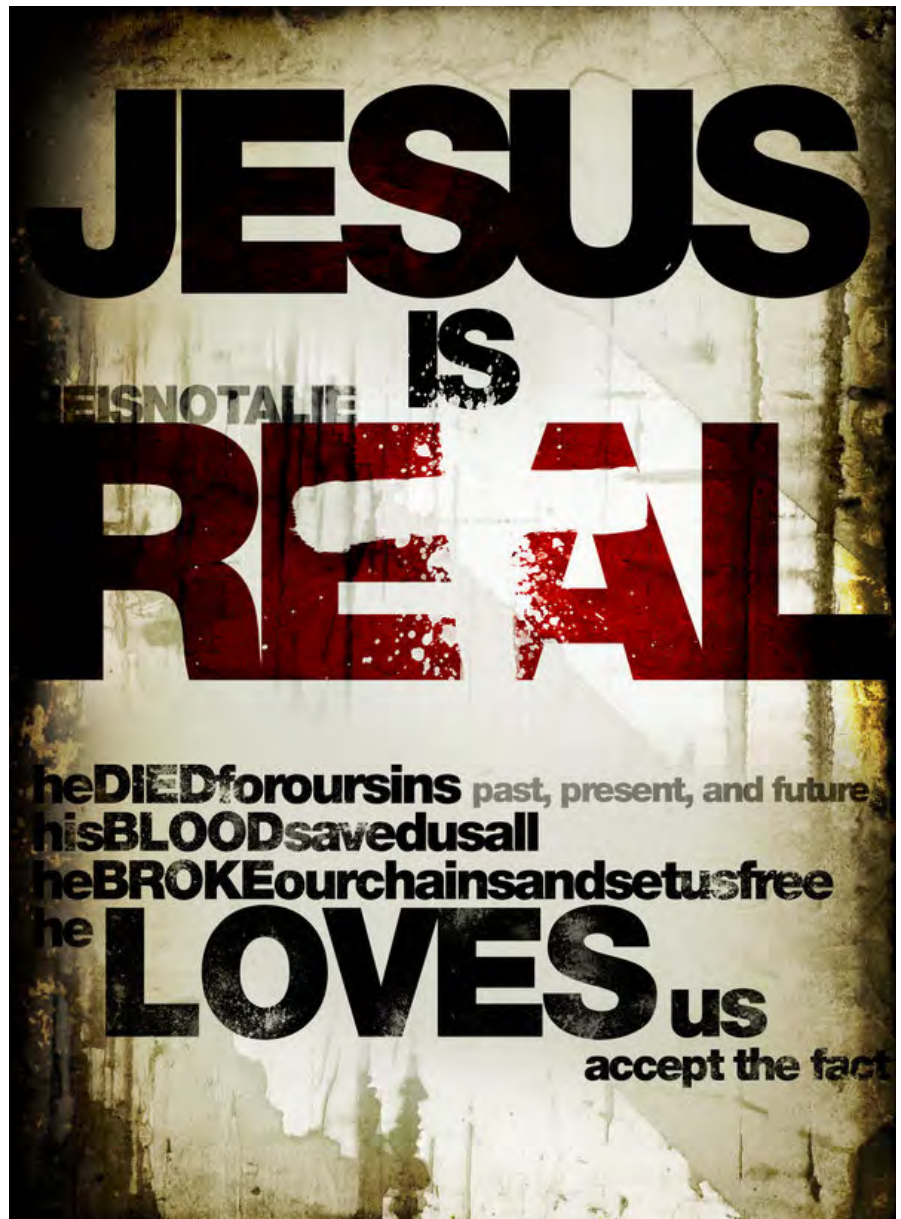
This couple do not just see God's power when they go on their mission trips, but they allow Him to invade every area of life and are open and sensitive to His voice. It's not just the people out in the poor countries who need Him, your neighbours do as well!

Ilona shared some more of her stories that make up part of her day to day life.

Ilona was on a flight in Australia when she asked God for a word of knowledge for a lady sitting next to her. She immediately saw a vision of a garden spade, so taking the plunge Ilona asked the unsuspecting lady if she liked gardening. The lady looked shocked at Ilona and said it was her hobby! Not only that but it was her business and she had just been to a gardening convention! The lady was inquisitive to how Ilona knew, which opened the door for Ilona to talk about God.

Ilona shared how God wants her to know He is real and truly cares for her. Another word of knowledge dropped into Ilona's spirit and she asked if this lady had a problem with her feet. Amazed this lady explained she had a problem in both feet and she was still in a lot of pain after recovering from surgery in the one foot. Ilona prayed for her and this lady started to experience a burning sensation in her foot and soon all the pain was completely gone! But God wasn't done yet, after her healing God spoke again and showed Ilona some emotional hurts the lady was dealing with and Ilona took the opportunity to spend the rest of the flight ministering the love of God to this unsuspecting lady. What a great opportunity to minister to someone on a plane, they can't get away!

Ilona wrote of another instance where an Avon lady recently came to her door. Like most people, Ilona wasn't really interested in the products as the Avon lady went through her sales pitch. But instead of pushing this lady out the door Ilona asked God for a word of knowledge. He showed her that this lady was suffering from a sore hip, so she asked the woman during her pitch if this was true. This woman stopped what she was doing and responded "I need to talk to you don't I?" She explained that she had been in a car accident with ongoing pain for months in her hip and shoulder. As Ilona prayed for



her the power of God clearly came upon the lady, although there was no other immediate change the Avon lady rang Ilona two weeks later to confirm she had been totally healed!

On another occasion while visiting her chiropractor he caught eye of Ilona's business card which says that she is a pastor. This man then spent the next 5 minutes telling her how he didn't believe in God but only science. Instead of giving into debate Ilona asked God for a word of knowledge regarding this man. One name started to resound in her head "Helen". She asked the man if he knows someone named Helen. Confused the chiropractor asked if she knew Helen as well. Ilona said that she doesn't know Helen, but God dropped the name into her heart and God

wants to reveal to him, that He is real and He loves him. Silence filled the room after that and now every time Ilona sees this man he is very nice to her. It is clear that God is doing a work in that man using the significance of that name that only that man would understand.

We have been so encouraged by these stories and we hope you are too. Steve and Ilona are an example of how God can move in every-day life where it is often thought to be impossible or not thought of at all. He can use you in different nations with language barriers, on holiday, in your plane seat, at your home or in the market place when you step out and trust His voice. Please keep sharing your stories with us, there are so many people that are greatly encouraged by them.



OCTOBER 17 – 20
THURSDAY – SUNDAY
CLAREMONT SHOWGROUND EXHIBITION CENTRE

Divine Healing

Freedom Life will be manning a booth at the 2013 Concious Living Expo. We will be offering 'Free Divine Healing' to anyone who needs it. This will be our 3rd year running, the previous years we have seen over 200 displays of God's raw healing power through our team.

This year we are excited to see it again!!

Look out for the next edition of Loved News for testimonies from this awesome opportunity.

freedomlife

DO YOU HAVE ANY...

**INSPIRING STORIES?
MIRACLE TESTIMONIES?
OR PRAYER REQUESTS?**

PLEASE SEND THEM TO:

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