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ALMOST HEAVEN IN THE WILDERNESS by Mike

Sitting by the fire at night, where our supper had been cooked, the local people and the team that came with me had a wonderful time sharing together things of The Lord. It was late at night when I walked back to my tent on top of the old Land Rover. I looked up at the stars. The moon was not shining and the stars were bright enough to walk without a light. The "milky way" looked like a streak of white had been painted that led to the Southern Cross. We were a

hundred miles from the nearest town, a hundred miles from the nearest paved road. The drive to get there was both challenging and exiting. We were at the end of the rainy season, driving through washed out paths, fallen trees, and plenty of mud. Hours of our drive were in the Kafue National Park, before turning to the west. It was not a good time to see wild animals, with the grass six feet tall and plenty of water everywhere.

The greatest thing was not the beauty of Chief Moomba's land and people. As soon as we arrived, the people were already gathered to hear the Word of God. This is one of the churches planted

back in October of 2019. It was also Good Friday. The church had cut logs and laid them in a clearing for benches. For the night service, people had walked from other churches and filled the place to overflowing. After preaching, I didn't need to give an "altar call". They came forward on their own "in droves". I won't take the time to tell of all The Lord did that night as the team prayed, except to say the next day even more people from more distant places came.



The Saturday night service was even more overflowing. After preaching, I asked people to stand up that wanted to accept Jesus Christ as their personal Lord and Savior. No one counted those standing, but I would guess it was two hundred people, or more. Two hundred people in such a remote place is a really big number. After praying the "sinner's prayer", the Holy Spirit fell on us. The joy of the Lord never stopped. When they departed for bed, they departed

rejoicing.

When we ate breakfast on Easter morning, we had our usual roasted sweet potatoes, which we ate holding in our hand like an ice cream cone. I think everyone woke up "high" on the Holy Spirit. The young men moved the log benches to a good place under a large grove of trees for shade. Something unusual happened during the main service. People started coming forward to

give testimonies. They gave God the glory for various healings, and changed lives. They kept coming until the local pastor cut them off by calling me to preach. At the end of the mes-

sage they sang very enthusiastically the old song, "I have decided to follow Jesus, no turning back..." Then, they came again with more testimonies! This time they not only told of how God had changed their lives, they pleaded with us to stay longer. Some even confessed the temptation to do something to our vehicle so we would be forced to stay longer. After the team convinced them we had to go, they begged us to plan on coming again and staying longer.

CONTINUED

from front

We started on our way home with a lot of chatter about the events of the weekend. I got off course, went around a sharp curve, and found myself in the mud. It was too late to stop and reverse. I "hit it" with all the little four cylinder would do. We were packed with luggage and things like bags of peanuts we were given tied on top, and people sitting everywhere. A full grown adult was sitting on the console between the front seats. I could see the people up front bracing for a sudden stop, while those in the back were cheering "go Mike go". My white vehicle became black and grey.

Like everything this weekend, we got the victory over the mud without any loss. We saw the victory in people's lives. We see everyday victory in Christ for the precious orphans living

and supported totally through this ministry. We see the victory in the many orphans (a few are not orphans, living in desperate conditions) outside of our homes that wouldn't go to school if not for sponsorship. We see the victory in churches like this one that are planted and pastor-ed because of the School of Ministry (MOT-MOT). We believe God for Linda's total victory over cancer. Victory in Jesus makes it possible for us to do these things through the precious prayers and financial support flowing from above through partners like you. Remain Faithful.



Prayer

For Linda's total victory over cancer.
 For the Easter move of God continue higher.
 For more churches in these very remote areas.

Praises

For great victory in the Moomba area.
 For HIM lifting me up in troubled times.
 For the great success of MOT-MOT classes.

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