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...ye shall have tribulation...

by Mike Jones

The atmosphere was charged with excitement after a week of glorious Bible School (MOT-MOT) sessions in Chabobboma, down in the valley by Lake Kariba. We loaded the old Land Rover with people and luggage probably weighing a couple thousand pounds, some tied on top. My Land Rover needed parts for repair, so my mechanic let me drive his. We started off laughing and singing as I drove the challenging dirt road full of holes, rocks, sand, narrow steep climbs, sharp curves, river crossings, and animals.

The little four-cylinder diesel engine is screaming, climbing a winding steep hill. I glance at the temperature gauge habitually and see it suddenly register hot. A hose clamp has broken and precious water is running out onto the ground. I found a hose clamp and put it on the hose, got water from a hand pump, bled air out of the cooling system (a must on this engine), and we are on our way home again. Climbing the two-thousand

feet, reaching the next small village, the temperature gauge shot up again. The old replacement clamp I found in the vehicle has also broken. Making a clamp from the wire I brought with me from home, finding



water, and bleeding the air off, we are on our way for the third time. Traveling a short distance, a sound was heard from the engine. A small water hose was spraying water.

I got that "feeling" (the Lord) to call my mechanic, the owner of the vehicle. After

walking to the top of a mountain, I was able to call, and he's on-the-way. Expecting him to arrive around 9pm, he hasn't arrived and it's getting cold. The four men remaining with me got a burning stick from a neighbor and made a fire. I put up my tent and laid down. Help arrived around 5am. While coming to help me, the mechanic's car began losing power, then picks up power again. That's why it took him so long to reach us. He had what he needed to patch up the vehicle and start off for home. We reached the next little place with a hand pump and got more water. While bleeding off the air, the engine made a noise and stopped running. The timing belt had broken. He had another timing belt and installed it, but the timing belt break had broken a rocker. We were running on three cylinders, which should get us home. People from a nearby church knew us and cooked us food from their huts and fed us well.

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We came to a small hill, now looking like a mountain. The mechanic is driving and shifts the transfer case into low range to get us up the hill. Something in the transfer case starts dragging, like a brake. He can't free the transfer case, so he goes for it until the transfer case starts smoking. The drive shafts (propeller shafts for the British) are taken off and a tow bar is connected to the Discovery. But the vehicle can't get up the hill because its power keeps 'cutting out'. We end up pushing the vehicles to the top of the hills. It was a long slow journey home (I got my exercise), arriving about twenty-four hours late, where my wife and boys ran out with arms open jumping up on me and carrying in all of the luggage needed for the journey and week of classes. We thanked God that night for making the way to overcome every obstacle, witnessing and praying for many along the way, and completing the mission.

Yes, the School of Ministry (MOT-MOT) continues, genuinely changing hearts of church leaders eternally. The students directly go out preaching and teaching the things God revealed to them through MOT-MOT. Our children's homes (orphanages) continue to raise blessed Christians. We had a child taken to the hospital, which is a rare event. God raised her up and all of the children are very well. Preaching in various churches always concludes with manifestations of the power of God. Camp meetings will keep it exciting here for the next several weeks. From my first year in Zambia, camp meetings, where several churches come together actually camping "under the stars" with church services day and night, is always one of the highlights of the year. I've seen God do exceedingly abundantly above all I could ask or think at Camp Meeting!

The number of churches has probably tripled over the time since we

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moved to Kalomo. That's on top of the number of churches probably tripling from the time we moved to Zambia until the Lord led us to Kalomo. In spite of the huge increase in bicycles, motorcycles, and cars, most people still walk to church. So, not many mega churches exist here. But, a lot of churches that used to have maybe a dozen people in attendance now have a couple of hundred. My newly wed wife has brought increase to the ministry in many ways, especially as we minister in the churches. All of the increases, including salvations, healings, deliverances, miracles, and empowering of the Holy Spirit, are the results that only come through the faithful prayers and support of faithful partners. Remain Faithful,



Prayer

For healing & health of all He gave us.
For Your ways to reach more of those calling.
For Your great manifested power campmeetings.

Praises

For great health of all You blessed us with.
For giving us vehicles that endure the journey.
For revival in Zambia, spreading world-wide.

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