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## LIVING WATER by Mike Jones

I “felt” an adrenaline rush right in the middle of teaching the class in Nkandanzovu, Soon after, my phone rang. Our children in Mapampi have no water. Finding enough water in that whole area is difficult. The first borehole we drilled was dry. The second borehole drilled had a hand pump we used for a few years before it completely dried up. The third borehole we drilled for the community school. It is still in use with a hand pump, but doesn't have enough water. Eleven years ago a team from Michigan came and ministered with us having much success. They saw our water problems and very generously provided financially for a new borehole and solar power. I installed the

solar pump and haven't spent one penny, not even touched the system, in eleven years.

Our house mothers know how to get enough water for our orphans while our repairs are made, which is not an easy feat. After organizing for the class to continue in my absence and taking my

tent down, a dust cloud reaching into the heavens rose behind my vehicle as I rushed home. After seeing we had plenty of water in the ground, and determining the problem was the pump, we had a good physical workout pulling it up. I was reminded of the words to a great song, “He never promised that the cross would not be heavy, or the hill would not be



hard to climb, He never offered our victory without fighting, but He said help would always come in time.”

We asked God where a new solar pump could be found. I believed the Lord directed us to Livingstone. We arrived as the two shops selling solar pumps opened.

No one in Livingstone had a suitable pump. “Just hold on, God will show up, and take us through the fire again.” The last shop had a brother in Christ that called people from competing companies in Lusaka (highly unusual), found the exact same pump that is perfect for us and the highest quality, and put it on a bus to Kalomo. We received it that very night. The

boys helped me prepare and install the new pump. We have water!

The children are such a blessing, as they grow up in the Lord. Like all of us growing up, they sometimes make mistakes, falling into sin. But they are very respectful, eagerly helping me with any-

thing, so much so that one may think they are perfect. The grace of God brought them to us blessing them with a miraculous childhood. Another miracle is needed for our orphaned children to earn a descent living in Zambia. With your prayers, we have no doubt it will happen.

# CONTINUED

# from front

I've witnessed changes in an entire large village, and even in their culture through The School of Ministry (MOT-MOT). During one of the early classes, two ladies were fighting on the church grounds. A church soccer team interrupted their game to fight the opposing team. When one of our students was absent, I was told she had set the hut on fire where her husband slept, trying to kill him. Few people have been to as many places in Zambia as I have. Nowhere have I seen or heard of such behavior. Today, the ladies that fought are mild mannered strong Christians. The soccer teams don't fight and don't play on their sabbath day any more. The "fire burning wife" has humbly repented and is a completely changed person.

If we can't change a village, we will never change the world. The students have changed their village. They have also planted several churches. The graduation date has been set. The village pioneers were forcefully moved from the valley when Lake Kariba dam was built, to

this very isolated place. Taking a university level course was not even in their dreams. Only a few have passed all of the exams. But all of them are unrecognizably changed into warriors for Christ. They changed their village, and go out to surrounding villages bringing the good news. Their children and children's children will change Africa and



the world. Every one of the many classes already graduated have changed their village and continue planting churches, but none of them have changed so dramatically as this very remote place. God answers your prayers.

When I'm preaching in a church where I've been before,

unless the pastor calls people to come forward, they stand where they are and lift their hands, otherwise everyone would try to move forward. We often sing, "Pass me not oh gentle Savior" in their language. They stretch their hands high, symbolizing spiritually reaching out to be sure The Savior doesn't pass them by. I can see in my spirit the lost calling on Jesus Christ,

the demon possessed (sometimes falling into the aisle) shaking it off, the sick shout as they receive their healing, tears stream down the faces of those desperate for a miracle as God dries their tears, as the Spirit of the Lord falls "heavy" on us. The raised hands come down. They "got" Him. He didn't pass them by. The impression on our

boys prompted them to start teaching on the Spirit of the living God to children and youth, just as my daughters had done years ago. "Seeing" King Jesus is the life changing good news. Thank you for helping us open the eyes of the blind. As we lift Him up, all that see Him will be Saved! Remain Faithful,

### Prayer

For our orphans to find their calling.  
 For new kids and youth Bible studies.  
 For Zambian missions sending movement.

### Praises

For Holy Spirit more powerfully poured out .  
 For the greatest harvest of food ever seen.  
 For revival fires spreading around the world.

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