

Mission To Liberia, Africa Tuesday, November 18, 2008

Zorzor Village

Tony:

Word spread all over this village of what God did last night. When we got to the crusade site tonight the people were pouring in. In many Muslim dominated areas we don't see the Muslims come out until it gets dark. The same was true tonight. There were thousands that came as darkness arrived. Apparently they had the area radio station broadcasting to Guinea and we saw a number of people that came many, many miles in hope of being touched by God. It was again an absolutely wild night. Arlene and Bobby picked up the musicians instruments and rocked the house with "Hallelujah Hey Hey Hey!"

As they gave over the service to us and I was talking to the people, I felt such intense hunger and anticipation in their hearts and voices. We began by showing them that any believer can pray for the sick. We had a lady that was in intense pain stand before the people while a believer that had never prayed for anyone and seen a miracle do the praying. An instant miraculous healing came forth. Oh Lord, make it clear to all that this is not about us! This is my continual prayer as so many tend to think that unless the whities pray for them they will not be touched.

We began to release words of knowledge and it got really crazy at this point. Words such as arthritic conditions, BUT none of the hard cases, as yet. People began to pour to the front. In a matter of seconds we were mobbed up on our (what we thought was huge) platform. To our surprise, as we began to question them about what they needed prayer for; we discovered that very few of the people had the words of knowledge conditions. There were deaf/mutes, blind people, and cripples all around us. They were poking me and grabbing at me for me to touch them. These tough cases just were not moving at this time, we needed to get back to the words. I escaped the intensity of those pressing me and got to the pastor with the microphone. We knew that we would have to clear the deck and get those up in response to the words that were given. It is absolutely impossible to explain the desperation in the faces and actions of these people. This has been a totally breaking trip for me, to see how much more I need to help these people.

Once they began to get the people up that were actually answering the words, the miracles were happening extremely fast. People, jumping and screaming and vibrating as His power and Presence came upon them. A man with every joint in his body hit with crippling pain, it looked like every joint in his body was vibrating. He began to jump and shout as he announced to all that he had received a miracle. After we had prayed thru all the people with the words we then moved into the deaf/mutes, then the blind then ended the evening, hours later with the badly disabled and crippled. We ended the night with hundreds of miracles and the knowledge that Salvation has clearly come to Zorzor.

Megan:

So, we're in Zorzor! I love the name of this town. We went into the market earlier today just to walk around and get a few things. While we were walking into the market there was a big group of school kids that joined us. They walked all through the market with us and Arlene taught them some songs. We were all dancing and singing in the middle of the streets. There was one real little girl, probably only about 5 or 6 years old. She was in a school uniform and carrying her backpack, she was really shy. She came over by me and I held out my arms to see if she wanted me to pick her up. She jumped up right away and I ended up carrying her all through the market. I went to put her down and she held her arms tight around my neck. She was so cute! I didn't want to leave her behind, but I just prayed blessings over her.

Tonight at the crusade, worship went really good! It sure was loud though. I gave a word of knowledge for someone that had concussion years ago and still had pain from it now. I'm not sure if that person came up or not, because there was a rush of people from all side that crowded us on the stage. There were blind, deaf, mute, and cripple. Which were called up yet so it got a little crazy for a while. It was a little tricky trying to find the people responding to the words, especially because of the language barrier. We didn't have as many interpreters this time. But I did find someone and began praying. I prayed for one lady who had pain all throughout her body, in her joints. She was having a hard time walking. After I prayed I motioned for her to move around, so she started stretching all over and jumping around. She smiled and said something in Loma. Through the interpreter I found out all of her pain was gone! So she went up and gave testimony. I prayed along with my dad and Arlene for a while also. We prayed for blind and deaf

mutes. After we prayed for the people with words, they brought up just all the blind people. I didn't see any completely healed but a lot of them got half their sight back. Next they brought up all of the deaf mutes. I saw many of them healed! The most exciting one was definitely the one Arlene was praying for. I was standing right next to the guy with my dad when his ears literally popped open! The look on his face then Arlene's face was priceless! I wish I could replay the moment. Last we prayed for all of the cripples. Pastor Tony had us all just impart healing anointing, because it was getting late and there were a lot of them. We are all believing to hear all of testimonies later saying they are healed! Praise God for everything He's doing here!

Arlene:

Well, I'm not even gonna try and make it sound like I'm chill. I'm sooooo notttt...definitely was a chill day today though. We headed up into town and were just roaming the streets of Zorzor <3!!! Somehow I keep getting SWAMPED with kids but I love it so much. Of course I had to start the pound-it-like-it's-hot with the kidsss...couple hand tricks...Hallelujah Hey Hey Hey! I love singing with these kids they're so happy despite their living conditions. Anyway, roamed the streets looking for internet and we didn't find any we just decided to look for bread. MMMMMMMM bread is amazing here!!! Yum yum yum yum yum!!! Haha. Anyway, roamed the streets of Zorzor...oOo, I kissed some delicious Liberian fish for the Miz Shelly...holla! Haha. Yes, we do have pics. ;-) Stopped by this sweet chill joint for some drinks and it turned out that majority of the band was there. I formally met everyone, they all just call me Kumba cause I gave them a hard time about telling them all my name. Anyway, went back to our room, chilled then got all readied up for tonight. Meg, Miz Kathy, Gibson → this one kid from the band, just hung out in front of the house. Almost like a picnic except without food. Lol. It was 10x cooler outside then in so we went with the advantage. Aight, y'all ready for thiss→ night started out pretty chill. While we were all chillin outside, miz kathy shared to me that she really felt like I should play one of our worship song for them here, that it would break whatever weirdness was in the atmosphere here in Zorzor. Well no lies, I've been having THE WORST withdrawal from not having my guitar to play and sing. Ever since we got here I have just had the strongest urge to worship, worship, worship with my guitar and voice but I haven't had the chance, so yeah I was really kinda captivated by the thought of just playing and singing. Anyway, as the night went on I just prayed if God wanted

me to do it tonight or tomorrow night or at all. Of course I was supposed to do it and P.Tony said tonight sooo got it all hooked up. I asked the sound guy for the band, Nat → [[[ayoo he real cool!!!!]]] if the guitar was tuned and if they'd mind if I sang and they didn't, soooo yeah. If you didn't know already, I still get nervous and weird every time we got to worship...it's not my comfort zone at all...but all I could think was if this is what needs to happen, then it will happen God because it's all about Him anyways right?! When I first started playing, I already knew uh-oh, the guitar isn't tuned...but just playing and knowing I was singing and worshipping overtook me and I was off. "Now unto the Lamb who sits on the throne be glory and honor and praise!!! All of creations resounds with the song, worship and praise Him, the Lord of Lords!!!" Idk how the crowd took it but I can honestly say I didn't care...I just knew my withdrawals were finally at ease, my heart was sooo high up and just YAY! Well after Lord of Lords we jumped into everybody's favorite...HALLELUJAH HEY HEY HEY!!! We hit up Fire Fall on Me and He is my Daddy-O [[[Guyana songs]]]. Fun worship straight up. I loved it! Jumped right into P.Tony speaking and then right into mass...mass...MASS HYSTERIA!!! Not even lying right now. Anywayz, everything started off pretty fast paced, pray and BAM small stuff gone. But after awhile I was beginning to see the little things take more than just one shot to move so I checked up with everyone else and see what was going on. The night had become a hard fight for healing as people whose sicknesses and pains were not called upon came up for prayer. P.Tony had everyone whose word wasn't called sent back down and more order was established as we tackled on the words. Everything moved instantly so we moved on to the blind. I prayed for a man who was blind in one eye and his eye opened up and he went home happy and blessed. There was another woman who had a cloud over her eyes and as we prayed her eyes opened up and she began to see very clearly. Well I was continuously checking with everyone just to make sure we were all on the same page. After speaking to P.Tony, Dad, and Meg I turned around as one of the dudes who was helping/praying for people tapped me on the shoulder. This is my first-hand account of the second-most memorable event of my missionary life. I turned around to face the dude and asked him what was up. He pointed to the man and said, "he can't hear & he can't speak." I thought to myself, 'okay, am I supposed to pray for him...I don't think we've called for deaf mutes, why is he up here???' I walked over to P.Tony and Dad and told them I had a deaf-mute in front of me...do I pray for him or tell him to wait until we call up for deaf-mutes. Apparently P.Tony had called for deaf mutes already...idk where I was for that and Dad was like DUH ARLENE. Lol. Hard night of battling mass

hysteria does that to you...lol. So I walked back over to the dude because I remembered I was supposed to be praying for someone and started asking the guy he had in front of me what he wanted prayer for. I asked him if he spoke English or Loma. I asked the dude by his side if he spoke Loma, the local dialect and he kinda looked at me like "uhhh hello???" At that point, dad tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Arlene, he's deaf." OMG I lost it. I was hysterically laughing as I realized how ridiculous I was being lol. It totally slipped my mind that the reason I walked over to P.Tony and Dad in the first place was because I had a deaf-mute in front of me. So funnyyyy!!! Anyway, I settled down some and began praying for the guy. He closed his eyes as we began to pray and so I prayed...still thinking to myself of course...WOW I can't believe I just asked this guy if he spoke English...anyways, this is all in a matter of seconds btw, I finished up the prayer and put my hands to his left ear and clapped quickly three times. On the first clap his eyes popped WIDE open and it freaked me out like WOAHH! I was like..."DID YOU JUST HEAR THAT???" and he was like "YEAH!!!" I started freaking. It was intense!!! I just kept asking and asking making sure I wasn't just imagining things and he totally could hear me. Everyone keeps thinking this is my first deaf-mute...it's not, I have already seen many ears opened on this mission. What got me so riled up and excited was the intense excitement and pure happiness and gratefulness he had for receiving his hearing. Anyway, after I was sure he was hearing me I started having him say Jesus repeatedly to triple check his hearing and practice his speaking. God was like woahhh. It rocked. If I had come all this way to Liberia, Africa for this one man, than my life is complete...but thank God he's used me for much, much more. I just know that this man's miracle made the whole night for me. It was great!!! God is greattt!!! Tanky tanks God!!! And Tanky tanks for all y'all prayers. Tomorrow is our last official night of crusades. I love LIBERIA!!! I'm not coming home...I wish. Blessingsssss!!! Love and Miss you fammm<3!!! Keep it straight church. Peace.

Harvey

Tonight was another power filled night but very different. When people would follow directions the anointing was strong and when they didn't the anointing would lift. We would give a word and people that had the problem would get healed fast and the ones that didn't have the infirmity would not get healed or it would be extremely slow. It was interesting to watch the way the Lord was moving. The Lord seems to have us still in training as He seems to be refining the

way we minister. It is getting much more critical to be completely tuned into the Holy Spirit and ready to change direction in a heartbeat. The healings went from fast to slow depending on how close things were following direction from the Holy Spirit. When just the ones with the infirmity came up, things went good and very slow when things got off course. I was videoing so I do not have any testimonies to relate. Thanks to all of the prayer warriors!! Later

Bobby:

Last night was the last night here in Zor Zor. I'm sure that we left this town a changed town. Both Foya and Zor Zor haven't had a crusade like this in forever. You have to figure that we traveled the equivalent of from Tampa to Chattanooga, TN to get to Zor Zor from Monrovia. The roads aren't nearly as good as I75 either. There's no way to really describe African roads, you just have to drive them. It's like I told Casey, if your butt were made of memory foam, it would never forget this trip.

Last night was kind of up and down. The people who came up for the words of knowledge were getting 100% healing but there were so many people who were coming up with illnesses that the Holy Spirit hadn't called up and the Lord just wasn't releasing healing for them. We waited until the end to call up the deaf, the lame, the blind, etc. Not a lot moved but we did see some partial healings and we believe that God is going to continue to heal long after we're gone from here.

This is the second night in a row that I dreamed the team was still praying for people throughout the night. Last night we prayed until there were no more people to pray for and then I believe I was able to fall into a deep sleep. It was strange that I would dream that dream two nights in a row. I guess Kathy and Tony had similar dreams last night. I'm just believing that we were in the spirit out

ministering to people who needed healing. I feel rested even though I'm sure I wasn't in a deep sleep much of the night at all.

Now it's on to the last stop on the ministry part of the trip. I believe the name of the town is Bonga. It resides in Bong County. Wouldn't surprise me if there is a problem with pot smoking there. Just a hunch. Hope they have internet there but I wouldn't count on it. I love and miss you Dee! Be home soon. Keep up the prayers.

Casey:

Wow what a closing night in Zor Zor. The worship went on for a long time and the atmosphere was once again becoming supercharged. Arlene even got to sing a song for them too and Bobby played bass. Ahhhh the sound of home it was good and Kathy and I flew flags while she was singing. After Tony preached we released a few words of knowledge. All the words given related to pain, only pain, big pain, big body pain, can you say it with me one time....pain....pain in your body. But as they released the crowd to come and received their healing, wouldn't you know it, all the crippled, blind, deaf and mute beat them to the stage. I guess the people must have had such bad pain they were moving to slow. The first part of ministry we had to strap on the gloves and start swinging. Every healing I seen I had to fight for; everything just seemed to be moving real slow or just small small. I think I hear the word small small one more time I think I'll scream. We have a BIG BIG God that does BIG BIG stuff not small small. Once we got to pray for the people for the words that were released the healing was coming super fast just BAM. That was nice because it built our faith level back up and the healing started flowing. Once all the body pain prayer was over, the deaf/mute, blind and crippled were released to come up to receive prayer. By this time we had already been praying for hours. We even out prayed the local pastors. The crowd was huge tonight. But we knew we had to keep going so we pressed in even harder. It was amazing to see how many people were still waiting for prayer. The

hunger level in this village seemed to be more than Foya. Back to the deaf mute people, we found it was easier to team up with each other as we prayed for the rest of the evening. So the first young man that Arlene and I prayed for, Arlene looked him right in the face and asked him if he could speak English. The young man looked at her with this dazed look in his eyes, not understanding a word she was saying because he was a deaf mute and was totally clueless. She was persistent and kept saying "look at me, look at me, can you speak English" holding the side of his face, I couldn't help but laugh as I tapped her on her shoulder and said, "he's a deaf mute he's up here for healing of course he can't speak English, not yet". At this point Arlene lost it and started laughing saying "awwww SNAP, are you kidding me". When she finally calmed down and placed her hands on his ears, what seemed like a thirty second prayer, the man's eyes flew open, and he started to look around because he was now hearing for the first time. Once again, Arlene went ballistic. She kept saying "can you hear me, can you hear me" He shook his head yes, so she then had him speak the name of JESUS!!! I then looked at Arlene and said "well, he speak English now". The excitement Arlene brought as this man got healed boosted everybody's faith and helped give us the last bit of energy to finish out the evening. The last young man that I prayed for was a deaf mute as well; he stood there almost all night with just about everyone praying for him with no signs of improvement. The man that brought him said they traveled all the way from Guinea, because he heard about the crusade on the radio and wanted his friend to be healed. So with everything I had left I cried out to God for his healing, and God answered and opened his ears. He began to speak for the first time. I believe it was his faith that brought about his healing. Just hanging onto the last minute.

Kathy

I don't even know how to start this report. I don't think I have even stopped praying since we started and it's like 9:00 the next morning. Like Bobby and Casey said last night was a battle, and in my spirit it hasn't let up. Healing came fast for anyone with pain; I don't think I prayed more than once and for about 30

seconds top for about fifty or so people with the healings from pain just going going going. WOW. Prayed for blind eyes that opened, some that didn't. Prayed for deaf ears that opened and some that didn't. But the thing that I know will impact me for the rest of my life was the last man that I prayed for. This man was probably in his fifties. He broke his back falling out of a tree 37 years ago and hasn't walked since. He came all the way from Guinea after hearing the radio announcement of this crusade. I prayed four or five times, feeling things moving around in his back. He said he wasn't feeling anything. I asked Bobby to pray with me and he was feeling things moving too. I checked with my interpreter who was the man that brought this crippled man to receive his healing. Then the man announcing the crusade started closing prayer. It was like a panic came over this guy. He pushed my hands away from him and grabbed the handles on his bicycle/wheelchair. He pulled himself to a standing position and he literally grabbed his healing straight from the throne room. He turned his atrophied body around, pushing helping hands away, saying sternly "NO" and he grabbed my hands, this man took three steps looked me straight in my face and said in plain English "I AM HEALED". We got him to sit back into his chair. His heart was pounding so hard, he was crying, I was crying, his friend was crying. I'm not really sure what, how, why, where how.... I just don't know, and I know it doesn't matter but it hurts, I have never, even through this whole trip, witnessed such faith. I thanked this man for the privilege of praying for him, I prayed continued healing and Thank the Lord for honoring this man's persistent faith and got into the cruiser to head back to the house.

Debbie:

Worship was very good...Arlene got to sing a song and Bobby played the bass. Then Tony preached a little bit and then words of knowledge were released. Anyone with the pain from the words of knowledge were healed instantly...no prayer longer than 10 seconds...pain go in Jesus name and it was gone! Anything else wasn't moving...and if it moved it was very slight. This went on for a while and the crowd was pressing in on us so we had to call everyone that didn't have

the pain from the words of knowledge off the stage. Once they were gone and only the people from the words were left things started moving again. More words were released and we started praying for blind eyes and deaf mutes. Some were opening really fast while others took some time. The crowd was very hard. Even when they received a miracle, they weren't getting excited about it...well some were of course, but the majority was very complacent. It's kinda weird actually, you would think that when you receive a miracle, no matter how big or small, you would be happy about it, get excited about it, something or anything. That's ok...I was excited enough for them. God is just amazing and I see it even if they don't. We prayed for so many people last night and so many things happened that's it's all a blur really, blind eyes, deaf ears...all open under my hands in prayer for the GLORY OF GOD! Amen.

Emmanuel

Testimony - The first night in ZorZor was one of a kind of healing that had ever done before me. A woman came for prayer, she was two and half bent, I mean one of the leg was longer than the other. She came limping, just then he was prayed for the leg grow. I praise God for Jesus.

Testimony – A man for twelve years he was having an open mold (this is a hemispheric break in the top of the skull where the two side do not close) This mad him sometime mad, with my own eyes, while we were praying I saw the open mold closing just like a machine compressing the head. At first he started crying my head and later on he felt cold in the head, he then place his hand, the place was closed. This is what he said “for 12 years I don't believe it will just ended like this. I'm a muslim, but I will follow this Jesus, he then gave his life to Jesus. May Jesus name be praised.

Testimony – **A muslim man told me that before we came to ZorZor for crusade he never knew about crusade, but he dream about the crusade. He saw heaven was opened in ZorZor.** An old man and other people coming down from heaven with white dress. The next day he was setting at home when he heard the sound of the instrument and he ask what was going on. They told him that the churchers in Zor Zor have crusade. He hen remember the dream few days ago. What really amazed him was what he saw in the dream was the same thing that was happening at the field and he said for true

Jesus has come down in ZorZor, he said I now believe that Jesus is the son of God.