



Dear Agapé Family,

Just came out of the massacre regions and wanted to update you all on how everything went. I daresay, that was one of the more intense prolonged trips I've been on. Thankfully we were so busy with the conference (going from one session to another, ministry and house visits) that we were too exhausted to fear or be intimidated by all that was happening in the region. The first night we were there, we heard shootings and yelling that unnerved us quite a bit - it turned out that the rebels were raiding a nearby village, I think people were killed. The guesthouse we stayed in was sheltering others who had to flee their homes because their lives were in danger. It reminded me of the movie **Hotel Rwanda**.

Nonetheless, it was quite a challenging environment for the subconscious. So much happening all around you, and you can see the deep trauma and hunger for hope in the people we taught... with each night that passed we thanked God that we were safe, and then prayed for others who weren't. We had to be ferried around behind tinted windows, not allowed to roam the streets freely - lest anyone spy us out. (Rebels were kidnapping for ransom, which made us big targets.) All the while tunnelling in on one session after another, pulling on heaven for powerful relevant revelation that will breathe life into people. But there was so much grace, and so much of the Presence of God. I felt so much of His heart for the hurting...

The conference went so so well.. It lasted 4 days, 8hrs a day. We had more than 10 denominations gather together with leaders from all over the vicinity (300 pax). It was such a powerful picture of a united church. We had all the Bishops from each denomination there - coming to listen to two young donkeys. I think they must have been shocked to realise their teachers were two young women (probably younger than 90% of the room...) But they received us with such warmth. It turned out that women there were not honoured in ministry, so God was sneaky with His choice of messengers. We didn't have to say much on the issue (although my friend Jessika did touch on Gal 3:28; and how the Spirit was poured out 'on all flesh'), but it gave some of the leaders the leeway to encourage more conservative denominations to raise their women up.

We taught on the pre-eminence of the Gospel, our identity as children of God, how to relate to God as a Father, how to walk in deeper communion with Him... Equipped them to hear His voice, move in His power to heal the sick, how to deliver others from demonic bondage... Many testified of how they were so grateful for such a revelation of God. Such a personal and powerful Gospel was new and Good News to them. At one point of time, the Bishop of the Anglican church stood up saying such transformative teaching was God's gracious gift to them, and exhorted the people to humble themselves to receive God's truth in its fullness.

We saw healings as they moved to minister to each other (all sorts of pain leaving, lumps disappearing, a lady with an incurable bone disease was leaping for joy because an intense pain she had lived with was suddenly gone, spinal issues rectified, etc.) What thrilled me was their expectancy and conviction as they ministered to each other. It was like witnessing God's power returning to His discouraged church.

I met so many heroes there... I could feel the Father's approval over them, and was desperate to keep speaking life and encouragement over their hearts. There was a pastor who faithfully served the despised & impoverished pygmies for 30 years. He travelled for hours each day to get to the conference on a battered, old scooter. I won't forget his face and how he humbly thanked us for the life he received.

We also sat with a pastor who had been kidnapped 3 years ago. He had been hauled off the roads while journeying back from a wedding reception. He was kidnapped with 2 others, and the day he was about to be killed; some soldiers in the camp were trying to cook a meal and start a fire when a storm began to brew. So they joked among themselves saying, 'If that pastor can stop the rain by prayer then we'll know he's not a fake.' So they made him pray. And the rains stopped! So they didn't beat him up or kill him; instead they asked him to get people to pay a ransom for his life. Eventually they released him, and two others whom he pleaded for. Unfortunately one died soon after from the beatings he suffered, and another went mad from the trauma. He told us, 'I learnt that if it's not your time, you can't die.' Amazing and sobering story. He still struggles with the trauma though, but serves God and His people so faithfully knowing his life was spared for a reason.

There's a world out there... with faith so commendable... that I have been changed and inspired to greater faithfulness in Him. Thank you for praying and supporting me always with such love. It's such a joy to be able to report back with 'family victories'!

Biggest hug,

Jem

Gallery



We flew into the region on a small 15-seater aircraft, airfield, first built for missionaries in the 1920s!
Thankfully the town we were going to had a small



After we landed, we were brought to a women's meeting. Imagine my surprise when I found out the most senior and recognised Mama in that area was called *drumroll* JEMIMA!



Praying for the Vice-Mayor: We then went with all the denomination Bishops to the Mayor's office to pray for the government. The access we were given was incredible.



Almost everyday, reporters from the radio & newspaper would come to interview us and listen in on the teachings. They would summarise what was shared and broadcast it in the region. Visitors and missionaries are very rare, many of those we taught had never seen a white person before. The photos never stopped!



Preached at the conference - our pastor ensured that at least 100 women were permitted to attend. So 100 women and 200 men alongside them. They were so attentive and HUNGRY.



On the last day we had some left over funds, and we really wanted to bless the people so we held a 'Lucky Draw.' We put our pastor's wife in charge of it and she was so thrilled (especially since these are her people). She ended up budgeting so that everyone had a present! Very egalitarian.

People had never experienced a lucky draw before - they were like children! Even the bishops!! We had everything from pens, to soaps, to washing detergent, sugar, jugs, thermos, Bibles, soccer balls.. it was awesome!

We also provided them with lunch everyday, and they were SO grateful. At one point of time, a pastor who was administrating things made a comment to the people saying, 'we know you're not here just for the food'. Which reminded me that many struggle with hunger here...

I think we preached and demonstrated the Full Gospel. Many hearts were blessed.