

Uganda Mission 2018

5/20/18

31 hours after leaving our house in Charlotte we arrived at our first hotel in Entebbe, Uganda. 8 hours later we got on a small private bus for the 13-hour ride over marginal roads to Arua in northwest Uganda. The next day we only spent 7 hours on the bus driving to and from a refugee camp of South Sudan people. And then, the trip home took 40 hours from the time we left the hotel in Rwentobo until we arrived home. So, this trip had a lot of grueling travel. But, it was worth it!



The first night of travel, Deborah got sick with light diarrhea and queasiness and her right knee was hurting from sitting on the bus so long. The next morning, she was still queasy and her knee was still hurting. So, she said, "Lord, if you want me to go to the camp today then take the pain and queasiness from me." The pain in the knee left instantly. The queasy feeling left after eating breakfast. So, with that, Deborah went and saw many healed that day.

We ministered the first Thursday and Friday in churches in 2 different South Sudan refugee camps near Arua. We found these refugees were traumatized beyond imagining by war, the torture and death of family members (often in their sight), and being run out of their homes, lands, and comfortable lives as they knew them. They arrived in refugee camps where the land is hard, not very productive, and the plots are too small to easily support their needs. Unfortunately, they are also sitting in a lot of bitterness and unforgiveness. Their hearts are so focused on one day returning to a peaceful South Sudan that they will not take the time to find ways to prosper where they are, developing a victim mentality and hopelessness.

There were about 250 people in the first refugee camp that we ministered to. Dan prayed for about 15 people and taught them to pray for each other and experience God's miracles operating through their hands. Of the fifteen people all but one (a baby, which we could not tell if he/she was touched) were either healed or in the process of being healed when we finished.

In the first refugee camp Bishop Chuck called out that God was healing deaf ears and about five people saw their hearing restored. In the second refugee camp that we went to the Bishop did the same thing only included shoulders too. There were 3 or 4 people that were deaf in one ear and one boy came up who was deaf in both ears. They were all miraculously healed. Bishop Chuck then asked Dan and Deborah to pray for a boy about 10 years old who was deaf in one ear. Dan got a lady, Joy, whose hearing had just been restored to pray and for this boy to be healed. Sure enough, God moved through her hands and healed that 10-year-old. We checked in several ways to make sure he was really hearing, and he was healed. At this second camp, again, Dan prayed for about 15 people and several said they felt things moving around inside their bodies. One boy who had a broken rib said he felt like the rib was going back into place and then the pain disappeared. All of those people were healed. One man had a bullet lodged in his shoulder. Dan thought it had gone through and through, but Deborah came up and with a Word of knowledge that the bullet was still inside of the man. She said that the bullet would come out on its own, without pain, as a sign that God had His Hand on this man. Several people felt warmth where they were being healed. Again, we had people praying for each other so they could experience the joy of watching God heal through their hands. One woman could not see well and after praying for her, Dan asked if she could see better. She said she could see a little better so, Dan got a business card out to see if she could read it. She was surprised he asked such a question because she said, "No, I could never read something like that." We and others around her prayed again and she said she could see better. We prayed one more time and she was able to read the letters on the card. It surprised her that this happened to her.



The refugee camps had been without rain for 3 months and they were really needing it for their crops to grow. The UN delivers water there, but not enough for them to survive. At the first service, the ground was so hot that you could feel it through the soles of your shoes. It was going to be very hot to minister to people outside in the sun. But, it began to rain while the Archbishop Chuck was speaking, and after it rained, it was cool enough to be comfortable while ministering to these precious people. The rain was truly a sign and a miracle of God's presence. When leaving that camp, you could see that it had only

rained there and nowhere else. The next day it rained on the second camp as we were leaving. You could feel the wind pick up and could see the clouds coming across the plain towards us. Again, this was seen as a sign of God's blessing on the people and on the team. As the word says, "Signs and wonders followed those that believe..."

On Saturday of the first week we spent another 9 or so hours on the bus traveling from Arua to Hoima where we spent the night. The next morning, we traveled only about 11 hours to get to Bundibugyo which is in far western Uganda near the Rwenzori mountain range made famous by Jane Goodall and her work there with the great apes. We saw baboons, but no gorillas. Most of Bundibugyo had been without electricity for months. The hotel we stayed in ran a generator (sounded like a freight train coming through our room) so we could have some electricity.



On the way to Bundibugyo, we made an unexpected stop at a church. They greeted us with fanfare, waving plants and branches, singing, and surrounding the bus as we wound our way to their church driveway. The little church was packed with about 200 people. They had a place in the back of the church where people would come in and lay down on pallets if they were sick. The pastor (Fr Sunday Luke) and parishioners would pray for them, sometimes for days, and when they were well they would leave. Bishop Hannington, the Bishop of the area, asked about one woman, why was she not in the hospital? The rector explained that she could not afford to go nor was she able to go that far. A few days later, that lady left the church completely healed. So, they had set up their own hospital of sorts!

Monday we ministered in Bazunga. A town near Bundibugyo on the border of the Congo. We ministered to mostly clergy and their wives (about half from Congo) that day. Archbishop Chuck taught for a while and then the team came up and began to call things out for healing. We did not form our usual lines but touched a few. Later at dinner at Bishop Hannington's house we heard that almost everyone had been healed in some way. Bishop Hannington's wife was healed, the rector had fallen on a boda boda (a motorcycle taxi) and hurt his wrist and he was healed, and many more. The next day on the bus, the rector told us how his wrist was now completely pain free. One of the clergy was healed from anxiety. He said that when he came into the church the level of anxiety was about 90 and when he left it was 0.

At this church in Bazunga, a man was left with a 2-week old child because the mother died in childbirth. The baby was very sick. The aunt who was helping care for the baby brought the baby to the front and explained she was giving it cow's milk. The Lord told Deborah that they needed to get a wet nurse. They did not understand because they do not breastfeed another's child in their culture. But, Deborah explained that the cow's milk was not good enough for the baby to survive and that it needed human milk. So that day they got a nursing mother to breast feed the baby. Later, the pastor said that the baby was throwing up and Deborah explained that

it was OK, that the baby needed to adjust and was possibly getting too much milk. Deborah felt that the baby would die without being breastfed, but that God had a future planned for the child and good things were going to happen for the child. Deborah also blessed whoever would be the wet nurse and prayed for good healthy milk. One of our parishioners had given some money for a needy family and Dan felt like this was the family to give the money to. So he gave the money to the pastor, who we knew we could trust, to help the family.

Deborah prayed for women to have open wombs and we are looking forward to hearing reports of babies being born by next year. Archbishop Chuck taught on being in Christ from several different perspectives at this church. The responses we heard were that they had never heard anything like that before and how much it meant to them to hear the message, that it was truly transformative.

On Wednesday of the second week we spent about 9 hours on the bus traveling from Bundibugyo to Rwentobo in southwestern Uganda for the revival conference. As we left Bundibugyo, we went through Bubuquanga where we trekked down a dirt road past huts to find a girl named Rose whom Archbishop Chuck and the team had prayed for 3 years ago. At that time, she was blind and was in pain when we started praying. As we prayed, the pain left and she said she went from seeing all black to seeing all white. So, he told her that God would continue the healing that He had begun. About 2 days later, after we had left the area, she received her sight. So, we wanted to find her and see what God had done. We found her working in a field. She is now 18 and this was her first time being able to see the Archbishop and some of the others who had prayed for her 3 years before. Through her testimony, many in that area have been saved.



A little later, as we passed through the Rwenzori range (with peaks over 15,000 feet) we passed a place where a truck or bus had gone over the side of the mountain. We could not see the vehicle because the slope was too steep and went too far down. There was debris scattered going down the trail the vehicle made going down the slope. Some of the debris looked like clothing. The problem is that there will be no help for the people if there are survivors because they have no emergency responders. So, whoever was in and/or on the vehicle were likely dead. We don't know how many people were involved. Poverty has many faces.

Thursday morning at the revival conference, Archbishop Chuck spoke and he and the team spent a few hours ministering to the sick in a prayer tent. The prayer tent was about 20 feet by 40 feet and stayed packed the whole time. People lined up outside the tent awaiting their turn to be prayed for. The team probably prayed for about 400 people that day. As we have come to expect, most people were completely or partially healed of physical ailments (aches, pains, headaches, joint pain, etc.). Several were set free from tormenting thoughts, demons (demons moving around inside them, aches moving around in their body, demonic thoughts, etc.), depression, etc.



On Friday we prayed in the prayer tent, again, for about 400 people. After Archbishop Chuck spoke in the morning and before going to the prayer tent, we began to call out various conditions in the crowd that God was healing. There must have been 2,000 people who

responded to the calls and most of them said they were healed after we made a group prayer for them. Things called out included deaf in one ear, chronic headache, various specific joint pains, female cancer, depression, etc. We really felt the power of God moving through that crowd as we prayed for the people and we could often see it on faces when the Lord healed them. After the prayer, most of the people waved their hands saying they were healed. We could not help being moved to tears watching God love these people through miracles of all kinds of healings. We later heard that a man who had a cancer tumor on his tongue was instantly healed during this prayer and the tumor fell off of his tongue. In the prayer tent that day, Dan had a chance to lead someone to the Lord, prayed for his interpreter to receive the Holy Spirit (she started speaking in tongues and it was a while before she could stop), watched God heal many aches and pains and opened a deaf ear. Dan got to pray for a 14 year old boy, brought by his mother, who had not spoken in 5 years. We prayed for him 3 different times and when he left the tent, he was speaking words and phrases. His mother was ecstatic. Dan also prayed for a 16 year old boy, also brought by his mother, who had obvious mental problems and had not spoken for 8 years. He anointed the mother's hands to pray for the sick and instructed her to pray for her sons healing. When they left, the boy was still not speaking. But, the next day she brought him back and asked for more prayer. She explained that after praying for him the day before he had calmed down (she had problems with him running off and being uncontrollable) and she knew God had started healing him. So, we prayed with her for him again and gave her a prayer cloth with oil on it to take home and keep praying for him. When we got back to the hotel Friday night, a woman came to the hotel with her husband. We had prayed for her on Thursday and she was healed. She told her husband who is working in Kampala (about an 8 hour drive away) about it and he drove to the conference, picked her up, and brought her to our hotel so the team could pray for them. Archbishop Chuck asked his Canon Healer (Cn Dan) to anoint them with oil, and when he did that, the Lord asked the man what he was afraid of. He said witchcraft and neighbors who were cursing him. That was a great opportunity for us to know how to pray for them.



One of the team members (shown in the picture to the left) has had deteriorating hearing for decades, and about 10 years ago she started wearing hearing aids. During this trip, she had many opportunities to pray for deaf ears and watch the Lord heal many deaf ears. About half way through the trip the hearing aids began to hurt her and she took them out. Then, slowly, she began to realize that her hearing was improving. By the end of the trip, her hearing was completely or almost (she had a hard time deciding) restored.

One of the funny things we saw a few times were people that were helping pray for others would all of a sudden start remembering other things they needed prayer for in their own bodies because their faith was being bolstered up by seeing others healed.

At dinner one night, we prayed for one of the African CEC bishops who had a hernia. As we prayed for him, one of the prayer team said he sensed that the Lord was stitching together his muscles. After we prayed, the bishop said that even before any hands touched him he felt things moving in his abdomen as if it was being sewn up.

On Sunday, Archbishop Jones spoke in the afternoon and again called people forward with words of knowledge about healings. Once again, we were moved to tears as we watched thousands of people who were healed of all kinds of ailments. Because it was so late when Archbishop spoke (he was scheduled to speak to at 10:45am and did not start until after 3:30pm), we were not able to minister in the prayer tent that day. Later that evening, we met with the coordinator of the conference and he explained how glad he was that we had been there because he and his

team had been getting a lot of criticism from local clergy questioning their charismatic/Pentecostal ministry. But, he said, our visit brought validity to the conference and their ministry because it is not possible for anyone to deny all the healings that happened. He also said that they really need us to come back next year and train their people how to pray for the sick because nobody knew how to do that.

The terrain was beautiful with hills lush with vegetation, fields of tea, corn, soybeans, sunflowers, banana trees, avocado trees, mango trees, etc. The mountains were spectacular and there were rapids and waterfalls rushing in many places. On this trip we saw baboons, elephants, hippos, zebra, antelope, the Ugandan national bird (crested crane), and their very long-horned cows, and many other animals. In one spot along our way there were baboons in which one stood out because he was showing off riding on the front of a car (king monkey).



But, then there was the flip-side of that scene with the dusty almost undrivable pot-holed roads, slippery muddy areas from too much rain, and town after town of kiosks and people, boda bodas (motorcycle taxis) with unbelievably large loads. The country is extremely poor and most of the people live in little clusters of thatched-roof round huts.



We had two teens (one shown in the picture to the left) from Selma on this trip. This was a life changing time for them. They had a little bit of cultural shock seeing women openly breastfeeding babies, men urinating out in the open, bathrooms that were just holes in the ground (sometimes they had porcelain holes), and the occasional toilet with or without a seat. We sometimes don't appreciate what we have in the USA. However, this did not deter the desire of these teens to do another trip in the future. They were excited to see the miracles as they prayed

for people and to have had the experiences one only has in a third-world country. But, they were ready when it was time to go home and were looking forward to a Big Mac, fries and milkshake. Chapatis (local flat bread) and bananas are just not the same.