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Phase One - Kisumu

Day One

After 36 hours of traveling and close to 50 hours without any real sleep, we drove over bumpy mountain roads to a church in Uranga, Kenya. It didn't matter how weary I felt, these people were anxiously waiting for me to come, and I just couldn't let them down. I figured I'd survive, but I couldn't bear to disappoint their anticipation. This was a big deal for them to have someone come all the way from America to see them. I don't know what the Pastor had told them to build up my presence, but I had a feeling it was more than I was worthy of.

This church started under a grove of Mango trees on the outside of town with 27 people, and has now grown big enough to have their very own building.



I need to clarify what a building means. Most buildings here are made from rough stones that are stuck together and daubed with mud. The homes are simply mud that is made from a mixture of cow dung and sandy loam – yes, you heard me right. I'm sure there is a rather coarse way to say it that would bring some laughs, but it actually makes a type of hard cement once it is dried. (At least that's what they are telling me, but I keep wondering what all that snickering is that I hear in the background.)

Top those mud walls off with a grass roof and you have your typical standard mud hut. It is actually surprising how strong they are. Of course, as you can imagine, rain eventually erodes them away after a few years. It's kinda funny seeing a half-melted house every now and then that looks like it had been made out of chocolate.

Their new church building is very small, and there isn't any way it could hold all the people that have come to see me, so they have expanded it with long poles cut from trees and a canvas tarp overhead, and reed panels for walls.



They were all there waiting for me when I arrived as if they were waiting for a celebrity to show up. It can make you feel funny if you don't put everything in perspective. They see me as a representative of God who has come to open up the Bible to them.

I have to be careful to maintain that status because it is not I that will benefit or suffer, but the image of God's mercy and compassion to them. Personally, I don't know what I am doing here or what is coming next, but you can feel a certain flow in the air as if the Lord has already planned out. I'm just there to go along with the program.

These people do everything in song. Several times, I was greeted in places with a special song just for me. I'm a little bit overwhelmed with all this attention and I feel like I am just acting out a part, but I need to keep it all in perspective and follow God's leading.

When I arrived at the church, they lined up all the kids who sang several songs of greeting. I tried to capture it all on the camera, but I don't think you would ever be able to catch the real feeling in the air. All I can say is that it was impressive. It just grabs your heart when you hear these people sing, and it just carries you away.



These people do not have money – any money. They work the fields for survival, and pray that it rains. When it doesn't rain, they are just out of luck. They don't have hurricanes or tornadoes to worry about, but drought destroys them. When it does not rain, people die.

But they have faith -- lots of it -- and that is where their riches lie. I imagine this is what it was like out on the edges of the frontier when our American pioneers forged their way into the wilderness. At least on the surface, it has that romantic appeal to it, but seeing the reality of it, I can now understand the hardships they faced back then, because I see what these people go through in their daily lives.

Services were supposed to be short because I hadn't slept in two days, but once I was introduced and started speaking, I just couldn't stop. It just kept pouring out of me. Here were all these hungry souls with hearts wide open, begging to be fed, and the Lord just kept pouring it out, so I just kept rolling on. And this was just supposed to be an introduction to the next few days!

At the end of services, I challenged them to ponder what I had told them and that, before I left, I would ask them to make a decision to come to a place of broken-hearted repentance at the altar. One man stood up and cried out that he didn't want to wait until tomorrow – he wanted to pray now,.



Well, never put off 'til tomorrow what the conviction of the Lord can do today, so I told him to come on down and let's pray. As I finished praying with him, I opened my eyes and, sure enough, they were all down there at the altar. This wasn't what I had in mind – I'm not one for showy displays of churchy holiness – but there was no stopping it now.

I went down the line, one after another. There were no supernatural things that happened, just deep poignant prayer. That's the way I like it – serious dedication to cry out to God without all the fluff.

At the end, just as I was praying over the last ones, a huge wind blew in that almost tore down the reed walls and canvas roof. I wondered if it was God or the devil that sent that wind, but, since I didn't get any overt answer, I figured this was a good time to close services and get to the hotel for some much needed sleep.

It will be interesting to see what is in store for tomorrow.



Day Two

This is a brand-new experience for me. I am looking down a long road that will stretch for 30 days, and I have no idea what is in store for me. The anticipation is mixed with an excitement and a small touch of trepidation. I have this sense that I am about to fill a role that I have never played before. The question keeps rolling through my mind, “What on earth am I doing here? How did I get here?” And yet, mixed with the mystery and uncertainty, there is a strong sense that God is leading the way.

Today it begins -- the real start of the mission. There will be two full services today, and all that goes along with it. I’m a little apprehensive, but I will have to just cinch up my saddle, get on the horse, and ride it out.



We are way out in the bush. Electricity hasn’t made it this far yet, and won’t for months to come. They use those old-fashioned sewing machines that work with the foot pedal. In my Day Planner, I have a picture of one of these old-fashioned sewing machines. They saw the picture and noticed that the caption said it was from 1846. They were shocked. America had these sewing machines 150 years ago!

They have asked me why America has all these wonderful things while Africa is so far behind. I carefully sidestepped that with an answer that I honestly believe – America was founded on the Gospel of Jesus Christ by believers who were willing to pay the price to establish a land that honored God. As a result, God honored America. I don’t know where our country is heading these days, but I believe that’s what got us this far.

The town of Uranga has the look of an old Wild West movie set, complete with dirt streets, high sidewalks with posts for the building overhangs, a lineup of small adobe-looking buildings on the main street, and the sun at high noon. I keep expecting Clint Eastwood to come walking out from around one of the alleys.



There’s not much for amenities, but thank God, at least they have running water – it just hasn’t made it to their bathrooms yet. As a matter of fact, all they have for bathrooms is a hole in the ground or a large bush out back. This is their life. It is raw and primitive, but it is all they know, and it is all they expect.

But you should see the look in their eyes when they corner me and ask about America. They look upon America with awe, the land of opportunity, prosperity, and riches -- the city on the hill. Everybody you speak to harbors a desperate desire to go to America some day. Everybody. It is their impossible dream.

I keep telling them that although America may have so many things that they don't have, they've got something that we lost along the way. You can see it on their faces during services and when they pray. They don't have all the things that the world can provide -- all they have is their hope in God, but it fills their heart.

Oh, how I wish I could bottle this and bring it to show everyone back home. It shines in their eyes and reflects off their upraised hands. You can hear it in their voices when the praises ring from the depths of their hearts. You can feel it as they sit on the edge of their chairs while they drink in every word you say. You can feel it in their softened hearts that they stretch wide open to receive everything from God that they can. You don't see anything like this in America.



For each service, the Lord is giving me a surprising amount of clarity concerning what I am going to speak about. It's like I know exactly what to bring for the message. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised. After all, I've been leaning on the Spirit of God for years to bring the message on radio each week, but it seems there is an extra clarity that has been given to me these last two days. There must be some sort of special plan that God has at work here. I guess all I have to do is go along with it, and see where it takes me. This may turn out to be quite a fascinating trip when it is all said and done.

The response from the people is overwhelming. I wasn't surprised that they wanted to come down to be prayed over for healing and needs. Shucks, that happens everywhere. It was the intensity with which they came down.

During the morning service, they swamped the altar, falling to their knees with loud praying in a language I couldn't understand. I felt like I was in the midst of a hurricane, but I just worked through the prayer line one person at a time.

I would have like to have felt something a bit more supernatural during the altar call, but the truth is, I just prayed with all my heart for each and every one of them. I thought of a similar scene when I was in the Philippines when each time I laid hands on someone, the Holy Ghost would fall on them. This time, however, I didn't feel anything overwhelming -- it was just serious, heart-wrenching prayer. These people have drastic needs, and I have to trust the Lord that He will minister to those needs as only He can.



At the end of the evening service, I gave an altar call for salvation. Wow. Any preacher would have given his eyeteeth for this altar call! I didn't count how many people came down, but there was a bunch of them.

Normally, I pray with each person to help lead them through a prayer of repentance, but this time, I was frozen and couldn't move. They were instinctively on their knees, crying out to God at the top of their voices, with tears of broken-hearted repentance rolling down their faces. I stood there, not knowing quite what to do, but if the Lord wasn't telling me to move, I wasn't moving. I had to step back and just let it roll.

When it finally died down about 10 minutes later, I was able to pray with them, but not until then. You could feel a presence of the Holy Ghost in the air that was so strong it was humbling. That's the best word I can think of to describe it. It was like being overwhelmed with the presence of God.



Exhausted and drained, I headed back to the hotel. At least that's what they call it. It is more like a worn-out, faded picture of some former hotel in the tropics with Humphrey Bogart. No hot water, no phone, broken toilets, peeling linoleum, and dirty walls – and this is the best hotel in the entire area.

But all I saw was the bed. I saw nothing else until morning.

Day Three

This morning, they wanted me to speak to the leaders of the church and instruct them on how to run the House of God. The Lord gave me exactly what to say almost in outline form, and they thought it was great! All these years in the ministry has given me the opportunity to gain a lot of insights into how churches should be run, how to care for the congregation, and how to fight the devil. Most everything has been learned from experience and experience is the one thing they do not have here.



All this time I have felt like a 12-year-old kid trying to walk around in an adult's shoes. I have been thrust into a position of authority in an unfamiliar setting. What I am doing is something most evangelists have years of training before they attempt. I am stepping out in blind faith with nothing and no one to hold onto but the leading of the Lord. I may not know what I am doing, but I know that He does, and I'd rather do it this way than in the typical denominational processed method.

Two more services, morning and afternoon. I feel like I am in full swing and doing great. I can feel the Word just flowing out of me like milk pouring out of a cistern. People are still flocking to the altar, and I find myself praying so hard with them and wringing out my soul so hard, that I am drained by the time each services ends.

As yet, there have been no miracles, neither have I felt anything supernatural, but I console myself that John the Baptist did no miracles either, and he was the greatest prophet born of woman.

In the Philippines, it was different. A lot of extraordinary and supernatural things happened there, so I know that it's not a problem with me, but it is a different way in which the Lord is dealing with these people. Still, it bugs me that, as hard as I am contending before the Throne of God with each need, I am not feeling any answers come back down.



Yesterday, I prayed over a baby that had Malaria. Today, she died on the way to the hospital. That was a hard blow for me. I am supposed to lead these people to faith in the power of God, and yet I couldn't do anything for that little baby.

I know, I know. It's not my job to do miracles; that's God's job. I am just supposed to show up, be crucified to His will, and let Him do all the work. Still it is hard to hold a little baby in your arms in the morning, wring out your heart in prayer, and hear that she died that same afternoon. Sometimes, it is so hard to understand God. I am just hoping that He answered some of the prayers from these last two days. Boy, I sure would feel like a failure if none of them got answered.

The people don't seem to be fazed by it, though. I'm still a celebrity with them. The kids, especially. The adults may think that I walk two feet off the ground, but the kids are not at all intimidated. They are all over me. They surround me and stare and grin. "How are you? How are you?", they keep saying over and over. It must be the only broken English they know, so it makes them feel connected to me. That, and rubbing the hair on my arms. They haven't seen hair like that on someone, so they are fascinated with it and everyone has to have a turn feeling it for themselves. I must look like a big white bear to them, but they get a kick out of it.



I still a little bummed out. I want so much for these people, and I wonder if I am really delivering. Maybe I'm just tired, exhausted, and drained. It will probably take me a while to get over the long flight to get here.

So it's back to the "African Queen" hotel and crash for the night. It would be nice if they had hot water, but I'm too tired to care.

Tomorrow is another day.

Day Four

Today, we finally got to services on time. There is such a thing as “African time” and it is not constricted by any schedule. *Hakuma Matata*. “You get there when you get there” describes the urgency of African time, and our driver believes in it with all his heart. After realizing he would lose his job if he didn’t show up on time today, however, he picked us up when he was supposed to.

Then guess what. We got there on time, and no one at the church was ready. You just gotta laugh.



Today is the big Sunday morning service. The place was packed, and everyone was in their Sunday best. Sunday best for the men sometimes looks like mismatched clothes from Goodwill, but you could tell that they wore their finery with a heartfelt reverence for the House of God.

When I think of how some of us come to church, taking pride in the fact that we dress “down” instead of up so we can show how humble we are, it embarrasses me. Here these people have so little, yet they wear it with so much pride to show respect to their Lord and Savior. Back in the States, however, we seemed to have gotten it backwards. We think that somehow dressing up is showing attention to the carnal.

This was my last service here, and you could feel the anticipation rise. I don’t feel like whatever it is that they think I am, but I have no choice in the matter – I have to preach the message that the Lord has given me. You should see these people as they squeeze in on the edge of their chairs so they can catch every last crumb that is delivered. What hunger for God!



And then the last Altar Call as we closed services. I thought everyone had gotten saved by now, but what do I know? They filled the altar and started a 2nd row! People had come from several other places just to hear the American evangelist, and got filled with conviction during the message.

I don't know if that's what they were expecting or if it was something completely new to them, but nevertheless, they came down to get saved. I thought they didn't understand me clearly and were coming down for me to pray for their different ailments, so I kept saying, "This is not for prayer or healing or problems. This is strictly to get saved!"

Stupid me. They understood perfectly; I was the one who didn't understand. These people are starving for God, and they want the real experience of having a real personal Savior. They knew in their hearts that He was waiting for them at the foot of the Old Rugged Cross, and they flocked to the altar.



By the way, did I mention that I was excited? I felt like I was floating on air. The Spirit of the Lord fell down like a cloud – real gentle and all over. I thought about the people back home who criticize me for believing in a Sinners Prayer. How I wish they could be here and experience what this is like, especially when all these souls raised their hands at the end and started praising and thanking the Lord. Wow. You just had to be there. And they kept on thanking and praising Him. And kept on, and kept on. They just couldn't get enough!

It is times like these that it doesn't matter how much money you have spent to get here. Nothing can replace the glory that you experience when you see a crowd so excited and so thankful for being saved.

And then it was time for the Baptism service down at the river.

The river is 6 km. away, but it felt like 10 miles on these bumpy, backcountry trails. These people have to walk there through the bushes and dirt pathways. Very few even have enough money to own a bicycle to ride there, so I naturally was concerned about how many people would be able to make it there. Stupid me, still thinking in terms of how Americans would react.

I needn't have worried, there was a crowd waiting for me all along the banks of this muddy African river, way out in the boondocks. I'd never done anything like this, and I thought this was the coolest thing I had done in a long time. I guess they thought so too.



I stepped into the river and immediately sank all the way up to my thighs. The mud was so deep and soft that all I could do was slop around in it and try to keep my balance. We had to put long poles in the mud so people could keep their balance as they made their way into the water. Let me tell you, it was not easy. But once we got a system of helping hands and poles stuck in the mud, we got along fairly well. It made for quite a few laughs and some unforgettable moments, though.

One hundred sixteen souls came into the water to be baptized. They just kept coming and coming. I can't say I was jumping up and down from excitement because I was stuck in the mud, but it was something I'll never forget.

Thank God the Pastor was there with me. Not only did he hold me up from being carried away by the river's current, but there's no way I could have pronounced those names. Their pronunciation is nothing like ours. "Eric" becomes "Ahhh-reeek"; "Janet" is "John-eet"; and so on. You get the picture. Here we are during one of the most important moments of their life, and I can't figure out what their name is.

Some people came in and out without a peep; some came out of the water with hands raised and praising the Lord. There were some, however, that had a reaction I was not expecting.



Several people, when they came up out of the water, started having seizures and screaming. The people that were there didn't act surprised, but just dealt with it like any other normal problem. Let me tell you, I was a little freaked out. I had heard that there was a lot of demonic activity in Africa, and I have seen and cast out demons myself, but I just wasn't expecting it at a baptism.

"Lord, what on earth is going on here?"

Then it struck me that, just like in the Bible, these demons were coming out of these folks as they rose out of the water. In speaking to a missionary at the Nairobi airport who had been here for years, she said it was those demons trying to get back in. In or out, you knew something more than just getting a dunking was going on.

Once I had a grip on that, things went smoothly, but I have to say, I don't think you'd see anything like this in a normal baptismal service back here in America.

After it was over, we all gathered together for one last word before I left. I felt like Paul leaving the Ephesians. Here were all these faces pressing close to me as I said my goodbyes. You know, most of the time I just move on to the next place or assignment without a lot of emotion – but not this time. I didn't know anyone, I couldn't speak the dialect, I had very little personal contact with them, but all of a sudden, this was getting hard. Here I was, a baldheaded white guy from America who didn't really do anything great, like healing the sick or doing miracles, but they were so full of thankfulness and love as they all came up to shake my hand and say good-bye one last time. Boy, talk about a great ending!



What a day this has been. Now it is off to Nairobi to another set of pastors. I don't know if they can top what I've just been through or not. On the one hand, it would be great if there was a whole lot more of what I've just experienced. On the other hand, I'm gonna be one worn-out puppy if there is.

The pastors in Nairobi have called to tell me that they are all waiting for me. I feel like I'm on parade or something. I wish I could just slip in quietly, but I guess I have to play the role of the Great American Evangelist.

I guess that's not fair. They just are happy to see me. I just feel like I'm not what everybody thinks I am, and what are they going to think when they finally find that out?

Oh well. I'll worry about that when and if I ever have to. God is here, and He is definitely in control. Good thing, because I haven't got a clue about what I am about to enter into, but there is this distinct feeling that I am simply following a plan that has been laid out before me, and all I have to do is follow the script and let God take care of the details.

If that weren't the case, I'd really be in trouble about now. Thank God for His Holy Spirit.

Phase Two - Nairobi

Day 5

Today we start in Nairobi. The Pastors that I will be ministering with have picked me up at the airport and taken me on a grand tour of the city.

I almost have to laugh when I first lay eyes on them. Somehow, I had this picture in my mind that I was going to meet a set of fat, official looking bishops and churchmen dressed in gray, button-down suits. Instead, I am greeted this skinny little black man dressed in worn-out, mismatched clothes that hang loosely off his lanky frame. But what a smile! His grin takes up about half of his face, and I am immediately drawn to him.

His companions are dressed a bit rougher than he is. One of his assistant pastors looks like he has come out of a mission downtown, but he never stops grinning. He doesn't say much -- just grins. Pastor John explains that he doesn't know English, but wanted to be here to greet me anyway. I can see it in his bright, shining eyes. He is genuinely excited to meet me.



I feel apprehensive as I begin this journey, even though I've done this kind of thing before. There just seems to be a mysterious feeling about what the next few weeks will hold for me. But it's too late to back out now, so I cram into this little squashed bug of a car with my suitcases and bags, and I'm off to my next adventure.

Downtown Nairobi looks like any other city, but once you get out of the downtown section, it all changes. The poverty is everywhere, and there is a scent of desperation in the air. Inside the city, the streets are paved, but the traffic is ferocious. This is a busy, busy city. There are people everywhere, crowded on the sidewalks, walking at a fast pace, going who-knows-where.



Once we get to the section that I will be staying in, the landscape gets worse. This area looks like Beirut after a bombing run. You think I'm exaggerating, but the rubble in these dirt streets is all over the place, sometimes piled 3 and 4 ft high, and there is no pavement. They have potholes that are 3 ft across and a foot deep. Tanks would do much better driving down this war zone than a small compact car.

And yet, the atmosphere and the pace seems so peaceful. Kenyans are laid back and reticent. Everybody smiles and waltzes along here at a leisurely pace. And here I am, ready to set the town on fire. Maybe they really do need a strong message to wake them up and gets some blood flowing. Then again, maybe I'm just too intense. We'll see how it clashes once I start preaching.

I'm not sure what to expect. These pastors that have met me are not major evangelical churchmen with big congregations, but neither are they men to be easily dismissed. What they lack in resources, they certainly make up for with intensity and zeal.

The pastor who invited me, for instance, is a man of great intensity and zeal. He certainly has a vision for God, and is excited about what the Lord has shown him. He sees great complacency, commercialism, and weakness in the churches that are here, and he is driven to turn Kenya upside down with the truth. Apparently, I am supposed to be part of that plan.



The Pastor says that when he heard my broadcast out of Uganda, the Lord told him that He was going to send me to Kenya. He says that the Lord told him that I was His servant and I was the man with the message that was needed in Kenya.

Now, all this is very flattering, (ah-hem) but I have to wonder if he really heard this from God, or if he had a “feeling” or a “strong thought”. This guy is pretty intense, so there is no telling with him.

I always wonder when I hear someone go on and on about supernatural signs and words that they have received from God. I can never tell when it is imagined or real. But then, I know I've had my share of extraordinary experiences with God, so why not this zealous Pastor? Besides, he has the type of testimony that makes for very strong and intense Christians. Some people, as soon as they feel some will o' the wisp feeling, they tell you that God spoke to them, but I believe more in results than in a supernatural word from God.

Pastor John was a high officer in the Military Police at one time, and was considered a threat to the corrupt government at that time, so they threw him in jail with a sentence of death over him. Somehow, he escaped death every time, so they let him rot in jail for 20 years, and tried to kill him with torture. That's where he started his ministry, and now he is on fire to establish something here in Nairobi. The question is, does Nairobi need the vision that he has, or is he simply driven by a fire that was created in the confines of oppression and has simply carried over into his life today? If I have to choose, I'll pick both.



I guess the other question is, what am I doing here? Does Nairobi really need Dale Garris? Haven't they got enough preachers? I see Christian signs all over the place, but of course, that and 50¢ won't buy a cup of coffee. I've gone over these same questions back home, but this time I can see the landscape with my own eyes, and I am not as convinced as I was then that I am really needed.

On the other hand, I can feel that there is definitely something going on in the Spirit – I just don't know what it is, or how I fit into the Plan. I know I am supposed to be here, and that is all that the Lord is letting me know.

So what should I make of all this hoopla? It all sounds very convincing, and it fits with everything else I'm seeing, so I guess I'll go along with everything until the Lord stops me. After all, 37 years of experience gives you a leg up for helping a young ministry get up and going. Then again, there is always the very real possibility of something great getting ready to break forth. I don't want to limit God.

I'm staying with a family here and am getting settled. The father spent 4 years in college in the U.S., so that makes it easier for me. His wife, Winnie, is such a joy to be around, and I feel as comfortable as if I was at home. For some reason, I have taken to them like they were my own family and I immediately feel like I've known them for years.



Their son Chris, regards me quietly. I guess I'm a bit strange, and yet we've hit it off just like I was some long lost uncle. Yeah, Uncle Dale. That's exactly how it feels. When I look at him, I can't help but wonder what he will be like when he grows up. Will this short visit from his uncle in America affect his life ten years from now? I have this secret hope that my presence here will nudge him into something great in life, something greater than would have occurred to him otherwise.

The original trip schedule that was supposed to take me all around the country has changed, so I think I will be staying here for most of the time. That's fine with me. I'm tired, and I'm going to bed.

See you tomorrow.

Day 6

The pace is intense, and I'm losing track of what I said to whom, which day it is, and what is happening next. I am being brought to speak to people in the morning, small groups in the afternoon, and sometimes services in the evening.



I spoke to several officials and important men in the government who shared their incredible testimonies with me today. These were men who backed up the incredible testimony of Pastor John Ngundu, whom I am with here in Nairobi. They had witnessed not only the terrible suffering, but also the incredible manifestation of the Holy Spirit in his life.

His testimony is one of intense suffering and torture, and an incredible display of the depths to which the Lord reached down to pick him up and exalt him in a demonstration of the power of God. Many wonderful works have been done by him while he was in jail and while he has been out. It is a story that needs to be heard, not only by those who face suffering and need encouragement of what God can do for those who will reach out to Him, but also to those who have never suffered and have no conception of what it means to pay a price for your faith in God. I think of us Americans, pursuing after a Gospel of Prosperity, Peace, and Blessings. One of these days, when those things are all pulled out from under us, will we be able to cope with hard times? Will our faith in prosperity sustain us if we have to face persecution or oppression?

Some of the men I met today are officials in the prison system and were with Pastor John when he was in jail. They told me of how the Lord opened the doors for them to pull out 5,000 or more prisoners without chains on them to open air services. This was unheard of before and has not been done since. Prisoners are allowed 15 minutes a day for either sunshine or the toilet – choose one. They go nowhere without shackles, even inside their own solitary cells. Never was it ever heard that they could attend such an event – and this was on a regular basis.



Thousands were saved. They didn't have a pool in jail, but they were so zealous to declare their commitment to God that in the middle of the courtyard, they baptized these new souls with buckets of water. Talk about commitment! I am seeing a desperate determination in these people that is borne out of their suffering that we have no concept of. It is the hunger of a people who have been starving for generations for the real Truth of God.

Theirs is a serious faith. Not having a pool will not stop them from getting baptized. I dare say, they found water even in the desert of a dry courtyard in prison.

The one prison official put in words that just struck a match in me – “they had the courage to believe God for great things”.

Wow. Can you feel the glory?

I found that same faith in many of the people I met. There is a sense of purpose, and a galvanization in their souls to a cause that is greater than them. One university professor shared with me that his 12-year-old daughter had just died two days ago. He saw it as part of the challenges and refining that God is requiring of His people in this country. As he put it, God is sifting His generals in Kenya to see who will remain standing. He considered this part of the sifting process, and he was committed to glorifying God even in his sorrow. How do you place a value on that kind of dedication?

Things are not just happening out here by chance – God must be engineering them. There have been several instances of coincidental meetings and casual happenings with just the right people at just the right place exactly when we happen to pass through. After a while, I have begun to see that there has been nothing coincidental about it – something is going on under the surface. God has a plan for something, and I am getting a glimpse of it. Each meeting I have feels like it has been part of an itinerary that the Lord has engineered ahead of time. It's pretty spooky.

Did you ever feel like you were being carried downstream by a powerful current, and you were just along for the ride? That's how I feel. I'm being taken somewhere, and I have no idea where I'm going or what is going on, but, I'll tell you what, I'm going somewhere!

I'm still not sure why I am here. I don't do miracles, tricks, or dances; I can't perform great healings at the snap of my fingers; I can't give great performances of prophetic words for individuals; or any of the other supernatural stuff that they are expecting. But I have the Word of the Living God, and I have it in the power of the Holy Ghost, and I am beginning to see how that is worth more than all the supernatural miracles in the whole world.

And that is why God has sent me. (And I guess that answers my question.)

I get this feeling of standing in a position that has already been appointed for me. It's as if there are some really big shoes set in front of me, and I have to step into them. They are too big for my feet, because they are the Lord's shoes, but I have to stand in them anyway and take upon me the mantle that has been ordained for me.



I sure wish there was some kind of instruction booklet for this. I guess there is -- it's called the Bible, and that's where I will have to get my substance from.

Tomorrow will bring the first of several seminars, and we will see the inner core of these people's hearts, whether they are really hungry for something more or not.

Day 8

I had the morning off, so I spent some quality time praying out on the back balcony of the apartment building. I started softly, but soon gathered steam. Before long, I was praying out loud, and by the time I was really rolling along in the Spirit, I must've been getting real loud. There was a point when I really felt an answer come down from the Lord, and I started laughing out loud.

Well, it just so happens that some kids from the neighborhood were starting to gather to stare at the crazy American on the 2nd Floor balcony out back who was talking to himself. And now, he's up there laughing to himself. Needless to say, I slinked back inside without another word.



The thing that Lord showed me this morning was that His attention is turning to Africa. There have always been a people of God -- first it was the Jews, then when they rejected Jesus, He turned to the Gentiles. Then it was the Reformation, then England. What an incredible period of spiritual revivals came out of that little country, but when it began to die, the Lord turned His attention to America, and for hundreds of years, that was the jewel in God's treasury.

But America has faded in glory, and it is time for Africa. There has never been a real Holy Ghost outpouring in this continent, but they are ripe for one now – overripe. I can feel His focus begin to sharpen on these people. What a revelation! It's tough to put in words, but I am beginning to see the picture begin to clear up of why I am here. I don't understand it all yet, but it is slowly coming to me.

I spent some time outside on the bombed out dirt street out front. If you can picture Berlin after the war, you can get an idea of what it looks like here. Apparently, no one else notices, because you see these little kiosks everywhere up and down these streets that sell everything from groceries to videos. There are so many kiosks selling so many different things, that you wouldn't ever have to leave your neighborhood to get anything. It's kind of like the neighborhoods in Brooklyn – only on an extreme scale of poverty.



They even have signs for “Chemists”. (A closer look revealed that means Pharmacy, but it sure had me going for a little bit.)

I keep wondering if they ever really sell anything. People are walking all over the place, but I never see anyone stop and spend any money. Maybe they’re like me – if somebody is selling fresh chicken in a 4 x 4 booth in the middle of dirt, sewage, and rubble, then I think I’ll pass, thank you very much.

And yet, these people are very clean. In the midst of worn out buildings, faded and peeling paint, and a dirt grit that is in the air, everyone is always clean. You see a lot of white and a lot of bright colors (Kenyans really love bright colors), and they are never dirty.



The kids are just as uninhibited as they were out in Urunga. I was sitting on a stool waiting for my ride to come, and some little girl, no taller than 3 ft, walked right up to me, turned around, and backed up against my leg so I could pick her up. So that’s what I did. She never said a word – just sat on my lap staring at my big white face. I reacted the only way I knew how – I tickled her. I may be thousands of miles away from home, but every kid in the world is ticklish, and mothers everywhere love to see their kids laugh.

I reckon that did it. I may be the wrong color, but I am now officially part of the neighborhood. They still are too shy to ask me my name, but everybody smiles and waves hello.

I was picked up 3 hours late for a service at the church. I was fuming over what is endearingly termed “African time”, but the real cause was that someone who was with Pastor John at the time had gotten shot and robbed right downtown. Real nice place they have here. I can feel a glowing sign posted across my back, “Rich, White American. Shoot here.”

We had a great service once I finally got there. Since I was so late, I was only going to preach for a short while and catch up with them on Sunday. Once I got going, however, the crowd had come alive, and so did I.

When I thought it was over, I turned it over to the Pastor to close services, but he started praying for people. He would call out names of people who had never been there before and would tell them of situations in their life that only they knew about. Now, I’ve seen this before, but not often, and not like this. If I hadn’t, I’d be pretty incredulous. Of course, this is all happening in Swahili, so I had to have someone stop every once in a while and translate.



It can make you feel like a party pooper sometimes – you know, you’re the guy in the crowd who is the only one who doesn’t get the joke. Everybody’s laughing and talking and having a good time, and someone has to stop and tell you what’s going on.

Then, he turned and had me come up to pray over them.

Okay. First let me say that I don’t do tricks, sing, dance, or a variety of other miracles for general entertainment. This guy may be able to call out with a word of knowledge, but don’t look at me to do a follow-up with something like that. I would have liked to crawl under the table, but I had to make the best of it and stand in the center ring.

Now, I have had altar calls and healing lines where nothing happened, and I have had altar calls when all kinds of stuff happened. I never know which way it is going to go, but this time the power of the Holy Ghost was alive and running at top speed.



As the first person came up and I picked up the oil, hoping and praying, “Dear God, please let the Spirit of the Lord come down and bail me out.”

And He did.

As I anointed each person that stepped forward and began to pray over them, it was as if I could see right into the depths of their hearts. This same thing happened to me in the Philippines – I would just know what to pray for. The Spirit of God filled the room like a fog, and we lost all sense of time. Nobody cared about what time it was anymore, and we went on into the evening. We were lost in God.

I’ll tell you, you don’t get this very often back in the States. This is the way it used to be years ago, but we have been so dry for so long that we don’t even remember what it was like.

When the service was finally done, we all walked out into the evening air feeling like you do when you finish a full meal at an All-You-Can-Eat buffet. I'm telling you, I could really get used to this stuff.

There's another meeting on Friday, so we'll see how things continue. At least, I don't have to do two services a day like I have been. I have tomorrow off, and I could sure use a break. It has been non-stop since I landed a week ago. I'm the Great Evangelist from America, don't ya know, and I have been constantly on display. But for a little while tomorrow, the curtain will be down so I can catch my breath before getting put back on stage.



Day 9

Music is bred into the soul here in Kenya. There's music everywhere you go, and it lights these people up like a light bulb in a dark room. They don't need instruments to get a celebration going – they just start clapping, someone starts in with the chorus, and the next thing you know, the whole place is swaying to the music, singing with all their hearts. You have never experienced a worship service like what they have here.



This place is ripe for an outpouring of God. It doesn't take much to see that revival is coming to this country. The extreme poverty that they have experienced for so long has brought them to a point of desperation much like the children of Israel after 400 years of slavery in Egypt. You can't even pretend to grasp the depth of economic despair you find here. Even when you see it, it is difficult to comprehend the level of desperation these people are in.

I was getting ready to minister at a church in the slums of Nairobi and when I noticed a long column of people trudging along the road on their way home. Even though it was getting toward 7 pm, this line of people still stretched for miles and miles. Every night, these people walk home for sometimes 3 or 4 hours after hawking cheap trinkets in town for a buck or two a day. In the morning, they will walk the same 3 or 4 hours back, hoping to make just a few shillings to feed their family. Looking into their faces gives you a sense of hopelessness, despair, and death.



Besides the economic oppression, strong demonic powers have held sway here for much too long. Witchcraft and witch doctors are a very real influence here, and bring a layer of demonic oppression that is tangible. It

extends from the lower levels of the poor all the way to the top of the government. Although revivals have been seen in many other countries, Africa seems to have been skipped over, and they are overdue for an overwhelming outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

Looking over a congregation of faces, you can see that they have the hearts of children toward God, and the Bible says that of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. They don't have that hardened arrogant attitude that you find in Europe or North America. Their faith is simple, and their hearts toward God are open, pliable, and humble – fertile ground for a revival. They are just like children, whereas we are more like adults and far too sophisticated for childlike faith. That is precisely why there are so many miracles here, and so few in America.

There's one other reason why revival will come to Africa – they are hungry for it. They are starving for God. When we hold services, they can't get enough, and will hold you there for hours – all night long if they can. And there is a glow from the Throne of God that fills the place where they are in and lets you know how much God loves their open-hearted worship.



Unlike us in America, they have more than their share of miracles, healings, and other gifts of the Spirit, but there is one thing missing – the dried out, crucified wisdom of a generation of elders who have walked the long 40-year treks on the backside of the desert of God. This generation of elders is completely missing, and I don't know why.

What they do have, however, is a generation of young pastors with tremendous zeal that are endowed with a surplus of gifts of the Holy Ghost. They know they are standing up without the support of the aged wisdom of elders, but they are doing everything they know how to do. The supernatural is normal here, but preaching from the depths of the Word of God is not, and that is what they are hungry for. As one pastor told me, I am like Moses to them. They don't care whether or not I can do miracles – they are just desperate to hear what God has to say.

The spiritual landscape here is like dry grasslands after months of a summer drought. The grass is so dry that once a match is struck, the blaze will be uncontrollable. I want to be here when that happens. It will be a sight to behold.

The church I preached at this evening was the typical dingy one-room building with worn-out benches and broken chairs, dusty plastic flowers, faded decorations adorning the pulpit, and peeling paint on the walls. It reminds me of a tenement building in Harlem. But I am the only one that notices. This is their church, and I get the feeling that it wouldn't matter if it was a hovel by the side of the road, they have a pressing need to worship God, and anywhere will do.



The sound system was terrible. They cranked it up to the highest level of distortion they could, so that instead of voices, all you can hear is the blasting of loud white noise. I may have been lost in the loud maelstrom of an audio storm, but somehow, the folks in the congregation didn't seem to mind. Not only were they clapping and singing along, many of them were absolutely lost in worship. It just goes to show you how when a heart really wants to worship God, nothing will get in its way.

The message tonight seemed to preach itself as usual. This is the way it has been since I have gotten here. The Lord just takes over when I start preaching and I feel like I'm just hanging on for the ride. Sometimes, I will see new things that I've never thought of before while they are coming out of my mouth. I know, it sounds spooky, but this is the way the Lord delivers a message when you depend on Him to do it, instead of spending days preparing it yourself the way you are told to do in Bible College. It is evident that God is giving the messages here in Kenya, and I am just a mouthpiece.

Besides, He gets better results than I do.

The message tonight was on blind Bartimaeus, and it didn't take long to figure that it had to do with that long line of poor people trudging past on the street outside. I pretty much gave them hell for sitting there in their complacency when such a golden opportunity is presented right in front of their church. These people don't get offended at stuff like that – on the contrary, they were glad to finally hear a strong message of reproof from someone. That's another reason why revival will come to these people.

This was a long day, and a long diary entry, and it's time to shut it down. I end each of these days exhausted, and I am thrust right into it again the next morning. I don't know if they notice how worn out I am, but even if they do, I don't think it would stop them. They want everything they can get from me while I am here. I have never seen such hunger.

Day 10

What a day this has been! I have seen stuff I have never seen. It seems like the days get more powerful each day that I have been here – and I've still got 3 more weeks left!



At the church in Nairobi where I am supposed to preach today, a young pastor holds prophesy services on Tuesday and Friday. This is a session where you can come and hear the Lord reveal the secrets of your heart and expose the obstacles in your life so you can deal with them. This really shows the hearts of these people that they come because they actually want to hear the reproof so they can be right with God. In America, if you did something like this, most folks would walk out in a huff.

Now at first, you may have the same reservations that I had, but hear me out.

This pastor would stand up a whole row of people at a time and then go down the line and deal with each person individually. He would tell them things in their lives that no one else knew, and would reveal secret sins that they were covering up which were holding them back from serving the Lord. He was bringing forth stuff that no one could have known, and exposing sins that were deeply buried in their hearts. As he would finish dealing with someone, he would direct them to the other side of the room to repent, and then proceed to the next person in line. When he was finished with that row, he would then have the next row stand, and he would start on them.

I have seen preachers with a gift of the Word of Knowledge, but never like this. And to think this is a regularly scheduled meeting twice a week! It was too much for words.

And here's the clincher – I'm supposed to follow this guy with the message!

First of all, I'm worried that he is going to look at me, and who knows what he'll start revealing to the whole room. I'm thinking about hiding behind someone else until the last moment so he can't see me until then.

Second, I am completely and utterly humbled in the presence of this man, and hardly feel like I can measure up to what he has in God to be able to do this with such ease. Like I said before, I don't do miracles. I've had a few supernatural healings here and there when I prayed for people, but it always felt like I was outside whatever the Lord was doing. I just don't have that kind of power to do those kinds of things.

Here's where the Lord reproved me and I learned something valuable. It is no big deal to God to perform miracles. He can use anybody He wants. But all the gifts of the Spirit, and miracles of the Holy Ghost are for the Body of Christ – they do not win souls. Only the preaching of His Word can bring a soul to repentance, and that is more important to God than all the miracles and gifts in the world. The wisdom from the depths of God is not given out freely, but has to be fought for, bled for, died for; you have to crawl on your knees through dry valleys, overcome powers and temptations, walk a walk for years of crucified flesh, and contend before the Throne of God to get it. Wisdom is the principle thing, He says, therefore get wisdom with all your getting.

I felt the Holy Ghost come down in a fire and lay into me that this man may have had an exceptional gift, but it was nowhere as important as delivering the wisdom that only comes from preaching the Word of God in the Spirit. It wasn't pretty, and it wasn't smooth and nice. It was more like in my face. I was so scared that my teeth were almost chattering.

It came down so strong that I looked to the left and to the right to see if the two men sitting next to me had felt it. They were just sitting there watching the service, so I guess it was just for me. That didn't make me feel any smarter, but at least I didn't feel as intimidated as before. When I got up, I stood up in the holy boldness and authority of the Lord. I was too afraid not to.



Authority. That is an element that has been missing in our churches for too many years. The Lord once showed me that real authority in God comes from the fear of the Lord. That's where Jesus got his authority. He was heard in that He feared.

Before I left, I had delivered four messages: one to the congregation, one to the Pastor himself, one to the associate pastors, and a final one to some of the church's leaders and assistants. The messages increased in intensity and strength as I went from one group to another. I don't quite know what is going on here, but I can feel the presence and power of the Spirit of God is getting stronger and stronger as each day goes by and each message is delivered. And the stronger the message, the more they soak it up.

There were three more mini-messages to people that we met down in the streets before we left the area. These were all different pastors we ran into who had a vision in God for something more, and saw me as a representative from the Lord to help point the way. I'm telling you, this place is so ready for a great move of God that it is popping out of every corner we turn.



I feel completely drained and am desperate to find some solitary time to read and pray. But there is no time for that right now, and we are off to the next meeting of the day.

We head for another depressed area of town, and we stop at a place that I can only describe as looking like the back alleys of Casablanca. There's a church here? Down some back alleys, under low overhangs, and into a tiny doorway is a little meeting room crammed into a corner of this concrete maze.

This is a church of determination, carved out of difficulties to find hope in Jesus Christ. We're talking a serious dedication to worship the Lord, not a casual meeting to greet your friends. These are the places that real Christians are found.

The women file in silently. They don't speak English, and I don't speak Swahili, so we sit there and stare at each other. Great. This is off to a good start. They keep filtering in and finally a woman arrives who speaks English. Just when I think things are warming up, she asks me if I am like the rest of the American evangelists who come to Kenya for nothing more than a photo-op for publicity and leave them with a "feel good" message. Well, I can see that I am amongst friends.

I assure her that by the time I am through, she will see the difference. Church creeps are my natural enemies.

Not having had time to pray before coming here, I'm trying to get a leading from the Lord of what to say. I'm torn between Elijah and the True Vine. I'm drawn to the story about Elijah, but it doesn't seem to fit the circumstances at all. The parable of the True Vine is a safe bet – you can't go wrong with the basics. So I figured I'd start by saying that I was going to talk about Elijah, but would then shift quickly over to the True Vine. It didn't work that way. I preached them both.

Just like God always does, He fit the two passages together like a hand in a glove. That may not seem amazing to you reading this, but I gotta tell you, I felt like I just got dumped in a wheelbarrow and God carted me off where He wanted me to go.

When preaching in the Spirit through a translator, the Lord gives you the next thing to say as the last one is being translated. You can't see more than a few feet in front of you, but you know that God is taking charge of the direction He wants you to go. The message was so good, that all those staring faces were beaming by the end.

Extraordinary things happened at this meeting. (Not bad for a gathering of only a dozen people crammed into a tiny cubicle). The Lord told me to pray over one lady, and when I did, you could have felt the Spirit come down from across town! I knew something happened, but didn't know what. A few minutes later, as I am praying over someone else, this first woman starts prophesying over her with a message from the Lord.

Okay, this prophesying thing is getting to be a bit more than I am used to, and you sometimes wonder if it is for real. Well, this one was. Not only could you feel it, but she started calling out things, that once again, she could have never known. Here God leads me to pray over this woman, and within minutes, she is doing miracles!

(So when is it my turn, God? Or don't I get one?)

Even John, the pastor who brought me here, is jumping up and down in excitement. "What did you see when you prayed for her? What did you see?"

Me? I didn't see nuthin'. I'm just wondering what is going on.

And then a girl, who had been resisting salvation for some time, asked for me to pray her through the Sinner's Prayer. At the end, I lifted up her hands with mine, palm-to-palm, and started praising and thanking the Lord. Wow. The Spirit of God started raining down! I mean like an outpouring! Crammed in this little tiny room, we were up to our necks in the flood of the Holy Ghost.

She just knelt there, lost in the mercy of God, praising Him with her hands uplifted for a long time. Now, remember, I've got my hands pressed against hers, so I can't take them away, but my arms were beginning to get real tired. I didn't want to break the Spirit, but if she didn't take her hands down soon, my arms were going to go numb.

When we finally left, a cold room with silent staring eyes had turned into a celebration between lifelong (or should I say “Eternity-long”) close friends. What a way to end another day!

You know, I think I mentioned this already, but a guy could get used to this stuff real easy.



They keep asking if I would move to Nairobi, but I can just picture Cindy’s reaction if she ever heard that. Sorry. Not today, guys. But, oh, if I could just take this home with me!

Day 11

I can't believe that I am actually listening to people speak in Swahili. The very idea of it brings up exotic pictures of Tarzan and jungles. This is the land of the Lion King, and yes, "Hakuna Mata" is a real Swahili expression. I felt stupid asking because I thought it was just something that came out of a cartoon, but it really does mean "no worries". My faith has been restored in Walt Disney.

"Muzumgu" means "American". Excuse me, but how do you get "muzumgu" out of "American"? Something tells me there is a deeper root meaning to "muzumgu", but nobody's talking. Once you are aware of that word, you hear it wherever you go. (Obviously, because you are the muzumgu they are talking about.)



Everybody seems to genuinely like Americans, but at the same time, they don't make a fuss over you. I may be the only white guy for blocks, but not many seem to take notice. Except, of course, the street hustlers, but then, these are the same guys you find on the streets of New York, so what else is new?.

I saw some Massai warriors today. These have got to be the coolest people I have ever seen. They look just like the pictures in National Geographic, and they look like they don't care what anyone thinks about them. They just stand there in their tribal garments and look cold. Companies hire the Massai as security guards because nobody wants to mess with them. One look at their faces confirms that. I hear that they actually kill lions armed with only a knife and a spear, and that they are a people of enormous courage, incapable of fear. They sure look the part.



I decided to buy some American fast food here to see how it measures up to the fast food back home. There is no McDonalds (I'm shocked!) but there are some local knock-offs. Like "Tennessee American Fried Chicken". I

had to laugh over that one. Actually, it's not bad, but there is nothing like what we have back in the USA. As soon as I get home, I will be focused on getting two things: a cup of real coffee and a Big Mac.

I can adapt to most anything, but I am having a hard time with this "African time" stuff. I had a meeting at 11:00, but they thought it was 12:00, so they started filtering in at 1:00 and finally at 1:45 we got it going. I don't remember praying for patience, but I'm sure getting a dose of it. But hey, "Hakuna Matata". Everything worked out ... in time ... lots of time, but in the end it was no big deal. Maybe they have a point, but my American choleric nature is having a real hard time adjusting.

This afternoon's meeting wasn't as powerful, spiritually speaking, as the meetings and services we have had to this point. I was taken to a very poor section on the outskirts of Nairobi where the people meet for church in one of their homes. These are very poor people, not sophisticated or worldly at all. Their homes are little more than one room shacks, cobbled together with whatever is available, and sectioned into rooms with nothing more than a sheet hung across the room.



Few speak English and have little or nothing to say. As this handful of hard-faced women slowly gather and file into the room, we all sit in silence staring at each other. It took a long time for everyone to get there, and while we are sitting there waiting, it was getting increasingly uncomfortable. I am wondering if they know what is going on, or are they just there to look at the American and it makes me feel like a monkey in a cage. Since I don't speak Swahili, there's nothing I can say, and they are just sitting there waiting. I feel like I am being served for dinner. Boy, are we off to a great start!

I hate it when I am supposed to deliver a message, but can't get a leading from the Lord on what to say. It is such a cold feeling. And I am feeling cold right about now. As I look at their unreadable faces, I can only hope that the Lord doesn't show up late. I could sure use some help right about now. I want to inspire them and I want to deliver to them the right words to address their needs, but I don't have a clue what is going on behind these blank faces. Actually, I'd like to get out of here right now, but I'm stuck. If the Lord doesn't show up pretty quick, this is going to be one cold, useless service.

We start services just like normal – pray, sing some songs, introduction, and then me. They just sat there and listened. I thought maybe they might come alive by the end, but no, they just sat there and stared.

I asked if they wanted to pray. No.

Do you have any needs? No.

Do you have any questions? No.

Okay ... so what do I do for an encore?

I was about to quit and head out of there and go home when one of them asked for prayer. Whoa. Signs of life!

Now I have to tell you, they have some weird afflictions here. You see a lot of lame people and people that have some horrible birth defects and weird diseases, but this lady had one of the strangest rashes on her arm that I have ever seen, so we prayed over her.

As soon as we started praying, she started into a demon-possessed screaming and thrashing in this little tiny room. There is a lot of this in Africa, and makes for one rude surprise when it kicks in, but the Kenyans treat it like something normal and just go about the business of settling them down. But it can really give you a shock if you're not expecting it.

Apparently, the thing she was praying for was linked to this demonic spirit, because as soon as we prayed over her, the thing left her. The pain she was experiencing was gone, and she acted normal.

I've seen this thing happen several times now, and they always seem to happen right when you finish praying. I can't see the invisible things that are going on, but you can sure feel them. It's as if Satan goes nuts as soon as you pray for someone, and the old demons fight like crazy to get back in.

Now, folks in America will probably dismiss this with some psycho-babble because Americans have a hard time believing in the existence of demon possession. Well, all I can tell you is that you need to come to Africa covered with the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and you will become a believer. You will experience how much these precious people love you in the Spirit, and how much the demons that plagued them hate you for delivering them.

Needless to say, that kicked the rest of the meeting into high gear. I don't want to thank the devil for his assistance here, but this thing sure broke the ice. From that point on, we were on a roll, praying for one after the other. They would stand up in the middle of our little ring of chairs and declare the testimony of the Lord with shining, bright faces. It's as if God flipped on the switch, and the room was filled with light.

There is nothing normal about any of these services. In each one, you can feel the tangible presence of God as He fills the whole room. It doesn't matter how big or how small the gathering is, the Lord fills the place. I'm not sure how many healings and deliverances have taken place, because when they start coming up to be prayed for, it's as if we enter into another zone.

Now don't laugh at me, but I'm telling you that sometimes I feel like I'm almost floating. I came out of one meeting swaying and almost lost my balance. I have heard from several of some wonderful things the Lord has done to them also, but since I can't understand Swahili, most of this is lost on me.

But there is no mistaking the presence of the Holy Ghost. And where the Holy Spirit is, wonderful things happen. Oh! If you could only be here to feel the power of God moving amongst this people! It is absolutely intoxicating.

Day 12

You have never seen an explosion of celebration until you see these people erupt in praise. We are at a little church on the 4th floor of a building in downtown Nairobi and have walked into what would seem to us as a normal service. That is, until they began to sing and dance and praise the Lord.

It started slowly, but as the singing progressed, the intensity of praise grew and grew. Soon, it was so intense that the whole building must have been glowing. I have never been in a praise and worship service like that since the early years back in 1970 when we were wild and crazy hippies filled with the fresh, new excitement of being saved.



Let me point out that, yes, Africans love music, but it isn't the music that ignites them. They love God.

The music and the sound systems here are terrible, so trust me when I tell you that it isn't the music that gets them going. It is the sheer, raw, intense praise from their hearts, and the glory of God's response.

We don't have this in America – and it's not because white men can't dance. We're just way too sophisticated in our faith and our worship. American Christianity has been numb to this kind of worship for generations.

When we were simple and raw, we had the Azusa Street Revival. When our churches grew to be modern and sophisticated, we lost it. It's been so long since we've had an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that we don't even realize what we have lost. But these people don't try figure this stuff out. All they know is that they love and worship God. And that's what makes the difference.



The Lord is dealing severely with me everyday to understand who I am in God. So many times, we are like Saul, hiding amongst the stuff, afraid to step into the calling that God has for us because we don't want to appear proud

or presumptuous. But the Lord is not amused with reticence, and it appears that one of the reasons He brought me to Kenya is to learn how to step into the place that He has for me.

It is as if I have a “backwards” pride, and I’ll bet I’m not alone. When we shy away from standing up in the holy boldness to assume the authority that we know God has placed upon us, we are not being humble – we are being rebellious.

When, however, the fear of God – the REAL fear of God – is upon you, there is a boldness and authority that is born in your soul. Authority in God is not assumed; it is placed upon you, and the fearfulness of walking in that place in God is tangible. You don’t dare shrink back from such a calling.

If more of us would be like David and take hold of the vision of God that He has placed in our hearts and not shrink from it because of a false fear of being proud and arrogant, what great and mighty works that God could do in us. It was God’s arrogance that Elijah had on Mount Carmel, not Elijah’s. It was God that boasted through David when he took on Goliath. And it was God’s righteous indignation when Jesus whipped them out of the Temple.

It is crucial for these people that I put aside my foolish concerns and learn to step into the position that is set before me. It is not about me; it is about them. They desperately need a strong leader who believes God that much to face the storm of spiritual darkness and proclaim victory.



Whenever I step up to the pulpit for one of these services, the Spirit of the Lord always comes down and lifts us all up to another place in Him. The veneer of our worldly understanding gets stripped away, and the reproof of the Lord is delivered to our hearts. This afternoon’s service was no exception.

I have no control of where these messages go. I may not know where we are going, but what a ride! That’s how it went this afternoon also. When the Lord was done, there was a powerful spirit of repentance in the room.

I asked them if there are any unsaved souls here. No, there are none, and I pause for a moment. You can hear a pin drop as I lean over and quietly whisper into the microphone, “Shame on you”, lay the mike down, and walk off the pulpit.

A chill went through the entire room. It may not have been very entertaining, but it is something they will never forget. I guess this is a good example of the importance of knowing that you have enough authority in God to do something like that. I walked out in boldness, and I didn’t care what anyone thought. If they didn’t like it, or if that was not the entertainment they had in mind from the preacher from America, or if they were offended by the shock of the reproof, well then, that’s tough. I actually didn’t care because I could feel the Holy Ghost upon me.

As I leave, however, everyone is stopping me on the way out. They promise me that the next time I come, they will have lost souls there to get saved. They are sorry, so sorry ... and they are serious. They want to do what is right, and they look at me as the man of God that the Lord has sent to them, so whatever I say, they take it deeply

to heart. They have opened their hearts to hear from God, and humbly receive whatever He has for them. If only we had this in America!

Had I been reticent, shy, and (cough, cough) “humble”, I would have never been able to break into their hearts like that. This is a good lesson for me.

We are off the next service, racing across town like crazed suicide drivers. It’s like being on a ride in an amusement park without all the bumpers, and all the traffic around you is being driven by wild, crazy monkeys ... no, make that wild, crazy *drunken* monkeys. How nobody ever crashes is beyond me, or at least behind me. Maybe we're going too fast to see what we've left behind in our wake.

We arrive on time for a change. This is Pastor John’s home church and we expect a full house. They meet in a rented hall owned by the city, so it is not exactly what you would call state-of-the-art, but this is Kenya, and they don’t care if it is under some banana trees – they just want to praise the Lord.



As soon as the service begins, I begin feeling terrible. It’s as if there is a pile of demons sitting on top of me, pressing me into the ground. I can’t even stand up I am so sick, so I sit and hang on by praying.

I keep thinking that I when I finally make it up to the pulpit, I will have to ask a couple of these older prayer warriors to please cover me in prayer, cause I don’t think I can make it. Really, I am that sick!

While I am asking God about this, both of the women that I was going to call upon for help get up and leave services. Oh, great. Now what. But I guess if the Lord can’t hear me, then why bother to ask Him to listen to somebody else. I am determined to tough it out.

It turns out, however, that the Lord had actually spoken to one of those women to get up, get the other woman, and start praying for me. Now how’s that for supernatural?

So guess what happens. As soon as I stand up, whoosh!, it’s gone. It was like somebody turned on a switch, and the lights came on.

I don’t have time to figure this out cause I’ve got a message to preach, but I figure that, considering all the trouble I just went through, this is going to be one heck of a service. Boy, what an understatement that was!



The anointing of the Holy Spirit was so heavy on services that everyone lost track of time. We were in the fog of another world and had completely lost touch with this reality. We could have stayed there all night. They had to hand me a note that time was up because another group needed to use the hall.

And then after the message came the prayer lines. As I was praying over one person after the other, my hands felt like they were dripping with oil. It was a strange sensation, but it was real. I was so lost in the flow of everything, that by the time it was over, I had been ministering for almost 3 hours.

I felt like I was floating on air. I had trouble walking a straight line, so that a pastor from Uganda had to help me outside. It was if I was drunk on the Spirit of God. And still nobody wanted to go home! They just lined up outside and we started all over again. They had to escort me to the car, otherwise we'd have been there all night. And I'm not so sure that would have been so bad.

Real Christianity has what no other religion has – the power of the Blood of Jesus Christ. It is a power that can transform souls and change anyone no matter how far into sin they have fallen. You will not feel that power in any mosque, temple, or dead denominational church. It is reserved only for those who worship God in spirit and in truth.

Any fool can say that you are not right with God because you don't believe like they do, but the anointing of God like we had this night leaves a trace of glory on you that dissolves all doubt.

Jesus Christ allowed Himself to be tortured and killed in a horrible manner so that we could have this transforming anointing in our lives. I never want to forget that this wonderful entrance into the Spirit of God was not free. But He counted the cost, and decided it was worth it.

Wow.

Day 13

Ahhh. A day off! I slept for 10 hours and after I got up, I still sat in a chair with my brain in a monotone hum for about another hour or so.

Thinking I had plenty of time to catch up, I tried to get on the Internet and upload some files for home. Now, they don't get the Internet at home; you have to go down to the local Cyber Café. They're about the only ones that have Internet service, but they are everywhere, so you're never very far from a connection to the Web.



After a sporadic hour without a stable connection, I decide to try my luck elsewhere. I have five audio files that I have to send back home so they can be mailed to one of the radio stations. Back home this would be a 15-minute operation. Here in Africa, I have already spent hours and have only gotten two files sent.

Some young men tell me there's another cyber café, but it's in the mosque that is a couple of blocks down the street.

Inside the mosque? Now, I've heard of selling indulgences and renting out Bingo halls, but is this a sign of the 21st Century? Are the Muslims so worried about competition from the Christians that they're installing Cyber Cafes in their mosques?



I'm not sure how to deal with this because I'm not on my home turf, and the wrong reaction could get me in trouble, so I ask carefully, "Are you a Muslim?"

"No", he answers.

"Would you go in there?" I ask.

They both howl with laughter. Just a language barrier. It turns out, the cafe is across the street, not actually inside the mosque.

Whew! I can just picture some radical Muslim cleric discovering me emailing Christian messages inside their sanctuary. Not a good scenario.

When I get there, I have to climb up some rickety old stairs over rusted tin roofs to get to the 2nd story where there is a tiny alcove with a dozen computers in it. The guy doesn't know what FTP is or anything about file transfers, but with a wide grin with broken pointed teeth, he assures me that he can provide whatever it is that I want.

Yeah, I'll bet you can. At that point, I smile, and back out of the doorway. Thanks, but no thanks.



One last try. We drive to the airport because I know they have a Wi-Fi hotspot. Actually, it is the only Wi-Fi hotspot in the entire country. You'd think that should have told me something. After walking around the terminals a few times, we find a place where we can get a good signal. There's only one problem. There's no place to plug in the laptop. But at least I'm encouraged because I really did connect and shelled out 5 bucks for 30 minutes time. Surely we can find an electrical outlet somewhere and just plop ourselves down.

Now, why on earth did I think this was going to be simple? By the time we found a place, the Internet had crashed. They're telling me this as if it is simply a matter of the wind changing direction. (yawn) No big deal. Did I mention this is an International airport? THE International airport? In the CAPITAL?

Okay. Forget it. Let's go home. We'll stop along the way and grab something to eat. My driver has a frown on his face. In broken English, I pick up from him that there is a problem.

"You can only eat meat."

Not being exactly sure what that is supposed to mean, I tell him that's okay. Let's go eat some meat.

He frowns some more. "We don't have the freedom of choice." In other words, there are no McDonalds to stop at. In fact, there's nothing but seedy looking bars along the entire way until we get almost all the way home, and it's not meat that they're serving.

You have to picture what neighborhoods are like out here. On the main street is a row of tiny shops on each side of the street. There is a ditch with nasty, green water and trash and dirt is everywhere. But in the evenings, it is like a party. People are walking all over the place, vendors are hawking their goods, and people set up little homemade stoves to cook all sorts of stuff.



I'm hungry and it smells good ... but it don't look so good. One glance at the weird stuff that they're cooking and I decide that I'm not all that hungry after all. So we find a place that advertises chicken, but guess what, they don't have any chicken. I'm getting frustrated.

We keep on driving down the road and finally find a tiny café, but they won't talk to us. I got money, they got food, but they won't talk to me. My driver says that they're scared of me. Scared of me? Man, I didn't think I was that ugly. But it turns out they are Muslims, and therefore, I am the enemy.

This is Kenya.



I'd have quit and went to bed hungry if it wasn't for Winnie, the wife at whose home I am staying. She must have known what I was going to experience along the route, so she has dinner waiting.

(Sigh). Just a couple more weeks.

Day 14

I'd love to tell you that everything is always supernatural, every service is anointed, and everyone leaves inspired. Maybe in Heaven, but not today.

We had one service today in downtown Nairobi. I had been to this same place last week, but this week they knew I was coming so the place was packed. The message was out of 2nd Peter and was a clear admonition to turn from the false prophets that have been promising them peace and blessings without admonishing them about the price to serve the Lord.



This is a new message to them, because all they see on TV is America's message of Prosperity and Blessings ... that is, if you give your money to the pastors. Their pastors must think this is a pretty good thing, so that's what they have been echoing to them all this time.

The problem with these people is two-fold. They have been fed this Gospel of entitlement for so long they expect that everything is supposed to be given to them for free. On the other hand, they are beginning to realize that they've been lied to, and they are looking for some real solutions. On the other hand, they are living in the bottom of the pit of poverty, and they are not quite ready to give up that easy Gospel of promised riches. What's that line from Alexander Pope? "Hope springs eternal from the human breast". True, but it's the wrong kind of hope.

I don't have the easy message that they are looking for, but at least they know that it is the truth. You should hear them cheer when I expose the phony ministers that they realize have been misleading them. They can measure things up with the Word of God and easily understand for themselves that God requires something back from them. As poor as their condition has been, it is not a stretch for them to grasp that nothing is going to be handed to them without a price. It is becoming increasingly obvious that if those messages of prosperity were really true, then something would've happened by now – but it is just worse than ever for them.



At the same time, while they really do not want to be handed anything for free, those messages of blessings and prosperity sound so good when you have nothing, so your heart yearns for them to be true. Corrupt preachers have latched onto that concept for years, and it is only now that people are beginning to realize that there is something wrong with that message of cheap and easy prosperity.

So here I am with a message they know is true, but they are weighed down with other yearnings. It will take time to turn this ship around. I can sense that they hear me and believe me, but I am pushing up against a wall, and my words are only going in so deep. A week later, they will probably acknowledge what they heard and received, but will they be willing to apply it to their lives and change the direction that they have been heading in for so many years?

As always, some will, and some won't. But it is tough for me as I wring myself out but feel like I've not been effective.

I have an altar call, but no one comes. What they are really waiting for is for me to call them to come up and be prayed over so they can receive some kind of special blessing from the great prophet of God from America.

Instead, I sit down and turn it back to the pastor to close services. You can feel the wet blanket that just got laid over this place. It feels like they haven't heard a thing that I have just told them, but hope that I will sprinkle fairy dust on them so that all their hopes and dreams will be granted. Then everyone could leave happy and anointed, skipping along merrily with their lives. Hey, it's not much different back home.

To really put the icing on the cake for today, someone picked my pocket at the souvenir market. There is a flea market set up that offers all sorts of unique souvenirs for tourists. It is patrolled by "Tourist Police", but we were late and the police were gone, so I got swarmed. Vendors and beggars followed me, pressing for my attention. I felt the need to get out, but that was easier said than done.

Giving out a few coins to some desperate-looking mothers made things worse. Now it was quickly becoming a crowd, and before I could extract myself, they got me. It was only \$70, but it could have been worse. The worse part is the humiliation that, even though I was hanging onto my money and my wallet, they somehow got it anyway. It is spooky how slick they are.

It's not the \$70. This trip will cost thousands by the time it is over, but my expenses have been reduced from what I expected, so I will just absorb this loss as the "cost of doing business". I guess it's the feeling of being violated when you are trying so hard to help. It's a cold world.



I am encouraged, however, when I am reminded of the generosity of those few friends back home who helped me with this trip. There are no churches, not even my own, who have supported me, so without the financial

encouragement of these folks, I would be feeling pretty lonely in this crusade right about now, and would probably be wondering if it was worth it. If you are reading this, you know who you are, and there is no telling how many souls will be ultimately affected by your faithfulness, but you will meet them in Eternity.

There are posters everywhere advertising our 3-day seminar for pastors and church leaders this coming weekend. I stop and wonder just exactly how big is this thing going to be? I have no idea what I am going to say or do, but so far the Lord has given me what I have needed every step of the way. Still, it is three all-day sessions, and it will be intense.

I'd ask for prayer, but I figure that if the Lord went through all the trouble that He went through to get me here, and as hard as He has been working me these last two weeks, then He must have some sort of Plan. It would be nice to know what it is, but He probably thinks I'd screw it up somehow if He told me ahead of time. Well, that's life in the saddle for you I guess.



I'm looking forward to next week when we will be touring the backcountry of Kenya. I hope to bring back some really great pictures of lions, elephants, and fierce-looking Massai warriors. I will try to avoid the bare-breasted native women that we've seen in National Geographic. (Yes, this is Africa and that's how it is in the bush country. Never fear; there is not much that is alluring in those scenes.)

I am starting to miss my girls, and I still have half a month yet to go. This is where it gets tough. This is the part that you don't think of when you send off missionaries and evangelists. We can handle the cold showers out of a bucket, the lousy food, the mud, the frustration of the language barriers, and the feeling of being alone in a crowd, but it is that image of your family that hangs like a translucent backdrop in your mind.

Once I get home, the Lord will have to pry me out with a crowbar if He wants me to go anywhere else.

Day 15

“Eiyamma weenah. Eiyamma weenah.”

I know this song has to mean something really good, because the whole room is singing this at the top of their lungs, jumping up and down, and waving their hands in the air, but I have no idea what they are singing. We are in services at a rented hall that serves as their church in Nairobi, and once again, their worship services has exploded in singing.

“Eiyamma weenah”.

I am grinning like a mindless idiot and clapping to the music, but what else is new? Everything is in Swahili, and I never know what is going on. But you can sure feel the Holy Ghost in the singing.



Towards the end of the song, however, I begin to realize that this is not Swahili; it is *English*, and I finally get it -- *“I am a winner. I am a winner.”*

Scheesch!

But this is what it is like. When they have services, it is generally 4 to 5 hours long, and the only part where I know what’s going on is when I am the one that is doing the speaking.

And yet, there is such an anointing here that it doesn’t even feel like an hour long. You lose track of time, and after 4 or 5 hours, nobody wants to leave. When I tell them that church in the US is generally only 2 hours long, and that everyone starts getting edgy by noon so they can beat the Baptists to the steakhouse, they are shocked.

One lady told me that they need more than these precious few hours. They would stay all day long if they could. She asks me, “Why are Americans in such a rush to run away from God?”

It’s because our services, even the best of them, are dead in comparison to what they have in Kenya. In America we have church; in Kenya they have celebration.



What they do not have is the wisdom from old-timers who have years of depth in spiritual warfare. They know that they don't have depth in the Word, and they are hungry for it.

When I sit down to have a reading group before services today, the crowd quickly gathers. I am handing out a rich banquet that they have never tasted before, and if it wasn't that services was starting, they would have stayed there all day to absorb and hang on every single word.

It is going to be a real drag to go back to "church as usual" in America.

It is hard to judge how good your own sermon was, but the rest of services were out of this world. The singing and dancing to the Lord is so strong that you cannot help getting lost in it. These people raise the roof with their praises! And we're just getting warmed up.

The real anointing can be felt in the prayer lines. Oil flows, and brother, you can feel the flow.



Every service is filled with miracles. The pastor calls out the name of someone that the Lord has spoken to him about. It is someone who is not there and someone he has never heard of before, but a woman in the congregation raises her hand and says that she knows this person. The pastor names exactly what is wrong with him and starts to pray for him.

This is the kind of stuff that happens here all the time, so no one is surprised. They expect the supernatural. And I feel pretty humbled.

I did not do the healing line in this service – the pastor did that – and I am relieved. I am not comfortable in that position. True, whenever I am up there, I can feel the anointing, and people really do get healed and touched by the Holy Ghost, but I am never comfortable up there. I'm just a preacher, and I'd rather leave the miracles to the guys that do that all the time. I'm not sure if it is wrong to feel that way or not, but, nevertheless, I am relieved that I don't have to do it tonight.

But that does not stop them from coming up to me outside after services. These people are so hungry for something from God and look at me as someone that the Lord sent from far away to deliver them. (sigh) How do you get them to learn to seek the face of God on their own? Why is it they do not have the confidence in their own relationship with God? Is it because the strength of victory has been eroded with weak messages that never gave them the strength to claim victory? They have never been told how to have power with God, and so they have to look to someone else to give them what they need.

I'm not sure how to change this mindset, but it strikes me that, if they do not get a grip on this, they will sink back into the same defeat they have been living in for generations. They have to learn to overcome their problems and self-pity, and take the battle to the enemy. But of course, this requires effort on their part, and their pastors have not been willing to preach that message.

They have been trained this way for generations. The television is full of con artists preaching the doctrine of Balaam, promising them prosperity and riches without a price. They have been fed this doctrine of entitlement for so long that it will be a hard ship to turn around.

Nevertheless, those in leadership here understand perfectly what I am driving at, and it is to them that I preach. It is they, not I, who will have to lead this people to victory. I am just here to point the way.

I have to tell you here that this is an entirely new experience for them. They are not used to hearing preaching delivered in this kind of holy boldness. This is a direct, in-your-face Gospel that might offend many church-goers back in the U.S., but here it is like the opening of a brand-new perspective that their ministers have not dared to cross into – and they love it!

One pastor confides in me that I have touched on issues that no one has had the boldness to expose, especially when directing it to the church leadership, and it is liberating to them. I suppose it is because they only know to imitate what they see on TV, but I am delivering it from the depths of the Word of God -- something they have not had before.

Another reason might be that they have been making the same mistake as Adam, afraid to take a stand against their congregations for fear of losing them. I don't have that fear. I will eventually leave for home, and I'm not depending upon them for support. Besides, I never worried about that anyway, even back at home.

But because they see me as a prophet that God has sent to them from America, everything I say carries with it an authority that they dare not cross. It is also accompanied by a strong presence of the Spirit of God that feels like a brick wall. I don't know how else to describe it, but you can feel the power in these words like a rock solid sledgehammer hitting a steel anvil – a hammer that breaks the rock in pieces.

I'm beginning to understand the desperate needs they have here, and why I was sent.

Day 16

I'm losing track of the days. Most often, I have no idea what day of the week it is, and if I don't stay up late to write these diaries each night, I will not remember what happened two days ago.

Today was the first day of the big Seminar Meeting. Hardly anyone was there when I showed up for the morning session. As I got out of the car, I commented that there were only five people there. My driver, who is just a kid that agreed to help, turns to me and says, "Just deliver the message that God has given you." That's a pile full of wisdom from a kid that I didn't think was really paying attention.



He is right. It didn't take long before they started coming in, running on African time. By the time I am up and hitting full stride, there is a small crowd. The size of the crowd is not exactly a candidate for an international revival, but it's the people that God wanted there, and it is with them that He will deal. I am just a mouthpiece and realize that I have no say in the matter.

I am beginning to learn the drill for how to know when it is going to be a great message – I get sick as a dog until I stand up to give the message. As soon as I stand up, poof!, it is gone. After the message I am so drained, all I can do is plop down in a chair. This has been the pattern for days. As near as I can figure, I must be hitting a nerve, cause the devil is going nuts.



During the break between services, we run into Nairobi to find Bibles to purchase. Here we are in a city of 3 or 4 million people, and we can only find a handful of Bibles in a few stores. They are too expensive for most Kenyans to afford. The cheapest we find in the Swahili language is 400 shillings with a 15% discount, which comes out to \$4.50 each.

I need to buy 160 Bibles, so I start to choke here. I know I'm going to have to do it, but I'm going to have to ease myself into the idea of spending over \$700.

But I remember this same situation when I was in the Philippines. They couldn't afford Bibles either, and I was faced with the need to purchase 300 Bibles. What are you supposed to do? Tell them to be "warm and filled"? I just figured if I went broke buying Bibles, then that was a pretty good way to go broke. At that time, I heard the Lord speak to me over my left shoulder, "You spend it, and I'll make it." That's good enough for me. I'll just let God figure out where the money will come from.

We rush back for the afternoon service, and I'm sick again. Is there not some easier way to do this? But wow, what a service! Stuff is coming out of my mouth that I had never thought of before. I know I am hitting on all cylinders by the response from the crowd, which has now grown to a significant size. When I am done, it feels like we have eaten a big meal.

And then it hits ...

We do a couple of songs to wind things down, and all of a sudden the power of God crashes down. The Holy Ghost fills the entire room, and I am lost. My eyes are closed and I am not aware of anything that is going on around me.



I begin to realize through my fog that the singing isn't going on anymore, just the back beat from the synthesizer. The organ player is off in a corner with his hands in the air, and the singers are crumpled face down on the floor or on their knees somewhere. Everywhere, people are lost in prayer -- some loud, some silent, but all of them intense. This is the kind of thing you read about in books.

Then the singing starts again. And wow, does it explode! We are dancing, jumping, clapping, and singing at the top of our lungs. I realize that white men can't dance, but I am right in there with them, carried away in the Spirit. And we keep going and going. I have no idea how long the first song lasted, but when it was over we went right into another, and another, and another. It just kept going.

I have not been in something like that for over 35 years. I am blown away by what God has done with this small group of people, and from the sound of things, so are they. When you go home after something like this, you are glowing from the Holy Spirit of God, and you know you are saved. Wow, are you saved!

There's a lot more stuff that happened, but this downpour of the Holy Ghost eclipses everything else. I wonder what tomorrow will hold. They want three services tomorrow, and this poor, old body of mine is already worn out. I have preached somewhere around 30 messages in half as many days and I am drained.

If this keeps up they may have to bury me here in Africa ... and maybe that won't be so bad.

Day 17

They've moved us to a smaller room today because a big church meets in the big auditorium on Saturday and Sunday. As always, there are only a few people there, and the rest will arrive on African time. This won't be a preaching message anyway. It is just going to be a seminar, and I will be using the notes that the Lord gave me for a Leadership meeting back in Kisumu.



I didn't expect this meeting to take long, but it grows in intensity and detail. There are certain points that I can feel that the Lord wants drummed into them. One of them is about the difference between pursuing the Tree of Knowledge as a fruit that is desired to make one wise, and humbling yourself to receive from the Tree of Life. I feel like I can't drive this message home enough, and I can only wonder what has been going on in their hearts. Certainly, the terrible examples that have been set by their church leadership has just about destroyed the Kenya church, and this is just one of the false directions that they have been led in. They really need help.

These pastors are sitting on the edge of their seats. It is as if they have never heard these instructions before ... and they haven't. I can see them scribbling furiously on whatever notepads they can muster up. I realize that I am an old-timer, and I have been doing this for a long time, but hasn't anyone instructed these pastors in these basics? Or have they only learned how to sing and dance, shout loudly in the microphone, get people excited by saying catch-phrases that they know will push their buttons, and hope for the best. That is probably why they are so desperately hungry for everything I have to tell them.

After the message, everyone is excited and wants me to come preach in their church. I suppose I could do this forever, hopping from one church to the next, day after day. The only problem is that they can't pay you. Rather, they expect you to give money to them. Ah-ha! This is the very mentality that has destroyed them and has brought them to the poverty that they are in today. But I have a very different message, and one that although is not what they would like, nevertheless they soak it up because it is the Truth and they know it.



The afternoon's service is going to be exciting! I can feel it as I step up to the pulpit. I start with Nehemiah's prayer, the Cupbearer's Repentance, and immediately turn all the way back to the anointing of Saul and David. I walk them through the cycles of apostasy up to Josiah and the preaching of Jeremiah, and into the halls of Babylon with Daniel and Cyrus, and then finally back to Nehemiah. Whew! What a fascinating story and sequence of events! I feel like the Lord is wandering around the Old Testament, knitting together a huge tapestry for a backdrop before bringing the message to its real point.

Finally, I can feel the Lord zeroing in, and the target shifts to the pastors sitting in front of me. The Lord starts exposing them and comparing them to the false prophets of Josiah's time that led the people of God into an easy comfortable religion. I point out the barrenness of their altars of repentance, and I ask them where the souls are. I can see on their faces that they know this is not going to be good.

As I pick up speed, I can feel it come down just before it comes out of my mouth, and there is an instant, fleeting question in my mind whether or not Brother John, who is translating for me, will translate it just like it comes out. I stare them in their faces and point at them as I call them stinkin' phony hypocrites for claiming to be of the Lord, but not bearing forth the fruit of lost souls. Their eyes close tight as they slink down in their seats, and I know the Lord has slammed the point home in the center of their hearts. John has faithfully translated it word for word.

The message winds down with that theme, and I come off the pulpit and walk to the back of the church. I would have walked out, but I feel this pull to stay there in the back. Things could go either way – they might despise me or they might thank me. I supposed it must have gone both ways because not everyone greets me after services.

Hey, that's the way it goes. Who cares what they think of me.

But as always, it is the flock, the common people, who are excited with this message of repentance, and, really, it is for them that I have come anyway. They got it, and they loved it! Your heart just swells with love for these precious people.

There are a few pastors who are thrilled that I have brought forth what they consider a courageous message, and they come up to shake my hand and thank me. Courageous? Hey, I'm leaving in a couple of weeks, so what do I care what anybody thinks? This is what I have been called to do, and you can feel the heavy presence of the authority of God.



There are others of the ecclesiastical leadership that slink out the door without a word. I can sense that there are strong satanic undercurrents at work in the church world of Kenya, but I don't know enough to understand what those undercurrents are. But I can see that the messages are pointed at something, and I can feel their impact ... and I sense that the people can too.

Later this evening sitting over dinner, I am told of how corrupt and covetous the Kenya church leadership really is. It is unfathomable to me how they can mix this level of wickedness with a profession of faith in God. Why should I be so shocked? After all, they've only gotten it from us.

Some of the things that the Lord has led me to say are now starting to make sense. It is amazing to me sometimes how the Lord can give you a message that is right on target even when you know nothing of what the situation is. That's one of the reasons that I am so dead set against preparing my message. If you just let God do the preaching, it always hits the target.

Personally, I would make a clean sweep of these weasels and start from scratch with the baby Christians in the flock who want to serve God. Let the rest of them swim in their own cesspools. Throw 'em a Bible for a life preserver and tell them to sink or swim. Good luck, hope ya make it!

It's a good thing God is more merciful than me. Then again, His mercy can take some pretty hard turns. He knows how to strip you down and put you through the fire to bring you to that place in Him that He wants you to come to. And that, I have learned, is the mercy of God.

We still have one more service here in Nairobi on Sunday afternoon. It remains to be seen what will come forth in that last service. This one broke some thick stone walls. What is He going to do tomorrow?

But then, that's for tomorrow's diary ...

Day 18

Today is the last day for services in Nairobi. This Sunday service should be the culmination of the 3-day Seminar, but really it is just a big Sunday service.

I am still in shock about hearing how deep the greed runs amongst these church pastors. The depth to which corruption reaches in this country is beyond what us Americans can fathom. It is not just political corruption. It grips every aspect of this society and has dug in its claws so deep that it is almost impossible to loosen its grip.

As I am seeking the Lord for today's message, I feel this strong, distinct leading to go to Matthew 23. I didn't remember what was in that chapter, but when I read it, oh boy, is this ever the perfect chapter for what the Lord has been showing me. Link this up with Ezekiel 22 and, man, have you got a message!

But there is more.

As I am praying before services, the Lord reveals to me that this whole level of pastors, prophets, and would-be apostles is what has held back the Lord from being able to free Kenya. It is as if I can see this whole level of filth, like smog over a city, that stands between the Lord and the common people, and it has to be removed. They have positioned themselves above the common people and have milked them dry.

I can see this so clearly that I am literally jumping-up-and-down excited. I run into the apartment because I have to tell somebody, but nobody is there. I am so excited that I read those chapters again and again. Get rid of these bums, and you will untie the hands of the Lord so He can move! As long as they are in the way, the Lord cannot bring revival.

This feels like the final resolution to the purpose for this whole Kenya trip. It's the answer that I've been looking for, because it explains why I came here instead of to Uganda. Kenya seemed so full of Christians that I couldn't figure out why the Lord would have sent me here. Now I can see why.

I come to services ready to rub this right in these pastors' faces, but after yesterday's message, only a few of them came back. It figures. And here I was with my pistols loaded, looking forward to a face-to-face showdown. But they are gone.

John says it is because no one has ever rebuked them before, and they can't stand it. I have touched a sacred cow that no one has had the guts to speak up against for a long time, and it has rocked them badly.



So I deliver this message to the people that are there, and they love it! They have been waiting for someone to say something about this, but no one has had the guts to take a stand. I make the statement that the only reason that they have so many pastors is because they don't want to get a job, but want to live off the people's money

and receive honor at the same time. This actually gets cheers. The message has lit them up, and they think I'm a hero.

When I pull out a 1,000 shilling note and ask if this is the problem, they all shout yes, so I tear it up into little pieces in front of them and toss it into the air like confetti. I was worried that they might get offended because 1,000 shillings is a lot of money to them, but instead there is another round of cheering. No one has ever done anything like that, nor has anyone ever called these weasels for what they really are, and they are ecstatic.

I wish I had a recording of the message. I may have been pretty outrageous in the things I said, but I had the boldness of the Holy Spirit. The Lord had given me this word against the phony pastors, prophets, and apostles in this country, and I was more than ready to take them on.

The people, on the other hand, were pretty outrageous themselves. I have a feeling they will never forget this afternoon, and neither will their ecclesiastical leadership. If they can stand up to these con artists, then God can move. I believe that this is the key to Kenya's survival. How this message will spread is entirely up to the Lord because I can feel the end of my tenure here coming – I am done with my job and they will have to take it from here.

The glow from services stays on all of us into the night. When the Lord used the word "anointing", it was a perfect description. You can feel a light anointing around you like a glow, and it almost feels like there is oil dripping off your fingers. Everyone feels it. There is joy, peace, all those things in the air, but it is something more that gives you a feeling of being full, satiated, and well-fed. Why anyone would settle for a dead church is beyond me.

After services, I am shown the car we will rent for the next week. We are heading into the back country for a week, and the owner wants 21,000 shillings. John has talked him down to 18,500, so we agree to the deal.

The lady who let us use her car these past two weeks wants 30,000. I am floored. She was so warm and thankful and even begged to feed us one evening. The car had been freely offered to us out of gratitude when I first arrived, and I wanted to bless her back with something to compensate her, so I asked what I could give her in appreciation. But 30,000 shillings? The whole car is barely worth that much. I guess she just wants to make sure she gets her share of the riches from the American while she can.

People here are so used to corruption and greed that they are convinced that Pastor John, who is hosting me, and the family that has provided a room in their apartment has gotten rich off of me. Sometimes, it is hard not to be offended at their phoniness, but I have to remember that this is a direct result of how much corruption has permeated their society and way of thinking.



But I will not allow that to steal the victory we won today. We move on to the next phase tomorrow, and I am looking forward to what awaits us in these other cities. Plus, John has told me that we will see giraffes

running free along the highway, and maybe some cheetahs. My girls back home will flip over pictures of these animals if I can get them.

Phase Two is over; Phase Three is about to begin. Phase Two was more powerful than Phase One back in Kisumu. If Phase Three is greater than Phase Two, it is really going to be something. I feel like I have accomplished my mission in an explosive way, and I just can't imagine what else is left. But is God is greater than our imaginations, and I am ready to see more.

I think of Lynne Fowler, the apostle in Australia who was so instrumental in urging me to come to Kenya. She believed that not only did the Lord want me to come here, but that what we would accomplish would far exceed anything we imagined.

There's that word again – imagination. I am ready to stretch it as far as I can, and I want to see how God tops it.

Day 19

Last night, we went to visit a church member in a section of town that was so bad that our driver commented that if your car has gotten into an accident (“punctured” is the word he used), then you get out, leave it, and get out of there to spare your life. I thought he was kidding.



All along the highway, there is a long line of people who have been walking for hours to get back to their homes after hawking goods or begging for work back in the city. The line extends for miles, and it is a portrait of despair. You see it in their eyes and in their slumped shoulders as they trudge along for miles and miles to spend a few hours in the corrugated tin shack somewhere that they call home. Many walk for hours to the city in the morning with little hope, and then hours back having lost the little hope they had. Back home may be their family and starving children, so tomorrow they will muster another thin thread of hope to face a days worth of despair.

Pastor John confirms what the driver has said. These people are so desperate that they are no longer capable of mercy. If the car stops moving, they will swarm it and strip us bare for anything of value, and leave us for dead. They are not kidding. The problem is that, if we have an accident, my African companions will be able to walk away, but I will have to put a bag over this white face to escape.



This is the underbelly of Nairobi, but there are worse sections. Let me give you an idea of how much worse – when you see them, you do NOT want to take a picture to show back home. It is that bad. There are many areas, of course, that we would consider nice, and Nairobi can be very inviting for tourists, but I have not come here to be a tourist.

The sorrow and despair is really beginning to wear on me. The extreme poverty, the filth and trash everywhere, and the feeling of having to keep on the defensive at all times because you are an American exerts a constant pressure on your soul. The burden on your heart tires you out.

But there are wonderful bursts of light throughout the day when we meet brothers and sisters from the churches that I have preached at, especially those who attended Saturday and Sunday at the main church. You can sense the exhilaration that they have been set free from the Pharisees that have been their church leaders. I must have really hit the target.

Freedom. That is what they feel! It's what I see in their eyes when they meet me! I couldn't figure out why they were so excited to see an American, but it's not me, it is what the message has done for them. Man, this is going to take some time to digest.



Freedom is something that countless men and women have lived and died for throughout the ages. The human soul cannot breathe without it, and it is the very thing that men of darkness are always trying to take away from us. There are poignant essays about freedom which have been made eloquent through suffering, and I wish I could read them here to paint the picture that I see on these people's faces.

Freedom is, after all, the whole message of the Gospel. It is so important that God himself chose to suffer and die so we could have freedom. That's about as important as anything can get.

These folks press hard to have me come to their homes so they can feed me dinner. Everybody always wants to feed me or give me something to drink. When they heard I liked Coke, they would break their necks to offer me a bottle of it. The bigger the better, so it has to be a 500 ml bottle, and I am expected to drink the whole thing ... every time. You can't imagine how much Coke I have drunk in the last week. I can assure you that the Coca-Cola Company will not be going out of business anytime soon.

They also have this belief that if they carry my Bible for me, that somehow they will get some kind of blessing. That was a little hard to get used to at first, but it is important for me to let them do that. One young man was too late to grab my Bible, so he grabbed my reading glasses just so he could carry something. At first, I couldn't figure out what he was doing and started to chase him to get my glasses back until Pastor John stopped me and explained what they were really doing. Even if it is just to touch me, they feel like they are making some kind of contact with God. This gives you an idea of how desperate they are to get something, anything, from the Lord.

I am finished in Nairobi – I can feel it. I have accomplished that which the Lord has given me to do, and I feel that I have done a good job. Yeah. I can feel it just sitting here writing about it. I don't know where or how things will go from here, but someday it will all be played out before us of what God accomplished with some little people who wanted to be free, who were simple enough to believe God, and who had the heart of David to stand up against Goliath.

We are heading “upcountry” tomorrow. We have services scheduled in 3 major towns there, and I will get to see a different side to Kenya than the poverty, corruption, and desperation that is everywhere in Nairobi.

I can use the break.

Phase Three – The Back Country

Day 20

I have the day off and we are traveling up to the city where we will have our first service in the Central Province. John has promised me that I will see giraffes walking along the road, but what he was referring to is a National Park along the way that has everything from Rhinos to elephants.



The pressure is off, and it really feels good. When you know you have a message coming up, there is a certain pressure on you to be in the Spirit of the Lord so you can deliver the message He wants to give those people. I've been under that pressure for 3 weeks, sometimes twice a day, and the effects are beginning to show. But today, all I have to do is ride in the passenger's seat and relax ... and look for giraffes.

I wonder what I will find in these upcountry churches. Kenyan people are very different than us. Rarely will you find a Kenyan with a heart that is hardened with bitterness or anger. I hear that they never get into fights, and I believe it. It feels like their hearts have the softness and naivety of a child, especially as you get out of the city.

They are also plagued with a lot of demonic activity. Witch Doctors hold places of fear amongst these people, and are infiltrated into every level of society, even the pulpits. Americans would find it hard to believe how serious and how powerful these demonic people are. The stories that I have been told sound bizarre, but there are plenty of intelligent, no-nonsense people that verify them. And because of the power that these witch doctors hold in this society, they are catered to by the very powerful in this country – from the top politicians of the government to the pastors and bishops of the churches.



It is of little wonder that you see so many people throw themselves on the floor in a demonic fit when you minister to them. What I can't figure out, however, is whether the demonic spirits are coming out of them or trying to get back in. Either way, it is like a plague here.

Only now, are Christians beginning to rise and take power and dominion over these wicked men and women. There is an inbred fear of witch doctors that they have inherited from generations of satanic oppression. That fear is what continues to give these demonic weasels their power over the people. Turning that around to give these Christians the holy boldness to stand up and claim victory is part of what I am here for. I love a good fight, especially when I'm on the winning side. I guess that's one big difference between the simple soft-hearted Kenyans, and a punk kid that was raised on the streets of Jersey.

I can feel the effects of this trip on my body. Everyday, I am just a bit wearier than the day before. There's a little less bounce in my step, and I am a little less patient. Well... to tell the truth, I starting to get cranky. I miss my girls more each day – from granddaughter to daughters to Grandma. It is time to come home. This is where it starts getting hard, and this is where I start needing more prayer to keep me going.

I keep encouraging myself that I have a job to finish and there are still battles to fight. I have to help these people to stand up to the Pharisees that have kept them down for so long. Throw the bums out, and make a stand for the Gospel. It doesn't take much to convince them, because they already know that these money-hungry pastors are what are robbing them of their freedoms. I just have to keep reminding myself why I am here.



We are in beautiful country out here. The air is fresh, the scenery is beautiful, and there are no Matatus to dodge. Matatus are the crazed suicide van drivers that are the taxi/buses that swarm all over the city. It doesn't matter if there are rules of the road or not, they ignore all human reasoning and drive like they are possessed. Considering what this country is like, perhaps they are.

But out here, it is so peaceful that it is like another world. Kenya is not so bad out here. Yes, there is still a certain level of poverty out here, but not like the desperate extremes in Nairobi. People are friendly (although they still try to get that extra buck out of the rich American), and the pace is slower. I can see why many whites have made their home in Kenya.

We visited the gravesite of Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts. I had no idea that he lived here. He may have started in England, but he made Kenya his home, and was buried facing Mt. Kenya in the distance. It is not hard to see why. This area is just gorgeous

As a matter of fact, I am learning a lot about Kenyan history and what it was like in colonial times. We visit a site where an incredible atrocity was committed by the British – they took thousands of men, both blacks and whites, down to a valley and slaughtered them there in an attempt to break the back of the rebellion. That was the wrong thing to do, because it only served to galvanize the Mau Mau warriors. When I get home, I've got to look up this incredible chapter of history.

We crash in the best hotel in Nyeri. If this is the best in town, I can only wonder what the worst is like. It is relatively cheap, and I am in not mood to complain. John really wanted me to stay at the Treetops Lodge in the National Park. Nice idea, especially with the prospect of seeing elephants coming up to feed, but not at \$250

a night. This is where Queen Elizabeth stayed when she was here, but checking my pockets, I find that I'm a little more apt to bunk with the regular folks back in town.

Believe it or not, there is hot water. What a novel idea! Of course it is only a dribble, but if you run around quick enough, you can get wet enough to take a shower. Actually, it's not that bad ... close, but not quite.

I told you I was getting cranky.

Day 21

It feels like Day 100, not Day 21. When you hit the point where you can smell a certain scent that is unique to the country no matter where you go, then you know that it's time to start wrapping things up. You've been here too long. I can smell that scent everywhere I go, as if it is stuck in my nostrils. It was the same with the Philippines, but this one is not quite so bad.



Everything in Africa goes at its own pace, and you can never depend on a schedule. If you are told one thing, you can bet that by the time it is supposed to take place, it will change. I go through this everyday, and it drives me nuts. But I seem to be the only one bothered by this. Everyone else just takes it in stride.

The funny thing is (and I hate to say this), but everything seems to work out. Now, I can quote all sorts of stuff about diligence and slothfulness and preparedness – you know the drill – but the truth is, when everything works out anyway, you feel like an over-wrought mother making a fuss about nothing. Of course, this is Africa, so of course everything always does work out. And if it doesn't, oh well.

Remember, their slogan is Hakuna Matata, so what does that tell you?

The 5:00 meeting has changed to 3:00 and I am told that we need to be there at 2:00. So we set off to get to this church. I was told it was in a certain town, but of course, it is nowhere near this town. It is out in the boondocks, on top of some mountain somewhere. Hey, it's a beautiful day, so who cares? (I'm getting the feel of this Hakuna Matata attitude). It turns out it was supposed to be 5:00 anyway. (groan)



We turn off onto a dirt road, which becomes a rough dirt road, and then a REALLY rough road. After a while, it becomes an Olympic 4x4, boulder-strewn challenge, and here we are in some little Japanese compact

car. Even goats don't go up roads like this, and we are heading straight up this mountain one slow bump at a time, through mud puddles that could swallow up a small animal. Hey, no problem. This is Kenya. Hakuna Matata.

When we get out to take a break from the tortuous climb, the view is magnificent, and the air is golden. I could really see myself living here. There is such a feeling of peace up here – it just sort of floats in the air – and the importance of all those things in that other world down there seem so minimal in comparison. There's no electricity and only spring water, but even that seems like just a small inconvenience.

A couple of hours later, we have made the 30 km trip (that's 18 miles), and stop for a minute before arriving at the church. I can't seem to get a leading from the Lord on what to preach about, and I need to pray for a little bit first, and this is such a great place to sit down, bask in the sunshine and mountain air, while gazing at the view.

Man, I could have sat there for hours, but a woman comes down from the next farm with a pitcher of milk for us. Yeah, that's right – some lady out of nowhere walks about a half a mile just to give us some fresh milk. Ya gotta love this place!



When we finally arrive, I find this little tiny church with about a dozen people inside. The original idea that was pitched to me was that there would be a lot of people here, even thousands. Now, numbers have never meant that much to me. I just do my job regardless of the size of the audience -- besides, it seems that the bigger the congregation, the less they really take reproof of the Word to heart -- but if you weigh the picture of this handful of farmers way up on a mountaintop against all the time, trouble, and thousands of dollars it took to get here, it kinda gives you a feeling of being a little off balance. On top of that, I still don't have a message or direction from the Lord and I'm beginning to wonder if this is a mistake ... a big mistake.

It's not.

I finally have a scripture to jump off from and a vague feeling that everything is going to be okay, so I just take it from there. Every time this happens, it is like diving off a cliff, spreading your arms out by faith, and soaring by faith on the Spirit of God. It does not matter how many people are here, the Spirit of the Lord starts rolling across that little pulpit and everyone is lit up.

Most churches in the US would give anything to experience the power of God that is crashing down here, but here it is just me, John, a small handful of farmers, and the Almighty God in a tiny church on a mountaintop.



I can't figure all this stuff out, but there is no doubt that God wanted us here. Who knows? Maybe some mighty revival will come out of this little church on a mountain that will evangelize all of Kenya. God has done it before.

Me? I just follow orders.

Services are long, but you wouldn't know it. They start with some rousing songs in Swahili accompanied by an African drum and a bell that is made from a ring gear off an automobile's flywheel. The drum is made of real goatskin, tied and stretched by hand and beaten with a wooden stick on one side and a bare hand on the other. The flywheel ring bell is just a rusty old piece of iron that they play like a pro. I didn't know a rusty, old auto part could make so many sounds. The analogy strikes me about the vast difference between the two cultures that produced each of these instruments, and yet how well they work together.



As usual, I am lost with the Swahili going on around me, which is just as well. I'm a little steamed over the fact that we came all the way up here just to preach to a handful of John's family members, not the thousands of Christians as promised. But I swallow it in time to stand up, and once I start preaching, the Holy Spirit fills the room and it is as if there were 10,000 people there.

I'm telling you there is no figuring this stuff out. We are supposed to be here. God is here. He is really here. Who are we to think it was too much effort to make it up here?

I'm glowing as we leave services, but there is no time to chat. One look at the threatening skies and it is obvious that it is time to go. The rain is coming.

Is this a picture of what is coming in the Spirit? I know that sounds a little silly just looking up at a coming storm, but I also know that God often speaks to us through seemingly insignificant signs. But this is the same feeling that I had that back home before I came. A spiritual storm is coming and these people here are not prepared for the battle. I can see how precious these people are to God, but I can also see how vulnerable they are. There are very few strong ministers with the courage to preach a strong Gospel to strengthen them. That's when I knew why I had to come.

Nevertheless, I am ushered from my musing while I'm standing there gazing at the clouds and told to get in the car. I can just see us stuck up to our axles on these mountain roads with some kind of monsoon pouring down torrents of rain. It was bad enough getting up here; I don't want to get stuck here trying to get back down.

Well, all it did was sprinkle, but the escape sounded good when I thought of it. It was a good excuse to get back to town 40 miles away and crash in our pre-Castro Banana Republic hotel. Tomorrow we are going to see the animals and take the day off as we travel to our next meeting outside the city of Nakura.

It ought to make for an interesting day.

Day 22

We have breakfast in our Banana Republic hotel, and there is a tropical feeling in the air, like Florida in the morning. This place reminds you of a Humphrey Bogart movie, complete with peeling paint, worn linoleum, missing light sockets, and laid back waiters. Then we are off to see the animals!

John promises that I will see giraffes, elephants and rhinos at this National Park, but if this turns out like his promises usually do, we'll end up seeing chipmunks and squirrels and maybe a few African dogs.



But we actually see some water buffalo as soon as we get inside the gate. I joking said they were just cows, but these bulls are nothing to snuff at. When they get that mean, cold, and dark look in their eyes, you can see that they are about to charge you, and the raw sense of power scares you. I am not getting out of the car!

We have a soldier with us who guides us through the roads. It is not the jungles I imagined in the Tarzan books, neither is it the savanna of Lion King fame. It's just a bunch of shoulder-high thickets with a few trees. It looks as harmless as the back roads of New England, but the soldier assures me that if I get out of the car and walk down the road, I will be dead meat in no time. It sure doesn't look like it, but I'm not arguing.



We run up on some warthogs and they are just as ugly as I thought. They are also chicken and just about the only thing my camera captures is their rear ends. I am mumbling that it is as bad as a picture can get, but I am about to be corrected.



We don't see much else until we see some baboons up the hill. They have the same antisocial behavior as the warthogs, but their rear ends are so gross that it makes the warthogs look elegant in comparison.

After some African deer and antelope, we head home a little discouraged that not many animals showed up, but we get a surprise on the way out. An elephant and her baby are just off the side of the road. Even though, she is just a few yards away, we can only see the top of her head through the bushes. Still, it is pretty cool to be that close to a wild elephant. And then she starts waving her trunk.

No, that's not an elephant's way of saying hello. It means it is time for us to hightail it outta here. She is getting mad.

Well, this may not have been the greatest photo-op, but it sure wasn't bad. Besides, I didn't come here to see the zoo; I came to do a job.



This area has the feel of a high desert. There is a crisp feel to the air, but the sun is strong. You can feel the cool, refreshing feel of the earth while basking in the warm, direct rays of the sun. When I look for the sun, I realize it is directly overhead, not where I expect it to be. I forgot that I am at the Equator, not Texas.

Let me give you a picture of what country living is like out here. There is a simple, clean feeling, and it is a tremendous relief to get away from the slums of Nairobi. Here, you have a plot of land that you till by hand and a small wooden shack with a rusty, corrugated tin roof. You may have a cow and a few goats, but you always have chickens. Picture, if you will, the pioneers of America carving out a living out on the frontier, and you will have a pretty good idea of what life is like.

There are few luxuries, and you have to figure out a way to make do with what you have, but sprinkled throughout are traces of the 21st century. For instance, Cyber-cafes can be found anywhere there is electricity, and cell phones are as ubiquitous as they are in America. Maybe more so since very few can afford a regular phone.



Everything else is different, however. It is more than just the broken equipment (everything is broken here), or the seedy hotels, faded paint, and the language barriers. You are in a world that has a different way of thinking. They don't see the faded paint, or the burnt out light sockets. It doesn't bother them that they have traffic lights that don't work, because no one obeys them anyway. The dirty walls are invisible, the piles of rubble don't bother them, and as long as the trash is on the ground, it can stay there. Why worry about it if it doesn't bother you? And why let it bother you, if it isn't in the way? Hakuna Matata.

Everything is fluid and subject to change like the wind. No problem, or as my host keeps saying, "Doan you worry!" (Whenever I hear that, it is time to start worrying because it means everything just changed.) Nothing is a big deal to them, and everything will work out. Hey, and if it doesn't, Hakuna Matata.

You don't notice it at first, but after a while, it wears on you, and you long for the relatively pristine and structured world back home where everything works.

The lack of your choice of food also gets to you after a while ... well, actually, before a while. No matter where you go the menu is the same: some kind of white mashed hominy, rice, some vegetables, and beef tips if you are lucky. And every meal is accompanied with something that is a cross between a pancake and a tortilla. What you wouldn't give to sink your teeth in a real McDonalds hamburger, or slurp a real cup of coffee instead of the packet of instant Nescafe and hot water.



Speaking of America, anything that is American is advertised, worn, and displayed as decoration. I even saw them selling baseball caps with "Texas" embroidered on them at a tourist stand. Now figure that one out! America is the golden city on the hill. Even the Muslims, who claim to hate us, would give anything to be able to move there. The same people who wave Hate America signs, have most likely made 3 or 4 attempts to get a Visa to go there. Weird, huh?

Anyway, back to the trip. We cross the Equator, so naturally everybody gets out to snap a picture in front of the big sign, when a man with a pitcher of water approaches us. (You're going to love this one.) He tells us that, because of the Earth's magnetic poles, water swirls in different directions when positioned 20 meters on either side of the line. He quotes some intelligent-sounding scientific principles and the name of some Italian scientist who discovered it. Wow. Sounds impressive.



So we take the bait. Sure enough, on one side we watch a straw twirl around in a clockwise direction, and then head over to the south side to watch it twirl in the opposite direction. Well, it doesn't really work that well, so a little push is needed to complete the demonstration, but you get the idea.

But a couple of discrepancies occur to me and I chuckle inside. First of all, the Equator does not divide the Earth between the magnetic North and South poles. The polarization of magnetic current runs along a line that is on a different axis than the Equator. Besides, 20 meters would not make a difference that could be seen with a straw in a jar of water.

Another small detail that he has failed to mention is that the Equator is running parallel to the highway, but his demonstration is based on a line that runs perpendicular to it, and therefore not the actual Equator. Hmmmmm. Oh well, that's Africa for you.

Nevertheless, I appreciate a good con when I see one, and this guy was good. He is worth 200 shillings, which to him is pretty good. To me it is a couple of bucks for entertainment.



But now, it is my turn. They pull us into the Curio Shop to buy some souvenirs, and here is where the fun begins. I pick an elephant, they shoot for a price of 8,000 shillings; I offer 300. They cry, but offer 5,000; I offer 500. Oh, they are so hurt! But they offer 4,500; I offer 400. In the midst of pleas for their starving children and desperate pleas for how hard life is, they go to 4,000. I now go to 300.

“What? You are going down, not up!” I reply that one of us has to come down, and if they won’t do it, then I will. Oh, the pain! But they come down to 800, ... and I walk away. This is more fun than watching the water swirl around.

I repeat the game at the top of a mountain overlooking the Rift Valley, where there is another string of makeshift curio shops setup.



This even more fun. I haggle over some carved Zebras. We have come down from 2,500 shillings to 600, but I point out that the horse is only half painted. Why didn’t they fill in the stripes? He explains that it is a “Zebbrah”. Well, it doesn’t look like any horses I’ve seen in Texas, and since it is only half finished, I will only pay ½ of the 600 shillings.

Talk about frustration and pain! This guy’s face is tortured. This guy is desperate for a sale, and desperately tries to explain that Zebras have stripes. Oh, this is rich!

I finally end up buying some souvenirs for about 10% of their asking price, and leave with the distinct feeling that they still got over on me. It didn’t exactly go the way they thought it would, however, but that’s what you get for thinking Americans are stupid. After all, they probably got the art of the con from us.

The topography here is dramatic and spectacular. Pictures don’t give you that same feeling that makes you suck your breath in. There are waterfalls that tower over you, steep rock cliffs that shoot straight to the sky, and magnificent vistas that go on forever. It’s just beautiful. I can see why so many whites had wanted to settle here. Unfortunately, the former government squeezed them all out with a continuing succession of higher taxes and restrictions until it was just not worth it anymore, and they had to leave this beautiful land.



You can actually see the timing of their sudden departure in the unfinished construction and the deterioration of commercial buildings. It's as if there was a certain point in time when all construction stopped and everything started going downhill from there. There are skeletons of half-built buildings everywhere.

This current government has begun a turnaround, but they have a long way to go. Corruption destroyed a very beautiful thing in this country, and it will take some time to regain it.

We end the night in a really nice hotel. Soft beds, real lamps with honest-to-goodness lampshades on them, green grass outside, and guess what? It has hot showers! I haven't had a hot shower since I arrived (with the one notable exception of the lukewarm drizzle in Nyeri), and I am excited. I will worry about everything else tomorrow after I spend a long, long time soaking up as much hot water as I can.

I'll talk to you after that.

Day 23

We are in the city of Nakuru today. What a world of difference from what I have seen everywhere else in Kenya! John explains that it is because there has been a strong White influence here. True, I see more whites here than I have seen anywhere else. As a matter of fact, I meet someone from California who has been running an orphanage here for 3 years. He came for a month or two and never left. I can see why.



Orphans are a serious problem, not only here in Kenya, but all over Africa because AIDS has decimated the entire population. I have been told that over 25% of the population is infected, and there is no telling how large a portion has already died. There is not a family that has not been affected by this holocaust. Children are abandoned to run the streets because there is no one left in their entire family. Parents, aunts, uncles, and cousins are gone. And you think you've got problems?

I hope this guy emails me because I really want to donate to his organization. Guys like him are the real heroes to me. Not only are they giving up their lives to help orphans, but you have to realize that most of the orphans they take in are sick with AIDS, and there is no help or assistance from the government. These volunteers are totally on their own, and, with blind courage, face the danger of getting infected themselves. You don't read about that in the papers, and there are no medals awarded these heroes, but they carry the weight of this desperate cause in their hearts with stoic dedication. May God richly bless them here and in Eternity.

On the lighter side, the weather here is great. There is a clear, crisp feeling mixed with a touch of that tropical lift in the air. The streets are clean and neat and there is not that atmosphere of desperation that you find in Nairobi. A touch of peace lightly settles on your shoulders, and you feel like you could just stroll along these streets all day.



But we're off again, this time to see the flamingos. I must admit, I'm not that excited about seeing some pink birds standing in a pool of water, but I go along with the program anyway. Another 30 bucks entrance fee! It is as if they are waiting for the Muzungu to come and pay up. (That's us Americans)

But then I see the lake. You have no idea what it is like to see this long, long stretch of pink. There are so many flamingoes that the sound of their wings is like a low roar. Unbelievable.

As I get close, the ones close to me take off. We are talking major Kodak moment here. Wow. There is something thrilling about the sheer numbers of this spectacular sight that cannot be transferred in words.



But the flamingoes are just the beginning. I see Impalas, antelope, buffalo, and all sorts of animals that you only see on National Geographic, and they are right there in front of me. And then we come up on the Rhinos.



I'm telling you, you can see all the pictures in the world, but when you are four feet away from a pair of these huge monsters, you can feel their sheer power and it gives you chills. But we dare not linger. Papa Rhino is eyeing us curiously, and he can flip us over with just a twist of his head.



And then the giraffes, and then the baboons, and then the zebras. I don't want to turn this into a Wildlife Documentary, but I have to tell you, I was pretty turned on. I keep wishing my kids were here to see this, and

John keeps rattling on and on about how he is going to plan my next trip here with the family so they can see this. He is like a magpie that won't shut up, but I humor him because his excitement is so infectious, and besides, you never know what will happen tomorrow.



We leave for our next meeting, but our poor little car is giving up on us. We work through a flat tire, which a mechanic fixes for 50 shillings. That's 65¢. And this was done completely by hand. How do you survive on 65¢ and work that hard? If they would just apply that work ethic to the rest of their surroundings, what a difference it would make!

But therein lies the clue. If it has to be done, these people will work like dogs. If, however, it does not really have to be done, then the African mentality enters in. In Mexico, they call it "Mañana, mañana". Yeah, you get it, don't you?

Our car has a clutch problem and is repeatedly breaking down, but we finally make it to the town that I am supposed to speak in. I just have two more services to do --this one in Molo, and then my last one in Eldoret. We make it, but we are too late for services. However, everyone is coming back this evening for an all-night prayer meeting. That's "all night", as in all night. They have come to seek the face of God, and they do not plan on leaving until they find Him.

This is pretty cool. This is real Christianity, just like we had a couple of generations ago in America but which we have lost to the comfortable, soft Gospel that has been soft-pedaled to us by our pastors. Here they live on the edge of reality – the cutting edge. The Gospel is serious business to these people because it is all they've got and it means everything to them.

You should hear them pray. It's not that it is just out loud, or just plain loud. It is the ripping of hearts and the crying of souls that storm the Throne of God. This is serious stuff here, and I am humbled in the midst of their raw sincerity. This is the stuff that causes God to stop the heavens to bow down His ear to listen. This is the stuff that revival is made of. Reality is torn wide open, and broken hearts reach through to touch the hem of the robe of Jesus Christ. This is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen fills the room.

You just had to be there. Ask your grandparents what it was like, because they probably remember the old Brush Arbor revivals when America was aflame with this kind of ferocious zeal.

They ask me to bring a word from God to them, and I have to let it roll out of me. But it has been like this for each and every service – the Lord just takes over and brings forth something that I would have never thought of. And it is always exactly the right stuff at the right time. After 37 years in the Gospel, He still amazes me.

It is no different tonight. Once I stand up, the Spirit of the Lord begins to minister to these people with a word that is custom tailored for them. When I finally sit down, they have received much more than they ever expected, and they turn it into some more on-fire prayer. These are like the ones in the Book of Joel who stripped the bark right off the trees in their hunger for God.

I am finished, and they send me off to go to bed so I will be ready for the next day. They are more excited that I am here than I am, and they are anxious to hear what the Lord has for them tomorrow. Yeah, I'm a little

excited to see what is going to happen also. When you storm the Throne of God like that, great stuff falls out of the sky.

This stuff just keeps getting better and better, so what will tomorrow hold? I guess we shall see tomorrow.

Day 24

We have slept in the kid's room at the Pastor's house in this little town of Molo. He happens to be the uncle to John, so we're all considered family here.



I squeeze out of the room to investigate the possibilities of a shower ... or whatever they've got. Showers are not a given amenity in Kenya. I have had one this month, everything else has been out of a bucket, and not always with warm water. Today is no different, but at least they have boiled some hot water for us.

The toilet, however, is another story. Without going into the tortuous details, all they have is a hole in the ground with a ceramic tank up near the ceiling for flushing (which is broken, of course). I am standing there wondering just exactly how one is supposed to negotiate the correct posture. I mean, there's nothing to hang from, and the obvious alternative is ... well, let's just say we are out in the bush.

Dear God, I'm glad the girls aren't here for this. John's answer to this is just to pray real hard. He says this with this knowing grin of his. I think he actually gets a kick out of watching my face when confronted with things like this.

The pastor's wife, and pretty much everyone else treat me with a certain distant respect. I have the feeling that they are not quite sure if they are ready to open their arms up to this stranger from a foreign country. Perhaps they don't understand why an American evangelist would go to all the expense and trouble to come to this little tiny town. Guess what. I don't understand either. Nevertheless, they are so glad that I have come. They just don't know what to expect.

I had been told there would be 200-300 people at services, but then I was told to only expect around 50 because there was another meeting somewhere. I am ushered into a tiny little room where you couldn't fit 20 people with a shoehorn, and less than 10 people are waiting there for me.



Now why didn't they just tell the truth? We have played this game of "bait-and-switch" since I have arrived. They lure you with grand possibilities, and switch to a leaner reality at the last minute. If you are told one thing, it always ends up being something else. Back home we call this being dishonest. Here, I guess it is just called African perspective.

I suppose they are afraid that if they told me the truth, I would not come. And they are probably right, but, you know what? If the Lord wants me to go somewhere, He has always been able to let me know.

He did it for my trip to the Philippines. I remember asking the Lord, what if it ended up just being a dozen women in a mud hut? I felt Him answer me, "Just go".

"What if it is not what I expected?" "Just go".

What if I am not what they expected?" "JUST GO!"

It didn't take too many more extraordinary signs, and I just went. It would have been the same for Kenya.

So here we are starting services and I have no idea what to preach on. This is just the regular drill -- nothing new here -- but, I've got to tell you about this one cause it was so cool.

While I'm wondering where to go in the Scriptures, I get this feeling about an "E". "E"? "E" what? I don't know, but I am drawn to the Book of Acts. Acts, "E" -- what's the connection? Okay, something about Peter. Peter? E? Acts? Scheesh! I give up. Can't You just tell me? And then I land on chapter 10 and read the first verse. Wow!

Acts 10 is about when the Lord heard Cornelius' prayer and had him send for Peter. (I'm feeling the Spirit just writing about this again). Peter, who doesn't know what is going on any more than Cornelius does, shows up at this little gathering of Cornelius' friends. Cornelius tells him what happens, and then sits down. Okay, Peter, tell us what the Lord has to say.

Can you imagine Peter standing there, clueless, wondering what is he supposed to tell these people? And then it hit me like a hammer -- that was exactly what was going on here with me! Exactly!

It dawned on me that that little meeting in Acts with a handful of hungry people was what ushered in the dispensation to the Gentiles -- and that was no little thing.

I can feel the power beaming down on this service, and I can't wait for the songs to end. Mercifully, John's uncle, the pastor, skips John's usual half hour introduction and turns directly to me. Thank you Jesus, cause I can't wait. My motor is running like a race car at Indy.

If I tell you that the place was glowing, would you get an idea of what it was like? What if I described the anointing that was on us as something that lifted us a foot off the ground? Would that describe the feeling? There was no consciousness of the size of the congregation, which by now had grown to a small crowd both inside and outside of the church. I was lost in the message somewhere in between Heaven and Earth.

As the service winded down to an end, I felt like there should be some kind of an altar call, but not the usual kind. I didn't really know what I was supposed to do, but all I had to do is mention it out loud, and they start whisking the chairs outside. They aren't just ready; they are ready! Chairs are flying, and the crowd outside is cramming their way in. We are going to make a compact with God.

I warn them of the seriousness of making vows to God, but they don't care. They want to break the chains that have handcuffed their faith to the tiny vision they have been bound with, and they are not kidding.

As we begin to pray, I feel like a jet plane taking off. Zoom! Straight up! I am doing some serious praying, but it is nothing like how they start praying when I'm done. I'm telling you, they were so ferocious, and the power of God was so strong in response that I was actually afraid to move. It did not matter how long they were going to continue to storm the Throne of God, I was not moving!

What is God doing? Nothing makes any sense, but when I flip through the Scriptures in my mind, I am reminded that this is always how God does great things – from scratch with a small handful of people who are so desperate for God that they are willing to grasp the courage to believe Him for great and mighty things.

Wow. And I got to be here for this!

Back at the Pastor's house, while waiting for the car to get fixed, I spend a few very deep and personal hours with the Pastor's wife. The reticence is gone, and she has completely opened up. She tells me that every one of her questions has been answered. (Since she has said this about three times, I figure that means that I'm supposed to ask.) Okay, I'll bite, what questions?



Here is an interesting insight into one of the personal lives behind the wall of faces I have been looking at. She has had so many dreams and visions of what she wanted to accomplish for the Lord, but they have all had to be set aside when she became a wife and a mother. You can feel the sadness of buried dreams as she pulls out a couple of notebooks out of her secret drawer. Here the remembrances of a life she once led with such zest are pressed between pages that contain flyers, diaries, and scraps of faded memories. She has been wondering all these years what was going to happen to all the things that the Lord has shown her that she was going to accomplish. Would they just go to seed and turn into dust from disuse?

But now she has a new burst of light in her life. The Lord has opened her heart to see the answers. (No, I don't know what answers.) She tells me that she knows that the Lord has sent me all the way from Texas just for her.

Boy, I'm fumbling around on this one. Just for you? How am I supposed to answer this one? I don't want to rain on her parade, because she has this light on her face like someone who has been liberated after years of captivity. She reminds me of the guy in John chapter 5 who had lain by the Pool of Bethesda for 38 years and was finally healed. He must have had the same look on his face.

She's right. If nothing else happens on this trip, here is a life that has literally been transformed. The thing is, I have been witnessing this same level of liberation every day, sometimes twice a day. I wish Cindy were here to witness this so she could experience this with me. You just miss the depth of it in the telling of it. I can tell you the story, but you aren't able to hear how my heart is crying.

We are ready to leave, but John has felt something very, very dark waiting for us. He feels like the Lord is warning us not to leave. I don't feel anything, but that's nothing new, so I opt to ask the Lord for a sign. As it turns out, we have a dinner to go to and have to wait so long for this lady to serve dinner that it is too late to make it to the gas station. Oh well, if that ain't a sign, then we don't need one.

So we settle into the evening dinner. This is how it is done in Africa: they don't eat until around 8 PM or later, and it is the important social event of the day. The husband finally makes it home around 8:30, and the evening social hour begins. He is a local pastor also, and get this – his name is Mambo. I am sitting there, and all I can think about is that Mambo is the name of little black Sambo's father. At least, I think so. Maybe it was Mumbo. Anyway, he looks like a Mambo – big, round, imposing presence sitting in that big ol' chair. I'm trying not to laugh out loud, but the whole thing strikes me as funny.

We finally end the night around 10:30 and head back to the pastor's house. Maybe there was some impending danger on the road, but I sure wish we had gotten out of here earlier. I'm getting too old for this. Besides, I gotta to a place where there is a bathroom.



At least the car is fixed and we don't have to worry about the clutch going out again. I just wonder what is next.

Day 25

As we prepare to leave Molo, the Pastor's wife gives me an African basket for my wife, Cindy. Let me fill this in for you.

This is the woman that I wrote of yesterday who had been so affected by the service that she says it changed her life. She desperately wanted to give me something, anything, to show her deep -- and I mean deep -- appreciation. The only thing she has to give is this basket (Man, I'm getting teary-eyed just trying to write this), and she gives this to me just as if she was handing me her heart on a platter. I can tell she wishes it was a gift of much more value, but this is all she has.

How do you put a value on stuff like this? Was this trip worth \$5,000, \$10,000, \$20,000 ... how much? It is worth your giving your life. And guess what? When you do, you end up getting the better end of the bargain.

Today we are on the Road to Eldoret! (Sounds like a good name for a movie). The pastor at the church in Eldoret, William Getumbe, has been getting tapes of the broadcasts for some time, so I had contacted him hoping to meet him while I was here. I am excited at the prospect of seeing the end in sight, because this will be the last service I give in Kenya. It has been a long haul, and I am ready to go home.

But I had no idea that the road would be so hard.

The highway is so full of potholes that you can hardly drive. No, "potholes" is too kind. Let me just say that the road would have been smoother if they had just bombed it. At least you could drive around the craters. I called it Burma Road. It is so bad that I am actually sick to my stomach by the time we get to Eldoret. Oh boy, if this is any kind of a sign, this oughta be a great service!

Pastor William and his friend Duncan are young, bright, and excited. They look like they'd make a good team -- one is excitable and full of electricity, while the other is pensive and pragmatic. These are young Christians filled with a vision and a determined purpose. I can see it as I look into their eyes.



They take me to their church, which is situated down by the backside of the city's downtown. We walk through what is like a garbage dump behind the city, both of trash and humanity, to the fenced off area that belongs to them. Their dream is to build this into a 4,000 seat church right here in the middle of the city. Right now, it consists of a wall of sticks and a roof of corrugated metal sheets, but I see a building built by faith.

In the middle of this large fenced off area are about 8 or 10 people waiting to hear the word of God from the prophet that the Lord has sent them. I think of the passage where the 10 lepers were healed and only one returned to give glory to God. When I look at this small group of hungry people, sitting on the edge of their chairs in great expectation, I hear this echo of Jesus' response, "Where are the nine?"

I don't know where the nine are, but here are the ones that the Lord has chosen, and that's good enough for me.

You know, I don't know where everybody got this "prophet" thing from, but I have given up trying to dismiss it. Whatever. I just step into the job that I came here to do – open my mouth and let God fill it. When I return to the States, I will be Brother Dale again, but while I am out here, I am looked at as if I was the Prophet Samuel. It doesn't matter what I tell them, all these people think I'm a prophet. What puzzles me is how did all of them, in different cities with no contact with each other, come up with the same idea? I have this feeling that the Lord is forcing me to step into a position that normally I would shy away from. Kinda like Saul hiding amongst the stuff when he was called out to become king.



Nevertheless, this is another great service, and there is no denying the presence of the Holy Spirit. There might have only been a few of us, but God was here. In John chapter 5 during the feast at Jerusalem, all the religious big shots were at the Temple, but Jesus was at the Pool of Bethesda with the sick and dying. And that's where the miracle took place. I get the same sense that this is the place where the Lord would have gone to if He were here.

What a contrast from something else that would seem to have made sense! I'm afraid to even question what is going on. Why all this time, trouble, and expense for these small groups of people? Ah, but isn't that how God always does it? I can only hope that I have faithfully accomplished that which I was sent here to do, and let God worry about the rest.

But I do know this, I am done! I am finished! It is finally over, and I am heading down the road to home. What a sense of relief comes over me! There are no more messages to preach, and the pressure is off. I am going home!

Ah, but not so fast! The car breaks down again, and this time we are stuck for over 5 hours in some tiny roadside stop on top of a mountain. We are way out in the middle of nowhere, and I am not so sure they are going to be able to fix this stupid car. (Sigh) I wanna go home!



As I am standing next to the car, here come the kids. They just stand there with wide eyes looking at the white guy.

“Muzumgu”, I hear whispered. C’mon. Just a little closer, a little closer, a little bit more, c’mon, ... and then, “BOO!”

They run in every direction, squealing with laughter, and then come creeping back. I wait nonchalantly gazing at the sky as they get ever closer, and then jump at them again. Zoom! They are gone like little jackrabbits. And here they come again. If you’ve got kids, you know how long this game can go on, don’t you?

Before long, there are 50-60 kids swarming all around me. We laugh, make fun of each other, clap and sing songs, and just hang out waiting for the car to get fixed. I am having the time of my life, while the other guys are laboring over that stupid car. They like to sit next to me and chatter away while 3 or more kids at a time are rubbing the hair on my arms and the hair on my head. You have to remember, they have never touched a white guy before (probably never even seen one), so this long hair thing is a real thrill for them.

The car is finally fixed, but our driver doesn’t want to drive over these roads at night. There is a very real threat of thugs jumping your car as you slowly inch over the potholes ahead, so we opt for a “hotel” for the night.

The “hotel” looks more like a former prison for the French Foreign Legion than a hotel. I’m serious. The rooms are nothing more than concrete cells with a steel door. We all have our little cell for the night with little more than a bunk to sit on. The shower is consists of a bucket of water in another decrepit jail cell with a scummy floor and a hole in the corner for the drain. I have to remember to get some shower shoes to wear (and not because I’m afraid of slipping), but it’s a little late now. I have to just hope that whatever fungus is in that floor has not found me.

But tonight, I could sleep anywhere, because I am on my way home.

Day 26

We are on our way back to Nairobi and ultimately home. Life will go on for all of us in the little bubbles that make up our respective worlds – mine in America; theirs in Kenya. I look into their faces and wonder if I have had any real effect here other than some temporary excitement.

I do have a sense of being finished, however, and can feel a palpable sense of relief. My back has been full of those little tension knots for a month, either from the sense of being on a mission, or simply because I am experiencing the unbalance of not being home. Then again, maybe I'm just getting old.



On the way, we pass Mount Longonot, a volcanic mountain that is affectionately called Hell's Gate. They say it is the home of demonic spirits and a gateway to the underworld. It is even said that you can hear voices from up there. I don't want to find out if it's true. It is one spooky looking mountain – spooky enough to believe that it really is haunted. While the Massai called it the mountain of madness or demonic insanity, the Kikuyu were so afraid of it that they wouldn't even give it a name. I don't blame them.



All along the road are baboons and zebras. They are as plentiful as squirrels are back home. The Baboons are sitting all along the highway, as if they are just waiting for the bus. The herds of zebras are just grazing there, ignoring everyone passing by. The landscape looks exactly like Texas, but the wildlife is certainly Africa. How I wish my kids could see this!

Every once in a while, you can see a lonely Massai herdsman, standing as a sentinel out in the middle of the desert landscape, watching over his flocks. I wonder if they ever get bored out there. I know they are tough, but isn't there something more to their lives than dressed up as cultural freaks and isolated from social interactions

with the rest of the world? But then again, I am heading back to Nairobi, a city packed with the scrapings from off the bottom of the barrel. If I had to choose between the two, I think I'd rather stand out there in the desert with the goats.



Did you ever look at the strange faces in a crowd, and wonder what their lives were like? Pick somebody, and imagine crawling into that person's mind. Is their life good, or is it hard? Do they have dreams and goals in life just like you do? Or are they laden down with the drudgery of laboring through one breath after another?



I look at the faces in Kenya and am struck with the vast difference between my life, which is nestled in the luxury of America, and the bleak daily existence I see here. And yet, they seem to not know nor care about the difference. True, everyone wants to go to America, even the Muslims who hate us, but when it all boils down to the basics of living, there really isn't much difference in how we measure our days. It is in how we measure ourselves against others that affects us most.



What is so different between the different roads we take in life? Solomon noted that we all end up in the same place, regardless of how we choose to get there. This life really is short on this side, and long on the other. Yet, we place so much importance on the type and quality of life that we lead here, and pay so little attention to the long life that we will go to in just a few short years.

I can only hope that I have done an effective job of exposing that ultimate goal to these people, and take their minds off their lack of worldly prosperity. I know I did my job, and I know the Lord anointed each service in every place I went to in such a powerful way that they will never forget it, but will it be enough? Will something special come out of this whole effort? Will it stand the test of time?

My job was to strike a match and light a fire in them. In many cases, it was as if they were relegated to a small room of faith, and my job was to simply draw open the curtains and open the bay windows so they could see the vast panorama of Faith that lay outside the confines of that little room they were stuck in. But only they have the ability to take that vision and expand their horizons.

The parable of the Sower comes to mind. I hope the seeds that were planted will grow up into trees that bear forth much fruit that results in something that is supernatural in scope. I guess every evangelist hopes for the same thing.

So where will they be 6 months from now? Will they still feel the glow? Will they still see the vision? Will there be those who rise up to meet the challenge head on, and take the great commission to spawn a revival? I don't know. I hate to say that, but really, I just don't know.

One thing I do know, however, that in the final analysis they will know that a servant of the Lord had been among them and had delivered the vision of a golden opportunity that God Himself has laid before them. The Holy Spirit of God touched many lives in those services and opened up doors for them that they never knew existed.

I delivered my soul. More than that I cannot do.

The Kenya Diaries are ended.



WORD & DEED MINISTRIES INT'L
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"And this Gospel of the Kingdom will be preached in all the world as a witness to all the nations and then the end will come."

Matt. 24:14

To Whom It May Concern:

re: Appreciation Letter for Dale Garris

We the Word and Deed Ministries International based in Kenya, wish to express our appreciation of the work of God and the Ministration of the Holy Ghost which was done amongst us and in many churches in Nairobi (city), Nyeri (Central Province), Molo, and Eldoret (Rift Valley Province) by Dale Garris from 10th October to 30th October 2005.

We wish to acknowledge the huge amount of money spent in preparation, advertisement, and transport to the various venues and churches where the meetings were held. We also wish to thank God for Dale Garris who gave his life and offered to stay with us during all this time, ministering 2 to 3 services in a day. We know that this was tiresome and that he (as a man) would feel weak and even to the extent of almost fainting.

I, John Ndung'u, in particular wish to express with deep and sincere concern the amount of work that has been done to my ministry and churches which are under me, and also wish to appreciate my brother Dale Garris for his boldness in facing the corrupt and ungodly preachers with the truth to the extent of warning them to either change or quit preaching. I know it was hard on my fellow Kenyans, who for a long time have been in darkness and have condoned the gospel of prosperity and some have condoned witchcraft in the house of God, some taking for themselves witchcraft powers for miracle working. I know this is shameful to be mentioned in the Christian society and especially amongst the Pentecostal churches. This is the trend that was fostered and propagated by the American prosperity preachers, who say that God is good all the time, meaning he will not reprimand his children (the church) when they go astray, but shall have great mercies on them as to allow witchcraft, homosexuality, stealing in the name of the Lord (Prosperity Gospel) and therefore blinding the believers who take them as great men of God and take whatever they speak as being from God himself.

I wish to thank my dear brother Dale Garris for stooping so low as to stay in one of my pastor's house and eating our local foods without complaining. This is not easy for a person of his status and especially for someone who has tasted the high class life of Texas.

I also wish to thank Cindy Garris for accepting her husband to come to Kenya to a people he did not know, neither had he met in his lifetime, but was willing to obey the Lord and to let go the one that she upholds so dearly. It is amazing to see how she has supported him from back home in Texas and has followed to every detail the day to day occurrences and writing the Kenya Diary and sending it to various newspapers in the U.S.A. and calling pastors and friends to pray for us in our time of need whenever the devil attacked us.

I cannot forget her daughter Kelly who took the work of her father to make sure that the broadcasts went on as usual and her sisters who stood with her and the mother in these trying times. It is worth to note the love of her own children which was portrayed whenever they called their grandfather to express how they missed him. This is great love for a family.

Bishop John Ngund'u

Post Notes

Something great was started in Kenya. The sparks that we kindled in the different cities where we touched down became fires. People were filled with expanding vistas of faith in God that they had not believed was possible for them – somebody else, maybe, but not them. Those fires continue to burn and spread.

Whenever you touch a match to dry tinder, it will turn into a blaze, and so it seems to have been with these precious Believers. I have been getting emails and letters from several of the brothers and sisters that I have met about the crusades they have started, the prayer meetings that have taken place, the 9 new churches that have been established, and the hundreds of souls that have been won in the six months since I left.

Once I showed them that they – yes, they – could do this, and the door was swung wide open before them, it didn't take much to coax them into a world of possibilities in God.

I can't help feeling so much gratitude for the Lord to have allowed me to go and be a part of this. He could have sent anyone, but He sent me, and it was the experience of a lifetime.

Now, the burden is upon me to get back. The people that I ministered to are praying for me to return, and have organized prayer groups for God to open the door. There are others who attended some of the services who are asking me to come to their area also and minister to their people.

Then (and this is really quizzical), there are some pastors in completely different parts of Kenya who had no idea that I had just been to their country, and, out of the clear blue sky, are asking if it would be possible to come visit them. I have received requests from six major cities from hundreds of pastors to please return and continue what was started. You think maybe there's something going on here?

The message is clear that I have to go back.

There is, however, the challenge of finances to overcome. I no longer have the money to finance another trip to Kenya myself and I have felt the Lord impress upon me that I am not supposed to. By not allowing others to help, not only would I miss an important lesson of humility of how we all need each other, but also I would be denying others the opportunity to help in this crusade and thereby deny them a blessing.

I hope that by reading the Kenya Diaries, you have had a peek into the wonderful things that the Lord has started there, and that it has touched your heart. There is much more to be done, and I desperately need to return, but I need your help.

If you feel that you would like to be a part of this incredible ministry, please contact us or send us your support. If you would like me to come to your church to share with your congregation the wonderful things that are happening there, please call us.

I thank you, the people in Kenya thank you, but most of all, the Lord Jesus Christ who gave His life for these people thanks you.

Dalen Garris
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Please visit our website for more information about our ministry and what we stand for. There is a live copy of the Kenya Diaries posted there complete with video clips for you to see and listen to.

www.RevivalFire.org

The Kenya Diaries was written as a daily journal that was emailed home on a daily basis so family and friends could keep up with what Dalen Garris was doing while ministering in Kenya. Interest spread through email and finally to local newspapers whose readers would wait in anticipation for each daily installment of this incredible experience.

This extraordinary journal not only gives an insight to the African culture, but also gives you an inside look at the first-hand personal thoughts and feelings of an evangelist in the midst of a powerful move of God.

Dalen Garris has been a radio evangelist for 10 years, whose broadcasts and weekly columns are heard and read in several countries around the world.



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Calvinism Critique

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