



# THE LIGHTHOUSE

A PERFECT LOVE TABERNACLE PUBLICATION

February 2020



Newsletter Team

A TRIBUTE TO BROTHER LEWIS NELSON  
July 1997 Newsletter

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*IN THE SPIRIT*  
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*REFLECTIONS*  
From That Time

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Welcome to the first volume of our newsletter for the year 2020.

I trust that this volume will bless and encourage you to fight the good fight of faith, knowing that Jesus never fails.

This newsletter is to lift Jesus high through our testimonies, our articles, and the Word of God.

2019, we had many ups and downs, but God has been faithful, and we gave Him thanks for His faithfulness.

Let us love one another, pray for one another, and the ministry, and God will bless us. Remember, whatever you do for Christ, will last!

We express our sincere appreciation for the ongoing support of the newsletter. Your help enables us to reflect the light of the lighthouse in this dark world. So let us continue to shine. Let the light of the lighthouse shine through us as we go forward in faith, believing that God is still on the Throne.

God bless you richly

Sister Gail Hing

Newsletter Team



## *From the Pastor's Desk*

### **Testimony for the Glory of God**

On September 26, 2019, I came back from India on a missionary trip.

Late the following evening, September 27, I decided to go to church (Perfect Love Tabernacle).

When I left home, I felt good, but I don't know what happened on my way to the church. I drove into a bus shed, backed out, and continued going towards the highway 401. I entered the highway, not knowing what I was doing, driving into traffic according to the dash camera. That is the camera on the vehicle, and cars were trying to avoid hitting me.

The mighty and powerful God sent an Angel to turn my vehicle off the 401 highway into a ravine, the vehicle was severely damaged, and I was taken home by a tow truck. After that, I did not realize where I was, so I was taken to the hospital where they admitted me.

Thank God for a minister name M. Dente who prayed that I would be discharged from the hospital to attend Br. Percy's funeral. Praise God, it happened. Praise be to Jehovah Shammah!

I thank all those who prayed for me at Perfect Love Tabernacle and around the world. God bless you Saints.

Thank God for His healing power and His great protection.

Brother Lewis Nelson

## *INSPIRATION*

Since the accident with Pastor Nelson, I have been watching him closely and have been strengthened.

The scripture that kept coming to me is Hebrews 13:7, *Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow.* That's what I saw displayed in his life. How can one go from being in the hospital and want to go on a trip so bad? We know that it was God calling him. But it was his faith. His faith was tremendous. I looked at myself, and if I were sick, I would have wanted to stay in bed for three weeks and moan, but he got up because he had the work of God to do. I am very inspired by that--whose faith follow.

God bless him and pour him more of His Word so we could listen, receive, and follow.

God bless you, Brother Nelson and family, in Jesus' name.

Brother Joel **Caprietta**

## *A TRIBUTE TO BROTHER LEWIS NELSON*

by Sister June Hunte  
July

1997 Newsletter

Instead of the regular editorial comments, I thought I would use this space to pay a special tribute to Brother Nelson.

The inspiration to do this came during the service on Sunday July 13, 1997. When Brother Nelson came to the platform to deliver what God laid on his heart, as he began to speak the atmosphere changed. He did not read a scripture or give a title to his message, but began to make pastoral comments: He spoke of church attendance, putting God first place in our lives, honouring the presence of the Angel in our homes, maintaining the right attitude in our homes.

The importance of forgiveness, the older women teaching the young married women how to love their husbands, the importance of fellowship, what it takes to bring God on the scene, the promise of restoration of our loved ones, the restored church, the life that follows a revelation of the seven thunders, and the leadership of the Holy Spirit. Throughout the pastoral comments, he referred to many scripture verses and quotes by the prophet.

Only God alone knew how much we needed to hear those words. They were direct from the Throne of God to individuals who received it joyfully. When the service ended, believers could not leave, but continued worshipping and singing praises to God; they were honouring God for the Word that came forth. Others who left, came back in to join in the singing and worshipping. Indeed it was a time of refreshing.

Since coming to Perfect Love Tabernacle in September 1996, I have witness the presence of the Holy Spirit visible among us. Signs, wonders, miracles following the Word as it was spoken from the pulpit by God's servant. The revival fires burned brightly. The young people and the older ones alike were basking in God's sunlit Presence. Then February came, and with it, the cold harsh Canadian weather. From then until about the middle of May 1997, the church went through a sever bout of testing and trails. No doubt it was tough for God's servant who had the burden of the people on his shoulders. He held on as he sought comfort and direction from the Word. God remained faithful to His servant.

Then on May 16, 1997, at the invitation of Brother Nelson, Brother Wesco and his wife, Sister Wesco visited Canada. With them came a young couple, Brother Jack Duff and his wife Sister Erica. This was the Victoria Day weekend in Canada. No one but God knew that it would have been a truly victorious weekend. It was the beginning of a uniting time for the Bride in Toronto and it came about because Brother Nelson stepped out by faith and invited Brother Wesco here. The weekend began with the Saturday night service at Brother Clyde Luke's Church, and what a mighty time of fellowship it was around the Word and later with the believers. There were two services at Brother Nelson's church the Sunday. Again the believers from both Churches came together along with Brother John Simon, another minister and a long time friend of Brother Nelson.

As Brother Wesco preached, the people received the Word gladly and shouted praises and thanksgiving to God. After the service ended, believers remained in the sanctuary for almost another hour, offering unto God the sacrifices of praise and songs. That weekend was to mark the beginning of a unity in Toronto that will no doubt shake the devil's kingdom.

Still there were further upheavals that shook the core of the families in our church. The enemy was on a rampage with every loaded gun pointed at this little church. I never forget that Friday night in the prayer meeting, just before we went to the July meetings in Pennsylvania, when Brother Nelson came before the Church and told the Church how discouraged he felt and how through fellowship with Brother Joseph Coleman, he was encouraged to show brotherly kindness to the people and to preach the promises. Then he did something that humanly speaking is very hard for a minister to do. He confessed to the people that he did not know how to preach the promises. That night, I believe was the turning point in Brother Nelson's ministry in Toronto. He was humble enough to say, I've reached my human potential, God you take over now. And took over, God did.

Since coming back from the meetings in Harrisburg Pennsylvania, we have witnessed a change in the ministry at Perfect Love Tabernacle. Some have walked away from the fellowship, but God has been using His servant to speak to His believers, lip to ear. I have been particularly blessed by Sunday July 13, 1997 message, and cannot find appropriate words to say **“Thank you Brother Nelson for the Words of life.”** I can only say that those words have brought me into a closer relationship with God and my family.

I've known Brother Nelson since February 1976, and throughout the years it has not been easy, but he has never given up. He has never been too proud to say **“I'm sorry, or too big to say I'm wrong.” That's the kind that the Holy Ghost produces.**

May his blessings be many fold for his sincerity, humility and love for God's people everywhere. We appreciate the open door at Perfect Love Tabernacle and the hand of fellowship he's given us.

# *In the Spirit*

*by Brother Richard Latchman*

## **The Holy Ghost**

All praise be unto God, who has redeemed and sealed me into His kingdom with the Holy Ghost in my soul.

When I was growing up, I used to think that once I believe the Prophet's Message, read the Bible and the messages, and pray, that I am well with God, and make heaven my home. The more I read, the less I contained it in my memory. But I still felt that I was OK with God.

When I came to Canada and started to attend Perfect Love Tabernacle, everything changed. Pastor Nelson would preach, "You must receive the Holy Ghost." I thought I had it since I believed the Message and the Bible, and pray. But the pastor kept on saying you must receive the Holy Ghost by experience, and receive it in your soul. Often he would share his experience when he was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and would speak about the upper room experience with the disciples. Then I started a study about the Holy Ghost, and during that time, it dawned on me that I must have the experience. I got desperate, and I started to remember things that I have done wrong. I sincerely prayed that God would show me all that I have done wrong that I should make right. Then I would be ready for the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

It came to me that I should be careful with what I speak because it could hinder me from receiving the seal of God. I got so desperate that sometimes I would feel as if I were sick. It went on for years, and I thought what was hindering me from having this experience. I have made everything right, and I could not think of any area in my life that I did not search.

Then one day, as Pastor Nelson was preaching, he said you must come under expectation to receive anything from God. That struck me. I was not coming to church expecting to receive the Holy Ghost. So I started to go to church in expectation to receive the Holy Ghost.



One day I felt sick. My blood pressure was high, and I had an infection under my foot. I went up for prayers, and as Pastor Nelson was praying for me, I lifted my hands in surrender to the Lord Jesus Christ.

There came a bright light from where the pastor was and hit me. I went totally in a different world for a while. There is no light as bright as that. It's beyond any explanation. When I came to myself, I was on the floor.

When I went home, I couldn't sleep, so I played a message. In my mind, I wanted to know how I got on the floor. I said, "Lord, if it is you, I need a confirmation." I turned the player on, and there on the screen was 'Accept God's Gift.' Since then, I am not the same. I would always feel that presence.

It was a Friday night prayer meeting on August 22, 2014, when I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost in my soul. I wish I could never come out of that presence that I felt that night.

I give God all the praise, glory, and honour for chosen me to be one of His jewels.

God bless you

# REFLECTIONS by Sister Call Hing

## From that Time

2019 was an incredible year for me. It was a year of reflection and thanksgiving to the Lord for His faithfulness.

I saw the goodness of God throughout my life's journey. What a joy to behold!

Looking back, I remembered the days of my childhood when I used to go to church with my grandmother. I remembered the old songs they sang in church. I remembered one of the songs that touched my heart, and one day I sang it unto the Lord and He heard me, and extended His Mercy to me. **And from that time**, Mercy followed me. Here are 2 verses of that song:

Oh Jesus I have promised to serve to the end  
Be thou forever near me my master and my friend  
I shall not fear the battle if thou art by my side  
Nor wander from the pathway if thou wilt be  
my guide

And Jesus thou has promised to all who follow thee  
That where thou art in glory there wilt thy servant be  
And Jesus I have promised to serve thee to the end  
Oh give me grace to follow my master and my  
friend.

Where ever I went, Mercy was there to protect me. When I wanted to do my own thing, Mercy was there. One songwriter declared: *In the calm of the noontide, in sorrows lone hours, in times when temptations cast over me its powers.* Mercy was still there.

In the darkness of night on life's stormy sea, Mercy said: **"I will never let you go."**

Why He loves me, I can never understand.

# TESTIMONIES

God bless you Saints.

My stomach was bothering me for some time. I went to my family doctor and he ran some tests and concluded that a bacterial infection that I had five years ago was back. He told me that he didn't want to treat me for it again because this is the third time that I had the infection for the past five years. So I was further referred to a specialist.

At the same time, the pastor had an accident and was going through his struggles; I didn't want to burden him by asking for prayers. So while I was carrying out the different procedures, I requested prayers from Bro Emmanuel and Sis Marilyn White.

I explained to them what was happening, the struggles and suffering that I was experiencing. Asking them to joined their faith with mine and prayed that whenever I go to the specialist, he must not find a trace of any infection, or I must not have any more symptoms. I wanted my healing. I kept believing God and kept thanking him for complete healing and total deliverance.

My faith strengthened, especially hearing what Pastor Nelson went through and what the doctor told him, and he didn't give up he was pushing and reaching out by faith and coming out to church and not accepting any defeat. When I saw that, it encouraged me and reminded me that with God all things are possible, and not to accept defeat.

Sunday, November 3rd, 2019, was the communion service, and the message was 'God Cannot Use You.' As the pastor was preaching, It was just sinking in, and he quoted from the prophet. Oh my, that went home to me! The next day was my appointment with the specialist for my results.

The pastor continued to emphasize on that quote that God can't use you. He mentioned testifying before you get the results. I said in my heart, "oh Lord, that's me." Thoughts began to wrestle in my mind what if I testify before I get the results, and when I go for the results, they are positive.

At the end of the service, the holy spirit fell. I started to cry out to the Lord to remove every fear so that I could obey His servant to testify before the healing, and I believe that word was for me because it fits perfectly in my situation. The pastor didn't even have a clue about my condition.

So I testified in the communion service, and the following day, when I went for the results, the specialist told me that there is no trace of any infection.

I want to thank God for completely healing me and setting me free from the stomach bacterial infection.

To God be the Glory for the great things he has done for me.  
Jesus Christ Is The Same Yesterday today and forever.

Sister Angelena Latchman

## **Healing by Confessing**

I did not see the black ice near my car, and as I was getting in, my right foot slipped and twisted grotesquely, pain shot through my knee like if it were tore, I screamed loud, "oh God help." I had to stop everything and go home.

Satan was out to get me saints. I cried and cried, and after I finished crying, I called the pastor and said, "Can you pray for me, pastor; I hurt myself." He prayed, and it eased a bit, but afterwards, I could not lift my right knee. It was painful, and it was swollen huge. I could not do anything(sisters high talk) I could not do nothing.

Satan laid it on—you will be in a wheelchair, and you will not be able to do anything for yourself. I got so angry with the devil: I said to him, "*No way, Satan. That's not the vision I have for myself. I don't want this, and I don't have to accept this from you. I don't want this...*"

I made a mistake and went to work the following day. I couldn't get out of the car. A co-worker helped me out. Wednesday night came, and I thought, "what am I going to do, stay home or go to church? I said to myself, "I will go to church."

At church, the brethren asked, "How are you doing sister Marilyn?" I said, "I am good." But I was in so much pain.

I thought, "Lord...how am I going to play this keyboard. Lord, help me, I prayed." After service, the pastor told me he wanted to see me in the office; I could not sit properly. I kept moving from side to side. I was in so much pain. The pastor asked me if I was OK. I said no, "but remember you already prayed for me." He said, "let's pray again." He asked my friend, sister Rita, to lay hands on me, and we prayed.

Watch a servant of God's heart as he cares for God's people. It is imperative. I trusted in the prayers of God's servant like a lifeline because I didn't want this injury at all.

Friday morning, I woke up and off the couch. I forgot I had an injury. I went to work, and when I went to the lady's room, here comes pain. I said, "Oh! No! stop it!" The pain was gone when I got up. "Satan you are a liar."

To this day I am fully healed. My right knee is functional. Thank you, Jesus.

Sister Marilyn White

## **He Send His Word and Healed Me**

Five years ago, I was diagnosed with thyroid cancer, and they found an enlarged growth on my thyroid gland.

They recommended surgery and I had the surgery. But saints, if I had known better, to pray and get a definite answer from the Lord what to do, I would never have had the surgery. I realized my mistake, and I suffered so many health issues because of it.

But God has been so gracious to me, I was reading my bible and praying early one Tuesday morning, in January 2020. I've been seeking God concerning my healing and listening to any sermon where Bro Branham prayed for the sick. I reached for my bible that morning to continue in Jeremiah, where I left off the night before, as I read, the word of the Lord came to me, my heart leaped with great joy.

## **Jeremiah 30:16-17**

*16 Therefore all they that devour thee shall be devoured; and all thine adversaries, every one of them, shall go into captivity; and they that spoil thee shall be a spoil, and all that prey upon thee will I give for a prey.*

*17 For I will restore health unto thee, and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord; because they called thee an Outcast, saying, this is Zion, whom no man seeketh after.*

My soul rejoices in Jesus Christ, my Lord. The word was so Direct to my situation; it went straight to my heart. It was so sweet, and so powerful. I had to tell someone, and I told Sister Rita what the Lord said. I wanted to keep my beloved's secret words close to my heart. But before service, the Wednesday night, I had to mention it again to Sister Gail. It was bubbling up inside of me to say what GOD did for me. She said, "you must testify sista..."

I know that my God will do what He says, I am so happy my complete trust is in the Word of the Lord. It can never fail. My health restored.  
AMEN!

Sister Marilyn White

## **Healing by Faith through Prayer**

God bless you Saints,

I want to give God thanks for healing me of Piles. On Friday, December 27, 2019, Pastor Nelson testified of a brother that he prayed for, and God healed him of Piles. I believed that God could heal me too. I went up for prayer, and Pastor Nelson did not ask me what I wanted. He said he did not want to hear it from my mouth. He just prayed and pronounced me healed.

I thank our Lord Jesus Christ, for healing me. All glory and honour to our living God.

Sister Dorcus Mugwara

**Praise and Thanks**  
2020

January 15,

God bless you Pastor Nelson and Saints.

This morning I had a strange floater developed in my right eye that resembled a tiny squiggly shape. This has happened in the past, so I called my eye specialist because he told me to contact him if it happened again. No one answered, so I left a message.

In the meantime, I prayed and asked the Lord to heal me. I opened my eyes and it was still there. So I continued believing for my healing and trying not to doubt. I started to panic as the shape was getting larger and brighter and was moving to another part of the eye. I was thinking to call the pastor to pray for me, but I had faith that it was going to be OK.

As I was getting ready in case the doctor wanted to see me, I started singing a christian song. I do not remember the song but it helped me get through anxiousness. I prayed and called the doctor's office again and spoke with someone who said she will pull my file and get back to me. I prayed again and asked the Lord to heal me. I put my left hand on my eye and held my right hand up. I kept believing and thanking Jesus for my healing. I opened my eyes and the floater was gone. I am healed! Praise the Lord! I was so relieved and happy.

Later I listened to a song that Sister Cherry had sent me. The words are,  
May your struggle keep you near the cross,  
May your troubles show that you need God  
May your bad days prove that God is good.

The lord reminded me that He is alive; He is my healer, He is my comforter, He is my doctor, He is my Savior, He is my Lord and my all in all.

I love you Lord Jesus. Thank you for healing me and for your love, mercy and grace.

He is the same yesterday, today and forever.

Sister Barbara Saboundji

## **Instant Healing of Floaters In Eyes**

I am giving thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ for healing me instantly from the floaters in both eyes.

On Wednesday, January 15, 2020, after hearing brother Joel's request for prayers for floaters in his eyes for 20 years, I decided to go up for prayers also. I have had floaters in my eyes for 15 years. The pastor prayed for me, and I went at the back of the church, and as I looked at the walls and looked around, I noticed there were no floaters.

I went to work the next day and looked on the printed paper, and there were no floaters. The next day, no floaters. And as of to date, no floaters.

All praise, glory and honour and thanks to God, who is still in the healing business. He is a miracle-working God. Have faith in Him. He is more than able to deliver and to perform that which He has promised.

Brother Richard Latchman

## **Give Thanks**

January 05, 2020, I am giving thanks to the Most High God that I can be in His house to give thanks and praise with my church family.

I thank the pastor and my brothers and sisters for their prayers in the time of my absence. God is good and merciful to us. All is well.

I know we will receive a blessing today. May we continue to be one in love, unity in Jesus' name. I have made up my mind to serve my Lord, and whatever comes my way, I know He is always with me and will deliver me from all harm and danger. He has promised us in His Word.

Thanks be to God for everything.

Sister Doris Gale



## Praise

God Bless you all my brothers and sisters and our Pastor.

I want to thank God for sparing my life on Tuesday, December 24, 2019. I went to do grocery shopping in the afternoon, and as I was crossing the road with the go-ahead pedestrian walk sign, a car suddenly by passed the sign while I was in the middle of the crossing. I saw the car approaching me, and I shouted, "Hey!"

I don't know how the car didn't hit me, but I felt the wheel of my trolley was touched. I saw the car slammed on the fence of the restaurant, and smoke came out from the front of the vehicle.

I thank God for His protection and mercy, and for giving me more chances in spite of my faults. He's so faithful.

All praise and glory to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sister Marilyn Ramos

The LORD shall preserve your going out and  
your coming in from this time forth,  
and even forevermore.

**PSALM 121:8**

# Youth

Excerpt from the book *Chicken Soup for the Christian Soul*.

## Tell the World for Me

*We love, because God first love us.*

1 John 4:19

Some 14 years ago, I stood watching my university students file into the classroom for the opening session in my “Theology of Faith” class. That was the first day I saw Tommy. He was combing his long flaxen hair, which hung six inches below his shoulders. I know it's what's in your head, not on it, that counts; but at that time I was unprepared for Tommy and wrote him off as strange—very strange.

Tommy turned out to be the atheist in residence in my course. He constantly objected to or smirked at the possibility of an unconditionally loving God. We lived in relative peace for one semester, although at times he was a pain in the back pew. At the end of the course when he turned in his final exam, he asked in a slightly cynical tone, “Do you ever think I'll find God?”

I decided on a little shock therapy. “No!” I said emphatically.

“Oh,” he responded. “I thought that was the product you are pushing.”

**I let him get five steps from the door, then called out, “Tommy! I don't think you'll ever find him, but I am certain he will find you!” Tommy just shrugged and left. I felt slightly disappointed that he missed my clever line.**

Later I heard that Tom had graduated and I was duly grateful. Then came a sad report: Tommy had terminal cancer. Before I could search him out, he came to me. When he walked into my office, his body was badly wasted, and his long hair had fallen out because of chemotherapy. But his eyes were bright and his voice was firm for the first time in a long time. “Tommy, I've thought about you so often. I hear you are sick,” I blurted out.

“Oh yes, very sick. I have cancer. It's a matter of weeks.”

“Can you talk about it?”

“Sure, what would you like to know?”

“What's it like to be 24 and know that you are dying?”

“Well, it could be worse!”

“Like what?”

“Well, like being 50 and having no values or ideals. Like being 50 and thinking about booze, seducing women and making money are the real biggies in life.

“But what I really came to see you about is something you said to me on the last day of class. I asked if you ever thought I would find God and you said no, which surprised me. Then you said, 'But he will find you.' I thought about that a lot, even though my search was hardly intense at that time. But when the doctors removed a lump from my groin and told me it was malignant, I got serious about locating God. And when the malignancy spread to my vital organs, I really began banging against the doors of heaven. But nothing happened. Well one day, and instead of throwing a few more futile appeals to God who may or may not exist, I just quit. I decided I didn't care about God and the afterlife—or anything else for that matter.

“I decided to spend what time I had left doing something more profitable. I thought about you and something you had said in one of your lectures: The essential sadness is to go through life without loving.' But it would be equally sad to leave this world without telling those you love that you have loved them. So I began with the hardest one: my dad.

“He was reading the paper when I approached him. 'Dad, I would like to talk to you.' 'Well, talk,' he replied. 'I mean, it's really important, Dad.' The newspaper came down three slow inches. “What is it?' he asked. 'Dad, I love you. I just wanted you to know that.’”

Tom smiled at me and said with obvious satisfaction, as though he felt a warm and secret joy flowing inside him, “The newspaper fluttered to the floor. Then my father did two things I couldn't remember him doing before. He cried and he hugged me. And we talked all night even though he had to go to work the next day.

“It was easier with my mom and little brother. They cried with me, too, and we hugged each other and shared things we had been keeping secret for many years. I was only sorry that I had waited so long. Here I was, in the shadow of death, and I was just beginning to open up to all the people I had actually been close to.

“Then one day I turned around and God was there. He didn't come to me when I pleaded with him. Apparently, God does things his own way at his own hour. The important thing is you were right. He found me even after I stopped looking for him.”

“Tommy,” I gasped, “I think you're saying something much more universal than you realize. You are saying that the surest way of find God is not to make him a private possession or an instant consolation in time of need, but rather by opening up to love.

“Tom, could I ask you a favor? Would you come to my 'Theology of Faith' class and tell my students what you just told me?”

Though we scheduled a date, he never made it. Of course, his life was not really ended by his death, it was only changed. He made the great step from faith into vision. He found a life far more beautiful than the eye of man has ever seen or the mind of man has ever imagined.

Before Tom died, we talked one last time. “I'm not going to make it to your class,” he said.

“I know, Tom.”

“Will you tell them for me? Will you tell...the whole world for me?”

“I will Tom. I will tell them.”

## **He Never Fails**

I went up for prayers on Sunday, December 29, 2019, for an exam I had the following day. Pastor Nelson asked me if I believe I will pass it, and I said yes. He then told me to lift my hands and start praising and thanking the Lord, which I did.

The truth was that I was unprepared for the exam. I had only begun studying for this exam two days before, and I couldn't concentrate well as I was very busy with work and other things. I was anxious. I had to pass that exam that year unfailingly. The pass mark was 80%! I was under so much pressure and knew that I needed God's intervention. He has never failed me in the past, so I knew I could rest on His grace this time again. I went home and studied more.

During the exam, I just kept thanking the Lord. I'm sure the invigilator would have wondered what was wrong with me. But I had to keep believing and encouraging myself that God is more than able.

About 40% percent of the questions were new to me as I never came across them when studying. But I trusted God to help me choose the right answers. My heart kept pumping and beating hard, but I kept believing and thanking God.

To God, be the glory, I passed the exam excellently. How I passed it, I don't know, but what I do know is that God made it happen. All praise and honor and glory be to my Lord Jesus Christ. He has never failed me.

Sis Oduwa Omoruyi

### **I was Blessed**

On October 26th, 2019, I was privileged to visit the island of Grenada. The message church, pastored by Brother Redhead Tim was alive and on fire full of blessings; however, there was one thing that I cannot forget.

It was prayer meeting night, and there was an in-depth talk about having the mind of Christ, and that was the focus during the prayer meeting. The brothers and sisters separated and formed two circles in which each individual was to pray for 5 minutes or more for the topic at hand while everyone else listened and praised God. Determined to talk to God in my way, I was privileged to speak to God in such a meaningful way. I felt cherished and loved, and that feeling hasn't left me to this day. That's is what stood out to me during my stay in Grenada.

Brother Jevaughan Brown

# TESTIMONIES

## I am Healed

I thank God for healing my nose and eyes on Friday, November 8, 2019. I couldn't smell well, and my eyes were watery. Pastor Nelson prayed for me.

I thank God for what He did. God answers prayer.

Sister Patience Mugwara

## *God Answers Prayers*

*Thank God for healing my legs. They were hurting, and my mom prayed for me. My legs don't hurt anymore.*

*I thank God for healing me.*

*Sister Faith Mugwara*

## Excerpt from the book **Chicken Soup for the Christian Soul.**

### **Faith**

*Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of faith is to see what we believe.*

Saint Augustine

The fields were parched and brown from lack of rain, and the crops lay wilting from thirst. People were anxious and irritable as they searched the sky for any sign of relief. Days turned into arid weeks. No rain came.

The ministers of the local churches called for an hour of prayer on the town square the following Saturday. They requested that everyone bring an object of faith for inspiration.

At high noon on the appointed Saturday the townspeople turned out *en masse*, filling the square with anxious faces and hopeful hearts. The ministers were touched to see the variety of objects clutched in prayerful hands—holy books, crosses, rosaries.

When the hour ended, as if on magical command, a soft rain began to fall. Cheers swept the crowd as they held their treasured objects in gratitude and praise. From the middle of the crowd one faith symbol seemed to overshadow all the others: A small nine-year-old child had brought an umbrella.

*Laverne W. Hall*



## **Peter Is Restored**    *John 21:15-17*

Peter had failed. He thought his faith in Jesus was really strong. But when Jesus was being tried before the high council, Peter denied even knowing Jesus. He didn't just do this once or twice; he denied knowing Jesus three times! He must have felt that Jesus was very disappointed in him.

After Jesus came back to life He and Peter had a conversation. Jesus asked, "Peter, do you love me?" "Yes Lord," Peter answered, "You know that I do." "Then feed my lambs," Jesus said. "Peter, do you love me?" Jesus asked again. "Yes, Lord," Peter answered, "You know that I love You." "Then take care of my sheep," Jesus said.

"Peter, do you love me?" Jesus asked the third time. Peter was sad that Jesus had asked him the same question three times in a row. He said, "Jesus, You know everything. You know that I do love You!"

"Then feed my sheep," Jesus said.