



Unto Him Be Glory!

Unto Him Be Glory!

Tony Stark

Now unto him that is able to do
exceeding abundantly above all that we
ask or think, according to the power
that worketh in us,
Unto him be glory in the church by
Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world
without end. Amen.

Ephesians 3:20-21

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Forward

Throughout my Christian life, my heart has been stirred by great missionary stories. Carey, Livingstone, Studd, Taylor, Judson, and many others saw God do mighty works by His power. At times we have been so enamored by the names that we forgot that their stories are not great because of the men, but because of God. As a result, too many have come to think that God doesn't work like that any more, BUT He does!

For the last 20 years, as pastor of the Madison Baptist Church, I have had the privilege of seeing God do great and mighty things through ordinary men who simply surrendered themselves to Him. Brother Tony Stark would be the first to tell you that the great works done in Uganda these last twenty years have been a testimony of God's might and power. That is why I have encouraged Brother Stark for some time to put into print some of the testimonies of God's working in Uganda, East Africa.

Even though I already knew many of these stories, my heart thrilled again in reading them. Truly, God is good, God is great, and God will still do great things for those who trust Him. I invite you to read and enjoy the blessings of God.

“...great things doeth he, which we cannot

comprehend.”

Job 37:5

“Thy righteousness also, O God, *is* very high, who hast done great things: O God, who *is* like unto thee!”

Psalm 71:19

“The LORD hath done great things for us; *whereof* we are glad.”

Psalm 126:3

“And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all *men* did marvel.”

Mark 5:20

Mike Allison, Pastor
Madison Baptist Church

Introduction

I cannot think of any better way to introduce the subject and contents of this book than the Word of God itself. The following scriptures will pointedly introduce you to the purpose of this book.

Tony Stark

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom *be* glory for ever and ever. Amen. Hebrews 13:20-21

But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle *you*. To him *be* glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. 1 Peter 5:10-11

John to the seven churches which are in Asia: Grace *be* unto you, and peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come; and from the seven Spirits which are before his throne; And from Jesus Christ, *who is* the faithful witness, *and* the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him *be* glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. Revelation 1:4-6

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created. Revelation 4:11

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;

Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, *be* unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four *and* twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever. Revelation 5:11-14

For of him, and through him, and to him, *are* all things: to whom *be* glory for ever. Amen. Romans 11:36

Part I **Why Give Him Glory?**

1

The Ability of God

Looking at God is like looking at a many-faceted jewel. There are so many sides to Him. You can look at God and see His love, His wrath, His longsuffering, His mercy, His holiness. Right now I would like to focus on His power. When you look at the power of God, you can see it from two perspectives. You can see His power from the standpoint of His authority. For instance, when Jesus said, “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth”, He was talking about His authority to command the disciples to do what He told them to do. On the other hand, you can see the power of God as revealed in His ability.

In Matthew 22:29, Jesus responded to the Sadducees by saying, “...Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God.” I believe, in this case, Jesus was referring to His ability. In Matthew 19:26, Jesus said, “...With men, this is impossible; but with God all things are possible.” Luke 1:37 states, “For with God nothing shall be impossible.” In Job 42:2 Job said, “I know that

thou canst do every thing.” Jeremiah 32:17 states, “Ah Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee.” God responded in verse 27 by saying, “Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?” These Scriptures give us some indication of the power or the ability of God.

In Ephesians 1:15-20, we find the first of two prayers that Paul prays for the church at Ephesus. He prays that God would give them wisdom and revelation. He prays that the eyes of their understanding might be enlightened, and he is praying these things so that they can know other things. Among those things he prays is that they might know the exceeding greatness of God’s power to us. He illustrates this power by talking about the power that God displayed in raising Jesus Christ from the dead and setting Him above all principality and power and might and dominion. Paul was praying that the Ephesians might know the exceeding greatness of this power that raised Jesus from the dead.

When we come to the end of chapter three in Ephesians, we find Paul revealing a second prayer that he prayed for the Ephesians. This prayer has four petitions, but also has a conclusion that calls attention to the power of God.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly
above all that we ask or think, according to the power
that worketh in us,

Unto him *be* glory in the church by Christ Jesus
throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

Ephesians 3:20-21

As we look at Ephesians 3:20-21 we find in verse 20, Paul says, “Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.” He is calling attention to God when he says, “Now unto him”, and then he tells what God is able to do. He makes a general statement about the ability of God. But with the words Paul uses, that general statement magnifies the ability or power of God. And he says in verse 20, “according to the power that worketh in us”. So this power that raised Jesus from the dead is the power that God uses to work in us. I want to call attention to the fact that Paul does not just mention the ability of God; he makes a detailed statement about the ability of God. He says that God is able to do exceeding, abundantly, above, all that we ask or think. Let me break this verse down and allow it to reveal the emphasis that Paul gives to the ability of God.

God is able to do what we **think**!

God is able to do what we **ask** or **think**!

God is able to do **all** that we **ask** or **think**!

God is able to do **above all** that we **ask** or **think**!

God is able to do **abundantly above**
all that we **ask or think!**
God is able to do **exceeding abundantly**
above all that we **ask or think!**

I do not know about you, but I am a thinker. I wake up at night and get to thinking about the things that God might do. I have trouble going back to sleep. I am a visionary when it comes to thinking about the things God might do. He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that I ask or think.

In John 6 we find the story of the feeding of the five thousand. Jesus said to Philip, “Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?” Philip said, “Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little.” When you listen to Philip’s response, you get an idea of how he was thinking. He was not thinking about the ability of God. He was thinking about the ability of those disciples. Andrew then said, “There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves, and two small fishes: but what are they among so many?” Again, you get an idea of Andrew’s thinking. He was not thinking about the ability of God. Jesus told them to have the men sit down. He took the little boy’s lunch, and gave thanks unto the Father. Obviously, he was thanking the Father for the food that was going to feed five thousand men plus others. God multiplied the boy’s lunch, enabling them to feed

the five thousand plus and giving them all they could eat. And there were twelve baskets remaining.

In Ephesians 3:20-21, Paul gives us a general statement about the ability of God. But, as we look further into God's Word, we find a number of specific statements about the ability of God. Statements made by the writers tell us something specific that God is able to do. I want to call attention to six of those statements that we find in the Bible.

Hebrews 7:25, tells us that God is able to save to the uttermost.

Jude 24, tells us that God is able to keep us from falling.

Philippians 3:20-21, tells us that God is able to subdue all things.

Romans 4:21, tells us that God is able to perform that which he has promised.

II Corinthians 9:8, tells us that God is able to make all grace abound toward us.

Daniel 3:17, tells us that God is able to deliver from the fiery furnace.

1. God is able to save to the uttermost.

Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Hebrews 7:25

As we begin with Hebrews 7:25 we see God is able to save to the uttermost. The words "to save"

simply mean to deliver. I want to say, number one, that God is able to deliver from hell. I am going to say, number two, that God is able to deliver from sin. I am going to say, number three, that God is able to deliver from the devil and his demons. God is able to save to the uttermost.

2. God is able to keep us from falling.

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present *you* faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,
To the only wise God our Saviour, *be* glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.
Jude 24-25

Let's move to Jude 24 and see how God is able to keep us from falling. Verse 24 says, "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." In this verse, Jude makes a dogmatic statement that God is able to keep us from falling. Nowhere in the Bible do we find anyone falling from salvation. In 2 Peter 3:17 we find Peter warning about falling from steadfastness. It seems obvious that we can fall in the area of service, in the area of sanctification, and in the area of steadfastness, because all of those are determined by our response to God. Our salvation is determined by our response to the work of Jesus Christ at Calvary. The guarantee of our salvation is secure in Jesus Christ. Jude can

make the dogmatic statement that he does because our security for salvation is not based upon us and what we can do. It is based upon Jesus Christ and what He can and does do. He is able to keep us from falling.

3. God is able to subdue all things.

For our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ:
Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. Philippians 3:20-21

In these verses Paul tells us that God is able to subdue all things. The Greek word for subdue is a military term and means to rank under. It can mean to subject or put in subjection. The verse does not state that God is able to subdue some things but all things. That would include our three enemies the world, the flesh, and the devil. If God is able to subdue these three enemies then, through the ability of God, we can have victory over the world the flesh and the devil. Praise God!

4. God is able to perform that which he has promised.

Who against hope believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations, according to that which was spoken, So shall thy seed be.

And being not weak in faith, he considered not his own
body now dead, when he was about an hundred years
old, neither yet the deadness of Sara's womb:
He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief;
but was strong in faith, giving glory to God;
And being fully persuaded that, what he had promised, he
was able also to perform. Romans 4:18-21

In verse 21, Paul says that Abraham was persuaded that God was able to perform what He had promised. God made some big promises to Abraham. God was able to make those promises because He had the ability to fulfill those promises. God promised Abraham that He would make his seed as the dust of the earth. He said He would multiply Abraham's seed as the stars of heaven and as the sand which is upon the seashore. Before Abraham could have multiple descendents he would have to have one child. God promised Abraham that he would be the father of a nation. Then later God promised him that he would be the father of nations. Before Abraham could become the father of a nation he had to become the father of a son. He had to have his own son. More specifically, it had to be a son by Abraham and Sarah and not by Abraham and another woman.

God was able to make promises to Abraham and is able to make promises to you and me because He has the ability to fulfill every promise that He makes.

George Mueller was a pastor in Bristol,

England. The Lord led him to open an orphanage for children. I have read that he took care of thousands of orphans and yet never told anyone of their needs except the Lord. He read the Bible over 200 times from cover to cover and 100 of those times he was on his knees in prayer. When they had a need in the orphanage he would read and search the scriptures to find a promise from God relative to that need. Once he found it, he would share it with God, close his Bible and wait on the Lord to provide that need in whatever way He would choose. They never missed a meal.

George Mueller, like Abraham, could trust in the promises of God. You and I can trust the promises of God because He is able to perform that which He has promised.

5. God is able to make all grace abound toward you.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, *so let him give*; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

And God *is* able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all *things*, may abound to every good work: 2 Corinthians 9:7-8

There are many things to consider when it comes to the grace of God. There is the grace of God that bringeth salvation, there is grace to help in time of need, and there are gifts given by grace. Many people define the grace of God as the

unmerited favor of God. We do not deserve it, but somehow we find ourselves in the favor of God. That favor brings with it something from God. In II Corinthians 9:8 Paul tells the Corinthians that God is able to make all grace abound toward them that they always having all sufficiency in all things, might abound to every good work.

In Ephesians 2:10 Paul says that we were created in Christ Jesus unto good works. According to Philippians 2:13, God works in us to bring forth good works that bring glory to Him. With His power God is able

To make all grace abound toward the believer
that he might always
have all sufficiency
in all things
and abound to every good work!

When God gives a believer a good work to do, He will always provide the enablement to do it. He is able!

6. God is able to deliver from the fiery furnace.

Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, *Is it* true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?

Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made; *well*: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a

burning fiery furnace; and **who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?**

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we *are* not careful to answer thee in this matter.

If it be *so*, **our God** whom we serve **is able to deliver us** from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver *us* out of thine hand, O king.

But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up. Daniel 3:14-18

In Daniel 3 we are given the story of King Nebuchadnezzar and the three Hebrews: Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. The king was deceived by other rulers and demanded that everyone bow down to a great image that he made. Anyone refusing to bow down would be thrown into a burning fiery furnace. The three young Hebrews refuse and are brought before the king. The king gives them another chance and makes it clear that, if they do not bow down, they will burn. At the same time he asks the question, “Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?” In summary they tell the king that, whether their God does or does not deliver them, they know He is able to deliver them from the burning fiery furnace.

They refuse to bow and are cast into the fire, but God was with them in the fire. The king and all the rulers observed the fire had no power on their bodies. Their hair was not singed, and their clothes did not smell of smoke.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed *be* the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God.

Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort.

Daniel 3:28-29

Nebuchadnezzar praised God and said “that every people, nation, and language, which speak any thing amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort.”

Nebuchadnezzar was not only ruling his nation of Babylon; the world was his empire. Yet God could deliver from the fiery furnace and from the hand of the king, and He did. He wants to work in and through you and me like He worked through the three young Hebrews to make Himself known by revealing His ability. God is able to:

Save to the uttermost!

Keep us from falling!

Subdue all things!

Perform that which he has promised!

Make all grace abound toward us!

Deliver from the fiery furnace!

God “is able to do exceeding, abundantly, above, all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.” Let Him work in your life and reveal His ability.

2

The Glory of God

Ephesians 3:20 and 21 were used in my life in a special way many years ago, and they have become my life verses.

When my wife and I started educating our first two children, we used a catechism. The word literally means to sound down unto the ears. It refers to a doctrinal manual that comes in the form of questions and answers to be memorized. The teacher asks a question, and the student gives an answer. With this simple question and answer approach, children learn the doctrines of God's Word. Probably the most well-known catechism is the Westminster catechism. The first question asked is, "What is the chief end of man?" And the answer comes back, "To glorify God and enjoy Him forever." I ask you this question: Are you enjoying God? God's plan is that we glorify Him, and, as we glorify Him, we enjoy Him.

Look with me in Ephesians 3: 14-21.

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,
That he would grant you, according to the riches of his
glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in
the inner man;
That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye,
being rooted and grounded in love,
May be able to comprehend with all saints what *is* the
breadth, and length, and depth, and height;
And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,
that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.
Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly
above all that we ask or think, according to the power
that worketh in us,
Unto him *be* glory in the church by Christ Jesus
throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.
Ephesians 3:14-21

In verses 14-19, Paul tells the Ephesians how he is praying for them. He then says in verse 20, that God is able and in verse 21, unto Him be glory. I want to emphasize that it says He is able to DO what we THINK. Adding on, Paul says He is able to do what we ask or think. Paul says that He is able to do all that we ask or think. Paul says that He is able to do above all we ask or think. Paul says that He is able to do abundantly above all we ask or think. Paul says that He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. Now that is God. And saying that, Paul then responds with “Unto him be glory...” The reason God wants to work in your life with His ability is so He might be glorified.

I. Definition or Glory Defined

When you see the word “glory” in the Bible, it simply means to boast. It is seen in 1 Corinthians 1:26-31. Paul says:

For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, *are called*:

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty;

And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, *yea*, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are:

That no flesh should glory in his presence.

But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption:

That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord. 1 Corinthians 1:26-31

If there is anything to boast about, that boasting is to be in God. That is the first definition of glory.

In Jeremiah 9:23-24 we see this idea of boasting once again.

Thus saith the LORD, Let not the wise *man* glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty *man* glory in his might, let not the rich *man* glory in his riches:

But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I *am* the LORD which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these *things* I delight, saith the LORD. Jeremiah 9:23-24

Now let me give you a second definition. Based upon how the word is used in the Bible, I define it as the result of forming an opinion or estimate based on an observation of God. In other words, as God manifests Himself in some way, we observe and form an opinion which follows with a result.

II Manifestation – To manifest means to make known. What and how does God make Himself known so that people can observe and form an opinion, causing a result?

God Manifests Himself through His Scripture.

In Exodus 14, God has heard the Israelites' cry and is going to bring them out of bondage. He reveals Himself through His mighty works. It is interesting that God has to introduce Himself when He appears. He is the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. Although they were God's chosen people, you get the idea they did not really know Him. Now He is going to show them who He is. He is going to work in Israel for the sake of Israel, Pharaoh, the Egyptians, and for anyone else who hears the story, including you and me. God will use His Scripture to manifest Himself so that you and I, observing Him, will then form an opinion about Him. The result will be what follows as we observe and form that opinion.

Look at Exodus chapter 14, verse 13:

And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

God divides the Red Sea with water on this side, water on that side, and dry land in the middle. He is showing Himself so that others will see him and hear about Him. That is what He wants to do today. The next generation needs to see the glory of God. God worked, and Moses led those Israelites across on dry ground. Then God brings the water down and drowns the Egyptians. Aren't you thankful that God gave you that story in His Word so you can think about the mighty God that did it? When you think about it, what do you feel about God? Or do you passively read it, thinking it is just a Sunday school lesson that you have heard for years? We need a fresh glimpse of God as He really is, and all that He is. We need to bring back the glory of God.

In Joshua 2 we read how the Israelites are ready to enter the Promise Land so they send in spies. They discover a woman named Rahab, and she not only protects them but tells them much.

Jos 2:9 And she said unto the men, I know that the LORD hath given you the land, and that your terror is fallen upon us, and that all the inhabitants of the land faint because of you.

Jos 2:10 For we have heard how the LORD dried up the water of the Red sea for you, when ye came out of

Egypt; and what ye did unto the two kings of the Amorites, that *were* on the other side Jordan, Sihon and Og, whom ye utterly destroyed.

Jos 2:11 And as soon as we had heard *these things*, our hearts did melt, neither did there remain any more courage in any man, because of you: for the LORD your God, he *is* God in heaven above, and in earth beneath.

Rahab reveals that it is not the Israelites the people of Jericho fear; it is the God of the Israelites.

God wants to work in lives. The sad thing is that many times we are not willing to let Him work in our lives. God works so many can see. Imagine those in Jericho standing on the wall, watching the Israelites march around the city. They had heard about the God of these people. What is He going to do? For seven days they marched, and the walls fell. God made Himself known to those who saw it and to the rest of the people in Canaan. And God was making Himself known those many years ago for you and for me. To God be the glory.

What about the little boy and his lunch? That morning his mother packed his lunch with fish and bread. When he arrived at the place to see Jesus, there was a crowd of 5,000 men plus women and children. In that great crowd the little boy was noticed because God wanted to make Himself known. One of the disciples said there is

a little boy with a lunch, but what is that among so many? Jesus took that lunch and talked to His Father. Everybody ate all they wanted, and there were twelve baskets remaining. I believe the little boy got the twelve baskets because the Bible says “give and it shall be given unto you...”. The boy gave that little lunch and went home with more than he could carry. Can you imagine what he told his mother? God wants to work in you and me. He may not give twelve baskets, but He will do something in your life to make Himself known. He wants to be glorified. He is a jealous God. He is worthy. And so, we see here in the Scriptures, God manifests Himself.

God Manifests Himself through His Son.

Jesus said, “If you’ve seen me, you’ve seen the Father.” Turn to John 1:14.

“In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.”

That “Word” with God in the beginning was the Lord Jesus Christ. God used Jesus to make Himself known. So, He manifests Himself through His Scriptures and through His Son.

God Manifests Himself through His Saints.

A third way God manifests Himself is through

His saints. All who are set apart unto Jesus through salvation are saints by position, but not always by practice. What does God do through our lives that will make Him known? A fellow beats his wife. A fellow is a drunk. A fellow is an adulterer. Somebody at work tells him about Jesus Christ, and he gets saved. When God saves someone, a life is different than it was. So this man comes home at five o'clock. His wife cannot believe it. "What are you doing home?" [She asks] "Well, I just got off work and came home." [He answers] "But you never come home at five o'clock." [She says] Kids don't have to run and hide. She goes in the bedroom and gets on the phone. She calls her mom. "You are not going to believe this. He came home sober at five o'clock." She finally has to ask, "What has happened?" "I got saved." [He answers] That is God working in somebody's life. Just let Him work in your life so others looking on will say, "What happened?" "God happened." God wants to make Himself known, so He takes a drunk who is a wife beater and makes a new man out of him.

Paul gives his testimony in Galatians 1, starting in verse 13:

For ye have heard of my conversation in time past in the Jews' religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the church of God, and wasted it:
And profited in the Jews' religion above many my equals in mine own nation, being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of my fathers.

But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called *me* by his grace,
To reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood:
Neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me; but I went into Arabia, and returned again unto Damascus.
Then after three years I went up to Jerusalem to see Peter, and abode with him fifteen days.
But other of the apostles saw I none, save James the Lord's brother.
Now the things which I write unto you, behold, before God, I lie not.
Afterwards I came into the regions of Syria and Cilicia; And was unknown by face unto the churches of Judaea which were in Christ:
But they had heard only, That he which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed.
And they glorified God in me. Galatians 1:13-24

Saul [Paul] was a different man. He was a persecutor, and now he is a preacher because of that work of God. God is manifesting Himself in this man Saul. Those looking on are glorifying God. Manifestation can be by good works. Let your light shine before men. We are to show our good works so God is glorified (Matthew 5:16). God wants to make Himself known in our lives. You do not have to be a Moses, but maybe He will make you a Moses. You do not have to be a Paul, but maybe He will make you a Paul. God wants to work in you to manifest Himself.

III. Observation

So we see the word definition. We are defining

this matter of glory so we can understand what Paul was saying when he said, “Unto Him be glory...” And we are seeing how God manifests Himself. The third word is observation. As we observe God in His manifestations, we form an opinion. I do not get tired of hearing about God dividing the Red Sea. It does not get old to me reading about the walls of Jericho falling down or reading about the little boy and his lunch. Every time I hear those stories, I get excited about God.

I like to hear people make statements like Nebuchadnezzar made in Daniel 3:15 when he said, “...who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?” I think God likes to hear this also, because, when someone makes such a statement, God says, Okay, I’m going to show you. God wants to use you and me because we are living in a day when the world is saying God is dead or doesn’t exist. He is not dead; but people would observe some of our lives and form an opinion that He is dead. God wants to make Himself known. God wants to bring back his glory in the church. “Unto Him be glory in the church...” is what it says. “Unto Him be glory...”

In our Christianity, we need to bring back the glory. Others looking at our Christianity will be observing God as He manifests Himself in us. They will be forming their opinion. What will they see in you and me?

IV. Glorification

The fourth word is glorification. Glorification is the result of observing. When God makes Himself known in some way, and we observe God as He has made Himself known, we form an opinion. The result is we praise Him. The sad thing is that a lot of our praising God is empty. Just like with the Pharisees, it becomes words we say. When we actually see God do something, and we know it is Him, we praise and worship Him. Then God gets the glory.

Someone wrote a chorus “What a Mighty God We Serve.” Why did someone write these words in a chorus? In some way the author observed God and the response was “What a mighty God we serve”. I do not know the background of that great hymn, “To God Be the Glory”, but somebody saw God, and seeing God do something, they wrote down the words and chorus “To God be the glory, great things He hath done.” You see, it is a response. It is a response to God. It is someone that actually sees God in reality, and seeing God in reality, they form an opinion: He is worthy of praise. He is worthy of worship. He is worthy of adoration. He is worthy of service. We fall down on our face before Him because He is worthy. One big problem is we are not seeing God. It is not His fault. We get our eyes on other things. Get a good glimpse of God, and let it run down all over you. Let it sink down into you and

become a part of you.

1. Definition – we have to define glory
2. Manifestation – God making Himself known
3. Observation – Our observing God as He manifests Himself.
4. Glorification – is the result of our observation
We glorify God. “Unto Him Be Glory”

Paul had seen God. Paul had not just heard about God. Paul had not just read about God. Paul wrote about God because Paul knew God. And knowing God, he knew God was able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. And Paul says “Unto Him be glory...” The better we get to know God, the more we see God in His fullness, we will be saying with Paul, “Unto Him be glory...” We will not be able to hold the ceiling down singing a song like, “To God be the glory, great things He hath done.” We will be praising Him.

V. Illustration

Now let’s put it all together:

Manifestation is God making Himself known.

Observation is someone observing that manifestation.

Glorification is that same someone responding to what they have observed about God.

In Exodus chapter 33, Moses wants to see God.

And the LORD said unto Moses, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken: for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name.

And he said, I beseech thee, shew me thy glory.

And he said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the LORD before thee; and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy.

And he said, Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me, and live.

And the LORD said, Behold, *there is* a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock:

And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a clift of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by:

And I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen.

Exodus 33:17-23

God called Moses by name. He knows you by name. You are not just a number. You are not just a page in God's book. God does not go to page 33 and go down to number 14, and that is you. No, He knows your name. He knows us. That is how big our God is. That is how great our God is. He knows us by name.

Glory is that which God is. Sometimes the word refers to that, but sometimes it refers to our response to God and what He is. God is going to reveal His glory, and then God is going to be glorified. Moses is going to give Him glory.

If you want to see God, just look at His mercy. Nobody has mercy like God has mercy. If you want to see God, then look at His grace. Nobody

offers grace like God offers grace. If you want to see God, then study His names because His names tell us about Him. But he says here to Moses that He is going to show him a little bit. You cannot see it all because you could not handle it.

What is His glory? Mercy is His glory. Grace is His glory. His names are His glory. His goodness is His glory. He says He is going to put Moses in a special spot, and He is going to pass by and let him see some of His glory.

He says, Moses I am going to turn and go the other way. I will have My hand up here between us. God's hand will not cover all of Him so Moses will get a glimpse of God's glory. That is what we need: A glimpse of God.

And the LORD descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the LORD. And the LORD passed by before him, and proclaimed, The LORD, The LORD God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, Keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear *the guilty*; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth *generation*. And Moses made haste, and bowed his head toward the earth, and worshipped. Exodus 34:5-8

The response was that he fell down before God and worshipped Him. A man told a preacher that every morning while he shaved Jesus met with him, and they would converse. The preacher

asked the man, “Well, what do you do?” He said, “I just talk to Him.” The preacher said, “If it was the Lord Jesus, you would do more than talk to Him. You would fall on your face before Him.” God will give us a glimpse so we will praise, adore, and worship Him, falling down at His feet.

Moses made an observation. God made Himself known, Moses observed and broke out in praise. God is making Himself known today, but we have our eyes on other things. We have our eyes on self. We are living in a self centered world. We need to get our eyes off self and get our eyes on God, and God will make Himself known, and you will praise Him.

In Revelation 4:8, John has been caught up into heaven and sees a throne with twenty-four elders sitting around it. And there are four beasts.

And the four beasts had each of them six wings about *him*; and *they were* full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.

And when those beasts give glory and honour and thanks to him that sat on the throne, who liveth for ever and ever,

The four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying,

Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

Revelation 4:8-11

The elders and beasts fall down before God who is on the throne. But what is it they saw that brought the response? It was the creation of God. Just thinking about God and His creation, they could not contain themselves. They fell down at the throne of God and started casting crowns. But it does not stop there. Look at the next chapter. The Father on the throne has a scroll, written like a book, and Jesus is the only one worthy enough to open it.

And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four *and* twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;

And hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands;

Saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, *be* unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

And the four beasts said, Amen. And the four *and* twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever.

Revelation 5:8-14

By the way, they just saw one thing: He is worthy. Jesus is worthy because he was the Lamb that shed His blood for our redemption. They fell down and started singing and praising. You and I have seen so much of God. Where has the glory gone? Let's bring back the glory. Seeing the glory of God is what the world needs. And he says here, "Unto Him be glory..."

So we see that glory means to boast. We see that glory is the result of forming an opinion, an estimate that is based on an observation of God. God manifests Himself, and, observing that manifestation, we glorify Him. That is the result: We glorify Him. What we allow God to manifest in our lives might be the only observation of God others ever get to make. They may never read their Bible. They may never go to church. What will be the opinion formed of God as people look at us?

I had a two hour telephone conversation this week with one person sharing a situation. I said, "So, really what this means is the devil is greater than our God." Isn't that the conclusion some would come to when they look at our Christianity, and we cannot get victory? In many cases, others are looking and saying, "If that is God, I don't want any part of it". As they look and observe, are they going to say God is dead or God is alive? Do they say God is true or God is false? Do they

say God is weak or God is strong? Do they say God is real or God is not real? Do they say God is able or God is not able? Paul knew God. Paul had seen God. Paul had observed God and Paul said, “Unto Him be glory...”

I do not know how God will work in your life, but He wants to work. For it is God that worketh in you, both to will and to do of His good pleasure. God wants to work and bring glory to Himself. Forget self and consider Him.

Part II Stories that Glorify God

3

MBC - A Dream Come True

It was a weekday afternoon. My good friend and associate Larry Nelson and I were sharing with each other. I said to Larry, “Wouldn’t you like to go to a town that needed a church and be part of starting one?” We talked about the difficulties there would be in starting a new church. But we also talked about the benefits there would be in starting a new church. As I recall, we took time and prayed about it.

Soon thereafter the Lord took Larry and his family to a new ministry in Huntsville, Alabama. Six months later the Lord directed me to resign the church where I was pastor. He was leading me to find that place that needed a new church.

My wife and I sold some of our possessions and stored the rest of them in my brother’s garage. At this time Kathy and I had three children; Laura was eleven, Russell was eight, and Jennifer was four. Kathy was expecting our fourth child. We packed what we thought we might need into our little Mazda 626 and began the journey looking for that place God wanted us to start a church.

We made plans to search states on a northern

route to California, our destination, where we would visit some of my relatives. We tried to be sensitive to the Holy Spirit and followed any leading that would come from Him. If we felt any drawing to a new town, we searched the local phone book to learn what kind of churches were there, especially noting if there was an independent Baptist church. We visited a good number of churches on the journey. An interim pastor of one of those churches in South Dakota later called and asked me to come back as a pastoral candidate. I was confident the Lord wanted us to start a church somewhere so I declined.

We were gone a total of five weeks. We traveled the southern route back from California but still did not have any leading of the Lord as to a place to begin a church. When we pulled into the driveway of my brother's house, I checked my pockets and discovered I had exactly one nickel. We did not use credit cards, and the nickel was all we had remaining.

As a way to support my family I took a temporary job as a Christian school teacher in Huntsville, Alabama. We faithfully attended a church, but at the same time I was still looking for the place God wanted us to start a church. I felt confident that God would direct us to a place needing a church that would believe the Word of God and practice the Word of God. We continued to pray. Others joined with us in seeking the Lord.

One day my wife and I drove out Old Madison Pike in Madison, Alabama. It was our first time to be on that road. I could see that a few houses were being built and commented, "This area is going to grow." We discovered there was an independent Baptist church, but the few remaining members were in the process of disbanding. It was that very day God put Madison, Alabama, into our hearts. We continued to pray and started making plans to move to Madison.

I met with the disbanded members to share with them my heart and vision. They chose to give their church building to the mission organization BIMl so that another church plant could be started. BIMl sent home missionary Ken Love to begin a new work. Brother Love learned of our plans and came to see me. I told him there was no need to have two new independent Baptist churches started at the same time in the same community. I would go elsewhere. He asked me to join him.

My first inclination was to say no. God had directed me, and I did not want to delay. Brother Ken and I went to the church building which was now in his possession and prayed at the altar together. After my wife and I talked, we came to the conclusion that we needed a church until God directed us; so why not help him begin?

The first service had about twenty-six attending. The last week of October 1982, we officially organized and received members.

Brother Love and I were co-pastors. Because his ministry was helping struggling churches, he was often gone to do just that. During the Christmas season he stopped by to say that he and his wife were moving on to a new place. I was to tell the people of the church and continue as the pastor. He came only to get his things and to inform me of the situation. He said I was meant to be the pastor at Madison Baptist; he was only the vessel used to obtain the building. The church family was surprised but continued to be supportive and enthusiastic about the new church.

The church was self-supporting from day one. When Brother Love was first there, he mounted a small box on the back wall of the auditorium. Whatever was put in the box was what our families used for personal living. All the tithes and offerings were used for church expenses. After Sunday services, my children would run to the box to see what was in it. God always supplied enough. My family lived in a brand new apartment located within a mile of the church. Our rent was based on our income. If twenty dollars was in the box for us, I reported that amount to the manager. She never had a problem with the varying amounts. God is good. After some time the men of the church told me they wanted to retire the box and give me a salary.

As a church we would pray and ask God for a new family in the church. After He answered and supplied we would thank Him and ask for another.

One summer we as a church family prayed for ten new families. He gave us twelve. Based on prayer and elevating Jesus Christ, God was growing a church of dedicated believers who wanted to obey and serve Him. He did exceeding abundantly above all I could ask or think.

From its inception the church family agreed to financially support fewer, but not a few, missionaries at larger amounts. The church now has over 100 missionaries with 25 of them being sent out from the membership of Madison Baptist. The sacrifice of key lay people in the church encourages and enables these MBCWM missionaries to go and stay on the field.

I remained as pastor for six years. Dr. Mike Allison next filled the position and continues to do so at this writing. The church has grown to an average attendance of 650. An uncommon characteristic of the church from the beginning has been the consistency of the Sunday morning, Sunday evening and Wednesday evening attendance. Watching God work in and through believers has been a joy.

To God be the glory great things He has done.

4

West Africa to East Africa

He was one of the most dedicated men I have ever met. I truly believe, and many others would agree, that Ray loved God with all his heart. He was a layman in our church and served God faithfully. One day he told me that he would like to visit a missionary friend in Togo, West Africa. I said, "Let's go!" We planned to also visit a couple missionary families our church supported. One of our deacons, Bob Cook, decided he would also like to go. The three of us prayed and made plans to visit missionaries in Togo, Liberia and Senegal.

In Togo we did a lot of walking and witnessing in the towns and the villages. We were blessed to be part of an ordination ceremony for a national.

In Liberia, our missionary friend met us at the airport and then flew us in his four-passenger airplane to his home. It was my first time to land on a runway that was made of grass. The highlight of our time ministering in Liberia was the Bible institute. I was so encouraged to meet men from many villages who came to learn the Word of God. I remember how my heart was challenged and encouraged as I participated in teaching.

From there we went to Senegal. We experienced a totally different type of ministry. The goal was still evangelism and church planting, but we were dealing with a different people group. Almost all in Senegal were Muslims. The approach to reaching these people was different. It was not easy to get a listening ear when the subject was the Bible or Jesus Christ.

When the missionary took our threesome to the airport for our departure, we were the first in line to get boarding passes. When officials told us the plane was full, it became obvious we were stuck in Senegal. We spent the night in a hotel and the next day returned to the airport. Apologies were made and a promise given that we would be on the next plane leaving for the United States. That would be four days later. We enjoyed our time, and eventually returned home.

Because of my enthusiastic response to the trip, the church family started asking me if I was going to leave them for Africa. With an honest heart I told them no. Madison Baptist Church had been a dream-come-true for me. I had no plans of ever leaving as the pastor of Madison Baptist Church. However, down in my heart God had planted his seed for Africa, and it had started to grow. Before long Kathy and I felt confident that the Lord wanted us to go to Africa to give others a chance to know the truth and learn more. I had to go to the church family and tell them that the Lord was indeed directing us to go to Africa to be

missionaries.

Africa is a big continent with many countries. At that time there were fifty-two countries. The Holy Spirit singled out Uganda, making it known that is where He wanted us. There were no independent Baptist missionaries in Uganda at that time. Where do you go in a country where you have no contacts? God put in my heart a place called Masindi, and that is where we would go. Praise God for peace He gives to seekers!

Dad, Tell Him What God Can Do

Independent Baptist missionaries are financially supported by like-minded churches. Each missionary finds opportunities to share his mission field, his need and his vision. The people in individual churches then decide if they are able and would like to invest prayers and finances into that missionary's life. When I actually resigned as pastor of Madison Baptist Church, we had a promise of fifty dollars a month in support from a church where I presented East Africa Outreach as a ministry.

I believed it was always good to be involved in mission conferences. I felt more time with a church gave more opportunity to tell what God had put in my heart. Several days together created greater opportunities for others to catch the vision God gave me. I was in a mission conference in Illinois. In this particular meeting the host pastor had called in a pastor from another church to do the main preaching. We missionaries were to give our testimonies and presentations. We were there to encourage people about faith promise giving.

I had never met the man who was scheduled to

preach. He knew nothing more about me than my name. That evening when he preached, the speaker made a comment to the missionaries in the conference. He said, "Some of you missionaries think you're going to get your support in one year. I'm here to tell you it's not going to happen that way." When he said those things, immediately I started thinking about what God had put in my heart, or at least what I had in my heart and had discussed with the Lord. I had asked God if He would give us our support in one year. That preacher knew nothing about this. I had said nothing about it. Yet he was telling us missionaries that it was not going to happen. As he was preaching, I felt like I was sliding down in the pew because I knew what was in my heart, and I knew what he was saying, and they were contradictory. Not audibly, but the Holy Spirit inside of me said, "Just because he doesn't believe it doesn't mean it can't happen". When the Holy Spirit said that to me, I raised just as tall as I could sit in the pew.

It turned out to be a great conference. That church took us on for support. The pastor sent us to two other churches during the same week, and both of those churches took us on for support. The man who was sitting in front of me on the first night invited us to his church which took us on for support. The Lord gave us our support in less than a year. In just over eleven months we had what we needed. At that time my children said to

me, “Dad, why don't you write that man and tell him what the Lord can do.” And, brethren, that is exactly what God wants. God wants to do things in our lives that seemingly cannot be done. Then when it is done, we can tell others and He will get the glory.

6

My First Trip to Masindi

Masindi is about five hours northwest of the capital Kampala. I had never been there because this was my first trip to Uganda. A man took me to Kampala and left me at the bus station. He told me to go inside the station, and I would find someone selling tickets. I could get a ticket, get on the bus, and it would take me to the town of Masindi. I was carrying my large suitcase in one hand and my video camera in its case in the other hand. I went inside and could not find anyone selling tickets. Worse yet, I could not find anyone that would or could speak English. Though Uganda is an English-speaking country, there are many people who have not been educated and do not speak English. There were people who could speak English but who did not speak it unless there was a need. At any rate, I found no one selling tickets, and I found no one speaking English.

I went outside. I admit that I was a bit discouraged. Because few Ugandans had cars and riding the bus was the public means of transportation, the place was very crowded. The

buses came to this central location before leaving in various directions. I did not know these things then; I learned later. I sat down on a log. There were no benches or chairs, just a log. I sat holding my things and bowed my head to pray. I said, “Lord, would you send me somebody who can speak English and somebody who can tell me how to go to Masindi?” When I raised my head, both prayers were to be answered. First, a man greeted me in English, saying, ‘How are you?’ The first prayer had been answered. As we got into a conversation he asked me where I was going. I told him, “Masindi”. He said, “I am going to Masindi also.” So both prayers had been answered.

The man helped me get on the right bus. I found out that no tickets were issued. After you were actually on the bus and the bus was moving, someone would then collect money for transport.

It took us five hours to get to our destination. I was aware God was blessing. When I got off the bus I saw a man standing by a car. Now, at the time we moved to Masindi, only two people there had a car. He was one of them. He said to me, “Are you Tony Stark?” I said, “Yes”. He turned to his car, an old Mercedes-Benz, and told me to get in the car. I said, “Wait a minute. Who are you?” I was a bit hesitant. He told me that he knew somebody that knew me and that somebody told him that I was coming to Masindi to look for a house. He said, “Well, I have a house and would

like to show it to you.”

He first took me to the Masindi Hotel so I could refresh myself after the long, dusty journey. You might be thinking that sounds like a special place. I guess it really was, but it was not anything like you might be imagining. There was no running water, but there was a bed to sleep in and there was food to eat. Norman...that's the man's name...told me to get settled in the hotel, and he would return for me a little bit later.

By the time Norman showed me the house, it was pitch dark. There was a fence around the three-quarter acre yard. The house had enough bedrooms and two bathrooms. There were iron gates on the front door, the back door, and even between different sections within the house. There were bars on all the windows. It was like going into a jail. As we looked at the place, Norman told a true story about Idi Amin's soldiers coming to the house some years back (This was now 1990). I saw the bullet holes in the walls where the soldiers wildly shot when they were unable to enter. Unlike in other homes, the family inside was safe. I had prayed about finding a place to take my family to live and where we could start a ministry here in this town. It seemed that God had provided. After we made an agreement that night in the dark, he took me back to the hotel.

God had not only given me someone who could speak English and someone who could show me the way to Masindi, but He also had

someone waiting for me with a safe house to rent.
He had done exceeding abundantly above all I had
asked.

God Cares about Little Things

I arrived in Uganda three weeks before my family did. During that time, I met Pete and Barbara, Southern Baptist missionaries, who suggested that I bring Kathy and the children to their home to adjust to Ugandan life. Pete and Barbara had planned a trip to Kenya and graciously loaned us their house for the week. This time greatly encouraged Kathy by showing her a house anywhere can be made into a home. We began our days of learning helpful and necessary information.

One of our first lessons concerned electricity. We spoiled Barbara's iron when we did not use a transformer to change the electrical output. Of course we would buy a new one, but where? We did not know the shops. In our early years in Africa, we might find a shop with a sign announcing paint products only to discover food items sold there. We prayed about finding an iron of equal worth as the spoiled one.

We traveled by taxi to the capital city. As soon as we got out of the taxi a hawker met us. A hawker is a man selling products he can carry as he walks the streets. This man had the very iron

we needed! In the twenty years we have been in Uganda, we have never since seen a hawker selling irons. This was a special gift from God to show us that He would indeed answer our prayers and meet our needs, small and large.

Fifty-Two Trips

Seeing how God had provided a place for my family to live was wonderful. Before going back to the United States, I decided to meet the commissioner of immigration and find out what would be required for us to enter the country and minister. The commissioner was very kind and seemed to be very sincere. He gave me a number of things to do, one of which was to get a clearance with Interpol. In all honesty, I really did not know what Interpol was. I determined to do everything he told me so that we could enter the country and begin ministering immediately.

After returning to the United States, I was able to very quickly complete the things the commissioner requested of me. The only thing that created any difficulty was the matter of getting clearance with Interpol. In discussing the matter with Vince DiRago, my friend and co-laborer in missions, I found out he knew someone working with Interpol. He said he would make contact with the man and see if he could help. Within a few days I was able to talk personally with this man. He advised me that it was not for

me to request a clearance with Interpol. He said the approach was for someone such as the commissioner of immigration in Uganda to make requests relative to me. However, he said that he thought he could help me. He arranged for an investigation and was able to give me a letter of clearance with Interpol. I mailed that, along with the other items, to the commissioner of immigration.

It was in March that I made the trip to Uganda and rented the house. In August I was to go, preparing the way; and then Kathy and the three children would join me later. We followed that plan. Upon my arrival in Uganda, I went to see the commissioner of immigration to verify he had received my papers. It was very clear from the beginning that he did not have the same spirit he expressed in our first meeting. He simply told me to go back to America and wait until he advised me to come. He did not want to discuss the papers that I had sent or the fact that I had done what he told me to do. He just told me to go back to America.

I left the office that day very disappointed and, in all honesty, I was discouraged. I just had not expected something like this to happen. As I got out of the office, I prayed. I ask God what I should do. He made it very clear to me that I should do exactly what I had been preaching during deputation. I had been telling people that the requirement for living by faith is that faith must be

in God. Now I had a real opportunity to live by faith. It was really more than an opportunity. It was a test. What was the test? Would I practice what I had been preaching?

I left the building that day determined that I was going to trust the Lord. I went back to Masindi and continued to pursue the additional, necessary paperwork for my family to reside and serve in Uganda. There were three things that we now needed. We needed to have our home church, Madison Baptist, approved as a non-governmental organization. That would allow us to get the needed entry and work permits to minister in the country. Then, we would be able to clear the items that we shipped, which included our vehicle and personal possessions.

I made formal application for the approval of our church as a nongovernmental organization and also applied for my work permit. It was difficult to get clear answers as to what I should be doing. I made a number of ten-hour-in-a-day bus trips from Masindi to Kampala, thinking each time that my papers would be approved and we could proceed with our new ministry. After the challenge of weeks trying to obtain final approval of our NGO and a work permit, a man advised me that he could help me. If I would slip some money under the table to him, he was sure our paperwork would be approved. He wanted me to pay him a bribe. When I realized what he was asking, I immediately made it clear that I could not become

involved in activities such as that. He then told me that it might take a long time. I made a total of fifty-two trips to Kampala, seeking to get our NGO approval and work permit.

Each time I talked with someone, they seemed to be very sincere. They told me to come back in a couple days for surely all would be ready then. When I returned after a couple days, they told me the same thing. After many disappointing trips to Kampala, I realized they were just trying to wear me down so I would say, “What do I need to do?” Then they would tell me privately what I needed to do, and that was to slip someone some money. Finally after much prayer and perseverance, the Lord gave us our NGO approval so that Madison Baptist Church was established as a non-governmental organization in Uganda. With that approval, we were able to get our work permits, which allowed us to minister in the country of Uganda. “The king’s heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will.” (Proverbs 21:1)

Translators Kenneth and Stanley

The national language in Uganda is English. However, there are at least thirty-four other languages that Ugandans speak. People who have gone to school and have been educated will speak English. Those who have not had the benefit of education will speak one of the other thirty-four languages. Depending upon what part of the country you find yourself or with what tribe you are dealing, you have to be able to communicate in a different language. Because I felt that I would not be ministering just among one tribe of people, I did not feel led to learn any of the languages. I felt at peace with the idea of ministering in English and using a translator to help me communicate to people who spoke other languages. In Masindi, the people spoke the Runyoro language, but many people from the neighboring Alur-speaking Nebbi tribe also lived there. Learning several different languages was not feasible. If I was going to be effective in ministering, the only answer would be for me to use translators.

Formal ministering started with a Bible study under the carport where we lived. I used only the

English language. That meant all the people who came needed to understand someone speaking English. I knew, once we moved to a permanent church location, I needed one or two translators. God was already preparing two men to assist me in starting this new church.

Kenneth Mboijana was pastor of a small nondenominational church. As I recall, he lacked formal Bible education, but he was committed to serving the Lord. The Lord brought us together, and, in a very short time, he expressed his desire to come to the proposed Bible institute. One Sunday afternoon he shared with me that the Lord wanted him to close the church he pastored. He felt the Lord leading him to attend Uganda Baptist Bible Institute and also to help me start the new church. Kenneth was committed to the truth of God's Word and was excited about the new possibilities. God answered prayer and made provision for someone to be my translator in the Runyoro language. As a matter of fact, Kenneth not only became my translator, but also became our song leader. When I explained that we would have a man leading the singing, his wife laughed. She laughed even more when I suggested that her husband be the song leader. The Lord knit my heart with Kenneth's heart. As I preached he stood on my left side and translated the messages.

Stanley Onyutha is from Nebbi District and speaks the Alur language. He had recently joined the police training school located in Masindi.

Initially his goal was to become a policeman. However, the Lord had something different in His plan. Almost immediately after reporting to the school, Stanley received Jesus as Savior through reading a gospel tract. He felt God wanted him to preach. It was about then that he heard a Bible institute was being established in Masindi. After he shared with the commanding officer about God calling him to preach, an agreement was made to release him from police training if he was allowed to come to the Bible institute. Before we finally met, he made several trips to the site where I planned to start a new church and Bible institute. This man was so excited about God saving him and calling him into the ministry that he could not stand still. Finally I got him to sit down on a bench, and I sat across from him. We talked face-to-face. After hearing his testimony and observing his enthusiasm, I agreed to let him come to the Bible institute. God answered prayer and made provision for the Alur translator.

For three years I had the privilege of ministering with these two men. As soon as I said something, and sometimes even before I paused, Kenneth would start translating in the Runyoro language. Kenneth hardly finished translating before Stanley started translating in the Alur language. These men did not just translate my words but really put themselves into the proclamation of God's Word. They were preaching even though they were translating the

message I was preaching. Upon graduation, Kenneth went to a place called Wanseco to start a new Uganda Baptist Church. Stanley went to Somsio to start another Uganda Baptist Church. I continued to use two translators even after these men were gone. However, when God brought these two men in my time of greatest need, he brought the best team of translators I have seen or heard.

The Hardest Thing I Ever Did!

The Lord has blessed Kathy and me with five children. When He directed us to go to Uganda Laura was eighteen, Russell fifteen, Jennifer ten, Sheila five, and Andrew was not even a year old. By the time we were leaving, Laura was ready for college, and Russ was entering his senior year in high school. They were very supportive of dad and mom following the will of God but did not feel the Lord directing them to Africa. The hardest decision I ever made was to let them remain behind and pursue their studies. Laura went to Tennessee Temple, and Russell stayed with a family in our church and attended a local Christian school. Kathy planned to home school Jennifer, Sheila and Andrew in Uganda. We would use a mixture of curriculums that best met our needs.

Our children became very popular in and out of Masindi. They were the only white children in the area. Andrew was especially known because of his young age and blonde hair. All three of the children adapted easily to the different culture, people and land. I do not recall any real

complaints. The power was seldom on, and we carried almost all of our water. When it did rain we washed our hair as the rain fell off the roof. We gathered water for bathing and then used it for other purposes. I think the children viewed our life as an adventure. They did not just endure but seemed to enjoy their new life in Africa. The difficult part for all of us was being without their brother and sister in America.

For our first Christmas we cut a branch and tied it to a pole on our back veranda. The neighbour children thoroughly enjoyed decorating our “tree”. The next year the girls helped me cut a tree out of plywood. We painted it green and hammered in nails for hanging decorations. One Christmas I asked the children what they wanted me to bring them from Kampala for Christmas. Andrew asked only for an apple. Although apples are not native to Uganda, I found one.

One of the real keys to their contentment, I believe, was that all three made friends with African children. Jenny’s good friends were Henry and Eva who lived across the road. Sheila had several, including Hijera when younger and Maureen when older. Andrew was especially close to Nija and Bum Steven. Andrew actually learned to count to ten in Runyoro before English by playing tadpole, the African version of hide and seek.

For our first five years in Uganda there were no fast food restaurants, even in the capital city.

We invented our own fast food. While traveling together to Kampala, we stopped at a place along side the road to buy meat on a stick. This consisted of cubes of beef or goat speared on a stick and roasted over hot charcoal. We added to that a piece of bread and a hot soda. Voila! We had fast food. We enjoyed that for years until we read that someone was selling dog for beef.

Jennifer, Sheila, and Andrew eventually found themselves involved in some kind of ministry. Both of the girls led and taught children's classes usually consisting of one hundred or more students. I remember building a special building for Jennifer to have her class. As Andrew grew up he worked at New Life Radio. He could do any job in the station. He often walked about a mile to open the station at six o'clock, the beginning of the broadcast day. All of them regularly gave out tracts. When it came time for a new term or exams in UBBI, as a family we collated papers. Before leaving for college Jennifer became very good at helping dad grade UBBI exams. Sheila eventually completed UBBI and is still known for having the highest grade point average.

Laura and Russell came to visit during our first term. Russell's bags never caught up with him till he got back to Alabama so he had to wear some of my clothes all the time he was in Uganda. That short trip was the last time just the seven of us were together. Our family was going to grow, beginning with Laura's marriage to Kevin.

I want to praise the Lord for the fact that our children have always encouraged us in our efforts to serve and obey the Lord.

Our First Encounter with a Snake

When you talk to people about Africa, they eventually get around to talking about snakes. Many times the discussion begins with the python because of its size or the cobra because of the way it appears to stand. The python is not a poisonous snake but can kill by strangulation. Two of the most poisonous snakes in Africa are the green and black mamba.

While living in Uganda, we did encounter the python in a very unusual situation. She measured thirteen feet and had twenty-two eggs inside her.

Our most memorable experience with snakes was our encounter with the green mamba. Andrew was just two years old and was playing in the compound. Kenneth and I were going together from our home to the church in town. We had just left the compound and were walking down the road toward town. I heard Andrew screaming, "There's a snake after me, there's a snake after me." I turned to look back and could see him running toward the front door. By the time Kenneth and I could get back into the compound, Andrew had already entered the house

and the mamba had chased him inside the house. Fortunately, there was a shovel just outside the door which Kenneth used to kill the snake. Kenneth and others identified it as a green mamba and told us it was deadly poisonous. Through this episode, God reminded us that He could take care of our children anywhere, even in Africa with all its snakes.

A Field White unto Harvest

Robert responded to the invitation given at the end of the preaching and said he wanted to follow Christ. He enthusiastically shared his good news with others, even writing his mother about his salvation. Now he wanted to get baptized.

The time was dry season and that meant waterways were shallow from lack of rain. I was informed of a place outside town where there was some water. A few days later we walked in the direction given but could only find a small pool of water about eight inches deep. I had Robert sit in the pool and proceeded to immerse him in the water. It took three tries before finally getting him all the way under the water. Our believers sang hymns, and a crowd gathered. It was probably the first time in a long time that someone had been scripturally baptized in Masindi and probably the first time some of them had ever seen anyone baptized. I gave Robert a Bible and bid him farewell as he left for Hoima town to begin teaching in a secondary school.

We were not yet meeting in the church building

by our first Christmas in Uganda. On December 23 we wanted to do something special as a witness for Christ so we showed a video on His life. Into our meeting room of twelve by thirty feet, we three times squeezed over 100 people before the day was over. Two young men, Henry and David, received Christ.

Some of our Muslim neighbors came to see the video. Mohammed was one of them. Contrary to his upbringing, he introduced a young lady to us because she wanted to repent and follow Christ. He translated while I explained more to her about Jesus. Topista accepted Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour.

We had Sunday morning meetings under our carport on January 20 and 27. I answered the question “Who are the Baptists?” and explained the doctrines in our doctrinal statement. Jackson received Christ.

February 3, 1991 was the first Sunday of our new church in the rented building. That morning seventeen joined the church, and five were baptized in the new baptistry. The next Sunday morning three were saved, and one more joined the church. On Wednesday Stanley’s wife Jenety was saved. Stanley preached that day at the police barracks, and eighteen received Christ. Thursday night seven more were added to the family of God. At this point in our ministering, fifty people in Masindi had been born again.

- 2-19-91 Asimwe (a Catholic) was saved.
2-21-91 Three more were saved at the barracks.
2-22-91 Henry led Eva to Christ.
2-23-91 Zina, our neighbour, came to get saved.
Thirteen were in the new member class.
2-24-91 One hundred came to church on time!
One saved, seven baptized, ten joined.
3-03-91 One hundred fifty were in attendance.
Eight saved, six baptized, one joined.

The first independent Baptist church of Uganda was off to a good start. It was a second generation church started by Madison Baptist Church seeking to fulfill Acts 1:8.

God Saves a Family One at a Time

We had rented and were preparing a building for the planned church and Bible institute. With the removal of one wall, we had a large room twelve feet wide by thirty feet long. This is where we would meet for church beginning February 3. Although the church was not yet started, we wanted to do something special for Christmas. On December 23 we showed the film on the life of Jesus, better known as the Jesus film. We actually showed it three times that day, and all three times the room was overflowing with more than a hundred people. By the end of the day, two young men had received Jesus Christ as Savior. Their names were Henry and David.

Henry was a teenager, and just “happened” to live right across the road from our house. The Byangire family: Henry Sr., Mary, Henry Jr., Eva, Allen and Sam proved to be a great blessing to us. They welcomed our children and seldom passed a day that our children were not at their house. Jennifer and their two teenagers, Henry and Eva, gave each other exams, trying to determine which culture was getting a better education. This family

was religious and attended the Church of Uganda.

Two months from the time he received Christ, Henry Jr. led his sister Eva to Christ. Within that same week, Eva told Kathy that she had indeed received Christ as her personal Savior.

I approached Henry Sr., asking if we could start a Bible study in his home. He agreed. I cannot recall why, but we started with the book of Revelation. I used a set of charts to help explain about the second coming of Jesus Christ. It was such an encouragement to see their hunger for the truth of God's Word.

The Bible study continued to go well with others sporadically attending, including two of our Muslim neighbors. After three months, as I was concluding our Bible study, Henry Sr. and Alan both said they would like to receive Jesus Christ as their Savior.

The very next week was our last Sunday night of Bible study. Sam shared that he had received Jesus Christ as Savior. Then we started meeting to help the saved grow and mature as new Christians.

Five months later, Henry Sr. and Mary came to our house for a visit. We talked about a number of things, but finally Mary explained to us that she had received Christ as her Savior. The next month I had the privilege of marrying Henry and Mary. By this time, all of the family members had followed the Lord in believer's baptism. Glory to God!

George, the First I Personally Led to Christ

Electricity was definitely a problem. Power was off at least fifty percent of the time. Our longest streak was eight days without electricity. We had to carry all of our water. A man who worked for us carried five gallon containers in a wheelbarrow to the stream. There he filled the containers and pushed them in the wheelbarrow back to the house. It took three of us on different levels, handing the water containers to the top and pouring the water into our tank. The water by means of gravity drained from the tank into our kitchen and bathrooms.

If I wanted to make a telephone call, I cranked the phone to alert the operator at the post office. She then called an operator in Kampala who in turn called an operator in America. The operator in America would get our party on the line. When the total connection was ready, our town operator would call me back. Then I could talk to the person I was trying to reach. Our telephone was an old-fashioned crank phone. When we called, the local operator was often sleeping. I would have to send one of the children to wake her and

let her know I was trying to make a call.

We checked the post office Monday through Saturday, sometimes two or three times a day, hoping to get some mail. It took awhile before I realized that the mail did not arrive every day. It might take two or three days before the mail came. Through the process of going to the post office so often, I came to know a young man by the name of George. George was an unsaved Roman Catholic. I always gave him gospel literature. I am sure that he read all of it, but he never got saved.

One day I was going down the path from town to my house and met George. I do not remember where he was going, but we stopped and had a conversation. I invited George to go home with me and have some tea. That day was the first time I had been able to really have an extensive conversation with George because all the other times he was working in the post office when I talked with him.

After much conversation allowing us to get better acquainted, I asked George a question. I said, "George, when are you going to receive Jesus Christ as your personal Savior?" George paused for a couple of minutes. I could tell he was thinking, and yet, it really was a quick and definite response. He said, "In fact, right now I am receiving Jesus Christ as my personal Savior". There on the back porch of my home George Lambert was born again. George was the first

person that I had the privilege of leading to Christ in Uganda by personal witnessing.

George's life changed completely. He started attending church with us at Uganda Baptist Church in Masindi. He requested tracts he could give at the post office. The Roman Catholic Church publicly excommunicated George, and his family threatened him.

In time George was transferred to the Kigumba Post Office. People noticed his dedication to God and were recipients of his witnessing. Several came to him asking for a church based on God's Word. He called me and asked, "What should I do?" Although he had not been to the Bible institute because of his work schedule, he was a diligent student of the Word and attended evening Bible classes as he could. I told him, "Start a church." God blessed.

George has remained faithful to the Lord all these years. I performed the wedding of George and Proscovia. George has discipled leaders and started churches in three different towns where he has been posted with work. He has generously given of his income to build and support churches. He has now retired as postmaster so he can serve the Lord as a full-time church planter.

God Saves Followers and Leaders

The Police Training School was one of our most fruitful fields. The Lord had opened the door widely for Brother Stanley to minister there often. Many days he would stand at the end of the food line and give each man a tract for reading.

Opportunities were given for us to show films at the training school barracks and the police barracks in town. One evening I showed a film at the training school barracks where I could see over a thousand men standing to watch the film. Even though it was dark, I could still see the whites of their eyes in the moonlight. Many of them received Christ and came to church to hear more of the Word of God.

A different night I was scheduled to show a film at the barracks in town. I arrived early and was getting the screen and projector set up. An officer assigned to help me tried to keep the children from bothering me. He used a stick to steer them away while I was on my knees putting the film on the projector. The officer was wildly swinging the stick to scare the children away when I turned to the left and got smacked on the

right temple. I fell to the ground and thought I was going to pass out. I really did not know what happened. It was an accident but the man really clobbered me a good one. Immediately other policemen appeared, and great apologies were given. We showed the film, and some accepted Christ.

The first commandant we met at the Police Training School was very sick. He had recently been saved and had a real desire to do right and please the Lord. Before dying he agreed to let me marry him to the woman he called his wife. It was a very special occasion as you can imagine.

The officer who replaced him was a man used by the President of Uganda for special missions. He also was known for leading the police band in parades.

The new commandant's wife and children started attending our church regularly. Every week the police vehicle transported them and returned for them when the service ended. After much prayer and witnessing Commandant Gabriel was saved. I performed the ceremony for their marriage also. It was such a delight to see the enthusiasm Gabriel displayed as they officially became husband and wife. Valerie then attended our Bible institute and graduated just before they were transferred to Kampala for a new assignment.

We were reminded that God is willing to save leaders as well as followers when they trust in

Christ as Saviour.

Why I Lost My Glasses

At the time I lost my glasses, I use to preach in a village called Kaduku. Within a twenty mile radius were several preachers who met together in that place for encouragement. Long ago a Southern Baptist missionary ministered to them, but he was no longer in the country. One of those preachers came to see me shortly after I arrived in Masindi to ask if I would come there to preach. I agreed and made the arrangements for once a month on a Saturday. I preached in English, and someone translated into Swahili. I established a course and had it translated so I could give handouts and quizzes.

One of the older preachers shared with me his need for a pair of glasses. At that time I did not have eyeglasses to give to others. There were very few places in the capital city where glasses could be obtained and certainly none in the northern part of the country where we lived. The price for an examination and purchase of glasses was beyond the reach of this preacher. I told the man that my glasses were the only ones I owned and that I needed them for reading. I said, "Let's pray about

some glasses for you.” So we prayed together.

I got on my little motor scooter and made my way back home. The next month, I went back to Kaduku and met with the preachers. When we finished the meeting, the old preacher came to me again and asked me about glasses. I repeated what I had told him the previous month. I did not have any glasses, these were the only ones, and I could not read without them. We again prayed about some glasses for him.

As I made my journey home that day, I put my glasses in my shirt pocket so they would not get dirty while I traveled the dusty roads. Somewhere between Kaduku and Masindi I lost my glasses. Apparently they bounced out of my pocket when I hit a bump. I realized they were gone only after reaching home. I really did not know what to do. However, some important business later that month required a trip to the capital city of Kampala. I searched for and found someone who could get me some new eyeglasses.

The next month I went to Kaduku for the preachers meeting. I met the older preacher once again and told him I had lost my glasses, traveled to Kampala, and bought these new glasses. He was probably wondering why I did not buy a pair for him. Because money was tight and I did not know the strength he needed, I did not buy a second pair. Again we prayed about glasses for the old preacher. That day as I was leaving the village, I had not gone very far on the main road

when a man started waving, trying to stop me. He could not speak English, but I could understand enough to know that he was talking about glasses. I found someone who could help me communicate with the man. I realized that he had found my glasses when I dropped them a month ago. He said the glasses were at his place. I put him on the scooter with me, and we rode to where he lived. He truly did have my old pair of eyeglasses! The miracle is that he did not sell them to someone.

By now you can probably figure out what happened. God caused me to lose my glasses so that I would buy a new pair. Then I could give my old glasses to the preacher who also needed to read. That is exactly what I did the next time I went to Kaduku. The older preacher tried on my glasses. Sure enough, he could read perfectly with them. Of course God knew all along that the prescription would fit him. Since that time, I have carried many pairs of glasses to Uganda to share with others. God works in mysterious ways. To Him be glory!

Don't Give Up on the Brink of a Miracle

When we returned from our first furlough, Jennifer was fifteen; Sheila, ten; and Andrew, five. We had not been back very long when Sheila, Kathy, and I became very sick with malaria. Initially we thought we would just tough it out. The fever and chills after many days were more than we could handle.

Just before becoming so sick, I had traveled to one of the villages for a burial. Traveling down one of the paths made for bicycles, the mount for the starter on our Trooper broke. I was able to get home, but then had no transportation. As the sickness was progressing, I traveled to the capital by bus to find a part to repair the car. I was able to locate what we needed, but when I returned I was too sick to repair the vehicle. Eventually a man from the petrol station came to the house and repaired the Trooper.

By now Sheila's fever was consistently at 104 degrees and sometimes reached 106. Kathy's would get up to 104, and mine would rise to 102. I walked back and forth to the church to teach classes in the Bible institute. I recall the last day

when I came by a large shade tree on my way home. I considered sitting under it but felt I should continue for fear I would not be able to get back up.

We struggled through that evening and night, but the next day, after the car repairs were completed, I took Kathy and Sheila to the doctor. We did not have to tell the doctor very much for him to know that it was malaria. Immediately Sheila was given an injection, and all of us were given various tablets to treat malaria. Kathy and I could see that our daughter was not getting any better and finally determined that we had to get her some more help.

We called a British doctor in Kampala and told him about Sheila. He advised that we immediately bring her to Kampala. Even though I did not feel strong enough to drive five hours to Kampala, I knew it was necessary.

Upon arriving in Kampala, we went directly to Dr. Gibbons. He did some blood work and sent us to the hospital. Sheila was put on a drip and given some new medication. Within twenty-four hours we saw improvement. It was so encouraging to have some fellow missionaries come by the hospital to pray with us.

Jennifer, Andrew, and I returned to the guesthouse but left Kathy with Sheila. When we arrived at the guesthouse, the electricity was on, water was running, and someone had brought towels and soap to our room. Five year old

Andrew said, “It just keeps getting better and better.”

Sheila recovered with four days in the hospital. Our family went back to Masindi, not aware that the malaria was temporarily quiet within Kathy and me.

By our arrival, fever, chills, and vomiting had attacked Kathy and me again. The outlook would have been totally bleak without Jennifer taking care of us the way she did. Imagine a girl of fifteen taking care of three very sick family members and her little brother at the same time. It would not be as difficult in the States, but, when alone in a place that seldom had power or running water, it had to be hard on her. The wonderful truth is that she was never alone, because God was watching and working all the time.

During the previous furlough, we ministered in a great church. Their choir sang “Don’t Give Up on the Brink of a Miracle”. I told Jennifer to bring the tape with that song and play it for us. She played it over and over again and wrote the words on a piece of paper. It was a great encouragement to my wife and me during our alternating chills and fevers. Finally, I determined it was necessary to get my wife to the doctor in Kampala.

We left the children with the Bob Cook family and made the five hour drive to Kampala. I was not strong enough to carry my wife; she was not strong enough to walk on her own. I would

bend over, and she would hang over my back with her arms over my shoulders. By taking small steps we managed mobility. When I took Kathy to see the doctor, he immediately told me, “Mr. Stark, if you had waited one more day, your wife would be gone.” As it turned out, she had what is called black water fever. It is advanced malaria that destroys the red blood cells and enlarges the spleen. My wife’s red blood count decreased to 4.9. It should normally be between 11 and 13. He gave her some medication and told me to bring her back the next day. If nothing had changed, meaning that if her blood count had not come up, she would need a blood transfusion. Because of unclean conditions and aids exposure, we did not want to have a blood transfusion in Africa. Also it was difficult to find anyone who had the same blood type as Kathy’s.

Some of our fellow missionaries invited us to stay in their home. I called our pastor, Dr. Mike Allison, and asked that the church pray for Kathy. When we arrived at the doctor’s office the next day, we met a man who was waiting and willing to give his blood to help my wife. I ask the doctor if we could have her blood checked to see if her count had improved. He told me there was no way in that period of time that her blood count could rise. She needed the transfusion. However, he did allow me to take her down the street and have her blood checked. Kathy and I did not really know what to expect. Before we went in the

clinic we prayed, surrendering all to the Lord. The nurse checked her blood and told us the numbers improved. We got so excited. The doctor was waiting for us when we returned. I told him that the blood count had gone up. He said that just cannot be and started shaking his head no. He walked into his office and sat down at his desk after I gave him the paper showing the blood count had indeed gone up. He kept telling me it just does not happen. I told him that I did not know what he believed about God but that we believed our God answers prayer. I told him people all over the world were praying for my wife. He looked at me and said, "I am not denying your beliefs, and I am not denying your God. I am just telling you as a doctor that this does not happen." He agreed to delay the transfusion, telling me not to leave the city until the blood count reached at least eight. That should take at least four weeks. Within ten days we were released to go back to Masindi. God had indeed given us a miracle. Unto him, be glory and praise!

Don't Give Up (On The Brink Of A Miracle)
by Mike Adkins

CHORUS

Don't give up on the brink of a miracle
Don't give in, God is still on the throne
Don't give up on the brink of a miracle
Don't give up, remember you're not alone

1

When Satan would have you look
At the trials of life that surround you
And he tries to appear, and bring doubt and fear
All around you
Don't look with the eye, or listen with your ear,
Just cry out to God, He is always near
In your darkest hour, your miracle is here!

2

The devil is a thief, and he sends those troubles
To confound you
And he lies and says "This time,
There's no way you can find to make it thru"
Remember God's true Word,
the battle is the Lord's
Don't give in to fear, think on things that are pure
Praise the Lord, your miracle is here!

A Need Met in a Strange Way

Tony had an urgent reason to be out of the country for a few weeks. During that time, the children and I would stay in Uganda. On his last day with us, we did some shopping in Kampala. The girls wanted to buy their dad some candy from one of many vendors sitting by the road. As they were making a purchase, I casually noticed a man crowding the girls and wondered why he did not buy from another spot.

Soon Jennifer whispered to me, “That man just stole some money from Sheila’s pocket.” She pointed to a man near us but walking away. I hesitated a moment for fear she was in error. When I grabbed his shirt sleeve, he turned, reached in his pocket, tossed some items on the ground, and ran. There was Sheila’s money and a watch. We assumed the watch had also been stolen.

What do you do with a stolen watch with no possibility of knowing who owns it? The girls insisted we could not wear a stolen watch. I put it in my purse until something could be decided about the fate of the watch.

After Tony left, the children and I began our return trip upcountry. Tony had done all he could to assure us of no problems while he was gone. In fact, the car had just been extensively inspected and repaired, which is why I was surprised to see the engine light glaring at me. I stopped in a small trading center to learn the problem. A belt had broken. God reminded me of the watch, and I used it in trade for repairs. He sometimes meets our needs in unexpected ways. We praise Him that He cares!

Faithful Men

In 1991 I established Uganda Baptist Bible Institute as part of the ministry because of something I had observed in the life of the Lord Jesus. It seemed to me that He preached to the multitudes and poured His life into a few that were willing to pay a price. I took that practice of Jesus and the words of the apostle Paul as found in Second Timothy 2:2 as a goal. Out of it came Uganda Baptist Bible Institute, started at the same time as Uganda Baptist Church of Masindi. I knew from the beginning that I would have to train someone to take my place as the pastor of Uganda Baptist Church. I also concluded that, if the ministry was going to expand, I needed to teach and train others to be servants of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We started with four students in the Bible Institute. Three of them were men, and one was a lady. When it came to the class on preaching and pastoring, I had to design a special class for Rose. She was a faithful born again Christian, and also a secondary-level schoolteacher. Before long we had two other young men join UBBI. The first

four students were our first graduates and, as far as I know, each of them is still faithful to the Lord.

As of 2005, we had ten graduations in the English program of UBBI; at this point the total graduates are fifty-three. There have been thirty-eight Ugandans, nine Sudanese, one Kenyan, three Rwandese, one Congolese, and one American graduate from Uganda Baptist Bible Institute. Three of the Sudanese have gone back to Sudan to minister. One Rwandan has gone back to Rwanda to minister, and our only American has gone back to the United States to minister.

When I think of our students, David in particular comes to mind. I had not heard from David for several years. One Sunday morning I was ministering at Uganda Baptist Church of Kigumba. I just finished teaching Sunday school and walked out to the pickup to get a drink of water. Cell phones were being used and becoming popular in Uganda. I had bought a used one from a missionary who was leaving Uganda and going to a new ministry in a different location. The phone was in the car and started ringing. I wondered who would be calling me at this time of the day. Others would know that I would be in church somewhere. As it turned out, it was David calling me from Australia. He was telling me he was now married, had a family and was serving the Lord in the country of Australia. He was just calling to say thank you for teaching him the truth of God's Word and training him to be a servant of

the Lord. God lets us be a part of others' lives, and then He encourages us to keep on serving Him! The rewards are great.

Unto Him be glory!

We Witness to the President

Excitement was in the air. You can imagine how excited a town would be when the President of the country was coming to give his speech. It was true. President Yoweri Museveni was coming to Masindi. From everything that I had read and from my observations, I concluded that Mr. Museveni was doing a good job as the President of Uganda. I had read in more than one place that his wife was truly a born again Christian.

I told Kathy and the children that I thought it would be good for us to go hear this man speak. Even though we had no idea how we could give a Bible to him, we took one with us hoping there could be an opportunity. As we approached the place where the speech would be given, we noticed soldiers in every direction. We made our way inside a sports arena and found a place to sit but were moved by officials to a better seat.

The people of our town were concerned about what the president would say relative to how the government would help the district and more specifically our town of Masindi. We listened to the speech and eventually he came to the subject

of AIDS. He addressed the problem, but made it very clear that the best solution was purity. When he said that, my family and I applauded loudly. I think we may have been the only ones there that clapped for him at that time.

After everything was completed we made our way through the exit and waited on the outside. Again there were soldiers in every direction and all of them with AK-47s and handguns. We were waiting with the Bible in hand, not knowing how we might pass this treasure to the President of Uganda.

We saw Mr. Museveni and his wife coming out of the arena. As they were getting closer, I just “happened” to catch the eye of Mrs. Museveni. I held up the Bible and pointed toward the president. She stopped him and motioned for us to come to them. I introduced myself and my family to the president and his wife. In the conversation, he asked me what we were doing in the country. I told him that we were missionaries from the United States of America. He told me his wife was born again, and I acknowledged I had read that fact in several articles. When I asked him about his own life, he told me that he had once been saved. I said, “What about today?” His response was “We would have to negotiate.” He meant that we would have to sit down and talk about it. I gave him the Bible, and he asked me how long we would be staying in the country. I told him possibly the rest of our lives. He said

that was good, and he hoped we would. All this time he was holding Andrew who was three.

This turned out to be a very good experience because many of the town people saw us having a conversation with their president. Whenever anyone gave me difficulty about being in the country or ministering in some way, I was able to tell them that their president said he hoped that I would stay there the rest of my life.

When the Lord called us to go to Uganda as missionaries, who would have thought that I would be given the opportunity to meet the president of the country, talk to him about Jesus Christ, and give him a Bible. Praise the Lord!

You Never Know What God Might Do

One of our supporting pastors called to ask about the possibility of a young man in his church coming to visit us. He explained to me that Ray felt perhaps God was calling him to be a missionary in Africa. Wouldn't it be a good idea for Ray to see the mission field firsthand? After praying about the possibility during the week, the Lord gave me peace. When the pastor called again, I told him I thought the idea was good. Ray was already out of high school and working a job. He quit his job so he could stay with us for three months.

We could not have asked for a better visitor. Ray was so easy to accommodate. He never complained about the food and never complained about the living conditions. As a matter of fact, he never complained about anything.

He spent a great deal of time with the people of Uganda and spent more personal time with the brethren than any other visitor did. One day my wife was walking home from town and passed under a mango tree. While walking she heard someone say, "Hey y'all". She looked around and

then up, discovering our southern visitor with two Ugandan men in the top of the tree eating mangoes.

On another occasion Ray wanted to visit one of our pastors with whom he had become great friends. Stanley was a village pastor about forty-five miles from our home. Ray and Julius were going to ride bicycles to visit him. You have to keep in mind that bicycles in Uganda were not like bicycles available in America. There was only one speed on our bicycles - hard and slow. Also keep in mind that the roads in Uganda are not like the roads in America. Most of the roads in Uganda are gravel roads. They are not level, and there are many high hills some might call small mountains. A Ugandan would not normally consider riding a bike on this route. Ray had no fear of sleeping in the village nor did he seem to have any fear of getting malaria. He and Julius traveled the forty-five miles and had a wonderful visit with Pastor Stanley. Nothing seemed to discourage or disappoint Ray. Even the loss of some very expensive glasses on the trip did not steal his joy.

When it came time for Ray to return to the United States, he had very little to pack. He had given away almost everything he brought.

The journey was a great success. Although Ray realized God did not want him to be a missionary in Africa, God was directing him to be a real instrument in furthering the cause of missions. He came home with many stories to

tell. It was very obvious to his family and friends that God had done a work in his life. The Lord influenced a man for missions who, in turn, influenced his own family and church with a greater emphasis and commitment for missions. He and others would tell you his life has not been the same, and never will be the same as before the trip to Africa. You never know what God might do.

Unto Him be glory!

Our Most Enjoyable Ministry

Probably the most enjoyable ministry in Uganda is the distribution of tracts. This is because people will receive them, take them, and read them. I first discovered this when I was making so many trips to and from Kampala during our early days in Uganda.

If you have never been to a bus or taxi park in an African country, it will be hard for you to understand what I am saying. The bus park is the depot for people coming and going to cities and towns all over Uganda. The same is true for a taxi park. A taxi is a small vehicle such as a Toyota van or a Volkswagen van, holding probably fourteen passengers. At any rate, that is how I was traveling back and forth to the capital city before I had my own truck. The taxi and bus parks were so crowded that there was barely enough room to walk between the taxis. After telling someone where I was going, he directed me to the correct area where taxis assigned to my destination waited to be filled with passengers. Until there were enough passengers, I simply waited. I tried to get there early because even the

bus driver never knew when the bus was going to leave. A person wants to make sure he gets on it because it may be the last one going to his town, or even the only one going to his town that particular day.

I always carried some tracts in my shirt pocket. I would take one of those tracts out and pretend like I was reading it. And many times I just held a tract in my hand out the window while people passed. I am not talking about just a few people passing. I am talking about a continual passing of many people alongside the vehicle in which I am sitting. Again and again people would stop, tap me on the arm, and ask if I had another one of those tracts. When I am sitting inside the bus or inside the taxi, I have the tract in my hand as if I were reading it. Before long someone will tap me on the shoulder and ask if I have another one of those and request one. As I give one to that individual, others ask for a tract. One of the best places to distribute tracts in Uganda is the bus or taxi park.

Whenever we travel from one place to another, we visit churches. We always take a good supply of tracts with us in the vehicle. People are walking everywhere you go. Most people do not have cars, so there are always people walking on both sides of the road, coming and going. Also, people are in their compounds close to the road. They might be busy, but they are watching what happens on the road. As we pass, we simply roll

the windows down and drop the tracts alongside the road. Dropping enough and at the right time is a real art. You do not have to worry about tracts being wasted, because people will run from their houses and pick up that tract.

Once we were leaving Kampala on our way back home. As usual we had been dropping some tracts out the windows. A pickup started to pass me. I could see that it was loaded with fish covered by a tarp to secure them. On top of the tarp was a young man who had obviously hitched a ride. As the pickup passed me, the young man held up one of our tracts to let me know that he had caught one we dropped out the window.

On another occasion Julius and I were traveling to a ministry in a different part of the country. A large truck in front of us was loaded with primary-school children. They had been watching us as we dropped the tracts along the road. They had their hands out, begging us to give them some. I tried to figure a way to get close enough to the truck that Julius might hand them some tracts, but there was no way. I thought, perhaps when we came to a speed bump that slowed us, Julius could jump out very quickly, and give them some tracts. That never developed, but soon I heard a loud noise, probably a backfire from the truck. Apparently the truck driver thought he had a blowout. He immediately pulled over to the side of the road. I said, "Julius, here's our chance." I pulled up behind the truck; Julius

jumped out of the vehicle and started distributing gospel literature. His last effort was to give them a bundle of tracts so all could have one. There were probably 150 children on the back of that truck. What an opportunity to give these children the truth of the gospel.

Shortly thereafter, I saw another large truck coming toward us. Apparently the driver had observed us dropping the tracts and people getting them. He stopped in the middle of the road. As I approached, he rolled down his window and stuck his hand out, requesting one of those gospel tracts.

I remember a day we were going into the airport to take some visitors to catch their plane. We stopped to pay our entry toll. I noticed one of our tracts on the tollbooth window. A tract recipient had taped it on the glass so others could see it. It is thrilling to see how God uses tracts in Uganda...or anywhere.

I have saved the best story for last. In the other cases that I have described, even though people have taken tracts, I never knew how many of them had actually received Christ as Savior. There was a day that I was on a back road with a young man from our church. We were on our way to visit and talk to his father about salvation. I could see a man on the roadside, waving his arm, a clear signal that he wanted us to stop. When I stopped the pickup and rolled down the window, he moved over to me and simply said, "I want to let you know that I picked up one of those pieces of paper

that you have been dropping out your window,
and I received Jesus Christ as my personal
Savior.”

To God be the glory. Great things He has done.

You Never Know Whom God Might Use

We were in the process of moving from the ministry in Masindi to a new place. Uganda Baptist Church of Masindi was doing very well and had a national pastor. Kathy and I were not sure where the Lord was going to lead us. We just knew the Lord was leading us to go to a new location. We also knew that the Lord was going to add a new ministry to our work. That new ministry would be a Christian radio station. I had preached on the radio, and I had enjoyed Christian radio for many years. I knew the benefit it could be to the Lord's work and the opportunities for learning it could bring to the Ugandan people. However, I did not have the knowledge it would take to set up a radio station, nor did I have the money it would take to fund a radio station. I have learned over the years that whenever God gives you something to do, He will provide everything that is needed to do His work.

We had ruled out some places we thought the Lord might lead us. On the other hand, we felt very strongly about one particular place that we

had recently visited. It was a place called Buhimba. It was there we attended the introduction for Bernard. The introduction allowed Bernard, his family, and friends to be introduced to the family of Esther, as they were preparing for marriage. At this introduction, I was able to meet the leading government official of Buhimba trading center who was also a leader in the district. In Uganda, villagers will come to a designated place once a week to buy and sell goods. More and more people move close to this location for ease of life. The place eventually becomes the market, and the surrounding area becomes a trading center. The goal is further development until the trading center becomes a town center or a town as we would know it. This particular government official showed great interest in what we had been doing and had many questions about what we were going to do. He asked us when we were going to come to Buhimba and do some work for God.

It was time for our scheduled furlough. We were not sure that the Lord would take us to Buhimba when we returned, but at least it was in our hearts, and God was working. When missionaries go home for furlough, they visit churches and people that have assisted them in the pursuit of God's work. It serves as good accountability for the missionaries and also provides an opportunity to encourage the churches and individuals that have helped. There was a

particular couple who had sent us a special financial gift on more than one occasion. I wanted to show our appreciation and also have an opportunity for some fellowship with this couple. I contacted them and said we were going to be in their area and would like to take them out for dinner one evening. At first, he resisted the idea of us taking them out to dinner. I told him the only way we would come is if he allowed us to treat them. He agreed, and we made plans to visit this brother and sister in Christ.

Kathy, Andrew, and I arrived at their home late in the afternoon. After greeting each other and taking some personal time, we all prepared ourselves to go to a nice Mexican restaurant. We enjoyed our meal and especially the fellowship.

As we returned to their home I once again expressed our appreciation for their financial help in the Lord's work. I asked them if they would like for me to take a few minutes and just tell them what the Lord is doing in Uganda. They both agreed that they would like to hear about what the Lord is doing. I had a map that would help me show them. I put the board-mounted map on the table, so everyone could see it. This gave me a great opportunity to share with them what the Lord had been doing these past years. I told them that we would move to a new location when we returned and would start a Christian radio station. The wife asked me how much it would cost to establish this radio station. I told her that it

would cost around \$20,000 to build, buy equipment, pay for licenses, and other minor expenses. I continued to tell them a few things about the Lord's work, and then we all retired to bed. The next day, Kathy Andrew and I started our journey home.

It was about two weeks later when our brother called me on the telephone. He asked me if I really believed that we could build and establish a radio station for \$20,000. I told him I had calculated the cost and felt like it was a reasonable figure. He and his wife had been praying about it and wanted to fund the first station. And they did!

God used a couple to provide the money, and a Christian radio station was built. New Life Radio has become the voice of Uganda Baptist Church and is probably our most fruitful ministry in Uganda.

All glory goes to God!

God Used a Lawyer and His Wife

It was a Sunday evening in August of 2000. I finished giving our presentation and asked for questions. A man in the back of the auditorium started asking many. After I preached and the service was over, Kathy and I went to our display table to greet people. This particular man came by the table and started asking more questions. When he left, another individual told me when that man starts asking, he is serious. I was told he was a lawyer and that he and his wife liked to help missionaries.

Kathy, Sheila, Andrew, and I went back to Uganda in December of that year. Within two months we found ourselves moving to a new district called Hoima and a small trading center called Buhimba. We rented a house in Buhimba for Bernard and Esther. The house would also be used for church until we could get the money to buy some land and build a building.

Church meetings were held on Sunday morning and Tuesday and Thursday evenings at five. On Tuesday we emphasized prayer, and on Thursday we emphasized Bible study with Bible

preaching both nights. A piece of land neighboring this rented house was offered at a fair price. It was approximately 3 acres of flat land central to the trading center. A local family was selling the land for five million shillings, which is about three thousand dollars. During the Tuesday evening prayer meeting on February 16, we as a congregation asked the Lord for money to buy the land and build a church building. That evening I received an e-mail from the lawyer who had asked so many question when we were in the States. He wanted to help us in the ministry and was sending us \$15,000.

As it turned out, his help was not limited to one gift. He and his wife made contributions to the Lord's work in Uganda again and again. As we communicated by e-mail, he gave the names of his upcoming court cases and requested prayer. We still pray for this lawyer, asking for enablement for him to represent God well in and outside the court with the judges, other lawyers, and clients. We ask God to enable him to win cases because we know these good stewards will be involved in the work of God as they can.

Glory to God!

God Used a Closed Church

A pastor invited me to present the East Africa Outreach ministry to his church. He told me the church probably would not be able to support us financially. However, he felt like his church would benefit by us coming and sharing. I told him that I was not concerned about financial support from them, but would be glad to have the opportunity to tell people what the Lord was doing in Uganda. Perhaps some would get involved by praying. We did go to the church and had a wonderful meeting. The people treated us royally, gave us a love offering, and promised to pray for us.

When we came home on our next furlough, I talked to the pastor of the church. He invited us once again to share what God was doing through East Africa Outreach in Uganda. Again he made a point of sharing with me that they probably would not be able to support us. And again I said that was not my concern. I would appreciate the opportunity to come back and minister to his people. They received us very well, gave us a love offering, and promised to pray for us.

A couple years later we started receiving

monthly support from that church. I cannot remember how long they supported us monthly. Sometime later I received a letter from the deacons in the church advising me that they had closed their church. Even though the church closed, that would not be the last we would hear from them.

We returned from our furlough in December 2000. It was at that time a check was sent to us for \$15,000 to help us in the new work. The church that had closed sold their building and divided the proceeds among several missionaries, and we were one of them. God used this special gift coming when it did to enable us to do the things God was placing in our hearts. Where He guides, He provides. Unto Him be glory!

Is There Anything Too Hard for God?

We actually have a nice airport in Entebbe, Uganda; however, it was very primitive and not a pleasant experience when we first arrived there. One of the difficulties for someone coming for the first time was the lack of signs and people to help you know what to do and where to go. You have to get your visa, pick up your bags, and then clear your bags through customs before you can meet anyone waiting for you. Getting a visa was not so bad except that the lines were very long. Customs officers would typically open every bag and search the contents.

In 2001 we had the Mark Wallace family and Donnie Murray coming from America to help us set up New Life Radio. Mark was bringing his wife and six children. With so many people coming, we rented a vehicle that could carry the passengers. Then we had a second vehicle to carry the luggage. Each person could bring two checked bags and one carry-on. They were not just bringing their needed personal belongings. They brought equipment for the radio station and

items to share with us.

With me to greet the incoming visitors were two of my children, Andrew and Sheila, plus one of our preachers. This particular preacher was known for having contacts in various places. A number of times we had called upon him with his influence to help us in government matters. As I was talking with the children, we decided we would really put him to the test and see what could be accomplished.

I told the preacher I wanted to go into the customs area of the airport to wait for our visitors. When they came through the door, they would see me and be encouraged. You have to understand there were soldiers at the doors with their AK-47s, and they did not allow anyone who had not arrived by plane to go where I wanted to go. Greeters had to stay on the outside of those doors and wait until their arriving friends had completed clearance. To enter and assist someone was supposedly impossible. The preacher told me that he would see what he could do. He asked for my passport or identity card. I had to tell him that I had come to the airport with nothing to identify me. He said, again, "Let me see what I can do." I waited, and before long he came back. He started to give me words that sounded like he was making excuse. Then he reached into his pocket and pulled out two passes, one for him and one for me. These allowed us to pass through those doors and wait for our visitors as they entered the airport.

This greatly encouraged me. I felt like asking for more. I told Brother Sam that these people have many pieces of baggage. I wanted him to arrange it so that they would not have to open all their bags for inspection. He looked at me and said, "You are making a big request." I said, "Well, that is what I want to see happen." He left, brought a man, and introduced him to me. The man was very pleasant and said, "What is it that you are requesting?" I told him "I have nine visitors getting off the plane with close to thirty bags. It will take a long time for customs to go through all their bags. I want their arrival in Uganda to be a good experience. I am requesting that their bags not be opened." He asked me what was in the bags. I told him just personal possessions, some gifts, and small equipment for our new Christian radio station. He stood there for a moment. Then he said, "I tell you what we can do, Mr. Stark. When your visitors come in and pick up their bags, you have them together in one place. I will have the customs agent open one bag and look at it. Then you will be able to leave." I thought to myself, "I will have to see this to believe it." But I sat and waited. They came through the door and purchased their visas. We picked up their bags, and only one suitcase was opened. God had given us favor and a wonderful experience testifying of His goodness.

Visiting the Fatherless and Widows

James 1:22 says Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction...

I asked our sub-county district chairman if he knew of any widows or orphans that were in desperate need. I told him we were looking for some that we could assist with food and clothing. He said that he did. I cautioned him that we were looking for people that had definite needs and seemingly no one to help them. We agreed on a date and time to meet and help these needy people.

Andrew, Sheila, Kathy, and Pastor Bernard traveled with me to pick up Mr. Nebba and go on our mission of visiting the fatherless and widows. Mr. Nebba directed us to one place where the residents were a blessing to meet but who were not what we were seeking. As a matter of fact, they seemed to be doing well. I reminded him we were looking for people who were desperately in need. He then directed us to a second place. This woman was not doing as well as the first, but she

still was not what I had on my mind when I read James 1:22. I again told Mr. Nebba the kind of person we hoped to help. He told us he knew exactly where to take us, and he did.

He finally took us to the right people. We drove as far as we could and then walked the rest of the way to their land. When I saw their shelter, I knew we were where the Lord wanted us to be. It was a small lean-to made of branches and was about the size of a pup tent. Maureen and her six children were living in there. The husband had died earlier that year, leaving them nothing but the squatter's land. There were not enough clothes for all the children. The two year old twins had one shirt they traded off wearing. Nixon, the oldest, was a teen; and the youngest was younger than the twins.

As best I could see, they owned one blanket, a couple of five gallon containers for water and a pan for cooking. They drank water out of a curled banana leaf. We shared with them blankets, wash basins, clothing, food, and many other items. All of the children were now completely dressed, and we promised to bring more.

None of them could understand English, but Pastor Bernard told them that God had sent us and that we loved them. He told them about the love of God and how His Son Jesus, died for them to pay for their sins. Nixon and his mother Maureen both received Christ. Pastor Bernard also told them about Uganda Baptist Church in Buhimba

and invited them to attend the meetings. I did not know if they would come as the distance was at least five miles.

That Sunday Maureen and Nixon walked to church. I do not know who took care of the children. Later the church bought them a bicycle and adopted them as their widow and orphans.

We prayed about how we could help them in a greater way. The Lord put in my mind to send Nixon to carpentry school so he could learn a trade and support his family. I talked with the director of the school very near our church. He accepted Nixon, and Nixon worked very diligently to learn. After he graduated we bought a set of hand tools for him to use in his new trade.

During this time frame, some men of UBC in Buhimba went to Maureen's land and built her a new house. It had several rooms with wooden doors and windows. Yes, it had mud walls and cow dung on the floor, but it had iron sheets on the roof.

Nixon now supports the family. The children all have clothes to wear, and they have a good house in which to live. The most important thing is they know the truth about God and His Son.

What a blessing to be used by God to do what His Word says. We praise Him for working in and through us!

Before They Call, I Will Answer

It was a Saturday morning. Bernard and I had been witnessing together in the Buhimba community. When we arrived back at the ministry compound, I suggested that we drive out one of the roads to the southwest. I wanted to talk to people and discover how many were listening to New Life Radio.

I cannot remember how far we went, but we stopped in various places and talked to people, asking if they listened to New Life Radio. It was also a good opportunity for us to share the gospel of Jesus Christ with them. After about an hour we decided to head back to the church. I thought about the many villages and people just between us and the lake due west of us. I knew, if they had radios, they would be able to hear the Word of God in English and in their languages of Runyoro or Alur.

I mentioned that maybe some day a person in one of those villages would listen to New Life Radio, be saved, and desire a church that would preach and practice the Word as it was being broadcast. I pulled the vehicle off the road so that

we could pray about it. Bernard and I prayed together and asked the Lord specifically to send someone who had accepted Christ after listening to New Life Radio or someone who had been listening, was already saved, and appreciated the preaching and teaching they were hearing. We asked for someone who would like a church in his village that would preach and practice the truth of God's Word. We finished our prayer and made our way back to the ministry compound.

As we entered the compound and drove toward the radio station, I saw a couple of men standing next to the building. We did not recognize either of them. When I got out of the pickup and spoke to them, I realized they spoke one of Bernard's languages so I let him carry the conversation. One man shared that they came from a particular village called Bukono. He explained that some of the people from their village had been listening to New Life Radio and wanted a church in their village that would preach and practice the same things that they were hearing. You talk about getting excited. I was getting excited, and Bernard was also. This man was from the area for which we had just prayed. I immediately thought of verse 24 in Isaiah chapter 65 which says, "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." While Bernard and I had been praying alongside the road, God had already brought a couple of men from the village of Bukono, and

they were waiting for us in the ministry compound.

Today there is a church in Bukono, and Jakisa is the pastor. There is another church in the neighboring village of Ngemwa. Emmanuel, originally from Bukono, got saved, came through the Bible institute, married, went to Ngemwa, and started a church there.

Praise to God!

God Stopped a Plane in Answer to Prayer

Charles Stafford is a single man and a member of an Independent Baptist Church in Mississippi. He and his pastor felt that maybe the Lord was leading Charles to be a missionary in Africa. They both thought that a trip to Africa would help Charles to determine God's will relative to him being a missionary. I was making a trip to Uganda for three weeks and agreed to let Charles and another man join me. The other man was Alan Snider. Alan and his family had recently become members of my home church. Alan started asking questions about the Lord's work in Uganda and before long indicated that he would like to make a journey also.

Over the years, our flights have taken us a number of different routes. This time, we would travel Madison to Detroit to Amsterdam to Nairobi, and then to Uganda. Kathy had confirmed all of our flights before we left Madison. While in Amsterdam we confirmed our next flights ending in Uganda.

The airport in Nairobi, Kenya, is a small

airport and was very busy the day we arrived. The layover was short so we immediately proceeded to check-in for our flight to Uganda. We were advised that there were seats for Charles and Alan, but no seat for me. I explained to them that we had confirmed everything before we left the United States and had reconfirmed when we were in Amsterdam. I was advised that there was not a seat for me on the plane. I appealed to a higher authority. This man was kind, but very adamant that there was just not a seat available. I explained that these two men had never been to Africa, and would not know what to do when they arrived in Uganda. Again the man was very sympathetic, but just stated that there was not a seat for me.

We did not have much time remaining before the flight departure. I gave Alan and Charles my cell phone and told them, on arrival in Uganda, to call Julius. He would be at the airport to meet them. I explained that Julius would somehow identify himself to them and they to him. They would meet at the airport and wait for me to arrive later in the day with a different flight. We prayed, and they boarded the plane.

The man who made it clear there was no seat for me on the plane took me to a small cubbyhole where I could wait for the next flight. There were no available chairs so I sat on the floor and leaned against the wall. It was a good place and a good time to talk to the Lord. Of course the Lord knew all about the situation, but I went ahead and told

him what was going on and how it would be good if I could be on the plane with those two men. I had been sitting there for about ten minutes when I heard someone calling my name. It was obvious he was very excited. I jumped up to see the man who told me there was no seat. He was now telling me there was a seat for me on the plane. I needed to come immediately. We were both running through the airport, out the door, and down the runway. The plane had stopped on the runway for me to enter.

It seems there was a man on the plane who was not willing to stow his carry-on bag. After a great deal of discussion, it was decided that he would have to leave the plane if he would not give up his bag. He refused and was then removed from the plane. Alan and Charles told the attendant that I was in the airport and waiting for this flight. When those two men saw me get on the airplane, their joy was unspeakable and full of glory. God had indeed answered prayer. He made a seat available and stopped the airplane on the runway so I could get that seat. What a mighty God we serve!

God is Still Using Widows

In 1 Kings 17 we find God's man living in the midst of a three and one half year period of time in which it did not rain. During that time God was faithful to take care of His man, the prophet Elijah. Day by day He used a raven and brook to take care of Elijah's needs. When the brook dried up, the Lord turned to a widow woman and used her to take care of His prophet. The woman thought she and her son were going to eat their last meal and die, but God used that last meal to sustain, not only the widow woman and her son, but His prophet as well. Day by day she went to the barrel and found enough for another meal just like the Lord had said.

Before I went to Uganda and while I was still pastor of Madison Baptist Church, I met the widow God would use in my life. She owned a piece of property which had been a thriving church camp at one time. It was not being used at this time but still had all the facilities. This dear widow allowed our church to use the camp, and we had some wonderful church activities there.

Many years ago, with a burden on her heart of

others, she had started a mission in the middle of a good-sized city. Because of my relationship with this woman through the camp, I was given a number of opportunities to preach in this mission.

Just before leaving to go to Uganda as missionaries, my wife and I were able to have lunch with God's widow woman. As we started to leave she gave me a check for \$500 and said she wanted to be a part of this new work of the Lord in Uganda. We graciously accepted the check and used it for the Lord's work.

Because we were in Uganda, we did not see her again for a number of years. When we did see her she shared from her barrel once again. This dear widow went to be with the Lord while we were overseas; however, we still receive from her barrel. The gifts from her Foundation have enabled us to do many special projects such as our annual youth retreats. These gifts have also supported many of our national pastors and helped me keep New Life Radio on the air.

To God be the glory, Great things He hath done!

God's Will is the Best Reason

When President Museveni asked me how long we would be in Uganda I replied, “Maybe the rest of my life.” I had no idea we would again reside in the United States.

I had sincerely sought the Lord and knew it was His will for us to withdraw from Uganda as residents. It was time for the Ugandans to take even more responsibility and let their faithfulness be tested. My plan was to return to Uganda every six months to give our men encouragement and accountability.

Upon returning to the States in the beginning of 2005, Kathy and I were mentally and physically exhausted. Had it not been for the physical infirmities with which I was dealing, I might not have heard the voice of God redirecting us. Even though there had been some struggles along the way, God had blessed the ministry of East Africa Outreach abundantly, and we were right in the middle of that blessedness.

By September of 2005 we were rested and relaxed. Kathy, Andrew and I had spent the summer in Uganda, and the work was going well.

I felt like I needed something more to do. God gave me peace about being a pastor stateside while overseeing the work overseas. It needed to be a church that would allow me to be gone once or twice a year for three to five weeks at a time.

I wrote in my prayer letter that I felt I could pastor and minister in Uganda if I found the right church. At the time the letters were received, I was filling the pulpit for two weeks in a small church in Florence, Alabama. One of the ladies in the church asked me if I had considered their church. I told her I was not looking for a church but for God's will. I told her that if their church was God's will for my life then I would be delighted to be their pastor. The church asked me to become their pastor, and the Lord gave me peace that it was His will.

I was the pastor of the church four years, and it was clear the Lord had brought us together. Hendrix Road Baptist Church adopted East Africa Outreach as a ministry and allowed me real freedom to continue my work with the Ugandans. Whenever I went to Uganda, various ones filled the gaps in the church. The Lord blessed by adding new people and increasing our offerings. People were growing and manifesting the Lord in their lives.

These years together were indeed good for me and good for them. One of the special blessings among many was ministering with Joel and Andy Wallace who were finishing their college Bible

studies. After seriously seeking the Lord they agreed to work with us in Florence. The members of the church quickly fell in love with them. Andy and Joel both played musical instruments and enjoyed singing for the Lord. I could always call on them to sing and play at any time. Occasionally I would even have them repeat a song.

Andy finished school, married, and became full time on our staff at the church. This allowed us to spend more time together, especially in prayer. Initially Andy felt the Lord was leading him to East Africa to be a missionary. As I listened to him talk, preach and pray I sensed the Lord was changing that. One day when I inquired, he told me God was giving new direction. He said he still had a great burden for missions but felt the Lord was leading him to be a pastor in the States.

While all this was taking place, the Lord was directing Kathy and me to return to Uganda as resident missionaries. He enlarged our vision and showed me there was need for further development and new ministries. He wanted me to provide leadership so it could be accomplished. As I discussed the possibility with one of our pastors in Uganda, he wept and said, "Pastor, it is just not the same when you are not here."

Why would the Lord lead a missionary home for five years and then take him back to the foreign field? I can tell you many things God accomplished while we were here, but the best

reason is simply it was His will for us. Over the years I have learned to simply trust and obey. The Bible tells us that God's will is good, acceptable and perfect. I can say amen to that.

As Andy and I continued to pray, we had peace that the Lord was leading me to Uganda and him to be the pastor of Hendrix Road Baptist Church. I announced to the church that Kathy and I would be returning to Africa, and the church would need to seek the Lord for their next pastor. I asked the deacons to consider Andy. After much prayer and consideration, we recommended Andy to the church, and they called him to be their pastor. We had a wonderful transition, and God continues to bless abundantly.

What a privilege it has been to be the pastor of Hendrix Road Baptist Church these past four years. Even though growth has been slow, it has been steady. One of the highlights has been the sacrificial giving to missions. The church only receives one offering per week but gives half of it to help support many missionaries. Besides that, the Lord stretched the funds, allowing us to do special projects including paving the parking lot, putting up new exterior lights, and redoing the auditorium. If you hear about a church where people enjoy singing to the Lord and have lots of love, it might be Hendrix Road Baptist Church in Florence, Alabama.

To God be the glory, great things He hath done.

Part III Testimonies that Glorify God

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Onyutha Stanley

Truly a Godless life is an empty and worthless life! Yet I lived this kind of life for a period of about twenty five years, doing all sorts of bad things like drinking, smoking, lying, to mention just a few. Moreover in the midst of doing all those, I was a regular churchgoer. But I did not know that all those wrong things were sins against the almighty God of heaven and that they are punishable by his justice (Romans 6:23a).

One day God in his goodness brought in my pathway a gospel tract entitled “God’s Wonderful Plan of Salvation Made Plain to Sinners”. I read it and was convinced of these plain facts: that I was a sinner, and my sins had separated me from a holy and a righteous God. Furthermore the Holy Spirit of God enabled me to realize that I was unable to save myself even if I had tried to do so through such things as being good to people, going to church, giving money to support a Christian cause, and so many other related things (Titus 3:5).

The author of that tract made it clear that God in his great mercy and love sent his only son Jesus

who died on Calvary's cross for man's sins. The forgiveness of man's sins is only possible through the shed blood of his son Jesus. Anyone who realizes he is a sinner and believes Jesus took his place for sin by dying on Calvary would be forgiven. God would give him eternal life as a free gift. When I read and thoroughly understood these truths, I immediately bowed my head and asked Jesus to come into my heart, forgive my sins and save me!

This happened in May of 1990 when I was in Uganda Police Training School. My whole world was changed upside down; my direction and ambition in life were completely reversed. I started loving to be with God's people more than ever before. I loved preaching and telling others what Jesus did for me and that he wanted to do the same for them. My love for police work (my job) began to diminish. One day I had to pick up a pen and write, requesting to be discontinued from the Uganda police force. I am so thrilled to let you know that, though it was a difficult thing to go through, God the Almighty opened the door wide for me. I was graciously exempted from the force. I continued to freely reach the entire police school with the gospel of Jesus Christ and guess what! Very many trainees made a profession of faith plus two of the top most officers also placed their faith in Jesus.

I joined Uganda Baptist Bible Institute and, after my graduation, was ordained to the gospel

ministry. From there, my wife Jenety, our first born daughter, and I went in 1992 to our first mission field of Butiaba, Masindi District. There we planted two indigenous local churches.

In 1993 God gave us a second child, a son by the name of Adam. In 1994 we moved back to Masindi, our sending church, where the members unanimously elected me as the first national pastor. I was pastor of Uganda Baptist Church of Masindi for about seven years. In 2004 the Lord called me to go and reach my people (tribesmate) the “Alur” of Nebbi District. That is the very place we are joyfully serving our faithful Master and King of kings as we wait for His glorious appearing.

Fred Mbabazi

I was born in a religious home. My father was a Catholic man, and my mother was an Anglican. I was baptized in a Catholic way when I was three years old. I grew up and became devoted to my religion, believing that it was the right way to heaven.

At the age of twenty-five I was unanimously elected to parish youth leader. I served for two years with zeal and devotion to God, leading the youth to utilize their potential in economic activities, to become self-reliant, and to enlighten them to live in obedience to the will of God.

One day I met a man of God named Kenneth Mboijana who preached to me the good news about the Lord Jesus Christ from the Bible. Specifically, Romans 3:23 and Romans 5:12 convicted me. I understood that I was a sinner in need of a Savior. Many questions I had about God in my mind were answered by that good preaching. It was as a light that shone in a dark place in my life. I received Christ as my personal Savior and Lord on November 18, 1992. My spiritual life was totally transformed by the Word

of God.

After getting saved I developed a profound conviction to know and understand God better. Later I joined Uganda Baptist Bible Institute in Masindi. In 1993 the Lord enabled me to successfully complete the diploma course in Biblical Studies. Soon after the completion, I surrendered to serve the Lord in the gospel ministry. I was ordained as a pastor in 1995 and am still a pastor of Uganda Baptist Church serving in Wanseko, Masindi District. I am thankful to God for his grace which saved me from darkness and translated me into his marvelous light through Jesus Christ.

Okecha Gilbert Uyirwoth

I was saved March 28, 1989, when I was a religious choir member in the Church of Uganda, Paidha, Nebbi District. My desire and vision was to become a preacher, but my logical plan was to become a school teacher. I shared my desire with my Uncle Geoffrey who was interested in what I did.

Early in the 1990s Geoffrey moved to Masindi in search of a job. He met Pastor Stark who had come from the USA to open a church and Bible institute. By this time I was in secondary school in Nebbi. Uncle Geoffrey, knowing my desire, wrote to me about the church and the Bible institute. As soon as I completed senior four, I came to Masindi. I was interviewed by the director, was admitted, and graduated March 5, 1995.

As a student in the Bible institute, God used me to serve in my native Alur language. I led singing in the church and interpreted the English preaching. Many Alur people accepted Christ as Savior and joined the church and Bible institute during this time.

I had surrendered myself to preach the gospel, but there was need of marriage. I proposed to my former schoolmate, Ngageno Oliver. As Alur culture demands, I was to pay dowry to the family of the lady. I raised some money, and my father gave a cow and some goats. When the dowry was paid request was made to wed the lady, to which the parents agreed.

The date for the wedding was set for March 16, 1996, when Pastor Stark was scheduled to visit churches in Nebbi District. During Wednesday Bible study and prayer meeting on the 6th of March, the church prayed for me and the journey I was to make to Nebbi in two days.

On Thursday afternoon I left Masindi to sleep in Kigumba so that I could get the bus for Nebbi early morning. The next morning the buses began to arrive from Kampala, and I boarded one. We left Kigumba and reached Karuma at 9:00. There all the vehicles destined to West Nile region had to wait until the soldiers finished patrol and deployment in the game park. Then they could also move in the convoy for protection of the passengers.

Around 9:30 the lorries (trucks) were allowed to begin the journey. Later the buses left at intervals of fifteen minutes. My bus was the tenth to be released. Going a few miles into the journey, the commander of the convoy stopped the cars. It seemed he had seen something. Since all people remained in the buses, no one knew what was to

happen next. The soldiers checked a bit but went back to their truck.

Just as the convoy began again, from the thick bushes we heard gunshot that was commanding the rest of the rebels to start shooting. The first few shots were in the air but later were turned to the speeding buses. At this point I laid in the corridor of the bus with others over me. Suddenly our bus stopped. I thought our driver might have jumped or been shot. When the bus stopped, the bullets aimed at us also stopped.

I raised my head and saw others escaping in the thick bush. I told God, "I'm getting out. Please protect me." I kicked the window of the bus, jumped out, and joined the rest of the people who were escaping. We ran from the scene for fear of abduction. I was wearing a white tee shirt that made me easily seen. Another escapee ordered me to remove it so I did.

After running for about an hour, some decided that first aid should be given to four people, including a baby, who had gunshot wounds. One was seriously wounded in the waist and bleeding badly. At this point we, being about twenty, stopped running. We never looked back until this time. We saw great smoke from burning vehicles. We were urged by some men among us that we divide into three groups. These men were former Idi Amin soldiers. If they had not been among us, we would have lost our way in the park.

At the end of the first aid and the grouping, the

first group left. After some time I, in the next group, left toward Pakwach. We moved from morning to 4:00 pm and then came out of the bush, joining the road about thirty kilometers past the scene.

As soon as we came from the bush, the truck taking the government soldiers to the scene met us. The commander ordered all the soldiers to walk so we could be transported to a nearby army and internally displaced camp. The badly injured were rushed to Nebbi Hospital. I had only small wounds. For sure the Lord protected me though uncountable thorns pricked my feet. We slept in an open grassy area in the army camp.

The districts of Arua and Nebbi sent trucks to pick up the dead and the survivors. They first collected the dead from the scene and the surrounding area. Immediately upon returning at 3:00 in the morning we left the army camp for Nebbi.

When we reached Nebbi all were taken to the hospital for check ups; those with minor injuries were treated. Our identity was taken by the resident district commissioner's office. After this I boarded a truck to Paidha.

My family members were very happy to see me. The wedding was cancelled because Pastor Stark was not allowed to travel that route, and all the wedding items were destroyed in the burning bus.

Two weeks later, with her parents' permission,

I took the lady to Masindi for our wedding. This time we traveled via Wanseko on Lake Albert. Sunday, March 31, 1996, we were married after I had given to the church my testimony of what happened.

That ambush was the greatest ever carried by the Lords Resistance Army in the history of Uganda, and it was the greatest protection God gave me.

Pastor Stark and I periodically visited Uganda Baptist churches in Nebbi District to wed and baptize people. Later I felt God's call to help the work in Nebbi and moved there.

From two churches, five more were planted across the district and one across the border in the Democratic Republic of Congo. Through God's convicting power, many came to Christ, were properly wedded, and baptized.

The challenge of transportation expenses caused Brother Stark and me to develop Alur Division of the Bible institute to train the church leaders. The first class graduated eight with certificates in Biblical Studies. Some are now ordained pastors.

In January 2007 God enabled me to resign as a primary school teacher and fully serve Him. My family moved to Buhimba with the purpose of ministering in the Bible institute to train both in English and Alur. The need for Alur training in that place had become evident. Pastor Stanley carried on the training in Nebbi.

I preach on New Life Radio in the Alur language. The preaching is aimed at migrants who relocated from Nebbi and natives of Eastern Democratic Republic of Congo. God has blessed my radio program with five reported salvation decisions and many desiring a Bible-believing, preaching, and practicing church. Some have called to say their Christian lives are fed only by the radio programs.

God has presented opportunity for me to also be a circuit riding preacher, opening churches and visiting churches with Alur people.

God has blessed Oliver and me with two girls and one boy: Fanny, Parton, and Samuel. We are very aware of His abundant blessings, guidance, and grace. What a mighty God we serve!

Santo Obeyo

It is a great opportunity to testify what the Lord Jesus Christ did in my life through his precious blood. He washed all my sins.

I am called Santo Obeyo. I receive the Lord Jesus Christ as my Savior, together with my wife Millie in April 1994. It happened on a Sunday after the preaching of Missionary Bob Cook.

I was born in a Catholic family. Both my father and mother were Catholic, and I grew up in that religion. I grew up a moral man serving in the church as an altar boy singer. After the completion of my primary school I decided to join Pokea Seminary School in order to become a priest. I completed the forms, and the result came out successful. Only a lack of school fees and other school requirements kept me from continuing. My fellow boys went on and are right now serving as priests.

I thank God for His wonderful plan for me. If I had gone through seeking the priesthood, I would not have gotten saved as I am today. Praise the Lord!

In 1987 Millie and I independently lived away from my parents. During this time we could move

or go to any place we needed. That same year we went to a small town called Kigorobyia in Hoima District. We lived there for five years, chained to the Catholic religion, worshiping idols, and listening to the voice of man as the final authority.

In January 1994 we traveled to Masindi. By that time we had three children. Not many months later we met the Lord Jesus Christ and received him as our own personal Savior. We experienced the wonderful work of salvation upon us. We made a strong commitment to attend church regularly. We did not miss whether it was a week fellowship or a Sunday service. After our salvation, we went through a baptismal class and immediately were baptized by Pastor Mike Allison from Madison Baptist Church, Madison, Alabama.

We were told that we needed to make things right and get properly married. We did not waste any time, but just got married in a simple way. We walked to church on that Sunday, and, after we were married, I hired seven bicycle riders to carry the bride and bridegroom, plus others which escorted us.

That same year I joined Uganda Baptist Bible Institute evening class, which was being taught by Pastor Tony Stark. Slowly but slowly I joined the full-time Bible institute on February 4, 1997. It was not easy for me to complete this course because of circumstances and responsibilities. But I thank God He enabled me to complete in

July 2005. I graduated with others, and we were awarded our diplomas. It was a wonderful and colorful day, which I will never forget.

I would like to continue thanking God for His guidance, protection, and provision through many difficulties we have been passing through. In spite of all these difficulties, we did not say no to God but continued to serve Him. In March 2004, I surrendered to serve God as a full-time preacher in one of the churches in Nebbi District. Recently I have become part of an evangelistic team going to many Ugandan districts.

My sincere thanks go to those whom have invested in my life. May God reward them exceedingly above all. God indeed answered their prayers. Our God who was, who is, and who will continue to be should bless us in His work now and forever. Amen.

Julius Nsemerirwe

I am Julius Nsemerirwe. I was born in Butiaba village around 1974, the sixth of ten children. My father lived with two other women with whom he had six more children. In Uganda it is very common to see men having more than one woman living together without proper marriage. My father also lived this kind of life, and this is the kind of family I grew in.

In Uganda almost everybody belongs to a religion, the main ones being Islam, Catholicism, and the Church of Uganda. All of these teach wrong doctrine, and, combined, embrace the majority of the people of Uganda. At birth many people automatically belong to their parents' denomination. In my case, my father was a Catholic at first and, for reasons I do not know, later joined the Church of Uganda. This is what caused me to automatically become a member of Church of Uganda. I loved this church very much at first, but later my love started diminishing as I discovered some facts which contradicted the Bible.

Let me briefly share with you what Church of

Uganda believed and taught as the way to heaven. They believed and taught that all people are sinners, which is correct, but they went wrong on how to have sins forgiven. They taught that, for a sinner to be forgiven, he has to be sprinkled with water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. This act of sprinkling with water is called baptism in Church of Uganda, although it is nowhere to be found in the Bible. Most people get sprinkled while they are still babies, and this sprinkling has to be paid for with money. Without paying money, the leaders sometimes do not compromise to sprinkle someone. In this church, people believed that baptismal water washed away the sin inherited from Adam. After one is sprinkled, he is instructed to take a course in order to be confirmed in the faith. After this confirmation, the individual is allowed to partake of the Lord's Supper. When you have done all this, the church knows that you are forgiven of your sins.

Sadly, these church leaders do not show Scriptures on which they base their doctrine or else they take scriptures out of their context and meaning, forcing them to say what they really do not say. In these denominations, you find many people who have embraced religion and their traditions but have no clue what God is offering to sinners as the way of salvation. I think I would not be wrong to say the Bible is not the final authority in the Church of Uganda. That is why

many of its leaders and members have no assurance of salvation. I remember the leader of my church telling us in a sermon that he did not know where he will go after dying. This was a very scary statement to hear from someone you expected to know the way. If the shepherd did not know the way, how could the sheep know the way? This reminds me of the words of our blessed Lord Jesus when He said, "Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." This is the kind of life many people are going through in religions.

As a member of the Church of Uganda, I was sincere but very confused and lost. I wanted to be saved and know that I will go to heaven when I die, but I could not know because there was no one to tell me how. I had done all things my church leader had instructed me to do. He told me to get sprinkled with water, I did it. I was confirmed in faith to make sure I was not lacking anything in order to be saved according to the doctrine of the church. In spite of doing all this, there was no assurance of salvation in my heart. There was within me a burning desire to please the Lord in all I was doing. I really wanted someone to show me what I could do to be saved. I found myself locked in a problem which I could not fully understand.

The Lord was so merciful and gracious to me in those dark days by putting in my heart the

desire to read the Word of God, especially the New Testament. I think I read the whole New Testament before my salvation. This I did seeking for the true way to heaven. This was the initial step the Lord took to get me out of the shackles and confusion of religion. As I read the Bible I understood some things; but many things I could not understand. From the few things I understood, I realized that there was a great contradiction in many areas between my religion and the true Word of God. The more I realized these contradictions, the more my heart became troubled. I discovered that my faith and religion were not built on the solid rock of God's Word.

At this stage I knew for sure I was in great danger and was heading to hell, which I feared most and trembled greatly. The thought of going to hell terrified me very much, especially when I meditated on the temperature and the endless time I was going to spend in hell doing nothing but burning and crying day and night. Knowing the reality of hell and having no assurance of salvation made me wish I was not born into this world. Being tortured by these thoughts and the fear to die someday and go to hell, I continued to read the Bible looking for what could keep me from suffering the everlasting wrath of the almighty God, the unquenchable fire which was to come.

As I continued reading the Bible in the gospels and Revelation, I discovered that there was One

who was powerful, never failed, and who looked to be in charge of things. Besides being in charge of things, I clearly realized that He was on God's side. This was the Lord Jesus Christ. One day when I was very troubled thinking about hellfire and my questionable eternity, I went to my bedroom weeping and prayed to Jesus, saying words like these, "Dear Jesus, I know you are seeing me right now. You know I am confused, troubled and scared, I don't know what to do. I want to be on your side, but I don't know how I can join. I'm really scared of dying one day and going to hell. Please, Jesus, when that time comes, help me find myself on your side." And I said "Amen".

I thank God that Jesus heard this prayer on July 10, 1993, when I and my elder brother Stephen hosted Pastor Stanley who was a graduate from Uganda Baptist Bible Institute. This pastor shared with us the gospel, we both believed, and we invited Jesus into our hearts. From that day onward the torment of fearing to go to hell was lifted by the Lord, and I was made free. John 8:36 says, "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Praise God I'm free and born again! I was very excited to know that it was possible for someone to know for sure that he is saved, and eternal life is something everyone can have if he can only accept the Lord as his Saviour. Jesus paid it all!

Since that day, I developed the desire of

sharing this rare good news in a clear way with other people deceived in religion like I was. I wanted them to know the truth about the only way to heaven. The way is not religion or doing good, but Jesus alone is the way, the truth and the life. I started sharing the gospel with friends and neighbors.

Later, I learned from Pastor Stanley about the Bible institute in Masindi that trained him and other preachers. By this time, I had just completed my senior six final exams and was waiting for the results. After the results, I planned to continue with education until I qualified for a job that would support me and the family God would give me in the future. I was torn between two alternatives. I wanted to join the institute and learn more about the Lord and His Word because this is what gave me the greatest joy in life; but, at the same time, I wanted to prepare myself financially first. The need for proper decision was an urgent need for me as I stood at this crossroad where my call to serve the Lord was being choked by the cares of the things in this temporary world.

One day I decided to go with Pastor Stanley to Masindi to find out whether this institute taught false doctrine like my former religion did. Pastor Stanley gave me one of the books they use in the institute. This book was Willmington's Guide to the Bible. He lead me to a quiet room where I read the whole doctrine of salvation, my favorite doctrine in the Bible. I was very amazed to see

truth about salvation could be understood by men in a clear way as Willmington wrote in his book. This raised even greater desire in my heart to join the institute.

I found myself in even greater debate than before, wondering whether I should join the institute or not. This was not an easy decision to make. Every decision made would affect me greatly. I had to sit down first to count the cost because there was a huge price to pay. I realized, if I missed going to the institute, I would miss the opportunity of being grounded in the eternal truth of God's Word. I tried to share with my friends about giving up my studies to join the Bible institute in preparation for God's service. They all discouraged me, telling me not to join. They even assured me that I would regret it later. As I continued wrestling in my mind, I came to some conclusions. I realized I was going to serve the God who made heaven and earth and who owns everything including me. I realized that everything in this world will someday come to an end. Since this was so, then serving Jesus can never be a mistake; in fact, it is much better than all other things I will ever do. At this stage, I accepted whatever difficulty would come my way, preparing myself to welcome it for Christ's sake, the One who set me free, filling my heart with joy unspeakable. I made my decision and had peace to join the Bible institute.

By this time, I was saved but had not yet been

baptized. I traveled from my home village to Masindi to get this matter of baptism settled. I was baptized on a very cold day on June 12, 1994, by Pastor Mike Allison, the pastor of Madison Baptist Church in the USA, who had visited Uganda.

When the day arrived for the institute to start, Pastor Stanley took me to Masindi to meet the director, missionary Tony Stark. When I saw him, I noticed he was not a new figure to me. I had seen him at my school where he used to come to preach the Word of God. I was one of the students who attended his preaching. The purpose of my attendance with my friends was not to enjoy the Word of God but to hear the way this American preacher talked in the American accent (speaking from the nose as we in Uganda say of Americans). We went to our dormitories quoting the verses Ephesians 3:20 and 21, trying to speak also from the nose as he spoke while preaching. Because we made a lot of fun of his accent with this verse, it made me remember these blessed verses until today. At that time I had no clue that in a few years to come, this same man would be my friend, pastor, and teacher. The Lord had much stored for me in this man though I did not know it by then.

So in 1994, after interviewing me, Pastor Stark allowed me to join the Bible institute. The missionary, together with other teachers, taught us the truth of the Bible, which was foreign to this place. As I continued learning, for the first time I

discovered that it was possible for people to understand the Bible clearly and also be able to share the truth with other people. My heart leaped with joy as we continued feasting on the truth of the Word of God. We were challenged to read through the entire Bible and did it. We also were involved in many Christian services, such as evangelizing in schools, hospitals, prison, and other places, resulting in people getting saved.

The same friends and relatives who had discouraged me from joining the institute continued to tell me I had made a big mistake by quitting my education when I had nothing planned for future income. I thought so much and later said, "Maybe they are right." I loved the institute and was very excited about learning and sharing the Lord with other people who never knew Him. I did not want to make mistakes, so I sat down and thought much more. I miserably made a decision to go back to school to make my future secure, then I would come back to the institute. The next thing I did was to tell my plan to the director who was also my pastor. I purposed to study only one more term in the Bible institute while I waited for the other classes to begin.

During this last term, a man about my age came to visit the missionary for three months. On his free time, Ray Boles used to come to the campus where he spent time talking with the students and enjoying hot tea with us. He told us many things from America, while we told him

things about Uganda. It was a wonderful time we had together. One day he asked me if I would ride a bicycle with him to Butiaba, my home village, to visit Pastor Stanley who was ministering there. The distance was forty-four miles. We left early one morning and arrived safely though very tired. In the evening we shared testimonies. Brother Ray, in his testimony, said something that challenged me very much and led me to make my final decision about the Bible institute and serving the Lord. He said he was not going to spend his time pursuing higher levels of education, but wanted to use his time to serve the Lord. I saw myself going the opposite direction from this friend who loved the Lord just like I did. His testimony, together with the honest life he lived among us, was a great challenge to me. The Lord used him greatly in a time when I was confused and unsettled. I really believe his coming to Uganda partly was God's plan to use him in my life. I will never forget what the Lord graciously did for me through Ray.

From that hour on, I made a decision to continue in the institute, caring not what would happen in the future. I decided to wholly put my trust in the Lord who is ready to help me whenever the storms of life strike. I have met many storms along the way. I have sometimes lacked my needs, many have called me a fool, but never have I lost the joy that flooded my soul since the day I made up my mind to serve the

King of kings and Lord of lords, I have never regretted my decision to serve the Lord. Knowing God and serving Him is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I graduated on April 20, 1997. In the same year, I led to Christ a girl named Rosemary whom I married nine years later.

When I graduated, I started serving the Lord now in a wider way than I was doing while I was still in the institute. I did not drop what I was doing, I just added on. This is what I was doing while I was studying in the institute. I went to a number of schools with my colleagues to preach the Word. Every Sunday we went to preach in the prison. In the evening on Sundays, we went to the hospital to share Jesus with the sick. Just when I was about to graduate, I was chosen as the youth pastor at our church in Masindi. Later the Lord gave me another opportunity to serve him as the song leader in the same church. I knew very little about singing, but Pastor Stark patiently taught me how to sing better for the Lord. There were times when we would sit and sing hymns together as he prepared me for this service to our God. He taught me how to seek God to guide me in choosing songs to lead and other valuable things about music. I led the church in singing for about four years. After graduation, I started teaching in the Bible institute, which I am still doing even today. I also distributed literature to preachers in different places in our ministry.

During those years of service, I was still not

married and felt really lonely. Then God brought Musukwa Bernard, a Congolese man, to join our Bible institute. Until he married, we lived together, sharing expenses. Our love and confidence in each other grew as we moved about together, singing, praying, encouraging, and serving. God's grace is sufficient in meeting our every need. He brought the right friend when I needed one. Bernard is still my special friend.

When Bernard got married, things became financially difficult for me. One day I buried my head in a cushion and cried unto the Lord, asking him to have mercy on me in this dilemma. I did not tell any one about it. Interestingly enough, the Lord answered the prayer by speaking to someone who knew nothing about my trials and causing him to support me with some money. Still in answer to the same prayer, God gave me another blessing of free housing for one and one half years. The Lord did this to show me his faithfulness in answering prayer. In Jeremiah 33:3 He says, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."

In 2001, the Lord spoke to my heart about leaving Masindi to join others in the new ministry in Buhimba. By that time, God had raised many servants in the church in Masindi. When I reached Buhimba, I started as a Runyoro interpreter for those speaking English.

Besides planting a church, Brother Stark began

a Christian radio station, which has proved to be a very effective tool for daily reaching many with the gospel of Jesus Christ. On this same radio, I started a Runyoro program which airs Monday through Friday at 8:00 pm. I get good responses from many listeners of which a few of them are shared in this book. Many people call through telephones and tell me of their decision to receive Christ, while many believers also call to inform me how they are being edified by the Word of God preached. One day a certain man called me at the end of my program and told me that he and his whole family got saved after listening to one of my sermons.

While still in Buhimba, God opened another opportunity to serve Him when I was equipped with a computer. I have been able to write two different gospel tracts in Runyoro language. Runyoro is the language used by the people where we minister in Hoima and Masindi. Through the same ministry, gospel tracts in Alur language and English have been written and printed. Songbooks printed in Runyoro and Alur languages have proved to be a great blessing to our churches in different parts of this country.

In 2005, God gave me the responsibility of taking caring for the East Africa Outreach finances while Brother Stark is in America. He intended to live there, returning twice a year for ministry accountability. With this work, I need to keep many records concerning the way money

comes in and goes out which I present to him whenever he comes to Uganda. This responsibility came together with that of directing the Bible institute which was transferred from Masindi to Hoima.

My wedding to Rosemary took place on December 16, 2006. Normally in Uganda we first pay a dowry before the parents of the girls can allow us to wed their daughters. In my case things took a different route. The Lord spoke to the father of Rosemary so that I was allowed to wed his daughter without paying dowry first. He told me I will bring it later in some years to come. He said this when I sent men to go and ask him how much I was supposed to pay him for his daughter. Honestly speaking, I did not even have the entire estimated dowry price. It is now three years since we wedded. I do not know when he will remember his dowry. I hope it will be after the rapture has taken place.

The following year after our wedding, God gave us twins on October 30, 2007, a boy and a girl whom we named Timothy Asinguza and Ruth Nsimire. On Christmas of the following year, the Lord added another baby girl whom we named, Christine Komujuni. I thank God for the blessing of my wife and children. I can say, indeed, my wife is from the Lord as I have proved during these years we have stayed together.

The Lord through his great love, mercy and grace, has done much in my life using a number of

men for which I greatly praise his name. The righteous God knows all their labor of love in His kingdom, and they will all be rewarded by Him according to His riches in glory. The Lord can do much by His grace through the sons of men. The Lord is very good and His mercy endureth forever. It is by His mercy that we are not consumed. Man is a sinner and can do nothing on his own, yet God continues to use his people according to His great mercy and grace. Jesus said in John 15:4-5, "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abides in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." If then we can do nothing on our own, then we can rightly conclude by saying, to God alone be the glory and honor, for it is God which worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. To God be the glory, for he has done great and marvelous things! Amen.

Sylvia Atugonza

When I was young my mother left me with grandparents. This was because of my stepfather's abuse of me, even biting me when I was baby. Grandfather was a leader in the mosque and the community. I was taught Islam culture through the Koran and how to pray in the Islam way.

In the village of Hoima where I now lived, there was a missionary family. I use to go to the gate of their home to watch the family play volleyball. They would invite me into the yard, swinging me in the air holding my arms and legs. The enjoyment motivated me to return.

Mrs. Miller, the missionary wife, invited me into the house for conversation. She started sharing Bible memory verses when we met every Saturday. When she told me about hell, I was scared. I told her how we prayed every day in Islam, knowing Muhammad takes people to heaven by pleading to Allah. She told me Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life and through him alone can we go to heaven. I received Christ as my Savior. I was in primary three. Remarkably, my grandparents did not argue this decision.

When my grandfather died in his eighties, my grandmother was no longer able to keep me, so I returned to my mother's home. Her husband had four other wives and many children there. He would force me to go to the mosque. I tried to locate another missionary who had been associated with the Millers. I stopped a white lady whom I saw riding a bicycle and was informed that the one I wanted had left the country. Seeing my disappointment, the bicyclist invited me to her house for conversation and a drink. This was my introduction to the Stark family. It was through them that I recommitted my life to Christ. They convinced my stepfather to allow me to attend the Baptist church where I was baptized and grew in my Christian walk, even learning to teach Sunday school class.

Life at home became difficult. When I refused my stepfather's advances, he harassed and mistreated me in other ways. With help of a church friend and the missionaries, I relocated to a house. Being still young, I had never lived by myself and had sleepless nights due to fears. Isaiah 41:10 reminded me to not fear because God was with me. He said He would strengthen, help, and uphold me. During this time I worked as a house girl for some other missionaries who joined the Starks in Masindi. This provided my basic needs.

I developed a strong love and intimacy with God and wanted to serve Him, so I started soul

winning in the hospital and saw people get saved. Every Saturday I would gather children and teach them Bible stories, serving the children popcorn I made from money I earned.

Because the lady who provided my housing was encouraged by my hard work she asked me if I would like more education. I told her I loved children and wanted to teach. She financed my way through a teachers college, which I completed.

I was gaining experience as a teacher but was hindered by the school owner in how I could invest in the children spiritually. God spoke to my heart about starting my own school to shape the children into godly people and God-fearing leaders for the future. I knew this was God's will, and I submitted.

God made a way for me when there was no way. I was very poor, and this new venture was very difficult. But Mark 10:27 says all things are possible with God. The Charity Community Primary School in Kampala, Uganda, opened in a humble way in 2003 with seventeen children. My main target and vision was to help orphans because I remembered what I was and how far God brought me. I now have 450 students.

The Bible commands us in Proverbs 22:6 to "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." It is a privilege to serve God by shaping the lives of children and continuing my soul winning

endeavors. He has done so much for me, I cannot tell it all. I give Him the praise, honor, and glory.

Oleo Richard

I was born June 3, 1976, on the way to the hospital in Kitgum, Uganda. I grew up in my father's Catholic church, going through all rituals of the religion and finally qualified as an altar boy. I was very happy because I felt closer to God and God's men. There was no doubt in my heart that heaven was my home. I was very proud and ready to defend my religion.

I was very resistant to the new religion of being born again. I persecuted one born again Baptist lady in our family. I tried to discourage her and enticed her to backslide. I was persuaded she made a wrong choice, and I hated the missionary who confused her.

Sinking deep in the sins of youthful lusts in 1996 while in senior four class, I got into conversation with my friend Samuel. He began preaching to me near the Baptist church where students from the Uganda Baptist Bible Institute joined us. I asked myself, "Why are these people concerned about me like this? Am I a fool, and they are wise?" I accepted to confess Jesus Christ

as my own Lord and personal Savior. Immediately the joy of the Lord filled my soul, making me able to identify with the born again and declaring my new faith to them.

I soon was baptized and joined Uganda Baptist Church. I witnessed to others and sang in the church choir. In 1999 I entered the same Bible institute of those who witnessed to me earlier. After graduation I was pastor in a small village mission in Kinyara. In 2006 I became the pastor of the church I joined when I was first saved, Uganda Baptist Church of Masindi. I am praying for a faithful, godly, fundamental Baptist female for marriage.

Christ is worth serving! I am resolved to die a fundamental, independent Baptist preacher. That is my crowd. Friends, let us serve Jesus with sincerity and pure hearts. Behold, He is coming with rewards!

Bernard Musukwa Wilondja

My parents were married in 1968, but their marriage lasted for only six years. In that short period of time God blessed them with three children. I was the second one, born June 15, 1972, in Zaire, now known as the Democratic Republic of Congo. In 1974 my father started living with another woman who already had three children. Together they produced nine more.

Both my father and stepmother were Catholic, but they rarely went for mass. They visited witchdoctors for prosperity and protection. When I was in primary three, my father led all our family at night to meet a witchdoctor. The witchdoctor took a sharp blade and made small cuts around our arms and chests. He applied something on the cuts, mixing it with our blood. This was meant to protect us from sorcerers and other evil people and giving us luck in life. Many people in Congo live in the fear of the unknown, believing a person only dies because someone has killed him by poisoning or bewitching. Therefore, they seek for witchdoctors to give them charms for protection. My father had a ring which he considered magical and also had books which

contained prayers to invoke the spirits. Above where he sleeps he posted a photo of an eye in a palm. Once, my father asked me to escort him somewhere. We walked for many hours to a shrine. The witchdoctor gave him charms covered in banana fibers, telling him to place them, unopened, in corners of our house. They remained there many years. In spite of all the efforts my father put forth to find protection from the witchdoctor, he lived a life of insecurity and misery and resorted to drinking strong beverage to escape his problems.

I attended a primary school started by Christian missionaries from Norway. A compulsory chapel service became my first opportunity to enter into a church and listen to the Word of God. I started attending Sunday school classes to escape home and for fun offered in the play yard. During my secondary school education, the tradition of chapel was also established. Living in this Christian environment, I felt influenced to get baptized so as to be considered a good Christian among my peer. I joined the baptismal class and learned many things about the Christian faith. I became a member of that local church but was not yet born again.

The separation between my father and mother affected me so much that I never felt loved and needed someone to love me. This search for love caused me to leave my family and start living far from home. After a few months away, there was a

local rebel uprising so I decided to return to Congo and wait for peace. Along the way I fell sick with malaria and was admitted in the hospital. I began meditating upon my life, and one question kept ringing in my mind. If I died in this bed, where will my soul be for eternity? The obvious answer was in hell. Realizing that I was qualified to go to hell, my heart got troubled. Being exposed to Christianity during my primary and secondary school education gave me knowledge about salvation, hell, heaven and other Christian doctrines. On my sick bed I asked the Lord to forgive and accept me as his child and invited Jesus Christ into my heart. A great joy filled my heart. Having the assurance of salvation, I prayed to God saying, "Lord, if you will have mercy by giving me another opportunity to live, I will serve you the rest of my life." A few days later I was discharged from the hospital, and a new page of my life was turned.

My call to the ministry started when I got saved and committed myself to serve. After recovering from the sickness, I joined the youth choir, gaining new friends who loved the Lord and were on fire serving him. Seven of us started an evangelistic group with the goal of reaching fellow youth with the gospel. During the holidays we organized open air evangelism in public places, singing gospel songs accompanied with guitars and drums. When we attracted the crowd, one of us preached or shared his testimony of

salvation. God blessed so that many youth were saved and influenced to serve the Lord. My involvement with this group kindled the fire in me about serving the Lord. I began thinking of becoming a full time preacher. Although I enjoyed preaching, I had very little knowledge of the Bible; therefore, I decided to join a Bible school.

I went to Kampala in Uganda to see a relative whom I thought could help me locate a Bible school for training. One day in 1996 I saw a truck stationed in front of the American Embassy. The name Uganda Baptist Bible Institute was on the side. I saw a white man opening the door of the truck ready to depart. I greeted him and told him that I wanted to know more about his school. He told me, "Tony is my name. If you want to know more about the Bible school, take this pen inscribed with the address and write to me. I promise I will write to you with all the information you need." The UBBI director sent me admission forms, and we corresponded. When the application arrived, I learned that tuition was free of charge, students provided for their own food, and accommodation was ten dollars per month. Although the cost of studies was affordable, it sounded very expensive to me because I had no source of income. Two months later, Missionary Stark wrote me that now food, accommodation and tuition were free of charge. Work scholarships were provided to students with financial problems and who were willing to work.

When I received this information, I knew the Lord had opened the door for me to join UBBI. I wrote to the UBBI director, informing him that I was ready to join his school.

When I reached UBBI campus, I was received by a certain gentleman. I introduced myself and told him about the purpose of my presence. The missionary came to meet me and interviewed me mostly about my profession of faith. He told me the term ended, and students will return in February. He said I was welcome to stay until the next term. I thought about it and decided to stay.

Anyone living in the dorm during the holidays was supposed to pay ten dollars or work four hours a day. Baguma, whom I learned worked with the missionary, came to see me. He had a good command of Swahili language, a language I speak very well. Knowing that I am from Congo, he chose to speak to me in Kiswahili to practice his language skills. He told me, "The missionary wants you to dig holes where he will plant some trees." He gave me the tools for that work and left. It was during the dry season, the nature of the ground had hardened, and a cold dry wind was blowing. I dug the holes while being scorched by the sun and got sores in my palms but never gave up until I completed the assignment. Every morning between seven and eleven I was led in the garden of Pastor Stanley to dig, and I did this until February when the school started. One evening Pastor Stanley asked me to wash the toilet

and bathing rooms to make sure that all the walls were very clean. I never did this kind of work so I felt shocked and discouraged, but I humbled myself and did it.

In the afternoon I spent my time memorizing verses to get textbooks to use in school. I was also reading a book entitled “Disciplined Life” and my English Bible which I was given there. In that short period of time I discovered many people who were interested in learning French; therefore, every evening between eight and nine at night I taught them French. This project stopped when school started. During that time God gave me three friends: Julius, Barry and Arnold, and these people have remained my friends. It came to pass that I fell sick and did not have money for the treatment. My friend Julius robbed himself to help me. I thanked God for his generosity and sacrifice.

Every morning at half past six there was a prayer meeting. One morning I was asked to pray. I failed to do it in English. Another day I was asked to pray in church during the midweek fellowship. Again I prayed in French because I was not yet confident to pray in English publicly. I felt so embarrassed to see that I was joining a Bible school to be trained in the language I could not speak freely. One day I cried to God and asked him to help me learn to pray in English. I used to fear to pray in English because I knew very few words, I was not following grammatical rules, and mine was a strong French accent. I was ashamed

while talking it because I could make people laugh with how I constructed my sentences and the strong French accent I had. One Sunday during the Bible study class, I asked a question using a verb which made everyone wonder which brand of English I was speaking. Instead of saying “understood”, I said “understanded”. Several times I murdered English in my speaking. I still do it, but it used to be terrible during my first year at UBBI. I never allowed the language barrier to make me quit although sometimes people could tease and hurt me. I climbed upon all those mockeries to improve my speech. Another day I was asked to pray, and I made it in English. Since then my tongue loosened, and I began speaking with total freedom in spite of the mistakes.

I joined Uganda Baptist Church of Masindi and started serving the Lord. Brother Julius and I became seriously involved in sharing the gospel with those God brought our way in schools, prison, hospital and on the streets. It was during this period of time that I began seeing myself growing spiritually under the leadership of my friend Julius. I never knew how to present God’s plan of salvation, but this man taught me to do that. Every Sunday afternoon we preached in Masindi prison and led many to Christ. Whenever some of these prisoners were released, they would first look for us before they returned to their villages. My first fruit in Masindi prison was Ronald. He spent two years in prison, was

released, and today is a member in our church in Kampala serving under my leadership.

During my training as a preacher at UBBI, I felt the Lord wanted me to serve Him in Uganda. I decided I would marry a Ugandan so that I could reach and serve Ugandans more effectively; therefore, I started praying for a Ugandan wife. One day I saw a certain lady passing near our house. I looked at her, felt something within me, and thought, "This is the kind of woman I would like to marry." I went in my room and prayed, "Lord, if the woman I have just seen is still a single woman, I would like to marry her. Make it possible, Lord, for me to see her again and get acquainted with her." The following day I saw her passing to the shop near my house. I inquired about her and was told that she had just come from college and was staying at her brother's place behind my house. The bad news was that she was not yet born again. I purposed in my heart to preach to her the gospel, and I started praying for her salvation. Julius and I were still staying together in one house. One day Julius and I visited her and preached to her Christ, but she looked not interested. We never gave up. Another day we invited Esther to our house. She came, listened attentively as we again preached Christ, and asked many questions. Finally, one day she made a decision and gave her life to Christ. She was baptized, and the missionary's wife started giving her discipleship classes. She started

growing in faith and joined the Baptist church. We became good friends, I asked her to marry me, and she accepted.

On October 16, 1999, she introduced me to her family. During that introduction ceremony, the chairperson of Buhimba sub-county invited me to plant a church in his sub-county. On February 12, 2000, Esther and I united in holy matrimony at Uganda Baptist Church of Masindi. Many people helped me with the introduction and wedding expenses, and the church became my real family, getting involved in all preparations.

On February 26 of the same year, while sharing a meal with my wife at home, she told me, “This is the last meal we have in this house. There is no food for supper.” I told her, “Let’s pray for the need of food.” I held her hands, and I asked the Lord to provide the food. That afternoon someone knocked at the door and gave me a bag. I found in it one kilogram of meat, one kilogram of rice, onions, tomatoes and some money. The Lord heard our prayer and answered it. He gave us enough to help us complete the month until I received my salary. On February 12, 2010, we celebrated ten years of marriage. We have faced so many challenges, but we thank the Lord for the anchor we have to hold in spite of the tempest blowing from side to side.

One of the biggest challenges Esther and I have is being childless. According to the cultures here, when one does not have children, people look at

him as a person who is cursed and does suffer reproach. Having a child is our number one prayer request, but we believe that the Lord is sovereign and knows what He is doing. Many people have advised us to see doctors to find medical help. I do not have peace about it because, in the matter concerning reproduction, the Word of God is clear, "Children are an heritage from the Lord." It is the Lord who gives children and not medical doctors. My faith is that, if God wants to give us children, He will give them to us in His perfect timing.

When Brother Stark left for a furlough, he gave me the responsibility of providing leadership in the Bible institute. He built a house on the church compound for my wife and me. He bought a motorcycle so I might visit and encourage national missionaries where they labor. The opportunity to provide leadership in UBBI helped me learn and appreciate administration. This was the period of time when computer fever began catching people in Masindi. Very few people had them. Many heard about computers but had never seen one. The missionary availed one for me to use. I started learning how to use it, and it became a great help to me in the work I was doing.

When Brother Stark returned from the USA, we discussed the Macedonian call we received when I was introduced by Esther to her family and decided to follow it up. We traveled to Hoima and met the king of Bunyoro who was excited about

our plan to start a church there. February 1, 2001, Esther and I moved into a house in Buhimba, the trading center eight miles from Hoima town. On Sunday, February 3, Uganda Baptist Church of Buhimba was birthed. Seventeen people attended our first church meeting, and my sister in law became the first fruit of our ministry in that place. Pastor Stark and I were co-pastors. Working with him was an opportunity to learn about church leadership. I was examined for ordination and, on June 5, was ordained. Brother Stark resigned as the pastor of Uganda Baptist Church of Buhimba, and I carried on with the leadership.

During that same period of time, a Christian radio station was started for the purpose of evangelizing the lost and teaching the saved. I was given a program to preach in Kiswahili to reach the Swahili speakers. One day in September I received two visitors: Tchombe and Jakisa coming from Bukono village fifty kilometers away from Buhimba. They told me, “We have been hearing New Life Radio very well and do enjoy your Swahili program. We have received Christ through the preaching on your program, and we are not the only ones. Many other people have also believed, and we need a church so that we can grow spiritually.” It was very encouraging to hear. For three days in their village, I preached and taught the Word of God and answered questions. There was truly a need for a church, but no one seemed qualified to take the office of

pastor; therefore, I decided first to train Tchombe and Jakisa. Arrangements were made so the two brothers could travel from Bukona to Buhimba twice in a month for three days of learning the Word of God. Their training started, they were properly wedded to their wives, and the church was organized. The church is still in existence today and growing. Later this church sent Emmanuel, one of its members, to join the Bible institute. He studied, successfully completed the course, and started a church in a village called Ngemwa.

In January 2003 I received other visitors who were listeners of my radio program coming from another village called Nkondo at the shore of Lake Albert eighty kilometers from Buhimba. This time the visitors were women. Natalie and Josephine told me, "Two years back a certain lady called Mary came to Nkondo from Kenya. Mary was a born again believer and was a Baptist. When she reached Nkondo, she started a Bible study class. She taught us many things we never heard in the Church of Uganda. Unfortunately, Mary died shortly thereafter, and we remained orphans spiritually. When we heard that there is a Baptist church in Buhimba and heard you preach on the radio, we decided to ask you to come to Nkondo and start a church." I was touched by their hunger and thirst for truth and decided to visit Nkondo village. I traveled there with my wife Esther and Brother Richard. We held meetings under a tree

near Natalie's house. Many people attended so we visited that place once every month. The church was born in Nkondo, and Brother Richard was sent as a missionary to help the believers there. In April 2003, in almost similar ways, a church was started in Kaiso village at the shore of Lake Albert.

In October 2003 I began a trip to Tanzania to visit my mother. I boarded a bus in Kampala and sat close to a certain man who came from Tanzania. While traveling, I shared with him the gospel. As I kept preaching to him he took a sweet from his bag, began eating, and offered me one also. I obliged, not knowing that he applied a sleeping chemical on it so that he could rob any who would fall as his victim. After eating that sweet, I slept, and the man robbed me of everything I had. When the bus reached Mutukula and everyone left the bus, I remained sleeping with no one recognizing it until they took the bus to the washing bay. Those who were to clean the bus found me lying in the bus. They took me to the police station and then to the clinic. I remained asleep until the following day at four in the afternoon. I lost all the money except enough to reach the home of a missionary who gave me food and shelter. I rested there for two days, and he advanced me two hundred thousand shillings from Brother Stark. Having that money, I continued to Tanzania to meet my mother and returned home.

In November 2004 Julius and I were invited by a missionary to speak in the mission organized by Bible Baptist Church and Grace Baptist Church in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. We arrived there on November 21 and spent three weeks ministering and fellowshiping with brethren. It was important to meet people from that country and experience how the Lord is healing that nation and working among his own.

Our church in Buhimba grew up; people were getting saved, baptized and wedded. Those interested in serving the Lord through our ministry joined our Bible institute. By the year 2005 there were already many people from Buhimba who accepted Christ and became involved in our ministry. I felt it was important to prepare pastoral leadership from within the church. Brother Alex was my assistant for quite a long time and a graduate from our institute. During the 2006 preacher's conference, Pastor Alex was ordained, and I was sent out to start the church in Kampala. I was convinced that God wanted me to do this work, but, if I was to consider my pocket, I was not going to make a step forward. One of the reasons which moved me to start the church was to experience God personally in my life in the mission field. He met all needs.

We arrived in Kampala February 2, 2006. One of our concerns was to find a place of worship until we could start the mission work. However, on Saturday evening I felt led to have a worship

service in my house the next day. I made a few calls to ones I knew were interested. Our first meeting had an attendance of six people. Since then, there has been necessity to relocate a couple times. In August 2009 one of our sisters in Christ offered us free use of her primary school for worship. Sylvia, the proprietor, had been associated with Uganda Baptist Church since Masindi days. We are grateful.

It is very difficult to explain how the Lord has been taking care of my life since I entered Kampala as the mission field. The Lord continues to meet needs and has now provided a small car which is helping in the ministry. Amazingly, He even supplies fuel for church business. There are many things we have seen the Lord doing in our lives. We give Him all the glory!

Alex Byaruhanga

In 1978 I was born into a Catholic family of almost twenty children, but most of us were of different mothers. My father was working and had enough money to look after us. Unfortunately, in 1989, when I was in primary three, he died. Life to the children of my father was no longer good.

After his death, one of his wives disappeared with the bank passbook so we could not access the money from the bank. Consequently, my mother and uncle took the responsibility of looking after me and paying school fees for me. This uncle of mine was so tough. He tried to keep me from my greatest desire.

In my life as an unsaved person and being a youth, I desired disco so much in that I could not miss a disco dance, even if I was supposed to be at school the following day. However, one time I spent a sleepless night in a disco, resulting in a failed examination paper the next day. The exam was an important, contributing factor to promotion to senior six. When I entered the examination room, I wrote my name on the examination paper, answered two questions, and then I just put my

head on the desk until the time of handing in the exam. Satan had a hold on me in this area of my life; I could not resist from going there.

One day someone came to my barber shop where I was working and preached to me the gospel. I accepted Jesus Christ into my life to be the Lord and Savior. From that evening of June 21, 2001, I became a born-again Christian. The person who showed me the way of salvation was from the Baptist church so I began attending that church faithfully. I was very excited when I got a new life through Jesus and began memorizing scriptures and reading my Bible.

That very year I married a godly young lady. We wed in that same Baptist church. I was really experiencing spiritual growth. Later on, God gave me a job in New Life Radio as a broadcaster. My wife and I were so happy for that job.

In 2002 I joined Uganda Baptist Bible Institute to begin studying the Bible. In 2003 God gave us a very beautiful house, and the joy in our family overflowed. I am thankful to God for saving me and for our church radio station which strengthens the believers through godly music and preaching.

I am now pastor of Uganda Baptist Church of Buhimba and have many opportunities to preach on the radio. I give God thanks and praise for working in my life, my family, and others through me.

New Life Radio

A man in Bugambe, fifteen miles from the station, called Alex, a radio preacher. He, his wife, and children listen to Alex's program every Saturday and Sunday evenings at 8:00. ++++He assured the preacher that they cannot afford to miss the program.

A married man who has been listening faithfully to New Life Radio called, requesting prayer for his wife who has failed for many years to conceive. In fact, the man has called every week for the past year. Alex joined with him in prayer. Praise God, two months ago the man called to say the wife is now expecting a child.

Recently, three reverends called in appreciation of the Bible messages on New Life Radio. They were from Mubende, Kibale, and Kyenjojo.

December 6, 2009, Gilbert met with two men who had been regularly listening to NLR. They live about thirty miles from the station. Gilbert gave them Bibles. When they asked Gilbert how he preached so well, he replied, "Because of prayer, time studying God's Word, and training received in Uganda Baptist Bible Institute." Then they said they purposely arranged the meeting so they could inquire more about our ministry. Gilbert told them we plant churches, broadcast to reach many for Christ, print literature, and train preachers. They were interested in receiving institute training because they lacked Bible knowledge. The radio now has taken new direction. To God be all the glory!

This testimony is of one called Abeditho from the extreme south of Lake Albert in the Democratic Republic of Congo. He called to say there are no churches in that village and the areas nearby. The people are worshipers of evil spirits and practice witchcraft in their daily lives. To the radio preacher he extended an invitation to go, preach, and start a church for the few Christians who are there. He further said New Life Radio programs in Alur language kept his faith alive while living in such a community and perverse world. He calls every week to share prayer

requests. His biggest concern is for a Bible-believing and practicing church to be established in that place. Praise God for His Word not returning void and opportunities to serve Him!

My names are Nsemerirwe Julius. I preach on New Life Radio every week Monday through Friday at 8:00 pm. In the year 2008 as a result of the same preaching program, I received a call from a listener I did not know. He introduced himself on the phone telling me that he is called Kyalimpa Anatole from Kyesiga village which is two kilometers from Hoima town on Butiaba road. It is approximately thirteen kilometers from Kyesiga to Buhimba where I and the radio station are located. This gentleman asked me if he could come and see me; he said he wanted to have a talk with me. I told him that he was very much welcome. In response to my acceptance of his request, he came on July 27, 2008. He told me he had been walking in sin but he started listening to New Life Radio where he learned of my program which he heard so often. As a result of this program, he reached a point where he made up his mind to get saved and wanted the same preacher to whom he has been listening to lead him to the Lord. When he told me all this, I was filled with joy and thanked God, for he was going to save another person into his kingdom. Right there in

my house, I explained to him the gospel once again and then led him to the Lord. Since that time, he has been growing in the Lord. In spite of his low income, he has been traveling about ten miles to come for church on Sundays, spending \$2.50 for transport for a two way trip. Sometimes I, being encouraged by his commitment to the Lord, also assist him with money for transport when he is lacking it. This man has been a blessing and consistent in his faith.

On December 27, 2009, he led his two sons Robert and Monday to the Lord. To God be the glory! On the following worship day Kyalimpa brought the two sons who received Christ and his nephew Jimmy to Buhimba to attend church. As usual, after church we spent some time together at my house. While we were at my house, he started witnessing to his nephew and asked me to join him. I did and his nephew also gladly received Christ Jesus. The Lord is doing a wonderful work in Kyalimpa's family and Hoima town at large. There are other people also who, through the same program, I have led to Christ. All these need a good church but cannot make it to Buhimba because of distance and expenses. Plans are to start a church in Hoima town in 2010.

In 2007, immediately after one of my radio sermons, I (Julius) received a phone call from a

man named John from Kikonda in Kiboga district. This man told me that he received Christ with his wife plus their two children with whom they were listening to the sermon. He called to let me know what the Lord had done in their lives as a family. After two years he called me again and told me that they are still walking with the Lord. To God be the glory.

September 16, 2007, Thomas walked about twenty miles from Kigorobya to attend church in Buhimba. This act came as a result of the long time he took listening to New Life Radio programs. He said the preaching was so good and blessed his family so that he wanted to see the source of this good preaching. His desire to reach Buhimba remained unfulfilled many times because he could not raise enough money for transport. On this particular Sunday, however, he refused to be stopped by anything, including lack of money. To make sure that he would be on time, he decided to start his walking journey at 4:00 am while it was still dark. After church many members talked to him and rejoiced together with this dedicated child of God. He told us three family members in one day received Christ as they were listening to New Life Radio. He said they are praying for a church preaching the truth like they get on New Life Radio. At the end of

every thing, he wanted to begin his journey back on foot, but praise God for some members in the church who contributed some money to transport him back home. God is good!

One day in September, 2009, Kibonge from Kibale district called me (Julius) at around two in the morning telling me this story. He said he had for a long time together with his wife listened to me share the gospel on New Life Radio. Because of these messages, he felt convicted and decided he would receive Christ Jesus as Lord and Savior. Before he could take this step, he decided to share with his wife and know what her idea would be. His wife told him not to get saved and even threatened him that she would leave him if he did not listen to her advice. This man then called me to tell me about his difficult situation. I told him to receive the Lord and then see what would follow next. According to his story, he boldly took the step of receiving Christ as his Lord and Savior. The wife kept her word. She indeed left him because he had left their religion. This man did not get moved by this first test of his faith. He continued his life in submission to his new master and Lord Jesus Christ as he prayed for his wife. After some time, the wife saw the man was not forsaking the Lord nor was he moved by her action of leaving him, she decided to come back

and also made a profession of faith. This man shared with me this story as he rejoiced in the faithfulness and goodness of the Lord. I was very excited to hear about what the Lord had done in his life. To God be the glory!

One Friday of September 2009, I (Julius) was in Hoima town when I received a call from a man in Masindi district in a village called Bwijanga. The caller is called Byenkya. This man called to give thanks for the gospel which I always preach on New Life Radio and said that it was beneficial to many in his place. What excited me most was what he told me happens in his shop at the trading center. He said many young men gather around his radio whenever I am preaching, and, as a result, a good number of these young men have been born again. I was very excited and praised God for his grace in saving his people and for graciously using this preacher and New Life Radio. All glory goes to God!

Around mid 2009 a young man from Hoima town called me (Julius) on the phone. Richard told me he had been listening to me preach and wanted very much to see me face to face and talk to me.

On meeting him, I asked him the reason for which he wanted me. He told me, "I have been listening to your sermons on New Life Radio, decided to receive the Lord, and wanted you to come and lead me to Christ". This was great news to hear! Right there, I led this young man to the Lord, and he was saved. Glory to God!

Kathy Stark

“The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.” Psalm 126:3

My testimony is all about the faithfulness and love of God.

* He was faithful to match me with a godly man when I did not know what to look for in a mate.

* He was faithful to give me salvation when I was proud in my “righteousness” (Ephesians 2:8-9).

* He was faithful to equip me to be a pastor’s wife while I was still a young believer.

* He was faithful to direct us, when we were not looking, to a mission field white unto harvest.

* He was faithful to give my children a heart for Ugandans when I wondered if I was crazy to be 8000 miles away from home.

* He was faithful to allow us to see fruit for our

labors.

* He was faithful to work in my life through struggles on the mission field.

1. When I almost died of black water fever, He was teaching me about compassion for others, brevity of life, and God's sufficiency.

2. When we had a question about the place of continued service, God was teaching us about waiting on Him and renewing our strength.

3. When we lost possessions through defrauding, we were reminded to lay up our treasures in heaven.

4. When a dear coworker betrayed our trust, we learned anew that God is the same yesterday, today, and forever. He is enough.

* He is faithful to provide so that I can truthfully say I have no material needs.

* He is faithful to continue to give us a vision and desire for the work in Uganda.

“It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.” Lamentations 3:22, 23

Tony Stark

I can divide our ministering in East Africa into four segments. We spent ten years residing in the town of Masindi, which is in the northwest part of Uganda. In 2001 we moved to the neighboring district of Hoima and resided the next five years in the trading center of Buhimba. For the past five years we have lived in the USA while traveling twice a year back to Uganda. I wanted to give the nationals of Uganda the opportunity to take more leadership. The three to five week visits gave the men accountability and encouragement.

My family and I have given these twenty years so that Ugandans could have some of the opportunities we Americans have relative to the Christian life. Many of us take for granted having our own Bible in our language so that we can read it. We take for granted being a part of a church that preaches and practices the Word of God. We have access to more Christian books than we can read. We have Bible institutes, Bible colleges and universities as well as seminaries for further learning. We have Christian radio stations to give us encouragement day by day. Truly we are

blessed, but, praise to God, now many Ugandans have these same opportunities we have.

During these twenty years my family and I have been blessed beyond measure. We have seen the reality of the true and living God in His faithfulness to provide. I believe that the Lord's work in and through us has been a testimony to the fact that you can believe and trust God, for He is faithful to His Word and His servants.

As I mentioned in chapter 5, the Lord gave us our desire by providing our support in just a little less than one year of deputation. Since that first year He has supplied all our needs personally and for the ministry. Every year our support increased without having to say anything. During the fifteen years we resided in Uganda, we only lost support from two churches, and that was because they closed. Again and again gifts were given for special projects as the Lord put us on His EAO work on someone's heart.

Our five children are all married, and Kathy and I find the Lord sending us back to reside in Uganda once again. It was **opportunity for Africans** that burdened and drew us the first time, and it is now **saturation** that burdens and draws us back. As we return to Uganda for the fourth segment, our vision and burden is to saturate the country of Uganda with the Word of God by voice and literature. Based on the parable of the sower and the seed, I believe, if you sow enough seed, some has to fall on good ground.

Conclusion

With purpose I have chosen this song to
conclude this book. Read it, learn it and sing it.
Unto Him Be Glory!

Give Him glory, give Him glory,
Let us now our voices raise;
He is worthy, He is worthy,
And His name deserves our praise.
Give Him glory, give Him glory,
On His blessed face now gaze;
He is worthy, He is worthy,
And His name deserves our praise!

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Photos

Tony baptizing new believers in Nebbi

Pastor Kato and his new Uganda Baptist Church in Ibanda.
Bananas on the bicycle were a gift for the guest preacher.

Teachers, graduates and director in front of the learning
centre (British spelling) for the class of 2005.

Alex, Tony, Dennis, Douglas, Julius, Andrew
New Life Radio is a 1000 watt FM Christian station broadcasting in
English, Alur and Runyoro daily from 6 am to 11 pm.

Girls' and boys' youth retreats are held annually in Buhimba.

This is how we found widow Maureen and her six children.
Read their story in chapter 27.

Bernard, Tchombe, Jakisa, Emmanuel - Three generations of pastors
and churches. Read their story in chapter 28.

Unto Him Be Glory!

Photos
Tony Stark

Now unto him that is able to do
exceeding abundantly above all that we
ask or think, according to the power
that worketh in us,
Unto him be glory in the church by
Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world
without end. Amen.

Ephesians 3:20-21

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My wife and children

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My sending church and all its members

Madison Baptist Church, Madison, Alabama

All who have given in various ways and

All who have prayed for East Africa Outreach

Ugandan, Rwandese, Congolese and Sudanese

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Forward

Throughout my Christian life, my heart has been stirred by great missionary stories. Carey, Livingstone, Studd, Taylor, Judson, and many others saw God do mighty works by His power. At times we have been so enamored by the names that we forgot that their stories are not great because of the men, but because of God. As a result, too many have come to think that God doesn't work like that any more, BUT He does!

For the last 20 years, as pastor of the Madison Baptist Church, I have had the privilege of seeing God do great and mighty things through ordinary men who simply surrendered themselves to Him. Brother Tony Stark would be the first to tell you that the great works done in Uganda these last twenty years have been a testimony of God's might and power. That is why I have encouraged Brother Stark for some time to put into print some of the testimonies of God's working in Uganda, East Africa.

Even though I already knew many of these stories, my heart thrilled again in reading them. Truly, God is good, God is great, and God will still do great things for those who trust Him. I invite you to read and enjoy the blessings of God.

“...great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.”
Job 37:5

“Thy righteousness also, O God, *is* very high, who hast done great things: O God, who *is* like unto thee!”
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“And he departed, and began to publish in Decapolis how great things Jesus had done for him: and all *men* did marvel.”
Mark 5:20

Mike Allison, Pastor
Madison Baptist Church

Unto Him Be Glory!

Tony Stark

Now unto him that is able to do

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