

MOZAMBIQUE  
Bob Sawyer  
January 18, 2012

**I WENT HOPING AND PRAYING FOR A SPIRITUAL HEART TRANSPLANT** so that I might have LOVE and be able to be like Heidi Baker who not infrequently has been seen holding and soothing an abandoned child covered in garbage and scabies and lice, etc. Heidi often quotes Mother Teresa, and both talk about loving the person in front of you. I shared with many before going how in 1988, I drove a van to pick up homeless people for a dinner, shoes and warm clothes. After I passed by a man I thought might have lice, Guilt had turn me around a block further down the road. I want to be motivated by Love not Guilt.

I decided to deliberately choose to do things and seek out people that pushed my comfort zone. Not everything was spiritual, for instance a group of us took turns climbing on ladders into the 140 degree heat in the rafters in our bunk rooms to install ceiling fans. but the core experiences were spiritual.

Before arriving, there was a sense that the LORD was throwing a PARTY and our group of 30 Americans was the GUESTS not the wait staff. Later came another image that I am convinced came from the Lord, an image of a waterfall coming directly from the throne room in heaven, landing into a pool (and the water was the water of LIFE and LOVE of the FATHER, but mixed in there was a some BLOOD of Jesus and OIL of the Holy Spirit. I sensed that I was being called to immerse in the pool and do A "DEAD MAN'S FLOAT"- DEPENDING ON THE SUPERNATURAL POOL ITSELF TO HOLD ME UP. As I begin this talk, MAY I INVITE YOU ALL TO EMBRACE THOSE IMAGES – and the underlying message of depending totally on the Lord? In the bible we are reminded that it is the Heavenly Father's pleasure to give us His kingdom; He wants to pour out gifts – AND I WITNESSED HIM IN ACTION (we don't need to beg)

LET'S PRAY to be open to depend on Him totally in keeping with that invitation.

During our time there, Iris Ministries was doing just about everything that sometimes only happens once a year. We felt we were REAPING SPIRITUAL SEEDS the Bakers had planted, in outreach, but we were also aware that the Lord was moving deeply in our individual lives.

Iris Ministries has a base location in Pemba, Mozambique, an incredibly poor and spiritually dark country where they have a number of activities:

1) Their base camp and primary focus is an orphanage for thousands

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of orphans, and many orphans have grown into being missionaries themselves.

2) They also teach the "Harvest School of Missions" two or three times a year lasting about 10-12 weeks each and focused upon creating missionaries who experience the supernatural as part of their outreach.

3) Once a year for 4 months they run a basis course for natives of Bush villages who have become INDIGENOUS leaders of their local church groups. They take people through gradually deeper theological training over a 4 year plan of such courses. It isn't unusual to have people pray to become Christians who only have heard about Jesus, and then they have to learn about Adam and Eve, Abraham, Moses, etc. I spoke with a man who was there for his fourth year and in his village there are 400 people in his church. He said he traveled 3 days by bus each way.

4) And there is a wide range of other outreaches like : support for neighboring village widows, building of schools, children centers, homes and churches; extensive feeding programs; evangelism and healing prayer; (church activities are open to the neighborhood people), well-drilling; medical care, etc.

While we were there, 2 people seemed to just happen to drop in. Mel Tari was a native of Indonesia who wrote the book, *Like a Mighty Wind*, in the 1970s telling how their village church one day seemed to catch on fire but the fire department found that it wasn't burning and there was a Pentecost like experience for all those in and around that church, that ultimately led to dramatic church growth with many miraculous events including walking on rivers, raising the dead, etc. Pastor Surprise, has been described as depression challenged because he is always upbeat no matter what the circumstances. He is a native and comes from the south of Mozambique. He has experienced similar miraculous events, including a reported more than 100 people raised from the dead. They joined Heidi and Rolland Baker in praying with us and giving inspirational talks.

## **POVERTY**

Mozambique is incredibly poor. Told the story of father in bush whose family was starving and in desperation for food for family, dove into river to get water-lily bulbs to eat, knowing there were alligators in that area. But he was desperate. He was eaten alive by alligators.

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**ORPHANS**

Heidi and Rolland Baker's orphans are evangelized and led into experiencing the outpouring of Holy Spirit. On their own, they often are singing and dancing in worship. As we walked around the base-camp, I noted an albino boy in the huts and was told that an albino is considered bad in the Makua culture. He had been rejected by his family and community and when he came he was a "loner" but was finding a new home and new family and becoming outgoing.

A doctor friend of mine referred to the kids as the Baker's "Secret Weapon". He told me that when he went to Mozambique, a group of children prayed with him and for first time in his life he found himself on the ground experiencing the love of the Lord in a way he had never before experienced it.

Some of the women in our group went to the girl's huts to spend time with the girls and found themselves surrounded by small groups of girls who wanted to pray over them and braid their hair. They were blown away by the love they experienced. Who was ministering to whom?

**NEIGHBORHOOD OUTREACH**

Many former orphans have moved into professions of being pilots, medicine, as well as learning skills for meaningful jobs, but many have become pastors and I met several who had a passion for feeding children from poor surrounding neighborhoods. They are feeding 1000 Children a day (some walked 3-4 hours for food -bowls of beans and rice), and I sensed that the kids would come just for the hugs and spiritual songs and games and bible stories. I was amazed at the loving discipline in how those children were dealt with. Neighborhood families are fed on Sunday afternoons, after the worship service that is also open to the neighbors, as are most of the weekly worship times.

Mario's Story - I talked with a 17 year old translator in the Bush village and he told me how first his mother died and at age 10 his father dies. His mother's family was uninvolved with him and his father's family wanted to help but just couldn't take on anyone else and asked him if it was OK that they contact Iris Ministries to see if they could take him in and he agreed. I said, "Oh Mario, that must have been sooo hard for you." His response was "Oh, no. I came to know the love of Jesus and I have hundreds of brothers and sister who really care about me - that was the beginning of the best time in my life."

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Iris Ministries "Bush-Bush" Outreach to un-churched, poor villages:  
EXPECTING GOD TO ACT LIKE GOD – WITH LOVE (there is no plan B)

My experience: (1 Christian in village asked Chief if we could come,  
most know little if anything about Jesus, few Moslems)  
Into the DARKNESS...

No electricity, no flowing water, semi-arid, no visible farms seen Darkness:

- 1) Teenage Girl Ceremony at Iris for orphans who were abused -  
taking back what male relatives stole.
- 2) Ruby Mine 20 minutes away by truck – Parents apparently often sell  
Children for \$6 into slavery / prostitution.
- 3) Witch Doctors – adults initially had dead pan faces -hiding any sign  
of what might be happening (learned that witch doctors would raise  
price if they senses their activities were working).

**Came a great LIGHT:**

JESUS MOVIE IN MAKUA Probably 1st movie ever seen / 30-40 year  
old movie in primitive outdoor field:

3 Deaf for years (2 in 20, 30s, deaf since birth): Healed while  
watching movie - 1st Sounds = JESUS's Love - Passion and Cross and  
Resurrection

8 Consecutive Children prayed over personally, with severe Abdominal  
pains = healed (sign language)

PEOPLE QUEUEING UP FOR PRAYER (healing and to accept Jesus as  
Lord and Savior)

3rd day digging foundation for Church for all the converts  
(Choice seems easy: More Darkness vs. Light of Jesus - I was told virtually  
everyone who makes a decision to become Christian become faithful  
followers)

**SURPRISED BY LOVE:**

I told everyone that I wanted to be like Heidi, described as often  
hugging a crying child covered with scabies and lice and garbage, knowing  
she would be infected. I recalled driving out to pick up homeless people in  
downtown Baltimore for a New Year's meal, warm clothes, etc. and acting as  
if I didn't see a really dirty looking man that I spotted out of the corner of  
my eye, under a bridge with bags stuff and passing by thinking of the lice  
that I didn't want to deal with. A block later, guild caught up with me and I  
turned around and brought him home. I said I did not want to be motivated  
by guild, but I wanted my motivation to be love (I'd need a "heart  
transplant" because that is not me). I deliberately asked to not be used as  
a doctor (but I promised to never say no to anything asked of me while

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there), because I wanted to be in situations more like those Heidi was in.

On my 3rd day in the Bush village, we had been digging a foundation for a new church because so many people prayed to be Christians. Temperature went to 120degrees each day we were there, and we dug with machetes and hand scooping of dirt - it was exhausting work. Later that day, my Australian friend Dave and I were trying to cool-off in the shade of a grass shack. Like everyone else, natives and our ministry team too by then, we were hot, sweaty and incredibly dirty. I saw a young South African doctor to me left trying to explain to a father how to give eye drops to his son through a translator. She spotted me and said, "This is your specialty, please see the patient and make a treatment recommendation. I immediately said, "Oh, eyes are not my specialty, I'm an ear specialist", but then I remembered that I had promised to always say yes to anything asked of me, so I got up went over to the boy who had been rubbing the pus from his eyes all over his face, and I confirmed her diagnosis and treatment. Then I did something that I can't really explain why: I sat down behind his back and without the ability to explain myself, I gently reached up behind him and lowered him by the shoulders to lie on my lap. I got a Kleenex and wiped off whatever pus I could from his face, then opened his eyes with my fingers and put in some drops in each eye. I then lifted him up and sent him off with his father. I guess I was modeling to his father how to care for his son. I then went back to sitting in the shade next to Dave, thinking nothing about what just happened. Dave said, "I have just seen the love of God in what you just did with that boy" and he started to cry. I realized that the boy was totally trusting of me, a stranger, in that he was not in any way tense as I did something he surely never had happen before (especially reaching from behind him - not well thought-out on my part). I realized that he was sensing the Love of the Lord, and then I started to cry too. And the South African doctor confirmed that she too saw the love of God in what I did.

### **A CHILD AT THE BASE**

A few days later, I had another surprise related to a child. In a crowd, I did not notice a child of about 3 sitting on the floor of the worship center. She was sitting in the dirt with her hands propping her up, and I accidentally stepped on a couple of her fingers. She started to cry and suddenly I found myself on the floor with her saying how sorry I was in a language I knew should didn't understand and kissing that dirty little hand. She stopped crying and then I went off and sat down and pondered what just happened.

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Two weeks before, I asked for prayer because, I was aware that I had experienced GOD as Holy Spirit in many ways but never as "Comforter" or "Consoler" and was not sure why. It led to inner healing related to being raised by a mother who did not show much emotion, and when some mom's might be giving hugs, mine was periodically heard to say, "Sympathy is a WORD found in the dictionary - between \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_" (some crude 4 letter words). She generally showed her strong side, not her emotions. However she had a good heart and modeled Agape love, such as the time she took in an evicted family into our one-bathroom house (we shared a dormitory like attic room with 2 rows of canvas cots). As I entered into prayer, I recalled how neighbors made clear to me that she was surprised by my birth after a 9 years gap between me and 3 older siblings, and I sensed that I had bought into a lie that I was somehow a "Problem" which affected how I related to people and to God.

Back to stepping on that child's hand in Pemba, 2 weeks after some deep inner healing, there I was SURPRISED AGAIN BY GOD, slipping something past my consciousness, with me acting out being a "COMFORTER" and "CONSOLER" (just the things I had identified as not sensing from God) and they certainly were not my typical behavior as a Dad).

I have been relating to Mother Teresa of Calcutta's vision of Jesus' - "thirsty" for me and others (to be thirsted for in return) and for years I have been praying for "MORE" of Him, the infinite God of the Universe who always has more. I want to see His Glory in my world. I want to see people hungry for Jesus.

Our group was set up for a time of individual prayer by the kids, and by 4 people who had collectively experienced about 200 people raised from the dead, one person walked on a flood swollen river to continue an evangelistic journey in Indonesia (the largest Moslem country in the world). With such a special group of people, this time, I wanted to experience God / Know Him in a deeper way, not just know about Him. I have seen my life change over time and have seen fruit in my life and His actions in my word, so it isn't as if He never did anything, but I have been prayed-with many times since the 1970s and have never had a sense of anything like others sometimes describe, like a "sense of anointing", electricity, warmth, an aroma of perfume, feeling of oil, or any of the other things people have described about how they at times have responded to a move of God - and again nothing special happened. There was a general sense was peacefulness, but not extraordinarily so and not an obviously closer connection with the Lord.

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I recalled how in the 1980s a priest with a powerful healing ministry prayed for about 250 healthcare professionals. He lined us up around the edge of a conference room and then quickly blessed one person after another and each of them immediately fell to the floor in what has been called resting in the spirit (a time that almost everyone I've asked about what was happening when lying there, and they say they have a powerful sense of God). When he came to me nothing happened at all, after praying with the person after me, he noticed that I was still standing, he came back, prayed a second time saw that I was still standing, shrugged and went on. At the end everyone was lying on the floor except me, and I was asking God, what is different about me / is there something wrong?? Years later we bought a house owned by an abortionist who was also a Satanist and simple blessing of the house was not enough and ultimately it had to be formally exorcised. Others seemed to immediately sense the evil before the exorcism if they walked into the house, but I had no sense of anything.

Everyone in our group seemed to be very mature and the Lord seemed to be doing some incredible things within our group. People were both ministering to others and seeking ministry for themselves, so I sought additional prayer and 2 things came up: 1) My head gets between me and Holy Spirit (the need to figure out everything) & 2) in the past I may have grieved the Holy Spirit by being critical of how some people seem to respond to HIM. I repented for setting limits on what God is allowed to do to me and to my surprise, something physical did happen, and ever since my return, I find myself being drawn deeper - MORE, LORD, MORE OF YOU.

**--> opportunity for PRAYER...**