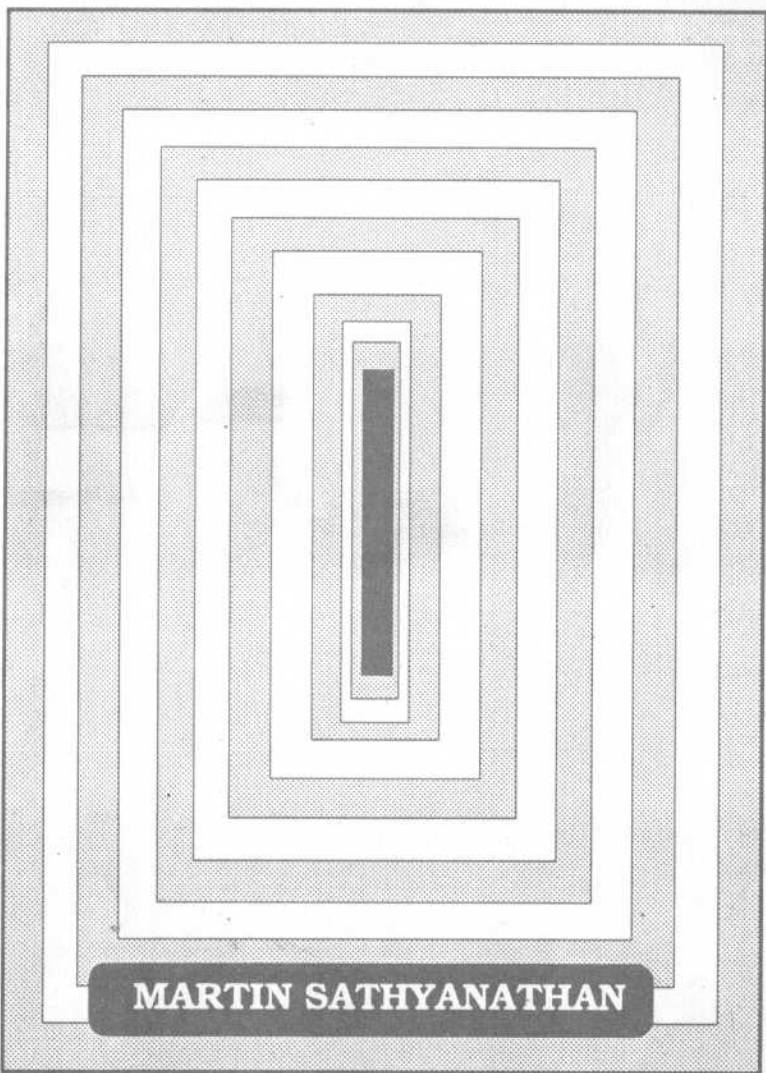
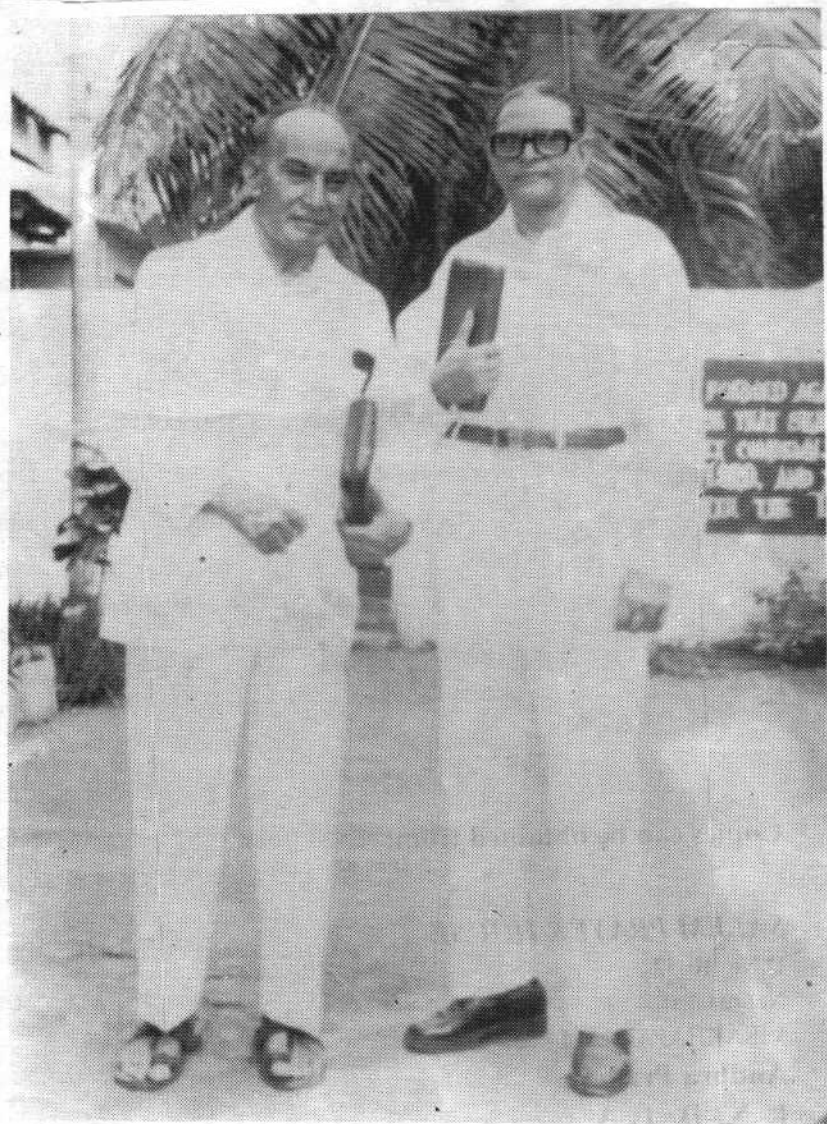


**FROM IDOLS TO THE
SERVICE OF THE LIVING GOD**



MARTIN SATHYANATHAN



“For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard”. **Acts 4:20.**

As a child I often sat alone in some place and thought about God. I believed that there was a living God in my imagination, God was very beautiful, powerful, great and of shining countenance. The Hindu gods, I learned about from my religious parents did not satisfy me. My desire to meet the living God was fulfilled when I came face to face with my seeking and redeeming Lord Jesus Christ in a Gospel meeting when I was 14 years, from the word of God - *“Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.”*. Isaiah 55:6-7.

My mother, after she was Born-again, wanted me to be a full-time servant of God. I also wanted to be a preacher, but was conscious of my shortcomings. When I started obeying the word of God, I experienced new joy and found the word of God speaking directly to me. God cleared all my doubts through a message of a European preacher at the Madras Bible League. The words he preached and the verses he referred from the Bible appeared as if the LORD knew all my doubts and was answering me directly.

I did not know the call - *“Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations”*. Jeremiah 1:5.

I was still a child and very shy of public speaking - *“But the LORD said unto me, Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak”*. Jeremiah 1:7.

I had no formal education hence unable to learn the Bible and preach properly in any language - *“The LORD God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned”*. Isaiah 50:4.

I did not know what God expected from me - *"See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant". Jeremiah 1:10.*

Will there be any opposition? - *"And they shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee; saith the LORD, to deliver thee". Jeremiah 1:19.*

"No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the LORD, and their righteousness is of me, saith the LORD". Isaiah 54:17.

"But if thou shalt indeed obey his voice, and do all that I speak; then I will be an enemy unto thine enemies, and an adversary unto thine adversaries". Exodus 23:22.

With these promises I was called by the LORD into His ministry. LORD in His great mercy, did not allow me to wander away to wrong doctriⁿs or gainful preaching, but put me under the strict discipline and austere life at Jehovah-Shammah, under the spiritual guidance of Bro. Bakht Singh. The LORD opened my heart to understand and follow the 'vision' God gave to our dear-brother and the humbleness to preach and practice it till today.

Even as a child I could sing well and had a desire to use it to become a play-back singer. My mother urged me to use my voice for God's glory. When the LORD called me, He changed my desire - *"I will sing unto the LORD as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being". Psalms 104:33.* In the songs ministry also, the LORD used me as a *'vessel unto honour, sanctified and meet for the master's use'. 2 Timothy 2 :21.*

I am now 70 years old, and can faithfully and confidently state for His glory that *"nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day". 2 Timothy 1:12.*

FROM IDOLS TO THE DENOMINATION

I was born in 1923 at Purusawalkam in Madras in a Hindu family. Our family consisted of my father, mother, two elder sisters, my younger brother, besides me. After my eldest sister was married, and while the rest of us were very young, my father, Durgachalam, passed away. So the responsibility of bringing up my elder sister, me and my younger brother was thrust on my mother Shiva Ganga (later Lydia Naomi). My parents were very religious and we gave alms liberally to the pujaries and to other idol worshippers. After my father passed away, we were forsaken by all our relatives and my mother became helpless. My older sister, who was married, took my younger brother and me to her house. My mother and elder sister continued staying in Tailors Road in Madras.

The state of helplessness and scattering of the family, despite being religious and giving alms to pujaries and pujas, made my mother understand that the gods she was worshipping and trusting in were either not caring or not able to do anything. Meanwhile, a Catechist from the Lutheran Mission, visited us and on his advice, we started attending the Adaikalanather Lutheran Church for Sunday Services, though we had no inner change in us, believing that all the churches were one and the same, I attended other churches also as and when time permitted.

FAMILY RE-UNITED

Later, I was admitted to a Lutheran Boarding School in Washermanpet. When my mother came to leave me at the boarding School, the pastor advised her to meet the Matron of the Queen Mary's College, as she was looking for an Ayah for the Sick Room. My mother met the Matron and was employed as the sick room ayah. She was given a small room to stay in the premises of Queen Mary's College, Mylapore. My mother and the three of us started living there. The salary was meagre, yet as my mother had learned from the Bible about 'tithes', she always set apart one tenth of her salary, and no one

was allowed to touch it. With the balance, we were able to have regular meals. Despite our poverty, my mother often invited preachers to our house for meals. At other times, she invited and brought home some poor and hungry people from the beach, gave them food and then shared the Gospel with them. We never murmured about our poverty as we felt all our needs were being met. Later, when my sister completed her teacher's training from the Lutheran Girls' School, she got a job there, as a teacher. While all our material needs were being provided for, we had not yet realised our spiritual needs.

THE CHOIR BOY OF SANTHOME

The attendance in the Lutheran church soon became nothing, but a routine, and as there was no inner change in us, we started attending the SPG Mission Church in Santhome. I could sing well so I was included in the Choir Group. While in this group, the songs I sang never seemed to come from my heart. Even though I was brought up under strict discipline, I did a lot of mischief. At school and elsewhere, outwardly, I was a quiet and good natured boy, yet I had many sinful thoughts and imaginations hidden in me which no one knew about.

"LIGHT" NEAR THOUSAND LIGHTS

As I grew up, my heart also became more wicked. After completing class VI, I started attending the Corporation School. During this time, we came to know about a Christian Convention being held near the Thousand Lights in Madras. A week-long, the meetings were being conducted by a retired Post-Master of the Madras Bible League. The activities there went on for the whole day. My mother took us all there and wanted us to stay for all the meetings, the whole week. Though my attraction to the meetings was for the songs, I also felt a divine presence and a powerful message touching my heart. Yet I did not want to commit my heart to the LORD, and did not even want to stay all the time there. So, I told my mother that I did not like staying there all the while. She replied, "The devil in you wants you to go away". I felt very humiliated and wanted to prove

my mother wrong. So I stayed there, without liking it, and also taking active part in all the services there. In the process I learned all the terminologies and methods used in the meetings and started imitating the league members giving others an impression that I was a zealous child of God. I was made a member of the Madras Bible League and accompanied them for open air preaching, wearing their shoulder bands. Though I was doing all these, I had no change of heart, but was only pretending, being a hypocrite.

During one of the open air ministries, we went to Madhuravayal. The leader, Bro. Andrew, asked four young brothers to give their testimony during the open air. I was the youngest. Though I had no experience of salvation, having heard and observed others, I had picked up the language to give testimony. The others, in their testimonies were stating that they were very bad sinners, used to smoking, and that when the spirit convicted them, their past sins came to them as it being shown on a screen, etc. Having been brought up under strict discipline, I had not indulged in any bad habits or any such sins. Yet when my turn came, I repeated sentences that I had heard from others, saying that I was a heavy smoker and a bad sinner and thus bluffing my way through. There was no truth in my testimony, as I had no new birth experience. During the return journey in the van, I overheard the leader telling others that he found the youngsters' testimony neither real nor effective. With such incidences now and then, a couple of yearly conventions passed away.

The messages during the Convention of 1937 convicted me of my hypocritical life, yet rather than setting right with God, I tried to cover it up with vigorous religious activities. Every evening I attended choir practice at Santhome, walking 5 k.m., each way, and returning only at 10 p.m. On Sundays, I attended Church service at 7 a.m., and then went walking to Thousand Lights, to the Madras Bible League. The whole day was spent there and I returned home late in the evening after the Open-Air. On Fridays, we had all night prayers, which I attended regularly, though I had to struggle greatly to pray. On

Wednesday evenings, I attended the SPG Church Service. I had thus a hectic routine, week after week, and no one I was associated with had any doubt about my salvation or spiritual life. This made my heart harder still, and by now, even powerful messages had no effect on me; I grew immune to spiritual calls. At the same time, the messages gave me a desire to be a 'Preacher', to be able to stand on the pulpit and preach, but otherwise it had no effect on my life.

MARTIN, HAVE YOU NOT RECEIVED "HIM" YET?

During these conventions, the members of the Madras Bible League sat together in a place set apart for them, and I was seated along with them. This, added to my active participation, made it more difficult for me to accept the LORD Jesus Christ 'Openly'. One night, a European brother was preaching on Isaiah 55:6. There was a great struggle in my heart. The words—"Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near" gave me great fear. The thought "that if I miss this chance, I may not find another and He may not come near again", kept troubling me. Finally, when the appeal was made for people who wanted to be saved to come to the platform, with much struggle, I went along with others, and knelt down. My counsellor was Dr. Dennis, my Sunday School Teacher. He was so surprised to see me there, as he had always thought that I was born again, he shouted with astonishment "Martin, have you not received Him as yet"? With great shame, I replied "No Sir". With that submission, it seemed, that all the hinderances to my Salvation were removed. I had joy, but the work of salvation was not complete.

THE TESTIMONY MEETING

A few days later, there was a testimony meeting in the afternoon. Many of the newly born-again people testified about their salvation and newbirth experiences. Each testimony was a challenge to me and a voice within me kept on asking "What about you"? There was lot of struggle in my heart, and to ease it I wished that the meeting would soon be over. The enemy was still resisting and giving me counsel -

“Do not go too deep”. Though I had been to the platform in response to the appeal, and had stated that I sought the LORD, I knew that the work of salvation was not complete and that there was no real change in my life. By His grace, the LORD did not allow the meeting to be over as I desired. Bro. Vedamani Vadhiar, who was leading the meeting, went on appealing “Is there anyone here now, who has not given the testimony yet? You need not give a long one, but just stand up and say that “I have also given my heart to the LORD and pray for me”. He also gave examples of many people who did not get a further chance, but had their life cut short by some accident. The case of a girl, who postponed her decision to the next meeting, but was killed in an accident on the way home, made me shudder. Yet I was suppressing my struggle and ignoring the appeal, of the leading brother “Is there anyone else? just stand up, say that I also gave my heart to the LORD Jesus and sit down”.

The struggle I was experiencing is too much to fully express. I felt I was being pulled up and down by two great powers. Though I felt too heavy to stand, yet I felt the grace of God pulling me up, towards Heaven. A voice kept repeating within me “This is the last and final chance for you. You have to take a decision now”. I thank my LORD with all my heart for the Victory He gave me that day to know Him as my Seeking, Redeeming Personal Saviour. I do not remember how long it took, but by the grace of God, I was able to get up and say “I also give my heart to the LORD. Please pray for me”. I do not know even now, whether any one noticed me or heard me whisper with my trembling lips.

After I sat, I felt tears running down my cheeks. Prior to this, I do not remember confessing my sins to anyone or weeping. For the rest of the meeting, I was in tears as I set myself right with my God. When I got up after the meeting was over, the entire atmosphere was different. My heart was full of joy and every thing that I did thereafter was an outcome of that joy. I even now remember the way I served tea to the brethren after the meeting. It was then that I understood the

meaning of conversion, salvation and new birth experience, according to Romans 10:9 and 10. *“That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation”*. I was saved when I believed with my heart and testified it to others with my mouth.

Earlier I used to read the Bible at home out of compulsion, but I did not have the love for the Word of God. The stories of the Bible were like any other religious stories to me. But from the time I experienced new birth, there was a great urge to read the Bible and I started understanding it in a different way. I also had a desire to serve the LORD and preach, devoting my life for the LORD. I was aware of my shortcomings. I had no money to go about places. Also, due to my poor educational background, I could not speak in any language properly. Yet, I wanted to devote my whole life for my LORD.

FAREWELL TO SCHOOLS

I was still a boy of 14 years and was very keen to continue my studies, but the financial condition of my family did not permit it. My mother wanted me to be a Servant of God and hence was not much interested in my further studies. God also in His own way, stopped all doors of help, for my studies. Since I could sing well, I also had a desire to become a play back singer for the movies. My mother had always expressed her desire that I should use my voice to sing praises to the LORD only.

The thought, that I was still a small boy, and could not be of use to God as His servant, always troubled me. One day, at a meeting in the Madras Bible League, the message was from Jeremiah 1:5-7. *“Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child. But the LORD said unto me, Say not, I am a child:*

for thou shall go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shall speak". The Bible verse and the preaching appeared as if God was speaking directly to me. My belief that the Bible was a Living Word, was confirmed by this to me. All my doubts were cleared, and I knew that my LORD wanted me for His service. Further, the LORD spoke to me from Jeremiah 1:10 to 18, to confirm the call.

After discontinuing my academic studies, I was selected for a training course in the Botanical Gardens in Teynampet, to be trained in Botany and Horticulture and to become a qualified gardener for establishing and maintaining public and government gardens. I continued this course, still having the desire to serve the LORD and be a servant of God totally devoted to Him.

MADRAS CATCHES FIRE FOR THE LORD

In 1938, while undergoing this course, my sister from Purushawalkam brought us news about Gospel meetings conducted by a Sikh convert Bro. Bakht Singh, in the Methodist Church Building. As the name of Sadhu Sunder Singh was well known in Madras, Bro. Bakht Singh, from the same Sikh background was well accepted and large crowd gathered for all his meetings.

When we arrived for the first meeting, the building was full and a large gathering was outside in the compound. We could see Bro. Bakht Singh from a distance, a lean man in white, kneeling down and praying in a loud voice. As the loud speakers were well arranged, all of us in the compound could hear the message clearly. He carried two Bibles, one in each pocket. His message was of the 'Preciousness of the Word of God' and he exhorted everyone to own a Bible, to carry it wherever one went, and to prayerfully read it on the knees. Whatever he spoke about, was from his own experiences and he supported it with the Word of God. Everyone there felt the presence of God, both inside and outside the building. His messages were very simple, full of life and they touched the hearts of those present. My desire to

become a preacher increased greatly due to these meetings.

He also asked all those who were born-again to sing loudly while coming to the meetings and returning home. Most families started this practice. Our group consisted of my mother, two elder sisters, my younger brother, elder sister children and me. We used to sing loudly both the ways and also shout aloud Verses from the Bible. Since I had a desire to be a preacher, I had memorised some important gospel verses like I Tim. 1:15, John 3:16, Rom. 6:23, Amos 4:12, Rom. 5:8 and Acts 16:31.

One Saturday after returning from choir practice, as I was about to lie down, my mother reminded me to wake up early to go for preaching at 5 a.m., next morning. I had wanted to sleep till 6 a.m., and then go to the Santhome Church. Angered by this change I said "No, I won't get up". My mother calmly replied, "God will wake you up". I went off to sleep on great anger. During my sleep, I woke up with a feeling that my leg was on fire. I had not experienced scorpion bite before, hence did not know what had happened I cried out loudly in pain. When my mother and sister came with a light, I saw a scorpion near my leg. With a cloth in my hand, the only thing I could lay my hand on, I killed the scorpion, They all accused me for being angry with mother and showing disobedience and asked me to confess. I confessed and they all prayed for me. The poison did not spread, though the burning feeling remained in the same spot. Later I was able to sleep, with the determination to get up early to go for preaching. As if woken up by someone, I got up at 4.30 a.m., woke up the rest of the family and we went for preaching that morning with much joy.

Bro. Bakht Singh's visit stirred up our family spiritually and we began to spend more time in prayer, in reading the Word of God and in preaching the Gospel. After a short stay in Madras, Bro. Bakht Singh went back to Punjab. There was general disappointment in the hearts of all seeing Bro. Bakht Singh leave. We wished and prayed that LORD would bring him back to Madras.

The LORD brought back Bro. Bakht Singh to Madras in July, 1940 and he continued his ministry till October. During this period, all churches welcomed him and the buildings were opened for his preaching. So meetings were held everyday in various localities in different church buildings. These meetings revived the whole of Madras. People sang everywhere; on their way to and from the meetings - in cars, buses, trams and trains. Even when walking in groups of two, or three, they would sing aloud christian songs. The singing and shouting of Bible Verses could be heard everywhere in Madras - the whole of Madras awoke and appeared to be a place of Worship for the LORD.

After the Gospel meetings in the evening, there was an all-night prayer from 9 p.m., which usually lasted till 6 a.m., the next morning. Saturday mornings were for fasting and prayers. On Sunday also Bro. Bakht Singh would preach in some church building and in the evening at about 4 p.m., he would lead a Gospel procession of about 5000 people and about 5 k.m., long. Some brethren in a car went up and down the procession to maintain order. During this period, the entire stock of the Bibles in the Bible Society, Madras unit and in other evangelical shops were totally soldout. White sarees, known as 'Bakht Singh Sarees', some even with his name printed on it, were sold in Madras. The whole of Madras was ablaze for the LORD. This continued from July to October, 1940.

One day, Bro. Bakht Singh announed a love feast; for which each family was to bring cooked rice and curry in vessels, with their name marked on them for identification. Large rooms in Belfore Hall, Kilpauk, were made ready to receive and store the rice. All the rice was put together and I remember seeing rice heaped up like a small hill in the hall room. The curries were mixed in vessels seperately. All of us were made to sit down and food was served on leaves. In those days, many hindu converts maintained their old cast systems and did not mix with other Christians. Even the believers kept aloof of each other in this way. They neither ate together, nor shared food cooked by others. Bro. Bakht Singh's burden was to teach God's People oneness as the family of God, breaking the barriers of cast, creed, position and status.

So we all sat together and ate. All were asked to eat sumptuously, to our full satisfaction. The servers also served liberally. From the number of leaves spent, it is assumed that at least 10,000 people must have had their food. Afterwards, we were asked to take back our vessels on our way back home. To our surprise we found that our vessels were not empty, but had nearly the same quantity we had brought.

Bro. Bakht Singh was to leave for Punjab in October. On the last day of the meeting, after the last prayer, Bro. Bakht Singh started weeping and with him the whole congregation wept for about half an hour. The day he left by train from Madras Central, such a mammoth crowd had gathered in the station that all the platform tickets were sold out and the Station Master had to permit the rest into the platform free. All of us were deeply sorrowful on his departure.

THE 'EXCOMMUNICATION'

During the meetings Bro. Bakht Singh condemned all unscriptural practices and activities of established churches. Unable and unwilling to change their ways, the Bishops and authorities finding themselves in danger of being exposed, wished to prevent Bro. Bakht Singh, preaching in their churches and their members, attending the meetings conducted by him. So, after he left Madras, the Bishops of various denominations ordered their mission workers and pastors, neither to allow Bro. Bakht Singh into their churches any more nor to allow any one of their members to attend his meetings. All those who attended his meetings were to be excommunicated. As a result, many of the Christians who were born again through Bro. Bakht Singh's ministry, came out of their denominations saying "We will ex-communicate you before we are excommunicated by you". Those who came out in this manner could not go back to their churches and did not know what to do. They were like sheep without a shepherd. Some of the Elders, who had come out of their missions, wrote to Bro. Bakht Singh asking him whether they could put up a hut somewhere and start worshipping separately. Bro. Bakht Singh in reply asked them not to do anything without knowing the LORD's will. So, the born-again saints of Madras organised themselves in small groups here and there, conducting prayer

meetings and open-air preachings. However, they did not know the true pattern of Worship. We were a group of about six members gather this way for prayers and conducted open-air preachings in nearby villages, in a radius of about 12 k.m. Bible studies were also conducted by some special teachers in different places. Yet the saints longed for better kind of fellowship and preaching seen and experienced during the revival of 1938-1940 by the work of Bro. Bakht Singh.

MY BAPTISM

The Madras Bible League, with which I was earlier associated, practiced child baptism - by sprinkling water on infants as practiced by most denominations. Therefore they preached against and even ridiculed 'immersion baptism'. As I was born-again in that background, I also was against immersion baptism and made fun of those who practiced it. Further, those days immersion baptism was closely associated with the Pentecostal groups, who had other unscriptural practices. But after hearing the messages of Bro. Bakht Singh during his second visit, I started searching the Word of God without any prejudice, willing to learn and obey the Word of God. The LORD made very clear to me through His Word, the scriptural truth about believers immersion baptism and the necessity of my obeying Him. In the meantime I was invited by a small group of poor believers to their convention. Toward the end it was announced that there, would be a Baptism Service and that those who were born-again and wanted to be baptised could give their names. As I was clear about this, from the word of God and was constrained, I also gave my name. The people there, could not believe my sincerity and suspected foulplay or mischief in my giving the name, as till the other day they had heard me make fun of those practiced immersion baptism. When I explained them how the LORD had spoken to me and the I was convinced, they were surprised and were very happy. I was baptised in that convention. I found a new joy and boldness in my heart, when I obeyed the Word of God. I also found the Word of God becoming still clearer and deeper in its meaning when I obeyed the Word of God.

MOSES WENT UP INTO THE MOUNT OF GOD. Exo. 24:13.

Meanwhile, many appeals and requests were being sent to Bro.

Bakht Singh by individuals and groups asking him to come back and start the work on a new ground. He, also having received invitations from many parts of the world, was waiting on the LORD for His Word. While he waited, the LORD spoke to him through the scripture from Exo. 24:12. *“Come up to me into the mount and be there”*. After confirming God’s plan through many similar words, Bro. Bakht Singh went to Coonoor, in the Nilgiri Hills in Tamil Nadu. On waiting upon the LORD at Coonoor the LORD spoke to him through the Word of God, to be prepared for many persecutions and difficulties; many who were friendly with him and even supported in the ministry would forsake and turn hostile. On accepting this condition, the LORD showed him His plan, to start a new work in Madras. Accordingly Bro. Bakht Singh came to Madras in June, 1941, and met all other brothers, seeking his fellowship at Pallavaram.

TOGETHER WITH SCORPION AND CENTIPEDES

Bro. Bakht Singh and the leading brothers who were with him were looking for a Solitary place to have an all-night prayer, to be alone with God to seek His plan for the ministry. This was arranged by the LORD in leading them to the top of a hill called St. Thomas Mount. When the petromax was lighted, attracted by the light, a lot of large scorpions, centipedes and other poisonous insects came out. The brothers had to keep watch all night guarding and killing them.

Through this, the LORD was teaching those present that *“Now you have to be ready to face many scorpions, Centipedes and poisonous insects in the work which I want you to start with the New Vision”*. This had been proved true and has been the practical experiences in our work till to-date. These ‘poisonous insects’ represent some people whom we have to encounter when we are doing the work of God as per His plan according to the heavenly vision. We had a joyful time in prayers and searching of the Word of God. When morning approached, we could see the whole city of Madras radiant with the light of the rising sun. Here the LORD was again giving us a vision of Madras ‘lighted up’ as a result of the work of God with spiritual battle and prayers.

FIRST BAPTISM SERVICE

In the morning the brothers started enquiring of Bro. Bakht

Singh on various subjects. He replied "We will not go by the opinion of any man, religion, organisation or country. We will not be governed by our own wisdom or the traditions of our fathers but will search the whole scriptures and study it, to clearly understand any matter". The first question was, "*How did the early believers worship*"? They turned to the Word of God and read Acts 2:41 - "then they that gladly received his word were baptized:". Immediately, one of the brothers said that he wanted to be baptised, in obedience to the Word of God. So, it was decided to have a baptism first, and brothers who were convinced by the Word of God, were baptised in a pond on the Mount.

***THE WORK IS GREAT : FOR THE PLACE IS NOT FOR MAN,
BUT FOR THE LORD :***

As the number of people with Bro. Bakht Singh was increasing and they did not have any proper place for worship, conduct meetings, and to accomodate them, he sought the LORD for His plan about a suitable place. The LORD gave him a vision of a big building with a large compound and give a promise - I Chro 29:1. So, brothers were sent to search for a building with a compound for hire. One brother returned to Bro. Bakhh Singh and told him that he found a house with a big compound, but the house was very old and dilapidated. When Bro. Bakht Singh went to see the place, one young man coming out of the compound informed him that his father, an engineer was the present tenant of the building. He also said that they were vacating the building as it was very old and close to colapsing since the owner was unwilling to repair the building. When Bro. Bakht Singh went into the compound, he found that the building was the same that God had shown him in the vision. So Bro. Bakht Singh went to meet the landlord. He was very courteously received by the elderly landlord, a Muslim who said that he was willing to repair the building and offer at a reasonable rent if Bro. Bakht Singh wanted to rent it. It was agreed prayerfully to rent the building. When the day for paying the advance came, Bro. Bakht Singh received three money orders from people whom he did not know and total amount miraculously added upto the exact amount he was to pay. So the LORD fulfilled His promise and the present 'Jehovah-Shammah' compound was occupied and the work started on 12th July, 1941.

THE HOLY CONVOCATION

Regular gatherings were held in Jehovah-Shammah, like Sunday worship meeting, weekly Bible study, prayer meetings, fasting and prayer; all of which were attended by many who shared the New Birth Experience. In addition to being a place of Worship and Bible study, the place also gave people who had left everything and devoted their life for the LORD's ministry, like Bro. Bakht Singh, opportunity as a training ground.

By now, not only the people of Madras and surrounding areas, but also many from other parts of the country had heard of and were attracted to the happenings of Jehovah-Shammah. Many from far away places wrote letters expressing their desire to come and attend the meeting and enjoy the fellowship with Bro. Bakht Singh and his prayer partners. They had to seek the LORD's plan to satisfy the longing of these out-station saints, and to keep the door open to others also, to hear the gospel. The LORD, in answer to their prayers, gave liberty to Bro. Bakht Singh to plan and proclaim a HOLY CONVOCATION according to the scriptures, from 15th December, 1941 to 1st January, 1942, at Jehovah-Shammah, Madras. Those who wanted to attend were asked to bring with them their Bibles, beddings and personal clothing. All those came in were accommodated, in the compound. Our day started with the family prayer at 5 a.m. The morning meeting after the breakfast started at 10 a.m., and went on till late afternoon; The evening meeting started at 6.30 p.m., and went on till late night and we went to bed after the night family prayer. Some days were unique - I remember the day when we had baptisms. The day started with the usual family prayer at 5 a.m., which continued till the morning time. Since there was no time for breakfast, we missed it and began the morning meeting. As this continued and went on to the evening meeting, we continued without any break and finished the evening meeting at 1 a.m., the next day right throughout without any food. This manifested the longing of the people for the word of God and fellowship. Though I had testified the

LORD in water baptism, I had not been prayed 'laying on of hands' till then. So I had to wait till the end for that, hence I do remember these in much detail. Such Holy convocations continued every year in Jehovah-Shammah. I regularly attended all the convocations, but at other times, I continued open-air preaching and other activities, independent of Jehovah-Shammah.

A BOY PREACHER

Madras City has many important places, where religious festivals were conducted from time to time attracting large crowds. We as a group went to such places often to preach the Gospel at times, going even without any food. I recollect the day we went for a Roman Catholic festival at St. Thomas Mount called Chinnamali Thirunamali Thirunal. We left our home in the evening after dinner as a team, and reached the Mount after midnight. We slept in the jungle area and when we woke up in the morning, the mount was full of people who had come for the festival. We started preaching and continued moving from place to place. In our zeal and seeing the listeners' response, we did not feel any hunger and we had our meals only after returning home. Thus, from my early days, the LORD gave me the grace to face hardship and inconvenience when preaching the word of God.

One holiday, our group of five young brothers decided to go to Pallavaram to preach the gospel. I left my home near Queen Mary's College and started walking towards Purushawalkam to meet my group. On the way I met some brothers of Jehovah-Shammah. They were going to preach in Queen Mary's College area with the intention to have lunch in my house. Since I was not an inmate of Jehovah-Shammah then, and our group had planned preaching elsewhere, I greeted them but continued on my way. I joined my group and the five of us went to Pallavaram. We started preaching on one side of the railway line. By the time we finished that side, it was noon and we decided to continue on the other side of the railway line, after eating something. We had very little money for meals, so we bought

some 'Pakodi' (Snacks) and ate it. Then, crossing the railway line, we passed by a tannery in Chrompet. As we came close to the tannery, we found the stinking smell from the water coming through the gutter, was unbearable. All of us started running to cross the area quickly but as soon as we had done so, all of us began vomiting and soon in our stomachs had nothing remained, of whatever little we had eaten. We felt weak and tired, yet having the urge to preach the word we started singing. Though we had no leader or anyone to watch over us, we were taught of the LORD to be faithful in His ministry. We did not have enough strength to preach, so we stood by the roadside and continued singing. Then, to our surprise, we saw Bro. Gershom, the Organist of the SPG, also a member of the Bible League approaching. Relieved to see him, we asked him to come and preach. We felt that the LORD had sent him for helping us in the work. After giving the Word, he enquired, if we had seen any Bible League people preaching, as they had planned to come to that area and preach. Since they could not be found, he asked us to come for lunch. We got permission to use the court yard of a house and had sumptuous lunch brought by Bro. Gershom for the Bible League Party. Thus the LORD took care of His work and our need miraculously. We returned joyfully home after preaching till the evening.

DEFYING RAIN

There was a brother by name Finney Israel, member of the Bible league, then working as a missionary. He conducted Sunday Schools in different localities of the City. I used to help him in this work in some areas. After conducting Sunday School, I went to Jehovah-Shammah for Sunday worship. One day Bro. Finney Israel requested me to accompany him to Ponneri, about 40 k.m., from Madras, for preaching the Gospel for a few days. I shared this with Bro. Devasitham, who also decided to join us. We planned to go to Royapuram after the Sunday worship at Jehovah- Shammah, spend the night at Bro. Finney's place, and start early next morning, walking all the way to Ponneri. Right from the morning it started raining and

the outpour continued. So we decided to wait for the rain to stop. As there was no sign of this happening, we considered it a test for us and decided to start our journey, hoping that the rain would stop anyway. We bundled our Bibles in some clothes protecting them as much as possible and started out in the rain at 9 a.m. The rain continued right throughout till we reached Ponneri completely soaking us. I had no fear of getting fever or cold due to the rain as I have committed myself for the LORD's service, my desire was to serve the LORD and die in His service. We had a good time preaching the word of God in Ponneri and in the near-by villages for about a week till we returned. Hence, the LORD was teaching me from then onwards not to accept rain or sun as a hinderance for the LORD's work.

INTO JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH

All this time, though absent from classes, I was still a trainee at the Botanical Gardens. I hoped, when I went to the class after the Ponneri trip, the staff would be angry at me for missing so many classes and ask me to leave the course or strike my name off. However Satan had other plans. The Staff did not even question me, but allowed me to attend classes as if nothing had happened.

By now my decision to discontinue the training and commit my life in LORD to service had become firm and sure. I shared with Bro. Finney about my decision to leave everything and serve the LORD. He encouraged me and we decided to meet at Royapuram on a certain day, to proceed together to some village for the LORD's work and after some days to separate from each other and work independently. I managed to get two cloth bags, one for my Bible and the other for sundry items and eatables - like ground nuts, puffed and salted bengal gram etc., which were cheap and needed no preservation. This way I thought I could go place to place preaching the Word, without giving any indication to anyone of my needs or requirements.

On the appointed day, on the way to Royapuram to meet Bro. Finney I went to Jehovah-Shammah, to be prayed for, as per the usual practice before leaving. Bro. Bakht Singh was not at Jehovah-

Shammah, but away in Punjab. Bro. Flack was in-charge of the house and three brothers were functioning as elders of Jehovah-Shammah. There, I met Bro. Sunder Raj, with whom I used to go for open-air ministry even before Bro. Bakht Singh, came in 1941. I informed him of my plans and requested him to take me to Bro. Flack for Prayer. Bro. Sunder Raj wanted me to be with him at Jehovah-Shammah and had been praying for my coming for full time ministry. So he delayed me and made me stay in Jehovah-Shammah, under the pretext, that he did not want to disturb Bro. Flack, who was having 'Quiet Time' and asked me to wait and stay back at Jehovah-Shammah for the night. The next morning 5 a.m., when all were gathered for the family prayer, Bro. Sunder Raj informed Bro. Flack saying "Bro. Martin has come for the LORD's service and wants to be prayed for. I detained him here the last night". After the family prayer, Bro. Flack made me sit with him and exhorted me from 2 Tim. 2.15: "*Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth*". He told me that I should be a worker 'approved unto God' and that a 'workman need not be ashamed'! He explained to me that a God's servant should be prepared for any work in the house of God including, sweeping, washing clothes, gardening, cooking cleaning toilets, etc. Not realising that Bro. Flack thought I had come to Jehovah-Shammah to be an inmate in the service of the LORD, and hence this line of exhortation, I was wondering why this kind of message was being given to me. I wanted to make the reason for my coming there clear to him. Then the thought came to me, "If I say now that I only want you to pray as I am going on independent work, he will think," "just because I explained the duties and he is unwilling to do those, he is giving this excuse". Moreover, he told me that they were expecting me to come for full time ministry and praying about it. So I kept quiet and stayed back in Jehovah-Shammah. In the evening, he informed the elders about my coming for the LORD's service and I was going to stay there. That is how I came to Jehovah-Shammah, entered into the ministry and continued in the fellowship and work with Bro. Bakht Singh till

to-date. In this way, the LORD has protected me from taking a wrong step and going into other doctirns, in my zeal to serve the LORD.

TRAINING IN JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH

The hard life and the training I had acquired by then, made it easy for me to adjust and to follow the austere and disciplined life in Jehovah-Shammah. We were not allowed to go anywhere without permission, nor eat outside in any hotel. We had a proper routine to follow. We were to get up early to be ready for the family prayer at 5 a.m., followed by breakfast, after which, Tuesday to Friday, we were sent for open-air preaching to nearby areas. On the forenoons of Mondays, we were allowed to attend to our personal work like washing and maintaining clothes and visiting home or friends. On Saturdays we had Assembly weekly programme. After the forenoon open-air preaching we returned by lunch time. In the evening we had meetings from 6.30 p.m., followed by the night family prayer. In addition, we had regular Bible classes. We were also sent out in groups for small tours, during which we were expected to exercise our faith for all our personal needs in respect of food, clothing etc., and not to ask or even hint to anyone regarding our needs. Bro. Bakht Singh taught us not to depend upon anyone for our personal and congregational needs. As he practiced, he wanted us not to share the requirements or needs to anyone, not even give a hint or clue to anyone. He did not even pray loudly or share such needs with the elders, whether it be financial or material.

There was an elderly brother from Karnataka in Jehovah-Shammah. He seeing and understanding the clothing needs of the inmates gave a prayer request during the wednesday prayer meeting. Bro. Bakht Singh did not mention that in the prayer, but soon after the meeting, called and rebuked the old brother for his lack of faith and belittling God. That way he taught us to look to God and God alone for any and all of our needs. We were to continue on tour going and preaching from village to village and town to town until the appointed day or until we were called back. When called back, if

possible, we were sent the fare, otherwise, we were to return as the LORD provided. In small measures LORD taught me to depend on Him for all my needs.

TOUR OF RAMNAD

During my first Tour, I was among the ten sent in a group to Chettinad in Ramnad district, Tamilnadu, about 640 k.m., from Madras. We visited many places in that district. Wherever we went, we hired a small place and continued our work. One or two brothers were kept back for attending to the cooking, and the rest of us went out for open-air preaching. In the evenings, we conducted meetings in the nearby localities. The LORD wonderfully provided all our needs and I do not remember going hungry on any day. We faced all problems together sharing with each other and in prayer.

In the next phase, we were sent in batches of two, proceeding by train, bus or by walk. Two of us went to Chenglepet and from there to Villipuram. Visiting and preaching in places enroute, we thus went on to Tirunelveli, and from there to Christianpet in Ramnad district. For some reason, we parted there; and began visiting villages alone. Once I was invited to preach in a church building at Kadianellore by some people, who knew me earlier. On the appointed day, when I got down from the train, due to shoe bite, my foot was swollen and I was feeling feverish. With much difficulty, I walked with the people who had come to receive me, from the station to the village. Since I had only one day there and the meeting arranged was the only one, I had no courage to tell them that I was ill and would not be able to take the meeting. As soon as we reached the village, they served food, but I was unable to eat. By the grace of God, I could start the meeting and continue. I also remember praying the concluding prayer, after which I do not recall what happened. When I woke up the next morning at 6 a.m. I found myself on the same mat on which I had prayed the previous evening. I got up and after the breakfast, proceeded to the next destination. During this tour, the LORD blessed me, and taught me to be dependent on no one other than God. When going on tour

with other brothers, we depended on each other and shared joys, troubles and were comforted, but this tour taught me and prepared me to work alone, not depending on anyone for help, even co-workers.

STAY AT MADURAI

In 1944, three of us were sent to Madurai, in South India from Jehovah-Shammah. We visited Kolli Hills, Karur and Dindugal enroute and preached the Word. Those were the days of 'food, rationing' and seeing that we did not have enough resources and food, one from our group left and returned to Madras. At Madurai a believer gave us the space underneath the staircase of his house to sleep at night, We made arrangements for food from outside. We went daily for preaching and had food from some cheap hotels before returning to the house. After few days, the little money we had was finished. To avoid the house-owner noticing that we were not having food, we went out of the house at meal times, as if to go to the hotel, drink some water from municipal tap, and returned after some time. This went on for eight days, and we had no food all this time. Then came Sunday, and we were invited by the Mission Hospital to conduct a meeting at 4 p.m., in their premises. Since we had been invited, in our hearts we hoped that they would at least serve tea. We went there and conducted the meeting. As if to teach us a leasson, not to depend on anyone, and to take away our trust from men, God did not put in their hearts the desire to give us anything. After the meeting, with smiling faces, they shook hands and sent us off.

That night, due to weakness, I had severe pain on both my legs. In bed the pain increased and I just could not Sleep. I knelt down with great difficulty and prayed asking the LORD to fulfil, His promise that He had given me before sending me to Madurai - *"And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of"*. Genesis 28:15 So I asked the LORD to take me back and also to take away my pain so that I could sleep. The pain was so unbearable that I also asked Him

to take away my life to relieve my pain, if it was the LORD's will, as I had always wanted to die in the service of the LORD. Soon after the prayer, I slept off and when woke up in the morning, there was no pain. That day LORD in a wonderful way provided us some money by which we were able to break our fast. The same day Bro. George Rajaratnam, an elder of Jehovah-Shammah who had come on transfer to Madurai informed us about a letter from Jehovah-Shammah asking us to return. So, we concluded the tour, and returned to Madras by Train, tickets arranged by Bro. Rajaratnam.

LAUNCHING OUT TO TELUGU AREAS

After the Holy convocation in 1944 in Madras, we few brothers had a burden to preach in Telugu Speaking areas. Usually in such cases, we inform our burden to the elders and they pray with Bro. Bakht Singh, find the LORD's will, and give their consent. Till such a time, we wait at Jehovah-Shammah. In this case there were four of us including a Telugu speaking brother, who was willing to interpret the messages. On being sent, we planned to proceed to Vijayawada and from there move to different villages and preach the gospel.

At Vijayawada, we stayed in the house of late Bro. Devavaram, then a Circle Inspector of Police. Since we knew the family for long, we had the liberty to move about freely. At 5 a.m., the next morning we started for open-air preaching. On the way, one of us suggested that we have coffee from a hotel before we began to preach. I did not agree saying that the LORD had provided us a house and that we should not waste any money; on return from the open-air we could have coffee at home. After breakfast, while we were planning our route for the next open-air, the same brother complained of head ache and fever, hence stayed back at home. We decided to proceed to a village called Tadepalli where we were to stay with Bro. John, a policeman. On arrival at Tadepalli, Bro. John asked us to come to his house. As it was time for the open-air, we replied that we would do our duty to the LORD, (open-air) first, following which we would go

to his house. Here also, brother did not come with us for the ministry, but went to the house and relaxed. On our return home, he said that he was suffering from Mumps and hence we had no choice, but to send him back to Jehovah-Shammah by train. During this tour, we preached the word at Vundavelli, Peda Vadlapudi and China Vadlapudi.

From Vijayawada we went to Naidupeta. As the local Christians refused to accomodate or co-operate with us, we stayed in a small room given by a merchant, where he used to store coal. We stayed there and cooked our own food. We had to draw water from a common well and for this, we borrowed, roped buckets from some ladies who came to this well. Thus we came across some Muslim ladies of the area. They showed interest in the gospel and purchased a few gospel books from us.

One evening, as we returned from preaching, we bought a packet of 'Pakodi' (snacks) for our evening meal. We went up to the terrace, where we normally slept to sit at ease and eat. Just as we opened the packet in the dark, a sudden breeze, blew the packet off our hand and it fell into the sand and lime below. As we were searching for this, we saw smoke and flames from a nearby building, it which had caught fire. Immediately we rushed and did all we could, by drawing water and sprinkling to extinguish the fire. As soon as the fire was put out, a decent looking lady came to us, enquired about our welfare and wanted to know our address. She said that she was the wife of a christian Police Inspector and her daughter who had bought a gospel from us was troubling and pressing her father to invite us for food. We did not want to expose our state to anyone. So reluctantly we gave our address to her. We had nothing to eat when returned home. Just then we saw a Muslim lady entering our room with a tray. Addressing us as 'Nayana' (sons), she said "I knew you did not cook food to-day, as I did not see you drawing water from the well. I have brought some food for you". We thanked our LORD for planning and providing every need of ours in this way.

CHARITY OF A POLICE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER

The next day, we went to a shop to buy some hair oil. Seeing many varieties of good rice displayed, one brother said "We have not eaten this kind of rice since we left Madras". I casually replied "Do not worry, our LORD can provide better rice than these". Then we went for bath to the river. When we returned, our room looked different and had much provisions. The Police Chief's daughter, whose mother had taken our address, had come in our absence with a labourer, and cleaned and washed our room. She had also brought some good cooking vessels, a bottle of ghee and a small bag of good quality rice mixed with split green gram and had left them in the room for us. The LORD heard even our casual conversation and had provided our needs. We cooked this rice daily and continued the ministry.

The next day we were invited to the Police Chief's house for lunch. The LORD taught me another lesson on that day. The previous day, seeing a woman throwing away a leaf with rice in it, I had remarked in my mind "What a waste; had it been given to us, we would have enjoyed it". The lunch had many dishes prepared with the best of items. The food was served in great quantities. So, despite our best efforts, we could not empty our leaves: Items like fried rice and chicken curry had to be thrown out. Through that, the LORD was asking me "Why did you think that food thrown away should have been given to you? Today you are throwing away much more than that". I was put to much shame and I confessed my fault to the LORD.

FOOD OF MANY COLOURS

We continued our tour visiting villages and preaching. One evening we reached a village where there was a big Banyan tree near the well. We requested a man whom we saw near the well for his rope and bucket to have a bath. After we bathed the man returned with some leaves and asked us to keep them. Then after a while he came back took the leaves and asked us to accompany him. Not knowing

the reason we followed him. He took us to his house and served food. It appeared that there were a lot of dishes and various types and colours of rice preparations. Seeing us surprised, the man explained that it was their custom to collect food from all the neighbourhood whenever any guests were to be served.

Since we planned to preach in that village the next day, we made ourselves comfortable under the Banyan tree, on the platform of an unused house. None of us could sleep that night and were terribly disturbed. In the morning, we got up tired and throats parched. Then we were told that the house was haunted and that evil spirits stayed near the Banyan tree, and that all of that village avoided this place at night. We understood that it was the work of the powers of darkness, as we moved to the next village.

As we entered this village, an old lady offered to give us breakfast. She made us sit on the ground outside her house. She brought an earthen pot containing some leftover rice of the previous night soaked in water and green chillies. As per their custom, strangers were not allowed into the house or to have any contact with any of the vessels. As we were asked to keep our palms together as a cup to receive the rice and water poured from the pot and drink it, taking a bite of green chilly alternately. LORD this way, passed us through many experiences, providing all our needs at the same time, making us humble, and taking away our pride.

MEAT IN THE DESERT

Once walking along the railway line, one Brother lamented that we have not eaten mutton for a long time. I casually said "God can provide us the best meat even in the deserted place". After a while we saw a tin lying on the railway track. When picked up we found it was full and sealed and had a key for opening. The markings on the tin indicated that it was tinned meat. We could see that it was in good condition as the tin was not bulged or distorted. Soon we collected some clean leaves from nearby jungle and we three had plenty of

meat. This way the LORD was proving time and again, His mighty hand at work.

THE END OF ANDHRA TOUR

After visiting many villages there, we went to Sullurpet. A gentleman there agreed to keep our things for security, but we were to stay in a school compound, under a tree. We cooked our food in the morning, left it under the tree and went around preaching in villages nearby. No one would touch our food or Vassels as they were afraid of contacting Cholera. The news was that the epidemic has already started in a village and that it was being spread by wandering people. We would have been beaten-up and chased away, had not we informed them that we were from Madras. We were able to preach to them pointing out to them their fear of death.

During the ministry in Sullurpet, the brother who was translating got tired of the work and started to complain about many things. We had no income, were not sure about the next meal, had no appreciation from any man, no letters, no invitations, no proper Sunday worship and no apparent encouragements from Jehovah-Shammah. It is a real wonder how we went through these experiences. Though he wished to return we could not send him as the rest of us did not know Telugu at all. Again he brought about many reasons for his return. At last he said that his presence was essential at Madras to arrange the marriage of his brother. So with much difficulty we bought a train ticket and sent him back to Madras.

It was not possible to continue ministry in Andhra without an interpreter. So we prayed and decided to proceed to Nellore. At the Nellore Bus stand, while we were selling gospels, we saw Bro. Paul Gupta. He had come for the special meetings of Isuka Palli and was surprised to see us. When he was informed that we had no interpreter, he invited us for the special meetings, and agreed to interpret for us thereafter. After the special meetings, we went together to Proddutur and then on to Anantapur. There we stayed for about two months

and ministered the word. The Brethren Assembly Hall was spared for daily evening meetings. Then we received a call from Jehovah-Shammah and accordingly concluding the tour, we returned to Madras.

CONCLUSION

My poor family background, disciplined up-bringing and austere living at home, made it easy for me to adjust and get well with the life of Jehovah-Shammah. Hardship and hunger I was made familiar with, by the LORD, in my early spiritual life, through independent open air ministry, gave me endurance to suffer hardship humiliation during the tours and in gospel raids.

Yet, the life was tough and the labour very hard. When we were sent out, we had to take whatever conveyance was available. We had to walk to many places, often long distances; even when buses were available, due to financial limitations. On tours, we had no proper place to stay. We had to spend nights at the hospitality of people, on verandas of school buildings, road-side shops or even in the open, under trees. We had no proper arrangements for food, nor sufficient money to effort hotels. Often we did not know where the next meal was coming from. Days together, at one time we had to servive on water taps, yet not informing or showing to others that we were hungry, for His name's sake. We had just a change of two clothings, yet we always maintained ourselves in clean and neat dresses, not knowing how our miscellaneous needs like soap, oil, etc., will be provided. As Bro. Bakht Singh practiced, he taught us not to ask or hint about our requirements to any one. Other than in our private and personal prayers to the LORD, we did not give any clue to any one, did not give prayer requests or even pray loudly. We depended on God and asked Him only. He did not fail us. He provided all things wonderfully or gave us grace to suffer when He did not want us to have certain things.

Now, when I hear of 'modern' methods deployed by some believers these days, to collect funds, by clandestinely using other

names, also involving the name of our dear brother Bakht Singh. I feel sorry and hurt at the "falling away from the Vision". It is sad to see such things happening even when our Dear Brother is still with us. I pray that one and all of us, professing to be in the 'Vision' of our dear brother, continued to be kept seperated, away from the denominations and their methods of 'providing for material needs'.

In many places, the established churches were hostile and the nominal christians did not entertain us. The ministry also often appeared dry and fruitless. We had no guidance or supervision from Jehovah-Shammah, nor any reports to be sent nor any rewards given. So we did not look for appreciation or results. When we look for results, satan brings about comparisons and then competitions and discouragements, often resulting in frustration. Not looking for results also gave us boldness to preach and not to restrict or select our words depending on audiances. We could often point out the listeners, weakness and effectively give them the gospel.

For the glory of the LORD, we can see that, in most of the places we laboured, poineering works, the LORD has established our assemblies and the work is continuing bearing fruits. In retrospective, I know it was only the abundant grace of God, which sustained us all through these days. Our LORD used us, the unprofitable servants for His glory to proclaim the Gospel. May His name alone be glorified.

