OH LORD,

JUST ONE MORE SOUL

Alice Shevkenek
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*Alice Shevkenek (Sister Alice)*

Saint I Know

saintiknow.org

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Early 1970s, a foreign woman from the west comes to Punjab, India (the region known as Hodu in Hebrew, mentioned in the book of Esther) – no big ministry backup or financial support, no advertisements, no big billboards or posters, no security arrangements, just a warrior servant of God, Alice Shevkenek, a sister in Christ known as "Sister Alice". In this land of millions of gods and goddesses and so called holy men and saints, Sister Alice preaches the God of Israel, and His Love the gift of salvation for mankind shown through the sacrifice of His Chosen One, His only Son Jesus the Christ. Among the hundreds of persons that were coming to the True Light through her preachings were my parents who left their Sikh and Hindu roots to accept the One & Only True God and His Son Jesus Christ as their Savior. And among all those that would request Sister Alice to pray were my parents who could not conceive a child for 7 years after their marriage. For those 7 years they tried worshiping and praying to any Indian god that anyone would refer to, but the prayers were not answered. However, this time they were trying the One & Only True God, the God of Bible, The Almighty.

God Almighty heard their prayers, and the very next year I was born. My father Bachint Singh Kakar and my mother Avtar Kaur named me Rubin. For the next 20 years my parents were involved in helping Sister Alice with her missionary work in Punjab. My father worked for the government of Punjab as a Class 1 Executive Officer in major cities, so these 20 years I experienced were very comfortable and sheltered; and I had the opportunity to meet Sister Alice several times in India which left me with an impression that God hears her prayers, and that she is a good preacher of the Bible. Little did I know about the hardships of
Sister Alice's life, the tales of her sufferings, or her dedication and sacrifices for the Lord, as she never really spoke much about or exalted herself, but consistently preached Christ.

In 1996, I came to the United States to make it my home. Since then I have established a family and have encountered many American preachers with mega churches and conventions who think God has truly blessed them and anointed them. In these same establishments that showcased persons falling down at the swinging hands of charismatic preachers, I also heard of their downfalls, scandals, mass media-publicity stunts, and disconcerting financial scams that prove the adage “all that glitters is not gold” ever so true. Church has become a trade these days, not unlike the Herodian Temple that made our Lord Jesus Christ angry. One wonders how He feels now when He looks upon these commercial churches and ministries.

God has changed me for the good; I am not what I use to be. I carry the burden of the cross, a burning heart with the zeal to serve God in every way I can, through physical and spiritual sacrifices of my life to God and taking the Word of God and His Salvation to wherever He Wills.

I have come to the awareness that as a true servant of God a saint should:

- Live like a sage unfettered by the attachments of this world.
- Try to live as dedicated and holy as one could.
- Not promote self but be a selfless person filled with the humility and love of Christ.
- Be driven by faith.
- Be a fearless warrior of God ready to proclaim the Gospel of Christ to the whole world.
One hears of such people mostly in the Bible. I have analyzed every person that I knew and met personally in my life that could fit this description but have found none. Until one day in December 2011 while talking to Sister Alice on the phone, I asked if she wrote any new books. She said she will send a new book that she wrote on her life.

The book arrived after a few weeks, and before going to bed that evening I grabbed it to glance through it briefly and started reading the first page. But pages became chapters as I had soon found she is not just another preacher one hears about; she did not match the image of the Sister Alice I previously had in my mind. There was a whole lot more to her story that reflected the qualities of a true servant of God: this I noticed as I was reading her book. While reading I had to stop a few times to catch my breath, wipe tears of thankfulness to God, and think, “Wow, how the Holy Spirit led her to do all that for the Lord and I didn't even know!” The fact that she never boasted, much less even mentioned the hardships (called by her “delights”) she faced during her 67 years of missionary life to gain any popularity among churches is just “icing on the cake” to her service for the Lord.

Here are some of the book’s highlights that illustrate the qualities of a True Servant of God, a saint.

**Sacrifice:**
In 1945 at a young age of 20, she resigned as a teacher to serve God. Her mother was angry and told her to leave the house if she would choose to serve God.

*Quote:* I realized there was a price to pay to do the will of God. Did He not say, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me" (Matt. 16:24). I chose to follow Him.
Faith:
1954, two young women set on a mission to Hong Kong from Canada but didn't even have $100 to catch a train ride to Los Angeles to get to their boat – yes a boat not an airplane. The ship was a freighter not The Titanic that accommodated only twelve passengers, and the voyage took 32 days to arrive at an unknown land. I was amazed to see such a huge step of faith by Sister Alice, considering all the dangers for a young woman to travel on such a long journey to foreign land especially back in those days when the world was still a huge place. She had to be under the favor of God to have such faith.

Sufferings: India
Quote: I said to God, “Send me where no one else wants to go.” He did.

She went to remote villages in India by bus, motorcycle and bicycle rides with strangers, and even by bullock cart, crossing rivers and mountains. She lived in places with no furniture except a bed 4×2 feet, full of bed bugs and lice, rats running over, landing on her face, and once she woke up to find one nibbling at her big toe.

Not even Indians who have been living in India for their whole life would like to visit these places, so I can truly understand and appreciate her service for the Lord.

Persecution: Pakistan
Quote: while I was preaching, eight mullahs (Muslim priests) and about 2000 Muslims, came to attack us. They came with the intent to kill me, my interpreter and late missionary Kjell Sjoberg who had arranged the meetings. They began to throw stones. Some of the people began to escape. I stood on the platform with hands uplifted praising God.
The true love of God casts out all fear.

**Fearless: Vorkuta, Russia**

*Quote: While we were in Salekhard (the only city in the world situated on the Arctic Circle), we heard about Vorkuta. It was one of the crudest and most severe prisons situated in the Tundra beyond the Arctic Circle... God spoke to me and told me to go to Vorkuta.*

Sister Alice told me that she in October 2012 will be coming to Sacramento, CA and to contact any Slavic/Russian Church in Sacramento because she would like to hold a meeting there. I didn't know of anyone but God arranged for it. While I didn't know anything about Vorkuta myself, when I told one of the Pastors of Slavic Missionary Church that she went to Vorkuta, his immediate response was, “Wow, that is a dangerous place.”

**Opposition: 1991 Ukraine and Russia.**

*Quote: One bishop said to me, "Your only sin is that God created you a woman."
I replied, "Brother, that's not my sin. It's God's. He created me a woman. I had nothing to do with it."
In my heart I said, "And your sin is that you do not want to accept what God has created.
"If God chooses to call, and use a woman, what is man that he should object?*

**Divine Healings and Miracles:** Barnaul, Siberia and Altai Mountains. I myself am a firsthand witness of God hearing Sister Alice's prayers, for I was born after she prayed for my parents so they could have a child. My parents often speak of healings they’ve witnessed through Sister Alice.

One of the healings that Sister Alice mentions in this book that really
catches my attention is when Jesus Himself appears and heals her while she is having a heart attack. This occurred in the middle of night in a remote tribal village of the Altai Mountains – a mountain range in East-Central Asia, where Russia, China, Mongolia, and Kazakhstan come together.

**Devotion:**
Another interesting and inspiring moment of this book and her life is when Sister Alice goes on a 21 day full fast in a locked room where she encounters Satan and spends time with Jesus.

I couldn't stop reading until I finished the entire book, and it was early morning. My heart was filled with joy and peace, and my eyes with tears. I finally knew and met a person in my life whom I knew to be a true servant of God, a Saint.

After reading this book, the Holy Spirit inspired me to share this story with others; therefore, I created this digital e-Book version of “Oh Lord, Just One More Soul” by Alice Shevkenek. This book will inspire any true believer of God (YHVH) and Jesus (Yahashua) the Christ (Mochiaich/Messiah), to believe in His Awesome Power. According to Sister Alice, she wrote this book to show how God can take an ordinary person and use them for His mighty works.

I thank God for choosing Sister Alice to serve Him and putting such zeal in her heart that she dedicated her life to His Will – not her own. Yes, there is a person that lives among us today that matches with the stories of the saints in Bible. Sister Alice is now 87 and living in Canada while still serving the Lord. This year in 2012 she went to Nepal where Christians are being persecuted. About 50 other pastors from India got together to join her missionary meetings in Nepal.

I am creating a website 'Saint I Know' dedicated to real life stories of
saints. Please let me know if you know of any true servant of God, a saint in your life, so we can share their life to inspire more people for the Glory of God.

If you would like to help Sister Alice in any way, please contact me.

Bro. Ruben Singh
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You can download her Book for Free at SaintIKnow.org
INTRODUCTION

The door burst open, letting in a blast of cold wintry air into the room. In strode a man wearing a heavy sheepskin coat, big 'snow galoshes, and a cap pulled down over his ears. Icicles were hanging from his thick black mustache. Without removing his outer garments, he swiftly strode into the next room, and up a narrow stair way that led to the family steeping rooms.

Two little girls gazed at him in wonderment. He was home from town so early. Why? They quietly followed him to the foot of the stairs gazing up after him, and suddenly they heard the cry of a baby.

A baby! Where did it come from? There was no baby in the home! Anne, the youngest was nearly two and a half years old and Mary was five. They dashed into the kitchen where their oldest sister, Margaret, was bent over a big basin kneading bread dough.

"We heard a baby cry upstairs," they excitedly exclaimed. "Where did it come from?" Margaret's face flushed with joy and excitement. She loved babies. She knew this one was coming. But what could she tell her little sisters? They would not understand that mother just had a baby.

"Well, did you see Father come home from town? He brought the baby in his coat pocket from Mr. Smith's in town, and went upstairs to give it to Mother," she replied. She added, "I wonder if it is a boy or a girl."

It was a girl, and Margaret asked mother if she could be named Alice, after a noble heroine, a pastor's daughter, in a story Father had read to
On February 17, 1925, Alice, the ninth and last child, was born to John and Bessie Shevkenek. No one realized that this child was destined to know and love God, and to preach the gospel to the multitudes, thus bringing many souls into His kingdom.
And this is where my life, story begins for I, Alice, was born on that wintry day in mid-February 1925. I was born and raised on a farm four and a half miles from the village of Rhein, in Saskatchewan. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, my parents had migrated from the Ukraine which at that time was part of Austria.

They worked hard, farming a half section of their own land, as well as a quarter section of the neighbour's land. Mother taught us the importance of work, and we each had our chores to do. Through the 'hungry thirties' we did not lack food on our table, nor clothes on our back, and there was always enough to share with others less fortunate than we were.

My childhood was happy, uneventful. The country school was two and a half miles away and I always loved to study. The church and cemetery was a half a mile away, and since my father was one of the main founding members of the church, Mother saw to it that we were regular attendants. The pastor, who came from another town, always stayed at our house, and so did every traveling salesman that came into our neighbourhood. Our house was open to all. Every Sunday after church Mother invited everyone to our house for dinner. At Christmas time our house was filled with young people from near and far for several days.

During the winter my brothers made a skating rink and neighbours gathered to skate, play hockey, and have fun. Life was good.

Looking back, what stands out most in my mind is the great hunger I had to know God. Mother taught us to pray the Lord's Prayer before
breakfast and before bedtime from the time we could talk. How thankful I am for it! I did so, faithfully, even after I left home.

At the age of seventeen, I began teaching school. Even when I would come home from a dance in the early morning hours, I'd fall on my knees and pray, "Our Father, which art in heaven." But when I'd get down to pray,

"Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," often I would begin to weep and cry out, "Thy will be done! Thy will be done in my life, 0 God." I knew the life I was living was not according to His will.

At other times, when I'd be alone, I'd look up into the beautiful starlit sky, and with tears streaming down my face, I would cry out, "God, where are you?"

I sought Him, and He sought me.

In June, 1945, I was teaching in the same country school I had attended as a pupil. During this time I lived at home. One day a friend phoned inviting us to attend some gospel meetings that were held at an elderly widow's home in town. The meetings were to be led by Ralph Kabanuk, a second year student from Western Bible College in Winnipeg.

The first night my parents, my sister, Anne, and I attended. We enjoyed the singing. I couldn't comprehend the meaning of the message that followed. The second night Anne and I drove to town alone with a horse and buggy. Again, we enjoyed the singing but I still couldn't understand what was preached. However, at the close of the meeting the evangelist invited all of us to stay and pray awhile. That was a strange thing to do. We never did that at our church. Anne and I agreed to stay. Others got down on their knees as he did, and so did we. I began to pray
the only prayer I knew, "Our Father which art in heaven."

When I was through, I didn't know what to do. The evangelist came and knelt down beside us for one minute and said, "Pray, God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

Me, a sinner? Was I not a good Christian? Did I not attend church regularly? I also partook of the breaking of the bread. It was true that during the week we did what we wanted to do. We danced, went to movies, those who wanted to got drunk, committed fornication, etc. but we were made to understand that we were good Christians. So, what did he mean, "Pray, God be merciful to me, a sinner"?

How thankful I am that I obeyed! I learned later what I gained through my obedience. As His will unfolded in my life, I discovered the true meaning of Hebrews 5:9 which says, "He became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him," and 1 Peter 1:22 which says, "Ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth."

The truth was that I was a sinner and not a Christian. I prayed, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." In response, the Holy Spirit convinced me that I was a sinner, so I prayed it again. Then the Holy Spirit did a deeper work in my heart.

Now I was very sorry that I was a sinner, so I prayed a third time with tears streaming down my face, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

God was merciful. He forgave me. He saved me. He changed my life. No one had to tell me what to do, and what not to do. Now the scriptures were alive and had meaning. Old things had passed away and all things had become new. 2 Corinthians 5:17

God became real to me. I loved Him. I loved to pray. I loved to read His word every spare moment. I was beside myself with joy. I wanted
to tell everyone about Jesus and His so great salvation. And I did until people were tired of me and tried not to be with me in the same room.

Another conviction came into my heart at the same time. I felt that I must prepare to serve the Lord and tell others about Jesus. I thought it was my responsibility to let the whole world know that we are sinners and that Jesus can forgive us and save us from our sins.

It was the end of June and the end of the school year. At this time teachers had to renew their school contract or resign. I resigned in order to prepare myself to serve God. When I told my mother, she was very angry. She tried to reason with me. "What was I going to do with my life?" she asked. I did not know. I did not really know about Bible schools, or missionaries, but I knew God would guide me. In anger mother told me to leave the home. I went to my room and cried. I had found Him Whom my heart loved. I said to Him, "Jesus, if Mother and Father forsake me, I'll never leave you." I realized there was a price to pay to do the will of God. Did He not say, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me" (Matt. 16:24). I chose to follow Him.
NEW BEGINNINGS

The evangelist was with us only a few weeks, then he left. Before leaving, he enrolled both my sister and me in a Kenyon's Bible Correspondence Course. What a blessing that was! We studied it carefully and learned many new things.

In a Christian Journal I read an advertisement for a Bible school in Toronto. "Oh!" I thought, "I need to go to Bible school to prepare myself to serve God." So, I applied there and was accepted.

That was in 1945 when many of the young men who had gone off to war in Europe had not yet returned. Farm help was scarce. It was harvest time and my brother was short of help, so I stayed behind to help him. I handled a pair of horses and a rack and would drive off into the field to gather the sheaves of grain.' Then I would haul them to the threshing machine and pitch them into the machine. It was strenuous work for a young woman, but I enjoyed it. Little did I know that God was preparing me to work in His harvest field, and I had to realize the great responsibility and urgency that was needed for the task.

That October, on my way to the Bible school in Toronto, I stopped off in Winnipeg to meet the evangelist, P R. Kabanuk, and his family. It was through his ministry that I was saved. He suggested that I should attend the same Bible school he was attending, saying that I could live with them, too. That appealed to me. He took me to meet the principal of Western Bible College and he gladly accepted me as a student.

What a privilege it was to learn from Dr. Purdie, the greatest theologian
of the time, and from the other members of the staff, the wonderful truths from God's word. It was all so new and awesome to me.

We were a class of sixty-five students in my first year. I had expected to find all the students holy as angels but what a shock it was to find some of them more interested in the pleasures of the world than learning God's word. Their parents had sent them there to be reformed.

Thankfully, others, however, were sincere and hungry for more of God and His word, and I learned much from them, too. Thirty-five of us graduated.

Because I had come to prepare myself to serve God, besides attending classes, I spent much time in the adjoining prayer room seeking God's face. What a joy it was to spend the time in His presence! It was there that I learned the value and the blessedness of prayer. Without Him we can do nothing and I am glad I learned to rely on Him from the beginning.

God had a plan and purpose for me to make the change in Bible schools. The one in Toronto was interdenominational, and the one in Winnipeg belonged to the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada. It was housed by Calvary Temple Church. Had I gone to the school in Toronto, I would not have heard about the in-filling of the Holy Spirit.

I had not yet been filled with the Holy Spirit when I came to the Bible school. I knew nothing about Him. At the first Wednesday night meeting I attended in Calvary Temple, the church that housed the Bible school, I heard a visiting speaker preach about the Holy Spirit. At the close of the meeting, she invited those who wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit to go down to the prayer room and to kneel at the chairs in the middle section. I said, "Lord, I want everything you have for me," so,
frightened but excited, I hastened to the prayer room.

It was a large prayer room, but soon it was filled, not only with people, but with their loud prayers and shouts of "Glory!" "Hallelujah!" I was in Pentecostal Church. A group of them gathered around me to pray for me. Their loud praying terrified me. I could not pray. I only wanted to escape but I was closed in. They laid hands on me; they raised and held up my hands; they laid me flat on my back.

No doubt they thought I fell under the power of God but, in truth, it was under their power. I thought to myself, "Well, this is more comfortable, but how long do I have to lie here now." By this time two hours had passed. Finally I thought, "Well, if I'm here, why don't I pray?" I simply said, "Jesus, I do love You," and immediately I began speaking in tongues, but very quietly because of my extreme timidity, but it was real. I was filled with the Holy Ghost.
The Mission Call

One month after I arrived in Bible school a missionary conference was held in Calvary Temple. The students were required to attend. For the first time I was exposed to missionaries. There were thirteen of them from various countries such as China, Japan, South America, Africa and India. As I listened to the missionary from India, her love and burden for India was transmitted to me. I knew that one day I would preach the gospel in India. I began to love and pray for her people. But, it was a long time before God saw fit to send me there. He needed to prepare me for this difficult task. All I could do was to abandon myself completely to Him. My sincere prayer in those days was the verse of a chorus we sang in Bible School,

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord,
O'er mountain, or plain or sea,
I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what You want me to be.
After graduating from Bible School in April 1948, Katherine Thiessen, the late Mrs. Conrad Topstad, a fellow graduate and I decided to work together. During that summer we went to Alberta to teach Daily Vacation Bible Schools in various towns.

After holding one in Calmar, Alberta, we felt led by the Lord to stay on in that town and work for the Lord there. There was no Evangelical Church in Calmar. Oil had just been discovered in that area and people from the United States of America and many other places were coming to Calmar to work in the oil fields. That meant there was a great need for a place to live. Many children came with their parents. New classrooms and more teachers were needed. I was asked to teach and I accepted the position. It was a great challenge to us.

There was an old unused United Church in Calmar. In the back of the church were two small rooms and a back porch. There were two similar rooms upstairs. Living accommodations were so scarce people even fixed up their chicken coops and rented them out as living quarters. The United Church board could have easily rented out the rooms to oil people for a good price, but when they knew we wanted to start a Sunday school, they reserved it for us. We praised God for His provision.

We were there several months before I was asked to teach. Until then, we had no financial backing. We only had enough money to pay two
weeks rent and have some money for food. We got down on our knees and prayed, "Lord, we will serve You here, but You are responsible for us."

We began a life of faith. Daily we experienced God's faithfulness. Someone would leave a basket of food on our doorstep. A stranger would knock on our door and place twenty dollars in our hands and run off. Another person delivered one ton of coal for us. God assumed His responsibility for us and amply 'supplied all our needs.' How we praised Him for it!

The Sunday school grew. God blessed! Soon parents came to us requesting us to hold services for them. They were not always faithful to come, but we were faithful to hold services whether it was for one or ten.

When the United Church saw what two young girls could do, they decided to begin their own services. That meant we would have to move elsewhere, but where? God told us to build. We didn't waste time. The next day we went to the Real Estate Office to inquire about a suitable plot of land for a church building. He showed us several, but we knew which one was ours. We didn't have the money, but we promised we'd come in the next day and pay for it. We walked out of the office elated. We didn't think of the money; we had a plot for the church! God saw our faith and the next day we paid the full price for the land. One brother who heard what we had done gave us the full amount.

Now to build! The next Sunday we shared with a few people of our church what we had done. We told them that next Sunday we would take up an offering for the building fund. When the offering was counted, there was forty-two dollars. The treasurer said, "Wasn't that good?"

We said to one another, "Good?" We, ourselves, had given thirty-five
dollars, but that didn't curb our enthusiasm and faith. Brother Kabanuk was pastoring a church in Thorsby. He also was a carpenter by trade. That week he called on us and excitedly we shared with him that we had bought a piece of land and were going to build a church.

"How much money do you have?" He asked.

"Forty-two dollars," we replied.

"Don't be foolish," he said. "Don't start before you have several thousand dollars. You'll dig a hole. Winter will come. It will fill up with snow and water and then what will you do?"

We had more faith than sense. We said, "How will God give us more if we don't use what He has given us?"

So, with forty-two dollars we hired a caterpillar to dig out a hole for the basement. It was August 29, 1951. By Christmas we moved into our two bedroom apartment and began Sunday school and church in the basement hall. We borrowed no money; we had no debts. The following spring the upper auditorium was completed. Pastor Kabanuk, his members and brethren from other churches gave much of their time and free labour.
In April of 1954, Gospel Temple in Edmonton was holding their annual convention. The late Reverend Gillam of the United States of America was the main speaker. One evening Katherine and I drove to Edmonton to attend the meeting. At the close, some people stayed for prayer and we did, too.

That night God spoke separately to both Katherine and me that He would send us abroad to minister. He didn't tell us where.

It is always so precious when God speaks to us. His message is so clear and definite. We believed it. We were so overwhelmed by it that we didn't say a word to each other all the way home. But, before retiring we began to share our experience and were delighted that God had the same message for both of us. We were going abroad!

The next day we applied for our passports. We told our people we were going abroad.

"Where are you going?" they asked.

"We don't know yet. God hasn't told us," we replied.

Our church was not connected with any denomination, but because Katherine was affiliated with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, every month we sent a missionary offering to them.
At that time late Reverend R. S. Tilton was the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada Superintendent for Alberta. When he took note of the missionary offerings which we sent, he was curious.

"Who is in Calmar?" he enquired. "We have no church there. If they are sending missionary offerings, I must take a missionary to their church."

He contacted us and it was arranged that he would bring late Brother Scratch, missionary from Hong Kong, to our church. We were thrilled to have them visit us. As Brother Scratch spoke of the need in Hong Kong, both Katherine and I felt in our hearts that it was God's will for us to go there.

We applied to the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada Mission Board to send us to Hong Kong but they replied that they were unable to do so. But, we knew that God had spoken clearly to us and we decided to go on our own. We believed God would provide and take care of us there as He had in Calmar.

I have no doubt in my mind that it was Brother Scratch who informed the missionaries in Hong Kong of our plan to go there.

When God revealed to us that He wanted us to go to Hong Kong, we immediately booked passage with a Swedish Steamship Company. We didn't have the money but our reservations were made.

Now that we knew where God was sending us, we began to search for a pastor to replace us in Calmar. The late Reverend G. Veale, whose daughter, Grace, had come from Edmonton to teach in our Sunday school, accepted the position as pastor. We began to collect and pack our luggage. We were going to Hong Kong. We didn't have a clue what we would do there, but we knew that
God had it all planned.

Finally, tickets were paid for, a pastor was coming to take over, and our luggage was nearly ready. Only one need remained. We needed a hundred dollars for train travel to Los Angeles to get to our boat. True, all our documents were not yet in full order, but God would take care of these details. One day some of our church people came to help us with our final packing. A Baptist woman called Katherine aside to the privacy of our bedroom. With tears she said, "God told me to give you this." She thrust into Katherine's hand a hundred dollars. Praise the Lord! Now we could be on our way to Hong Kong.

We were a closely-knit church in Calmar. We loved our members, and they loved us. We had spent seven years in Calmar. During this time I had taught school and Katherine started a kindergarten. The principal of the school was sorry to see me leave, and so were the believers and Sunday school children, but they understood it was God's will for us to go, so they blessed us on our way.

Once we left, it was a traumatic experience for Katherine. We had left behind a church that was growing, and were heading towards an uncharted future in a strange land. She had butterflies in her stomach, she trembled with fear, she cried tears of homesickness, yet she rejoiced with expectancy. For me, there was no emotional high, only a calm confidence of peace that we were doing God's will and that He was directing our path.

It was our first trip abroad. The ship was a freighter that accommodated only twelve passengers. There was little to do and the voyage took thirty-two days. The monotony was broken as the ship called in at Macau, Iloilo and Cebu in the Philippines. We were able to meet missionaries in each of these places which gave us a glimpse of missionary life on the field. But, what awaited us in Hong Kong? We
knew no one there. We did not know what we would do.

As the ship pulled into port, it was soon swarming with coolies and surrounded by small boats. There was excitement everywhere. And what sights to behold, but the greatest joy and relief were when Sadie MacLeod and her co-worker, Blanch Pardo, came up to us and introduced themselves.

In September 1954, after God told us He would send us abroad, the principal of Kau Yan English Medium College in Hong Kong came to Miss McLeod, a Canadian missionary, with a request. He said to her, "We are a Christian College, but I know nothing about the Bible. Could you send us two Bible teachers for our College?" When Miss McLeod heard about our coming, she arranged with him for us to teach there. So, when we arrived at the port in Hong Kong, they were able to meet us and tell us immediately of the job at Kau Yan that awaited us. Our work was outlined for us before we came. It was all in God's plan. Sadie and Blanch took us to their home to live with them until we were able to get a place of our own. They were so kind.

It was a wonderful opportunity to share the Good News with up to seven hundred students, many of them were Buddhists. We were fully in charge. We made up a curriculum for each class, held chapel services, evening Bible studies, etc. Many students came to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. It was a joy to teach them.

The climate, the overload of work, and heat were hard on Katherine's health. She had a nervous breakdown. An American doctor advised that she should go home immediately. That meant I would have to take her home. We prayed; we surrendered all to God; we believed and God instantly and miraculously healed her. We were able to stay four and a half years in Hong Kong before returning to Canada.
Shortly after returning back in Canada, the late Brother S. R. Tilton, superintendent of the Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada, who worked in Alberta, invited us out for dinner. He shared with us that oil was discovered in Drayton Valley. He desperately tried to arrange for someone to go there to open a church, but he could get no one to go.

"We'll go," both of us exclaimed. So, the next three years found us pioneering, establishing and building a church in Drayton Valley. It was now ready for a man to come and pastor it.

Katherine knew she could not go back to the mission field. Her health would not permit it. God arranged for her to marry one of our church members, Conrad Topstad, a farmer, a very fine man.

I was planning to further my studies in university, but one Sunday as I was preaching on Romans 12:1,

"Present your body a living sacrifice."

God spoke to me. He said, "Are you willing once again to lay aside your plans and go back to Hong Kong to serve me there?"

With tears streaming down my face, while preaching, I said, "Yes, Lord, I'll go."
Within a few months I was back in Hong Kong. I was asked to be principal of Hebron English College, a Canadian Pentecostal Assemblies of Canada school. I taught English, History and Bible. Many were saved and filled with the Holy Spirit. With some of the saved students we went weekly to refugee colonies, going from hut to hut sharing with them the gospel of Jesus Christ. It was a profitable time.

That year two evangelists came to Hong Kong. One was from the United States of America. The other was a Chinese pastor from Indonesia. In both I saw such a tremendous anointing, a love and compassion, healings, etc. In the Chinese Pastor's ministry in Indonesia, some were even raised from the dead.

I asked each of them, "How did you get such an anointing and power?" Both replied, "We fasted and prayed for twenty-one days and this is the result."

After they were gone, I cried out to God, "If you can use an American night club dancer who can't even speak English correctly, and a Chinese man, why can't you use me?" You said in Your word, "These signs shall follow them that believe. In My name shall they cast out devils... they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." Mark 16:17-18. I said, "Lord, I believe. Why can't I cast out devils and heal the sick?" We had seen healings in our ministry, but not like this.
Once when we were in Calmar, we visited the home of two of our Sunday school children. We found their mother deathly sick. She could not lie down even at night because of extreme pain but sat in a chair all night. We were concerned. We asked a friend to take her to the doctor. The doctor's report was not good. "She is full of cancer and has only a few weeks to live," he said.

Katherine had to inform the husband. When he was told, he burst into tears. They had come from Germany. He said that for two years, during the war, they were separated. After finding each other they came to Canada; he built her a house, and now this was the end. He cried and we cried with him. We also prayed.

A few days later we visited her again. We read Isaiah 53 to her and asked her if she believed that Jesus took her sins and sickness upon Himself. "Yes," she said. We prayed for God to heal her. Within a week she was doing her own housework, and two weeks later, she was cleaning houses for others. By His stripes, she was healed! It was wonderful, but I wanted to see more healings and deliverances.

If God were to use me, He had to prepare me.

For weeks and months I sought the Lord in prayer. He began to crush me, to strip me and to teach me. It was a most painful experience. Sometimes I cried out, "Is there no balm in Gilead to heal my wounded soul?" I understood that God, not only wanted us to forsake sin and the pleasure of the world, but He demanded all. Isaac was no sin in Abraham's bosom. God gave Isaac to him. Still he demanded Abraham to take Isaac up to Mount Moriah and there offer him as a burnt offering. When Abraham obeyed, God said, "Now I know that thou fearest God seeing thou hast not withheld thy son from me." Genesis: 22:15-17
One day it was most unbearable, I knelt before God crushed, broken. God said to me, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I replied, "But this time it doesn't seem to be sufficient." My Bible fell open before me and I read from James 4:6, "He giveth more grace." Immediately the pain was gone and joy and peace filled my heart. All I could do was submit more and more to Him. In the end, I saw myself like a glass bowl broken in pieces. I pointed to the broken pieces of my life and said, "Lord, if you can use these broken pieces, I surrender them to You."

I realized that we do not choose suffering but we choose God's will even if it means suffering.

Now I understood what King David meant when he said, "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." And what Mary's act meant when she broke the alabaster box of ointment to anoint Jesus feet. I also grasped the significance of Jesus' body broken for us in a new light. I must offer Him my brokenness. It will bring life, healing and blessing to many. For it is written in God's word, Genesis 22:15-17, When we will not withhold anything from Him, He will bless us and multiply us. I was mainly interested in the multiplication: I wanted souls.

During this time He began to share many wonderful truths with me. He told me that when I sowed the seed I should expect a harvest, that He would confirm the Word with signs following.

Then an invitation came to my friend, Sister Gwen, and me to go to Indonesia to minister during my six weeks of school holidays. It was exciting, but if I was going to minister there, I wanted the same anointed ministry the two evangelists had. I was terrified. I cried out to the Lord, "Lord, I can't do it. I won't go."
The Lord gently replied, "My child, I know you can't do it. Don't try. Let me do it through you."

"Is that it?" I cried.

"That's it," He replied.

Then I said, "I'll go."

I was to meet Gwen in Jakarta but when I reached Jakarta, she wasn't there. I didn't meet with her for one week. I had counted on her doing the preaching and we would sing together. In the meantime they had arranged three meetings a day in the two presidential cities. An evangelist had come, and I was it! I arrived at 9:00 o'clock Friday night. My first meeting was Saturday at 8 a.m., then at 10 a.m., and the last at 4 p.m. I had no sermons with me. I sat on the platform terrified, too scared to open my Bible. I prayed only one prayer. I said, "Lord, You said You'd do it. Now go to it." And He did.

When I stood to preach, the Holy Spirit took over. There was such a mighty anointing, people came repenting, the Holy Spirit fell on people and they were filled with the Holy Spirit. They told me that even a millionaire came and repented in that first meeting.

For six weeks, between the two of us, once Gwen finally arrived, we took six meetings a day. God led me to teach on the Holy Spirit and to pray for people to be filled. We were mainly with the Presbyterian and Mennonite people. God did such a tremendous work. They said they had never seen anything like it before. "When God opens a door, no man can shut it."
A pastor from South India, the late P J. Daniel, from Mavilekara, Kerela, heard about our ministry in Indonesia and invited us to come to India.

There was much opposition in Hong Kong to my leaving the work there, but I knew that God had finally opened the door for my ministry in India. I resigned from my post in Hong Kong and on January 9, 1965, we set foot on Indian soil in Madras. I felt I had come home Where I belonged.

Was it easy? While the two of us were together, our favourite saying was, "God's grace is a wonderful thing." Together we spent three months in India visiting churches in the larger cities in both South and North India. We met some wonderful men of God.

When we returned to Hong Kong, I continued teaching at Hebron English College. I also handed in my resignation. I was strongly criticized for doing so. "Weren't souls in Hong Kong as precious to God as in India?" they challenged. I was accused of being unfaithful, but I knew that God had finally opened the door for my calling to India. I had to go.

That fall I returned to India alone for seven months. The same anointing I had in Indonesia was upon me in India. Soon many doors were opened to me. They received my ministry even though I was a woman. God worked with signs and wonders everywhere.
In the beginning, I ministered mainly in South India where they have many churches and many believers. But, when I heard of the many unreached areas in the north, I concentrated my efforts there. I said to God, "Send me where no one else wants to go."

He did. One of the areas was the backward area of Orissa. There I saw poverty, suffering, darkness, and hopelessness. They needed the gospel of Jesus Christ to save and deliver them and give them hope and purpose for living. I went to remote villages sometimes by bus, sometimes by motorcycle, by bicycle, and even by bullock cart. I took in Bibles and clothes for them. In one area, children until the age of 12 did not have a stitch of clothing on them because they had none. Women wrapped themselves in four meters of cloth. At night they shivered in the cold. I wept for them.

I lived with them. Sometimes all they could offer me was a small room with no windows and doors, just a small opening for a door. There was no furniture except a bed four feet by two feet. The bed would be full of bed bugs and lice. Once I wrote to my sister, "As I am sitting here writing to you, I'm picking bed bugs off me like you pick cherries off your tree. And they are just as juicy, too."

To top it off, rats were plentiful. They ran over me, landed on my face, and once, I awoke to find one nibbling at my big toe.

Is there a price to pay to do the will of God? To go where He wants you to go? To do what He tells you to do? Yes, but it is worth it. It is a joy unspeakable and full of glory when you see the wonderful work of God's grace done in the hearts of many, and churches being established.

Finally, in Orissa, God gave me a wonderful young man to work with, Ohiren Sahu. He began his ministry, and his church, with children. With Dhiren and his young people we went to many places to preach the
gospel. I began a Boy's home with him. We supported thirty-five boys at one time. Later he joined E G. Vargis' mission and they took over the support of the Children's home.

One of the meetings that Dhiren arranged was in a drivers' colony within one city. We traveled by motorcycle from a village where we had just concluded meetings. Our journey began around 5:00 or 6:00 a.m. We crossed a river and traveled over mountainous roads. As I sat at the back of the motorcycle, sometimes sitting sideways and sometimes straddling it, I said, "Father, thank you for taking me along with you on this trip." It was a joy and a thrill to me. Finally, we reached our destination. It was about 6:00 p.m. I was very tired, but the first meeting was arranged for 7:00 p.m.

The driver's colony was a colony of drunkards and murderers. The police were afraid to go there. A murder had taken place there a week before we arrived. When the meeting began, people came. A white face was a rare thing in that area. As I preached, I looked into dark, sullen, unresponsive faces. But, didn't Paul say in Romans 1:16 that "The gospel of Jesus Christ is the power of God unto salvation ..." and Hebrews 4: 12 states, "The Word of God is living and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword." I used that sword; I released God's power and life, and in the next meeting I saw hearts opening up to the word, like rosebuds open up to the sun. It was beautiful. About twenty-seven people repented and took water baptism. When I taught on the Holy Spirit, most of these twenty-seven were filled with the Holy Ghost.

After we left, the believers left the driver's colony and started a new colony. They first built a church. The next year when I visited them again, there were about seventy believers in the church. How great and wonderful is our God!
Another time Dhiren and I had to go into a mountain village to preach. Taking much luggage and equipment with us, we traveled by bus to a certain point. When we got off the bus, we still had to go thirteen miles into the mountain area. Dhiren hadn't been able to get further transportation to take us there. So now, I stood guard over the luggage while he went in search of someone to take us there. He was gone over half an hour trying to find some transport. Finally he returned with two men on a motorcycle. He said to me, "These men are going to that village. They are willing to take you there. I will hire some men to help me carry the luggage to the village."

Obediently I sat on the motorcycle, squeezed in between these two strange men. By this time it was dark. I didn't know the men, the language, or the village where I had to go. The road, such as it was, was rough and steep. Sometimes the man sitting behind me had to get off and walk so the driver could control the motorcycle more easily. I said, "Father, under these circumstances I would be terrified if you weren't with me, but I know all is well."

When we reached the village, I was covered with dust. Brothers who had come earlier had already started the meeting. When I arrived, they immediately took me to the platform to preach. People had come from near and far to hear the Word of God and be blessed. They came for prayer.

The next morning, when one man came for prayer, I asked him what he wanted me to pray for. He said to me, "Where is he?"

"Where is who?" I asked.

"Where is he?" he repeated. "They told me if I came here I would find him. I walked many miles to get here. Where is he?"
It was Jesus he had been told about. Praise God! When he heard the gospel of Jesus Christ, he believed and was saved. He did not come in vain; he had found Jesus as his Lord and Saviour. Many others did, too.

Dhiren and I revisited that church the next year. By this time they had their own church building. God so graciously poured out His Holy Spirit upon the entire group and many were filled with the Holy Spirit. The children simply looked on from outside in wonderment.

The following morning when we were to leave for the next place where we were to preach, Dhiren discovered that one tire of the motorcycle he had borrowed for us to travel on was totally flat. He had no wrench to help him take off the wheel. When he finally succeeded in doing so, he had to walk thirteen miles down the mountain, carrying the tire, to the main road. Then, he had to go another twenty-five miles to a town where he could repair the tire. He was gone most of the day.

As I sat in my room waiting for him, I said, "Lord, is my work not finished here? Is there something else You want me to do?"

Five or six little girls came running into my room and were excitedly trying to tell me something, but I didn't understand their language. So, they ran out. Then I heard children's voices praying in the church hall.

"Oh!" I thought. "They want me to pray with them."

I went to the church to find about a dozen children on their knees, hands folded, earnestly praying. They had seen their parents blessed and filled with the Holy Spirit and they wanted the same. Soon others came, totaling about seventy. As I began to pray with them, the Holy Spirit came upon them as He had upon the adults. They began to weep, to repent, and in the end all seventy were filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking in other tongues. A revival had broken out among the children.
I have seen many similar outpourings of the Holy Spirit upon children. Remember, Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not." God had orchestrated the flat tire just for these children.

Peter said in Acts 2:39, "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." So, do not leave your children out. Get them ready for the coming of the Lord. They, too, need to repent, and be filled with the Holy Spirit.

Thankfully, Dhiren arrived back in time for us to still reach the next village in time for the meeting there.

Another time I had an invitation to preach in Shillong, at that time in Assam, to a group that had left the Presbyterian Church because of their hunger to learn more of God. The Late Pastor Chand of Lucknow was also invited. He reached there on time, but I came two days late because of an airline strike. It was a Saturday morning. About three hundred people, clad in Khasi attire, sat in a hall. They looked so expressionless. I said in my heart, "Lord, what can I do for these people?"

When I was called upon to share the Word of God, the Holy Spirit took over. First of all, I asked them if they loved the Lord. They nodded affirmatively. I asked again, "Do you really love the Lord?"

I got the same response. Then I said, "If you love the Lord, in the name of Jesus, I command you to raise your hands and start praising God."
It was a strange thing to say to a Presbyterian group but I didn't wait to see what they would do. I raised my hands and walked up the aisle to the back of the hall, praising God. When I turned around, I saw everyone upon their knees, hands uplifted, weeping, repenting, and many began to be filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking in tongues, including the leaders. Revival had broken out in the first five minutes.

Today, the church has more than three thousand members in their church in Shillong. They have opened more than four hundred fifty other churches and are reaching more than twenty ethnic groups. They have their own Bible school and day school.

How true Hebrews 12:29 is in stating, "Our God is a consuming fire." His fire is eternal and when it breaks out, nothing can quench it. It spreads into many areas.

The Lord opened the door for me to work in Punjab and Haryana. The late Brother Daniel of Delhi took on the burden of going to unreached towns and villages. He would find contacts and then we would go in, spending four or five days in each place and taking two or three meetings daily.

The Lord told me to reap what I sowed. When I taught on repentance, I expected people to repent. When I taught on the Holy Spirit, I knew they'd be filled with the Holy Spirit. When I taught on water baptism, I knew many would be ready for baptism. So, in each place they repented, were filled with the Holy Spirit, and were baptized in water.

In the early days forty to sixty-five or more people were baptized in most places. That led to church planting and church care. It meant teaching and mentoring some as elders and pastors. I held seminars for them, spent days in fasting and prayer with them. It was a matter of
Many who repented were poor and illiterate. They came from different backgrounds. Some were from the Salvation Army, some were Catholics, others were Methodists, or United Church of India. Because God also worked with great signs and wonders, and many were healed and delivered from evil spirits, many Hindus and Sikhs also came and were saved. Some of our churches are mainly Hindu and Sikh converts.

I did not form a mission. Those whom God had chosen to be pastors became pastors, not because I gave them a monthly salary. In the beginning I gave them house rent, but God told me to stop that, and to teach them to trust Him to supply their needs as I did. I was not sent out and supported by a mission board, and I did not want them to become my hirelings. I wanted them to look to God as He directed and not to me. I told them I would help them as much as I could, but together we would preach the gospel in all the villages with as little expense as possible. But the gospel must be preached to all.

Some wanted to join other missions that offered them salaries. I blessed them and told them to be faithful to God and to the mission they joined. But, others refused to join even when offered good salaries. They simply said, "We're with Sister Alice." Ours was a fellowship of love: love for God, love for souls and love for one another.

To aid them I helped build a church and a house for them to live in. I bought them megaphones, amplifiers, bicycles, mopeds, scooters, and even motorcycles. All this was to help them in their ministry. I wanted them to be self-governing and self-supporting and self-propagating, and so even if I was no longer there to help them, they could carry on alone, continuing to evangelize and plant more churches. This they are doing wonderfully. I'm proud of 'my boys' as I like to think of them.
I knew that one day I would also minister in Pakistan. I needed a contact. I received one from a pastor in Colombo, Sri Lanka. I wrote to the contact address in Karachi of my desire to come to Pakistan for meetings. They knew nothing about me. The pastor who received the letter did not reply but two brothers, laymen, who had also read my letter, wrote me inviting me for one month. They didn't know what they would do with me if I couldn't preach. The Pentecostal Churches refused to have me. Finally, the Drigh Road Methodist Church in Karachi, and the Scotch Presbyterian Church offered to arrange meetings for me. I didn't know it, but I was on trial.

During the first meeting in Drigh Road many people attended and many responded to the call for repentance. Suddenly the demonic spirits in one woman who came for repentance began to manifest violently. The Holy Spirit rose to the occasion. "In the name of Jesus," I commanded them to come out of the woman. She screamed, fell to the ground and was totally delivered.

I prayed for the sick and many were healed. That opened the door for ministry in many churches. Crowds increased and, in time, the average evening attendance was three to four thousand and in Lahore it was much more. Christians and Muslims came. My emphasis was still repentance, being filled with the Holy Spirit and water baptism. The results were tremendous everywhere. Was there opposition? Very much so, especially for encouraging people to be filled with the Holy Spirit and to be water baptized. For this I was called the Anti-Christ and of the devil.
The Muslims also were not happy. In 1970 I was having meetings in Mazangchungi where thousands attended. Among them were many Muslims who came, were healed, and delivered from evil spirits. They loved to come to the front and testify about their healing.

One morning a Pathan, a tribal man, came to the platform to testify. In his arms he held a four-year-old son, and standing with him was a little girl of about eleven years of age. He testified how his little girl had been demon possessed. He took her to many Muslim priests, but none could help her, but in the name of Jesus, she was delivered. He went on to say that his son had a large swelling on his neck, but when the healing prayer was offered, the swollen lump totally disappeared. Loudly, he ended up by shouting, “Yesu Masi ki jai.” That means, "Victory in the name of Jesus."

The meetings were held near a mosque. That evening, while I was preaching, eight mullahs (Muslim priests) and about two thousand Muslims, came to attack us. They came with the intent to kill me, my interpreter and late missionary Kjell Sjoberg who had arranged the meetings. They began to throw stones. Some of the people began to escape. I stood on the platform with hands uplifted praising God. Some of the Christian students began to stone back. Seven police arrived to protect us. Four of them were injured and hospitalized, One of them lost one eye. A few days later, Brother Kjell and I went to the hospital to thank them and pray for them.

A Muslim advocate living next door advised the three of us to leave. He said more Muslims were coming to attack. They put a plank from the platform to the wall of his compound and had a car waiting to drive us away. I had no choice but to go.

Brother Kjell told me that the stoning continued for hours. The next
morning all the newspapers carried this report, "Christians attack Muslims. The mosque was covered with the blood of the wounded." They also mentioned that I was forcing the Muslims to say that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. I was happy that the message that Jesus Christ is the Son of God was in all the newspapers for all the people to read.

Those meetings were closed, and for several years they refused to give me permission to preach in Lahore. In other places they had two C. I. D. sitting in all my meetings recording what I preached. But the door to Pakistan was never closed to me. When God opens the door, who can shut it?
When I first came to Pakistan, Sister Verma from Quetta came to the first meeting I had in Drigh Road, Karachi. She came especially to meet me. Verma was a pharmacist, a woman of great intelligence, and a shrewd business woman. She bonded very closely to me and we became great friends. It was her desire to will all her property to me, but this idea was rejected by me for seven years. When I finally realized she truly wanted her property to be used for the Lord's service, the Lord gave me a plan on how it could be used. We would call it, The Haven of Rest. People could come to study the Word of God. We prepared a lecture room, rooms where they could stay, etc.

She did make up a will in my favour, but unknown to her; I went to a lawyer to draw up a trust committee. I prayed she would accept and register it. Praise God, she did, because if I had I died before she did, the government, or other Muslims, would have confiscated all her property.

After her death in 2003, the trust members agreed to use two of the buildings for a Bible school. Pastor Zia Paul of the Assemblies of God Church in Drigh Road, Karachi, agreed to be Principal of the Bible School. He is pasturing a church of more than one thousand members. When I first approached him about beginning a Bible School in Quetta, he refused, saying his church would not release him. But, in my heart, I knew he was the man for the job. I was disappointed by his response, but while praying about it the Lord said to me, You do not need to take 'No' for an answer. I can do something about it." I rejoiced and thanked God for it.
When the Trust members gathered in Quetta to finally legally settle the estate, we invited Brother Zia to come, too, to see the property. I knew he had a strong desire to open a Bible school and we were pleased when he finally accepted the offer to do so in Quetta. Two of the three choice properties were given to him for this purpose. He has done a tremendous job of preparing one building for student dorms, and the other for residence, classrooms, library, chapel, and office, etc. It is a beautiful set up. Now young people are being trained to serve the Lord, to reach the unreached, in order that Jesus' commission might be fulfilled. His command is 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.
For a long time I knew that one day God would send me to the Ukraine and Russia. He opened that door for me in 1991. What a great economic and spiritual need I saw there! The existing churches were unregistered underground churches. They were very legalistic.

When I met the bishop of the unregistered churches, several times he told me that women could not preach in their churches. They could talk to the women and children only. I fasted and prayed. There was a great need in the churches and I knew God wanted to use me here. At the close of the first meeting in a church I visited in the city of Pervomuick, the pastor said to the congregation, "There's a sister visiting us from Canada. Would you like her to tell us what is upon her heart?"

They all nodded, "Yes."

In my heart I said, "Brother, you don't know how much is upon my heart."

With Zita, a teacher of English, who had just been saved, as my interpreter, I shared the Word of God for one hour. When I gave the altar call for salvation, some forty people ran forward. One young woman fell on her knees before me, put her arms around my waist and sobbed bitterly as she repented. Who was she? A drug addict of seventeen years. She supplied the drugs for the whole city. But, praise God, she never touched drugs after that. When we finished praying with
the people for salvation, I called them up for healing and many were healed.

The pastor and elders were thrilled. After that they took me to other churches for meetings and God richly blessed everywhere. A month later when I met the bishop again, he said to me, "Alice, the pastors have been phoning me and telling me about your ministry. I want to tell you that the doors of all our churches are open to you."

But still, not all churches are really open to me. One bishop said to me, "Your only sin is that God created you a woman."

I replied, "Brother, that's not my sin. It's God's. He created me a woman. I had nothing to do with it."

In my heart I said, "And your sin is that you do not want to accept what God has created.

"If God chooses to call, and use a woman, what is man that he should object?

I love to introduce myself as a donkey for Jesus. It was a donkey that carried Jesus into Jerusalem, and this donkey has taken Jesus into many countries, cities, towns, and villages. And wherever I have taken Jesus, sinners repented, sick were healed, demons were cast out and many were filled with the Holy Spirit. You see, that's what preaching the gospel is all about. We just bring Jesus to the people, and the Holy Spirit testifies of Him, glorifies Him and does the work of Jesus in the hearts of those who believe in the Word and receive Him. He convicts them, draws them, cleanses, sanctifies, and justifies them when they repent. Then He reconciles them to God, and has them legally adopted into the family of God. What a wonderful salvation!
In spite of being a woman, soon many doors were opened to me. Invitations came from many places, including Russia.

Solomon wrote in Proverbs 18:16, "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men."

Again in Proverbs 17:8 we read, "A gift is as a stone of grace in the eyes of him that hath it: whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth."

I recognize that of myself I am nothing and can do nothing. But also, I recognize God has given me a very precious gift of grace to preach the gospel, and it is this gift that has made room for me to preach the gospel before great and small, and always God has greatly blessed.

I also understand that when God opens a door to me, He wants me to go through for as we read in Luke 10:1, Jesus appointed, and sent them, whither He Himself would come." He sends us where He wants to do a work of grace in the lives of those whom He would save or heal, etc. Like Elijah we need to hear what God tells us to do, and by faith do it. We need to go to the place where He sends us. There the door of ministry is opened to you.
Once in Russia I had an invitation to minister in Salekhard, the only city in the world situated on the Arctic Circle, With Pastor Peter from Xante Mancisk, my interpreter, Zita and I sailed two days by boat up the Ob River to Salekhard. We arrived at about 3:00 p.m. on the third day. Our program had been arranged ahead of time. That evening I was to speak in a church some two hours drive away. As we were traveling, the brother driving us there was telling Peter about an evangelist that had come into that area. Over and over again he emphasized how wonderful he was; how deep his preaching was in the word, and how everyone flocked to hear him.

Zita and I were sitting in the back seat. Suddenly God said to me, "All is not well. Pray." Also, as in a vision, I saw a man. I told Zita what I heard and saw and we began to pray.

Before the meeting we were taken to a home to have some food. Again, I heard them talk of how wonderful this man was, but in my heart God was telling me something else.

When we came to the place where the meeting was to be held, as we opened the door, there stood the man I had seen in the vision in the car. There was no greeting from him. He simply said in a loud harsh voice, "Take off your shoes. We don't want any dirt in there."

We took off our shoes, entered the room and sat down where he told us to sit. He went to the front and sat at the table. Then, turning to me, speaking loudly, he said, "Alice, I want to ask you some questions."
I replied, "You may if it won't lead to dissension."

For about twenty minutes, in front of those who had gathered for the meeting, he railed at me. Peter stood to his feet wanting to say something, but he shouted at him, "Sit down. I don't give you permission to speak."

Zita was interpreting all he was saying, and he shouted at her, "You're not interpreting right.

"Finally he shouted at me, "You're going to hell for what you are doing."

"What was my sin? It was as the bishop had told me. It was that God created me a woman, and a woman should not preach. But Why did he invite me?" The answer is in Romans 8:28, "All things work together for good..."

Having said that, he added, "You may preach now if you want to, only if you want to."

I guess he thought I wouldn't want to after all he said to me. But, I did.

The wonder of it all is that God had "prepared a table before me in the presence of my enemy," and on that table were all the grace, peace, joy and love we needed. I preached on love. Both Zita and I felt so free and anointed.

When we were through, he said to the people, "Now I have spoken like that to them so you would know how to talk to people. Sometimes, I'm like a lamb, and sometimes I'm like a wolf in sheep's clothing. If you wanted to go to a Muslim or Catholic meeting I would give you permission to go, but I do not give you permission to go to her
meetings."

In the short time he had been in that area he had captured every believer, except two old men, from two pastors. Truly he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. He declared that now this was his church and they could do only what he told them.

God had sent us there to expose the man for what he really was. We spoke not a word against him, but he exposed himself. We were told that shortly after this meeting, all the believers went back to their own churches. They had been shocked at how he had treated us. As Jesus said in Matthew 24:4, one must, "Take heed that no man deceive you." "Truth exposes deception and sets us free. John 8:32.

What happened to him, I do not know.

VORKUTA

While we were in Salekhard, we heard about Vorkuta. It was one of the cruelest and most severe prisons situated in the tundra beyond the Arctic Circle. Many believers were imprisoned and died there. It was a coal mining area. Undernourished, poorly clad, weak in body, men had to work a half a mile underground in the coal mines. We were told how in one camp the prisoners mutinied, overthrew the guards and escaped. But, where could they go? There were no towns or villages nearby. The guards took helicopters and shot them down in the tundra like rabbits.

God spoke to me and told me to go to Vorkuta.

We could go by train but we had no contacts once there. Neither did we
have time to get any. We left by train the next day. "What would we do upon arrival?" We wondered. We heard there were believers in Vorkuta, but how would we find them? God had it all planned and prepared for us as He had for Elijah. When we arrived at the station, two brothers were there to meet us. They had a place arranged for us where we were to live, and meetings planned for us as well. God's plan and purpose were fulfilled. They knew we were coming. Somebody from Slovgaard must have informed them.
"I had had heart problems for some time. While I was in India, my heart troubled me again and again, and often times just before a meeting. Sister Lal would pray for me and I could continue ministering. When I was back in Canada, the problem increased and I ended up in a hospital. When I came out of intensive care after a heart attack, the doctor told me to rest for about four months. He also told me to try to walk one block during the first week. I looked at him skeptically. Only one block! Why I walked about an hour daily. But, upon reaching home, I found it difficult to walk one block.

A month later the pain and weakness still continued. I said to myself, "What's the difference having pain and weakness in Canada or in India? I'll take the pain and weakness with me to India and some souls may be saved."

I couldn't get a visa for India so instead I went to Pakistan for six months. Most of the time I could hardly walk up to the platform, but as long as I preached under the anointing of the Holy Spirit there was no pain and no weakness. The results were wonderful, with souls being saved, some healed, and many filled with the Holy Spirit. I took two meetings daily, but in between I spent my time in bed.

Upon returning to Canada, I was in the same condition, but after a few months I went to Russia. Zita, again, traveled with me and often she thought I wouldn't make it.

When we were in Barnaul, Siberia, I felt led of the Lord to go into the
interior of the Altai Mountains where many tribal people lived. No one had gone there with the gospel as yet. I had to go there and claim that land for God. He even told me the area where I was to go.

However, it was difficult to convince the pastor who was my host. He was not accustomed to such distant outreaches. He had a car, but he said that the roads were bad, the car was old, and hence, we couldn't make it. I prayed, and God told me the car would make it on those roads. Finally, he agreed that we should go. For safety reasons, he took along another pastor and two more brethren.

We went to the village where God told us to go. People heard the gospel; a few were saved. We also stopped at a few other places. One of those was where the pastor had been in exile under the Communists. He was happy to revisit the place again. The main thing is that we claimed the Altai Region for God. Now, one of the pastors that had joined us has started a church in that area and others are also preaching the gospel there.

There turn journey wash hard on me. When Zita saw my condition, she asked the brethren to pray for me. My heart was troubling me so much. We reached one of the pastor's home at 2:00 a.m. That morning at 8:00 a.m. Zita had gone out to get some medication for me. Alone in the room I suddenly had one of my most severe heart attacks. I collapsed on the bed with extreme pain. Then I remembered and prayed, "Father, You called me to a life of faith. You want me to believe? I will. I believe You will come and touch me now."

The room filled as with a mist, and in the mist I saw a figure walking toward me. He sat on the bed beside me, laid His hand on my chest, and gone was the pain and the heart problem until this present day, which is ten years later.
When Zita returned, she took one look at me and said, "What has happened to you? Your face is shining so brightly."

When I shared with her what God had done, we both rejoiced and thanked God.

He is the Lord that healeth. He healed me and I saw Him heal many others.
IN INDIA

Muriel Stevenson, a Canadian United Church missionary, took me to one of their village churches for meetings. One evening a man who was brought for prayer had his knees locked to his chest with arthritis. He had been in that condition for four years. I laid one hand on one knee and with the other hand I slowly pulled his leg forward as I commanded the knee to unlock in the name of Jesus. I heard a cracking sound as the knee unlocked and his leg straightened out. I did the same with the other knee. Now he could stand and I commanded him to walk in the name of Jesus. Slowly as he began to walk he said, "Twenty-five percent better." He continued walking, and then he voiced, "Fifty percent better." Later he said, "Seventy-five percent better." Finally he shouted, "One hundred percent better," as he ran around. Nothing is impossible with God.

There was a similar case in Pakistan but the woman had been in that condition only two years. The next morning after praying for her, I saw her come walking to the meeting carrying her baby in her arms.

IN PAKISTAN
Muslim colonel and his wife brought their four year-old little girl for prayer. She was like a vegetable. This child knew nothing and could do nothing. I wept for her as I prayed.

About a month later they came to another town where I was preaching. They brought the child again, saying, "There is such an improvement in the child we brought her again for prayer."

With my own eyes I saw the child standing in front with other little girls, looking at them, smiling and happy.

What miracles He performs! In those days many were healed the hearing impaired and mute, blind, crippled and the sick. Some were brought on beds, but went home carrying their beds. I had nothing to do with it. I just did what God told me to do, and then marveled at God's great acts of healings, miracles and deliverance.

Yes, deliverance, for many demon possessed cases were brought for prayer and were delivered.

In one town in Pakistan, a woman began to manifest violently. She was a school teacher. She had one hundred twenty demons in her, and also the prince who was over them. The little demons left quickly, giving a bloodcurdling scream, when commanded to go in the name of Jesus. Others resisted for longer periods of time. We prayed with the woman for four hours. The prince was the last to go. He kept refusing but in the end he said, "Miss Alice if you command me to go, then I must go." With a screeching scream, he too left.

The woman was exhausted but delivered. We, too, were exhausted, but I was happy about one thing. The prince called me, 'Miss Alice' and not 'Sister Alice.' I am no sister of his.
My heart rejoiced, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," 1 Corinthians 15:57
Victory didn't come by wishing it. For years I traveled taking meetings continuously. In the beginning I stayed four to five days in one place, and then it was three to four days. Usually I tried to limit it to two or three meetings a day. The end results were always wonderful, but in each place I had to battle in prayer against the power of darkness that prevailed over that area. Usually the breakthrough would come on the third day.

In Matthew 12:29 Jesus said, "... How can one enter into a strong man's house, and spoil his goods, except he first bind the strong man, and then he will spoil his house."

Every place I went there was a battle to be fought before victory came. Sometimes I cried out to the Lord, "I don't know if I can fight another battle." But His grace was always sufficient.

How missionaries on the front line need the prayer support of those on the home front! I never sent out newsletters giving reports and asking for prayer, but as I trusted the Lord for my financial support, I also trusted the Lord for my prayer support. I thank God for His faithfulness to do so, and I thank God for those who stood with me faithfully in pray.

One day while I was in my room in Delhi, I was working with an extension cord trying to arrange for me to play my tape recorder. Being satisfied with my efforts, I began to put the cords away, not realizing that they were still live.
Suddenly the plug caught my right hand and 220 volts of electric current began to flow through my body. I became almost senseless. I should have died except for the prayers of a faithful prayer partner in Canada. The Lord woke her up at four o'clock in the morning, saying, "Pray for Alice." India, where I was living, is twelve and a half hours ahead of Canada. It was 4:30 p.m. in Delhi at the time.

Thank God she didn't wait until 8:00 a.m. when she had her daily devotions to pray for me. It would have been too late. She immediately began to weep and pray for me in the Spirit for about half an hour. When peace came upon her, she went back to bed.

In answer to her prayer, I came back to my senses. I saw the plug stuck to my hand and I said, "What's it doing here?"

Carefully I pulled it away. I felt someone turn my head. I saw a straight line to a switch. I quickly walked over to it and turned it off. I am alive today because someone prayed for me.

That evening I drove one hundred miles out of Delhi to a village where I was scheduled to take meetings. My interpreter and I were to stay in the home of a doctor. When he saw the big blisters on my hand, he marveled that I had not died, or had my hand paralyzed.

Friends, when God puts it upon your heart to pray for someone, do so at once. It could be the saving of a life. Zita, my interpreter, in Ukraine was led to pray one mid-morning for her son. He was working on the railroad. At that very time there was a train collision. Two men were killed, but her son was miraculously saved.

I know I was also upheld in prayer daily by many faithful prayer warriors. Great shall their reward be when they stand before God one day.
Isn't it wonderful to know that we are "workers together with God." As David said in 1 Samuel 30:24, "As his part U that goeth down to battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike."

Praise God! The praying warriors on the home front will receive the same reward as those who go forth into the mission fields of the world. For 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' James 5:16. We, therefore, need to be faithful in our prayer life.

Prayer and fasting go hand in hand. I often went on partial fasts and full fasts. I felt the need to do so in order to get guidance from the Lord as to what His will was for me in ministry. There always were so many places to go, but where did God want me to go? For only as He guided would it be a right time, and a right place. "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose....Ecclesiastes3:1

If we are in His will, God prepares beforehand the place and the hearts of the people where He plans for us to go. To go elsewhere we would not be successful.

I had just concluded seven months of intensive ministry in India. The schedule was heavy and I was not yet accustomed to the food. That left me weak and exhausted so I went back to Hong Kong with the intent of going on a long fast. I arrived unexpectedly at my friend's door. She was on a long fast and had family responsibilities. She had become too tired, so I stayed with her and helped her until her fast was completed. Then I took a private room, locked myself in and began a twenty-one day fast.

Satan is not happy when we fast for he knows the end result will be that we will be empowered by the Holy Spirit. Since he was not pleased that I was fasting, in the first week he came against me in a threefold
From childhood days I was a poor eater and never felt hungry. But, as I began my fast, I became so extremely hungry I thought I would die. When my friend, Sister Gwen, phoned me, I told her how I felt.

"Maybe you should go only on a partial fast," she suggested.

"Maybe I should," I replied. But when I hung up the phone, I said, "Satan, you cannot stop me from fasting. Even if I die, I shall not eat."

The hunger left me completely.

Next, I was gripped with an excruciating pain from my waist down. Whether I stood, sat, or lay down the pain was there. Sometimes it was more intense. I would walk around the room with my hands uplifted saying, "Thank you, Jesus, that I can suffer for You."

Again, Sister Gwen phoned me to see how I was, and upon hearing of my condition she suggested that I go off the fast, but I refused.

A few days later as I sat in prayer, Jesus said to me, "We having communion together, aren't we?"

I knew He was referring to the Lord's Table so I replied, "Yes, Lord."

Then He said to me, "This is My body which was broken for you. Take eat of it."

I replied, "Thank you, Lord. I partake of it." As I did so, all the pain left me. I was healed.

That night, just as I got into bed, the door opened. The street light was
shining into the room. I saw Satan enter. He was tall, black and had a malicious grin on his face. He had chains in his hands and as he walked toward me, for a moment I panicked.

"I thought, "What is he going to do to me?" Then I remembered that the angels of the Lord are round about me. Jesus is with me so I have nothing to fear. I sat up in bed, pointed my finger at him and said,

"Devil, you can't touch me. Jesus is with me, the angels of the Lord are round about me. In the name of Jesus I command you to go."

He disappeared. That was the end of my three temptations and the end of the first week of fast.

The second week the Lord opened up the Word to me and all day long I reveled in His Word as He shared it with me.

The third week was one of sweet times of prayer and times of deep intercession. It was so wonderful to spend time alone with the Lord Not only are you empowered for service but the intimate fellowship with Him is so precious.

Many people pray for power but in Paul's prayer for the Church in Ephesus he prayed that 'the eyes of their understanding be enlightened' that they might know 'what is the exceeding greatness of His power to us-ward who believe.'

Habakkuk 3:3-4 speaks of the glory of God, then adds, "There was the hiding of His power."

Yes, His power is hid in His presence. Spend time in His presence and you will come away full of the power of God, and everything else you
may need. How often I have been refreshed, and strengthened as I have spent time in His presence! No wonder Paul said, "Pray without ceasing."

In prayer many battles are also fought and many victories are won. After my first seven months of ministry alone in India, I returned to Canada. The ministry was successful, but life was hard. Everything sapped the life out of me, the poverty, the heat, the filth, the lack of privacy, the heavy schedule, the constant travel mostly in third class coaches, and the mistreatment of animals. I wept for lost souls, I wept when I saw many beggars lying helplessly on the roadside, I wept when the children beat dogs or cats or threw them against the wall like a ball. The sick and suffering came for prayer and I wept for them too. I returned home exhausted.

It was not long after I was home that God began to speak to me about returning to India. Everything within me cringed at the thought. Now I knew to what I had to go back and in my heart I cried out, "No, Lord, no. I can't do it again."

For several days I battled in prayer, weeping, cringing, resisting the thought, until one day I said, "Yes, Lord, I'll go back."

Victory was won, peace filled my heart. When I went back, it wasn't difficult anymore. I had accepted it all and God greatly blessed me for it. India became my first love, my homeland, and my people. In time I embraced many more countries as my beloved people.

From the beginning of my ministry I not only was constrained by the love of God, but I was consumed with a passion for souls: My father was a good man, the life of a party, and an excellent story teller. He loved to play his flute, and I remember, as a child I would watch dad sit in his favorite chair
playing it. One of his favorite songs was,

*Must I go and empty-handed.*
*Must I meet my Saviour to,*
*No one soul with which to greet Him.*
*Must I empty-handed go?*

As he played it I would see tears run down his cheeks and his shoulders shaking with sobs as he put down his flute. I did not understand why he was crying, but tears would trickle down my cheeks also. Later, he loved for us to sing it with him.

In May 1964, when I was in Hong Kong, I received a letter from my sister. I did not need to read much to understand that my father was no more. I would not see him again on this earth.

I fell on my knees and began to weep. Once again I heard him sing,

*Must I go and empty-handed,*
*Must I meet my Saviour so,*
*Not one soul with which to greet Him,*
*Must I empty-handed go?*

I stopped crying as I lifted up my face and cried out to God, "Father, how is with my Dad? How is he standing before you? Is he empty-handed?"

God did not answer me audibly, but Dad's Life came before me as a screen, and I knew that he was in heaven, for my sister told me he had repented before he died. But, he was empty-handed. He read his Bible, he loved to sing the beautiful hymns, but he did not live the life for Jesus.
I was grieved. With strong crying I prayed, "Oh God, from this day I shall live only to bring souls to you. Give me enough souls for both Dad and me."

From that day I was like one mad in my search for souls. In India and Pakistan I did not bother renting a house to live in, except for two years. Who had time to live in a house? I travelled continuously from town to town, village to village preaching the gospel. With tears I prayed, "Give me souls or I die." Make me the mother of thousands of millions." One day I said to God, "How can I be the mother of thousands of millions? I may never meet that many people in my life time."

His answer to me was, "Did I not make Abraham the father of many nations?"

"Yes, my Lord," I replied.

For more than twenty years I did not have a home, or a room of my own. I now have a small one-bedroom rented unit, but I am a land owner. Many years ago I bought a piece of land, but I have not built anything on it yet. It is not yet time. It's in the cemetery! But until it is time to place a tombstone there, I shall still search for souls, praying, "Oh God, give me one more soul, just one more soul, Lord."

In Proverbs 11:30, Solomon said, "He that winneth souls is wise." Daniel 12:13 says, "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

It is now 2007. I am eighty-two years old. These nations are still upon my heart. Recently a pastor asked me, "Do you still have visions and dreams of what you would like to do?"
I replied, "Brother, more than ever before. I feel I'm just starting."

I confess that there were times when I said, "Lord, haven't I done enough for you? Isn't it time You took me home?" But, it is written in Revelation 2:10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." My prayer and my desire is that I might be faithful to Him until the end of my life.

A song I learned in Indonesia expresses my life's passion,

*Lord, we're asking not for gold
Let the world its riches hold
Give us souls
Give us souls.*

*We've no time to lay up here
Treasures soon to disappear
Give us treasures that will last
Give us souls.*

*Oh, give us precious souls
Give us precious souls.
Be it sacrifice or service
Give us souls.*

*Send the mighty Holy Ghost To convict and save the lost
Give us souls at any cost
Oh, give us souls.*

*Songwriter Unknown*
Time has passed since I wrote the previous portion. It is now, 2011, and I am eighty-six years old. I still am a missionary with a zeal for God and a passion for souls. We are not limited by age. The psalmist said, "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age. "Ps.92:13,14

After 44 years, the door to India has been closed to me. I have been refused a visa to India. The reason they gave me was "undesirable." However, I do not believe it was India that shut the door to me but it was God- (Rev.3:7). God had another assignment for me, namely, Croatia.

When I first went to Croatia I discovered that there were very few evangelical churches, with very few members. The sad part was that there was no evangelism, no outreach to other town and cities. I challenged two pastors whom I knew well that we must reach the unreached. I asked them to prepare teams and that I would go with them to new towns and villages. They responded beautifully and have caught the vision of evangelism.

During the time of the reformation part of Croatia was 70% Christian. One city I visited was 100% Christian. The Roman Catholic Church said there is only one church and they did in Croatia. What they did in parts of Italy. In Venice they slaughtered Ana Baptists. Turvino they slaughtered the Valdesiano. In Croatia they slaughtered all that would not deny their new- found faith and return to Catholicism. Today
Croatia is a strong Catholic stronghold. The Lord said to me, and from Croatia the Gospel is to be preached to neighbouring countries.

Missions was born in the heart of God. "The Lord is not willing that any should perish, but all should come to repentance." II-Peter 3:9  God has empowered us with the Holy Ghost so that we might be a witness "to the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:8

His commission was, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." John 16:15

I cannot do what I did before, but I am willing to do what I can do, I can still travel; I still can preach the Word and Oh, what joy to see more souls delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the Kingdom of His dear Son.
PHOTO GALLERY

Some of my memories while serving the Lord
I Graduated from Bible School in Winnipeg in 1948 at the age of twenty three.
Katherine Thiessen & I pioneered, established & built a Church in Calmer Alberta 1948-1955
Gwen Shaw & I first went to India 1965
My mother was born in a house built on this foundation in Stauchen, Ukraine. Mother was 10 years old when her parents migrated to Canada in 1899.
One of the first water baptisms I attended in Pervomaick, Ukraine in Aug 25, 1991. Fourty people repented and had accept Jesus as Lord & Saviour
One of the 1st water Baptisms I attended in Pervomaick, Ukraine in Aug 25, 1991. Among those 40 people that were baptised few of them were Jewish girls who were saved & filled with the Holy Spirit.
Axmad, a muslim from Tashkent & wife were saved when they came to live in Pultava, Ukraine. Axmad opened many Churches in his area.
Zita Arkushenko, My Interpreter, & her daughter Maria in Ukraine
Mrs. Ivy Nathaniel & Sis. Susan Lal were two great friends and helpers as I worked in India.
Many Hindus & Sikhs accept Jesus Christ as Lord & Saviour in India
Some of the Pastors in India with whom I worked
One of the first churches I helped to build in India in 2004. Pastor Prem Masih & Parkash Masih
Zia Paul & his wife Elizabeth from Karachi opened a Bible School in Quetta, Balochistan, Pakistan. It is an Assemblies of God Bible School.
First Graduating Class in Nov 2006, Assemblies of God Bible School, Quetta, Balochistan, Pakistan
Now I am living in a one bedroom unit in a senior citizen complex
Picture taken in May 2004 in front of my little house. (Age 79)