

JESUS IS ALIVE

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." Romans 1:16

Orissa, in northern India, is one of the staunchest Hindu regions of India. This is supposedly the home of "Jagannath" (Sanskrit for "The prince of the world"), one of the major deities of Hinduism's 330 million gods and goddesses. This is the State where Hindu fanatics have often burned churches and brutally persecuted and killed Christians.

I used to minister extensively in Orissa in the late '80s, holding open air crusades and planting churches in unreached areas of the state.

This story is from when I held a crusade in the town of Jeodegri in the Phulbani District of Orissa. The Hindu Extremist Organization RSS had gone on a rampage, beating up and killing Christians and burning around 20 churches in the area.

My team and I stayed in a crumbling "Mission House" over 100 years old built by missionary pioneers of old. We realized that we were walking in the footsteps of men and women of God who had gone before us and had paid a heavy price sowing the precious seed of the Gospel in such a difficult and heathen land. Now it was our turn. We were there, sent by God over two centuries after the first missionary pioneers, treading on the very soil where the blessed feet of those brave men and women of old had once trod. We were there to reap with joy where they had sown the precious seed of the Gospel so long ago, and with so many tears. The harvest was ripe and God had sent us to the wild region of Phulbani to preach the Gospel of Jesus, to proclaim

the total victory of Jesus over all the powers of Satan.

This was the first ever Gospel crusade held in the area, and multitudes had come expecting great things from God. The crusade was to be held in the daytime, because most of the people had to walk through the surrounding jungles teeming with dangerous wild animals in order to get to the crusade and then back home again. Many had come from afar, carrying their sick relatives and friends with them. They were sleeping under the trees and had decided to stay there until God touched them.

There was such faith and expectation there that it broke us, humbled us. The expectations of the impoverished people, who had gathered there in Jeodegri, were far greater than my faith.



This is a most important thing to understand. When God does great miracles, Christians often make the mistake of giving credit to the minister who God uses at the time. The truth (at least that is what I have experienced in my life), is that over 90%

of the miracles that God does through my ministry are because of the faith and the expectations of the people. Less than 10% is because of the gifting of God upon my life. I am totally dependent upon the people seeing Jesus through my preaching. If I can only get them to the point where they only "see" Jesus and don't see me anymore, THAT is when miracles begin to flow! It is Jesus and Him alone. We are merely servants and conduits of His power. Yes, God will give us all things, but He will only glorify His Son Jesus. He will never share His glory with another.

Yes, I believe in the boldness and confidence that comes by faith; but true boldness, confidence and faith spring forth only from the place of brokenness. When we realize and say, "Without Jesus I am nothing!" Once we come to that place of death, we rise to life, where we can say, "But I am not without Jesus, I live in Him, and He lives in me. Because I am nothing, He is everything in and through me!"

Now, THAT is true confidence in God. We place no confidence in the flesh. That is why we must live in the place of brokenness and dying to self every day, so that we may also daily live in the resurrected, victorious life of Christ. O what a glorious paradox! THIS is the place where God can cause His power to flow through us and around us, bringing life and healing... And then we can say, "All glory to Jesus, because He alone is worthy!"

The crusade started with an explosion of God's power. All kinds of miracles began to happen all over the crowd. Blind eyes were opened and crippled people got up and walked. The Holy Ghost moved over the people. God was all over the place! It was indescribable.

On the second day, the crowd had doubled. We had a good crusade service with thousands coming to Jesus and many being healed from different diseases and infirmities.

Here I want to skip the details and go to the "Divine Fireworks" of the third day. A huge crowd had gathered to hear the Gospel. The presence of God was tangible and one could feel it in the air... I preached the Word of God and invited sinners to receive Jesus as their Lord and Savior. Thousands responded. Then I began to pray for the sick en masse.

First, were the deaf... many deaf people received their hearing as God healed them. Then the blind... people began to scream as they saw blind people around them receive their sight. Such is the wonder working power of our Lord Jesus!

And then, I prayed for the lame and the crippled.

The power of God fell, and right in front of me I saw several lame people get up and walk. I saw a mother pick up her son who was born lame, and the boy began to walk. People were shouting and praising God all over the place.

Suddenly, I heard a lot of noise and commotion from the back of the multitude. The crowd began to part for a man making his way to the front from the very back of the crowd. He was walking with his arms held aloft shouting, "Jesus is Alive! Jesus is Alive." People were shouting and crying.

When he reached the front he stepped up upon the platform and grabbed the microphone from my interpreter. The interpreter looked terrified. The crowd suddenly fell silent. The man now faced the



crowd and shouted into the microphone in Hindi "Yesu Masih ki Jai!" which means "Jesus is Victorious!" He shouted this again and again. The crowd, upon seeing and hearing this man shouting the praises of God, came unglued. People were shouting and praising God at the top of their voices. Some were screaming, others were running and jumping. In moments, the place went from order to total chaos.

The man now stepped off the platform and started walking away, as he continued to shout, "Jesus is Alive! Jesus is Alive!" Thousands of people detached themselves from the crowd and excitedly began to follow the man, shouting and yelling at the top of their voices as he walked away praising God with his hands held high.

I had never seen anything like this before.

After the service, I noticed the unusual excitement among the pastors and asked them about what had happened. It was then that they told me this amazing story...

This man who was walking around and shouting "Jesus is Alive!" was the main leader of the Hindu Extremist RSS. Born crippled he could only stand and move with a pair of large and robust crutches. He was the leader of the group that had terrorized Christians and burnt down churches. He had such a fearsome reputation for brutality that when Christian women would see him coming hobbling on his crutches leading his gang of RSS thugs, they would pick up their babies and run into the jungles. They would rather face the wild animals instead of this man.

He had heard about our crusade and that Hindus were coming to Christ. This had made him furious, and he had decided to go and see for himself. He had come to the crusade in a jeep with his RSS thugs following in a bus. He had stood at the back of the crowd and watched the service livid with anger. Soon, he and his gang would make their move and spread mayhem and destruction.

Then came the time when I began to pray for the crippled and the lame. Totally unexpectedly, God touched him right where he stood. The power of Jesus Christ surged through his body like high-voltage electricity. His followers standing around him saw him shake and tremble violently. Then they saw his crutches go flying in different directions. He was standing on his own legs without support for the first time in his life. He was amazed, shocked and did not really grasp what had happened to him.

Still shocked, he lifted his hands up in the air and began to walk forward through the

crowd, shouting again and again, "Jesus is Alive! Jesus is Alive!" The people turned around and saw who it was. Stupefied and awestruck, they made way for him as he walked towards the platform.

What a wonderful Jesus we serve! There is none other like Him!

Revival broke loose in Phulabani District because of this. Over 70 churches were started in the wake of our crusade, and churches that were dead and dying had received a fresh infusion of life and experienced a fresh move of God.

There is a heartwarming end to this story. Twelve years after this incident, I was teaching at my friends Reverend Sam and Dawn Taylor's bible school in south India. They had 700 students from all over India and from Nepal that year, and the classes were interpreted simultaneously into 14 different languages. Students from that school were sent throughout India to plant churches in many difficult places.

One morning whilst teaching, I encouraged the students, telling them that we should never fear what man or the devil might want to do to hinder us from preaching the Gospel to sinners. I told them that the RSS was nothing before the power of God, and that He who lives in us is greater than he that is in the world. I then related the story of the crusade in Jeodegri and how God had dealt with the RSS leader and brought revival.

After the class was over, a student in his early twenties walked up to me with tears running down his cheeks. He said, "Pastor

Christopher, I was there! I was a little 10 year old boy and my mother took me to that meeting. I sat on my mother's lap in front of the platform. I remember all the people and all the miracles. A boy I knew who was born crippled got up and began to walk. I saw how that RSS leader was healed. It was at that meeting that I received Jesus, and then I heard the voice of God calling me to preach the Gospel. That is why I am here to learn the Word of God so that I can go out into ministry." He then added, "There are 10 of us here at this Bible School from Jeodegri. We were all small children and received Jesus at that meeting, and we all heard the voice of God calling us to service for Him. Now we are all here together, preparing to go out to serve God."

Tears came to my eyes. I looked at this young man, hugged him and we cried. I was greatly encouraged... Yes, it was all worth it. All the sacrifices we missionaries and our families have to make to get the Gospel out to the lost; it is worth it all!

One day, we shall go Home to be with Jesus. We shall march in through the gates of Glory. What a joyous day that will be! We shall stand there rejoicing before the Throne of the Lamb together with millions of souls redeemed from every tribe, nation, and tongue... the fruit of the labors of missionaries and of those who sent them out, prayed for them, supported them... all dressed in white, all washed in the Blood of the Lamb!

Yes, the price paid is worth it all!

Hallelujah to Jesus the Son of God!

Dynamis World Ministries is an interdenominational ministry with teams and offices in the United States, Africa, and Europe. Preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ with signs, wonders and miracles following.