

Chapter 36 - (2007/08) *Anointing on Sermonindex.*

At the Canton conference we were blessed to have some very fine speakers, among whom were Ralph Sutura and Richard Siple of the Canadian Revival Fellowship. Both men had experienced the wonderful work of God in Saskatoon in 1971 but here they were, watching as we novices conducted a conference way beyond our experience. Yet, they were so supportive and encouraging in all we were doing. It reminded me of a time when, in my office at home, I had said to Greg that it was my opinion that the hand of God was evidently upon his web page. "But" I added, "I am praying that His hand of anointing will be on you." "How will I know if that is so?" asked Greg. My reply was that God would bring godly men of stature who would undergird and encourage Greg in this ministry. I then went on to say that he would need to be very humble and discerning as, even godly men can start to control a young man. I am very careful not to step over the line between counseling and mentoring Greg and directing him. He is the one with the anointing of God in this area, not me. I am reminded of F B Meyer that godly saint during the Welsh revival of 1904/5. He had heard that there was some opposition to the young men God was using, Evan Roberts and Sid Evans, so he journeyed to Wales to align himself with them, to advise and mentor. As he came to the railway station in Loughor, he was very aware of the presence of God. He managed to get into the chapel where Evan was and then, watching the revivalist at work, began sinking lower and lower in his pew, acknowledging that the Holy Spirit was far more able to mentor these men than he ever could! At Canton we began to see such godly men acknowledging the anointing that rested on this young man, Greg.

More conferences were to follow but first, I must continue telling of other stepping stones the Lord has laid in my path.

After the conference I managed to borrow a car to visit dear friends from Anastasis days who now live in Ohio. Dr Bing Henderson with his wife Karen was our ship's doctor and Pam Courson a nurse on board. It was such a blessed time to see them again and to enjoy the beauty of their state 'en route'.

Before returning home to Victoria I took time out to visit our foster daughter Vicky in Mexico City. We had supported Vicky through Compassion from the time she was five years old. Now she was a mother of three but there were difficulties in her marriage so I wanted to visit her. The only flight Anne could arrange after the conference was leaving SeaTac airport in Seattle at midnight, almost twelve hours after I would arrive there from Canton. I had already contacted another 'daughter' Maritza to tell her I was coming to Mexico where I hoped to visit with her. She was the daughter of Mexico's most famous opera tenor Paco Sierra and had been my translator on several previous visits. Maritza replied that she now lived in Dallas, Tx and was working with Beth Alves of Intercessors International. That was OK with me as my flight would arrive in Dallas at 6am and I had a stopover for about four hours during which we could meet. Both of us were excited at the prospect. However, God had better plans!

As I walked through SeaTac after eating lunch, I noticed another plane was soon to leave for Dallas so, approaching the desk I asked if I could transfer to that plane. The counterclerk was very helpful, made arrangements for my baggage to be diverted to their plane and, within twenty minutes I was on board and we were taxiing down the runway. On arrival in Dallas I called Maritza with the sad news that I would not be arriving next morning. She was disappointed until I added that I was already at the airport. She only lived fifteen minutes away so was there to pick me up within half an hour. We went to dinner and had a wonderful time reminiscing on all the good things the Lord was doing in both our lives. When it was time to find a bed for the night or to return to the airport for my morning flight, Maritza contacted Beth Alves and obtained her permission for me to stay in the 5 – star guest room at the ministry house. An excellent sleep was followed by an even better waking – to a breakfast of grapefruit, bacon and eggs, hash browns, toast, marmalade and coffee and the smiling faces of Maritza and her sister. How much better than trying to sleep on the plane! The Lord looks after His own.

I had a good time with Vicky and her precious daughters. Her mum and handicapped brother Aturo welcomed me as a long-lost son of the family. Sadly the marriage was beyond repair without the Lord's intervention and I returned home with mixed emotions.

Invitations began to come for local ministry, especially from Bethel Baptist Church, Sidney, who were in the process of seeking another pastor. It was late one December evening when we were returning home from the church's Christmas supper. Suddenly a red light began to flash on my dashboard and then I noticed white smoke billowing out of the exhaust. O no! I feared the worse. I pulled in to the side of the road, ran back to Sidney to find a friend who called the Canadian Automobile Association. They soon came and my car was towed to a local garage, leaving us to the friend's kindness in driving us home. The next morning I called the garage to inform them whose car it was. It was the following day that a voice on the phone said, "Mr Evans, I hope you've got a strong heart!" I told him I was already anticipating the worse, so he then told me that the head gasket had blown and that it was an expensive job to repair. As the car was old I told him not to bother and made arrangements to sign it over to him.

Within twenty minutes I had a second telephone call. This time the Full Gospel Business Men (FGBM) were calling to see if I was available to speak at their lunchtime meeting, as the scheduled speaker was not able to be there. I had not heard from FGBM in five years so this was rather unusual. I agreed to speak, grabbed my coat and ran out to catch a bus. After the meeting one of the men volunteered to drive me home and, on the way, asked what had happened to my car. When I told him, he picked up his phone, dialled a number and said, "Al, do you still have that car? We are going to buy it for FGBM and give it to Gareth!" Thus I became the owner of a 1982 Skylark with only 95,000km on the clock. This was to last me several years with few problems – very comfortable and much more economical than a newer car, which depreciates in value so quickly. Surely He is *Jehovah Jireh!*

In the new year I was asked if I would come to work more regularly in Bethel, so would become their part-time pastor for about seven months, until our next conference, scheduled for Atlanta, GA the following October. Just like Departure Bay, Nanaimo, this was to be another 'honeymoon'.

Following the Canton conference, Ralph Sutura had arranged for us to hold another conference in Atlanta, at a very large Southern Baptist church. In October 2008 Greg and I flew to Atlanta to meet Don Courville, my fellow moderator. Again the Lord blessed in amazing ways, through the many different speakers. It was here that Paul Washer presented his most challenging message "Ten Indictments against the North American Church." After the first six of these, and 75 minutes, he said, 'My time has gone, I must draw to a close.' Don leaned over to me "We cannot let him finish there!". "Of course not!" I said, so he shouted out for Paul to continue. After a further twenty minutes, a woman stood in the congregation and begged him to continue. He finished after speaking for two hours less two minutes; several young men were on their faces at the front of the church (from fifty minutes on) and no one left their seat. It was anointed and challenging. Following the meeting I was with the pastor in his study when he remarked, "Gareth, tonight we heard a prophet and America had better sit up and take notice!". Amen.

On returning home to Victoria I asked Anne if she had followed the conference on the web. She had watched most of the speakers but, concerning Paul's message she said, "I was riveted to the computer screen – I could not leave." I have had the privilege of listening to men preach with anointing – how empty so much other preaching seems.