

January 2008

Dear friends,

It's hard to believe that over six weeks have passed since I went to India! Not only that, but Christmas has come and gone and the New Year has already begun!

I have struggled with trying to make coherent sense of all I experienced there. Having brought back more than 640 photos has been mind boggling. With the exception of pics that were not worth sharing, it has been difficult to figure out how on earth to share them with you. I have finally placed them where you can view them. As of the writing of this letter, I am continuing to name each picture and say something about each one. You can view them at photos.praisewithrobin.com. When you arrive there, you'll notice that on the left side there are several categories that begin with Thank You Notes, India Gallery 1, India Gallery 2, etc. through India Gallery 12. Just above the photos on the page, you have several options on how to view the photos. **CHOOSE FILMSTRIP**. This will show you the best view. Again, as I write this, I still don't have all the photos named or comments written on them, but if you'd like, you can check them more than once.

As I mentioned in my previous letter, the two primary purposes of our going to Shillong were first, that we had been requested to help strengthen, teach and encourage a new House of Prayer started by members of the YWAM base there. Secondly, we had heard reports of a visitation of God among the churches in the greater Shillong area (primarily Presbyterian!), and were quite desirous to learn more about this wonderful gift from heaven. So it was that I asked you to help me get there. Thank you so much who made my trip possible.

Let me say that the trips coming and going were simply grueling. As I mentioned in my previous note, accommodations were.....challenging. The food was delicious, if predictable. Three new tastes I brought home were a fondness for Indian curry dishes, real Indian tea (milk-tea) and mango nectar (which you can only purchase in this country from a true Indian store – the American versions just aren't the real thing!) But let's turn to the impressions, the touches of God that changed me forever when I was there.

The hunger for the Lord, the tenderness towards His presence which I witnessed on the part of the YWAM folks touched me. They were so soft towards Him. They passionately, and I mean **PASSIONATELY** prayed. I sensed an enormous **DESPERATION** for Him.....

And they were so teachable. They didn't live in some world or some theological position or some school of spirituality whose walls were steel traps closed tightly. They were tender shoots reaching for the Son. Any and every word of truth we shared was embraced by these dear ones.

They were loving and they were generous. They shared everything they had with us. One of the memories I have is when I arrived at the base one day and had need of a restroom. Both of the ladies' rooms were located in the women's dormitories. We were told we would be using a specific one of the two. But on this particular day that one was in use. Immediately one of the young girls took me by the hand and walked me to "her" dorm and proudly showed me the

“other” comfort room there. As I entered, she excitedly told me I was most welcome to use it any time without even asking to enter! All well and good until I realized that particular bathroom had no tissue, no washcloths and no towels..... But her heart was so very loving!

A young man at YWAM named Minlun adopted me the first day, calling me “Aunty.” No matter where I went, if my teammates didn’t get to me first, there was Minlun – carrying my bags, holding my hand as I carefully negotiated the zillions of steps there. Oh, they were loving.

Looking at the city on a larger scale, as the world counts prosperity, the people of Shillong were poor beyond words. There just isn’t room to describe the city. It seems to be poorly maintained overall. It is dirty. There are no air pollution laws. Modern amenities are a luxury. For example, the hotel provided no washcloth, no hand towel, no bath towel. When I requested a towel, they were unable to give me a dry towel. The reason? They explained, “it has been raining so much!” It seems the hotel’s “commercial” dryer was a clothesline outside on the roof for hanging towels and sheets until they were dry.

Evidence of the caste system was visible. Oh, how these dear ones need to be saved and liberated by Jesus! I encountered many beggars, but one in particular sticks in my memory. He was a little boy of perhaps nine years of age. He used a crutch because his left leg was deformed at the knee, such that huge bumps the size of oranges poked out at every angle. The part of his leg below the knee stuck out at a right angle towards his right leg, parallel to the street. When I mentioned this to the wife of the YWAM director, Summer Houser, she informed me that even though the caste system is outlawed, it is still practiced quietly. Part of the horrors of that system is that whatever caste a person is born into, he or she will stay in that caste until he dies. They are told that their present caste is the result of the way they lived in their former life..... And nothing they do now can improve their lot in life. Now it just happens that the most populous caste is – you guessed it – the Dalit caste, the lowest of all. Because they are the lowest of the lowest in the awful chain, they are relegated to such jobs as picking up dung or sweeping streets with archaic brooms. And begging. Summer told me that when some Dalits have children, they deform their children’s limbs when they are tiny ones, because they that will make people give them more money as a beggar when they grow up. I can still see that little boy.....

I saw incredible faith and joy among Christians in India. Most especially did I see this among those who had experienced the Lord’s presence in the visitation from heaven that happened beginning in the summer of 2006. I saw in India (as I see here) the church within the church. One Sunday morning we were not scheduled to minister anywhere, so we set off to see if we could find a church alive from the so-called Shillong Revival. Full of expectation, we soon came one. Upon entering the premises, we waited to see what might be happening. A very nice elderly gentleman came out and spoke to us. He said church had ended, and the older folks were now having Sunday School. He didn’t invite us to join them – and he didn’t mention the Lord at all. We moved on, looking for a place of visitation.

Then as you know, we finally found (2 days later) a place that is forever changed by God’s presence. The first thing that caught my attention was that you could actually sense the Lord’s presence when you arrived at the town. The poverty in the area was still there, no washing

machines, no mattresses, no paved sidewalks. But the people – oh the people. There was such a perceptible difference in their countenances! There were smiles – everywhere. They would look you right in the eye – and you could perceive the peace of Christ! Hope was palpable – you could almost touch it! The Lord has continued to visit this community, and they in turn, continue to delight in being “human mangers” for His presence! Oh how rich these brethren are! How full and complete! They were all excited about a series of revival meetings they were to soon host. And they told us about how the children go to outlying villages carrying the Good News of Jesus.

On a personal note, I turned to the Lord in a fresh surrender where there. I needed to become more earnest, more surrendered, more persistent in seeking His face. He clearly and plainly made me aware of what REALLY matters in life – Him and Him alone!

I have returned home changed. I have been dipped in the oil of His presence. I have experienced in a new way and on a deeper level how beautiful is the Body of Christ.

Would you please pray for me? Would you pray for my brothers and sisters with whom I pray in the Fort Wayne House of Prayer? Would you pray for India? For Shillong? For the All Nations House of Prayer there at the YWAM base?

Would you ask the Lord with me to grow hunger within us for a visitation of God here? Lord, I LONG for You to come. I ache for Your presence. Lord, we need You in our country. We need You in Your church in this country. We are desperate for more of You. Lord, would You revive us once again? Would You transform us? All to the glory and the honor of Your name, Lord.

Why not here? Why not us? Why not now?

Maranatha! Come, Lord Jesus!



Crying out for a visitation of God in Shillong.