

I left the depot, box in hand..... and able to pass on the uniforms to Paulo to go to Brazil. As I recount the story and remember, there are so many things we can highlight such as being sensitive and obeying the promptings of the Holy Spirit. How do you know it is the Holy Spirit? Quite simply it is trial and error, following up those promptings and not ignoring them. As we follow them up, we begin to discern what is too much cheese or our own imagination and what the voice of the Holy Spirit sounds like.

Even though God has given the prompting, we still need to be alert. I could easily have seen the box but not actually *seen* the box! We need to be patient and persistent, keeping a right attitude whilst we wait and yet still walk in the boldness of the Holy Spirit.

I love to tell the story of the man being chased through the jungle by a lion. The man runs under a coconut tree and a coconut falls from the tree and hits the lion on the head, killing the lion and saving the man. That's coincidence. Then there was a man being chased through the jungle by 50 lions. The man ran under a group of coconut trees and 50 coconuts fall from the trees hitting every lion on the head, killing all the lions and saving the man. Now that's God.

God loves to be active and present in our lives so as we share our 'lion' stories, people will hear the testimonies and see our God. As a church we need to share our testimonies with one another, we need to even write them down for others to read but also so that we don't forget, so that we go from faith to faith, living in expectancy, living expecting the supernatural as a daily occurrence.

So, this Pastor's Pen comes with a homework for those that read it and take up the challenge. Write a short account of a God-incident and share it with us.

Much love and God bless

Pastors Marty & Rebeca



Prime Time

...an opportunity for all over 50s
to spend quality time together

Every other Tuesday at 2:00pm
Speak to Don or Doreen for more details

the
gateway
ELIM CHURCH

Station Road, Yate, Bristol, BS37 4PH
Tel: 01454 322616

Senior Pastor: Marty Davison
Administrator: David Nicholas

email: admin@gatewayelim.church
web: www.gatewayelim.church

A Branch of The Elim Foursquare Gospel Alliance
Registered Charity No. 251549

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Life

Praise God, August has arrived. It has been a busy year so far and the best is yet to come. Whilst we move into the summer and summer holidays, I would encourage you to take the time to reflect and put pen to paper!

Just yesterday we were remembering how God loves to bless and take care of us. Pastor Tinho was talking about school uniforms which we get made in N.Ireland for the Living Word School in Maues and we were remembering the last school uniform 'saga'.

We had got the uniforms made for Pastor Paulo who was over to take out to Brazil. As Paulo's departure date got closer and the uniforms hadn't arrived, phone calls were made to the transporter. I was informed that the parcel had made it to the main hub in the U.K. (Birmingham) and already been sent on from there to the depot in Emersons Green. Unfortunately, the parcel had disappeared into thin air somewhere between the two destinations.

You can imagine..... we'd just paid for uniforms to go to Brazil for the school year and now nothing to be had!

I rang the supplier who said that it could take a month for the parcel to show up and even then it might not..... so the only thing for it was to pray! The supplier isn't a Christian but knows us, because they've provided uniforms for the school for the last 8 years.

I remember praying and having done all I could do (lots of phone calls) the only option left was to leave it with God.

That afternoon I picked the children up from school and on the way home felt a 'prompt' from the Holy Spirit to go to the transporter's depot in Emersons Green. So there I was at the depot reception desk, ringing the buzzer and waiting..... and waiting..... and waiting. As I waited I decided to have a look through the security doors window. I could see the sorting table and belt and also parcels of all shapes and sizes. But a parcel caught my eye. It was in a cage with other parcels and even though the writing was upside down I could see the letters 'e-e-k-a'. Just then I had a quick remembrance of the email the suppliers had sent to me, saying the uniforms were in a box with the words 'Uneeka' on the side. As I looked through the window, I knew that I knew, this is 'the' box, this is the uniforms.

After a little while someone came to attend to the persistent ringing of the bell. I explained the story and the man replied that I could fill in some forms but obviously the box was somewhere in transit. I said 'no' the box was behind the door in the cage! After some gentle persuasion the worker decided to retrieve and look in the box.... Of course he found the UNIFORMS. Praise God!

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