


MARCH 10 - I'm back to wifi, can you tell?! The days have been just lovely. I taught tons today, almost tons yesterday, and a bit the day before. The Pastors these last two days were amazing. Really great guys. And of course, there were women as well and they were just as much a blessing and blessed. But I say the guys were great because we looked at some really hard topics and they responded and took it all in stride and had hearts willing to ask hard questions. I am so blessed by them. The women, couldn't get close enough to me after I'd shared with the men how to make their women shine. And the men love it when I tell the women the few things they need to know about their man. We talked about normally volatile subjects - women, tithing, church - we parsed through what the kingdom of satan says about these things compared to what the kingdom of God says about these things. As one person later said, "I see that we are 99% of the time still living in, agreeing with, the things of satan." She is, unfortunately, so right. It is a stunning exercise to learn about our agreements by which all of life flow, then overlay our thinking and beliefs, our actions and our emotions on top of this, and then to overlay hard subjects and see, clearly see, the distinctions and our current state of things. Tonight, I'm resting and catching up on emails.

Diary of Capturing Courage International Ministries in India 2015





MARCH 10 - I got to hold him, and as they put him in my arms I had this name going through my head, immediately. So I asked them what his name was. He hadn't been named yet. So, we named him Caleb, the name the Holy Spirit was giving me. Such a treat. I guess that naming babies is part of the privilege of this work! I still often think of baby Daniel that I named in Uganda.

MARCH 13 - Here is a small visual of some of what I was teaching this week. At CCIM we have those I am teaching but the real proof in the pudding is whether the families and communities are treated differently and ultimately transformed. When I was in Bangalore I was blessed to hear that after the pastor's conference there, and after we had handed out Vol. 1-43 compilations of the God's Heart materials, that one pastor testified that as he was reading through the material he was convicted by the Holy Spirit and went and apologized to his wife. Amen and amen. Unfortunately women are still oppressed and misused through all sectors of society, including and sometimes worse, in the church. CCIM is looking to impact this, bringing clear thinking regarding our distorted beliefs and how these are perpetuating the bad fruit of our communities and nations. And by the way, these lists are radical new thoughts most everywhere I bring them. Small distinctions - a world of difference.




WOMEN

In the Kingdom of Satan

Use women for your pleasure
She is your slave
Helper = as servant
Keep her low
Keep her weak
Withhold information
Beat her, show her who is boss
Abuse her
Blame her
Take from her
Ignore her needs
Have many women
She is your property

In the Kingdom of God

Co-heirs of Christ
Fellow servant / partner in the Lord
Helper = best wisdom for your days
Lift her up
Strengthen her
All resources are open to her
Be gentle
Serve her
Be the head, take 100% responsibility
Receive from her (submit to her)
Die for her as Christ died for the church
Be faithful to one woman all your days
She belongs to God

A photograph showing a group of people in an indoor setting. In the foreground, a man in a white shirt is seen from the back, looking towards a group of people. A woman in a blue sari is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. Other people are visible in the background, some wearing head coverings. The room has windows with colorful bunting hanging above them. A text box is overlaid on the left side of the image.

MARCH 13 - One of the women I prayed for this week had leg and hip pain. So I prayed that all hip and joint pain must go right now in the name of Jesus. She reported last night that all the pain is now gone. Additionally, (so I am told, I barely remember this) I told her to go home and lay hands and pray the same thing for her husbands bad back (he does not know the Lord, is Hindu I believe). Last night she reported that she did that, touched and prayed over him a couple of times each day for a few days, "I declare in the name of Jesus that all back pain must go right now", and now he is fine and back in the fields working. I love how practical Jesus is, "What would bless you today? Okay, let's agree to that."



MARCH 13 - Okay, I'm definitely sick. My temp is at 100 and this feels just like the H3N2 that I had back home a couple weeks before coming here. So, if you are inclined to pray that would be good - I personally prayed over, one by one, about 200 people in the last four days, so I guess I picked up a bug. I'm being so well cared for though, I have lots of medicines with me, I'm doubling up on my vitamin C and oil of oregano and I have my cold-fx, Angel gave me a massage with coconut oil, Paul is out buying chicken soup and fruit juices ... the whole family is doting on me, so I'm in very good hands.

MARCH 14 - It was such a great week this last week. I'm still trying to put words to it all. Years back as the Lord was telling me of the work to come I would think 'pray for many people' and be completely overwhelmed. And even on my previous ministry trips I've had a love / hate relationship with prayer. I'm called to pray, but I don't want to be the only one praying, others can pray, on and on and on the thoughts rattled in my head and heart.

But over the years I've been intentionally working through all of these mixed emotions, the dividedness between my heart and mind (by which nothing comes), my theology of healing, my fears, and so much more. And this week I prayed for a couple hundred people, in four days time, one by one and it wasn't even hard (and this was after preaching and teaching for some hours beforehand each day).

All the fears I once had have been a smoke-screen. I was so content to stay in the moment with each person, "Jesus what would you have me pray for this one?" And the Lord just poured in pictures and clarity for each and every person.

I saw wide paths and many people and I prayed legacy. I saw rich colours and swirls of fabric and I called women forth unto beauty. I saw ripples spreading from feet and I prayed influence and impact. On and on. Of course, I don't know these people, didn't know a thing about most of them, but Esther was alongside me (who knows each person) listening and she confirmed that everything I was seeing and declaring was spot on.

One fellow told the pastor that he saw behind me a great shining light, both in the church and as I stopped by his work-place, at first he was afraid, but he realized the presence of God. His mom-in-law had numbness, a bit of paralysis in her left hand and arm, that is better now, her joints were in pain, that is better now. Story after story, freedom after freedom, some in so much pain they couldn't work are now back in the fields; livelihoods that depend on healing and strength.

I was so glad to have the opportunity to just quietly listen to the Spirit for each person. Often, in other countries or places I don't have this luxury. For in many places the 'pray for people' mandate means touch a person's head, yell some words at them, and within 10 seconds go on to the next person.

Often there is so much noise with people yelling into mics or music blaring that I cannot even hear the person next to me let alone what the Spirit might have me pray for them - this has NEVER worked for me. When this happens I may as well leave and go have a nap or something!

But this week, I could pray the healing of Jesus, and the room was quiet as we waited on the Lord together. I could stand quietly for twenty seconds if need be, my hand on their arm, waiting on the revelation of the Spirit. I could ask them about the pain, "How is it now?" and then we could pray again, till there was some healing, if not in full at least as a start. I spent hours in prayer this week, together with folks - not 'at' them, and it has been the utmost privilege.

All praise to you God! May the healing continue for these people who so desperately need you to make a difference in their lives.

"And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind tore the mountains and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire the sound of a low whisper..." 1 Kings 19:11-12

MARCH 15 - Since I've been in India, College of Capturing Courage International Ministries has begun in East Africa, in more than a dozen locations, in three or four countries, and with the number of students nearing 200. I must say, there is something outstanding in watching the multiplication that happens in the Kingdom of God.



MARCH 17 - Because of the work that I do I am in a LOT of churches. And in these churches people gather to learn and worship and ... seek healing. I experience day after day people coming TO a church to find healing. Imagine people streaming from miles around to a central location and event solely to find healing. One could easily conclude (as many do) that this is the only place to find healing or God.

Last evening I was trying to teach a congregation to pray healing for each other. It didn't really go so well, due to multiple barriers in the thinking and practice in our churches (I won't go into all of those this post). I was trying to paint a picture of what it would mean for the friends and the families and the communities at large if the people themselves learned how to pray healing and then took that 'out there'.

And while teaching it occurred to me that:

God is trying to **BREAK OUT OF THE CHURCH.**

Imagine if each person did learn how to pray healing (it is incredibly simple in fact) and what if when they saw their Grandma or their niece or their Dad or their neighbour or the lady at the grocery store they prayed healing right there. Imagine.

Instead of people streaming TO a church to find healing, what if those same people streamed OUT OF A CHURCH to take healing, the tangible love of The Father, to their friends and neighbours and communities?! Just imagine. continued ...





And then, it struck me, how much of a threat this might be to some pastors. How, if, god forbid, healing didn't only happen in a church with a 'big' person, what might happen to livelihoods and control! What a threat it would be to a monopoly on healing if everyone knew how to pray healing!! ...

I tend to see the bad habits and patterns and theology of church in the west (where we imagine it is benign), played out in exaggerated fashion when I am overseas. The stuff that just isn't okay smacks me in the face again and again. And this is one of them. Most **EVERYWHERE I GO** the people passively wait for the 'big' person to pray for them. What a tragedy.

Imagine the lost years spent in despair and longing for health and life to just go a bit better, lost years until someone 'big' enough shows up to pray for them. When in fact, if the person beside them in church knew how to pray healing they might have had healing a decade ago! Seriously.

We must stop keeping people weak and dependant on 'priests' (i.e.: the person who 'knows God more than I') - it is a **GROSS AND CURRENT INJUSTICE** embedded deeply in the church. And I am trying to cut through that all the time. May God help us in this.

MARCH 21 - Today I took the train with Ps.Paul accompanying me to a place that I cannot yet spell! It was a lovely trip.About six hours long, comfortable seats, I slept some, ate some, slept some more, ate some more, looked out the window, chatted ministry with Paul - it was just a good morning.

Since then, I've been sleeping and eating and sleeping and eating. LOL - gosh, sounds like all I do!! Last night I only got about 1 hour sleep (up praying late with people as I was leaving, and then up early because I was leaving), so I've just been working hard at resting today. I am pampered everywhere I go, as you can probably not imagine, actually. Served food, poured water, pop, juice, given gifts, sweets, many visitors, little boys giggling, middle boys shyly smiling, women chatting about me as I sit next to them (none of us can understand each other), a giant fan / air conditioner arrived, help cleaning the small ants out of my bag, interested onlookers as I organized my suitcase, chicken and rice and so . many . other foods you would . not . believe.

And a young man just brought me purple indian grapes, so good, and is standing watching me eating them as I continue on writing this post. Pastors's three daughters all took turns sitting next to my bed today as I did whatever I was doing and I was beginning to wonder if one of them would be standing watch while I slept all night long, but no, she is sleeping in the room next to mine. continued ...

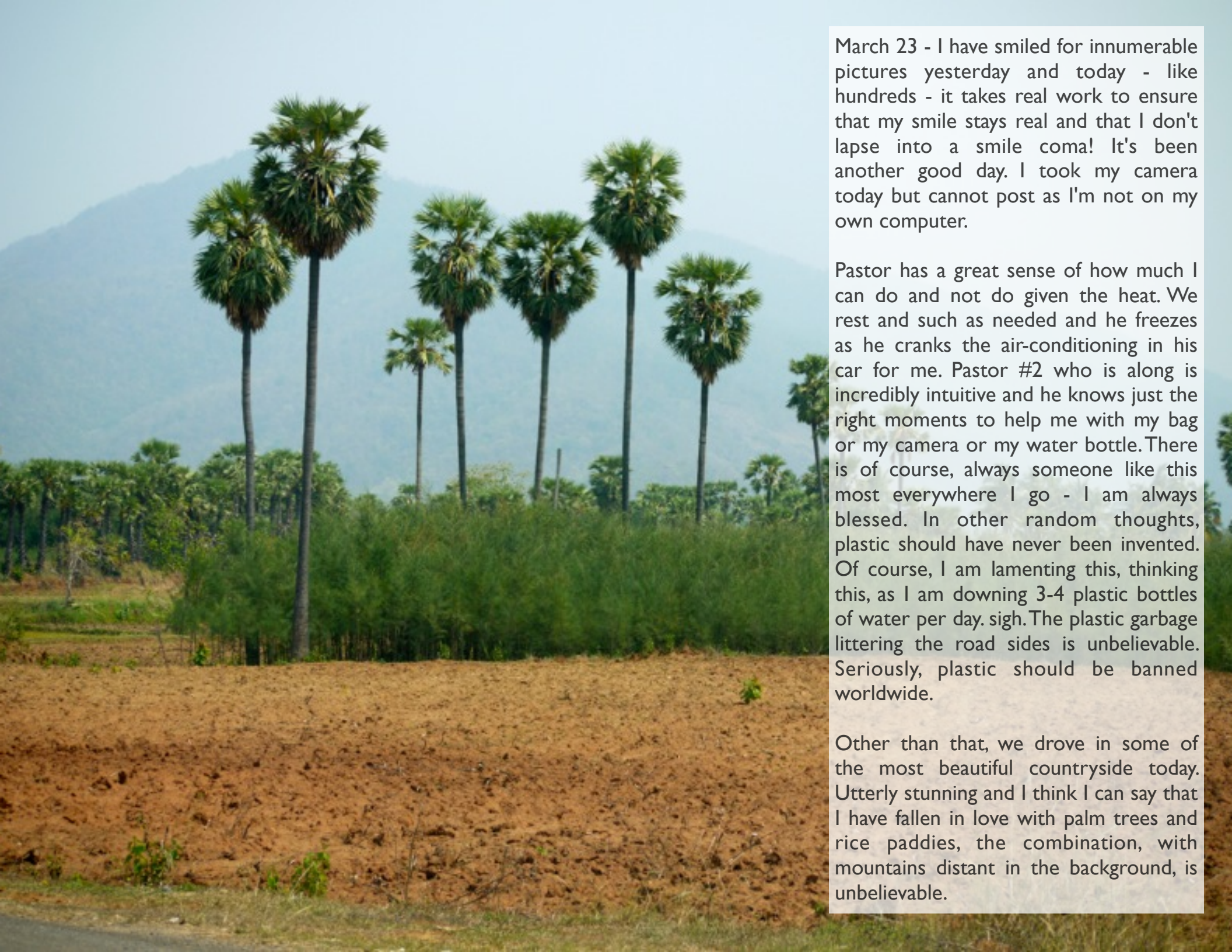




Anyway, I am content, at home and I love my little bit of space. In terms of CCIM the ministry just keeps expanding. A new contact in a new country today, continued impact of the course in various place, even illiterate pastors finding new strength and hope in the Lord, new church wants to shoot CCIM College out to their 80 churches, team is expanding in various ways both at home and overseas, and I realize that CCIM is an international organization, it is NOT a Canadian organization.

And I occasionally ponder if one day I might move to Europe so that I am more central to the work (imagine being just 8-10 hours from Africa or Asia instead of 35 hours!) Must say, I am continually blessed beyond belief, my heart is glad in the Lord. The two weeks past I prayed for some 600 people one by one and the healings and new freedoms continue to be talked about and shared. So Good Jesus!

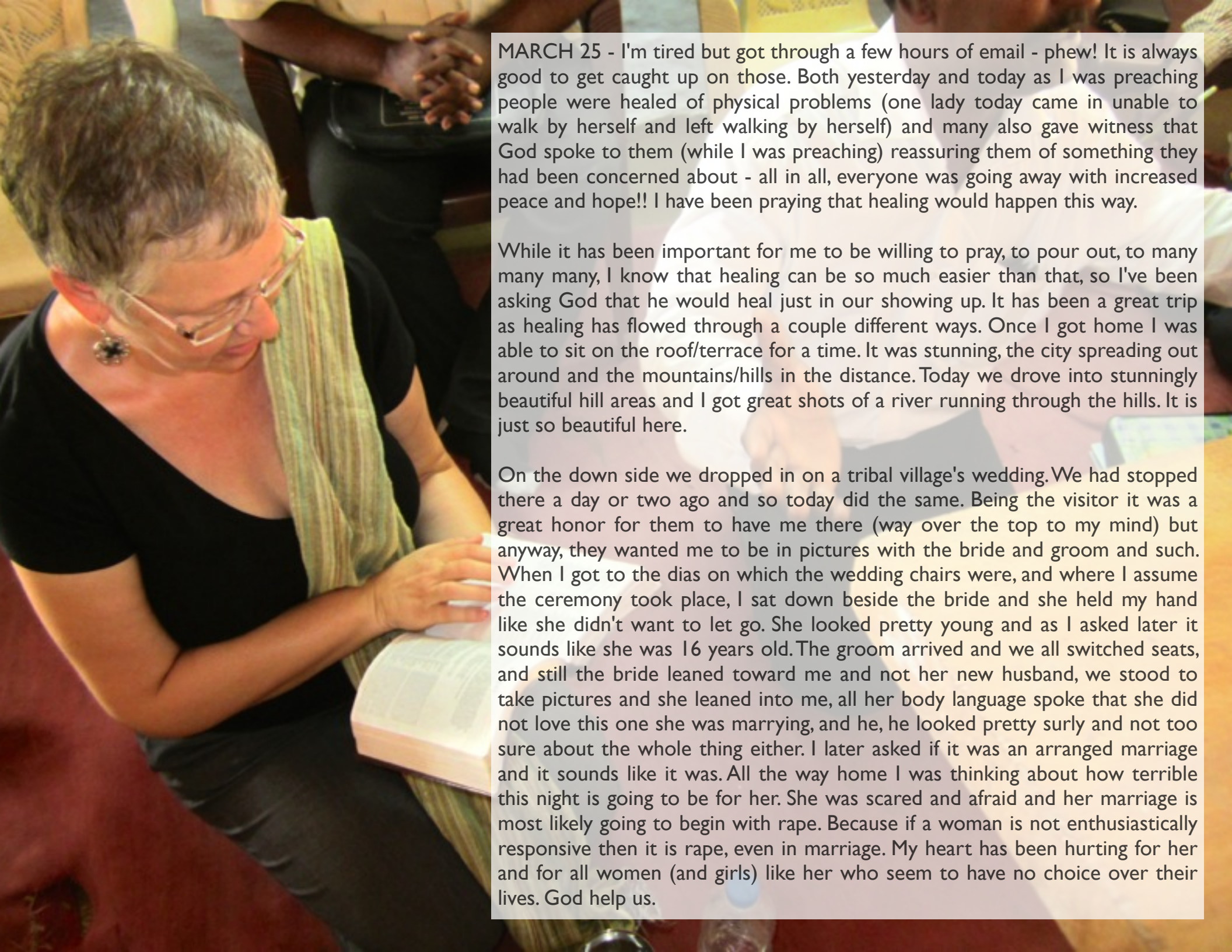
Tomorrow is a very full day so I suppose I should just go to sleep now.



March 23 - I have smiled for innumerable pictures yesterday and today - like hundreds - it takes real work to ensure that my smile stays real and that I don't lapse into a smile coma! It's been another good day. I took my camera today but cannot post as I'm not on my own computer.

Pastor has a great sense of how much I can do and not do given the heat. We rest and such as needed and he freezes as he cranks the air-conditioning in his car for me. Pastor #2 who is along is incredibly intuitive and he knows just the right moments to help me with my bag or my camera or my water bottle. There is of course, always someone like this most everywhere I go - I am always blessed. In other random thoughts, plastic should have never been invented. Of course, I am lamenting this, thinking this, as I am downing 3-4 plastic bottles of water per day. sigh. The plastic garbage littering the road sides is unbelievable. Seriously, plastic should be banned worldwide.

Other than that, we drove in some of the most beautiful countryside today. Utterly stunning and I think I can say that I have fallen in love with palm trees and rice paddies, the combination, with mountains distant in the background, is unbelievable.



MARCH 25 - I'm tired but got through a few hours of email - phew! It is always good to get caught up on those. Both yesterday and today as I was preaching people were healed of physical problems (one lady today came in unable to walk by herself and left walking by herself) and many also gave witness that God spoke to them (while I was preaching) reassuring them of something they had been concerned about - all in all, everyone was going away with increased peace and hope!! I have been praying that healing would happen this way.

While it has been important for me to be willing to pray, to pour out, to many many many, I know that healing can be so much easier than that, so I've been asking God that he would heal just in our showing up. It has been a great trip as healing has flowed through a couple different ways. Once I got home I was able to sit on the roof/terrace for a time. It was stunning, the city spreading out around and the mountains/hills in the distance. Today we drove into stunningly beautiful hill areas and I got great shots of a river running through the hills. It is just so beautiful here.

On the down side we dropped in on a tribal village's wedding. We had stopped there a day or two ago and so today did the same. Being the visitor it was a great honor for them to have me there (way over the top to my mind) but anyway, they wanted me to be in pictures with the bride and groom and such. When I got to the dias on which the wedding chairs were, and where I assume the ceremony took place, I sat down beside the bride and she held my hand like she didn't want to let go. She looked pretty young and as I asked later it sounds like she was 16 years old. The groom arrived and we all switched seats, and still the bride leaned toward me and not her new husband, we stood to take pictures and she leaned into me, all her body language spoke that she did not love this one she was marrying, and he, he looked pretty surly and not too sure about the whole thing either. I later asked if it was an arranged marriage and it sounds like it was. All the way home I was thinking about how terrible this night is going to be for her. She was scared and afraid and her marriage is most likely going to begin with rape. Because if a woman is not enthusiastically responsive then it is rape, even in marriage. My heart has been hurting for her and for all women (and girls) like her who seem to have no choice over their lives. God help us.



March 26 - Today was a long but lovely day. We went far back into the hills and then by jeep up a rough road even farther. As we were heading up and up I was thinking about how amazing it is that I get to go to these places and see the beauty. At the same time, I feel so at home everywhere I go that sometimes, for split-second moments, I have to think really hard to know where I am! Just like I have to think really hard to know what day of the week it is, sometimes I have to think really hard to bring to mind what country I am in! Today we visited a church under the long low cool palm frond thatched roof - I love thatched roofs. In Africa I love them best and here in India too. They are the coolest structure, as in the temperature inside is a good 10 degrees cooler than outside, and today the wind was blowing through in nice gusts.

The Spirit of the Lord just poured through today. Gosh what a great time. Each of these last three or four days (I am losing track) a person each day shared how they had had a dream the night before showing them what was going to happen the next day as we gathered together. So, here is a secret you may not know, I've never had a desire to travel. Truly. But here I am, travelling, and not only travelling but experiencing life as it is in the places I go (at least as much as one can in weeks at a time). And in all of this I am so torn because I would love to share these moments with others, to have another or two along because seriously, I just do not have the words to describe. At the same time I feel I can't ask anyone to do this work with me for it is very hard if one is not designed for it. After taking Crystal and Nelson to Uganda for three months I realized how very difficult it is (as I observed them and heard from them) and I can barely ask anyone to do this. Ah, but God knows. I'll finish with this: In odds and ends, today I pee'd on my pant leg. Yup, then I had to go and take pictures with the group and sit for lunch, all the while hoping no one noticed my pant leg. Thank fully I am very nearly impervious to humiliation, so... I laughed and kept going with the day.



MARCH 27 - At another church today per usual, this one a little closer to home. While yesterday the spirit blew through easily and without effort today was like pushing through a brick wall (in the spirit realm of course). The differences from congregation to congregation are always interesting to say the least. Today I spoke about revival and the three key ingredients. One of these keys to revival is that religious strongholds must be broken. All seemed to be going fine until I started talking about putting down our self-effort and our goodness - the basis for all religion. Their eyes got a little glazed over and when we went to pray we were pushing through a brick wall. It is sad too because it is a beautiful well established body of people with lovely folks as pastors.

But as I often find in well-established churches there is a stronghold of good works, of self-effort, of coming clean before God (on our own - this is always filthy rags). And so when I share the good news it doesn't really seem like good news in these situations. For people have built their identity around being good Christians (small 'c' on purpose). But we are NOT called to be good Christians and the gospel is NOT an invitation to attend church on Sundays. But, we have made it that far too many times in too many places (almost all the places). Sigh. Folks who have bought this lie cannot find rest in Jesus, cannot stop trying so hard, cannot put down their good works, cannot let go of their pride that says, "I am doing a good job being real good." Anyway, in these kinds of situations it looks really good on the outside, real nice and tidy and clean, but then we try to do some spirit realm work and folks aren't really ready for freedom or healing or rest - it kinda rattles them.

So after that bit of time with them (and a lovely meal as usual also) we went to the church building that had its roof torn off in the cyclone that came through about 5 months ago. They wanted me to pray that the building would be able to be fixed and finished. Any who know me know that church buildings are at about a 20 on my list of priority while THE church (the people) are #1 priority. So when people want to use me as their magic geni to have God finish their building the hairs on my neck start to raise ... and I never pray what they want (with a few exceptions).

So I prayed that the building would bring glory to the Lord, of course we can pray this, but I prayed that THE church would in fact spread out, now that they don't have a building. And I shared this with the pastor, that it doesn't seem to me that God would have the building finished (I'm still convinced God is trying to break out of church) and that now that there is no building perhaps the people (the Church) can take the Lord out and about to the community. Not sure they were too pleased with this thought but my job is not to please people per se, but to speak and share what the Spirit is telling me.

After all this, we went to the beach. I put my feet in the Bay of Bengal, took scads of pictures, have drank my fill of coconut water for the day, enjoyed ice cream at the beach, had my regular cups of tea (pastors daughters wake me with a cup of tea each morning, and then we stop at a tea stall every morning on the way out), enjoyed the sun (but added to my farmers tan), did NOT pee on my pants today, drank my usual 3 litres of water, and I am told that tomorrow is an early morning so I am soon heading to sleep.





MARCH 28 - I have today off! So I am getting other work done and just might take a morning nap. I've already refused more food and drink a few times since breakfast. Sometimes I think that people don't know what to do with me and so they just keep offering food. Anyway, work-wise I am grunting through a CCIM Summary document that will be available to CCIM Team, this morning I've been writing the distinctions in governing styles and the one that CCIM is using.

The old style of governance has been a top-down heirarchy model that creates a funnel of people applying and with few gaining admittance. But this creates a monopoly on ministry with people vying for position and ultimately fighting over the sheep (which is ridiculous), CCIM works the exact opposite of this; the materials we have are free to anyone who might want to use them and pass them on to those in their realm of influence and to those on their heart.

Our job at CCIM is to empower and encourage these ones on to greater things in the Lord. There is no self-protection, no keeping materials safe, no hoarding and only letting a little out at a time, no permissions, only "How can we help you increase in ministry and the influence of God's heart to others?"



MARCH 29 - One good day after another. The churches we were at today were open-hearted authentic and beautiful. A stunning finish to this weeks ministries. On the way we stopped at a tea stall and as I was walking from the car to the tea stall (I was so relaxed because I was on good pavement) that I stepped in a small hole the wrong way and saw my scarf swinging before my face as I went down in a heap! I picked myself up and brushed myself off to find that I had skinned one knee and put a hole in that pant leg. But my ankle that went in the hole was fine, my hands were fine, my neck was fine, my glasses stayed on my face, and best of all, I had not one spec of embarrassment or shame or condemnation or humiliation.

All I had was a hole in my slacks and a scrape on my knee. Now, I have not fallen in a very long time and so I've not been able to 'test out' my response to such things in a long time, it was therefore so good to find the level of healing since years gone by. My heart is singing. In random other news, by the time we got to the second church I needed a bathroom. I had already drank 3 litres of water and as has been the state of things the last few days, there are no bathrooms / pits at all, just dirt behind a bush. So today the lady walked me all the way down near the river and my oh my was it beautiful there - I should have taken my camera with me to the 'bathroom'! But I do have an audio recording of the worship and song today, so amazing. continued ...

Then, as is always the case near the end of a trip there was a fellow there who also carries a lot of spiritual authority and the Lord just kept pressing upon me to ask him to pray for me. I had already prayed for him, and though he protested some in his spirit (I could see the struggle he was having - the Lord was affirming his authority and he was nearly in tears at this) he did indeed pray over me. I couldn't understand him but that doesn't matter when the language is the language of God and I felt washed over and poured through and tickled-pink clean and profoundly glad. The ministry to each other in the body of Christ is unbelievable.

When I was in Uganda this last time it was children who prayed over me. At the start of the trip a boy of about 9 years old, and at the end of the trip a girl of about 9 years old - both of them had significant anointing and so I asked each of them to pray over me too. Those moments were absolutely stunning. I Love God's habit of prayer-care back at me as book-ends on these ministry journey's. Now I've just had my rest and am heading back out to a small meal or something like that. Tomorrow I move locations and will be back online perhaps tomorrow night.





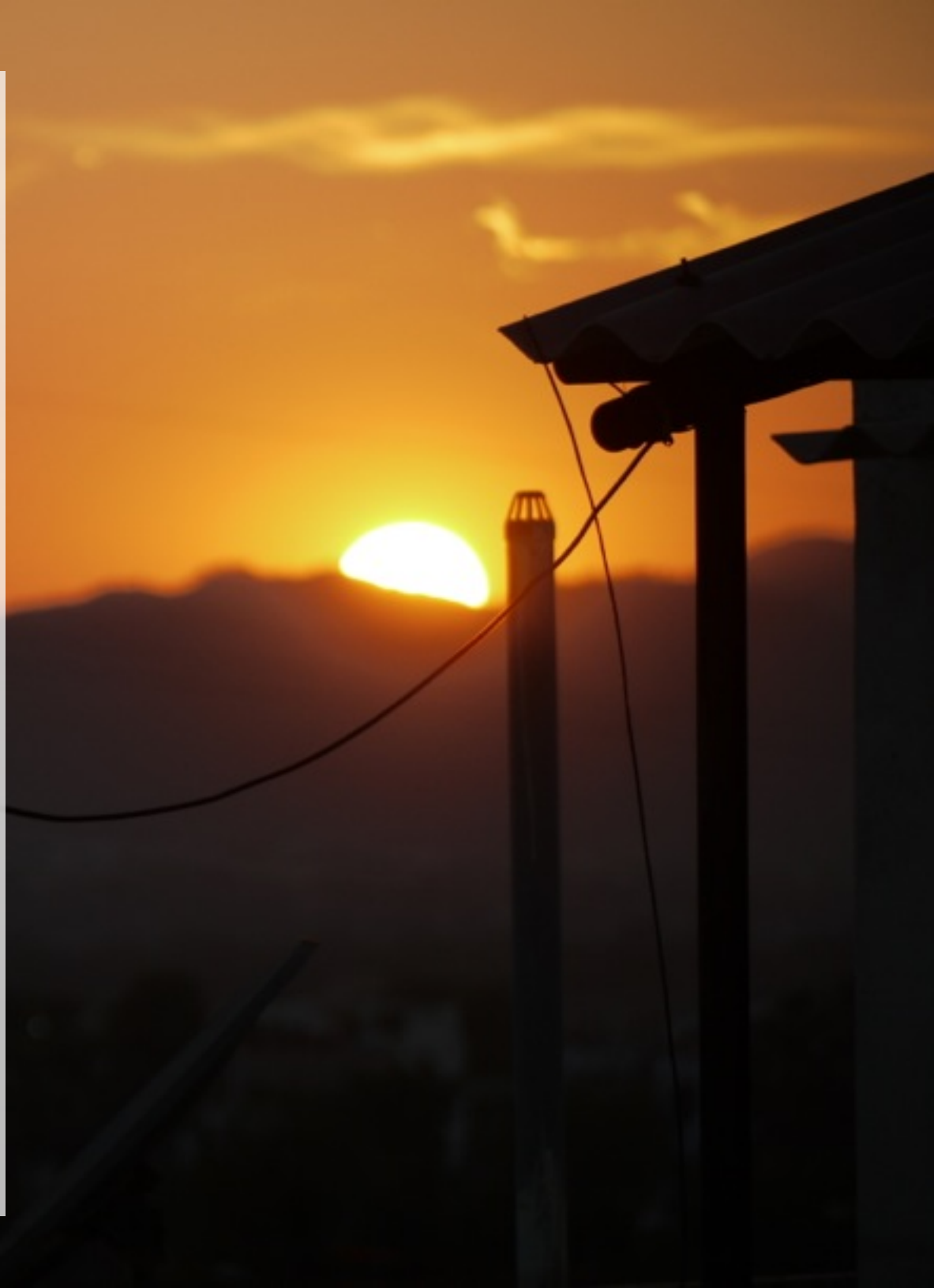
MARCH 30 - I've had a lovely nights sleep (although I'm still feeling tired! due to very full previous weeks). I'm going to be having an apple and almonds for breakfast, the same as when I am at home. I always bring almonds with me on every ministry trip as I stay stronger and not so worn down by prayer when I eat a few after preaching and praying.

My schedule for the last two weeks of my trip have been changed. I didn't have full peace of God for the last two places I was to be and so I am back with one of the previous families and will be working on things myself and ministering in odds and ends fashion. Spiritually speaking, work wise, it feels that the ministry I was to do here has been done. My heart and mind are gearing back towards the months 5-8 of CCIM College that I must complete by the end of May.

Pray that I have much clarity of mind and focus as I finalize the framing and assignments to go with the material. The problem I am finding is that I have too much content. Ideally it should be a two-year course but that is not feasible for those taking the course so I am discerning what to keep and what to toss and how to lay it out in best order of thought and application.

APRIL 1 - I slept nearly all day yesterday. I was so so tired. So I stayed in my dark room with the fan and the air conditioning and just crashed. By about 5 pm I started to feel a little more normal and awake and ready to be up. Last night as we were all heading to bed, we have the momma's and the kids and myself sleeping in the one air-conditioned room. The double bed and two cots and we are all in good form for sleeping. Myself, I always keep a few things tucked around me at night. I started doing this way back with my first trip because I am usually in a mosquito net, often without electricity etc, and sometimes even in a space without a door or such and so I just got in the habit of keeping a flashlight right there, my phone with my headphones and music, a bottle of water, the case for my glasses, maybe my notebook and pen in case I wake in the night and want to write.

This all makes sense when I am encased in a mosquito net that I don't want to disturb for some hours. But here I am not under a mosquito net and there is electricity with a low light that is lit all night long and I can easily reach the foot of my bed to my bag that sits on the floor. You get the picture. But here I am still with my flashlight tucked right beside my pillow, my phone and headphones, my toilet paper, my glasses case ... And it occurred to me that I must look like I am a hamster or such, ensuring my treasures are right beside me in my little sleeping space. Ah, such a giggle it gave me as I was falling asleep last night. Thing is, I must keep the same routine and system as I travel or I will hopelessly confuse myself from place to place!! So I'll carry on my hamstering habits.



APRIL 1 - Recently I've been thinking about the story of Abraham and his son Isaac and how God told Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac (Genesis 22). I've been thinking about the context or lens by which we read this story. From a western post-christianized context what is shocking to us is that God would tell Abraham to sacrifice his son in the first place. This stands out to us as abhorrent and reprehensible of God. But if we were reading the story from a different context the part that stands out to us would be much different, and with a different impact upon us. Let me try to explain.

Last week as Pastor and I drove to the tribal areas deep in the hills we passed a few road-stops where people were trying to enforce a donation to the celebration of their gods. Both the Mondays before and after were holidays here for the celebration of these various gods. At one of the town crossroads we had to drive around a dead, maimed, cut-up, stick down it's throat, entrails spread, dead rabbit. It was obviously a sacrifice of sorts to a god. It was also a testament to the violence and evil intent of cruelty that comes with many kinds of idol worship. In the context of sacrifice cruelly carried out for the gods, the story of Abraham and Isaac reads much differently. From this perspective the command to sacrifice Isaac would not have seemed strange to Abraham (or to anyone in a tribal system that today still calls for such sacrifices). This would have been a normal practice in the worship of gods and even today infant and child sacrifice remains a practice in some places.

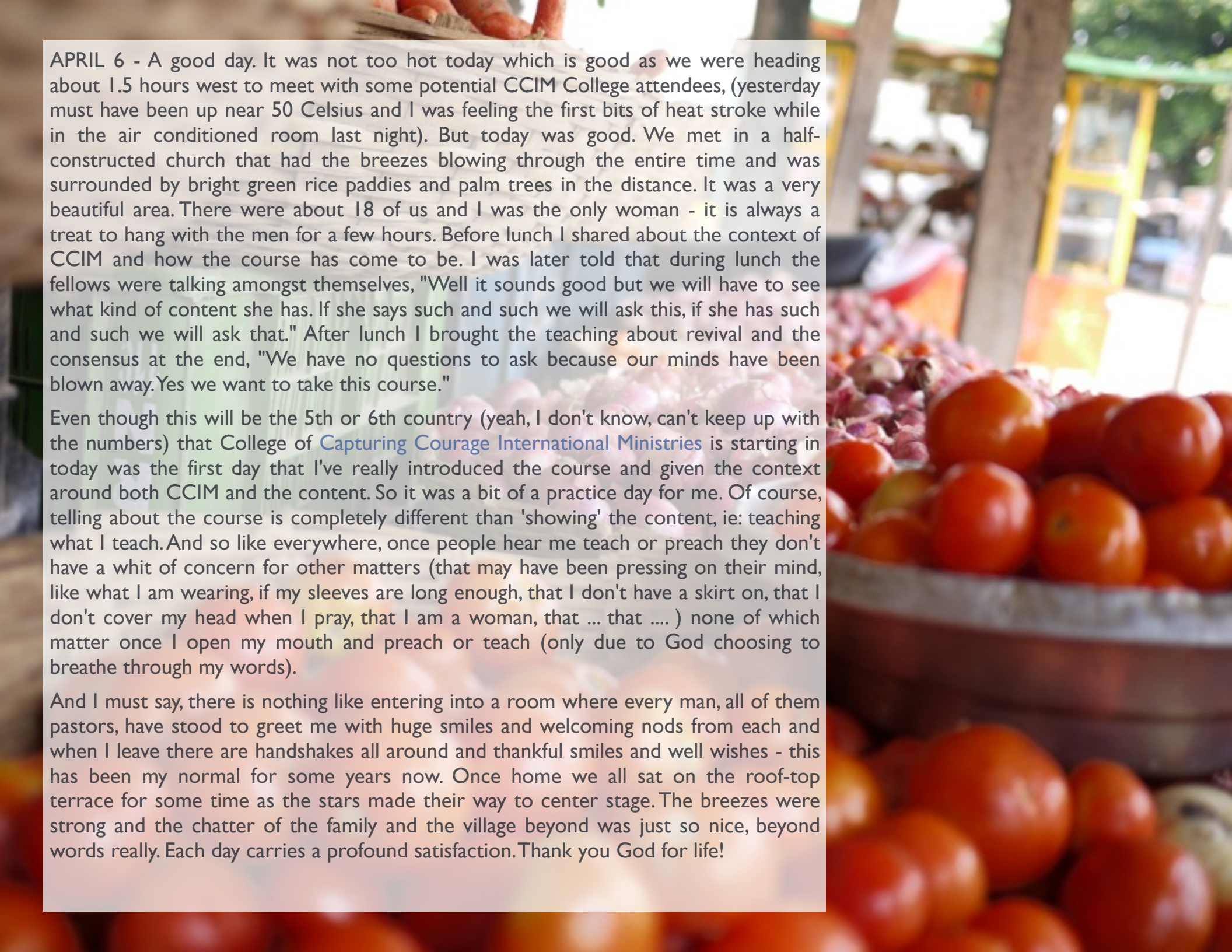
From this perspective and context the child sacrifice would not have been out of place, it would have been matter-of-fact and common, what would have been shocking is that God STOPPED the sacrifice and provided another way. This would have been the lesson that would have stuck with people. God has a different plan and is about saving lives, not killing them! THIS is the point of that story - as we look at it from the culture within which it took place and for the people of that time (and even now in some areas). It is not the story of a god who demands a sacrifice, it is a story of GOD who stops sacrifice with a better way, a way provided and initiated by himself.



APRIL 3 - My last two weeks of this trip have been changed up. If you have my schedule on your fridge know I am not where it says I am to be. The Lord always guides and alerts me to changes that need to be made. I'm not completely sure of the switches that needed to be made this week or next, but I do know that one of my previous weeks I didn't go where I was going to go because the pastor turned out to be a con-man who only wanted to use me. I went there one day for about 6 hours and that was all I could manage given his lying and manipulations and dishonesty on every level. God always protects me from such people, ensuring I will not be used or abused and I make sure of this as well. So I am right where I am supposed to be these last weeks of my time here in India and there are God-moments at every turn - nothing extravagant per se but deep and solid and long-lasting. I love the way the Lord works in these extravagant ways. Rather than calculating based on our human logic God is working at a much different level.

There have been those who suggest I go where the most people will hear me but this just doesn't have to be the way. I really got this on my trip to Mozambique in the fall of 2013. Mozambique is very far to travel to, much more expensive than anywhere else, taking a lot of time and energy and focus. Once I arrived we began the travel within the country, some 6-8 hours by train north, then 3 hours in a truck deep into the rural areas coming to a church and pastor in a lovely little village near the banks of the Zambezi river. At that place ministry turned out to be a few profound conversations with a few pastors that poured in encouragement and new strength to them. And God was chuckling, giggling at the audacity of it all, "Here we have spent all this time and money, gotten you all this distance, to pour my love into these few leaders - How great this is!" And I was beyond satisfied. If that had been the only impact and the only work of my trip to Mozambique it would have been well spent, a good job well done. I have come to find that God is like this - operating out of an extravagance that does not calculate the same way we do, but simply loves and pours out unabashedly and unashamedly. So, my weeks here in India are in some ways turning out the same. The bulk of my time has been with one family that was hungry for encouragement and solid answers from the Lord and it has been my pleasure to be part of God's heart for them. Such a treat and such a delight.

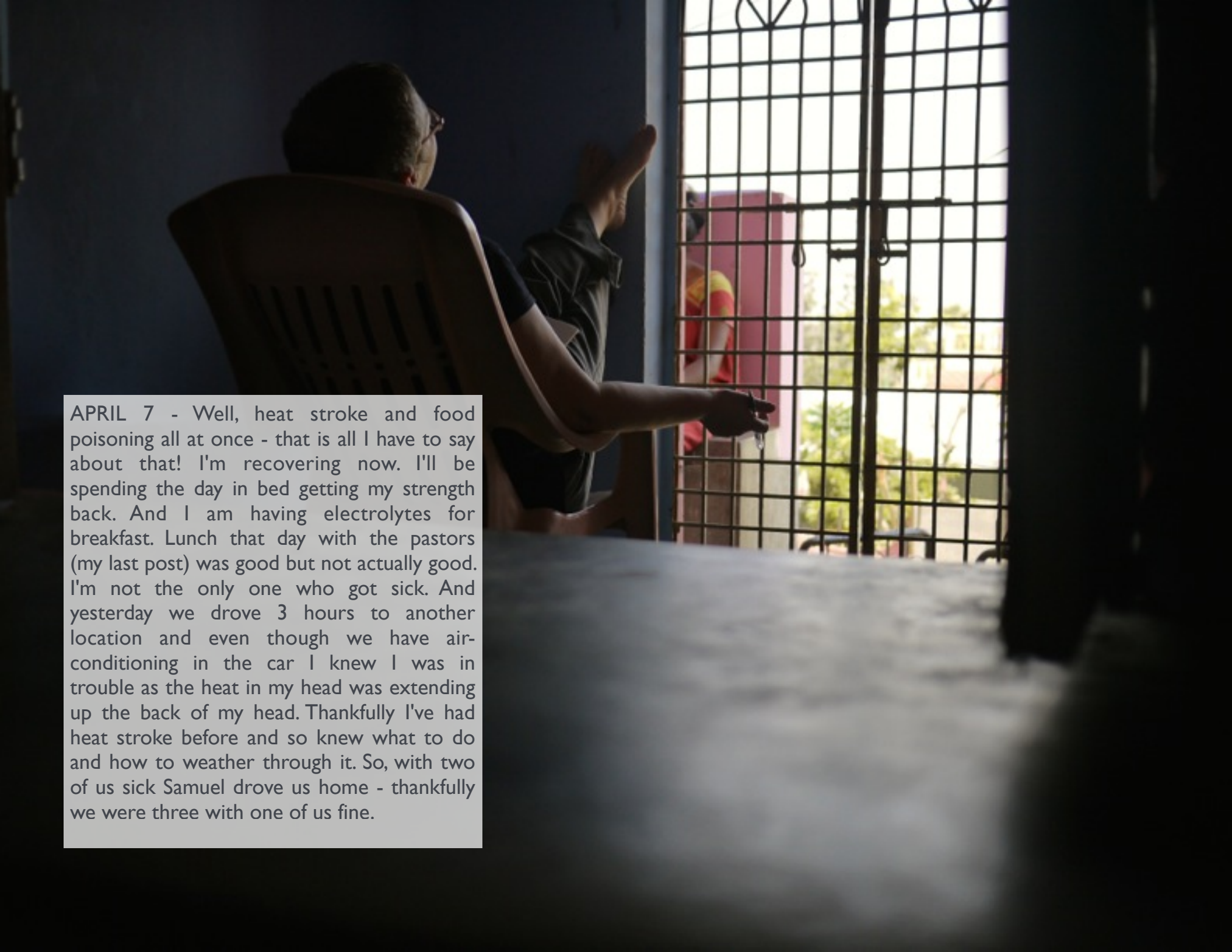
In earthly matters, it is HOT here. It is summer in Andhra Pradesh and the temperatures have been at least 40 Celsius these past days, and I understand that they are expecting to touch 51 Celsius before their summer is over. (I'll be leaving just in time!). So I've been spending my day hours in the room with the air-conditioning. The evenings are spent on the roof-top terrace where the winds pick up as the sun goes down. Serene and beautiful. I've preached a few times this last week. A nearby church was having it's evening Lent services and so they invited me to be the guest preacher at two of these evenings this week. And I realize that all-told on this trip I've prayed for well over 1000 people and there have been many many healings and freedoms in the Lord. So good. All in all I am well satisfied with my time here. My heart is beginning to turn to home, I am missing everyone dearly and it will be so good to be back in Canada and see those I've not seen in some time.



APRIL 6 - A good day. It was not too hot today which is good as we were heading about 1.5 hours west to meet with some potential CCIM College attendees, (yesterday must have been up near 50 Celsius and I was feeling the first bits of heat stroke while in the air conditioned room last night). But today was good. We met in a half-constructed church that had the breezes blowing through the entire time and was surrounded by bright green rice paddies and palm trees in the distance. It was a very beautiful area. There were about 18 of us and I was the only woman - it is always a treat to hang with the men for a few hours. Before lunch I shared about the context of CCIM and how the course has come to be. I was later told that during lunch the fellows were talking amongst themselves, "Well it sounds good but we will have to see what kind of content she has. If she says such and such we will ask this, if she has such and such we will ask that." After lunch I brought the teaching about revival and the consensus at the end, "We have no questions to ask because our minds have been blown away. Yes we want to take this course."

Even though this will be the 5th or 6th country (yeah, I don't know, can't keep up with the numbers) that College of [Capturing Courage International Ministries](#) is starting in today was the first day that I've really introduced the course and given the context around both CCIM and the content. So it was a bit of a practice day for me. Of course, telling about the course is completely different than 'showing' the content, ie: teaching what I teach. And so like everywhere, once people hear me teach or preach they don't have a whit of concern for other matters (that may have been pressing on their mind, like what I am wearing, if my sleeves are long enough, that I don't have a skirt on, that I don't cover my head when I pray, that I am a woman, that ... that) none of which matter once I open my mouth and preach or teach (only due to God choosing to breathe through my words).

And I must say, there is nothing like entering into a room where every man, all of them pastors, have stood to greet me with huge smiles and welcoming nods from each and when I leave there are handshakes all around and thankful smiles and well wishes - this has been my normal for some years now. Once home we all sat on the roof-top terrace for some time as the stars made their way to center stage. The breezes were strong and the chatter of the family and the village beyond was just so nice, beyond words really. Each day carries a profound satisfaction. Thank you God for life!

A person is seen from behind, sitting in a white plastic chair. They are looking out a window that has a black metal grid. The person is holding a small glass of water in their right hand. The room is dimly lit, and the light from the window creates a strong silhouette effect. The person is wearing a dark shirt and glasses. The window looks like it might be in a prison or a secure facility, given the heavy metal bars. Outside the window, some greenery and a red structure are visible.

APRIL 7 - Well, heat stroke and food poisoning all at once - that is all I have to say about that! I'm recovering now. I'll be spending the day in bed getting my strength back. And I am having electrolytes for breakfast. Lunch that day with the pastors (my last post) was good but not actually good. I'm not the only one who got sick. And yesterday we drove 3 hours to another location and even though we have air-conditioning in the car I knew I was in trouble as the heat in my head was extending up the back of my head. Thankfully I've had heat stroke before and so knew what to do and how to weather through it. So, with two of us sick Samuel drove us home - thankfully we were three with one of us fine.

APRIL 8 - The trouble that has come from the west giving out money for decades on end has no end so it seems. Truly, We should be ashamed of ourselves. You have no idea the trouble this has caused within the hearts and minds and spiritual lives of supposedly godly people in developing nations. Money from the west given to those in the body of Christ has taken what was meant to be pure and holy with fellowship and easy give and take and made it into a business. I am so angry about this.

Folks here see that pastors get support from the west and they go about making their kingdoms and building their careers as a pastors, because, of course, it is well rewarded by organizations from the west. There is so much corruption of west money as it has been invested in the body of Christ (at least in many of the places I have been) it isn't even funny. And of course, I know how it goes down at home. For instance, a village nearby (where the folks I am with have a church) has a pastor and a church that is fully funded by a Canadian Church (I don't know which one). And so this pastor has a lot of funds at his disposal. He is building a (relatively) big church and, here is the kicker, has begun paying people to come to church. This has brought untold confusion to the village and to the other believers in other churches. You can just imagine! And yet, this is how this would be shared at home in Canada (there was their team from Canada there just one week before I was), "Ah, we have seen the work. There is a new building project under way and the church is growing. How great we are for helping these poor people in this poor village." And everyone (in Canada) applauds themselves and feels as though satisfied with this good work done in the kingdom of God.

THIS IS A TRAGEDY. Not only is there confusion brought to the body of Christ, but there is corruption bred in the hearts of people, weakness of soul and mind is strengthened in the people and dignity is removed. Let me say that again: THERE IS CONFUSION BROUGHT TO THE BODY OF CHRIST, CORRUPTION BRED IN THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE, WEAKNESS OF SOUL AND MIND IS STRENGTHENED, AND DIGNITY IS REMOVED. I've been bumping up against this (this is an understatement) ever since CCIM launched internationally - I can barely describe the trouble that comes when there is money from the west invested in the body of Christ overseas. continued ...



The difficulty is that we have created AN ENTIRE SYSTEM OF THOUGHT - that money from the west is the only answer. This is wrong. It is not the only answer. But as long as we continue to peddle this we are all kept weak and unable to think or rise above. Get this: My three months in Uganda, now I am with good people for I've done the necessary work beforehand to clearly say, "I am bringing spiritual transformation, leadership development, and inner healing and deliverance. This is all I am bringing. I am not helping with buildings or programs or such. Don't ask, for the answer will be no. And, if you do not want what I am bringing then do not have me." So, the people who invite me want what I bring (obviously that broke down here in India and it has before also in Africa) but the people AROUND these ones are of the mindset that I am bringing money. SO, I believe it was EVERY SINGLE PASTOR I was with had other pastors calling and harassing them with, "She has been with you, she must have given you money, we want some, where is our money?"

This is indicative of an entire system of thought. (I find this everywhere I go, it has happened here in India too) And it is the death knell of creative resourcing, it is the death knell of ingenuity, it is the death knell of money wisdom, it is the death knell of mental strength, of good thinking, of wisdom, of trust in the Lord, of ... when this has been the fruit across an entire spectrum of people across entire continents then we have been doing something wrong, no matter how nice we package it, we have been keeping or making people weak and dependent. We may feel we have been winning the battles but we have lost the war. Are there good ways to partner with people overseas? certainly, thing is, we must look at the fruit years down the road, not just short term fix-its - I would challenge any organization, "Take out the money factor and see if the people still want you. How do they respond?" This would show what has been truly built. And know, that I am telling not even 1/8 of the story as I've seen and experienced it as I've gone to a hundred villages in the last years.



APRIL 9 - One week from today and I'll be getting my hair cut... at home! It seems hard to believe. It has been an interesting week, a good week, but only because I enjoy life so easily! Because of course I was sick, quite sick, and then still not quite right. And then there has been the crazy communications with a pastor crazy for money (that is an entirely other story that). And yet, here are the things that have made me smile and made me glad ... in weird and odd ways. To get to the bathroom I have to go through the doors to just outside and then another step or two into the bathroom. So, let's just say that because of the food poisoning I spent two nights in there quite a bit. Now, there is a little frog that lives just between the doors. The water drips out there from the air conditioner and so in previous weeks whenever I step out he hops away. This week, he was in the bathroom as I am entering. The first time the first night there he is sitting below the drips of water coming from the water bucket, but he moved out the door and around the corner most as soon as I came in. The second night he made sure to leave as well. I've come to really like this little fellow.

Well, last night he didn't leave the bathroom at all. He stayed and I got to hear his little 'slap' 'slap' 'slap' of his tongue as he ate all of the teeny-tiny moths that were on the walls. I've named him Solomon. Not sure why, just seems like a good name for him. So there I was in the middle of the night once more in the bathroom but enjoying this little guys presence and ridiculously glad to watch him eat moths and that he didn't leave at my arrival. To add to the hilarity of the week (from a completely western view-point) my 'motions' aka diarrhea have been the family discussion most of the week long. This is the way it is whenever I travel and as people do all they can to take care of me - once this week I believe there were four of the family hovering about me asking how my motions were and what I needed. It has been so good to be cared for so well, yet I know that for the folks back home you will be properly horrified, and I am getting a chuckle out of this. continue ...



Care for me has also meant many prayers by the family and I know that a few times this week Grandma was crying for my health to the Lord. We may not all be able to understand each other but some things need no common language. Yesterday afternoon the Spirit was reminding me of two young men that I was in conversation with over two years ago, the one of whom died a violent death for handing out Bibles two years ago yesterday (the Lord was bringing them to mind). So I shared the story with Esther yesterday and last night up on the roof-top terrace the family gathered and she told the story to them.

It was such a treat for me to hear her tell the story in Telugu, and to pick up on where she was at all times as at regular intervals as there would be an English word thrown in here or there to help explain something. To watch her facial expressions, hand movements, and to feel the response of the others and to feel the atmosphere of emotions as the story progressed was truly something I will not forget. We then gathered in prayer on our knees before an all-knowing God and declared as the spirit led for the family and continued legacy of these men who died. Another satisfying day.



APRIL 11 Morning - It is 5am or so and the air outside is cool and fresh and blowing. It appears that there is a storm off in the distance somewhere. Eating has been a real chore this week. First the food poisoning but I'm still not back to eating normal. My stomach just doesn't want any food so every few hours I force myself to eat something taking much will-power. In part it has been the heat, maybe today as it is cooler (if it lasts) I will feel like eating and be able to eat. My spirit has been hunkering down in the Lord for the last 36 hours or so.

This happens at regular intervals and rhythms for me as when all else is washed away I am a prophet at the core and so the out-loud work must be in sync and balanced out, supported by actually, this inner silence with God. It is also what happens at the end of a work. Every end of a ministry trip God lifts his glory (particular anointing for a particular time and people and place) from me and I am left as Cyndy, just human, in all my normality and with all my dreams and sorrows and hopes and longings. And so as I settle back into myself there is a deep gladness that permeates my entire being coupled with the full range of emotions - I find in all of this a contentment that I cannot even describe. It is just so good to be alive. But I should go back to sleep for a time as there is something I must be up for in a time.



APRIL 11 - It is about 5pm and I am sitting in a dim room with a fan and air-conditioning. I've been in this room all day and all week although in the mornings I open the outside doors and get some breezes and fresh air. I've slept half of today (we are all waiting for another hour so that we can head to the roof terrace for the evening). The other half has been spent in contemplation, prayer, and a few chats with some of the family. They just this morning remembered that some 3 of them had the same vision/dream some years back about a foreigner woman coming and staying in their home. She would be a very good person and a true servant of God (and other stuff I can't remember).

At the time they couldn't imagine how this might come to be because when foreigners come they only stay in hotels and show up for services, they don't go to nationals homes let alone stay there. Yet, as they point out, here I am and I have become family - sleeping on their bed, eating their food - the mourning has already begun that I am leaving soon; the household is descending into a bit of a funk (my heart was so touched by their visions and by God who crafts our lives into things of beauty and connecting and deep service to each other). It is an amazing thing this bonding that happens so quickly and so deeply, yet I experience it everywhere I go and the only bad part of the work I do is that I am constantly having to say good-bye to so many great people. I half-packed my suitcase today and began organizing what goes into baggage on the plane and what I take in my carry-on... due to the very long journey it is always a well-crafted science to say the least (and this time the journey is even longer with a train trip on this end to get me to the airport). I must have my wits about me to ensure I've thought it all through well. The second half of packing my suitcase can happen once we have the Sari and the dress back from the tailors (I believe that is happening tonight) - tonight is slated for 'Cyndy models dresses and sari and pictures are taken' night. I'm not sure how I am feeling about this ... Actually, I expect it to be fun. continued ...





It has been a profound time in India. Like every ministry trip I learn a ton of stuff and my own wisdom is increased, knowledge is added, understanding is broadened. Each time is well-crafted to the larger vision of God's healing revival through CCIM around the world and what I as leader need to know for the next phase of his plans. God just keeps teaching me and I continue to grow and change at these enormous rates of speed that I myself can barely keep up at times. Anyway, enough about me. Solomon the frog hopped past the open door a couple of times this morning and baby Ahill has a crush on me and I on him, he is 11 months old and sweet as a button. I'll finish with a quote I noted in my journal some 13 years ago, "What is the purpose of a spiritual director? The seventeenth-century Benedictine mystic, Dom Augustine Baker writes,

"In a word, she is only God's usher, and must lead souls in God's way, and not her own. Her direction is simply and clearly to lead us to our real director. She is the means of God to open the path to the inward teaching of the Holy Spirit. Her function is purely and simply charismatic. She leads only by the force of her own personal holiness."

APRIL 12 - Yesterday was this amazing cool day, (it even rained a bit - I was ecstatic) and today it looks like it will be the same. Yesterday I preached a message at one of the town churches and later in the afternoon we went to the river and I went swimming - it was very nice, refreshing and just something different than what I am normally doing.

Though I've been here in this spot for two weeks and even though I was not so well for some of that, we have had great healing conversations. The kind of deep work that cannot take place unless we are settled and sticking around for a time. I can see how my weeks in India have played out and it seems to me that there has not been a thing out of place even though it became quite a bit different than I was thinking. Last night I was privileged with Grandma sharing with me her story - what a story, what a faithful life - such an honor to have this shared with me Today I do the final packing of my suitcase. I sure will miss India.



APRIL 13 - Today is the day to head off to the airport. My flight is tomorrow but there is travel beforehand to get there. My bags are packed and everything fits! I'm day-dreaming about putting on a pair of jeans when I get home, of making italian sausages and yam, of having a cup of coffee. I'm looking forward to sitting on the back deck, wearing my spring boots, and putting my necklace back on. It'll be great to sit at a starbucks, go for a walk, and drive to the beach. I want to head downtown and bike around the sea-wall (not right away), go to church on Sunday (and be a spectator), and see my doctor (okay well maybe not but I will have to).

I'll have hugs with my children, meals with family, and chats with friends. I'm eager to have a day of rain, of puttering in my parents garden, and sharing the stories of India with friends of CCIM. With the necessary travel on this end I've about 60 hours of travel ahead of me so please pray for me that I can rest well, stay alert when I need to, settle in well wherever I am in the journey, and that my stomach (which is still not 100% okay) completely returns to normal. Homeward bound - It'll be so great to be there.





I arrived home safely and doing pretty good considering the 60 hours of travel.

Thank you for your prayers and heart alongside me during my time in India. It was great to share the experience and for those of you who followed this diary on Facebook I was blessed by your interaction, comments and encouragements.

Now that I am home I will be having a mix of gatherings. We will gather for those who want to hear more about the India trip and ministry in specific. We will gather for those who want to know more about the forward movement of CCIM and how this is forming in numerous countries. And we will gather in order for me to share here at home the core content that I've been teaching both in Uganda and India.

To keep up to date with these events go to cyndylavoie.com and watch the EVENTS tab for current information, times and places.

We need your help to keep up with the rapid advancement of CCIM around the world. To Support the work of CCIM go to tgcf.ca DONATIONS page. Upon choosing your method of donating ensure you have designated your funds to Capturing Courage International Ministries on the drop down menu. Thank you for your support and heart alongside this work.

Blessings and peace upon you, in the mighty name of our Lord Jesus Christ,
Cyndy Lavoie