

# The Deborah Report

Dear Partner,

I love writing these updates to you, except for one thing—I want to ask all kinds of questions like “What’s going on with you? How was your Christmas? How did you spend New Year’s Eve?” It seems more than a little strange to write a letter about what’s going on with me without getting to hear what’s going on with you, but I will content myself with praying for you. Thanks for the little “one-liners” or short paragraphs some of you send with your prayer requests or offerings. I appreciate that.



violence involved. The incidence of rape in the area where I went is the highest in the world.

I had the opportunity to minister at a center for rape victims. When they heard that Jesus had suffered the indignity and emotional pain of violation when he was hung naked on the cross, there were many tears of healing. (The loin cloth that we see in pictures of the crucifixion is just there to appease our social sensibilities; he was afforded no such sensitivity at the time.) Knowing that their Lord knew the same fierce public shaming as they had experienced helped them reach out to Him for healing of their deepest wounds. Then it was my turn to be in tears as I heard them share their testimonies.

## Highlights from DMI in Democratic Republic of Congo

God sent me to the women of DRC. The plight of women there is the worst I have seen anywhere in the world! This is a war-torn area, and war always leaves untold anguish among the survivors. The specific anguish that holds countless Congolese women in bondage is the aftermath of rape by all the various factions of military men who view taking the local women as spoils of war. In that culture, a woman who has been raped has no hope for a normal future. Young girls have no hope of marriage, and married women are cast out. Many rape victims are left maimed and crippled because of the

I went to one of the villages where war has left a huge vacuum. In their valley they experienced a massacre of huge proportions, with civilians of all ages being cut down with machine guns and thrown in mass burial pits. When I was introduced to the village chief, he said to me through the interpreter, “Thank you for coming to dry our tears.” If theirs were dried, mine flowed freely. I thank God for the love of Christ that brings comfort when nothing else can!



My contact pastor was unwilling to turn men away from the women’s conference so many men who were hungry for a touch from God received one!



Children of the village in which the massacre took place (DRC). When I was introduced to the village chief, he said to me through the interpreter, "Thank you for coming to dry our tears."



Here I am about to enter the hut where my contact pastor meets regularly with some of the children who were orphaned by the massacre to minister to them.



This is the village we visited after the hair-raising drive up the mountain in Uganda. It has been devastated by the HIV/AIDS virus. Our financial gift enabled them to put a roof on the school building they started with faith.

## Highlights from DMI in Uganda

We set out in a 4-wheel drive mini-van to go on a 13-hour field trip to a dimension of devastation that defies description. But I will try to relate the experience to you. Headed up the mountainside on the worst road that I have ever been on (bar none, including one time in the bush of Kenya when we got so badly stuck the car had to be manually lifted out of the clay it was mired in) the van began to lose traction. The front wheels began to slide back while the back wheels kept going. The result was that we were inching up the mountainside sideways, the van sitting at a 90 degree angle to the road! Sliding on wet clay, we suddenly dropped into a deep rut, causing me to cling to handholds in order to remain on the seat. The van was tilted at such an angle that I fully expected that we would roll.

Here I must break and tell you that while at home before this trip I had a strong experience with the Holy Spirit while in intercession over Uganda. The Word of the Lord came unto me saying, "I am sending you among those who have been swept aside and forgotten of men." When I got to Uganda I had a wonderful time of ministry with my contact pastor doing a pastor's conference, women's conference, and an outdoor crusade. All in all, it was a great time of ministry and the results were very gratifying. However, at no time did my experience seem to fit what I had experienced in intercession.

*Then came this day that I shall never forget.*

Here we are climbing dangerously up the mountain, about to roll the vehicle, when, just as suddenly, the other wheels dropped in a different rut and we were at the opposite angle. Praying fervently that I would not have the trip interrupted by a stint in a Ugandan hospital, we finally made it to the top of the mountain.

*What I saw when we got there made it all worthwhile,* and caused me to know that I had arrived at the place that the Holy Spirit had spoken about.

Looking out over the valley, *I saw the place where the AIDS virus is believed to have originated in Uganda.* Death swept across the valley, leaving in its wake the very old and the very young. There are empty dwellings where death took whole families.

In one instance, a 9-yr. old was the head of the household, trying to care for the younger children. The adults who are left wear the haunted look of despair because no one knows where or when death will strike again. I was told that even the government won't go to that remote place with any help—



The unfinished mud and stick school with a chalkboard in place. God provided the necessary funds through DMI to put a roof on the school in this place that has been forgotten by man but not by God.

indeed they have been swept away from the collective conscience of society.

The two pastors I was with from Kampala had started a small effort at a school for the community. They had four classrooms in a structure made of mud and sticks, with dirt floors and no roof. The only equipment I saw was the chalkboard in the picture. They had begun in faith, trusting that God would bring help. And that same God—our God!—spoke to me clear across the world, in Denver, Colorado to go to Uganda. Wow. God's love knows no bounds, and there is nothing impossible with Him, to him who believes.

You sent me to Uganda through your prayers and finances in obedience to God's leading...where I left them the \$250 they needed to build more classrooms and put a metal roof on their school. Now they know they are not forgotten of God!

God says, "Only believe. . . ." When I saw their circumstances, I was reminded of the widow in the Old Testament who had nothing but some oil. When she offered what she had in faith, God met her needs. Similarly, in Uganda, they had sticks and soil. They combined them to build a wall. They offered their structure to God in faith and he met their needs, even if it took bringing someone literally from across the globe to give them what they needed. Our God still operates according to the ancient ways recorded in the Word. The results are still the same, miracles still happen, and God is still glorified.



These are children who are HIV positive. They performed songs and dances for us (shown here.)



This little guy kept beat for the singers and dancers.

**M**y visit to the Cross Fire Children's Care Centre was one of the most impacting experiences of my whole trip. My host pastor has begun a small work to help care for children who are HIV positive, underprivileged and impoverished, some of whom are orphans. The kids, in anticipation of our visit had prepared some songs and dances for us, which they are pictured doing.

Particularly heart-wrenching was the solo of the little one pictured second from the right (top). She stepped forward and sang in a clear, sweet voice:

My name is ... and I have AIDS  
Because of you AIDS, I lost my mama & my daddy  
Why don't you go back where you came from?  
  
Because of you AIDS, I must leave this world,  
Why don't you go back where you came from?

Honestly, I cannot wrap my mind around what kind of burden it is for a 5-yr old to carry to know that because of something abstract that she can't yet feel named AIDS, she can't have a normal life like other children!

With your help, I was able to leave a small amount of finances with our host pastor to be used to help purchase some of the necessities that they cannot afford. ■



## Highlights from DMI in Kenya

Because of something that happened here, I want to give God the glory for one of the most amazing miracles I have yet seen in all of my time in the ministry. . . .

After teaching in a meeting in a village, I was taken to see a large field planted in exotic tomatoes. The owner of the field was a Christian who had borrowed heavily to plant the field; in fact his whole life was tied up in this tomato crop. **Things were going great until the rains stopped and the countryside was plunged into drought.** (I knew that people had literally starved to death not far from there because of the drought.) The man continued to tend his crops by irrigating from his well. . . until the well dried up. The plants were wilting and he was facing complete financial ruin, as well as the starvation that was stalking the countryside.

They asked me if anything could be done. **Wow.** I invited anyone who could believe for water to agree with me as I commanded water to obey its creator and come to that place and fill that well. We moved on to the next place where plants were dying and lives were hanging in the balance, and we did the same thing. Then I moved on to continue with the ministry that had been laid out for me to accomplish.

Two days later I was in a different area when we received a phone call. **The drought had broken, the rains had come and the crops were saved—people were rejoicing and so elated they couldn't contain the news.** And God was glorified. When I returned home, I received an e-mail saying that the wells had filled up and were overflowing. God is so good!

Some of you were partnering with me way back in 2001, when Harvey and I went to the village of Ganga in the bush of Kenya. By the grace of God we were able to give them the financial resources needed to erect a humble church made of mud walls and a metal roof (pictured to the right).

During this trip I had the immeasurable pleasure of returning there to hold a pastors' conference in that same building! Of everything that was accomplished during this whole trip, I think the deepest spiritual impact happened in this place. One pastor voiced his amazement when he said, "I have been to very beautiful churches in permanent buildings and yet I have never heard such revelation as this! Why is that?" *Why, indeed?*



So, we can say together, "Look and see what the Lord has done!" Your prayers, your giving and your faithfulness to the work that God has called us to together has once again brought forth fruit beyond what I could have asked or imagined! In closing, I want to pass on a message from the people in Kenya. They said, "Tell the people who sent you here 'thank you!'"



Above: Ganga Village, Kenya. The church building that was built with a DMI donation in 2001.

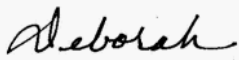
Below: The interior of the church holds worshipers!



## May God's Faithfulness Be Manifested in Your Life

My time in Africa was wondrously beautiful, and my Christmas was also wondrously beautiful, yet they were light years apart in experience. Both had times of barely controlled chaos and overwhelming joy. Both were precious to me in the relationships shared and especially in the amazement of *the ordinary being infused with the glory of the kingdom*. God is good, and in that goodness I found the bridge between my world and the third world, abundance and poverty; in His goodness I was able to re-enter America at Christmastime without it throwing me into reverse culture shock! For those of you who were praying for me, thank you—it is impossible to fully testify of the magnificent power of prayer.

Now, may God's faithfulness be manifested in your life and your circumstances, according to His glory, for He is not a respecter of persons, and that which He has done for others, He wills to do for you; only believe.



Above: Baby Deborah in Kenya. Her father, a member of local government in Kenya, named her after me in 2001. Left: Now, in 2009, He brought her to me so she could meet her namesake.



Early last year, many of you participated in a special project to help purchase six pigs for an African pastor to help give him an income source to help support his family and his ministry. That pastor is Bishop Ouma (pictured here with me and one of his pigs.)

**This photo was snapped right after I nearly ended up face-down in the muck with the pig!** Untamed, he is tethered with a rope (which is hidden in the grass). When I walked toward him for the photo, he freaked and began running circles around me, squealing frantically. In an instant he had my ankles hog-tied!

Just as I was about to topple into the mud, my friend reached out to grab me while the Bishop managed to corral the pig. As you can see in the picture, we are now standing at a respectable distance, with the Bishop's foot discreetly on the pig's tether (and I am ready to flee should the pig return for more fun and games)! ■



Deborah Ministries International ministers in response to Hosea 4:6, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge" and John 8:32, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

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