



GOSPEL OUTREACH CANADA

November/24

Adventures in MISSIONS

Introducing people to Jesus in the 10/40 Window

Stories From Africa

With your donations, Gospel Outreach Canada is able to support over 300 local evangelists in the African 10/40 window. These are their stories. For more information on supporting Gospel Outreach go to www.gocscda.ca

Coming Back Home

I became an Adventist early in life, in the town of Ouida. But as I grew, life took a challenging turn. When I got married, I made a choice that would impact me deeply—I married a man who deceived me and brought chaos into my life. It felt like my world was turned upside down, and before long, my health failed. I was paralyzed and blinded, lost in both body and spirit.

In my desperation, my family took me to a church known for its focus on divine healing, called Heavenly Christianity. It was there, by the grace of God, that I began to recover. My vision returned, and my strength was renewed. God had brought me healing, and I was profoundly grateful.

One day, a man approached me with a warning not to remain in that church. Strangely, only days later, he passed away. I wasn't sure what to make of it, but I felt something shifting in my spirit. Soon after, I encountered Gospel Outreach Evangelist Zechariah. As he walked by me, he stopped and prayed over me. I remember telling him, "I am a lost sheep," to which he responded with compassion, inviting me to attend a Gospel Campaign. I attended, and that experience opened a new door in my life. I knew I was finally home, and I was baptized, full of joy and peace.

With a renewed spirit, I let go of my past and handed my Heavenly Christianity belongings to Evangelist Zechariah, who burned them as a symbol of letting go and starting afresh.

Today, I am filled with gratitude. I pray that God will bless me with a stable, faithful home and continue guiding me on this path of faith. Thank you praying and for walking alongside me on this journey.

As told to Gospel Outreach Evangelist Zechariah.

Journey From Darkness to Light - as told by Nyanpal

My name is Nyanpal. I am a South Sudanese woman who spent many years in Ethiopian refugee camps, having come from a background deeply rooted in the traditions passed down by my mother, an idol worshipper. My mother died in 1977 when I was only ten years old, leaving me with the beliefs she had practiced.

Shortly after her passing I began experiencing vivid dreams. Twice I dreamed of a presence telling me, "You will not see me again, but I will come back to you. When I come, there will be many signs of fighting, celebrations with drums, and dancing. But I will also take your uncle in a car accident, and your father will pass peacefully."

This prophecy stayed with me for years, only to become reality on July 9, 2018. The spirit, whom I believed to be a devil, returned. My uncle, who had traveled from Kule Three (a village in our Ethiopian camp) to visit us in Kule One, was in a tragic car accident on his way to Matoria and never returned. That evening, my father called to inform me of the accident and, with a heavy heart, said, "My daughter, I am going to die now. Your mother's spirit will come to you." Bewildered, I asked him, "How can I offer sacrifices to this spirit, after it has taken so much from us?" My father's last words to me were, "Let it come to you."



After my father's death, I found myself reluctantly offering sacrifices, but it felt wrong, as if this spirit was tormenting me. One night I dreamed again.

In my dream, two people cloaked in black chased me while I clutched my child, seeking refuge among nearby groups. But each group turned me away. Suddenly, a man in white descended from heaven, took my hand, covered me with a white garment, and firmly told the black-cloaked figures, "She is mine. From today onward, do not come back to her. She is a good person."

From that moment, I felt compelled to find a new path, seeking peace and freedom from this oppressive force. I found that freedom in a local group of Seventh-day Adventists, and on April 13, 2024, in Kule Refugee Camp I was baptized. That day marked the beginning of my commitment to Christ and my dedication to bringing others to Him.

Now, with a renewed spirit, I am focused on sharing my journey and reaching out to those in need of hope. This path has brought me strength and purpose, and I pray that my story inspires others to seek light and truth.



Every time I prepare to go out and share the gospel, I ask God to guide me to someone who needs to hear His message. One particular day, after prayer, I stood by the bus stop in front of my house. As I waited, a young woman walked by, visibly distressed and crying. Her name was Martin.

When I gently inquired about her tears, Martin revealed a heart-wrenching story. She'd recently had a check-up, and the doctor had given her a difficult choice: abort her pregnancy or risk her life or the baby's due to complications with the baby's position. Though she already had a daughter, Martin had longed for a son, and now that God had blessed her with one, she was devastated by the doctor's words. I listened, prayed with her, and invited her to join our church that weekend. To my surprise, she accepted, even though she had never attended a church before.

That Sabbath, a few church members joined me in prayer for Martin. Together, we prayed for her strength, her faith, and the health of her baby. From then on, I visited Martin and her daughter regularly, studying the Bible with them and supporting her through the fear and uncertainty.

Over the weeks, Martin's faith grew. She made the courageous decision to keep the baby, telling her doctor that her faith in God was stronger than her fear. Her husband, Alex, was initially unsure, even asking her to follow the doctor's recommendation, but Martin remained resolute. She believed that God had a purpose for her son's life.

In time, her baby boy, Jacques, was born healthy. However, as Jacques grew, health struggles emerged. At one year old, he began experiencing episodes, sometimes fainting, and was eventually diagnosed with epilepsy. When she heard the diagnosis, Martin fell to her knees in prayer: "God, if You heal my son from this illness, my family and I will worship You forever."

Amazingly, since that prayer two months ago, Jacques

has been in perfect health. His family now sees this as a miracle, an answer to Martin's unwavering faith. Today, her husband Alex and the rest of their family join us in worship, filled with gratitude for God's healing power.



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