

ANNE-LISE & PETER LØBNER-MADSEN



MIRACLES
in our lives

PREFACE

Often, when speaking of the nature of giving, the well-known allegory of a sponge is mentioned - the harder you squeeze it out, the greater its absorption power and the more it releases the next time around.

When I think of Peter and Anne-Lise and of the unusual and absolutely fascinating life they have led, I am again put in mind of the above truism.

This marvelous, unique couple has been giving help to others with endless generosity, all over the world, and by doing so they have absorbed the love, admiration, devotion and generosity of hundreds and thousands of people, which in turn enables them to continue giving, supporting and helping.

This cycle of giving and receiving and giving again is not about money, though that too has worked well for Peter and Anne-Lise under the same principle of the sponge. This is about love, about believing in the preciousness of the life of each human being and the power to help, to heal.

This is about faith and the belief in one's calling on earth. People say that faith can move mountains. The years of Peter and Anne-Lise's missionary work, especially in Africa and Denmark, are proof of this second truism.

Another unique aspect of the Madsens' life is their great love for Israel and the Jewish people and their unshakable conviction of the special, focal role the Jewish people play in this world. This has led them to help countless people in Israel, especially children with great needs.

As director of public relations of the 'Bnai Brit' Children's Home in Jerusalem, my first contact with Peter and Anne-Lise was professional. I had turned to them to interest them in building a pet therapy corner for us, as they had done in the Geha Mental Health Center. But, very quickly, this initial contact turned into a genuine admiration and love for these people.

Though I myself am not a religious person, I stand in awe to see to what tremendous accomplishments Peter and Anne-Lise's religious faith has taken them. I stand in awe before their fearlessness in having taken their young children to live in primitive African villages, their courage to enter war zones, their perseverance to see their work completed. When reading their life story, one sees that in addition to their mission to spread Christian doctrine, they have embraced and applied a far nobler mission throughout

their travels: the golden principle that if you truly want to help someone, give him a fishing rod and teach him how to fish, rather than giving him a free supply of food. That is the greatest gift of all. And it is a gift that these two extraordinary people have given time and again to countless others all over the world over a span of forty-five years.

Our Children's Home has benefited tremendously from the generosity that Peter and Anne-Lise have shown us, through their PALMA Foundation. It began with a pet corner, that in itself was a superb gift and became a great success, and has since continued for over twelve years with supporting our host families program, helping to build our first girls' unit, providing for our equine therapy program, ensuring the continuity of our anti-violence program in Jerusalem's high schools, helping finance the publication of our training manual, now used throughout Israel, furnishing new cottages, establishing a computer center for our Junior Unit and, most recently, providing the funds to build a new cottage at our new campus on the outskirts of Jerusalem, near Abu Gosh. We are moved beyond words to see this beautiful cottage bear the name Denmark House. Our hearts are filled with gratitude for the love and friendship we share with Peter and Anne-Lise.

I have encouraged the Madsens to write down their life story, mainly because of what I have benefited from my having come to know them. I have discovered through them the magic of adventurous living; the meaning of true courage, optimism and the love of humanity; the power of faith and the reward in endlessly giving of oneself. These rare and marvelous attributes are all wrapped up in these two extraordinary human beings. Becoming acquainted with their blessed lives can serve as an inspiration and is a reconfirmation of the potential for love that lies within each of us.

Ziona Sasson
Jerusalem, 2009

INTRODUCTION

I met dear Anne-Lise in November 1992, at the Eitanim Psychiatric Hospital, during the inauguration of a kindergarten building that had been built by Norwegian donors.

We soon developed a relationship of deep respect and love for each other and a strong feeling of closeness. It seemed like we had known each other for many years; shortly thereafter dear Peter joined this friendship.

This book tells the story of their devotion to God and their lives dedicated to fulfilling His vocation.

About two years after our initial meeting and following many long, heart-to-heart conversations with these two wonderful people, donations started arriving for the establishment of a petting zoo for the children being treated here at the Geha Mental Health Center. The donations continue to this day and enable us to offer a wide- ranging and thorough treatment program to our children and help us integrate them into the healthy community.

I have always been in complete wonderment of Anne-Lise's and Peter's love for Israel and, recently, about the dedication of this special book to the Jewish people. I have wondered about their wish to help the Jewish people regain their self respect and their pride in being "The Chosen People", a wish that stems from a strong belief in God. They chose to be our goodwill ambassadors throughout the world, thus hoping to help fulfill this wish.

After Peter had survived against all odds, his parents raised him from infancy to serve the Lord and to dedicate his life to Him. Anne-Lise too was raised to serve the Lord and be under His providence. They dedicated their lives to helping others and through this devotion they found their love for the Jewish people, discovered their need to help them and gained an understanding of the importance of a homeland for the Jews.

When Anne-Lise and Peter met and were married, their love for each other complemented and enhanced their devotion to God's will and to following His spirit and His ways. Throughout the years uncompromising belief has helped them overcome all hardships. This belief has carried them through the most excruciating experiences, such as when they, as parents, were faced with their children's lives being in peril, and they then turned, in complete faith, to God for help and, indeed, salvation came.

It is amazing and awe-inspiring that while being completely dedicated to their mission to the point of leaving the safety and calm of their home country for various African countries where real dangers threatened them, they never for a moment neglected even the smallest detail in caring for their children. Nor did their attention to the education, health and welfare of others diminish under any circumstance. Their trust in their mission and in its goals is complete and unshakable and through it they move people from darkness to light.

Anne-Lise's and Peter's efforts, dedication and hard work helped build an orphanage in Uganda, a children's home in Eldoret, Kenya and establish a shelter for street-children in Nairobi, Kenya. Their vocation surrounded the world, but even when they returned home there was not a moment of rest. They established Bible schools and a community center for drug addicts, thus offering an opportunity for rehabilitation to those in need, helping them to gain back some self-respect. It is an amazing experience to visit and see these projects and the way they function, and observe the richness of support they offer to the lives of so many needy people.

The connection with Israel for Anne-Lise and Peter started while in Kenya. They felt a sudden calling to go to Israel, to help Jews in Poland and to teach people about Israel and the Shoa in places stretching from Russia to India and Paraguay. This came in addition to their enormous contribution to strengthening the belief in God throughout the world, as well as a project in Greenland to save people who fell into crime and alcoholism, by instilling meaning and purpose into their lives.

This feeling of vocation and purpose evolved and gave birth to this current biographical book that is intended to glorify God by describing the miracles that they have encountered. During their fascinating lives that were, and still are, dedicated to humankind and the belief in God, came the great inner calling to go to Israel, a calling that changed their lives and made them feel that by coming to this country they have come home. They organized groups to visit Israel and find out for themselves the truths that are written in the Bible and, upon returning home, then serve as ambassadors of love for the Jewish people.

Anne-Lise's and Peter's aim is to stretch out their arms in love to Jews, to encourage and support them after terror attacks or before a war, to help make the desert bloom by planting thousands of trees in the Yatir forest, to love the people who survived to establish a state on the promised land and to embrace its weak and beaten survivors of the Holocaust. They bring to us their love for and understanding of children and enrich the children's lives by enabling them to receive much-needed facilities, by financing treatments, providing for them other tools and accessories and much more. They support the Eitanim Psychiatric Hospital, the Geha Mental Health Center, the 'Bnai Brit' Children's Home in Jerusalem and the Children's Chest Surgery Ward at the Edith Wolfson Medical Center. In addition, they finance a highly important research project that involves a five- to seven -year follow up on the children who completed treatment at Geha Mental Health Center.

They helped strengthen and perpetuate the long lasting, warm and deeply respectful ties between the Danish people and the Jewish people by facilitating the establishment of the museum at the Church of the Messiah in Jerusalem.

Anne-Lise and Peter have brought light and happiness to many believers around the world and to uncountable needy children. They have passed on their beliefs and principles to their own children, who follow in their parents' path. Their lives are a live representation of the words in Deuteronomy Ch. 6

verse 5, "And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might".

Dear Anne-Lise and Peter, may the Lord protect you forever in all your undertakings.

With love, honour and appreciation,
Dr. Sara Spitzer,
Director of The Children's Day Ward,
Geha Mental Health Center

Miracles in our lives

By ANNE-LISE and PETER LOBNER-MADSEN

DEDICATION

We want to dedicate this book to the Jewish people whom we love and honor with all our heart. Please accept this book like a love letter to you, dear reader, from two small servants of God.

Peter:

We want to tell you our life story, or a little part of it, because many of our Jewish friends have asked us to write it down in a book. But most of all we want to tell you very openly about why we as Danish believers have been working in Israel for more than seventeen years. After you read our whole story. You, as Gods chosen people, can better understand how we feel and why we love you so much.

We will divide the book into four sections:

First, our childhood, our beloved parents, and our homes, schools, etc.

Second, how God changed our lives as young people and called us to be His servants and sent us out into the world to serve people and to serve Him.

Third, about our more than forty-five years serving Africa.

Fourth, about the last seventeen years during which we have been following God's calling to bless Israel and the Jewish people.

We will end this book, by answering many questions which we have gotten from our Jewish friends while we have been serving in Israel. And all the glory is to God, our creator and savior.

We want just here in the beginning to give you a little taste of why we are in Israel and why we love the Jewish people. We have both talked about what to write and what to tell you and every word is from both of our hearts. Some chapters I, Peter, will write and some Anne Lise will write. How did the love for Israel come about?

Our parents told us always to pray for the Jewish people and help them in their needs, because they have suffered a lot through the centuries, very often because of the so-called Christians.

When we grew up and the Second World War was ended, we went on with our lives and did not think very much about the Jewish people or Israel. But when we lived as missionaries in Africa many years later, we heard about the Six Day War. Our African friends came to me and asked how it can be that Cairo radio tells us every day that the Jews are going to lose this war. It is written in our Bibles that God is fighting for Israel and they are going to win the war.

We talked a lot about it and we ended up with my starting to teach about Israel and the Jewish people, from the beginning of the Bible and up to the end. The Africans were very interested and were happy for the teaching, and I myself got more and more interested in the history of God's Chosen People and Chosen Land. After a while, I wrote a book in Danish, our mother tongue, about Israel. It's called "The Apple of God's Eye" and it has been translated into English, Swahili, Norwegian, and Bengali languages.

After many years in Tanzania and Denmark, we moved to Kenya to work for about six years. Suddenly, one morning, I heard a loud voice in my head and thoughts: "Now it is for God and for Israel." I told my wife, Anne Lise, about it and I felt we should do more than bless and pray for Israel. And so we did. After a short time, we had to go back to Denmark to serve as pastors in our church for some years.

One day, a Jewish preacher came to visit our church. He invited me to come with him on a visit to Israel. That trip started a whole new chapter in our lives. But we are going to tell more about that later in this book. Since that time we have been studying every day what the Bible says about Israel and seeing the deep secrets about Israel in God's word. We have been praying about it, teaching about it, writing about it, and being very thankful to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob for all the great things He has done and still is going to do through his Chosen People, Israel. On the day when judgment comes on Israel's enemies, and the King of Zion, the Messiah, the Lord of Lords will appear, then, as it is written in Zechariah 9:16: "The Lord

their God will save them on that day as the flock of his people. They will sparkle in his land like jewels in a crown."

This is why we want to encourage you and remind you of the word of God, that you are God's Chosen People, Jerusalem is God's Chosen City and the land is the Land of God, He chose it for you. And we want you to know how precious you are and how much God, your God, loves you.

When you read the Bible, you can quickly discover that Israel is no ordinary nation. And that its people are no ordinary people. Whether one is a Jew or a gentile, a priest or a teacher, when one begins to concern oneself with Israel, one touches something which has to do with God Himself.

My wife and I have worked as missionaries in Africa and visited many other nations, yet we cannot get away from the fact that Israel is something special. I have seen that whatever I have been teaching abroad in Bible schools and seminars, there has been a great ignorance about Israel, her origins, her relations with other countries and the Jews' relationship with God as His Chosen People. It is necessary for us as Christians to have a Biblical, correct attitude towards Israel. We cannot allow ourselves to be misled by propaganda or what we see and hear in the media. We must base our attitudes on what God's word says about Israel and her future.

And now we have free time in Israel and other countries, to teach about Israel from the Biblical view, and we also have lots of time in Denmark and there we also have some Christians and some other people who are in doubt about what attitude we ought to take about Israel. The media in our own country and in other western countries often misinform us. Many have encouraged me to write about Israel and I hope that all that we write and all what we do and all what we are living out, telling about the Middle East today, will help people to better understand what God's purpose is for Israel. We do not want to bring down God's judgment on ourselves or our nation because of a wrong attitude towards the Jews, God's Chosen People.

We should not merely accept the media's attitudes which are also often influenced by anti-Israeli powers and are not objective. We see that in so many ways, the media some times is a weapon in a war rather than a true information service. Even though we are only two small Danish people, we have a desire to do what we can do to give the right information about Israel.

Some years ago we wrote a new book about Israel; the first book we wrote, "The Apple of God's Eye", has been sold out for many years. Since then, really exciting things have been happening in the Middle East. Most Bible readers know that God's promises to Israel through the prophets in the Old Testament are being fulfilled so rapidly now, so we have to be awake and to follow what is happening.

In the last seventeen years we have had a lot of social work going on in Israel, and every time we come to Jerusalem, and have time left, we are inspired to write something to our homeland and to other people and to tell them what God is doing in Israel.

We ask God to bless whatever we are writing and to give us wisdom to write the real things, so that all the misunderstandings will disappear and people will be aware of what is going on.

As Danish people, we are in great debt to the Jewish people. We have had a very good time, economically, but not good in many other ways. But from what we know from the past, we know that Denmark was in great trouble, especially economically, from the years 1600 to 1800. Now we are having good times, but we can thank the Jewish people for all the blessings we got when we had very much trouble in our country.

In the past, when King Christian IV opened Denmark to the Jewish people, when other people told them to flee, he invited them to come to Denmark. He had heard that they were clever as business people, they had many international connections and he wanted to invite them to Denmark to use them. He thought that the Jewish people could help him out of the mess that the Danish people were in. It really tormented him and his country and the people who should come after him.

At the end of the 1600's, the Danish King, Christian, gave the city Fredericia freedom of religion, so both Jews and others who had other beliefs were given permission to build. The Jewish people got permission to build their first synagogue there, and after that, other small cities opened up to the Jewish people, and helped them in their needs.

Our entire country, Denmark, was really poor. After the war with the Swedish; there was a lot of sickness and a very poor situation in Denmark.

We can read from our history that the Jewish people settled in Denmark in about the year 1622 in a city called Altona. It was at that time the most southern city in Denmark and many very strong Jewish families from that time and until today have left their imprint upon the whole situation in our country. The Old Danish king made the right decision when they took the Jewish people into our country. He knew the Jewish people were very active and very clever. Altona came to be very, very fruitful and all of Denmark is indebted to the old border city, Altona, where the Jewish people lived. Many old Jewish families had great influence throughout Denmark. They came from Altona. It was like a big door, out to Europe and into Denmark. And the Jewish people came to leave their imprint on politics, and on the social and cultural life in the whole country. The Bible became influential at that time, it affected the way people thought, what they heard from the Jewish people. The king built a tall tower in Copenhagen in 1642 with the name of God, written in Hebrew, Jahaveh, and even then he wrote that "God was wisdom and righteousness in my lifetime".

After 1864, Denmark was again in great, great trouble. King Frederik the Seventh died suddenly in 1864 and there was a big war going on, and the Danish had to flee from some of the big places and towns. We lost many of our big places in Denmark to the enemies. It was as if all the evil spirits were coming together just to destroy Denmark. Before that we had lost some of the Swedish lands, Skaane, in the war against Carl Gustav of Sweden. In Norway we also had some land and it was lost in 1840. Even in the southern part of Denmark, the people had to go to German schools and to be like Germans.

But in the year 1864, we hear about some people, very strong Danish men and women, who together with the Jews worked to build up the country again. The people at that time said: "without Jews, no Europe." Europe, especially Denmark, wouldn't have been what it is today, without the Jewish people". They had a great influence upon everything, upon the people's lives, literature, economy, politics, journalism, industry, business, schools and arts. Wherever you look in Denmark, you are reminded of the Jewish people who saved Denmark after the wars.

You can see the testimony to them in Copenhagen, our main city, where many streets and big places are named after the Danish Jews, because the Danish people wanted to honor them, they wanted them to be remembered.

And we are so happy that the Danish people did what they could in the Second World War to save many Jews from the Nazis. We remain deeply thankful, both because of the material help we got from the Jewish people, but most of all because we got the Bible from the Jewish people.

Now, in the year 2007, my wife and I are in Israel. Many people here are afraid of the future. There are enemies who want to destroy them and want to wipe them off the face of the map. But we want to remind you of the words from Jeremiah, 31, 35:

"This is what the Lord says. He who appoints the sun to shine by day, who decrees the moon and stars to shine by night, who stirs up the sea so that each wave roars, the Lord Almighty is His name. Only if these decrees vanish from My sight, declares the Lord, will the descendants of Israel ever cease to be a nation for Me. This is what the Lord says. Only if the heavens above be measured and the foundations on the earth below will I reject all the descendants of Israel, for all they have done to the Lord."

Then, we can read how the Lord is going to build up Israel and all His promises will be fulfilled. The Jewish people have been through many, many difficulties, but we know from the word of God that there is hope. A new time will come. We must pray to the Lord for help, and He will answer.

Now we will go on with the book and we want to start with our life story, just to tell you a little bit about who we are, and what our life has been, where we were born, about our homes and so on.
So from now it's a story about who we are.

Part I

Chapter 1.

A boy born to serve

Anne-Lise:

Jens stood and looked at his two small sons. His wife, Nikoline, had given birth to twins. And even though there were many, many difficulties in Jens' and Nikoline's home, they were very, very happy for their two small boys. The two new-born were very small and weak, so people told Jens and Nikoline to let the children be baptized as soon as possible. In Denmark, most of the people baptize their infants and then they belong to the State church. People believe that if they baptize their infants, they are saved and safe for eternity. So they said: "Now the children are so weak, you have to baptize them and give them a name". One was called Carl, the other one Peter. Carl was the bigger one, even though he was only about four pounds in weight, and Peter weighed only three pounds. The doctors thought that Peter should be put in a small box on top of the oven, so that he could be kept warm. So they put blankets and everything around his small box, so he could be warm and be kept alive.

It was March, 1932, it was very, very cold in Denmark. At that time they had no modern devices to help in this situation. Jens, the father, stood and looked at the two small boys and his thoughts went back in time.

The last years had been very difficult and he was wondering why one family should have so much trouble. For a few years, everything had gone very well, when Jens and Nikoline were married. Jens and his brother, Morten, had helped their father, who was a master house builder, and now they helped each other to build a very nice house. Jens's father was very clever and he found out a lot of new things they could do, so it was a very nice house they got. He himself did all the timber work and other things; he tried to do everything himself, together with the help of Jens and Morten. They were very hard-

working people and the young men, Jens and Morten, liked to help their father.

Before long they had a very nice house and moved in. Jens had been married to Nikoline and they looked forward to a very nice life, and everything seemed to be very special. They were very active and optimistic in the family, and they had great plans for the future.

Morten and Jens were very clever musicians. Morten would hang up several bottles where they were working, and he would play on the bottles new melodies in between all the work, and Jens would take his violin and play together with Morten. In the small village, Hygum, near Rodding, everybody knew Jens as a very strong young man. He rode with his bicycle through the village, at great speed, and he did a lot of work.

But suddenly something terrible started to happen. It brought all their activities to a stop. Jens's father became sick with tuberculosis. From a great, strong man who had been so active, he became sick and very weak. After a short while, they found out that Jens's mother too had been infected by tuberculosis. It was a very difficult time for the whole family, because tuberculosis was spreading very rapidly and at that time there was no medicine that could really help them.

The days went on and before long, even Jens and four of his five sisters had become infected by this terrible sickness. The entire village was shocked by this rapid decline for the whole family. There was great sorrow, when Jens's father and mother both died in a short while. Jens and Nikoline, the newly married young couple, had had a little girl, but she was sick from birth and died a few months later.

At the same time, it was discovered that Nikoline had also become infected by tuberculosis. In that home there was sickness, death and sorrow and it seemed to be unbearable for the people.

Then Nikoline got pregnant again, and now she had given birth to the twin boys, Carl and Peter. Jens stood now and looked at the boys and thought, what is going to happen to these two small boys. It was too risky to let Nikoline nurse the boys, everyone was afraid that they would be infected by the tuberculosis. Neighbors and families took

care of the two small boys. One day, it seemed as if Peter, who was the smaller one, was about to die.

They tried everything to keep Peter warm. He was so small, every day he lay in a shoebox. They put him upon the oven near the heat of the oven and tried to keep him warm. But one day they had to take the two boys to the hospital where they got a vaccination in the legs against tuberculosis. After four months it happened that Carl, the other twin, died.

One day Jens stood with his little boy, Peter, in his arms and he prayed a prayer that should have a great input on Peter's life. Jens was the leader of the mission in the small village and he had a strong belief in God, but he didn't talk so much about it at that time. He always had the desire to serve God, but he didn't know how he should use his life. He was so occupied with his work and to get money for the family and to raise the children, so when all this sickness came into the home, all these other things slipped into the background. But now he stood there with his small boy, Peter, and started to pray. He said:

"Heavenly Father, I have always wanted to serve you, but never knew how I should do it. But if you will let our little boy live, I want to give him to You. You can do with him whatever You will. He is Yours and I hope he will serve You as you want it".

Time went by and there was still a lot of sickness and other hardships in the family, but in all this Peter grew up and he was a very sound and strong boy. He went to be with his grandmother and grandfather a lot and also his aunt and uncle. Everybody wanted to take care of him, because Peter's father and mother still had tuberculosis, and Jens and his brother, Morten, and the sisters were often in the sanitarium many months, to try to heal. Nikoline, Peter's mother, got better, but she was still very weak. Although Peter's father, Jens, had a lot of trials and hardships to fight against, he still had his trust in God and he always thought about others in the family. When he was in the hospital, he wrote good letters to his sisters and to his wife and he had much concern about his brother, Morten, who was very sick with

tuberculosis. His letters were filled with faith and trust in God that He would turn everything to the best in the family. In the letters, he always wrote that he had big concern about little Peter and that he was very happy that he was a big encouragement for the whole family. Through all these hardships, Jens was drawn nearer to God and he was a man of prayer. His whole life he lived very close to his heavenly Father. He prayed night and day for his loved ones and all these prayers were like a protecting wall around everyone in the family, even though they had a lot of problems at home.

After a short while, Jens' brother, Morten, died. His sisters were also very sick, but they were alive, even though they were very weak from the tuberculosis. Some years passed by and Peter grew up and brought life and happiness in the house. He got three sisters and brothers, Edith, Bent and Annie and they were all very sound and in good health.

After Peter's father came home from the hospital, he started with his sawmill, even though he was very weak. Peter helped his father and made use of all his strength, even though he was only eleven years old. After school, he helped his father in the saw- mill. One day, he cut one of his fingers, and later he also got some of his other fingers in the machines, but after a short time he went on with the work. He always wanted everything to go very fast and he liked working with the wood very much. He had so much strength and he wanted everything to be funny, but he was also fighting with his friends in school, and would sometimes come home with a bloody nose. He was a bit wild. After a while, his parents sent him to another village to work for another farmer and he was only twelve years old at that time. Together with the school, he also helped this farmer at his farm. Later, he came home and went to school in Rodding, the nearest city. He liked it, but there was so much to do in the saw-mill, so he used all his strength there and didn't always remember his school lessons. He helped his father to build chicken coops and went around to all the other farmers and sold them. After some years he built garages from

wood, and many other things. Even though his father was very sick and weak from tuberculosis, he managed to get the business to run.

In his heart, Peter always believed in God, but he didn't want to sit still at the table when his father read from the Bible. He didn't really think that Christianity was for him. When Peter went with his father to church, he thought it was boring and didn't really like it. He would rather be with his friends on the street and do funny things. When he got his driving license he had an old motorbike, so he went around in town and was very wild in his driving. He tried to stand up on the seat and go around the village, so people called him "Peter Motor".

Peter's mother was nearly healed from the tuberculosis, but then, after some years, the doctor found that she had cancer. She had a tumor in her head. It was very difficult especially for Peter's younger sisters and brother. They really needed their mother. Everybody in the village felt very sorry for the family that had so much trouble.

After a while, one of the uncles, Hans, experienced something very special with God. He came into contact with some people who entered into a Christian fellowship. They held some meetings in their homes and were very enthusiastic and happy believers and were singing and rejoicing in their faith. Peter's father invited them to his home, and when these people came to their home, the whole family experienced that God had blessed them spiritually in a special way. They reached a more personal and warm fellowship with God.

One night when Peter came home, he saw a young man who sat at the table, playing his guitar and singing happy songs about Jesus. Peter was very interested in this new kind of Christianity. Kai, as this young man was called, told Peter about his new faith in Jesus as a personal savior. Peter couldn't understand why he was so happy. He said he had always seen such a boring Christianity. "But you are so happy. Why are you like that?" he asked. Then Kai told him about his living faith in the Lord.

When he prayed together with Peter, Peter's life turned upside down. He went into his room one evening and knelt down and prayed to God

and said, "If You really are there, I want to believe in You and live for You and I want this happiness and relationship with You." He found peace in his heart and security that God was in his heart. Even though he received a lot of bad words from his companions and fellow workers, he was still very happy in his faith. He had an accordion and went into the bars and the places where he had been dancing and fighting before, and told them about his faith in Jesus and sang for them and played for them. People were very amazed and didn't understand what was happening.

Even the work in the saw-mill went very fast, and he liked it, and it was as if God had blessed his work. The other workers talked about it and said that soon they would get all these new things out of Peter. But he had a very strong faith, so after he had read the Bible from one end to the other, he wanted to be baptized like the new Christians in the New Testament. "I want myself to declare my faith in Jesus and I want to be baptized", he told his father. In Denmark, most people are baptized as infants because it is the teaching of the state religion, but Peter saw immediately that he himself wanted to tell about his faith in Jesus and to be baptized.

The entire village was in an uproar. Peter was not afraid of anybody. He just went to be baptized. When God had showed him something, he didn't listen to what people said. He wanted to do what the word of God told him to do. Even if he was quite alone in his faith, he didn't worry a lot, he just went on.

One night, when he knelt down near his bed and prayed in his room to God, he was very cold. The windows were frozen to ice, but he felt that God was very near to him, - very close, and he heard a strong voice in his inner being, "Do you want to serve me wherever I want to send you?" and he knew immediately that it was God calling him to serve him. So he said, "Yes, God, I will". When he arose from the prayer, it was very hot in the room and the frozen windows were cleared up and then he knew that God had been in his small room.

Chapter 2

A girl borne to serve

Anne-Lise:

Peter was born on the 19th of March, 1932, in Hygum near Rodding. In 1936, four years later, something happened five kilometers from where Peter lived. In a small village called Brandstrup near Rodding there was a couple, Hans and Mary, who worked as helpers to a farmer on a big farm. They had three boys, Mathias, Jens and Niels, and a girl called Lydia. They lived in two very small rooms and were very poor, and worked hard from early morning to late evening. Mary had to take care of her four children but also had to get up at 4 in the morning to milk 18 cows by hand. At that time there were no machines for such work. She also found time to paint the two small rooms where they lived. She wanted so much to have a nice, clean little home, even though it was very hard to manage everything as she wanted it.

But Hans and Mary were very encouraged to do the best they could and were of good disposition. They took life one day at a time, they were very happy, and they loved each other. Both they and their children were in good health, and they had enough to eat every day. So life went on and they took every day as it came. Mary had had two abortions in the last years, which took away her strength, but one day she said to Hans, "I'm pregnant again". "Oh, no", said Hans, "that can't be. We can't go on with this economic situation and you have no strength to have another child." But in spite of that, she said "I think we're going to have a child in January"

They thought a lot about it and they prayed a lot in their little home. Mary believed in God and they knew that God would help them to get through, with this other child, even though they had so much work to do and so little space to live in.

On the 29th of January, 1936, Mary went into labor and knew she was now going to give birth. It was very cold and freezing outside. Hans went to make a hole in the ice in the lake to get some water for the

baby's delivery. The midwife came and the little girl was born. The other four children were taken care of by the neighbors and after the birth, Mary and Hans held up the little girl and were very thankful for her. Then Hans said, "The two of us can take care of this little girl, but it will be very hard. So I suggest that we give her to God." Mary thought it was a very good idea, and they took the little girl and prayed for her: "God, you see we are very poor and you see how much work we have, but we want to give this little girl to you, we want you to take care of her her whole life and you can use her as you wish. She is yours from today." They got peace in their heart and the whole little family and their everyday life started over again.

The little girl was called Anne Lise, and it was me!

I have had this special feeling all my life that I belong to God and that God has taken care of me every day of my life. I've been through many hard circumstances and many bad things, but when I was far from God and didn't live my life according to His will, it was like an unseen hand on my shoulder that pulled me back. I am very thankful to my parents and to God for that.

My father didn't like farming, but he had to do it for some more years, because at that time it was like that - if your father was a farmer, you had to be a farmer. If your father worked in a saw-mill, you had to be in the saw-mill too. My father's parents and his in-laws were all farmers, so he too had to be a farmer. But my father longed for another life, regarding the practical work he had.

He also thought there must be more to Christianity than what he saw in his daily life. He read his Bible a lot and one day, while he was reading and praying, he heard an inner voice telling him, "Go out to the street, there is a man approaching that you should talk to." My father went out to the street and far away, came an elderly man, walking by foot and as he came nearer, my father said to him, "I think I heard an inner voice in my heart telling me I should come out to greet you here on the road." "Hallelujah", said the old man. "Then it's in your house I'm going to sleep tonight." He was an old man called Nikolai Hansen and he was a pioneer in the Christian work in

Denmark in the Pentecost Church. He was very tired from his walking around the southern part of Jylland, and he sought a place to stay, to rest and sleep at night. Then he saw my father and heard about his inner voice, and he was so happy, and said "it must be you I'm going to stay with tonight."

When he came in, my parents experienced a brand new life. When he spoke about his life with God, they felt it was such a blessing, they couldn't explain.

One day my father said to my mother: "Mary, I've got an inner certainty that I should go out, I should take my bicycle and find another place to stay. I want to pass the bridge to Fyn to get some other work. I'm tired of this work, I'm tired of the Christianity here, and I'm tired of everything. I want a new life. We have too little space to live in and I want to give you a better life, with all our children.

My mother was shocked. At that time the bridge to Fyn was far away. For her it was the end of the world. But after a while, she understood that my father really meant what he said and perhaps he was right to try something new. Many in the family objected, they said the bridge to Fyn was so far away, and "it's just saying goodbye for the rest of our lives if you go to Fyn, so far away." But my father took his bicycle and went over the bridge and found some work in Hindsgavl near Middelfart. It was the same work he had had in the southern part of Jylland.

He said, "I'm going to do what I know to do first, and then I'll look for some other kind of work afterwards".

After a while he came to take my mother and us five children, and for one year we lived in this very nice place.

Later on we got an apartment in a place called Taarnborg in Middelfart. It was a big place with 48 families living together, and my father got a new job.

My parents belonged to the mission they had belonged to in Jylland, so they went to the meetings in the mission house, but maybe it was too much for the little flock in the mission house that the family came with five small children, because my mother thought that everyone was looking at her and didn't like the fact that the children were

restless and going around. So it ended up that my mother stayed at home with the children.

One day they heard some music and singing in the yard. It was a kind of church called "The Salvation Army". All the families in our place went down to listen to the music. My parents very much liked the happiness and encouragement in the songs. The singing people took all the children and invited them to the meetings of the Salvation Army. So it ended up that we all went to the meetings there and felt at home in that group of people that were always singing, very kind people.

My parents had always wanted to serve God, and here in this Salvation Army they got many opportunities to serve the Lord and our home was open to all the leaders of the Salvation Army. They were often very tired and hungry, but they always had a home in our home.

I was not a very good child. I tried to be good and be obedient and do what my parents told me to do. But in the building we lived in with all the families, there were a lot of children and we did a lot of bad things together. My parents didn't know about it. I suffered from a very bad conscience, because sometimes I went to the meetings together with the believers and I knew something was wrong in my heart. I felt ashamed because I couldn't stand with one leg in the kingdom of God and another leg in "the world". I knew I was a bad child. I couldn't do the good things I wanted to do. I remember I tried some days to be a good girl. I tried to obey and to think good thoughts and not to do anything wrong. But I couldn't. It was like something evil forcing me to be with all the bad guys and do all the bad things.

My parents prayed very much for my sister and brothers and me, and God heard their prayers. All five of us became personal believers in Jesus after two years. It was through the Salvation Army and it was amazing to experience that when you get a personal relationship to Jesus you don't need to use all your strength to be good and obedient and be a nice girl. I could just believe in God and pray to Him to help me every day and suddenly I felt I got help from God every day and I got a wonderful peace in my heart.

A personal calling from God

I was only twelve years old at that time. And I got a bible from my Sunday school teacher, she was called Edith. I will never forget that. When I was thirteen I started seriously to read the Bible from one end to the other when I was alone in my room, but I didn't understand a lot about the meaning of what I was reading.

One day when I was there alone I prayed to God and said, " Oh Lord, I don't understand what I'm reading .Now I'm asking you to give me a word from the Bible that I understand and that you are speaking precisely to me. It must be a word for me. And then I opened my bible to Isaiah 42, verse 6 to 7, and there it is written:

"I the Lord have called you in righteousness, I will take hold of your hand, I will keep you and will make you to be a covenant for the people and a light for the Gentiles, to open eyes that are blind, to free captives from prison and to release from the dungeon those who sit in darkness."

When I read those words I said, "But, God, I'm only thirteen years old, it cannot be a word for me. I want you to give me another word that really suits me. Then I got another word from the New Testament, in Acts, Chapter 26, 16-18:

"Now get up and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared to you and appoint you as a servant and as a witness of what you have seen of me and what I will show you. I will rescue you from your own people and from the gentiles. I am sending you to them to open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, so that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a place among those who are sanctified by faith in me".

When I got that word I was really amazed. I started to tremble and get a lump in my throat, because I felt that God meant what he was telling me: So I prayed again: "Dear God, if you really mean that, this call is for me, then you must give me a third word that I know you are calling me to go and preach to the heathen people." Then I got the last word from Acts 28: 28:

"Therefore I want you to know that God's salvation has been sent to the Gentiles, and they will listen!"

When I got these three words I started to cry and I said, "God if you really are calling me to be your servant, I'm ready!" But I was really scared. So, I went into the other room, to the sitting room, to my father, and I told him what I had experienced. I didn't know what my parents had told God when I was born. They never told me. But when I told my father what I had experienced, the tears suddenly came down from his eyes and he told me how it happened when I was born, and he said: "I'm sure God is calling you to something special."

I was just a kid and a long time past by when I didn't think so much about this calling from God, but my parents prayed for me that I should do whatever God told me to do. I didn't think it was so serious. But afterwards, when I read the words now, nearly sixty years have passed since then, I still cry.

We had many meetings in our home. People came to visit us, my sister and I played the guitar and sang the Christian songs, my parents had great hospitality and we had a lot of people coming all the time, so we had many wonderful hours. When I was going to have my fourteenth birthday, my mother wanted to make a celebration for me, and she told me I could invite all my young friends so we would come together in my home. We were not so many believers and not so many who could come together. When we all came together, I think we were twelve or fourteen, but there came a young man from Esbjerg, Kaj, and he came with a friend of his and we were very happy for that.

Before I go on, I would like to tell you a little bit about my home and my parents, then it will be easier for you to understand later what was going on during my birthday.

My home and my parents

My parents were both hard-working people, and my father, Hans, was a very severe person, clean-shaved, towering figure with short blond hair. He was a quiet man with a bit of a temper that sometimes scared me, although I never doubted his love for us. Father was a godly man who loved the Bible and faithfully read the Scriptures to us, every day

before we went to school. He made sure that we always had devotions at mealtimes, he did all that he could to teach us the ways of the Lord. My father did not want his family to end up on the poor councilors' state (a special house in our city for the poorest families), so he took whatever jobs he could find that would help him to provide for his family. As a result, he was often away from home for long periods of time. My mother was a lovely person, rather more than my father. Her eyes sparkled and she was always ready to laugh. Like father, she was also very tall, she liked to wear her long, black hair pulled tightly into a bun and always had a clean, white, pressed apron around her waist. Mother was a natural homemaker who enjoyed making the most beautiful things out of nothing. She did all that she could to make our home cozy and, like father, she took whatever job she could, in order to make sure we did not go hungry. And, as I said, they had an open home. So many people came to our home and they felt very good at our place. We grew up in a Danish coastal city of Middelfart in a poor and somewhat overcrowded neighborhood. Over forty families lived in our block of flats. Opposite our building was a big factory which, like our block, was grey in color. The years and the harsh climate had turned the stone bricks into different shades of grey, making them look tired. The Scandinavian summers were short and the winters long. The cold winter saw us all huddled together in one room, battling with the cold and keeping the heat it was something we learned to do very well. Mother and Father seemed to spend large amounts of time reminding us to close the door so the heat would not escape. To save money, we chose to save heat and to do everything together in one room. The room had a stove with a chimney like an extension stretching to the ceiling. This gave off a cozy heat and I loved the smoky door of the burning coals. Our house was constantly open to visitors and often the little room was packed with people. It was during the cold winters when we were all together as a family with friends that I learned so much about the Bible. As I lay next to the stove on the floor, I listened for hours as friends talked of exciting themes of Scripture, debating together such subjects as Israel and the end times, as the prophet Daniel tells about in chapter 12. I

never wanted those evenings to end. I therefore often pretended to be asleep, as I did not like going to bed. I didn't like to miss the exciting conversations and I also hated to leave the warmth of the family room. Thinking about entering the freezing bedroom was horrifying. Mother, though, did everything she could to make us comfortable and to defeat the cold. Every evening our pajamas were heated on the stove and she prepared for us hot water bottles to take to our beds. Though, even those water bottles weren't quite enough to ease those first biting moments as we climbed onto the ice-cold sheets.

But I learned how to listen to the voice of God and I also thought about Israel and the end times while I was listening to the older people talking.

One day I said to my mother: "You know, when I grow up, I'm going to help the Jewish people, wherever they are, I'll go and help them." And my mother said, "Ya, when I look into the Bible, it will be a very hard time for the Jewish people. And if you are going to experience that the Jewish people are getting their own homeland back, then remember that I have told you that that is the greatest miracle in the world.

That's the greatest miracle from God, when he will give them the homeland back. It's written in the Bible and maybe you are going to experience how it will be. But if you go there and help them, it will maybe be wars and a very hard time, so don't think about that now."

But I learned how to listen to God's voice in my heart, God speaks with a very simple language that touches the heart, and when received in faith, something happens in the spiritual world and it is not long before we see God's promises fulfilled before our very eyes. And such was the case in my life. God was starting to do miracles. God was at work behind the scenes, and as we know now, we have experienced that Israel have got their State, got their homeland, they got the city of Jerusalem and we know from the Bible that God is going to help them, even though they have a lot of problems. But the words I told my mother, that one day I'll go, that is now fulfilled, but I'll come back to that later on.

Chapter 3

The 29th of January

Peter:

I want to tell you about the day of the 29th of January when I was invited by my friend to go to Anne Lise's 14th birthday. It was really a special day for me and it turned my life upside-down.

But first of all, I have to remind you that I came from a very special family with many, many difficulties and since I was eleven years old, till I was now 17, I was very hardworking, helping my father with the sawmill, and I didn't get any salary because my father needed all the money for running the sawmill. There was so much sickness in the family. My father had a big lung operation, they removed to half-lobes from the lungs in his back, and he coughed all the time and was suffering, but he was a very quiet man, a very godly man and depended on God in his everyday life. He was reading with us from the word of God every day and reminded us of the goodness of God and he never said anything about his sickness, but just went on with his life, doing his best to survive. But I knew that I had to help my father and my smaller sisters and brother also did what they could do but they were still small.

I remember my father, even though he was sick, he always thought about other people. We were poor, but still we had food every day. When we slaughtered some deer in our home, we always divided the meat up into several bunched to bring to the poor people. During World War II, we kept together and prayed a lot to be protected from all this evil entering our country. We were occupied by the Germans. Some S.S. officers came once to look for Jewish people in our small village, and we had some neighbors whom we loved very much and they were very much afraid. My father immediately prepared a place for them to hide in our factory. It ended up that they went away and hid in another place. But my father and mother thought about other people and they wanted to help the Jewish people. So, I was used to this love for other people and this compassion for the Jews and others

who needed help. Yet, I had nothing myself, but I read the word of God every day, and I studied the Bible and went to many meetings to listen to the preachers telling about the word of God, and there was an older couple who helped me very much to understand the word of God.

So, when I went to Anne-Lises birthday, it was a very special day for me to come out among other young people and when I entered this home, in Middelfart, I will never forget the atmosphere of love and the fantastic warmth and joy and peace, and immediately I liked the family and I liked the other young friends. It was a wonderful experience for me to come there and I felt at home.

When I then saw Anne Lise, who had her birthday, immediately I fell in love with her, and in my inner being I heard a kind of voice saying: "She's going to be your wife!" I didn't believe it, but I was so happy and I went over to sit beside her, but she was very shy. I tried to touch her neck, and let her know that I liked her, but she turned red and really didn't understand what was going on. When we sat at the coffee table, I made sure that I got to sit beside her. I looked at her and I was very much in love. So, even though I didn't know her very well, I just knew in my heart, this is the girl I need and I want! When we had our coffee and tea, I slowly took her hand under the table, and I could feel that she also liked me. We looked at each other, and it was a very special time. But after that, Anne Lise's father called me and took me into the bedroom and said: "Did you take my daughter's hand under the table?" And I said, "Yes". And he said, "You can come back when she's eighteen!" It was a shock for me, because I wanted so much to know her better.

After that, we just went on, we were friends and we wrote letters to each other, and sometimes I would come to visit the family. Anne Lise tells me, once I came and she gave me a hug, she felt so secure, so wonderfully settled when we stood there and just gave each other a big hug.

Time went on, and we just wrote letters to each other. So it was a battle for me, because I loved her so much. But I had so many things to think about, and when I returned home, my mother was very sick

and after a short time, she died of cancer. It was a very, very hard time for all of us. I was the eldest, and I had to take care of the household. The sister born after me helped me a lot with preparing the food. We had the saw mill and we had all the workers who came to eat in our house every day, so it was quite a job for me and my sister.

Then my father tried to get some help from outside, some ladies who wanted to have some housework, and he got three, but he had to drive them away, because they all wanted to marry him and that was not what he decided. So it was a very, very hard time for us. And, as I said before, my father was a very godly man, and he prayed about his situation, prayed for his children, and for the future.

One day, he had the thought that he could go to the nurse – there is a nurse in every village in Denmark who helps sick people in their homes. This nurse had helped a lot when my mother was sick and then died. Her name was Anna. He decided to go to ask Anna if she would marry him and take care of him and the whole family. She later told us that she was very surprised when he came. She never thought she was going to marry, because she was 42 at that time and she hadn't thought about leaving her good job and her very good circumstance and entering into a big job like this, to take care of the Jens's house and his four children. But then she went to pray, because she was a godly woman. She also went to talk to her mother and father about it, and her mother said, "Remember, it is written in the Bible that whatever you do against those little ones, you are doing to God himself". So, after a while and after much praying, she said, "Yes, I'll come and marry you and be with you".

She was a very strong believer and a very good woman, the most fantastic woman that could enter this job. God helped her really. Without her, we don't know what would have become of this small family. We are so thankful to God that Anna came into our home. She was a gift from God, and she took all the difficulties, and all the opportunities to help and do the work that would help my father go on with his work and his life.

A wonderful thing happened, that after a year, Anna gave birth to a beautiful little baby boy, Johannes. So now we had a little brother. He's grown up now and he's a wonderful brother and we love him very much.

After that, I decided to take some work outside my home, in other sawmills, other places. After a short time, I had to enter the army, and I was there for two and a half years. While I was there, one day I had a visit from Anne Lise, she wanted to come and see me. I also went to visit her, because she was working nearby to where I was stationed as a soldier. We were together, talking about what had happened in our lives since we met the last time. But I felt after a while that even now she was not ready to have a closer relationship and to go on with me.

So, I decided to go to Copenhagen, our big city in Denmark, get some work, and just forget about the future and have a new life. I got a job in a factory, in a saw-mill, and in the evenings I went to study in a vocational school. I went to study my profession and got some good exam grades, so I could go on working in other places. I experienced a lot of new things in Copenhagen, I learned about the city. My aunt lived there, and she took me to a church where I really felt at home. It was a very nice church and the pastor was like a father to me. I had a lot of good teaching there, and learned a lot about church work. So, I had a happy life. I also met many girls and had some girlfriends, but never felt really happy with them. I was always thinking about Anne Lise, but she was not there.

But then, one day, beginning of May, 1956, something special occurred. I got a very big surprise. I'll tell about that later, after Anne Lise has told more about her life.

Chapter 4

1948 – A Special Year for the Jewish People and for the Gentiles

Anne-Lise:

I want to go back to the year 1948, because it was a very special year for the Jewish people. They had been scattered throughout the world for two thousand years, they did not have a homeland, they were pushed here and there, they went through much trouble and tribulations, and it was a horrible time for them in many areas of the world. But we all know that in 1948 they got their own homeland back, the land promised them from the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. It was a fantastic victory they won that year. We can see how in the spiritual world that God was rejoicing and he shook the whole world with joy.

Something very special happened even to the heathen nations around the world, especially in the western world and perhaps especially in America. In that year, brand new times began. Many very holy men and women began to preach the word of God in a new way. They were called Evangelists, because they spoke of how people could be saved, could be born again spiritually, we call it, by believing in Jesus Christ as their savior. Thousands and thousands of people all over the world were born again and started a new life.

I think it was what began in my father's heart, when – as I told before - we lived in the southern part of Denmark – he had a hunger for something new. He said, it cannot be true that Christianity is a heavy religion where you are nearly never really happy and have peace in your heart. He kind of rebelled against this heavy religion. So, when we came to live in Fyn, many new things happened. Exactly in 1948 I came to be a personal Christian believer. I was only 12 years old and did not understand everything that was going on, but I had a desire in my heart to be a good Christian. I had tried in school and every day to be a good girl, but it was very hard for me, as I already told you. I saw in my heart that I was a sinner and I needed God to help me to be born again, to be a new person. So, one night, I went to a meeting

with some very good friends, and my sister asked to be prayed for, because she wanted to be born again. Afterwards, I also went down on my knees and asked for prayer and asked God to help me to be a real believer. I asked God to forgive my sins and all my bad behavior and help me to be a good girl and to serve him. It was really my heart's desire, and after praying I felt a new joy in my heart.

Around that year, even my three brothers were very far from God. They came to repent their sins and gave their hearts to Jesus Christ. It was a new time in our family. But I also want to tell about some other things that happened. We heard that from other parts of the world, many thousands of people were converted to be real believers in Jesus and many signs and wonders happened around the world. In our small home, we experienced something that I want to tell you, because it gave me a new kind of faith in God. And I knew from that time that God really looks to every man and woman, to every child. It happened like this:

A fantastic miracle

My sister Lydia and I were very close friends. She was six years older than me, but still we were good friends. Sometimes we fought and were very harsh to each other, but in our hearts we loved each other. Like my father, my sister could be quite sullen and she also had his hot temper, but also like my mother, she was always ready to laugh and have fun. We shared everything with each other and there was nothing that we didn't talk about.

For years, we snuggled together through the cold nights trying to keep each other warm. We talked for hours, sharing secrets about our day. Lydia and I laughed hard and we fought hard. She sometimes felt that I was her shadow. At such moments she found it hard to hide her irritation, and her harsh temper was never far away. Nevertheless, I adored her as she did me. We went to the same school, a fifteen-minute walk from home. One day, when I was outside in the school playground, some of Lydia's classmates came running towards me. "Anne Lise, come quickly, your sister is very ill." When I ran to where

Lydia was, I knew immediately what was wrong. It was a scene I was all too familiar with. Lydia was having an epileptic fit. Her body was in deep convulsions and she writhed on the ground. Everyone stood around helpless, watching in despair. I immediately grabbed for something to put under her head so she wouldn't swallow her tongue and we waited anxiously for the fit to end.

When Lydia was 11 years old, a bicycle knocked her down outside our house. She bumped her head, but apart from that, was unharmed. But after the accident, the epilepsy started. Over the years, she went for countless tests and treatments, but all to no avail. The condition worsened as the years went by, and by time she was in her mid-teens she was having up to twelve fits a day. She would often just go into convulsions and fall over, banging her head time and time again. The epilepsy exhausted her and as a result, she missed many days of school. The event in the playground that day brought things to a head. My parents were at a loss. After consulting with doctors, they realized that Lydia couldn't continue her schooling. Lydia needed constant observation.

They decided that the only hope was to send Lydia to a psychiatric hospital, a neurological clinic. It was not an easy decision. Over the next two days, my parents were quiet and very subdued. I was frightened and feared for Lydia. I had never been in a psychiatric hospital but I had heard the horror stories. My stomach dropped when I thought of parting from my dear sister. I dreaded not having her around.

Then a miracle happened. My mother went outside to bring in the post one day. She came in, clutching a magazine. Some Norwegian Christians had sent my parents a magazine about divine healing. In that magazine, there were countless testimonies of people who had been healed in answer to constant prayer. We all sat around as Mother read the magazine aloud. We had never heard of this kind of thing before. We did not know that God did healing miracles till that day. Something stirred within us all. We felt strangely excited. Was it possible that God would heal Lydia? My parents decided to write to the publishers of the magazine and tell them about my sister's

situation. She desperately needed prayer. It was a cry for help and a shot in the dark.

The days went by and we anxiously waited for the post from Norway. In the meantime, Mother started to prepare Lydia's things for departure. Mother stacked small, neat piles of Lydia's clothes on a chair and began sewing nametags on each item. I thought to myself that it wouldn't be long before Lydia wouldn't be with us anymore.

However, God was at work. One day, shortly before Lydia was to leave, we received a reply from our friends in Norway. Excitedly, my mother opened the letter and much to her surprise found a small handkerchief inside that had been anointed with oil. She unfolded the letter and excitedly read it out to us.

The letter told us that some Christians who didn't know us had committed themselves to gather together for a night for prayer for my sister. They told us that at the very same time that they would gather to pray, we should lay the handkerchief on my sister's forehead. I had the mind of a child, yet I also had the simple faith of a child.

I knew then that God would heal Lydia. When the day came for Lydia to receive prayer, my parents, with expectancy and anticipation, lay the handkerchief on my sister's forehead. Together, as a family, we prayed a simple prayer and asked God for his help. I looked at my mother and hesitantly said that if God would heal Lydia, she would not need her medicine anymore. Mother and Father listened, and decided to let her do without the medicine one day at a time, until it was clear that she had no more fits.

That day my sister Lydia was completely healed. She hasn't had a single convulsion since. Our happiness and joy were indescribable. We knew that Jesus himself had been with us and that he cared for Lydia. I have never doubted that Jesus is the same today as when he walked the earth and that he cares for people in exactly the same way as he did then.

Following the miraculous healing, my father and mother wrote to the senior doctor at the hospital and told him that God had healed my sister. We were eager to get a reply. Our joy was complete when he

wrote back to us saying that he too was a Christian and he too believed in miracles!

Many doubted that my sister was healed. Several people even told my mother that Lydia would never be able to have children. The enemy used them to try to plant seeds of doubt in our hearts. Approximately sixty years have passed since that miracle took place and my sister now has four children. Since that day, she has never had another epileptic fit. We praise God for his faithfulness!

When the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness, many years ago, crying out to the Lord in their time of need, he answered them. We cried out to the Lord when my sister was so ill. God answered our prayers. You can also call to The Lord in your time of need. He hears you and cares for you. He will help you and meet your every need. Let us pray that we may have faith of God in our hearts. Let us pray that with childlike faith we will believe that even today God is alive and helps all who seek Him.

Chapter 5

My birthday and teen age years

Anne-Lise:

When it came to my fourteenth birthday, it was a wonderful day and I liked even having Peter there as our guest and I enjoyed being with him and I fell in love with him, but I was very young and very shy. So when he took my hand, I felt happy about it, but still in my heart I felt it was too early still to have a boyfriend. I had never had a boyfriend before. So, we went on and he went back home and I went on with my life. We wrote some letters to each other and were good friends but we didn't meet face to face for some years.

I was reading and studying my Bible a lot, and it was like living words. I really loved to study it. But one day, I was sure there was something in the Christianity I didn't agree with, because in our country, as I told before, most people baptize their infants, and I could see, when I read the Bible, that in the days of the first believers in Jesus, they first came to believe in him and then they were baptized. Then they got the Holy Spirit and got the power to go on like Christians and witness God. I saw that something was wrong. So I prayed about it and was sure that I wanted to follow the Bible. Nobody else in my family talked about that. But I could see it was written in the Letter to the Romans in the Bible that when we came to faith in Jesus we were kind of dead to our old life, and then by Baptism, that we had to bury the old self, and resurrect like new persons after the baptism and just live for God after that. And that's what I wanted.

So I went to tell my parents I wanted to go and be baptized. I had already found a Baptist church where they agreed to baptize people without being members there. So I said I was going to be baptized in the Baptist church. My mother was shocked. She said: "Now you are really doing wrong. When we had you baptized when you were an infant, it was a holy decision that we made for you and gave you to God, so now you are doing wrong". But I said, "I can see that is the right way for me". The day before I went, my father suddenly said to

my mother, "You know, Mother, God has talked to me about the baptism for ten years, and I can see that what Anne-Lise is doing is right, so I will go together with her to be baptized". My mother and my sister were very unhappy.

But we went and felt real peace in our hearts. Two years later even my mother and my sister saw in the Bible that it was the right thing to do, so after a very short time, we were all baptized and we just wanted to follow God in everything.

From a very young age I knew God had called me to serve him. So when I was just fifteen years old, I decided to travel alone to Copenhagen to spend eight days on an outreach course for evangelists. I was hungry to learn more about God and wanted desperately to know how to tell others about Him in an effective manner. Like most fifteen-year-olds, I was still quite shy, so I asked my friend, Jenny, to meet me in Copenhagen and from there we could be together. Those few days changed my life. It was while I was there that I received a surprising letter from my mother. "Anne-Lise", she wrote, "we have had an amazing experience. A man from the Pentecostal Church has been in town and speaking about the power of God and you too need this encounter with the Holy Spirit. Please find a Pentecostal church and discover for yourself the power of the Holy Spirit."

I had never been to a Pentecostal church. As I told you, in Denmark and throughout the world there are many different churches, many different denominations. Although all of them are Christians, they have different beliefs, but the Pentecostals I had never known. Growing up with attending the Salvation Army meetings along with frequenting the little Baptist Church in town, it was a new thing to me to go to a Pentecostal church. We enjoyed fellowship with friends from other churches, but never a Pentecostal church. I sensed by the tone of my mother's letter, that this was something extraordinary and urgent.

In the footsteps of my mother's enthusiasm, I made my way to the local Pentecostal church in Copenhagen. It was a warm Scandinavian

evening. As I walked I was almost unaware of the soft autumn drizzle touching my face. I felt excited, yet a little nervous. When I arrived I saw Jenny waiting outside. She seemed as nervous as I was. Three hundred people of all shapes and sizes packed the hall. A burst of anticipation filled the air as folks sat quietly, waiting for the meeting to start. At the front of the room was a stage, and on the stage was a smartly-dressed choir. I thought that they looked beautiful in their robes. Squeezing through, trying hard not to step on people's toes, we made our way to the middle row. We sat down and waited, hope and expectancy filled our hearts. The speaker, Andreas Anderson was short and bald. He was a lively man who wore a dark blue suit that seemed a little too tight. His face was ruddy, he had a boyish smile. I had never seen anyone like him, because he was completely radiant. His face was a picture of joy. He had the brightest eyes I had ever seen. He was the preacher at that meeting. As he spoke, people sat glued to their seats. Anderson spoke about the wonderful power of God and how the first believers in the Bible received the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. He told us that God is the same today as yesterday. I listened, completely enthralled.

He spoke for more than one hour, but I felt as if only minutes had passed. At the end of the message, he asked everyone to bow their heads and pray. The moment had come. I knew that I needed God's power to serve Him more effectively. "God", I sighed, "I want everything that You have to give me, but I need to know that it is from You. Please give me a sign and send the speaker down to pray for me after the meeting." God knew my heart. If this were truly from Him, then he would honor my prayer. I still had my eyes closed, head bowed, and I suddenly felt someone's hand on my shoulder. "Do you want to be baptized in the Holy Spirit?", he said. I looked up. It was Anderson. "Yes", I answered. "I want to!" "Then I will pray for you", he said. I knelt down. "In a moment you will be filled with the power of God", Anderson said, laying his hand upon my head. I began to pray deep in my soul, my whole being was praying, asking God for His power. And then I started to pray out loud. Everybody was praying. I heard the prayers of over one hundred people reverberating

throughout the building. It seemed as if the angels were praying too. I lost track of time and place. And then it happened. All of a sudden I started to speak, slowly at first, but soon I was speaking a beautiful language that I had never learned. I was so overflowing with joy that the words just came flowing out. I do not know how long I was on my knees praying in this new language, but when I opened my eyes and looked around, the only people left in the room were Jenny, Anderson and my self.

We are all unique, for God knows what we need and when we need it. Some people wait years for God to baptize them in the Holy Spirit. For others like my self it happens immediately. Likewise, some are given the gift of tongues immediately. For others it may come later. God gives us the desires of our heart. It's the one who prays and goes on praying that receives, it's the one who knocks and goes on knocking that ultimately faces an open door that no one can shut.

After that experience, I was not shy anymore. If anybody asked me why I was so happy, I told them why. I felt God himself lived in my heart. I went on to serve God in the Salvation Army and my parents and my sister and I went to be with many different people, many different denominations, we were just hungry to listen to the word of God. In my home, we had meetings with all kinds of Christians and it was some wonderful years.

Later on in my life, when I was going to study to be a mental nurse in the southern part of Denmark, I met Peter. He was in the army and he came to visit me when I invited him, and we had a good time together. But still I was not ready to be engaged or to have a boyfriend. Even though I liked him and liked to be together with him and have him as a good friend, I didn't want to make it a closer relationship. So after a while, Peter, when he had finished the army, went to Copenhagen and we didn't meet again for a long time.

I went on with my studies and in the end I got high grades in my exams. From the outside, it seemed that I had a very lucky time and everything was well, but from the inside, I had no peace and I knew in my inner being that I was not one hundred percent with God anymore

and I had been disobedient to Him in many ways. I know even now that if I don't read His word, if I don't hear any preaching, or not thinking about the word of God or not praying, then it's easy to come away from God. So, I had a long time when I was really lukewarm in my faith and I didn't dare to tell anybody, because everybody thought that I was having a good time and was happy and peaceful. But I was desperate inside and I knew I must have a new relationship with God, but I didn't know what to do. So, when I had finished my exams I went to work in another place, and I thought it would help me to come into another working place. I was a leader of a small children's department and it was a very nice place. But I didn't dare to tell anybody about my spiritual situation.

The only one I really trusted was Peter, so I decided that I could write a letter to Peter and maybe ask him to come and visit me and he could help me to get my peace with God back again. So I called his father and got his address and I wrote a letter to Peter: "If you should pass by you are very welcome to visit me." He was in Copenhagen and I was at the other end of the country, but the next day I heard a motorbike outside the department where I was working, and it was Peter on his motorbike. I could feel how much I loved him. Now, I was not so shy anymore, I could feel he was really the one for me. We went up to my room and I got a day off from my work. We sat down and had a good talk, but suddenly Peter said, "I can feel that you are not okay with God and you know I love you and have been waiting for you a long time, and we both feel that we love each other, but I must say if you do not want to follow God one hundred percent, it can never be us, we can never be engaged or married." And I told him, "But I am unhappy, I have no peace with God, and that's why I called you. I want you to tell me what to do, because I don't know what to do". He could see that I was desperate and I cried and he said, "But you can get the peace with God just now, we can pray together, and you can repent your sins and your disobedience to God, and then you can get your peace back and be happy again." So, we bowed our knees together in my room, I'll never forget that, and I repented before God all my sins, all my weakness, all the bad things I had thought and

done, so then I asked God to come into my heart and take over one hundred percent, and Peter prayed for me.

I can feel even today how wonderful it was when we prayed together and all my burdens were placed in God's hands. It must have been like that when the Israelites came out of Egypt and went into the desert. It is written in Psalm 107 many times: "They cried out to the Lord in their trouble and He delivered them from their distress". And again, when we go on reading, in verse 13 it is written, after many kinds of trouble, "Then they cried to the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them from their distress, he brought them out of darkness and the deepest gloom and broke away their chains". That's exactly what I felt when we prayed together that day. It was just like coming through a tunnel of darkness and then coming out into the light. I was so happy and so released. God is so good. Peter read the word of God for me, where it is written that God forgives our sins when we ask for forgiveness. It is also written in Psalm 107: "He sent forth His word and healed them. He rescued them from the grave. Let them give thanks to the Lord for His unfailing love and His wonderful deeds for men. Let them sacrifice thanks offerings and tell of His words with songs of joy." And that is exactly what we did. We were very much in love after that, and had the desire just to be married and have a happy life together, serving God.

At the same time, I felt that the wall I had built up around myself, the kind of shyness and fright, I was frightened of men, it fell down and I just felt released in all ways. I felt I was an adult now, I was free of all my worries about life and I could open up my heart for love.

I was twenty at that time and Peter was twenty-four. We decided to go to Middelfart and visit my parents and tell them the good news. They were very happy when they heard it was Peter that I was going to marry. I wanted to move to where Peter was living, so we decided that it was better to be married fast, and after three months we had the wedding.

For the first time in my life I can say I felt secure, I had no doubts in my heart, and deep down in my heart I really loved Peter. It was genuine love and it has grown through the years.

Chapter 6

A life-change we never dreamed about

Peter:

After I left the army, I went to Copenhagen and got some work. I wanted to know the big city and I made many good friends. My aunt was living there, she took me to a very good church, and I began a new lifestyle, because I came back to God in a new way and I lived with Him in happiness and had a wonderful time. But inside me, I always thought about Anne-Lise, because I loved her so much. Years went by and I didn't hear anything from her; I also tried to have other girlfriends, and many of them wanted to be with me, but I was never satisfied, never happy with them. So I decided just to work hard and do my best to have a good life. After some time I even thought about immigrating to Canada, I had looked for work and asked for a ticket and everything, but then my father was sick, so I went home for a while to help him. Then I went back to Copenhagen and started over again my work there.

So you can imagine how shocked and happy I was when I got the letter from Anne-Lise. She asked me to come and visit her if I pass by in Jylland where she lived and I was so happy. I just did whatever I could to finish my work and got some days off, and took my motorbike and drove immediately over to see her. It was such a joy to meet, and I could feel that she was in love with me and many things were changed. But after a while, I found out that she wasn't very happy in her faith and in her trust of God, but after we had prayed together, we really felt so happy. It was like a new life again for both of us.

As Anne-Lise told, we were married very fast, the 4th of august 1956, and I loved my parents-in-law and they loved me. We had a wonderful time together as newly-weds. But we found out that people are different. We were two very independent persons, very different in temper and everything. But we also found out that God puts people together from opposite tempers, because then we can complete and help each other in many ways.

Anne-Lise got a good job in a mental hospital and after a while I was a foreman in a factory, a saw mill. We got high salaries, both of us, but we had a lot of expenses, so we didn't have a lot of money.

After one year, our son, Svend, was born and after another two and a half years our son, Torben, was born, and we loved our two boys. We had a good fellowship with other friends and other believers. For the first three years we met in our homes, we shared the word of God, and we played music. I played the accordion and Anne-Lise played her guitar and others also played, so we sang a lot and were very happy together in that group.

After those three years, we heard about a small church in a city called Lyngby and we decided to go there and see what kind of church it was. There are so many different churches in the Christian fellowship, and we only wanted to come to a place where there were freedom, joy and happiness and where we really felt at home. When we came into this church, we really felt we came home. It was a wonderful congregation, not very big, but very warm and welcoming us in a very special way. We were there for four years from 1959 to 1963.

We helped in the children's work, and were singing and playing and trying to serve God as well as we could. We knew in our hearts that we had a calling from God to be missionaries outside Denmark, but we thought we could also be missionaries in Denmark, so we didn't have to move far away to serve God. We wanted to be like other young couples who had a home, children, a car, work, money, and everything. But we were not really satisfied in our hearts. We knew that God had a special call in our lives and we had to serve Him in a special way. We didn't know how to do it, but we were waiting.

The day we will never forget!

One day our lives were turned upside down. We were offered a beautiful house at a very reasonable price and the house was in a perfect location with a view overlooking a lake. We were both on very good salaries and I was also offered a job for far more money. We jumped at the opportunity and bought the house. But we did so without consulting God! From that very moment we experienced one trial after another. Despite our good income, we never seemed to

have any money left. We felt far from God and decided to pray and fast.

God showed us something that required immediate repentance. We had been striving for earthly riches and temporary contentment, instead of following His call in our lives, to carry the message of salvation out to people in the world. So things needed to be changed.

One day in the year 1962 a young missionary couple visited our church – Alfred Jensen and his wife, Ulla, who were serving the Lord in Tanzania. That Sunday Alfred preached about Yonah. He recalled how God called Yonah, but Yonah refused to obey. Alfred explained that some people also refuse to obey God's call today and as a result, things often go wrong, just as they did with Yonah. And he said, "I have traveled around Denmark for a whole year, speaking about the great needs in Africa", and he was looking intensely into people's faces. "We need workers for the harvest, but there's no one who wants to come and help us". He slowly leaned forward over the rostrum. Alfred just began to cry, to weep. Anne-Lise and I both felt and knew beyond doubt that God now again had called us.

We went home in silence. While we were sitting at the lunch table, I took Anne-Lise's hand and we prayed and thanked God for the food, and after that I said, "God, if this is really You calling us, then please arrange for us to meet Alfred and his wife, so that we can hear more about Africa, and we can know that it's You calling us. Let us have a sign from You. Amen." Even before I said, "Amen", the phone rang. "Would you like to come over for coffee and meet Alfred and Ulla this afternoon?", said a voice on the other end of the phone. It was one of the elders of the church. I put down the phone and looked quite shaken.

Quietly, and in reverence, we knelt beside the sofa and said, "Lord, here we are. Take us as we are. We are unqualified. We don't understand the language in Tanzania and we have no money. But use us, Lord. We are ready."

That afternoon marked a new chapter in our lives.

Alfred and Ulla were very happy to hear that we would come and help them and we explained to them that we were not real preachers. We

could use our hands and help them build churches, and take care of the sick people and do the practical work. They were so happy, and they said, "Welcome, but you have to come fast, because we are in great need. We have started new work, one hundred kilometers from where we are now."

Alfred said, "My parents are working alone in the mission station and they need your help! My father is old and not very strong in his health, so please come quickly." So, we thought about that and prayed about that.

After we had said yes to the calling of God, our lives changed completely. It was just as if God took control over every minute of our day and we felt that we were just like small children who had given our lives to God and he wanted to use us. We didn't know anything about mission work, we didn't know anything about teaching and preaching and all the other things that missionaries do. We were just ready to serve God. In our hearts, we didn't want just to be religious or go into a religious system. We wanted to serve God just like it is written in the Bible, as they did in the first church, as it is written in the New Testament.

After a few days, my father was very weak and the whole family expected me to go home and take over the work in the saw mill. It was like that at that time in Denmark, that the eldest son took over the work of his father when the time came to do that.

I went home and promised my father to help him for a month or so, but I felt in my heart that it was not what God wanted me to do. I was really thinking and praying a lot about it, and then Anne-Lise came to visit me while I was staying with my parents. She said that she had no peace in what we were doing now, to feel that we should take over the work of my father's factory. It was a kind of a trap. So, I said to my father, "You know I love you and I want to help you, but God has called us to go to the missionary field to Africa, and we really feel sorry for you that you have so much to do here and you are sick." But then my father said, "I gave you over to God when you were a baby. And I told God to just take you and use you as He wants. And if He wants you now, you should be ready just to go wherever He calls you

to go." Even my stepmother said, "You must obey the voice of the Lord." It released us completely, and my father had some workers who could help him in the factory. My stepmother was very good in the office, and they helped each other, so they continued on, in a moderate way.

But we went home and we told God that now we were ready. I went to Bible school in Copenhagen. I worked in the daytime and went to Bible school in the evenings. After a while, we both quit our jobs and we realized that something was happening that we could not control. God was controlling our lives. We now came into the season in our lives where, since we were born, it has been God's will to use us in a special way. Not everybody is called to do the same thing, to go to Africa or other countries, but God had called us to do a special kind of work.

And from the moment we responded to God's call, we enrolled in His school of faith. Now, when we look back, we can see that God really started to teach us how to believe in Him, how to trust in Him. We had no idea what awaited us, but God knew.

He first wanted to teach us three things. We needed to learn to listen to Him, learn to obey Him and learn to rest in the knowledge that He cares for us.

We sold our house in Denmark and gave most of our possessions away. Our little church in Lyngby let us stay in a small apartment in the church building, and we could stay there until we should leave for overseas.

When we had promised Alfred and Ulla to come to Tanzania to help them, it was important for us to know if our church would send us, if they would serve and pray for us and be our sponsors, our church at home, while we were out of Denmark. So we were a bit nervous when we went to the meeting at the church, when we were supposed to tell about our decision to be missionaries full-time. I stood up and told them that we had decided to go out to help Ulla and Alfred. And I said that it would be better if we knew that the church was sending us out, it would be more secure for us to know that we had a church behind us at home.

Immediately, one of the elders stood up and said, "Peter, there are enough carpenters and enough people to make furniture in this country, but there aren't many who want to go out to help in Africa, to leave everything and follow the calling of God. So hurry up and go to Africa!" All the leaders and church members were so excited and wanted to support us. They didn't have a strong economy, but some persons wanted to send us support every month, just small amounts, but we knew in our hearts that God had called us, and He would support us, He would help us. We were so sure.

We then left our jobs, Anne-Lise left her work at the hospital and I left my work at the saw mill and we had a little money left over from selling our house, and from our wages, but it was not much. It was so in the Pentecostal church we belonged to, that missionaries, or people who wanted to be missionaries, traveled around to the local churches and shared their vision and call. I did that and Anne-Lise was at home, preparing everything to take to college. We had decided to go for two months to Bible College. We had studied the Bible our whole lives and knew a lot about the principles in the Bible, but we also felt we needed more knowledge about how to work as missionaries. We wanted to go to this Bible College for two months.

We believed the impossible to be possible for God

One day, the leaders from the church called us into their office and they asked us, "When do you think you want to go to Africa?", and I answered immediately, "We are going in the beginning of June. We know it for sure in our hearts that that is the right time to go." All the brethren said to us, "That's impossible! You didn't reserve a place on the boat to Africa and you don't have money for the tickets." "No", I said, "but we are sure everything will be alright. We are going at the beginning of June."

We understood after that that the leaders of the church were skeptical, but they let us go on with our plans, and they wanted to make a departing feast for us when everything was clear. At that time, it was not possible to fly to Africa, because it was too expensive, but we could take a passenger boat from Venice in Italy, to Africa. We

had never been on such a long journey before, but we just knew in our hearts that everything would be okay. So, the day after the meeting with the leaders in the church, we went to the travel bureau in Lyngby and said, that we wanted to book four tickets in a cabin on the boat from Venice to Dar-es-Salam in Tanzania. The lady behind the counter shook her head and said, "On this boat you have to book one year in advance, and you only have a few months left. It's impossible!" So we just asked her to call us by phone, if something came up and we felt sure that we would go. Only a few days passed and we got a call from the travel bureau that some people had cancelled their trip to Africa, so we could get a cabin with four beds. Wonderful, wonderful! This was a sign for us that God was leading us, He had everything under control.

Chapter 7

The Lords school of faith

Anne-Lise:

I want to tell you how it is to be a disciple of God, how it is to follow His calling. While Peter was traveling around in Denmark to the churches, sharing our vision and call, and I stayed at home preparing to go to the Bible College, I experienced a special kind of school. Now when I look back, I see how God wanted to teach us to just trust in Him.

One day I received a phone call from a lady called Elsa. Elsa was a new Christian whose husband did not like her to go to church. In order not to upset him, Elsa would stay at home on Sundays, so she felt that she was kind of cut off from friends and Christian fellowship. Elsa wanted me to come and visit. But we had sold everything and hardly had any money. I knew that it would cost me all that I had to get there. So with a lump in my throat, I told Elsa that I couldn't come. I didn't tell her about my problems with money, but I told her that I wasn't able to come.

The days passed by and the food cupboard was nearly empty. I had asked God for money to buy food but he hadn't answered. There was still only porridge in the cupboard and two hungry children to feed. "Lord", I said, "did you not promise to take care of us? Can't you see that we have no food?". Later on that day, Peter's brother stopped by for a visit. Feeling embarrassed at the thought of serving him porridge, I asked to borrow a little money from him and went out to buy some groceries and had a few coins left in my purse. I was determined to spend them only in case of emergency.

The next day the phone rang. It was Elsa again. She was still having a difficult time. I decided that I really must go and encourage her. I set off on my way and used the last few coins for the bus ride. I listened to her and tried to be of help, but I felt as if I had no emotional resources or spiritual wisdom to help her. I was still wondering why

God had let us down. How could I possibly talk to her about God's faithfulness if I was not experiencing it myself?

We chatted for about an hour and, as I was getting up to leave, Elsa reached over and touched my hand and said, "Anne-Lise, I've got two hundred kroner for you. I wanted to give it to you last week, but you didn't come. "

I felt ashamed and humbled. If I had gone to visit this sister who needed my help, then I would have blessed her and also experienced God's provision. In my disobedience I had deprived my family of God's blessing for a whole week. I asked the Lord to forgive me. I had learned a lesson. I promised Him from now I would obey Him and do what He requires of me.

Jesus tells us not to worry. When we seek his kingdom first, we can rely on him to provide us with everything that we need. It is written in Matthew 6:33, "But seek ye first His kingdom and His righteousness and all these things will be given to you as well".

Our days before we set off for Africa were filled with almost visible touches of care from the Lord. One such day was when I rode the bus into town with Svend, to do some shopping. Svend loved to ring the bell on the bus, he loved thinking that it was his little hands that made the big bus grind to a halt. I promised Svend that when we were nearly at the supermarket, he could ring the bell. Beside himself with excitement, Svend reached up and rang the bell one stop too early! I felt a bit embarrassed, but I decided that we would get off and walk the extra few minutes to the supermarket. The streets were bustling with people carrying shopping bags of all shapes and sizes. As we made our way through the crowds, I held Svend's little hand very tightly; I didn't want to lose him. Suddenly, from seemingly nowhere, someone bumped into us. It was Edel, a lady from our church. Edel was a thin lady with dark hair, she had narrow dark eyes and always looked rather cross. I was a bit scared of her, because she didn't smile much. Edel, however, looked happy and her eyes were wide with excitement. "I know you need new clothes, Anne-Lise. I want to take you to the shops and buy you whatever you need", she said,

tugging at my arm. I was stunned, yet touched by her insistence. As we walked along, she told me how she and her husband had recently become Christians. "God is now speaking to our hearts about offering", she said. Edel told me how they had inherited a large sum of money. "I told my husband that we already are giving a tenth of our income to the church, so we don't need to give anymore", she continued, almost oblivious to the crowds in the street pushing by. Edel related how she had put a request before the Lord. She had said in her prayers: "Jesus, if you put Anne-Lise across my path today when I'm out shopping, then I will give ten percent of my inheritance to help them buy the clothing they need for Bible School." I hardly knew what to say. We made our way to the shop. Edel was elated. "Anne-Lise, please just choose whatever you need, for you and your family." I had never had such an offer before. Rather shyly, I gathered some shirts, sweaters and trousers for all the family and Edel was beaming from ear to ear. "I have kept my promise to the Lord", she said and, with eyes sparkling, pulled out her purse. How God works in mysterious ways. If Svend had not rung the bell one stop too soon, then we had never bumped into this dear lady. Edel too had not imagined that God would cause us to meet each other in the middle of such a busy street. She knew I never came that way.

Svend and I finally made our way home. I felt overwhelmed with all the fine things. Peter could hardly believe his eyes when he saw all the new clothes laid out on the chairs in the lounge. As we were marveling at God's goodness, the phone suddenly rang. It was another lady from the church. "I've been wondering all day if there's anything you need for Bible School. Perhaps you could do with some underwear?" I knew that we were in need of underwear, but I was too shy to tell the other lady, Edel, and felt that going yet into another shop was just too much. But God indeed cared for us, right down to the smallest detail and was with us every step of the way.

After that, we experienced that God was in every detail of our life. He took care of every little thing. Another day, when I came into the kitchen, I had not much in the cupboard, but I had been praying a lot to God to get some food in some way, because we had very little

money. Then I found a big box in our kitchen with all kinds of meat. I was nearly crying. It was a butcher from the church who had felt that God spoke to him to give us some food, so he came with a bit of everything from his shop. And in that way, we experienced that God took care of us every day, in every detail. We didn't have any support, just a few members from the church who wanted to support us when we went out to serve God.

Slowly, slowly, people came up, and people from our youth and people we hadn't seen in many years. They suddenly were there and they said, "We have heard you are going to Africa and we want to support you when you go out", so it was really a joy.

But one thing was missing – work permits for our stay in Tanzania. We didn't dare tell anybody that we didn't have work permits. We had asked for it, we had sent letters to the government in Tanzania, but we hadn't heard a word from them. We knew that if we wanted to enter Tanzania, we would need a work permit. If we should stay for many years, they would ask to see our work permits.

The church had decided to make a big celebration and say good-bye to us and we then had only a few days left, until we should board the train and after that the boat. On that very day we got the work permit from the government of Tanzania! Then we could stand up and tell the members of the church, "We have experienced a great miracle today and it's a sign for us that God is sending us out and He will take care of us". Now we had the tickets, and while Peter was traveling around, he got an offering here and there and when we counted it all up, we had enough to pay the tickets with a little left over for what we needed on our trip to Africa. When we look back, we can see that God really took us into His school of faith. We had to learn to trust in Him.

We knew some very rich people, and when they heard our testimony about our calling, they said, "We promise you, you will never come into great need. God will take care of you and we will remember you!" So we were confident that everything would be alright.

We didn't get any letters from Ulla and Alfred. Later, we heard that the letters had been lost on the way. So we just had to go by faith, to go

buy the tickets we got from the travel bureau with the little money we had. We had to go by train from Copenhagen to Venice in June 1963, and when we left the station in Copenhagen, hundreds of people had shown up to say good-bye to us, even our parents. It was such a special, wonderful day. Many cried and didn't think we would ever come back again. But we felt the joy in our hearts. We left with our two small boys, Torben was three and a half, and Svend was six years old. They were also very excited about the trip.

We went by train and I remember I was nearly crying when we passed through Switzerland. I had never seen mountains before. There we saw the beautiful nature with the high mountains, and I cried and said, "God has created such beautiful things". I was so happy.

We reached Venice and went on board. It was a luxury ship. We had never thought about how beautiful it could be. But it was a big boat, filled with rich people who had everything they needed. We didn't have enough to even have some juice on board, we drank water and tried to have a good time.

Our two boys had gotten smallpox vaccinations, and became very sick when we were on board the ship. When we started sailing, they had high fever, we felt seasick and had no money, and everything was just kind of depressing.

But then one day, when Peter went up on deck, I was alone in the cabin and knelt down to pray to God and cried, and said, "God, is it really sure that we should go to Africa, with two small kids? We don't know anything about what we are going to experience. I feel insecure, depressed and I'm not sure we should have gone. Some of our family members told us, 'You're taking your kids out to a terrible world, with snakes and diseases and many bad things'. So, God, help us, help us to know what is Your will." Then suddenly I heard a voice in my thoughts. I knew it was God speaking to me by His holy spirit. I heard the voice of Jesus saying, "As my Father sent me, I am sending you!" from John, 17:18.

Chapter 8

To hear and obey the voice of The Lord

Anne-Lise:

Maybe it can be difficult for others to understand how one can hear God's voice, but when you have given your heart to the Lord and live for Him, and live in prayer, and then you also sometimes can feel He is very near and He is speaking to you. You can discern it is Him, because He says something very shortly, and you know it is not your own thoughts. You know it's from Him, you feel very uplifted and happy about it. So I felt that on that special day and suddenly I remembered all the good things God had done for us since we left our work and stopped taking salaries. God had taken care of us every day. Like the Israelites in the desert, they got water and food every day and their sandals were not worn out. We also felt that the Lord helped us in every little detail.

Suddenly, I also remembered that in the church they had a big celebration and farewell meeting before we left, and many people wished us well for our journey, and Peter's father stood up and said, "Now I know the time has come when you are going, Peter. You know, I gave you to God when you were a small baby and now the time has arrived. Just go and be bold!" And then my mother stood up and said, "Anne-Lise, I said to God this morning that we have had you for twenty-six years now, and now God can have you for the rest of your life. And my father said, "Now, the word we got for you when you were born will be fulfilled. It's written in Isaiah, chapter 60, verse 22: "The least of you will become a thousand, the smallest a mighty nation. I am the Lord; in its time I will do this swiftly". It's a great promise, and I feel so small, my father said, but I just know the time will come when God will take you out to many places in the world, and you are going to plant some seeds and they will grow and it will be a big blessing."

All this I now remembered on the boat, and I was very happy. Suddenly I was released and since that day I have never doubted that

it is God who sent us. I have never been afraid of going anywhere. We have been to so many places over the last forty-five years and we have just felt that God sent us and has been with us.

Peter:

I woke up with a start and sat straight up in bed in the small cabin on the boat, and looked around the tiny cabin. I could see that Anne-Lise and the boys were still sound asleep. They had not woken up at all during the night. This past night it was the waves that had rocked them to sleep. I gazed at my young family and could hardly believe that we were on our way to Africa. I felt a twinge of excitement and offered a quiet prayer. God's presence was almost tangible. We were sailing into an unknown adventure and I knew that He was going before us. The two-week trip to Dar-as-Salaam seemed as endless as the sea itself.

The ever-changing views of the water were not enough to harness our impatience. We wanted to see dry land. We passed the time chatting with the other passengers and wandered constantly from the upper to the lower deck, just to vary the scenery. The days blended into the nights and the nights blended into the days, I lost all track of time and I just saw water, water, water. At times it was difficult to remember anything else apart from the monotony of the sea. All I previously knew seemed of another world. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine the world that awaited us. Not the world of Denmark and not the world of the sea, but a completely new world. I smiled to myself, wondering what God had in store for us. And then, when I slowly opened my eyes, I noticed the ever-so-slight change in the horizon – Africa.

Our beloved Africa

We loved Africa from the moment our feet touched the shores. People shared an enthusiasm for life that somehow was lacking back home in Denmark. The Tanzanian capital of Dar-as-Salaam was magical, energetic and bustling. Its high-rise buildings and shanty constructions offered us much variety, as did the people themselves. Some folks wore business suits, others wore brightly colored T-shirts, everywhere

we went, barefoot children darted in between our feet, begging us to buy their wares. I loved the whole atmosphere. I loved the constant heat and the sparse African breeze. I loved the noise of the market and the fragrance of the exotic spices. I could hardly believe that we had finally arrived.

We spent the first few days with Alfred and Ulla. Alfred and Ulla were Danish missionaries, as we related before, from the Pentecostal Church in Denmark. It was through them that God had spoken and called us to Africa. The familiar faces were a welcome relief in our new and somewhat alien surroundings. After stocking up on supplies and undergoing basic orientation, we were finally prepared to set off for the two-day trip to our new home in Itigi. We packed Alfred's car early in the morning because we wanted to get away before sunrise. We wanted to avoid traveling in the heat of the day, if at all possible. As the sun rose, it wasn't long before it was beating down fiercely on the car. We had to keep the windows closed because of the flies and dust. It seemed to be a race against heat, and soon our faces were caked in desert dust. The sweat of our brows made a distinctive mark where our hats clung to our heads. As the hours went by, the sun slightly relented and the scenery slowly changed. Tarmac roads made way for dust paths. And as I looked behind, I could just see the new, miniature skyline of Dar-es-Salaam disappearing from sight. Now it was only dust and more dust.

We had a long trip before us, and we were sitting there, thinking about the future and thinking about the past. I was thinking a lot about Dar-es-Salaam, where we had just been, because we saw there so many different people, so many poor people, and so many kinds of people. There were Indian Hindus, and Arabs, and other people who came from afar and had settled down in Dar-es-Salaam. Especially the Hindus I felt very sorry for, because they believe in reincarnation. They believe that maybe their forefather's soul has entered a deer or a living creature. Poor people! We went to see some of their temples in Dar-es-Salaam. They brought food for their idols, brought food to elephants with many heads, whom they believed were their gods. We felt a burden in our hearts for these people and we wanted to share

with them our faith in Jesus, who is the Son of the only living God. But they were so bound in their idol worship.

I remembered: One day, as we walked down the street in Dar-as-Salaam, Alfred said, "If you want to buy a car, you would be very wise to buy it here, while you are in the big city". But we didn't dare tell him that we had only about four hundred kroners, which is something like one hundred dollars or two-hundred-and-fifty shekels left, to start our new life as missionaries. So we just answered that we would just wait a little bit. We had promised each other never to tell anybody about our personal needs. We would share with people in Denmark the needs of the African people, the needs of the mission work, but we would never tell anybody about our personal needs. Because, we said to each other: "If God has called us and we know He has, then He will take care of us. We don't mind if we have to eat very bad food, perhaps, but if we can go to bed and have eaten what we need for that day, it's okay."

When I think back on the days and the long journey from Dar-es-Salaam to Itigi, I must say, our children were really patient and nice. They didn't complain at all. They also felt it was a very exciting new world they had come to. Torben was three and a half and Svend was six and they enjoyed each other's company also.

The second day, as we traveled deeper into Tanzania, we reached the bush land, endless waste bush land, with hardly a soul in sight. Every few hours we came across small groups of mud huts, offering us our only glimpse of civilization. I eagerly looked out for animals and wasn't disappointed. It was almost as if God had asked them to show their faces, because visitors were coming. We saw giraffes, zebras, buffalos. I saw birds of every shape and size and even saw a lion starting through the wilderness. Svend especially was very amazed when he saw these beautiful animals. We were certainly enjoying every moment. As the hours passed by, the sun began to set, changing the sky into orange and pink. After nearly eleven hours in the car that day, Alfred suddenly pointed ahead – "Look, Sanjaranda!", he said excitedly. I craned my neck to look ahead, and there before me was one of the driest but most beautiful sights I had

ever seen. It was a bush land, but the beautiful thing was that about one hundred Africans were lining the dirt road and waiting for our arrival. They had been standing there for hours with no shade or water nearby. As we drove slowly into the entrance of the tiny village, these joyful people cheered and chased the car, waving their arms excitedly in the air. I shall never forget that wonderful reception. Indeed, in the most difficult of times, we often thought back to that welcome. It was that welcome that so often would warm our hearts, giving us courage and hope when we sometimes had none left.

Sanjaranda, is where the mission station was, consisted of a few huts, a small number of trees and a tiny church which, like the huts, were made from mud. Our little home was on the mission compound. The compound covered a small area and was located right in the middle of the village. Like the neighboring huts, ours was also made of sun-baked bricks and of iron plates and a grey cement floor. There were two little carved windows. The house where we were going to live was just a temporary house, because the missionaries, who came some years before we arrived, were there for only a short time and had built a temporary house for themselves and their four boys and a temporary church. But then after eight months, the husband, Robert, died and it was very sad.

After them, came Alfred and Ulla, and Alfred's father Axel and his wife Clara they continued the work. But now, this place where we had to live was very poor and primitive, but we were happy to have a roof over our heads and have a place to stay. There were windows with some wire netting against the mosquitoes, and there was netting to hinder thieves from coming in, so we felt quite secure. We had shipped some of our furniture to Africa, but it had not yet arrived, so we made due with a big wooden bed and dining-table that were placed in the house. There was no running water in the home, but the mission base had a drain pipe that brought the rain water down and stored it in a cistern. There were two rules about water: always boil it and always save it. We even boiled water to brush our teeth. We never threw it out. Every drop was saved, to water flowers or to do

something else, to clean outside or whatever. Unlike in wet, damp Denmark, here water was a precious commodity.

For the first few hours, it was hard to sleep. The mosquitoes hummed around the net, hoping to find a hole to get in. We didn't want to have Malaria and we also worried about the boys. Many times during the night, I would get out of bed to check that the mosquito nets were still down. We lay awake for hours, listening to the sounds of the bush. It was quite scary to hear the growl of lions not so far away, and this too robbed me of sleep. I tried to console myself with the fact that the rest of the village was also there sleeping, but I found it hard to convince myself. When I eventually did drop off, it wasn't long before other sounds woke me up.

Chapter 9

Swahili!

Peter:

We picked up some Swahili, from our relationship with the people of the village, especially from the children who were an excellent source for repeating words over and over again. Every time that we pronounced a word the wrong way, they would giggle and laugh, begging us to say it again. It wasn't long before we realized we would have to study the language seriously. Alfred had made it possible. He had arranged that we could go to another missionary, far from our mission, and she would teach us Swahili.

On the way to this teacher, we went to a conference, where we were together with many Swedish missionaries and many African believers. It was very exciting. There was especially one preacher, one pastor, whom we loved to listen to. He was so blessed and we felt one with him in spirit. It was a wonderful week. We were welcomed into the Swedish Free Mission. Because there were so few Danish people, we could go to the Swedish Mission and even our children could go to the Swedish boarding-school.

After this conference, we went to see the old missionary teacher, who was called Svea. She was a wonderful woman. She taught us Swahili for nearly two months and gave us a lot of encouragement and faith and said, "You are going to be very clever, very clever", and she went on teaching us every day, together with her daily work. She also gave us food and was very nice to us.

I had a wonderful experience. On our very first day, the teacher came in waving a white piece of paper, and Svea said, "This paper you have to study and when you know all what is written here, you can learn Swahili very fast." The paper was divided into squares with some letter written in each square. I suddenly reached across and grabbed Anne-Lise's arm. "That's a piece of paper I saw in my dream". I was very excited, because in Denmark I had dreamt that someone had given me a piece of paper with squares on it and the person had

assured me not to worry, because we would understand everything. Only now, as I looked around the classroom, did I realize that it was a scene that I had seen in my dream. This piece of paper was all about the grammar in Swahili. Anne-Lise is very good in grammar, but I had to learn it by being with people and speaking to people, in a natural way. But now I remembered that this voice in my dream said, "Don't worry. Suddenly you will know everything."

We spent a few weeks at the language school, trying to grasp the basics of the grammar. And I was comforted that, despite the difficulties we had learning Swahili, God had promised that one day soon we should understand it.

Anne-Lise:

When we first arrived in Africa in 1963, we soon knew that spiritually speaking, we were on the front line. It was as if the powers of evil were launching against us. We therefore had to learn how to withstand the sons of the devil. With a chronic lack of resources, no money to live on, constantly sick children, we began to feel very tired. We knew God had called us to Africa. We knew he had promised to be with us every day. But it was very hard to come through all these hardships. I had also believed that, because we were serving God, he would also protect us from malaria. It was therefore a horrible shock when Svend was diagnosed with brain malaria. A few days later, Torben, Peter and I also caught a milder form of malaria, but we soon began to recover. Svend's condition, however, deteriorated. I knew that he would not live, except for a miracle. The days dragged by and he got weaker and weaker. We were still in the language school, so we had a very small room with the four beds and I called the nurse, who was working at the mission station. She said, "I can do nothing for Svend. He is really sick and he might die." But, one day when Peter was at work and I was at home watching over Svend, he took a turn for the worse. I was desperately scared and very confused. I could not understand why God would call us here and then let our son suffer in such a way. I held him in my arms and stroked his ashen face. "Mommy", he said weakly, "when Daddy gets home, you must pray to Jesus for me." With that, little Svend suddenly lost

consciousness. I stared in horror at my lifeless son. I felt my heart miss a beat and the blood start to drain from my head. Frantically, I called three-year-old Torben to run and fetch Peter. Time seemed to come to a standstill, as I sat and held Svend, waiting for Peter. My soul asked for mercy and pleaded with God to give me back my son. Suddenly, Peter burst through the door. He stopped in his tracks, as he tried to adjust to what he saw. I was sitting on the bed with Svend's motionless body. Peter stared head and slowly tiptoed to the edge of the bed and gently put his arms around me. Torben clutched at his daddy's shirt and stared forlornly at his toes. Peter drew him close to him and the tears began to trickle down Torben's cheek. "There's nothing left to do except pray", Peter whispered. We all held each other tightly and wept. How we wept! The tears just did not stop. Huddled together, we prayed, begging God to breathe life and health into our son. All of a sudden, as we were praying, I felt Svend twitch in my arms. Startled, I looked down to see Svend open his eyes. I watched this miracle, as the color returned to his cheeks. We were watching a miracle take place right before our own eyes. I looked at Peter, who was in amazement at the changes in Svend's face. Right in here, in the privacy of our little room, God the giver of life had revived our son.

Throughout the coming years, malaria would once again plague Svend. We knew from personal and dynamic experience that the Lord is the great physician. When the enemy used malaria to attack us, we called upon the brothers and sisters to pray in faith and we anointed Svend with oil. During this trial, God once again healed Svend.

We not only witnessed the power of healing in Svend's life, but also throughout the African villages, as hundreds of people were saved. Churches were built and the kingdom of God was expanding.

I will tell later how God even healed Torben. When they grew up, I would ask them, "Why aren't you going out like other young people, to live in sin or to do bad things?" Then they both answered, "Mommy, we have seen God do miraculous things, we could never leave Him. We want to serve the Lord." It has been our joy. All our children are serving God.

Hardships and Miracles

Anne-Lise:

In the beginning, when we were at the language school, we had a very hard time because we didn't get money from home. Only once in a while, our parish sent money, and we had promised each other, that we would never be begging for money. We asked for money in Denmark, for our work, not for our private needs. We were waiting that some money would arrive from Denmark. We got our food from our teacher and she really treated us as if we were royalty. But we were crying to God that we needed money to pay for the food, and we needed a car, because we had to go back to the mission station in Sanjaranda and do so many things for our work. But without money it was impossible. Then we experienced our first very big miracle.

Suddenly we got a check from Denmark for 2000,00 kroner! That came from a man we didn't know. He was a dentist and he had heard in his prayers that he should send 2000,00 kroner to Peter and Anne-Lise in Tanzania. He went to his church and told his pastor that he should send the check immediately because he knew for sure that we needed money. We didn't even know that church, but they sent the money immediately and we were jumping for joy when we got the 2000,00 kroner. Then we could pay for our food and also buy a very old car.

During our last few weeks at the language school we looked for an old car. There was a missionary who was selling his car, an old Land-Rover, we bought it from him. It was too old and it gave us too many problems, but still we could go home to the mission station, Sanjaranda.

Before that, we had a lot of good experiences in the language school, but we also had a very bad one. We had a very small room, where we had four beds, and we didn't think of closing the door in the daytime, because it was so hot. One morning when I swept the floor, I saw a big black snake under one of the beds. I couldn't say a word because I was so scared. I went outside to call an African and he worked very

fast to kill the snake immediately. But to think that we had been sleeping in that room with the snake under our beds, it was an awful thought! From then on, we learned to close the door even if it was hot. It was a good lesson.

After seven weeks in the language school we had to go home. Our teacher told us again: "You will be really clever in Swahili". But our heads were empty and we couldn't remember a word. We had all the grammar and all the things we had learned in our hearts, but we didn't dare to say a word. Then we went home to the mission station, Sanjaranda. It was about ten kilometers from the biggest city, called Itigi.

Chapter 10

We went to work immediately.

Peter:

There were so many needs. The African children had no school at that time and no routine in their lives. They would spend their days just sitting around and playing in the dusty roads. It wasn't long before Alfred's father, Axel, and I had devised a plan to build a room where the children could learn, could have their little school. It would be Sanjaranda's very first school. As there were no resources, we asked each of the parents to bring water and mud, and together they would make bricks and build it themselves. We helped them to make a strong foundation by stones and cement and buy materials for roofing, windows, doors etc. In all our work, we were together with Alfred's father, Axel and his wife, Clara.

Together, with these two dear people, and Ulla and Alfred, we were learning how to be missionaries. We helped each other to pay the expenses and Axel was also very active in helping to build the school. But suddenly he became sick, and he had to go back to Denmark to the hospital. Ulla and Alfred had moved to another city to begin new work, so suddenly we were quite alone in the mission, among all these people, who needed help in many ways. We didn't understand their language and they didn't understand our language. In Tanzania most people speak Swahili and only a few know English. So it was quite hard to work because it was hard to understand each other.

Night and day the Africans helped to work and bring water and make the mud bricks, so it wasn't long before there was a very small village school.

In the mornings, Anne-Lise helped out in the small first-aid clinic; people came for treatment, sometimes from miles around. Most had bruises and small sores that needed dressing. Some were coughing, some had headaches, and she could help them with the smaller things. If they were very sick, I had to drive them to the hospital in

town. When the women were to give birth to their children out in the bush land, they waited as long as possible; they didn't want to go to the hospital. So, many times when they were really in trouble, they called me, because I had a car – a very old one – and they asked me to take them from the bush and bring them to the hospital. Many times, in the middle of the night, they suddenly gave birth in my car and I helped them as well as I could. I had been with Anne-Lise when she gave birth to our two sons, so I knew what to do, in my simple way. So, many of the boys in Sanjaranda at the time were called Peter, Petro, Petero and other names like my name. Some were even called Madisa, Madsen. It was a very special experience.

The people even came up to our house when they had a bad toothache. They had no dentist, nowhere to go. I had gotten an old instrument from Axel to pull out teeth and I was very nervous the first time. But when I saw that they were really in trouble with their teeth, that the tooth was rotten and it needed to be pulled out, I did it. It ended up that I did a lot of dental work like that. After the tooth was pulled out, they would say, "God bless you, Bwana". They called me Bwana at that time. It means 'my lord'. "God bless you, my lord!"

We had to know everything, we had to be very practical. It was exciting in some ways. Anne-Lise was a lot together with the women and even if they didn't understand each other, they could still do a lot of things together. They loved the fact that her dress had sleeves; they wanted to have one just like that. So after a while she promised to teach them how to cut a dress and how to sew by hand. They had no sewing machine, but they could learn how to handle a needle and thread. And very faithfully, twice a week, about twenty women would gather under a tree and learn how to sew. It wasn't long before each of them had a lovely new dress to wear. Seeing the joy on their faces, even as they went home to show their husbands, was a joy.

Anne-Lise:

Africans love music. Whenever and wherever we would sit under a tree, with our guitar and accordion, people would emerge out of their mud huts and flock to join in our songs. This little outpost was an ideal

place for evangelizing, telling the good news about Heaven. Through our simple songs and simple Swahili, we witnessed how many came to faith. In that way, we went around the whole area and started many new outposts, by bearing witness to people about the word of God and what God had done for us. Then we had a man who knew a little bit of Danish and a little bit of English and he translated for us.

The police was after Peter

It was on one such morning that the local police turned up at our mission station. Much to the amazement of those who were sitting around us listening, the police stopped the meeting and ordered Peter to immediately go with them to a state-owned tobacco plantation. They alleged that he had told people that they should refuse to work on the plantation, which belonged to the government.

I knew immediately what had happened. Peter's then-feeble grasp of the language ensured that he had been misunderstood. He had simply shared how Jesus had set him free from all that was bad in his relationship with God, which included tobacco. A tall man stood up and offered to go with Peter. He was called Paul. Paul was a local elder in the church and a man of great stature in the village. Both physically and socially, he was a very strong man. He was the chief of a tribe in the village and possessed an authority about him. At nearly 6 foot five inches, he towered over Peter and offered a prayer to the Lord. I watched as the police bundled the men into the car and drove away.

The day dragged by and I was worried. Although I tried to keep busy, my stomach would sink when I remembered where Peter went. I tried to commit him into the Lord's hands but so wanted to hear some news.

The sun was just beginning to set and the village noises died down. I suddenly heard a car drive up. I ran out, only to see it speed off in the direction it came from. I let out a little cry of relief. There were Peter and Paul, standing there, both looking a little shaken. I ran up and threw my arms around Peter. "God truly helped him", said Paul, nodding his head in a thoughtful manner. Paul knew that only

intervention from God could have prevented matters from getting out of hand. Peter looked at me and said very quietly, "It was a miracle. I was able to explain in fluent Swahili exactly what I had said. This is what my dream was about all those years ago."

We still meet Africans today who comment on Peter's fluency in Swahili. We remember our experience and that it bears testimony to the words of Jesus in Matthew 10:19, " But when they arrest you, do not worry about what to say or how to say it. At that time you will be given what to say, for it will not be you speaking, but the Spirit of your Father speaking through you" We were very happy, and I was so thankful to the Lord that Peter could speak Swahili fluently. It was a miracle.

Even today the Africans say, "Where did he learn Swahili, because Peter speaks exactly as we do in our daily life". Even when we have been away for a long time and then return, Peter continues speaking Swahili as if he was an African. Praise God!

Chapter 11

Alone in the bush land

Anne-Lise:

Peter and I tried to do our best to help in the big needs, -the two danes alone in the bush land.

I tried to go to the small school to teach some religion every day. I would read from the Bible and sing songs from the hymn book. I told the children to pray the prayer of the Lord, and I would go on for about an hour. The children encouraged me very much: "Today it was very much better, Mama!"

Slowly, we learned some words. Our second born son, Torben, was very clever. He learned the language very fast and when we had been in church, teaching some words from the Bible, and went home, he said: "Mommy, today it was wrong, what you said. You have to say it like that." And then he would tell me in Swahili what to say. So, he was a great help. You learn from your mistakes, you know!

We did not know very much about the African culture, but we could hear at night the Africans dancing and screaming out, and we learned that they wanted to pray to their forefathers spirits to protect them against fear. All Africans in our area at that time were very fearful and they wore several bracelets on their arms. They believed this would protect them against evil spirits. So we had a great job to do, to tell them that they had to believe and trust in God and He would protect them.

I opened up a small clinic and treated people for their wounds and malaria and other things; just first aid, because I'm not a nurse; I'm a mental nurse. But I knew first aid, so I did so.

At the clinic I learned that the African women had a very hard time. They came with their wounds. They had been treated very, very badly by their husbands. There, the husbands had several wives. Their wives had to work in the fields and give birth to children. They had many problems and had nowhere to go to get help. But we tried our

best to help them and bring them the good news about Gods love from the Bible.

A very special miracle from The Lord

One day, while Peter was out, starting a new place with some Africans, there was a knocking at my door. A man said "hodi, hodi". It means 'please come open the door for me'.

When I came out, there was a very noble man and I immediately recognized him, because he was the main speaker at the big conference we had just been at with all the other missionaries, together with the Christian African believers. He was a man who everybody loved and we loved to hear his speeches.

Now he was standing outside our door. His name was Mabondo. I said, "Hello, Mzee Mabondo. Welcome!" But then he said some words in Swahili that I didn't really understand. So I said, "Please say it again". So slowly, slowly, he said that God had sent him to help us and I thought it must be a misunderstanding, because he hardly knew us. We had no money and no way to have a servant of God to help us from far away. I was not sure, so I told him to come back in the evening, when Peter would return from his work.

In the evening, Mabondo came back and told us that God had spoken to him when he prayed and told him to go to Sanjaranda and to help us in the work of God. We said, "Mabondo, it sounds wonderful, we appreciate it so much, but you know, we have no money, we cannot give you a salary, we have nothing to give you." Then he said, "I didn't expect anything. I am just here to help you." We were shocked, we realized that God had a finger in all this and we understood, that He sent us a great help.

This man, Mabondo, was with us for years and helped us until he died very many years after. So, it was a miracle for us.

First we got the money from Denmark from a man we didn't know and now we got a helper we didn't really know and he didn't want any salary! We understood that God wanted to teach us something.

Meanwhile, we heard that our church in Denmark was in trouble. It was divided up in two and our pastor was so busy, he forgot to send our salary. Even if he had sent our salary, we needed much more for our work. In our church, if missionaries go out, they get a small salary, but if they want to do some work, they have to believe God will help them.

New church-buildings

So we started to write by hand small letters to our family and friends, who helped us, but still we had a hard time. We could see that when Peter went out preaching, together with the African people, and many repented of their sins and gave their hearts to God and wanted to follow His word, That more needed to be don. After a while in such a place we needed to build a church and do more work. We prayed about it and thought about it and said to each other that we can't just sit here doing nothing, God must help us!

So we borrowed some money from some Indians in Itigi. We told them we needed to do the work of God and needed money, and if they could lend us some money, we could pay them back after some time. They were very happy to help us. "Of course", they said, "we'll help you". And so we borrowed money for this church buildings. In our hearts we believed God would help us, but we didn't know how.

Evangelists

Meanwhile, we started a lot of new work and after a while, the old Klara and Axel Jensen came back. We discussed with them, that if the work should increase, we would need some African co-workers, we needed some Evangelists who could help us to go out to new villages, to preach the gospel. The Jensens agreed and said: "Of course, we need African Evangelists. We cannot do all the work ourselves. But how should we give them a salary?" Peter and I talked about it and agreed that we would give them ten percent of what we got for our salary, and the Jensens did the same. It was very little money, but we called some very good Evangelists from the north of

Tanzania and asked if they could help us for a short while and that they could get a small salary.

Two very good Evangelists came to help us. The work increased immediately and after a while, we had many new places and new Evangelists.

One day we got a letter from a lady from Denmark who wrote: "I don't know if I'm right, but when I pray, I feel I should give an amount of money to an Evangelist in your area." We were near to tears, because we could see it was the way of God. We wrote to her, "Please help us and give such and such an amount of money to this Evangelist." Then we could give our 10 percent to other Evangelists. In that way, we got some other very good worker. When our new believers were more experienced in their faith and we had taught them a lot about the word of God, they also wanted to go out preaching and others wanted to give of their little money to the work of God. After some years, we had many Evangelists and people built a lot of new churches. Peter taught some of the evangelists to build small churches and do carpenter-work and built there own houses.

Chapter 12

Good times and bad times

Anne-Lise:

I was alone at home a lot with the boys. When Svend was seven years old, he had to go to boarding school 300 kilometers away. It was a very hard thing to do and maybe that's the only thing we regret about our lives in Africa, because our children were only seven years old when they had to go to the Swedish boarding school. But we thought we couldn't teach them enough ourselves and they couldn't attend any African school. We also wanted them to have friends from Denmark, Norway, Sweden and other places, so they could follow up the school system in Denmark. So, we sent Svend to the school and we know now that it was a very hard time for him.

But I had Torben at home and when Peter went out to new places, he would often come home when it was dark or stay away for some time. Our car was the only car in the whole area, so I knew, when I heard the motorcar, it must be Peter. I was very glad to hear the sound of a car. Sometimes, when I heard noises outside, I didn't know if it was an evil man or some animal or whatever, but then Torben said: "Mommy, we are going to sing and then all the bad things will go away." He was only four years old and he had a great faith. He would say: "Let's sing now, you play the guitar and we will sing about Jesus". It really helped us, it made us very happy, but we were both very released when Peter came home.

Sometimes I would be alone at night, but then one of the believers, would come and say: "I will sit outside your door every night, Mommy, and watch." And he came with his arrows, big knives, spears and all kinds of things to guard me. His name was Filipo and he was very faithful. I felt very secure when he was there and God's angels were there, I'm sure, so I thank God for Filipo.

Hungry for meat

Some times we could be very hungry for meat and other things, because we had so little money during our first period in Africa. We

once had visitors for a whole week, and when they went away, we had nearly nothing in the refrigerator and had only potatoes and a few other things left.

Everything worked on kerosene in those days. We had no electricity and no water in the house. It was very primitive. But we had this refrigerator on kerosene, but it was sometimes empty. Torben and I were alone at home and we prayed a lot. One day, one of the young believers, he was called Emanuel, came to our door, calling "hodi, hodi", telling us he wanted us to come out. When I came out, he said: "I don't know, Mommy, if you really want it, but I have a gift for you."

He showed me an animal from the forest, it looked like a large chicken. He said, "Do you want that?" I said: "You know, we have eaten potatoes for so many days now and we are so hungry for meat, so we are very thankful you have come to give me this gift."

We were so happy to get some meat again. Then, the next day, Emanuels father came. He was the chief in the area. He had been out hunting, but he had only one bullet left in his gun, so he went because he had eighteen children and he needed some food. He went to hunt for an animal in the forest, there were some big, nice animals there. He shot it with his one bullet, and then, when he approached the animal to take it, he found there were two animals. He was so astonished, he thought he had shot one animal. And then he heard in his mind some words. It was like the spirit of God saying: "You take one animal for you and your family and give the other animal to Peter and Anne-Lise."

He came with this beautiful animal, so we had meat for many weeks. It was wonderful and we could see now that God really cared for us. We could see that God wanted to show us His miracles and His love!

Used clothes

In the meantime, from Denmark people started to send used clothes to Tanzania. It was tax-free and could be 10 kilo packages. Our family and friends in Denmark knew we had many very poor people. We were very happy to receive these clothes. They wrote to us, "If you need some of the clothes, you can just use it." And I must be honest

and say that for four years, we only had some of these clothes for ourselves, and a lot for the Africans. But I don't know what we would have done without this packages.

Once I saw a very small but also a very big miracle. I was very concerned about our children's teeth, because we were out there in the bush and I was so afraid they would have bad teeth, because we had so little fruit and milk. I said: "Oh, God, I should have taken more toothbrushes and toothpaste for all of us, but I didn't remember". Then suddenly we got a package from my sister and it had a lot of used clothes and among the clothes there were 4 toothbrushes and 4 tubes of toothpaste! I nearly cried, because we hadn't told anybody, but we just got what we needed and it was wonderful.

Bibleschools

After a while, we could see that we had to train new leaders to do all the work. Peter always said it is better to put ten people to work than to work for ten by yourself.

He said: "We must have a small school, we can train leaders to do all the work. One day, when we return to Denmark, the work will still go on, because we will have trained people to do it. After a while, he built a small bible school and we took in people. They had to bring themselves some maize and flour, and to take care of their families at home, that we could teach them. We did so, together with Mabondo and other teachers. It was a blessing for the church and for us.

After one year, Peter and I were quite clever in Swahili and because we were forced to learn it, we learned it very well, I might say. The Lord helped us, so we could teach the students all we had in our hearts.

At the same time, we found out we had to build a new church at the mission station, because the old one was only built as a temporary building and when it was storming and rainy, we had to jump out and hold down the roof, because it nearly blew away.

We were going to ask the Africans, if we could get the money, they would come and make the stones to build up the church. Then one of the Africans said: "We should believe the Lord to help us with money,

so we build in cement". We were shocked, because there was not one of our churches in cement. We used to build in what they made, mud bricks, they dried in the sun, and they would build up the walls and put on the roof afterwards. But now they really wanted a church built of cement. Peter said: "Then we'll have to build when we have money." They said: "Yes, we'll pray, we'll pray!"

We started to make cement bricks and after a while, when we had finished the foundation, then suddenly we got some money from Demark to go on building the next stage. We took it step by step. And one day, after a long time, we had the church finished. It was a great day. It could hold about 250 people, I think. It was a big victory for all of us. The Africans were very happy.

Another miracle!

Meanwhile, we got a very important visitor. In our church in Denmark, we had gotten a new accountant. His name was Erik and he wanted to go out and see the mission work. So he came to visit us, it was a wonderful visit. He stayed with us a long time and he saw the church being built and stayed at our home. The one bad thing for him was to go out in the night. We had the toilet outside in a small room, there was no water, and it was just a big hole in the ground. He was terrified to go out at night. He said: "When I get home, I am going to tell people to send money so you can get a toilet and bathroom." He did that really.

Our son, Torben was seek

However, just before he came, we had a very big hardship, a big temptation and problem. Torben was usual a very joyful fellow. He was always full of energy.

He was interested in anything and everything. He was all over the place. He went to eat with the Africans and he was everywhere. When I was out in the clinic he set out to talk with the Africans. He was full of life.

Therefore it was a great concern when our little son became withdrawn. As time passed, Torben would sit in the corner, he didn't

want to do anything but listen to music on the small tape recorder. We couldn't encourage him to do something and he didn't eat very well. He became weaker and weaker and we knew that he urgently needed a doctor and a hospital. The Dar es Salaam hospital was a couple of days' journey away so we asked to get a ride from Erik, our friend from Denmark who came to visit us, when he wanted to go home. We took Torben to a big hospital in Dar es Salaam, the main city of Tanzania. The nurses and doctors immediately discovered that Torben had tuberculosis in both lungs. We were terrified. Dealing with so many sick people at the clinic every day, I was aware that my children were exposed to dangerous diseases. But somehow it never seemed possible that my children would fall sick with tuberculosis. However, as much as it was unbelievable, it was sure that Torben had tuberculosis. The doctors told us that there was absolutely nothing they could do, except giving him a lot of vitamins.

We started the long journey back with a bottle of vitamins and the knowledge that God would need to heal Torben as he had healed Svend. We never thought about going back to Denmark. We prayed and believed that God would do something to heal Torben.

Our African friends started to pray for Torben, and our friend Erik from Denmark had started prayer groups to pray for Torben and even to pray for our situation, because he said: "They work very hard out there, but they have no money and they need money for church buildings and for many other things." Erik spoke in Denmark about our mission work and money began coming into our account. It was wonderful. It was a new experience. We thanked God for Erik and his wife, Erna, who took care of the accounts and sent out money every month, regularly. We were very, very safe all the years we belonged to that church.

After a while Torben asked if he could go out to play with his friends. We were overjoyed! We knew that God had healed him. A second x-ray examination confirmed, that his lungs were completely clean! Praise The Lord!

As is often the case in life, it wasn't too long before we had to pass through another trial. Torben developed a rare kind of smallpox that

developed into big scares all over his body. His skin and eyes turned yellow and once again he lost his appetite and became weak.

We prayed, but his condition just got worse. We toyed with the idea of returning to Denmark. Our children's illnesses were beginning to take a toll on us. We wanted to give them another life, free of these diseases. However, we also knew we were at the heart of the kingdom of God. How could we leave our new African Christians and the very important work we had to do?

We decided to take Torben to see two Christian doctors 300 km away. Their medical advice was invaluable, but it was the spiritual insight that we truly sought. We wanted to know what God wanted us to do for the imminent future. The Bowkers, as the doctors' names were, were a wonderful couple from England who had worked in Africa for many years. They were now approaching retirement age. It was clear to us that they were the eyes and ears of experience and we could implicitly trust their judgment. We thank God that received us and gently took Torben's hand and eased him up on the bed.

The examination took no longer than a couple of minutes. After examining Torben, they sat behind a big wooden desk and scribbled a few notes. Placing down the pen, Mr. Bowker looked kindly at us and said: "All I can say is that we are unable to help your son. He has all these wounds all over his body, but he also has yellow fever and we can do nothing about his condition." My stomach turned upside down and I looked down at my feet disappointedly.

Mr. Bowker was not finished. "God can help you though". Peter and I looked up and saw a gleam of hope in their eyes. Mrs. Bowker said: "God can really do it. He's done it once, he can certainly do it again!" And we felt the hope coming back again to our hearts. It was encouraging to hear these good doctors in these moments of hopelessness proclaim God's grace. We all stood up and they placed their hands on our son's head and started to pray. As they prayed, tears ran down their cheeks. We felt as if Jesus was tangibly in the room, waiting patiently to hear our prayer.

The grace of the Lord reminded me of the time when I was a teenager, I had been baptized in the Holy Spirit. There was once

again a sweetness about the prayers we all prayed to God in tongues, the prayer language we got from The Holy Spirit.

As we drove back home over the rough roads, the car stirred up the African dust. Peter drove and I just stared at the endless and most magnificent scenery. Wild animals darted and scattered in different directions as the sound of the jeep came closer. I thought over and over again about the prayer time and the hope that I saw in the physicians' eyes. I knew deep in my spirit that God would heal Torben. Even Peter said: "Of course, God will heal him"! As the hours passed, we prayed quietly, recalling countless incidents of God's goodness in our life. High above, in the cloudless African skies, flew a lonely eagle. The Holy Spirit brought the words of the Prophet Isaiah to my mind, in Chapter 40, verse 31: "But those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles, they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint". Many times, when we were having great problems, God gave us words from the Bible we could lean on and it really made us strong.

Well, we went home and went to bed. The next morning I woke up to the sound of Torben playing quietly. He had been healed. He played around and was just like he was before he got sick. We were so happy. Until today we thank the Lord for His goodness and His miracles in our lives.

Torben was now strong and didn't have any sicknesses or weaknesses after that. He went a very strong boy and a strong young man and even today he is very strong man working as a missionary in Africa.

Chapter 13

Thirteen engels

Anne-Lise:

When we got a little extra money we had to repair the house in which we were living, because it was built as a temporary house and we found out quickly that at night, there were a lot of rats running around, along with many other creeping insects. So we knew we had to do something to build us a solid house.

I'll tell you about a very special occasion. One evening, I was sitting with our boys at an evening prayer session, when they were at bed – ready to sleep. I think they were four and seven years old. Usually, at the end we recited a little poem, which I had learned from my sister when I was young and which always gave me a secure feeling each time I recited it when I went to bed.

It goes like this: "When I lay me down to rest, 13 angels are my guests.

Two that stand on my left side, two that on my right
divide.

Two protect my very pillow, two just guard my feet
below.

Two to cover me, two to wake me, one to show me
Heaven's glory.

Amen."

Our boys had a very strong faith in God and they put their lives into His hands. They did not doubt that angels surrounded them. That particular evening I sat thinking if it was really true that there were guardian angels. Could we rely on the fact that God looks down on us, His small creatures, and sends guardian angels to protect us, everywhere we go? I was a bit doubtful, but I didn't think anymore about it. The boys said good night to Peter and me and went to sleep as usual. Shortly after, Peter and I also retired and soon fell asleep.

In the middle of the night I woke up, something had bitten me. I didn't think it was anything more than just an ordinary bite. There are so

many creeping insects in Africa, and I thought it was just a flea I had picked up during the day. Often we had some small creeping insects on us when we went out to the African area. Shortly after, I was bitten again on my leg, then on my back and all over my body. I hurriedly found my torch, which one always had at hand in Africa. I shone it on my bed and was horrified to discover that my bed was full of black ants, Siafu. Our colleagues had told us about these dangerous insects and we had often had them around the outside of our house, but had always managed to get rid of them before they came inside. The houses where the missionaries lived were built in a special way. First the foundation, then an iron plating covering the whole foundation, and on top of that the walls were built. We put petrol around the house and put down DDT powder on the iron plating, which made it more difficult for the insects to get into the house. Once, the yard had been full of these ants, Siafu, millions of them. We poured petrol over them and attempted to set fire to them, but the next day they were still alive, although they couldn't get into our house. We heard of people who used to place at the ends of their bedposts tin cans filled with petrol, to protect them from these ants. But despite all these precautions, these small insects can get in anywhere. They can even climb up to the ceiling and drop down unto the bed. Needless to say, I was shocked to see these Siafu ants in our house. I could see that Peter was being disturbed by them, but he had not yet woken up. All of a sudden, he jumped up, reached out for his torch and we just looked at each other. Imagine! Now we had the opportunity to become better acquainted with these ants. Immediately, we thought of the boys who lay in the room next to ours. We had heard so many terrible stories about the Siafu ants. If they attacked an animal in the forest, no matter if it was big or small, it was sure to die. There was pure panic in the forest when the Siafu ants came wandering through, in long rows of thousands of thousands, with big ant soldiers keeping the ranks and files. If they chanced to wonder into an elephant's trunk, it would die within a very short time. Africans could be sure that at least while their houses were occupied by Siafu ants, other insects would not be found there. While all these things were going through our

minds, we jumped from the bed and ran into the children's room. We got another shock as we stepped out of bed. Within minutes we were covered by Siafu ants that had crawled up our legs. We managed, however, to make our way into the children's room as the ants kept biting us all over our bodies. The boys' room was also covered with ants – on the ceiling, floor and the walls, but when we shone our torches on Svend and Torben and on their beds, we were absolutely amazed. Both of them were sleeping peacefully. The ants were everywhere, except on the beds. I felt ashamed, I was reminded of the 13 angels we had asked to protect and guard the boys' beds. I admit I had been in doubt about these guardian angels, but now I just called out to God from my heart, asking for forgiveness and Peter and I praised Him for his saving power. The walls, up to one-and-a-half to two meters, were clean without ants and the beds and near the boys there wasn't even one ant. So we could imagine that there were thirteen angels around protecting both of their beds. We knew that if Svend and Torben had woken up at that time, they would have been horror-struck at the sight of all those ants. But they didn't wake up, in spite of the fact that we spent several hours going in and out of the house, putting down DDT powder and pouring petrol on the ants. The children knew nothing about the ants until we told them the following morning.

We were all richer in experience and we knew better than ever before that the angels of the Lord encompass round about those that fear Him and deliver them.

There are many dangerous animals in Africa, and at times one is a little nervous about sending out the children to play in the sand or the grass, where there are snakes, scorpions and other creeping things. We just had to place ourselves in God's hands over and over again. It was especially difficult to send the children to boarding-school, which was far away. That is probably the worst experience for all parents who are also missionaries. While at home one is always thinking about the children – whether they remember to be careful when they go out to play, to look out for scorpions, etc; whether they remember

to wear socks and closed shoes, and not to walk in puddles where many insects thrive, insects that attack the body by breaking through the skin. In the short space of a few months, these insects can ruin people's health. When one goes to bed at night, one can lay in bed and worry whether the children have remembered to pull down the mosquito net around them and under the mattress, so that the enemy – the mosquito – will not find a hole to get through.

In the mission schools we have fine housemothers and good teachers to look after the children, but we know just how busy they are and how difficult it can be to keep an eye on so many children at one time. In the evenings, one just longs for the children who are so far away from mom and dad. We just want to give them a good-night kiss and a hug and to know how they were doing, but there is only one thing to do in that situation: to place them in His hands, who said: "I am with you always". That includes our children too.

Once I had worked as a stand-in for a housemother at the school that Svend attended. He was in the second class at that time. It was unbelievable how many scorpions I saw, both outside and inside, as well as spiders and snakes. One day, while Torben was sitting and playing with an African boy, a boa constrictor crept up from the grass nearby. The African boy saw it immediately. Africans have a sixth sense when danger is near. He jumped up and took hold of Torben and they ran as fast as they could. The snake followed quickly behind them. That kind of snake could easily attack small children. But fortunately it was frightened away by the children's screaming and slipped away as quickly as it had appeared. While we were in Africa we often thought of the words from Hebrews 1:14, when we sent our children out to play. It is written: "Are not all angels ministering spirits sent to serve those who will inherit salvation?"

It is wonderful to know that God has a thousand angels, just ready to be of service to us. We believe that when we ask God for help, he sends His angels to protect and help us in answer to our prayers.

I often turn to Psalm 91 – I have written above this psalm in my bible "the missionary psalm". It says, in the first verse: "He who dwells in

the shelter of the most high will rest in the shadow of the Almighty". In verse 4 it is written: "He will cover you with His feathers and under His wings you will find refuge. His faithfulness will be your shield and rampart. You will not fear the terror of the night nor the arrow that flies by day."

Verse 11 says: "For he will command his angels concerning you to guard you in all your ways. They will lift you up in their hands so that you will not strike your foot against a stone."

It was our boys who had a childlike, simple faith in God, that he would send his angels to protect them on that occasion, when the ants invaded our house. Since experiencing that miracle, we have accepted God's promises literally, fully believing that he will protect us along the entire path.

Chapter 14

Our children

Anne-Lise:

It was a hard time, the beginning, but through it all we were all strong. After a few years Torben also had to go to the boarding school where Svend was, so they would be together. So we started to prepare him for that.

But when we thought about sending Torben away, we wished so much to get another baby. In 1966 we got a lovely little daughter! We called her Lena, and she gave all of us great joy. The African believers had prayed for us a long time to get more children. Two was not enough! They loved Lena and the boys very much and do so even today.

On July 16, 1966 Lena, our little girl, was born. Svend was home for his summer holiday, so it was really a great day that we all could be together when Lena was born. The boys were so happy to have a little sister and we were happy to have a girl. She was beautiful, but she had no hair, like many other Danish children when they are born. The Africans came to visit me and brought fruits and juice and honey and many other presents. But when they left the room, I could see something was wrong. One day, one of the elders from the church came to me and said: "We are very concerned about Lena. She is a beautiful girl, but we have seen many from your tribe, from Denmark, they have been here to visit you. And many of them have no hair. We are afraid Lena will have no hair, not like the African children." The African children have beautiful black hair when they are born. We told them they should just wait and see that Lena's hair would come in. A few months later, she had beautiful white hair.

They couldn't understand how I was caring for her – giving her food only every four hours and not carrying her around on my back all day. But they learned that we had another way of caring for our children. We had a houseboy, Filipo, and he would walk around and just wait to hear Lena's voice. If she cried even a little, he would pick her up and

talk to her, taking very good care of her. Now we were five, with our little girl, and praised God for that.

In 1967 we brought Torben to the Swedish boarding school.

He liked this school very much, because there were many other children, and his brother Svend was there. Even though they all spoke Swedish and Norwegian, our boys were very fast learners so they spoke Danish, Swedish, English and Swahili. It was very easy for them to learn languages. The boys went to school for two months, and then would come home for one month. That's how it was throughout the year.

We had to go pick them up, 300 kilometers away. It was quite a journey. But it was also a chance for us to be together with the other missionaries, so we celebrated every time we were together when they had their holidays four times a year. It was also very encouraging for us to have the boys around again. Svend was more quiet than Torben. He was thinking a lot about every thing in life, and when we went to church and Peter was preaching, Svend took notes about all the bible studies, and very soon he wanted to believe in Jesus and to be baptized.

It was also a joy to have Torben around, because he was always so happy and full of faith. One day, during our family devotions, we learned together how God helped the prophet Elijah in all his needs. At that time we had a hard time, not so much food. One day when Torben looked into the refrigerator, he said, "Mommy, now we have to pray again because no food is left." When Torben had heard about Elijah, how God took care of him, he was so excited. He said, "Mommy, if God took care of Elijah like that, he could also take care of us!" And it was a great thing to have a little boy in the house, who had such a great faith. A little later we got something to eat and some clothes and whatever we needed.

Chapter 15

A missionary, wife, mother, and much more

Anne-Lise:

Now we will tell a little bit about our daily life. First I will tell what my day was like.

We had very busy days. We tried to have one day free every week, but still we lived among the Africans, in the middle of their small huts, and when people had something to ask for, some problems, they came to us. We were like their parents. But we liked it very much. About the money and the church at home, it helped when we got a new accountant, Erik. After he had seen our work, he went home and held a lot of meetings in Denmark. People said when he spoke about us and our work, he would cry and he really touched the hearts of people. Erik also helped us to put out a newsletter. Before, I had written everything by hand, but now he helped us to type a newsletter for all our friends and families, so they could follow our work. Erik's wife, Erna, did all the accounts every month and everything was in very good order. We enjoyed getting help regularly. It was not so much, but still we had what we needed for every day.

Also, when we had so little ourselves, we learned how to give, because it is also written in the Bible that when we give to others, the hungry and the needy, then we ourselves get what we need.

During the day, when people started to come, they would say: "hodi, hodi". About 6:30, when the sun rose, they started to come to our door and they continued till sunset, so we were busy. I educated the women, teaching them sewing their cloth and baking bread. I had one widow coming every day. She had five children. She came to beg every day. I told her: "You cannot come every day. There are so many people here who need help." "Oh, I'm so sorry", she said, "but now I need sugar, now I need salt". I thought a lot about what to do with her. She was called Mamma Ipanda. All the other missionaries who knew her didn't like her very much. But I felt sorry for her and her children. I wanted to make a way, so she should not be begging every day. Then

I figured out that if she came with her children every Friday, they could take care of the garden in front of our house and bring wood for our fireplace and do a lot of things. And, then, when they have done their work properly, they would get all this amount of money and then they could go and buy what they needed. It seemed to be a very good idea. They were all so happy. Even today the big children come and they hug us when we come to see them.

I also got some guitars from Denmark so I taught the young evangelists how to play guitar and they liked it very much. It helped them a lot in the church, to find the right tune when they taught their singing. I also taught religion in the school and I liked that very much. We sang with the children and had a very nice time. I also taught the women how to give their children a bath. The children were skinny, with sores everywhere because of the uncleanness. So I thought to put some soap and water in the basin and give the children a good bath.

Every morning I had the clinic open so they could come with their small problems, I could give them some aspirin and plasters and whatever they needed. It was a very nice time and we had very good contact with the people. The Africans thought that we were millionaires, but we are missionaries, and that's the difference, because many times we could not tell anybody about our needs.

Sometimes, as I told before, we had very little food. I remember once we had to go out for a very long journey. We needed to travel several hundred kilometers of uninhabited terrain. I wanted to be sure we had at least a little food for the journey. I opened the cupboard door and stared at the almost empty shelves. We had six slices of bread and four eggs. I did not know what to do, but I carefully put aside two slices of bread for our evening meal, two for breakfast and two for our lunch on the road the following day. As I stood and packed the last slice of bread, the spirit of God spoke to my heart: "Give your friends the bread and the eggs". I knew how desperately short of food we were, but felt ashamed that I had thought of myself before others. We had two pastors who were staying in our guestroom. They had asked us to stay there for a special time of prayer and fasting, and we

allowed them to stay there. They had finished their prayers and I knew that they had to go home. We knew they must be very hungry. Then I heard the voice of God say, "Give them the eggs and the bread you have for your traveling to morrow"! And then I said, "Forgive me, Lord, I will do as you say". When the pastors came, they were overjoyed to see the plate of bread and eggs. I was so glad of the opportunity to give them food that I nearly forgot my own hunger.

That same evening, as Peter and I were sitting and talking, there was a knock at the door. It was quite unusual to get night visitors in Africa. At the door was a lady, about fifty years old. She also was working as a missionary, not far from our village, and had made her way through the dark to see us. She had heard that we were traveling and wanted us to take a letter to one of the northern towns in Tanzania. She was a warm, lovely person. "I have just received a food package from home", she said excitedly, "would you like to come and eat breakfast with me tomorrow morning? " We happily agreed and thanked the Lord for his provision. It was nothing short of a miracle, because she knew nothing of our food shortage. The next morning we sat down to a delicious and memorable breakfast of fine cheeses, cereals, honey, jam, plenty of fresh fruit. It was as if God was smiling at us. What a joy to be a giver, the experience of giving. When we went out, she said, "Come, you must have a package for your journey"! So she gave us a big package with nice bread, and honey, everything, and we could eat on our way.

Since then we have experienced many times how good it is to give. There is also a very good lesson in the book of Luke, Chapter 6, verse 38: "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." That was really a good lesson for us, and we have since experienced it thousands of times. What a wonderful God we serve!

In Gods school

Every day we were privileged to be in God's special school. Once I had a very, very blessed lesson from God. I want to tell it, because it can perhaps be of help to others. It was not a great problem for me to fulfill the missionary calling to go out and tell about Jesus and about Heaven and all the good news in the Bible. But I also had to be a good wife to Peter and a good mother to my children. I wanted to do so many different things at the same time. Suddenly, I couldn't know what the most important thing to do was. When the boys came from school and stayed home for one month, my heart was yearning to stay with them, talk with them and play with them, to just be a very good mother for them. But all the work was also beckoning me.

One day, while I was praying, I said to God, "What should I do? What is most important?" Then, from my inner eye, I got an answer what I should do. I felt that God was speaking to me through my mind. He said:

"First, you must have fellowship with me, your God, your creator. If you make me number one in your life, I will help you with all the other things. You have to do my work, but first of all to pray and to listen to me and I will tell you what to do." I must say it was a real need, but it was very hard to make time for that, because people would come so early and come to our door all day, so I didn't know how I could find time for reading and praying. But God went on talking to me about that, so I made up my mind that I would get up early in the morning, long before the others woke up, sit down and read the Bible, study. It was good for my soul. I knelt down and prayed and told God everything in my thoughts and in my heart and praised Him and also asked Him for advice so I could do all things right. Then, when I was quiet and I had been like that with God for half an hour, many things came into my mind. I believe it was God speaking to me through my mind. I got so many good ideas, renewed strength. After that, everything in the daily work was much easier than it had been before. It was a really good lesson. Then God said to me:

"Secondly," – I thought the second thing would be my children – "look after Peter. You must be a good wife to your husband. You must

make time for him, love him, care for him, talk with him about everything and have a good relationship."

The Spirit of The Lord then told me:

"After having a good relationship with Peter, your husband, you must take time for your children, when they are home. It is very important!" I thought the missionwork with the people was more important for God, who had called me to be a missionary. But He showed me, that our children should be our first "missionfield". And when they saw, that Peter and I had a good relationship and loved each other and worshipped God together, they would follow the same way in their lives! – I praise The Lord for that advice. It has helped our family until today.

"After that," God told me, "you can be a good missionary to all the others."

And that is what happened. My work with others went on much easier. The people around me were opening their hearts, asking me questions. I had many, many good hours, especially with the women, helping them. The wonderful thing was that when night time came, I was not very tired. It was just like everything was easier. These rules since then have helped me a lot and have been a blessing for all in the family.

Chapter 16

Missionary life in Africa

Peter:

We liked our times in Africa very much. We loved the people. When we learned the language, it was very meaningful to be there. There were a lot of problems and things we could do to help people. We felt very satisfied being there. We both trained people to help us.

Anne Lise trained people in the house who wanted work. She trained them to clean the floor, to cook and to do all the work in the house. It helped her to have more time for her work in the clinic, to help teaching in the school for children and the bible school, teaching the evangelists to play guitar and the women to make clothes and bake bread and many other things.

I trained people to build, to be carpenters and after a while I even trained the pastors to build their own houses and to build churches. We also trained some to make furniture. I was trained to build furniture in Denmark, so I had a lot of experience. But here in Africa we had very poor tools, but we tried the best we could to teach the people to make some of the furniture.

I had one student especially, who was very clever and very fast to learn things. He helped me a lot. One day, my hammer was gone. I couldn't find it anywhere. It was very important for me to have this hammer. I had brought it from Denmark and I couldn't get one like it in Africa. So I had to do without it. Usually, people do not steal, so I thought I would find the hammer one day. But I didn't find it and some years passed by.

One day, I was called to an African House. They said, "Mr. Steven is very sick. Will you please come and pray for him?" Steven was the very clever man whom I had trained to make furniture and other things for me. He was Christian by religion, but not really a believer in his heart. There is a difference between being just a believer in your head and being a believer by heart in God's word and follow God's word and be a servant to God. When I entered his house, I could see he

was nearly dying, he was very, very sick and tears fell down his cheeks and he was very sorry. He said: " Oh, Sir Peter," [They called people whom they honored very much, "Sir"] "I'm so sorry because I'm not ready to die. I want you to pray for me so I can be a real believer in Jesus." Peter said, "But that's easy, if you just repent your sins and ask God to enter your heart. He will listen to you and He will be your savior." "Yes", he said, "but I also must repent before you, because I have a very bad conscience. Night and day I think about the hammer you had. I'm the one who stole your hammer. I had never seen a hammer like that and I wanted it so much, so I took it to my home. But I never felt happy having it here. So, please, forgive me this sin." He asked his wife to go and find the hammer and she brought it. I told him that I forgave him and it was okay. Then we prayed together and he repented before God and a short time after, he passed away. But it was a very special day for me, to see how people can feel unhappy when they sin, and how good it is to come to God and to repent and find peace in your heart.

I also trained a lot of people to do car repairs and other things. We had a very old car, so it needed repair now and then. One time, I had to make a major repair on it, so I took everything apart and put it on the ground. Every small thing was there. Then I cleaned everything and put in new spare parts. But when I had to put everything together, I didn't remember where to put everything, because I'm not a mechanic. But I'm a child before God and I said, "God, now you must help me to put all these things back in the right way." I started and I put everything together. Some things were left out, but the car ran very well so it wasn't a problem!

In the bush land of Africa, you have to know a little of everything. My main work was to go out and preach the gospel in the small villages and also to train other people to do it and to teach the Bible. I had meetings all over and counseling people who had problems. I had a lot to do every day, but I liked it very much. It wasn't easy to go with the car into the bush land, so many times we went by foot and some Africans carried my accordion on their heads. When we started to sing and pray, people came to listen. It was my main work.

I told before a little about another kind of work, which was very unusual. I had never tried it before. One day, a man came to me and said, "I have such a pain in my tooth. Please can you take it out. I haven't slept for many nights, and I just need for you to take it out." I had a small pair of pliers, so I said, "Well, let me see the tooth." I looked at it and the tooth really looked horrible. I told him, "But I have nothing to ease the pain, so you'll just have to be quiet and then I'll pull out the tooth." "Yes, yes, that's okay", he said. So I pulled out the tooth and it must have been very painful. But afterwards the man said, "God bless you, my dear friend, God bless you!" It was quite funny. But after that, many people came to me when they had problems with their teeth and I pulled out many teeth. Our dentist in Denmark heard about this and was horrified, hearing about how we did it. When we came home, he gave me a small course on how to pull out teeth and gave me a brand-new set of tools, one tool for every kind of tooth. It was a wonderful gift.

Almost every day I had to go to town, Itigi. It was ten kilometers away. We had to go to the small post-office to take our letters and to buy some food. We couldn't get many vegetables, only tomatoes, potatoes and onions. But we could get meat, meat was a big thing for us. But the meat, which was slaughtered and hanging in the sunshine, was covered with hundreds of flies all over it. But it was okay for us, because I could clean it when I took it home and prepare it to a fine meal, and it was very cheap, so we were happy for that. We could also get flour, sugar, sweet potatoes, kerosene, all the things we needed for our every day life. As I said before, we had no electricity or water tap in the house. But we had a big water tank built in the ground near the house, and we gathered there all the rain water every rain season. So, we had very good water all year round. We just had to boil every drop of water, and milk, and had to be very careful of everything we ate, so that there would be no bacteria. We had no washing-machine, we washed our clothes outside. We had a good man who helped us with the laundry. He would light a fire outside and wash our clothes there. So it was very primitive but it didn't take us long to get used to it. We liked it.

Now, when we ask our children, "Where was the best place in Africa for you?" they say: "Oh, it was Sanjaranda, in Itigi." That was really our home for nine years and we enjoyed living there.

Anne Lise had many patients in her clinic and many times they were too sick to get help there, so I had to take them to the hospital in Itigi. It was a small, very primitive hospital, but they gave people help. Some had snake bites and we had to rush to town to get anti-serum, and women had to give birth. So, I would drive around with sick people and they were very, very thankful for the help.

Witchcraft

One year, we had a very successful time in the mission. Many people came to the faith and we had built many new churches, the schools ran very well. Everything was so blessed from God. So we were very happy. Then suddenly we ran into some problems we had never experienced before.

When we went to bed at night, we were very tired. We went early to bed and immediately wanted to go to sleep, when we heard a lot of noise up on our roof. When we went out, we saw ten to twenty owls, sitting on the top of our roof. They were screaming, making an awful noise. Night after night it went on like this, until there were nearly one hundred owls on the roof. We didn't know what to do about it. After a while, they entered under the roof and we could hear them move about above the ceiling. We couldn't sleep. It was an awful time. We were so tired.

One night, I went out with my shotgun and saw an owl sitting on a tree, just outside our house. I shot the owl. But, as it fell down to the ground, another came and sat on the same spot. When I shot it, another one came. It kept on like this, time after time. The following night, when I came out with my shotgun, a flock of owls came flying at me, screaming as if they were wild spirits. I didn't know what to do. Everything was so confusing.

But then, one day, we got some visitors, an elderly couple who had been missionaries for many years. They came to our mission station and asked if they could sleep in our guest room, because they had to

go on a long journey. We agreed, and welcomed them. We had something to eat and then all of us went to bed. When they heard all the noise from the owls, they called us and said, "Do you know what this is? It is evil spirits. There must be witch around here who wants you to go home to Denmark. I'm sure the witch doctor is going to make you so tired, that you will take your suitcases and go home." We were very surprised. But he said, "We had that once. We finally had to stand outside and scream at them and say: "In the name of Jesus, go away from here. Go from this place." And then we got peace." Peter and I were wondering if this could really be right. But we were so desperate, we said, "Let us go the four of us, and try and command the owls to go away in the name of Jesus". We went out and stood in front of the house and looked up at all the owls on the roof. We began to pray and praise God and sing, and then we said: "In the name of Jesus, go away!" And immediately, they went away, screaming, and they never came back.

It was such a miracle for us. We really didn't know what to say. But we found out that there are really evil spirits walking around in the world, seeing things that we cannot see with our eyes, good things and bad things. We were very, very happy to get rid of all this.

After a few days, one of the leaders of our church came up to our house and said, "I don't understand something. I've got a lot of owls on my roof. Can you help me to do something about it?" We told him about the old missionaries who came to visit us and how we prayed and commanded the evil owls to go away. We did the same at this old man's house and the owls disappeared. We found out that the One who is within us is stronger than all these evil things. It was an extraordinary experience.

After a while, we had another experience. Each time we wanted to go outdoors, to hold a meeting, to share the word of God with people, suddenly we could not shut the front door of our car. We had many Africans with us in the car and in the back it was okay, we could shut the door. But we couldn't shut the two front doors. I disassembled the door, took all the part of and replased it again, but nothing helped.

Now we knew that the devil could do whatever he wants to destroy our work. So we said, "In the name of Jesus, get out of our area here" and suddenly we could close the door!

Perhaps this doesn't sound right, but we have seen it and have experienced that the devil himself is frightened by the people of God. So we learned a lot from all this, and later we found out that even the African believers had a lot of problems with the witch doctors. They tried to kill them, they tried everything to cause the believers harm, but they also learned to use the name of Jesus.

A few months later, after we had experienced all this, we were going to build a new school out in the Gurungu area in the forest, in a place where there were so many children, but no school. The children so much wanted to learn to read and write. We made a decision that we would build a small school there. After we had built it and the children started coming to the school, something very evil happened. In the morning, when the children wanted to come to the school, it seemed like lions came out towards them. But it wasn't lions, it was evil men dressed in lion skins. They wanted to frighten the children, so that they would run home and not come to school. We had a meeting with the parents and with the leaders in the area and asked them what was going on. Then we found out that the parents didn't want the children to go to school, because they would not have any help from their children in the fields, or to look after the animals. The children did a lot of work. So the parents had paid these evil men to dress up as lions and prevent the children from going to school. We then told them: "You have to stop this! It is a terrible thing to do. If you don't stop, we will call the police." Yet, it continued. So we went to Itigi, a city ten kilometers away from where we lived and told them about this.

But they said to us, "If we now try to do something against this, those people will then follow us into our homes and do evil things." They were too afraid to do anything.

I went to the regional commissioner and told him the story. This man was a real Christian believer and he said: "We will stop this." He was a very strong man. Together with some of the elders of our church, we

called a meeting with all parents again. At the meeting the commissioner said to them, "If you do this again, I will take all of you to prison. You will be punished for years. Your children have to go to school. If you continue with this, I will come back!" The parents were afraid, so slowly they agreed to send their children to the school. But we had never experienced things like that when we were new missionaries. We found out that Africa was very much behind the civilized world and if the children didn't go to school, they would remain even further behind. We did what we could to build schools and teach the children, and even adults, to read and write and become more educated about the world.

War

After a while, we heard some bad news from Dar es Salaam, the main city in Tanzania, that there was a war coming. We heard from the Swedish boarding school our children attended that we had to send clothes and passports with our children when we sent them to the school. The Swedish missionaries had gotten an agreement with the Swedish government to send some planes to Tanzania to take the children home in case war broke out. They told us, if we could have our suitcases ready and get to the school quickly when the plane arrives, then we could come with them, as there was a very evil war approaching. We went home and packed a suitcase with the most essential things. Then we went to the business people in Itigi and asked to buy a whole drum of petrol, so we would have spare petrol if war should break out.

They told us that the government forbade them to sell petrol to the white people. We didn't know what to do. But one day a business man came up to us when we were in town and said, "I want to tell you in secret that you should come tonight with the drum and I will fill it for you with petrol so you will have something in store if anything bad should happen." We blessed this man and got the petrol, and had everything ready in the event that war would break out. It was a very bad time in the country.

We had a lot of Chinese coming in. The president of Tanzania had visited China and adopted a lot of the Socialist dogma to be applied in Tanzania. They created a new kind of Socialism in Tanzania. All the people had to leave their homes in the bush and live together in the villages, where the government could control them. It was very hard for people to leave their homes and come to one place. We could not say anything against the government; if we did, we would have just 24 hours to leave the country. So we just prayed for the people and felt so sorry for them.

The school teachers had been to a course where they learned to go against the white people, so they taught the children in our schools to create weapons out of wood. They made guns and played soldiers. Every morning, maybe 50 or 60 students from our school would run beneath our kitchen window, yelling, "Kill all the white people, kill all the white people." I really got angry and decided to go see the regional commissioner again. I went to see him and said, "Now we are just here for you. We have bought the books, we have trained your teachers and paid all the expenses for getting good schools. And in return we are threatened that we will be killed. The students are learning to kill the white people. "The commissioner said," I didn't know anything about this, but I'm going to stop it immediately." He came in his car to see all the school teachers and told them to stop these threats. Many bad things were going on beneath the surface. The devil himself tried to get us out and stop God's work in our area.

Chapter 17

Oldeani

Peter:

Our friends, Axel and Clara, came back from Denmark and they too enjoyed Lena and the boys, and we were like a big family. They were like grandparents to our children. However, Axel Jensen was not very strong physically and he said to me: "Peter, I have met some people from Oldeani in the north-western part of the country. They have their faith in Jesus and want me to come up and build a church. I told them I would do everything I could to build a church for them. But it is up in the north of Tanzania, very far away from the main road. I'm sorry, but I don't feel strong enough to go there. But I have the money for the church. So, Peter, if you want to go and build the church, I know of a nice place where you can stay with your family, and I have the money for the church building."

We both felt that this would be a good thing to do as our last role in Tanzania at this time. So we agreed to build the church and encourage the new Christians in Oldeani. Still, we had some work to do in Sanjaranda and church-buildings to complete and other things. So we decided that our last three months in Tanzania would be spent in Oldeani. We both felt concerned, however, as we hadn't returned the loan we had borrowed from the Indian people, but we asked God every day to fulfill His promise to stay with us every day till the end of the world. We packed our things when we had three months left, and we said goodbye to all our friends in Sanjaranda and in Itigi. We felt that it had been a very problematic period, but also a very happy one. We thanked God for every thing, even the smallest, that we were able to do for the Africans there.

A wonderfully miraculous thing happened. The day we went through Singida, the city, where we had borrowed the money, we had with us money we had gotten from Denmark, so we were able to pay back our entire debt. For us it was a miracle, because we had been living with

this debt on our minds for a few years, when suddenly the money came in. We could see once again that God had not forgotten us.

We went up to the new place, Oldeani, it was a long journey. The boys went to boarding school and we had Lena in the car. When we arrived in Oldeani, we were in for a big surprise. It was an area where the coffee and tea farmers lived and some of them also had carpentries and other things going on. They said, "We have an empty farm where you can live for three months." When we saw that farm, we nearly cried for joy. It was a beautiful, beautiful place. We could sit out on the veranda in the evenings and look at the mountains. There was a man who tended the gardens and there were plenty of flowers and fruits. He brought us fresh milk every day, and strawberries and many other good things. We felt that it was God himself who had prepared a kind of holiday for us. All we had to do there was to build the church and encourage the new believers.

We had more time to do many other things. There was a lady from Denmark who said, "Why don't you write down all the miracles you've had, all the things you've experienced in the time you've been in Africa." So we both started to write what we had experienced. This was the first book we wrote and it was called "Faithful Is He Who Called Us".

We started to build the church and one of the farmers said he would give us all the timber for the church. All the farmers helped us with every little detail. We had a wonderful time, three months of a kind of holiday. The church was built and was very beautiful, with red burnt bricks. The people were very happy and we taught them about Christianity.

One day, we were sitting on the veranda having our coffee, when a man came running from town and said, "Something terrible has happened." The church had just been finished and the front of it was made very special and beautiful. "A big lorry backed into the church by accident and the entire front is destroyed." I just said: "Then, there is only one thing for us to do, to start over again." We and the Africans started to build the church once more and it was very beautiful. We

have been to visit the congregation many times, and it stands there today as beautiful as when we built it.

We enjoyed the three months. The boys came home for holiday and they enjoyed the place, they played and had a wonderful time. Lena enjoyed being with us all the time. When we had to fly home, we felt that we were more relaxed and restful to go home and start a new life. On our way home, as we discussed our time in Africa, we concluded that what we had done there was what we had to do. Those four years had not been easy, but we had done what we had to, and it was time to start a new life in Denmark. We had a wonderful trip home and it was so good to see our family again. My father and step-mother were there. I told the boys: "Go say hello to grandpa and grandma. They are waiting for you." They said, "But who are they?" They didn't know who they were, among the many people who had come to welcome us. I never thought about that, that they had forgotten how their grandparents looked. All our friends and family celebrated our homecoming and that we returned in good condition.

Then the boys had to start attending a Danish school. It wasn't so easy, as they had been in a Swedish school and knew all about Swedish history and the Swedish kings. Now they had to learn to read and write in Danish, but it didn't take long for them to learn. They managed. We got a small apartment on the first floor of Anne-Lises sister's house and there we lived and waited for the next step.

Chapter 18

Back home in Denmark

Anne-Lise:

We had finished four years in Tanzania with a lot of good things and many people coming into the faith. We had built a lot of churches and had many good experiences. But we were quite exhausted and we thought that now, after four years, we had finished our work in Africa. We completed what we had come to do.

But we had an inner feeling that was hard to explain. After three months we were longing for Africa. We thought about the people out there, we loved them so much and when we saw that people in Denmark have everything they need, we thought that the needs were so great in Africa, we must go back to help them. We also knew that God had called us and put a new call in our hearts to go.

One day, as I prayed, I said to God: "Why did we go through so many hardships, and problems without money, with many illnesses, so much went wrong. Yet, we saw many people become Christian believers. But it was a very hard time. Why?" And I heard God's voice in my heart. He told me: "I wanted to take away all your crutches. You shouldn't depend on people. I want you only to depend on me. At that time you were going through a new period when you needed great faith and I want you just to believe and trust in me. All the hardships you've been through you will never experience again!"

I did not tell Peter at the beginning what I thought, but one day he said to me, "Anne Lise, we belong in Africa. We must go back to help the people there." And I said, yes. We are going." Even our children wanted to go back. We were in Denmark for half a year and then we returned to Africa.

Facing Death:

Throughout our lives God has used Christians to be his mouthpiece to warn us and encouraged us. When we decided to go back to Africa, a preacher did that through a word of prophecy. This word was given to

us during the time we went around in Denmark and said good bye, and it prepared us for the times to come. The prophetic word told us, that we would face dangers and even death when we went back to Africa, but we should not fear because God would be with us.

I will never forget my father's parting words, when once again we said our goodbyes. I remember the way he looked at me with a face full of life. He squeezed my hand and looked deep into my eyes. "We won't meet again until we are in Heaven", he said. I can still see him standing there, waving to us as the train pulled away. Those were his last words to me, yet at that moment God brought to my mind the words of prophecy given us just a few weeks before. Father would soon be with the Lord. He had devoted his life to God and would soon be with the same Lord that he had served for so long. I looked at my father's kind and wrinkled face and felt the tears well up inside. I also, however, felt hopeful. My mixed feelings highlighted the ambivalence that we experience in this temporary world. In our short lives we encounter sadness and death, yet without this encounter with death, we cannot inherit a more wonderful and eternal life. And so it was with my dear father. As we hopped onto the platform and went into the train, I knew that on this earth I would never see him again. But I knew without a doubt that one day, in Heaven, I surely would.

Upon our return to Africa, we knew that God wanted us to start our work among the Barabaig tribe who did not know anything about God's word and His love. This tribe is a very primitive tribe who violently reject all forms of civilization. Approaching their territory is a life-threatening affair. There is a risk being killed if we would try to visit their area in the forest. They have many uncivilized and frightening customs, one of which is a ceremony that a groom embarks upon before his marriage. In order to prove his manhood, he must kill either a lion or a person. We knew that somehow we had to start sowing the seeds of the gospel to this people. We had seen so many Africans come to the Lord and knew from personal experience that the gospel transcends all cultures and that it has the power to save every man and every tribe.

We set off to spy out the land and see what was needed for our new mission. We had been driving through Barabaig territory for nearly one hour, when all of a sudden there was an ear-splitting din. I shut my eyes instinctively, as the windshield shattered into a thousand pieces, screaming as the rock just missed my head. A piece of glass went into my mouth. Peter wrestled frantically with the steering-wheel and somehow managed to stop the car beneath the trees. We sat in the car, frozen, listening to the hum of the engine. We sat and waited for the Barabaig ambush, but it never came. We knew that we had escaped with our lives. As we drove home with no windshield, we prayed constantly a prayer of thanksgiving. God had protected us from death. Once again he had been faithful to us.

One day one of our evangelists came to tell us that God had called him to go to the Barabaig tribe to preach the gospel. Even his wife and his children were ready to go there. We got a small salary for him and sent him to the Barabaigs. And we, together with this family, spent many years sowing seeds among that area. Over the years, we experienced much hardship and danger from them. But nearly forty years later, we can testify that in His saving grace, God has indeed redeemed some members from the tribe. Today there are Christians who work and live among the tribe, and we have built many churches there. It is God who calls and protects his people to reach out with the gospel. The believers of this tribe are very strong people and as faithful members a confirmation of God's word that He wants all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth.

Torben faced death

Like all other children, our children too had accidents and frights. With no hospital, doctor or emergency service nearby, we learned to rely on prayer. One evening, Torben went to the bath. As usual, he had locked the bathroom door and closed the window. Peter and I sat in our little living-room, chatting away about the events of the day. Minutes turned into half an hour and I began to feel uneasy. What was taking him so long? Peter knocked gently on the door, asking if Torben would soon be finished. Suddenly, there was a mighty crash. I

stood up from my chair and saw Peter frantically trying to open the door. It would not budge. "Let's go and break in from the outside window", said Svend. Both Peter and Svend made their way out the door. I was so thankful for Peter and Svend. They were both so cool and collected and seemed to know the right thing to do. I put my ear against the bathroom door, hoping to hear a sound from Torben. I heard then another crash. Once again, I had that sinking feeling, that same feeling I had when Svend lay in my arms, so ill with malaria. I banged on the door, hoping to hear a word from my son, wishing with all my heart that Peter and Svend could break in through the window. It was easier said than done, because of the iron bars that were a safeguard against thieves. At that moment, I so regretted having the bars.

Within minutes, Peter and Svend had managed to tear the iron bars down. Svend crawled in through the window to unlock the door from the inside, as Peter and I rushed back inside to find Torben lying unconscious on the floor. There was a stifling lack of air in the bathroom. It suddenly dawned on us that the flame from the water heater had burned up all the oxygen in the room. He had fainted and banged his head on the gasbottle, when he heard us knocking the door. His head was bleeding. I didn't know if he was unconscious because of the bang on his head or because of the lack of air. Peter carried him outside into the fresh air and we once again found ourselves in a situation where we were pleading with the Lord to save the life of one of our children. As we prayed, a wonderful thing happened. Torben opened his eyes! We began to weep tears of joy and tears of relief. Once again we had been very close to death.

Lena facing death

Both of our boys attended at the Swedish mission boarding school. The day came for us to collect the boys for the summer holidays. So, with our little girl, Lena, we made the three-hundred-kilometer journey to go and pick up the boys. We arrived in the school and parked our car in the makeshift car park, in the frontyard., outside the school

building. As we went to the main office, we left our daughter outside with the others to play in the sandpit.

We had not been in the office long, when we suddenly heard the sound of children screaming. We rushed outside to see the housefather drive his huge Land Rover over our little girl, who was lying innocently in the sandpit. The children were running around, screaming and waving their arms in the air, in panic, trying to tell him to stop the car. In absolute horror, we watched as he braked sharply, and returned the car once again over Lena. He didn't know what was going on. The blood rapidly drained from my head and I felt physically sick. Before I even had time to mentally process what a horror awaited us, an amazing thing happened. Our little Lena stood up! Although I had not fainted a few seconds before, I almost fainted then. It was as if I was watching the walking dead. For a few moments I stared absolutely speechless at my walking child. My feet were glued to the spot. Lena started to cry and I was abruptly awakened from my emotional coma. I ran towards her and swept her up in my arms. I held her tightly. "It is a wonder that you are alive", I said, kissing her all over. The children stood all around watching me tearfully, with relentless joy, kissing my daughter. Then, one of the older boys suddenly spoke up and broke the silence. "Did you see the hand that held Lena still?" I turned around and looked at him. Just from the expression on his face, I knew that one of God's angels had kept Lena still while the car drove over her two times. God had saved her from certain death. I held her and remembered the words of prophecy that we had been given in Denmark. Once again He had sent His angels to protect us from danger.

Chapter 19

Witchcraft in another way

Anne-Lise:

Before we had experienced witchcraft, but now in our second period in Sanjaranda, I experienced witchcraft, but in another way. And God helped to know what was going on behind the scenes. Because I had the clinic, many people would come to our door after I had closed the clinic and they would ask for medicine. I helped them as well as I could. One day, a tall man came to the door, he looked very nice, but also he looked very sick. "Mama", he said, "could you give me some aspirin? I have a terrible headache". I wanted to go into my room and get the aspirin for him, when in my heart I heard The holy Spirit saying, "Don't give him anything!" I had never heard that before, so I knew it was from God. I went back and said to him: "I can't give you any aspirin." "Why not?" he asked. "No, I cannot give you anything today". He left, disappointed.

One hour later, I heard that someone had found him dead in the forest. I told the people what had happened outside my door. They said, "It's a good thing, Mama, that you didn't give him any aspirin. We know he went to the witch doctor, before he came to you and the witch doctor had given him some poison and then he sent him to you to get aspirin." The witch doctor knew the man would die and then I would be blamed for it, having given him medicine. I told them that I had refused to give him anything, and so the police investigator knew that it had been the witch doctor, who had poisoned this man. I thanked God for this wisdom.

Another experience was with a lady called Elizabeth. She was a believer and had been a Christian for some years, but I knew she was not quite serious regarding her faith. But she was still learning. She came to my door and we sat down to talk about many things. Then she said, "Mama, I am so sad, I cannot have children. I want you to pray for me, so that I will have children. Here in Africa, if a woman doesn't have children, it's a big problem. My husband too is very

upset." I nearly started to pray for her, but then, again, I heard God's voice in my heart, telling me that she had a witch doctor's medicine around her neck and under her blouse. I was truly astonished, I couldn't believe it. So I said to her, "No, I feel that you have a witch doctor's medicine around your neck. Let me see under your blouse." "Oh, no, no", she said, "I just wanted you to pray for me." "But you know", I said, "you cannot mix darkness and light, you cannot mix the devil and God. You must choose whom to serve. If you have been to the witch doctor to get his medicine, you must remove all this medicine and deny the devil's work, and then repent and come to God to ask forgiveness. Then you can pray that God will give you a child." She started to cry and the tears fell down her cheeks. She opened her blouse and told me she had a small bag around her neck with some corn from the witch doctor. "If you want me to pray", I said, "you must take this medicine off and deny the devil's work". She removed it and threw it out and said, "In the name of Jesus, I deny all the devil's work. I want to follow God and believe in Him."

I was happy and said, "Now we can pray to God to help you. Don't let the witchdoctor influence your life again, because he is working in the darkness and you have to be in the light, to walk in the light of the word of God." We prayed together and then she went back home.

A year later, she gave birth to a son and a year later, another son. She was very, very happy. After that experience, Elizabeth and her husband decided to serve the Lord, to be faithful in the church and to do His work. For me too it was a lesson – not just to jump immediately into every task, but to listen to God's voice.

In Africa, there are a lot of evil things working in the darkness and we have to be very careful, to discern what is right and what is wrong. We could see that even in our own country, Denmark, this was happening too, foreign gods and idols, people throwing themselves into every kind of belief. It's really a problem, to choose to walk in the light or walk in the dark.

After some time we got new missionaries out from Norway and Denmark. The work was growing very fast, and we extended to many new places.

We worked another 5 years in Sanjaranda near Itigi. After that we were asked from the missionaries in Singida to come and take over the work there. Singida is a bigger city 100 kilometers away from Itigi, and we agreed to go there and help for 3 years. Then we had only 200 kilometers to the school where our children were. The 3 years we worked there was a very blessed time, where we did not have so much social work, so we could do more to start new churches. It was wonderful to work with the african leaders.

After twelve years in Tanzania at that time, our children had to go to Denmark to get more education, and we ourselves needed a rest!

Blaahoj, Denmark

We knew we had to go home for a while, but we did not know where to go. We wanted to be in the will of God and do what He wanted us to do. We talked about going back to the work we had before, Peter in a saw mill and me in the hospital work.

We prayed very much about it and one day we asked each other: "If we should go and help in some church work, where would we like most to go?" We had visited many churches, when we were in Denmark, and we both were sure, that we would like a small church in Blaahoj. It would be a good place to stay for our children and for us together with the farmers in that church. But we did not even know if that church needed us, and we did not want to ask ourselves to come and help them. But we felt very sure, that it was the only place we would like to stay, so we just prayed about it.

After 3 months we got a letter from the church board in Blaahoj and they wrote: "We send a letter 3 months ago to ask you if you could come and be pastors in our church, when you come home to Denmark, but we did not get an answer yet! Maybe our letter was lost in the post!"

And so it was. We could answer them immediately, that we were ready to come! And that was one of the very best solutions we have made!

We served the church in Blaahoj for 8 years, and every day was a blessing from God! The first 3 years we stayed at home to establish the church and do our best for the small group of believers. They built us a very nice house and told us, that if we wanted to go to Africa to do some work, we were free to go wherever we felt in our hearts to go, if we just came back home again! They would give us our salary and pray for us every day. Fantastic! We will tell later about the wonderful time we had. Through all the years later we have been to many places in the world, but we always come back to Blaahøj!

God blessed that church in a very special way. Many people came to faith and we had to extend the church building 3 times. Praise be to our Lord!

Chapter 20

Korea and Japan

Peter:

When we had been pastoring the Church in Blaahoj for three years, something special happened. It was before we extended the church the last time. I was invited to a pastors' seminar in Korea for a week, together with pastors from Norway, Sweden and Denmark. We wanted to go over there and study the church in Seoul. Years ago Denmark had send missionaries to Korea to preach the gospel. But now we heard about the Christian believers in Korea, who were very, very active and that there were thousands upon thousands of believers. They had built many churches and were really moving forward. So, we decided with some others to take a trip over there to study their programs and how they did their work so that it expanded so quickly.

It was a wonderful trip. We stayed at a nice hotel and went to the biggest church, and in that one church where we attended there were more than 300,000 believers. The pastor was called Yongi Cho. He was a very kind and quiet man, but he preached faith, he preached about the mighty God we have and the whole congregation was very open to the preaching.

When asked to offer money for the building of the church, they offered a lot of money, all they could give. The secrets were: the word of God, the prayers and the offering. They prayed all Friday night, for hours. They had a special prayer mountain where they went for a whole week's retreat, and if they had special problems, such as with North Korea, or anything else, they would go to pray and fast for an entire week. We heard it again and again: Their secrets were: prayer and fasting, faith and preaching the word of God and offering. The whole church was active. We could see that they were very intense in their worshipping God.

Our faith grew rapidly that week. We really got faith to go home to Denmark and do something very special. It was just what we needed.

But, before we went to Korea, the Danish missionaries from Japan wrote us a letter and asked us if we could come and teach in their churches for three weeks. They said, "You are so close to Japan, you could come and visit us also".

Before we went, we knew that both of us wanted to go, but nobody knew that we had only a ticket for me. We prayed about it and thought about it and Anne Lise wanted so much to go, maybe because we are used to doing everything together. We work together and we have served together – everything together.

It happened that the day before we were to pay the ticket, someone knocked at our kitchen door in Blaahoj, where we lived and a young lady came in and said: "All from Betesda [it was a rehabilitation center that we had helped start], we all have given money because we all wanted Anne Lise to go with Peter to Korea". We were shocked, because we hadn't told anybody about it, that we both wanted to go. But they had felt that they should collect money from all these dear people at the center and when we counted the money, it was exactly what we needed for the second ticket. So we nearly cried, because we could see how God cared for us in every little detail.

We had a wonderful week in Korea and we had also three wonderful weeks in Japan, and it touched us very much that in Japan people were worshipping stone idols – gods made of stone and of other things. We knew the Japanese were very intelligent, very clever business people, they could do so many things. But we were astonished to see that they didn't know anything about the living God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

We did our best during the three weeks that we were there, but we were very happy to hear that the church in Korea wanted to send several hundred missionaries to Japan to teach about the word of God.

When we came back from that journey to Korea and Japan we had a new kind of faith. We had seen that giving ourselves to the Lord and doing whatever we could for His work would be a great benefit for our

church. We had also seen that the leaders had to be in front in prayers. We had to be "front soldiers" in a war.

We knew our church was too small, because God was going to send more people. When we came to church that night and told the people about our plans to extend the church, they looked at us, shocked and doubtful. Some of them said, "But where will the money come from?" because we wanted to build a very nice church, a big one, and we would need a lot of money. We said, "Let us pray for this during the coming month and when we come back for our general meeting next month, everybody can tell what they would like to do of practical work for the new church and if someone would like to give an offering for the new building."

When we went to bed, I asked Anne Lise, "What should we give?" We thought about it. We had nearly nothing. But we also prayed a lot about it. And one day, we found that we could do a very big thing. When Peter got up at the general meeting, he said, "We have decided to lead this building project. I only want half of my salary next time you pay me, and Anne Lise is going to take a job for a while in the hospital and we also want to sell our new car and buy an old one. All the money we can get from all this, we will put into the box to build the new church". Then the church members woke up. They said, "If you can do so, then we can even do more." They were so excited and began to write down on slips of paper how much they wanted to give. After a while, we had enough money to start.

It was a miracle that we could see, that the faith we had got and the will of offering and going forward, had helped even our church to have faith and to be willing to offer. We started to extend the church and in 1980, I think, we had completed it and there was a big celebration. It is beautiful and we praise God for that. Everybody, even the Sunday School children, feel that it's their church, because everyone had offered to support and pray for that building.

Chapter 21

Into the Unknown.

Peter:

In 1981 I was invited to speak at the annual conference of the Pentecostal Church in Denmark. I spoke about mission work to an audience of two thousand people. As I was listening to God's words in my heart, I felt very moved, about the mission, but especially about Uganda. There, on stage, in front of a big audience, I must say I started to cry. I knew God has something special for me to do. When we came back to our room I said to Anne Lise, "There is a great need in Uganda. God will soon send us there to help our brethren. I feel they need help for their bible school and money for the building destroyed in the war". I knew from that moment that another stage of our journey together was becoming clear.

Uganda was suffering, after Idi Amin's regime had killed and went through the land, destroying everything. Thousands of people were killed daily and thousands more tortured and thrown away in pieces. Others went into prison, and I knew no one there. But we also knew God's voice and we had to be obedient. We made the decision to daily bring the issue before God and listen to his voice and hear his plan. We knew that God would lead us to those who needed our help. We had tried to listen to this voice so many times in our lives, so we knew it was serious, but what was the first step for us to go and help? We both knew it was very important to attend the World Pentecostal Conference in Nairobi, Kenya. Kenya is a neighboring country to Uganda. We knew it would be an important event where God would speak to us concerning our next future steps. Although we endeavored to organize a group from Denmark, not enough people were interested, so we let the matter aside. Deep down inside we were sure that somehow God would make it possible for us to go there. If we went with a group, we had free tickets and a free hotel, but nobody wanted to come. We had to find our money for the ticket in another way.

Just a couple of days later, two ladies came to our house and offered to pay for our trip. These ladies could manage the trip themselves, yet nevertheless were led to pay for our tickets. The next big question was how to get in touch with the right people in Uganda. Some of our friends in Norway who were responsible for the mission work in Uganda, had heard that we wanted to go to Uganda, so some of our friends there wanted us to take some tapes that should be broadcast on Uganda radio. We were given the name and address of the one who should receive the tapes, and in this way we had found our first contact. Our Norwegian friends also suggested that we contact a man named Leo Rucibigango, a pastor from another church in Uganda, who would be attending the conference in Kenya.

After attending a few of the meetings at the conference, we started to look for Leo. It wasn't long before the day of the conference arrived, and Anne Lise and I spent the day in prayer, asking the Lord to lead us to Leo. There were thousands of people there and the only description of him was that he was a tall african and wore glasses.

Somehow, among the throngs of people, God faithfully showed us who he was. We chatted together for a while and told him that God had placed a burden on our hearts for Uganda. Leo was thrilled to hear about that and that God still looked to Uganda and wanted to help. He could see that God had given us a burden for the tribes in Uganda who had never heard the message of Jesus Christ. And we knew that God had brought us all together. Then, there in the building filled with hundreds of people, the three of us made swift and urgent plans how immediately to start the work. Leo had plenty of practical questions that helped us think through details that we could easily have overlooked.

We decided it was easiest to drive to Kampala, the capital of Uganda, because we could borrow our son's car; he was stationed in Kenya. The day after the conference in Nairo, we decided to go.

Leo knew the dangerous terrain and wanted to come with us. We were relieved. The cruelty of Idi Amin and his military rule had reaped havoc and terror throughout Uganda. We made our way along the

rough gravel roads and passed the border to Uganda. We had not been driving for long when suddenly, from seemingly nowhere, we saw two policemen a few meters away, signaling us to stop. We ground to a halt and watched tensely to see what the two policemen wanted to ask for and to see in our car. I was scared and muttered a prayer under my breath asking God to protect us all. One of the policemen pointed his machine gun at us. Leo calmly explained who we were and where we were supposed to go. After what seemed like an eternity, the two men opened the door and got in the back of the car. They wanted a lift to Kampala and we couldn't refuse. Throughout our journey to Kampala we were stopped many times by the military and the police who patrolled the roads. In hindsight, I saw it was God who placed those two men in our car. These men were high-ranking officers, and each time we reached more road blocks and police, they saw the officers in our car and waved us through. They were like angels sent from God, making our journey smooth all the way to the capital.

A curfew was imposed every evening in Kampala. Because of the delays we encountered on our journey, we were running late and we were not sure we would make it in time before the curfew started. It was beginning to get dark. Leo remembered a Catholic school where we could probably get a room. We drove there quickly, but on arrival we found that the gates were locked. After pleading with the folks inside, much to our joy, they unlocked the gates and let us in. We were very happy that Leo was with us, because by ourselves we couldn't have done anything. We praised God for helping us to find lodgings for the night. Before settling in, we drove Leo home to his place, but when we returned to the gates they were locked again. We honked the horn and flashed our headlights, but no one heard or saw us. People were afraid to open the doors at night. As soon as it was dark, the shooting would begin. People were terrified by the slightest noise. Once again in our helplessness, we bowed our heads and asked the Lord to help us. We looked up and suddenly heard the sound of the clink of iron. A key was being inserted into the huge

padlock of the gate. We praised God that he had sent someone to open up and we thanked the man for his kindness and courage.

Our beginnings in Uganda were very different from our other experiences in Africa. People were suspicious of us. This was hardly surprising, considering that they had been exposed to many terrible things. It was heartbreaking to see so many dignified people reduced to mere frightened shadows of humanity. The church in Kampala was an oasis of hope. Every Sunday morning it was packed with people who stood for hours with their hands raised, in praise to God. We felt the presence of the Holy Spirit so strongly in that church.

Before we went to Kampala, and even when we were in Denmark, God had spoken to us that we were going to make a Bible School to work again, and the church which was damaged during the time of the war. We knew also in our hearts that we were going to help some poor children and a lot of poor people. When we looked around at that church on Sunday morning, we saw there were large bullet holes all over the benches, the ceiling and the doors. Soldiers had been there and had done their best to terrify the Christians. But the sense of peace and joy amongst the congregation was far greater than any fear or intimidation that had been sought to destroy God's church. Some of the believers there had been imprisoned and tortured because of their faith. Idi Amin's government had even attempted to close the church. These people knew what it meant to suffer for their faith. We had never experienced such a joy and such great love for Jesus as we had experienced there.

The senior pastor, Joshua, showed us around and told us how the church had started and what they had gone through during the war. We told Pastor Joshua that we could see that they really needed help, and he should choose what was the most important thing for him to be done. Immediately, he said, "I would like the Bible School to work again, because we need the Bible School to train people to go out teaching the gospel." We both felt that this was the church and this was the place where God wanted us to serve. We saw the Bible School that had been shelled during the war. There were large holes

in the ceiling and the walls. Shattered glass had been blown out of the windows. There was still much debris on the floor. We listened in terror as he told us of how Amin's soldiers burst in at one meeting and tried to gun down people who had gathered together. We looked around at the bullet holes. Miraculously, the people had been kneeling in prayer, so not one person had been hurt. Thank God it was just things that were damaged and destroyed. Joshua pointed to a small opening beyond the church. "Behind that door, a small opening Christians are praying round the clock, day and night", he said. "We are praying that once again we will be able to use our Bible School and send our own missionaries to places in our country that have never heard the gospel."

As we listened to Pastor Joshua, we marveled as to how God had brought us together. Our desire and mission were perfectly matched with the needs of the church. We knew that this was what God had already spoken to us about in Denmark and we thanked the Lord for guiding us. Pastor Joshua was encouraged by our excitement. "How wonderful that God can speak to someone so far away about our needs. I know that we are not alone. God is watching over us", he said.

The church congregation once again had the freedom to gather together without being afraid. Money wasn't worth very much and building materials were almost impossible to obtain, and what little there was, was very expensive. As we spent time working together with our brothers and sisters, we heard each one tell us his or her story. We heard about how soldiers tried to force two young men in church to smoke cigarettes. When the two men refused, the soldiers took the lit cigarettes and stubbed the ends on the young men's faces. Just as in the Bible, God protected Daniel's friends from the fiery furnace, God protected these two men from the fire and pain of cigarette burns. They felt no pain and no mark was left on their faces. The terrified soldiers ran away.

Many of the other persecuted Christians in that church had experienced similar wonders. We were strengthened by their

testimonies and deeply encouraged to see people who had lost all that they had, yet had grown in their faith.

We visited several other churches and were deeply moved to meet widows and orphans who found shelter in churches. The women had lost their husbands and their homes. They had no one to support them, and the churches tried to help by providing food and clothing. Many found shelter in the church halls around town. Everything was in turmoil, yet it was a tremendous joy to see the Christians who truly knew the Lord. They were happy and could rejoice in spite of their circumstances. Some days our help seemed like just a drop in the ocean. We knew, however, that it would be the correct lesson if we could get the Bible School up and running. It will be a blessing, not only for the church, but also for the many who one day will hear the Gospel message from the Evangelists send out from that school.

We've Got A Lot of Children.

ANNE LISE:

Before we were to go to Denmark, Pastor Leo told us there were a flock of Christians in the north of Uganda who wanted us so much to come and visit them, so we said, let us go. If there is a road going up there, we will go. Pastor Leo had a bigger car and we went on the rough roads up to the north of Uganda. It was a shock for us to see along the roads there were a lot of skulls beside the roads, and we asked where all this was coming from. Leo answered that it was the men and the young people who were killed in the war. "We took all the skulls and put them together beside the road", he said, "so people should know and remember how awful this war had been and that it should never happen again."

After some hours we arrived at Luwero, the small village where they had wanted us to visit the church. When we arrived at the church, we saw it was only a cement floor and one wall. All the other walls had been shot down by Amin's soldiers. On the cement floor, however, sat a lot of widows and children. They sang for us and looked very happy, but we knew that in their hearts they were crying. We asked Leo what all this was about and he said, "All these widows – all their men are dead and all the children are orphans. Some have their mothers left,

some have no parents left." When we came closer, we could see that many of them had lost an arm or a leg, or were handicapped in many other ways. We just wanted to cry. It was a terrible sight. We didn't know what to do. But they wanted us to speak, to give them a word from the Bible, so we sat down and gave them a lot of encouragement from the Bible, how God is faithful even when you go through a lot of trouble. We knew that God would turn their hardships around, so they could be happy people again. God would take care of them. They were so happy to hear the message.

Afterwards, Peter had other words for them, and he spoke for nearly an hour and encouraged them to be faithful to God and to believe in Him. But I experienced something very, very special. While Peter was speaking, in my heart I heard a voice, and the voice said to me in my mind: "All your children in Denmark are safe. They live their life and have a good life". And I said, "Yes, Lord, thank you for that". And then I heard the voice of the Holy Spirit telling me: "But here you can get all the children you want". I was shocked, because I could never have thought about that myself. But I knew it was the Lord's voice in my heart. So after the meeting, we went to eat a little, and I told Peter what I had felt in my spirit. He said, "Oh, it would be wonderful if we could perhaps build an orphans' home and if all the widows could take care of all the orphans. Then we would help both the widows and the orphans. And maybe Leo could look after this children's home." He already had a plan for doing something. I then said, "But we have nothing, we have no money to build a house with".

The next day, however, I had a new thought and I think it was an idea from God. At that time I was writing a book about our life, called *Miracles in My Life*. In that book I related what God had done in my life personally, since I was a child and where God had helped me and my family, and Peter and our boys. When no one could help us, then God came and helped us. I wrote this because I wanted other people to trust in God. We had written books before and we had asked some publishing houses to help us publish it and they would then get the profits to be used for Christian television in Denmark. After a while, I found out that the profit was nearly nothing. All of it went to so many

other things, like printing the book, buying the paper, so it left nearly nothing. So I got the thought, from God I think, "You yourself can have a publishing house". I didn't believe my own thoughts. But I told Peter, "Maybe we can set up our own publishing house and then we ourselves can use the profits for our work in the mission." He said, "If we can do it, it's okay. When we go back to Denmark, we can help each other. We can try to find out if it's possible."

When we came home, we asked around and our daughter, Lena, taught me how to keep the accounts for the government and she taught me how to write on the computer and Peter did a lot of computer work. He was able to set up the book and make it look very nice. We did all the work ourselves.

When we got it printed, and when we saw the profits, we rejoiced, because there was enough money for us to build the children's home in Uganda.

The most wonderful thing was that the book I had written was sold out in three months, so we had to reprint it and it was sold out again – each time, 3,000 copies. Up till now, it has been reprinted many times and has brought in a lot of money for our mission work.

All these thoughts went through our heads when we were in Uganda and saw all these children. We asked Leo, "If we can get the money, could you organize to have a house built for these children and the widows, and get it organized so they can get their food and what they need everyday, good care, and schooling?" He said, "Yes, of course, I have some people who can help me. We can correspond about it by letter and I'll do my best." We felt so happy that this could be realized, we were rejoicing in our hearts. If it could help all those children and widows, it would be just wonderful.

After the meeting, Peter and I knew that it was time for us to go back to Denmark and raise money for the Bible School and try to get the publishing house established.

We had to drive back to Kenya and from there, take a flight to Europe. We were to set off from Kampala in our small car, through the Ugandan border to Kenya. We knew we needed God's protection

once more from road blocks and drunken soldiers, who entertained themselves by searching our car. God had guided us throughout our journey so far, and so He would also help us return safely to Kenya.

We had just reached the outskirts of Kampala when we found out we had no more petrol. It was very hard to get petrol. We went from one petrol station to the other, but everywhere we went, it was closed. But then we came to a petrol station that was filled with people and cars and we knew that here there must be petrol. But we had to wait in a very long queue for our turn to get petrol. Peter stopped behind all the other cars and he could not leave the car, but then he said to me; "Maybe you can take our petrol can and go with it up in front and ask them if we can get some petrol, because we are going all the way to Kenya". Normally, I would have been scared or afraid to ask or go out of the car, but I did. I went boldly up in front of all the others in the row of cars. I was the only woman and the only white person and everybody looked at me, as if asking 'what do you want?' But I just stood there near the man putting in petrol in all the oil cans, and suddenly he looked around and looked into my eyes and said, "Mama, what do you want?" I said, "I only want petrol". "Let me have your can", he said and he filled it up and we had enough petrol to go all the way to Kenya. I nearly gave him a kiss, but I didn't. But I was so happy, so I could go back to Peter without any problems. Peter put the petrol into the car, and nobody seemed angry with us. It all seemed okay, that we got the petrol before them, so it was very kind of them.

But now we had to continue along to the Jinga Bridge, the way back to Kenya alone. We prayed together before we started the car again and asked the Lord to place his angels around us once again. As we left the city of Kampala, we met two police officers. They stopped us. They wanted a ride to Jinga Bridge! Jinga Bridge was beautiful and stretched elegantly over the Nile River. The policemen climbed into the car. They seemed decent men and the experience reminded us of our initial journey to Kampala with Leo. But, about after an hour, the two policemen got out. We were alone again. Jinga was famous for its waterfalls. In this scenery, the bridge stretched over the magnificent

Nile. It was a breathtaking view. We pulled over and Peter got out of the car to take a picture. Suddenly, out of nowhere, an angry young guard came rushing up, waving his machinegun in the air. It was a familiar scene in this part of the country. After years of oppression, many young men who are conscripted into the army want to show that they are in charge. He yelled and pointed his gun at Peter. My heart dropped and I shut my eyes tight, waiting for a shot. Instead, I heard only the constant gushing of the falls. What happened next was almost surreal. I opened my eyes and saw Peter pointing at the man. "Put that gun down now!" yelled Peter in fluent Swahili. Stunned, I saw the man put down his gun and run away. Peter got back into the car and we drove away in amazement. Once again, God had given us the right words to say at our greatest hour of need.

When talking with the Lord in prayer, and listening to His voice, through His words the Holy Spirit burdens our heart to do His will. God had first spoken to Peter at the annual congress in Denmark. Soon after, we knew that in obedience we must go and encourage our brethren in Uganda. God had given us not only the burden for Uganda, but also had provided us with everything we needed for the trip. He had even sent us guardian angels. God had sent us a faithful flock of friends in Denmark who since 1963 helped and encouraged us with our work in the mission field. They waited for us and sent us support as often as they could. We have seen how we got help at the right time and at the right place. God is so faithful!

We began sending money from Denmark to restore the Bible School, to repair the church and to build the Children's Home. After several months with the return to Uganda to serve our brothers and sisters, we shed tears of joy as we walked into the Bible School and saw how it had been restored. The school was now a beautiful building. We walked into the church building and looked around with tears in our eyes, as we saw Christians who were on their knees, crying out to God for their country. We too fell to our knees, joining them in praise to God. The Bible School now has between 70 to 100 students every

year and they come from all over East Africa, the Congo and other countries and go back to their countries to preach. Despite the constant needs and difficulties, students graduate and are sent into the villages and surrounding towns with the good news of Jesus Christ.

Chapter 22

In the Heart of the African Bush

Anne-Lise:

Most of the world heard about the terrible war going on in Burundi in the 1970's and in 1980, when we had finished the church, we heard about how the people in Burundi were fleeing into Tanzania. Many were suffering, many were killed. Tribes attacked other tribes, and many believers were relentlessly persecuted. Many too were murdered, and many more were thrown into prison. Somehow, there were those who managed to escape and hide in the great forest on the Tanzanian border. These people took only their children, their Bibles and a little food for the journey. There they stayed until the Lord prepared a way for them to cross the border and come into Tanzania. They finally arrived in West Tanzania, in Kigoma, where the government and other Christians took care of them. Later, they were moved to Pangale in central Tanzania, where they set up a makeshift home. Four months later they were moved once again, this time to Uliankulu, near Tabora, in central Tanzania. The government provided a sparse camp in the forest in order to fight imminent starvation. The refugees built wooden huts and started to cultivate the land. Diseases spread very quickly and with insufficient food and clothing, people soon began tragically to bury their children.

It was just as the people were beginning to adjust to their immigrant home that the government declared an emergency state of draft and, as a result, the Burundi refugees were split into two groups. Trains and trucks came seemingly from nowhere and carried twenty-five thousand people to another location. It was a tremendous shock and caused tremendous pain. The refugees found sanctuary in each other and relative peace in Uliankulu. Once again, they were forced to move and could take with them only what they could carry by hand.

Some of the pastors were allowed to remain at the camp. But they chose to leave the security of their homes to be with their flock. After traveling for several days, the group finally arrived in West Tanzania.

It was hard not to feel downcast as they stood looking at the trees, the trees that once again had to be felled to build thousands of homes.

As this was transpiring, Peter and I were still in Denmark. One day the spirit of God spoke to our hearts and instructed us to go to these refugees and encourage them. We knew that we were called to strengthen them, giving them the word of the Lord and helping in any way we could. Within days, we once again found ourselves preparing to leave for Africa. We decided to take our daughter, Lena, with us this time, because she had her 14th birthday, and in our country we have a special celebration for our children's 14th birthday. We told her, "You can have a big celebration or you can choose to go with us to Tanzania". She chose to go with us. She wanted to see the Africans, where she was born.

When we came to Tanzania, some of our Christian missionary friends offered to lend us their Landrover, so we could take the terrible journey into the bush. The Landrover was in a poor state and we wondered if we would make it. Nevertheless, we set out on this three-day ride. An old African friend of ours, Pastor Simba, asked to go with us. He was a great man of faith who shared our burden for the refugees. We were grateful. Africans have a natural sense of direction, and aside from that, we would need all the prayer we could get. It was a tough excursion.

We made our way along forest tracks and narrow paths. At one point we were overwhelmed by swarms of tsetse flies. Tsetse flies are an enormous health threat in Africa, infecting thousands every year with the sleeping sickness. Frantically, we closed the car windows in fear that the flies would swarm in, but no matter how hard we tried to keep them out, they got in. Our friend, Simba, Lena and I swatted them as fast as we could while Peter kept on driving, in the intense heat with the windows closed. Thank God, with much prayer and much swatting, the flies died and did not bite us. It was a good few miles before they stopped pursuing us.

After three days, we finally saw our destination in sight. Tired, hot and exhausted, we were comforted to see the leader come out to see us. Pastor Musa had heard that we were coming and he was so excited.

He ran in front of the car for the last few hundred meters towards the camp. As a travel leader, he wanted to lead us the last part of the way. A crowd gathered around the entrance to the camp, patiently awaiting our arrival. In true African fashion, they had been waiting all day. We looked around at the crowd and rejoiced that God had sent us to these people. They seemed hopeless, despondent and exhausted. During the day they labored hard and at night they slept fitfully, as they listened to the wild animals and the swarms of the deadly tsetse flies. They had very little clothes, food or homes, yet the hardest of all was that they did not have a church. Often, Africans would spend a whole day in church. The church is the meeting-point, a place to receive encouragement and comfort.

The refugees had collected sticks to build a grass hut where they could meet together. Our arrival was therefore seen as a great answer to prayer. It was a moving moment to see the people gathered around us, as soon as we stepped down from the van. We told them how God had spoken to us while we were at home, in Denmark. Our daughter, Lena, and I sang a little song for them in their own language. They began to weep as the Lord refreshed their broken spirits. Peter urged them to trust God and stand firm in spite of the trials.

Pastor Simba also spoke from the word. We saw the joy return to their faces as they were reminded of God's promises. It wasn't possible to stay very long, because we had to get back to the guards before dark. The guards had told us, "If you are not back in three or four days, we will send people out to search for you". We encouraged the people to build first of all their own houses; then they should start by taking big sticks, and start to make bricks for building a church. We told them, "If you can burn bricks in the sun, then you can start to build very soon. And we will do what we can do to help you, to send money to buy the iron sheets for the roof." Oh, they were so happy and so encouraged. It gave them a new energy to go on with their houses, to finish their houses and then build the church.

As we drove back through the long mountain roads, the car started acting up. Peter couldn't change gear. Something was wrong and we came to a halt. Peter jumped down from the van. My heart sank when

I saw lion tracks on the dusty path. We had no food left and had used most of our water supply. Peter checked under the car to see what was wrong. I suddenly had the idea to place my hand on the gear lever and pray for it. We were used to praying for the strangest things, but I have never prayed for a gear lever before! With Peter still checking under the car, I lay my hand on the gear lever and prayed with all my heart. I prayed in my prayer language, in tongues. Peter got up and I hurriedly removed my hands, because I felt silly praying for a gear stick. He got into the car and slumped in the seat, looking very despondent. He said, "The only thing we can do now is to lay hands on the gear lever and pray". I sighed with release. I wasn't going crazy after all. Together we lay our hands on the gear lever and asked God to help us get back safely. The car started fine. God was also a mechanic! When everything seems impossible and there is no hope, once again God delights to intervene.

When we came back home to Denmark, we told all our friends throughout Denmark about our trip and people started to give money to send out for building the new churches. There were so many believers in the Burundi flock that we had to build three or four churches with several thousand seats in each. We had a Swedish missionary out there who could take care of the money and look after the work, so everything was really planned from God.

It was a few years later, when the spirit of God spoke to us again, saying we should go back for a visit. The refugees had small houses and were now self-sufficient in the sense that they had cultivated most of the land. The government of Tanzania had helped the Burundi refugees to find an area to live in. Yet, they constantly needed permission to leave the area. They didn't have access to outside news and lived a very isolated life. Daily, they battled difficult issues and this took its toll. They needed constant encouragement from the Lord. We stayed with them for a week, preaching the word of God. Thousands of people had heard the gospel and, as a result, there were now eight thousand Christians in the church. The church that they had built before was now too small. They had tentatively started collecting large boulders as well as roofing material to build new churches. However,

they had no money for cement, wood and other building materials. So the church project could not proceed. We knew that God wanted us to help them buy cement and other building materials. We had no money, but prayed hard, and it wasn't long before money arrived from Denmark for the refugees to start building. And it wasn't long before three churches were completely built and opened for Christmas! We spent only one week there, but it gave good results. We were thanking and praising God who had heard all our prayers.

God opened doors for us to provide Sunday School materials for the thousands of children at the camp, as well as the literature center, where books and bibles were sold. In all the years since we had visited them, they had only had one visitor. It was therefore a very special occasion for them when we came again to celebrate with them the completion of the new churches. All glory to God, He who called us made this possible. All those many years ago, everything seemed hopeless. But God changed around everything for good.

The Burundi refugees have brought great blessings to Tanzania. Everywhere they go, they are a good example for the Lord. We have experienced many cases where God allows Christians to escape from one country to another. They often end up in a land that is closed to missionaries. Yet, these very refugees are the ones who are able to witness freely about their faith in Jesus Christ. God turned their flight into another country into a blessing.

Chapter 23

Malawi and Kenya

Peter:

In 1980, when we were working in Denmark, we got a letter from one of our students who had been in the Bible School in Tanzania, when we were teaching there. He is called Peter. He had a call to go to Malawi to bring the gospel to the Malawian people. In 1981, we got a letter from him, where he told us about the beginning of the work in Malawi and he asked us so much to come, to see the work and to encourage the people. So we decided to go there. We felt that it was a good opportunity to encourage Peter, for he and his wife were quite alone in the leadership of the church there.

We had two projects we wanted to visit on that trip. One was Malawi and after that we wanted to go to a place in Kenya called Eldoret. In Eldoret there had been an old Danish woman missionary many years ago, who started many churches. After she died, no one knew what was happening with the churches she had started. So we decided that after Malawi we would go to see Eldoret and see how the work has gone on since she died.

First we went to Malawi. We had never been there before. It is a tiny little country near South Africa and to the north it borders with Tanzania. We went by plane to Nairobi and from there, a smaller plane to Lilongwe, the capital of Malawi, and from there a very small airplane to Msusu, where Peter lived with his wife and small children. When we arrived there, it was really a wonderful experience. They came and welcomed us when the plane landed and took all our luggage on their heads. We then went by foot through a big jungle. After many hours of going by foot, we came to a small village where Peter lived and where he had started a small church.

It was a very special experience to arrive there. They had prepared a room for us and a small place where we could go to the bathroom. Everything was very primitive, but we so much enjoyed meeting with

Peter again and his family and to see the few people they had been preaching to, and now there was a small congregation. Thanks to the Lord.

We were there for only a few days and taught them about the Gospel, the Bible.

Suddenly, one day, a man came running through the forest, a messenger with a telegram from Denmark. We were very surprised – a telegram for us? The message of the telegram was, "Peter's father died and you have to come home". We were very shocked, because we knew my father was sick, but we hadn't expected him to pass away suddenly, so fast, but we had promised my stepmother to be there and help her, if she remains alone and has to stand alone to face all the problems around the funeral. So we decided to go the next day through the forest and catch the bus that would take us to where the small plane landing was. But before we went, we nearly cried when we saw the whole village come to Peters house. They wanted to show how much they loved us and to say, "Pole", which means: they were sorry for us that our father had passed away. We got the opportunity to tell them that my father believed in Jesus Christ and he was ready to go to Heaven and we knew that some day we would meet him again when we go to Heaven. They had never heard about that, so it was a new message for them.

After a few hours, we went through the forest again with all our luggage and we found a bus which would take us to the small plane. The bus was a very old bus and it had been raining so much, that it couldn't go up the hill. All the passengers had to go out and push the bus over the hill. We had no food, except bananas. We have never eaten so many bananas in such a short time! It took a lot of hours to pass through the muddy roads, but in the evening we came to Msusu, where we had to catch the small airplane. And then we got the message that the plane was out of order, something was damaged, it couldn't take off. We walked around the small city to see if we could find a guest house or a hotel, but everything was occupied. So we sat

down in the marketplace with all our luggage and we were quite alone and didn't know what to do.

Some years before that experience, we had another experience where we had no place to stay for the night, but God prepared a place for us. At that time I got a word from God in my heart, saying, "There will always be two beds for you". It was a funny thing to feel in your heart, but I felt it was from God. So, while we were sitting there in the marketplace, in the darkness and the rain coming down, I really felt that now we needed those two beds. We knew that if the darkness of night was coming, some people would try to rob us, because many times when Africans see white people, some of them think we are very rich. So we were not sure if we could stay there with our things, securely. We prayed, "Dear Lord, once you promised us that everywhere we go to serve you, there always will be two beds for us", and we really cried out to God to help us. Suddenly, there came a servant running from one of the guest-houses down to the marketplace, and said, "Oh, you people, suddenly there was a couple who cancelled their room, so now we have a room with two beds for you!"

It was as if God himself was telling us that. It was a great joy to know that now we could have a room with two beds for the night. We were there for one night, and we could see that it was impossible for us to return to Denmark for the funeral, because the flight was still not leaving the next day. We had to wait two days more. We found a phone and called my stepmother and told her about the situation. She was so sweet, she said, "Oh, we will manage by ourselves, I have your brother-in-law, I have everybody here to help me and I think you should just finish the work you set out to do when you are in Africa. So, please, don't worry, do what you have to do and we will arrange for the funeral here in Denmark." We felt relieved, because it was impossible for us to get to Denmark.

After a few days we got on a flight to Nairobi, the capital of Kenya and from there we had to borrow a car to go to Eldoret, where we had planned to go. It was a full day's drive, to go up to the mountains to

find the place where the old Danish missionary woman had done great work for many years. We felt that we should go there and see how the work was progressing and how we could encourage the believers who were there. When we reached Eldoret we found a children's home we had heard about, and we went to see if we could stay there for a few nights. The couple who ran this home, John and Esther Green. John was an Englishman who many years ago felt a call to do something for street children in Africa. Esther, his wife, was African and she loved children and also wanted to do something for the helpless children in Eldoret. They had started a home for homeless children, orphans, who lived on the streets. They were very miserable children who found a home here with Esther and John. When we came, we got a room where we could stay and felt very much at home there. We asked them if they knew anything about the work of the old Danish missionary, Elizabeth, and they said, "There are only a few believers left, but we know about two pastors who are still trying to manage the work and they do their best to keep the congregation together." We asked John Green if he could help us contact these two pastors.

The next day, when John went to town to buy some food, he met Karanja, one of the pastors. He was also in town, and it was just like God himself had brought them together. John Green told Pastor Karanja that there were a couple of missionaries from Denmark who wanted to talk to him. Karanja said, "Oh, I have prayed and asked God to help me to make contact with Denmark again, because we are struggling to build churches and to try and get the congregation to grow, but we have no support and no one who can help us. So I will come and see this missionary couple this afternoon."

Pastor Karanja came and we had a very good talk with him. He told us how it had been a great struggle to keep the work going after Elizabeth had passed away and they only had a small church and a small house to go on with. He said, "My friend and I are really working hard to do something, to preach the gospel and do something for the people in this area." We asked if we could go and see the small congregation, and on Sunday we met with them in the small church

and we had a very blessed meeting there. We both felt we should do something to get this project running again.

Since then, many things have been going on in that church. It's a long story to tell, but we helped them to build some new churches, and get some new workers in and the work has expanded again and again, and it's a very solid project now.

Anne-Lise:

Immediately when we came to the children's home of Esther and John Green, I felt God speaking to me in my heart, saying, "From now on you will write down everything you see and everything you hear in this home." I was so surprised, and asked John Green, "Did you write a book about your work, have you written down things about your work, you have so many years working with these children." He answered, "No, I never had time to do anything like that". So I asked him if I could ask him questions about how it started, how the children came to the home, how he found them and how the work had progressed since then. He said, he would tell me everything. I sat and wrote down on paper every detail about the children's home and it was one miracle after another, to hear how John and Esther Green had found children on their doorstep outside their house and how they had found them on the street, with no food and with no parents, no help, and how God has guided them to take in these children to their home and be parents to them. It was a very, very touching history. I continued writing, and had a very busy week recording everything about the children's home. When we decided to go home, our hearts were filled with these two things: to help the church and Pastor Karanja and his people, and to help the children's home, so they could get some support.

The children's home lived by faith, expecting God to help them every day. For example, for a whole week, they would eat cabbage, another week they would eat something else. They always had something, but it was a very poor home, a very poor situation. They had about seventy boys and girls, and they needed beds and linens, kitchen equipment, a sitting room, washing-machines etc.

They also needed school supplies to send the children to school and we could see the great needs immediately. We had no money ourselves, but we could go home and tell about the work in our newsletter, and we did that. After we came back to Denmark, I felt in my heart that I should write a small book about the children's home. I wrote a book about how Esther and John met each other and how God called them to help the homeless children in Eldoret. The book was called "**God Never Sleeps,**" because I could see that God was awake and took care of the children, even through very hard times. After the book was completed, I knew God would do something to give them a better future. When the book was published, it only took a short time, and then money started to come into our account to send out to help the children's home.

When people heard about the old Danish missionary, Elizabeth, how she had worked for many years and how she died and how her projects were now suffering, people also started to send money to help build up new churches. It was a great joy for us to go into this work and be of help to all these poor people.

When we returned to Denmark we also heard that Peter's father's funeral was a very blessed funeral and people understood why we were unable to come home.

We went back to our work in Blaahoj, in the church there, then we also started to collect money for the mission work in Eldoret.

After a while, we heard from some other missionaries that we did not need to go into the work in Malawi, where Peter, our African friend, worked, because the Swedish mission had decided to help them. When we heard that, we decided to drop out of that, and just wrote letters to Peter to encourage him to go on with the mission work in Malawi. We had enough projects going on in Kenya and in Denmark, so we continued with what God had put into our hearts.

Now I should explain that twenty-six years later, as I write this book, God has touched our hearts again, for we have gotten some letters from Peter again, and he asked us to come again and visit him in Malawi. After all these years, he wanted us to come and see how the

work has progressed and grown and that now he has about fifty churches running and about forty Evangelist pastors working with him. They want us to come and teach them the Bible and meet with them after all these years. We have decided that my husband, Peter, will go there for a short time and see the work and see if there is something special we can do for them, to support them and encourage them. We very much want to teach them about Israel and all the other things we have in our hearts. After that, from 2008, we will go on helping them, if we feel that is the will of God.

Chapter 24

Madagascar

Anne-Lise:

In 1982, when we were still working in Blaahoj, Denmark, we got a letter from an old Danish missionary, named Ove Falk, he was a missionary in Madagascar, a big island on the east side of Africa, a French-speaking island. He was a missionary his whole life until he was over ninety years old. We had great respect for him and honored him and felt that it was marvelous that he could go on working for the Lord for so many years without tiring. It was just burning in his heart, to bring the gospel to the world.

In his letter, he asked us if we could come for three weeks to Madagascar to help him preach and teach in his churches. They needed so much some fresh teaching from the Bible, and he himself would like us to come and perhaps even to stay for years. He was getting old now and wanted us to take over his work. We answered him that we would come, but we are not sure that we could take over, because we have so many things to do in the future, but that we would like to come and encourage his churches and help them as much as we can.

So, we packed our suitcases once again and went to Madagascar. It was a great joy to see the old missionary welcoming us at the airport there. We immediately felt that everybody was looking at us a bit suspiciously. We found out that Madagascar at that time was a socialist country and they observed every person who entered or left the country very seriously. We went through the immigration office and Ove Falk took us to our lodgings for the three weeks we would be in Madagascar. He had got us a very nice place to stay. It was in a private home. The couple there were both doctors. They had a small hospital in the city and they had prepared a very nice guestroom for us. Every day, Ove Falk and his driver came to pick us up and took us

to a new place every day, to teach at the churches. We spoke in Danish, and Ove Falk translated into French and another African man translated from French into the Madagasi language, so we really had to be awake, not to turn everything upside down. When we finished a sentence, we had to remember how to continue. But the people were so happy, and listened so carefully and wrote down notes. The last week we were there, one evening when we went to bed, we felt a great burden in our hearts for Madagascar. We could see it was a very, very poor country and the churches had really nothing, only a few chairs. The churches needed to be repaired; some needed to get a new roof and all the people looked very poor. Only a few of them had bibles, so they would borrow their neighbor's bible to read and write down the words we had spoken. Even in the hospital, the doctors were trying their best to run the hospital properly, but it was very hard, because they did not have the medicine or equipment they needed. Every time we travel around the world, we see such great needs and always feel that we should do something about it.

That special evening we prayed together and asked God to show us what we could do to help these poor people. They needed medicine, and bibles, and money to repair the churches. They needed so many things. As usual, we had no money. But we have a great God! He is always faithful. So we knew that when we cry unto Him, He will answer us. We went to sleep and very early in the morning, I woke up and my head was full of good ideas. I believe it was God, the Holy Spirit, who gave me all these thoughts. I had a plan in my heart how we could help the people!

I was so excited! I could hardly wait until Peter woke up. When he woke up, I told him that I had some very special ideas about how we could help the people in Madagascar, if we followed a very special plan:

1. If we could get medicine in Denmark for eye operations and for all the other things the doctor needs help with, and we could get some equipment and other things for the hospital, if the doctor would agree, he could pay for it and sell some of the medicine. We knew that in

Africa people have to pay a little for the medicine they get. If they get it free, they think it isn't worth anything.

2. So, if the doctor could sell the medicine, he could give the money to the missionary, Ove Falk and he in turn could help the pastors buy bibles with that money. People so much wanted to have bibles. They would be willing to pay a good price.

3. Then Ove Falk and his pastors could help repair all the churches that were so damaged.

Peter was awake in one minute. "That's a brilliant idea", he said. "Now, the only thing is to get the doctors to understand your ideas." We prayed about it, as we do every morning, we pray and read the word from the Bible. We were very excited. When we were called to come and have breakfast, we went down, and after a few minutes we told the doctor and his wife that we had got some very good ideas. If they would agree to the plan, we could get money for all their needs now, in the church and in the hospital. When the doctor and his wife heard about it, they were excited. "At the beginning, we could get medicines just for the eye operations", he said. "Then we could start immediately, and do a lot of our urgent work. If other equipment and medicine could be sent, we would be very happy. And we will give all the money to the missionary, Ove Falk. We are very good friends and we trust each other. Then he can go on with the bibles and the church repair."

When we returned to Denmark we were so pleased with the idea that we could help all these needy people. Immediately, I called our doctor. We had known him for many years, and he knew about our work. When he heard about the eye operations, he said he would give us what was needed immediately, so we could send it out by plane and after that he'd see what could be done about other medications. We sent this little package with very important medicine inside, to Madagascar and they began to operate on all the needy patients, and they were very thankful. Then we had some friends who were members of the pharmaceutical board and we asked them if they could give us some medicine for first aid and vitamins and other

things, like plasters and bandages. We could use all of it in Madagascar. They had just had a board meeting and said they would do whatever they could. They would get all the medicine and hospital equipment we needed to fill a container.

Until then, we didn't give a thought to the cost of shipping out the container, but it would cost more than forty thousand Danish kroner. It was a lot of money and we had nothing. But, as usual, we talked about the needy in our newsletter and a little money came in. Then we had the annual conference for the Pentecost churches in Denmark and they had invited Peter to speak about the mission work. He stood up and told about our visit to Madagascar and about our God-inspired ideas to send out medicine and other things. He explained how the churches could get help for getting bibles and carrying out repairs and so on. When Peter sat down, the meeting chairman, Alfred Lorenzen, stood up and said, "I feel we should collect an offering here and now for paying for that container and sending it out immediately." We nearly cried, because we didn't know how we would get so much money.

Everything went quickly. We received a letter from the pharmaceutical board and they said they had filled a container, but there was still some room if there was anything else we wanted to put in, and then they would send the container from Sweden, from a special place that did such shipping.

Then Peter got a new idea, something we never thought of before, and he said, "In Denmark there are so many old sewing-machines. We should try to get a lot of sewing machines and pack them into the container. When the container is tightly packed, the machines will not be damaged, they won't move about." That's what we did. Peter collected a lot of sewing machines and we went with them to Sweden and had them packed into the container, then closed and locked it and sent it out to Madagascar. It was so exciting.

After waiting for two months, we got a telegram from the missionary Ove Falk, and he told us that the container arrived at the harbor, but they could not release it, because they had to pay the taxes for all the equipment there. He asked if we could help him. So Peter said, that

the problem could be solved if they sold the sewing machines. Out in Madagascar the sewing machines had high value, and they could sell them and pay the taxes. He wrote to Ove Falk, explaining this in his telegram. That's what they did. It was a fantastic idea. We knew that God was inspiring us with ideas every time we were involved in His work. They got the container with all its good contents, they paid the taxes, people got medicine, the churches got bibles and there was money to repair the churches. We received so many letters of thanks from our friends out there. So when we help others we ourselves are very happy. That is what God had told us to do.

We got the word from Isaiah, chapter 58, verse 6, when God speaks to Israel after their fast and says to them they cannot just fast. There are other things they need to do: "Is not this the kind of fasting I have chosen: to loose the chains of injustice and untie the cords of the yoke, to set the oppressed free and break every yoke? Is it not to share your food with the hungry and to provide the poor wanderer with shelter – when you see the naked, to clothe him, and not to turn away from your own flesh and blood? Then your light will break forth like the dawn, and your healing will quickly appear; then your righteousness will go before you, and the glory of the Lord will be your rear guard. Then you will call, and the Lord will answer." The whole chapter goes on like this - when we help others, the Lord will help us. It's a fantastic chapter and a fantastic rule to follow.

Chapter 25

We Want the Glory of God in Our Lives

Peter:

Our lives have not been like others, maybe. But since God called us to serve Him, we both have had the desire to live close to God and to follow His orders. We have got the Holy Spirit in our hearts. Every morning, we are together with the Lord in the word and in prayer. After breakfast, we sit down and read the word of God and pray together. We have asked God to guide us by His holy spirit. We just want to do what He tells us to do. In Christianity and in ordinary churches, you follow the rules of the church, of the organization you are in. We have done that many times. But after we served God for some years, He showed us that there is a special way for us to follow. He showed us that our work is to start in new places, to receive our vision from Him in our hearts to do something, and we feel that vision in our hearts, then we go for it. Nothing can hinder us, if we are sure in our hearts that this is what God has shown us to do. It has given us a lot of blessings, but also many problems. We just want to follow God's will.

I think we are like the Israelites in the desert. It is written, when they built the tabernacle, then the cloud of God covered the tabernacle and from evening to morning the cloud about the tabernacle looked like fire. We always prayed to God that His glory would cover our lives, that we could see a kind of cloud or fire guiding us throughout our lives. We have perhaps 70 to 80 years to live on this earth. We said to God that we want to do the best we can, to fill our lives with His will and do what He wants us to among the people he places us with. It is written in Numbers, Chapter 9, verse 17, about the Israelites, the words that we really wanted God to do in our lives: "Whenever the cloud lifted above the Tent, the Israelites set out; wherever the cloud settled, the Israelites encamped. At the Lord's command the Israelites set out, and at his command they encamped. As long as the cloud stayed over the tabernacle, they remained in camp. When the cloud remained over the tabernacle a long time, the Israelites obeyed the

Lord's order and did not set out. Sometimes the cloud was over the tabernacle only a few days; at the Lord's command they would encamp, and then at his command they would set out. Sometimes the cloud stayed only from evening till morning, and when it lifted in the morning, they set out. Whether by day or by night, whenever the cloud lifted, they set out. Whether the cloud stayed over the tabernacle for two days or a month or a year, the Israelites would remain in camp and not set out; but when it lifted, they would set out. At the Lord's command they encamped, and at the Lord's command they set out. They obeyed the Lord's order in accordance with his commands through Moses."

As I told before, when the Six Day War broke out in Israel, our African believers in Tanzania came to us and said, "We hear from the radio that the Israelites are going to lose the war. But it doesn't fit together with the word of God, because God has promised to be with Israel always." And, as we all know, after six days, the Israelis won the war and they got a lot of land and it was a big victory. But since then, the Africans have asked us many times to teach them about Israel's history and about what God was going to do for Israel in the future. It pushed us to study the Bible more and see how God had a special plan for Israel. We worked on it a lot and I had a lot of Bible studies about Israel with the Africans, how God had chosen Israel to be His country, how God had chosen the Jewish people to be His people, and how God had chosen Jerusalem to be His city. After a while, all the churches in Tanzania where we were pressured us to go on teaching about Israel. We found ourselves very interested to study more about Israel and we wrote everything down. When we came to the church in Blaahoj, Denmark, in 1975, we also started to teach at the church about Israel. Many churches in Denmark then asked us to come to them to teach about Israel. So, even though we taught many other subjects in the Bible, we always ended up teaching about Israel. It was really a burden on our hearts when we found out that not many preachers were talking about Israel. We got more and more calls from all over to come and teach.

Brande Bible School

As I said before, we had a very nice church in Blaahoj and we came there and stayed from 1975 to 1983. During that time, we started a Bible and mission school, where we taught the pupils to follow the word of God and we went through the entire Bible with them and, together with that, we also taught them a lot about Israel. Many of the students said, "We have never heard anything like that in all the time that we have been Christians. Please go on teaching us about Israel." We ourselves had a burning desire in our hearts to continue teaching about Israel and its future.

Around 1982, our church in Blaahoj was going on very well and we got another pastor to help us. The Bible school was doing well, as was the home for drug addicts. Also, the church had built us a very beautiful home, and everything was just fine. But then, in 1982, I went to teach in East Africa. I had been called to come from many Bible schools in Tanzania, Kenya and Uganda to teach about Israel as well as other things. So I went. I was so happy to be among the Africans again, after such a long time. I wrote to Anne Lise, "I feel our place is here. God wants us to come back to Africa to stay, and to go around to all the people who are calling us to come and teach. There are bible schools all over East Africa that are calling us."

Anne Lise had her work in Denmark, in the church and also other places and when she got my letter, she went before God and told me the following:

Anne-Lise:

I was shocked when Peter wrote me and told me we should leave everything behind us in Denmark again and go back to Africa. I loved the Africans and I loved to be in Africa. But still, I found it difficult to leave the church in Blaahoj and to leave our daughter, Lena. Our boys, Svend and Torben, were already married, but Lena was only sixteen or seventeen and she had to find a place to study secretarial work and a place to live. There were so many things I thought should be done where we were in Denmark.

One evening, a preacher, Erik Larson, came to preach in our church and I had prayed a lot about our future and said to God, "If it's really your will that we should go back to Africa, to leave everything here in Denmark again, I have two prayers I want you to fulfill: I want you to fill up my spirit with the Holy Spirit, like it was in the beginning, when I was fifteen years old and filled with the Holy Spirit, it was a wonderful experience." I really felt that the Lord had touched me and given me strength and boldness to do, what He wanted me to do. "God, if I'm going back to Africa, you must touch me again, like you did before, when I was young, and show me it's the right thing for us to do." That night, the preacher preached from the Bible about following the will of God. When God tells you to do something, you do it. At the end of the meeting, he called people to come forward to be prayed for, if we wanted to follow the call of God. He didn't know anything about my thoughts. But I went forward and said, "God, you know my prayer is to be filled again so that I will know for sure that the Holy Spirit is guiding our lives." When the preacher came down and prayed for every one of us, when he touched me, I fell to the ground and I was filled with the Holy Spirit, with the mighty power of God, and I will never forget how God talked to my heart and said, "You have a nice place to stay now, but I want you to go out where there is hunger for learning, hunger for the word of God. I need you, especially you and your husband, to go now." I felt this voice so clearly in my inner being. I said, "God, if you really want us to go again, then I ask you with all my heart to answer my second prayer: That you take care of Lena". Lena was still very young and alone. "If you will give her work, where she can learn secretarial work in a Christian place and if you can give her a safe Christian place to stay, with good friends and a good environment, then I'm ready to go."

After that meeting, when I went home, I really felt how the power of God was in my life. After a short while, Lena got a very nice place to study, in a Christian car company, where our son also was working as a mechanic. When she asked for a good room to stay, she got a very nice place to stay together with many young Christian people. So, it was just as if God had made everything ready for me and for us to go.

When Peter returned from his journey, I said: "Now I am ready to go back to Africa". He was so happy. He knew for sure in his heart that we had to go back, because he had gotten so many invitations from bible schools in Tanzania, Kenya and Uganda and other places to come and teach about Israel and many other subjects. We then had meetings with the leaders of our church and told them that the time has come when we have to leave in 1983, after eight blessed years. We told them how good they had been to us and all the good they had done and now the church was beautiful, the bible school was running well, and we felt it was time for us to go on. They were sorry. We were like their spiritual parents, but they agreed that if God had called us, we had to go.

In 1983, we packed our things once again. Our son rented our house and he was to be the second pastor in our church, together with another good brother. We went to Kenya. Our church in Blaahoj gave us a big send-off, with a big celebration and said their good-bye. "You must know that wherever you go, whatever you do, we are behind you, we will support you as best as possible", they said to us. "Since you came, we have sent out many missionaries to many countries, so now we are sending you out!"

We love that church till today.

Chapter 26

A new start in Kenya 1983

Peter:

But I don't want to tell you only about the good things. I want to tell you also about problems we had. When we came to Kenya, we thought that we could start our work in the same mission as the one we worked with in Tanzania for many years in the past. We went to the leaders of that organization, who now had a branch in Kenya, and asked if they could back us up, so that we could get a work permit and stay in Nairobi, Kenya and from there go out to all the bible schools that called us to come.

But, we ran into new problems. These were new leaders who didn't know us quite well and they had rules they wanted us to follow. They said, "If you are planning to stay in our mission, our organization, you have to follow our rules. We want to send you out to a place in the bush, and you will have to stay there for three or four years, to build up the new mission. You cannot just travel around as you wish to different places. You will have to settle here and help in the mission work in Kenya in a specific place. Then we can back you up."

We told the young leaders that we had a special calling from God to go to teach in all the bible schools in East Africa and they answered that, in that case, we were not able to stay in their organization. "If you don't have our organization as an umbrella from Scandinavia, it will be very hard for you to get a work permit, a car, a post box. Everything with the government will become a serious problem. You must have an umbrella, and you can find that with us."

We went home very disappointed and prayed about it. We knew in our hearts that we could never follow these rules. We knew that God had called us and we knew that the cloud of fire was showing us the way to go, like the Israelites. We didn't want to remain behind when God showed us the way to go. We sent a message to these young leaders that they should just forget about us, because we will find another way to work in Kenya.

Then we prayed a lot and told God we needed a place to stay and immediately a man came into our thoughts. We knew that this man rented apartments and went immediately to his place. He had about twenty apartments, very nice small houses, for rent. His name was Shmuel. We quickly found out that he was a Jewish man. We told him that God had called us to stay in Nairobi and go around to teach in the churches and bible schools about Israel. When he heard that, he said: "You can rent a house here. I have a beautiful house ready for you." We got a lovely little house with a small garden in a safe neighborhood. This Jewish family was very happy to have us living there.

Then we asked God what to do about getting an umbrella for a work permit. We wrote to our church in Denmark and told them about our problems with the organization in Kenya. They answered us that we should do what we have always done, to follow the calling of God, and they would stay with us. That is a wonderful church to have behind us. We were so happy. In the evening, we asked a special word from God to show us what to do next. We got a word! We opened our bibles on Matthew, Chapter 10, vers 11 to 14: "Whatever town or village you enter, search for some worthy person there and stay at his house until you leave. As you enter the home, give it your greeting. If the home is deserving, let your peace rest on it; if it is not, let your peace return to you. If anyone will not welcome you or listen to your words, shake the dust off your feet when you leave that home or town."

When we got that word, we could see how it was an answer to our prayers, because we tried to enter this organization we had known from Tanzania, but they had refused to work with us. So we believed God had another place for us to go to, and we asked ourselves: Who has welcomed us in the past in this land? We thought immediately of Philip Shmuel, who had welcomed us into the apartment, so we would stay there. Then we thought about a children's home in Eldoret, where we went long ago, when we wrote the book about the children's home and the work in Eldoret, where our old Danish missionary friend had started many years ago. We felt we should go see this leader, John

Green, who had established the children's home and had welcomed us so warmly and had been like a brother to us.

We went up to Eldoret to find him and when we entered the children's home, he was there to welcome us. He and his wife were so happy that we had come back. When we told him about our situation, he replied: "That's not a problem. We can be your umbrella. You can work under our organization. We know your calling and that you must go wherever God leads you. So we will be behind you and tell the government about you. We're sure you will get the work permits through us." We were shocked. It was an open door, a really open door. He wrote an application for us to the government, and within a few weeks the government wrote us a letter that astonished us. It said: "Mr. and Mrs. Peter Madsen are very welcome to work in Kenya under the umbrella of the children's home in Eldoret. We hereby give them work permits for lifetime." Wow! That was a real welcoming greeting. We went back to Nairobi very, very happy and could feel God smiling in Heaven. I think that sometimes he smiles, ensuring us that he loves us and wants to guide us every day of our lives.

We had four wonderful years in Kenya, from 1983-1987 where we went around in our car and taught in many places, in Tanzania, Uganda and Kenya. It was a hard life, because the roads are very rough in East Africa, but wherever we went, people were very open to our teaching. When we were home in Nairobi, we started to write books about the Bible, the coming of Christ, the Messiah, about Israel and many of the biblical truths. God showed us to bless our enemies, those who were against us and be happy in our work.

We also went to Uganda several times, to see the children's home we had built there, when God gave us the grace and we got money to support some new church buildings. We had a very, very blessed time.

Part II

Chapter 27

About a change in our ministry

Peter:

While we were in Kenya, we wrote down all our teachings in the bible schools and some of this published as books in Denmark. We were deeply involved with many things in Kenya, in church work and bible schools. But I want to tell you again what happened to us, because it changed our whole ministry as missionaries:

Suddenly one morning I woke up with a sound in my mind, like a big voice saying, "Now it's for God and for Israel".

I got up hurriedly and called to Anne Lise and said, "I now heard a voice telling me it's now for God and for Israel. What do you think it means?" We talked and prayed about it a lot and realized that perhaps God wanted us to do something special for Israel. We had been studying a lot about the Jewish people and the land and the problems they had had for many years and the love for Israel grew in our hearts. We wanted to do something special, but we didn't know what. We knew about our Norwegian friends who were doing work among the poor in Israel, so we got their address and sent them some money, when we had anything to give. But it seemed like a drop in the ocean. Every time we gave, though, we were very blessed.

When we in 1987 had been in Kenya for three years, we got a calling from the biggest Pentecostal church in Copenhagen, Denmark. They asked me to come and be pastor in their church. I would be the pastor and Anne Lise would help in other fields. It came so suddenly, so we really didn't know what to do. But we found that we could help them for a while. When we came back to Denmark, we talked with the leaders of that church and told them, that we are not ordinary pastors, or people sitting for years in one place. We are missionaries, which

meant we go out to start new places and do many different things together. They accepted that and said we could feel free to do as we wished.

We agreed to come and begin the work there. We were involved in many different projects in the church, even television, which came to the entire area of Copenhagen. Anne Lise began prayer meetings in the church, so anyone throughout the country could send in his prayer request. Thus, many people came together to pray, for people with problems. I served as a preacher and did a lot of counseling with people and did all the other duties of a church pastor. We also visited the bible school, we had started in Brande, very often and taught students there what was in our hearts. We were quite happy in that church in Copenhagen. We earned a large salary and really had a wonderful time.

But it was very hard for us to find a place to have a house or an apartment, so we bought a plot up in the northern Sealand, it was about fifty kilometers from Copenhagen. Every day we would drive from there to the church, where we worked.

Our dear friends from Blaahøj, our old church, came over and helped us to build a beautiful house. We lived in Olstykke, the new city, for some time. Then, people started to come to our home and asked if we could worship together. People got faith in Jesus, they wanted to be with us and we had to teach them the word of God. We found that starting a new church where we lived would be in fact what we do as missionaries.

After a while, we informed the church where we were engaged, that we felt we should start a new church in Olstykke. Together with that, we had two young couples who wanted to start a home for drug addicts. We walked through the streets of Copenhagen at night, to find young people who were on drugs and alcohol and tried to help them. If they agreed to get help, there had to be a place to send them where they could be taught the word of God and remove themselves from the streets. There we had two young couples who wanted to start a home for drug addicts, for all denominations, and that it should be independent. We found that this was a fantastic idea, so we helped

them to start this house. We bought the place and then they rented it from us. They had no money, but they had a great heart for the people who suffered. We taught them how to start, how to put out a newsletter and get all the churches involved with their work. It developed very quickly. Many drug addicts came to get help in the home and got faith in Jesus. It was called the "Home of Peace".

After a short time, however, all this work became too much for us, along with our work as pastors in the church in Copenhagen. So we decided to stop our work as pastors there, because we understood it was not what we really wanted. We wanted to be free to start new churches and new places to help people.

While we were doing all this, I decided to write a book about Israel, because I found that the churches in Denmark didn't talk a lot about Israel and many people wanted to know more. I wrote a book called "The Apple of God's Eye", and it was a great success when it was published. Even the government and many other leaders, whom we wanted to inform about Israel, had copies.

After a short while, we got a letter from a group of Christian believers in Norway, asking if they could translate it into Norwegian and we agreed. Even till today, this book is known by many people.

Inspiration tours

When we were free to travel, we decided we would like to go to Israel more. But it was too expensive and we didn't know exactly where to go and what to do. One day, we got the idea to start a travel bureau. We thought that if we could gather some people, believers and non-believers, who wanted to go to Israel for one or two weeks, we could be their guides, take them there and plan the entire trip, and then many more Danish people would know about Israel, this beautiful country of God and we too could learn more and acquire new friends and new inspiration to do more for Israel. We called it "Inspiration Tours". We had many trips to Israel, many people who wanted to go with us. It was a real blessing.

Many things happened during these years we were in Denmark, because we had our home in Olstykke for some years and there we

had started a small church that grew, with a wonderful group of people. After a while, we put in elders and leaders who could take over the work and we were there to teach them when we were in Denmark. All together, we were in Denmark for seven years at that time, after the three years in Kenya.

For three years we stayed in Ølstykke, but then we had a very interesting experience. We went to Birmingham, England for a pastors' seminar. We met there elders from Denmark, a very wonderful couple who had been leaders in one of the churches where we had served before, and while we were sitting there in the meeting, suddenly we heard the voice of God, as we know it very well now, telling us, "This couple shall take over your house in Olstykke!"

We were shocked, because we had built a beautiful house. It was what we had wanted for many years. But we felt so sure that we should ask this couple if they could come and help us in Olstykke with the church leadership. They could rent our house and God would send us to other places.

When they heard about that, they were very happy and agreed immediately. They said, "We have been looking for a house for a long, long time and it's impossible in Copenhagen to find a good place, and we would like very much to serve God in the church in Olstykke." We saw how God had planned everything. While we waited to arrange this move, our hearts were burdened with the home for drug addicts. We found it would be a good idea to move down there, it was near the bridge to Fyn. If we could stay near the home, then we could be a help to the drug addicts, to teach them and be with them as much as possible.

After a while, we moved down there to a small village called Stenlille. We tried to rent a house, but it was not possible. It was cheaper for us, in fact, to buy a house. So we bought a house in the neighborhood of the "House of Peace", to be of help there and to the people in the area.

After we had moved in, people started coming to our home, they would sing together, and they wanted us to teach them the word of

God. Within a short time, we had a wonderful group of people. We could see it was God's will to start a new little church there. We rented a small hall for the meetings and after that we bought a house for the church and it is running very well till today. This church has also been of great help for mission work all over the world.

While we were in Stenlille, we continued to travel to Israel and were writing books and counseling people. We had so many things to do and we felt very happy.

Poland

One day, we heard about the believers in Poland, they were very poor at that time and even the old Jews in Warsaw, they also had a hard time. So, together with another couple, we filled up our van with food and clothes and drove to Poland several times, to help the believers there. It was a blessing, too, to be there with the old Jewish people. All the young Jewish people had left to Israel and other countries, and the old Jewish people needed encouragement and help.

India

Suddenly, we also got a call from India, to come and teach about Israel. There was a big group of Christian believers who wanted to know more about Israel and they had heard about us. I went there together with a friend of ours. We taught many things from the Bible, but especially I taught about Israel. When they heard about the book I had written, "The Apple of God's Eye", the leader of the group asked if they could translate it into the Hindu language. We agreed to that.

Russia

I was also called to Russia, to St. Petersburg, to teach in a Baptist church. I went there with my brother-in-law. At first, at the church, they didn't know what to believe because they had heard so many bad things about Israel, about the West, so they seemed suspicious. But after one day's teaching they started to wake up and were very interested. After a whole week that we had been together, they told me that they had taped everything on video and if I agreed, they

would send it out to all their churches in the area of St. Petersburg. I was happy to agree, and to put out the word of the gospel, even to the people of Russia.

At the end of this book, I will tell more about what I am teaching, because many Jewish people have asked me about it, about what I teach during an entire week.

Chapter 28

Tibet and Nepal in 1993

Anne-Lise:

When Peter was about to celebrate his sixtieth birthday in 1992, I decided to make a big celebration for him. We invited all our friends, who wanted to celebrate with us, to come to a big hotel in the middle of Denmark. Each person would have to pay for his own food and we would have a wonderful day together. About 260 people came, so we had a fantastic day. Many people sang for us and gave speeches. It was wonderful for Peter. I had decided to surprise him, because I knew he had always thought about Tibet and wanted to travel there. When he was young, he felt he should go and bring the word of God to the Tibetan people. But at that time, the country was closed to foreigners and the Chinese took over.

I decided to write a small book for him, about how God had called us as teen-agers and decided to use us in his work. The book was called, "Born to serve". At the end of the book, I wrote that if any extra money came in from the sale of this book, we would go to Tibet. Peter was very surprised when he got the book. Everyone wanted to buy it and read it, so it was a success.

The church in Stenlille went on very well. We had good leaders, so we knew that our Lord soon would move us to another place, where our help was needed.

After a while, we returned to Kenya to work there. While we were there, we got a letter from some young girls who were working in Tibet and felt a great burden for the Tibetan people. They asked us to come there and help them pray for Tibet and see what we could do. We wrote to them that we didn't think they needed old people like us to come and go around through the mountains and pray. They answered us immediately and said, "It is just people like you that we want! We know you from before, you don't know us, but we would so much like

to have you over here. We are not allowed to be missionaries here, but we can always pray."

So we also prayed about it and decided that if God really wanted us to go, we would try to get a ticket from Kenya to China, and from China to Tibet. This was cheaper than going to Tibet from Denmark. We had some money left over from the book's sale, but it was not enough. We needed ten thousand kroner more, and we didn't know from where to take it. Yet, we booked the tickets and one evening that week a good friend of ours called from Denmark and said, "My wife and I have sold our house and have decided to pay ten thousand kroner to help you go to Tibet!" We were shocked to hear that, and we knew that these dear people were not rich and could use the money for so many things in their own lives. So we refused their offer, telling them they should use the money for their own needs. But they cut us short and told us they had already paid the money into our mission account. We could see it was God who had told these people to pay and they did it with joy.

We were now ready to go to Tibet. When the day came – it was in 1993 – we started our journey to the East. When we arrived in China, one of the girls who had asked us to come, met us and she would guide us all the way to Tibet. The other girl was working in Lahsa, in Tibet, and both of them would take us around the country and pray together with us. It was a great experience for us to go from China up to Tibet.

Tibet is the world's highest place, and the city, Lahsa, the capital of Tibet. We could feel how during the flight the plane was climbing higher and higher and the oxygen masks were released. When we arrived in Lahsa, there too we saw oxygen masks everywhere, if someone should feel ill. The air was so thin and we thought that it might be impossible for us to travel around here. But God really helped us and we didn't need the oxygen masks even once.

We had a wonderful time together with these two girls. We laughed a lot and told them a lot about our lives. They had rented a four-wheel drive Land Rover, with a driver, so we could go round and everything we saw touched our hearts.

Peter:

When we started our journey in Tibet, we prayed all the time. We could see that the people were very, very poor and that everything was one or two hundred years behind in their lifestyle, their work methods. They didn't have anything that was modern, but they smiled a lot and were very kind people. We traveled around for some weeks and we have never seen such a beautiful country. It was amazing to see the nature of God, how he had created this place. Out in the country, we met people who were driving their herds and working in a very primitive fashion. Throughout, we were praying that God would reach this country with his word. Even though we were not able to preach or to give the word of God, we could pray and it was amazing to know that for God everything is possible. He could send people to give the word of God to the people of Tibet.

One day we climbed some mountains and it was a bit hard for Anne Lise, but we took her hand and encouraged her to go on. Especially in one place, we climbed a high mountain and as we looked out over the view, we could see some villages and we prayed for these villages, that God would reach them with his word. We stayed in some hotels, quite primitive, but clean and nice. The people looked like the Mexicans we had met in Mexico, so maybe they had wandered around the world a long time ago. These people were so alike, in their clothing, their jewelry. We entered the big temples, which burdened our hearts! When we saw how they pray to Buddha, believing in this false religion, as is written in the Bible – that you cannot make God's image out of wood or metal or anything else, because the only true god is the God of Israel, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who created the world. We felt very sorry for the people who came and placed what they had before their gods. We could say nothing, but we went around the temples and prayed in tongues, like the believers did on the Pentecostal day in Jerusalem many, many years before. We asked God to come into this country with his love and his word.

We met many people who had been walking from far away, just to come to the temple, to pray to this big Buddha. The old people especially came from far away, even as early as five o'clock in the

morning and when they saw the temple, they fell down to their knees with their face to the ground and prayed. I asked how come it was mostly old people who were coming so early to pray, and the girls told us that the old people know they have only a short time left before they die, and because they believe in reincarnation, they pray to their gods that they may get a better life in their new life. We know it's a lie. You cannot live more than once. The Bible says that you are born and live once and then you stand before God after your life on earth. But these dear people had sores and scars on their knees and arms, as they kept falling down all the time to pray to the Buddhas. Some of them thought perhaps they would be reincarnated as an animal, a fly or a rat so they prayed for a better life. We felt sorry for them and we had the opportunity to pray even more.

We also met many young Israelis there in the restaurants. They were on a trip, after they had served their time in the army. They wanted to travel around the world to experience something new.

There, people were not allowed to eat meat, because they were taught it could be their forefathers reincarnated that were slaughtered! They were very poor and had very little food. In one place, where we had sat down to eat, we couldn't finish all the food, there was about half of it left over, and we saw how poor people were waiting at the door until we left, and then they would jump in and take the leftovers, eating it quickly.

Ester

While there, we heard about a lady, Ester, who was an American born in the Far East. Her parents were missionaries and she wanted to bring the word of God to the Tibetan people. She had been imprisoned because of her preaching. Yet, she came to Tibet about twice a year with people from Nepal, and they would bear witness to the word of God before the Tibetan people. When we heard about her, we felt that we must meet her. We decided to do whatever we could to meet her. The girls told us she lived in Nepal, near the Tibetan border, and had a great heart for the Tibetan people and do whatever she could to bring the gospel to Tibet.

To Nepal to find Ester

When we returned to Kenya from Tibet, after a wonderful trip, we decided to go to Nepal, if God would show us the way, and give us the money, because we were sure that we should meet this lady, Ester. We knew that we ourselves were too old to begin work in Nepal or Tibet, but if we could send somebody or help or support some younger people to go, we would like to do it. Some people are sent and others have to pay their salaries. We prayed to God a lot to help us find an opportunity to go to Nepal.

A short time later, we were able to go. We had gotten the money. We told about it in our newsletter, and some people who felt the burden of the countries in the East, wanted to support us.

We traveled to Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, where we knew this lady was living, but we didn't know how to find her. When we arrived, we found a rather nice hotel, and then tried to locate some Christians, but nobody seemed to know anything about them. Then someone told us he knew about a group of Christians who got together every Saturday in a Catholic school in town and that we should try to find that school. We found it and saw that there was a big congregation there, who sang and prayed. It was a wonderful meeting. We found out that there were people from all kinds of churches from all over the world, volunteers and others, from many denominations, who came together in this congregation. Before the preacher began to preach, he asked if there were new people in the church that day and would they please stand up and tell the group who they were and what they were doing in Nepal. So I stood up and told them that we came from Denmark and were working in Kenya, but we had decided to come to Nepal and were looking for a lady called Ester. After the meeting, some young Danish people came to us, who were working as volunteers in Nepal. They told us they knew us from before, they had heard us preaching in Denmark and invited us to come home and have lunch with them. They said they didn't know who Ester was, but they would try to find someone who knew her.

We went home with them, and for us it was lovely to meet Danish people. It was so nice that they had invited us into their home; we had

a good lunch together. After lunch, the young man said, "We have just gotten a tape from England, we want to play it for you. It's with a Danish girl singing. We want you to listen to it." When he put the tape on and started to play it, we nearly cried. It was our daughter, Lena, who had made a CD. She was singing to us that day without knowing, and it was my 61 birthday, so it was very special and touching. Our hosts had put the Danish flag on the table, and then we heard Lena singing. We felt the love of God in our hearts.

A few days later, this young man told us of another man who knew Ester and he would try to find out where she was. Then we heard that it was very hard to find her, as she had moved to another place; no one knew her telephone number and she often traveled out of the country. It was a disappointment for us, because we were so sure in our hearts that we should meet this lady and support her in her work for bringing the word of God to the Tibetan people.

So, we went to our hotel and one day, as we were sitting and having our meal, a small lady suddenly came into the hotel. She didn't look anything special, but she looked around and then came over to our table and asked, "Are you the Madsens from Denmark?" "Yes", we said, "we are". "I hear you are looking for me." We were very surprised. It was Ester. We were so happy that day that God had sent her to us. We couldn't find her, but she found us. We had a good time together. In the beginning, we thought, "Can this little lady, who looks nothing special, really do the great work that we had heard about?" But when she began to speak and told us about her life, we could see that she was really called by God to do very special work. She had a lot of people gathering together and she was teaching them the word of God. Where she had lived before, she had a house and sometimes, outside the house, when she would come out in the morning, she would find a little baby on her doorstep and no one knew where the baby came from. She would take the baby in and wait for the parents to come, but nobody came. One day, she told us, a father came with three children and said he had to go up to the mountains to look for his wife and then he would come back to take the children. So she took them in and took care of them, but the father never came back.

In the end, she had many, many children and many widows who didn't have any food or clothing or what to live for. So she took in the widows, who took care of the many children and she tried to get a larger house for them all. She managed to get a nice house, and we saw how God was using her in a very special way.

She told us that day that she would like to be with us that Saturday and have us meet the Christian friends in Katmandu, but she wasn't able to do so because she had to leave the country. "But I'll tell you what to do", she said. "We would like you so much to talk to our congregation, so take a taxi to a certain place and when you arrive, go out and follow this and this street, and you will reach a tall building [which she described to us], there you will see a young man standing and waiting for you. Would you like to go?" "Of course", we said. We first said goodbye to Ester and wished her a good journey and said we would like to get to know her better when we return to Nepal. On Saturday we did as she said, taking a taxi to a certain place, walking down a certain street, and there we saw the building she spoke of and a young man standing on the steps, smiling. We could see he was a believer. He was just like light in the darkness. He was so open and happy. We asked him if he was Mr. so-and-so, and he said, "Yes, please come with me, I have heard about you and I will show you where we will be today." We went into the house and up to the second floor, where there was a very large room. It was empty, with only two chairs in the far corner. He said: "You can sit on those two chairs, and then just wait and see what happens." A young girl came and said, "I will interpret for you from English, but I am not very good in English, so please use simple words so that I can translate into the Nepalese and Tibetan language."

It was a very special occasion for us. We sat there and looked, and in came two or three people, carrying pillows, and they sat down in a corner, and then came two more, and then four, and then one. They came in little by little. In the end, there were about three hundred people there. They were not allowed to have big gatherings like that, but they needed to be together and encourage each other by the word of God. They started to sing and then I had to give them the word of

God. They listened very carefully. The young girl was translating, and in a very simple way I told them about the good word of God, that he sent Jesus to save the world. After half an hour or so, I finished, and then the leader of the meeting said that if anyone there wanted to give his life to Jesus and believe in the word of God, they should come forward. And about ten to twelve people, who had never heard about Jesus, they came forward, they wanted to believe in Him. I looked around and was so happy, because that was what I was longing for my whole life: to see people from Tibet and Nepal come to Jesus. We prayed for them and they repented of their sins and asked Jesus to come into their hearts. They were so happy. The leader told them that now they should leave their false god, and they should trust in the word of God and put aside all the amulets that they were wearing around their necks and arms to protect them against evil. "Now you can remove all this", he said, "because God is going to protect you." They did so, and then the leader said, "Now you have to pray. We will pray for you that you get the power of God, the Holy Spirit, to stand strong, because you cannot stand against all the evil in the world, without having the Holy Spirit to guide you and give you strength every day." We all laid our hands upon their heads and prayed for them and they were filled with the Holy Spirit. It was a fantastic moment.

We were very happy to be at that meeting and when we had finished, it was very special. A young Danish couple came up to us and said they had been trying to get in touch with us for years and could not find us, and now they found us in Nepal. They are now our very good friends, and they were also working in Nepal and spreading the word about Jesus.

When we returned home from Nepal, we knew it wouldn't be our last time there. We wanted to return when Ester was there, so we could hear about her work. After a while, we got the opportunity to go back to Nepal and we have been there three times. We met together with Ester and heard from her how God was using her among the people of Nepal and Tibet. We asked her if there was anything we could do to help her in her work, spreading the good news. She said, "Yes, I

have some teachings in English which I would like to have translated into the Tibetan language, because we have Bibles for the Tibetans, but we wanted to teach them more about God and how they should continue living their lives and getting the strength to be believers. But I have nobody to translate. The only one I have is a Buddhist monk who is very good in English. He would like to do it and has promised me not to change a word of what I have been writing in English. He would translate it exactly into the Tibetan language. But he should receive some money for doing that work, and I have no money for him." So we said, "Well, we will be glad to pay this man's salary so that the people can receive the word of God."

After a while, after this Tibetan monk had translated some of the book, he came one day and told Ester: "Now I can see that this is the truth. I want to believe in Jesus, I want to believe in the Bible and follow the word of God." It was a great joy for all of us. He has been a good worker since then, really a faithful man. He has been used by God in many ways. It happened that the young people whom we met our first time in Tibet – the young man who waited on the steps for us and the young girl who translated for us – they were married. They were a very nice couple and we supported them to be full-time workers to spread the word of God. We also met again with Ester and she came to visit us in Denmark and we could see how her work was growing. People from the congregation in Katmandu were going into the mountains by foot, to bring the Gods Word into the villages. Nobody could go by bicycle or car. It was really hard work to go by foot into the mountains to all the villages, to spread the gospel. But this work was really burning in their hearts and many new churches were begun all over the mountain area. Also, people from this congregation crossed the border and went into Tibet and we heard later that the place where we had been standing on the high mountain to pray for all the villages, the people from that village went on to spread the gospel. So we could see how God had used prayers to open the door for the gospel into Tibet. Since then, we have been really happy to be involved in that work. We believe that many people will come to the faith and become believers in the good word from God, that there is

salvation without struggling, without trying to be good enough, without this faith in reincarnation, to be better people, just to believe in Jesus and be filled with his Holy Spirit to have a happy life. We are still praying for Asia, and we believe and we have heard that thousands and thousands are converting to believers in Jesus there.

Chapter 29

Paraguay

Anne-Lise:

Many years ago, a young girl, Lise Lotte, from Denmark went to Paraguay to help with the mission work. After a while, she was married to a Paraguayan man, who had come from Russia and had settled in Paraguay. They started fantastic mission work and started many churches in many areas. Now their two girls, who are grown up and married, they too are involved in mission work.

But the Danish missionaries have called us to come to South America, to Paraguay, to teach their leaders. They have many pastors and other leaders. We have been over there two times. The last time was a very special occasion for us. We saw how they had built up the mission work, they had built a large center where they took in single-parent mothers and taught them to sew and other skills. They also took in babies and small children who had no place to stay. They did fantastic work with the children and their mothers.

They called us to come and teach about Israel. When we came, they had already translated all our material into Spanish, so each leader got a copy of our teachings. We told them to spread these materials among the people in their churches. We had never met people like the Paraguayan people. They were so hungry for the word of God. We had brought some DVD's from Israel, with songs, where they could see the nature of Israel; and the book of Anna Frank, and other materials. We thought we would show them these DVD's in the afternoon after they had had their little rest. But, in fact, Peter was teaching from morning to lunch and, then, when we wanted to go home to rest, they said, "We can see the DVD's when you go to bed tonight. We want to hear all the teachings you have to give us!" So we continued throughout the afternoon and evening. When you see people so hungry to hear the word of God, you get renewed strength to go on. We taught them for a whole week. They took all the materials and were also very touched by the DVDs. They watched

them late in the evening. Many said they would go out and tell their people about Israel. They couldn't get enough of it. They just went on asking and asking and we continued teaching the whole day long. It was a great encouragement for us to teach people like that, because they were really praying for Israel and praying for the world situation and they could suddenly see, how God had a plan for the entire world. We will never forget that trip to Paraguay.

On another occasion, a young man, Christian, from Denmark who wanted to go to Greenland to preach, asked Peter to come with him to Greenland. He felt he couldn't go alone. He had written a book about how he had been saved and freed from all the evil things that accompanied him in his youth and some people from Greenland had read the book. They said, "That's just what we have to hear about, because we live in darkness, we live in sin, we have so many things to fight – alcohol, child abuse –so we want you to come here and tell about Jesus, tell about the freedom in the gospel." This young man, Christian, wanted to take Peter with him, and Peter said, "No, I'm too old to do that." But Christian said that no one else wanted to go with him, so after a while Peter decided he would go with him.

This was also a fantastic experience for Peter, to go with Christian to preach the gospel up in the northern part of Greenland where nearly nobody came. They reached a village where sin and darkness were ruling. The people had a religion of Christianity, but their daily life was filled with sin and alcohol and other things. Peter taught them in the morning and then Christian went on telling about Jesus and praying for the sick. Many, many people came forward and gave their lives to God and were healed from their sicknesses.

Other meetings were held in other places in Greenland. They felt a burden on their hearts to help this big country. It's connected to Denmark and under the Danish government, so we feel responsible towards Greenland. It was very hard, because many people there, even the religious leaders, were very much against this freedom from sin and to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and be healed in the name of Jesus. Many people were fighting against it, but some of the people were very honest and made their decision to follow the word of God.

Later, Peter and I went up to the northern part of Greenland to a little village, where they had started to preach, and we showed them all the rules how to live as Christians, and with help from people in Denmark, we helped them to get bibles and to buy a small house where they could hold their meetings. Till today they are very faithful in their trust in God and they go out to other villages to preach the good news. People at the supermarket told us, that since these villagers had become real believers, they were not selling so much alcohol anymore, that these people had really changed. They are not the same as before. It was a great experience to bring the good word to the Greenland people and we hope that God will send more workers up there and help these people. They really are living in darkness. One pastor took us into town, and when we passed near the cemetery, he said that half of those buried there had committed suicide. People are so unhappy and have so many problems, so they really need the good word from God. We are still praying for Greenland, that they will receive the freedom of the real Christianity, to know Jesus, to know God, to obey the word of God and live according to His word.

Sudan and other countries

We have been to many countries. Once we were asked to come to a Bible school in the northern part of Uganda, where our son Torben was working. There were people there from Sudan. We couldn't go into Sudan but we could have the Bible school just at the border. So we went to Kampala in Uganda, and from there we got a small plane to take us to the northern part of Uganda. There we had nearly two hundred pastors, leaders, from the churches in Sudan and they were very hungry for teachings about the word of God. They had been in war and had been hiding in an underground church for many years, but now they had this opportunity to come to Bible school. We had a fantastic time with them, teaching them many things from the Bible. After a while, Peter was able to go together with Torben into Sudan, when it was more peaceful. When they came to a big city there, they

taught in a church and those Christians who had been hiding for many years, came out and were allowed to have their churches. Peter and Torben helped them to get started and build a church center in the middle of the big city. We are still in contact with these people. They didn't get much help, they are very poor and some of them had walked for two or three days to come to the seminar. Some didn't show up to the meetings, because someone may have picked them up on the way and perhaps killed them, we don't know.

They have a very hard life and now, again, there is war and it is hard to be a believer there. Let us pray for the people of Sudan. They are very strong believers because they have been through so many problems and tribulations. Many have died for their faith and those who are left are really strong believers.

We have gone around the world throughout our lives and we are very happy that we have done what God guided us to do. We never know the next step. We will see what the Lord has in store for us.

Let us pray for all those places in the world where they don't know the good news about Jesus and they just have a religion or an emptiness in their faith. They need to get a Bible, to know the Bible and to read it and obey the word of God.

Part III

Chapter 30

For God and for Israel

Anne-Lise:

Since we got this special calling from God to go to Israel and to work more for Israel, I can say that our lives have changed. Our ministry in the word of God has changed.

As we told before, we started these "Inspiration tours" to go to Israel and were invited to many groups in India, Poland and other countries, to come and talk about Israel. The book Peter wrote about Israel, "The Apple of God's Eye" came out in the Hindu language and later also in Swahili. Suddenly, one of our English-speaking Africans from Tanzania came to our house one day and said, "Here you have your book in Swahili. I felt that God had spoken to me, to translate the book from English to Swahili." So, it came out throughout East Africa in the Swahili language. The African people are so happy and so interested in Israel and the Jewish people. And when they see that the Christian belief has its roots in the Jewish faith, they say: "If we did not have the Jewish people, if God had not called Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and all the other great men, then we would never have heard the good news about salvation and all the nations in the whole world would have lived in darkness." When people can see that Israel is the main thing in the whole Bible and without Israel we are nothing, without each other we are nothing, then people are really happy and can see God's entire plan in the Bible, when God opens their eyes to see this secret.

After we had decided to do more for Israel and after these "Inspiration tours", we got so much work to do. After some years we had to stop the tours to Israel, but then others took over and took groups over to Israel from Denmark.

Suddenly, as we told before, the doors opened to Paraguay, to Tibet, Kenya, Tanzania and Uganda again, to Rwanda, to Nepal three times, to Sudan, Greenland and to many other countries and they all wanted to hear more about the plan of God through Israel.

We can see, that it is Gods way to let us stay in Israel for some months every year and then go out in the world to tell the truth about what is going on.

In Denmark this topic was a bit closed for a while, people didn't think about how important it is, to know more about Israel. But suddenly these years, so many groups have called us by phone and email and have asked us to come and teach their groups. It has been a blessing, because together with all the traveling to all the different countries and the traveling here in Denmark, we also got a lot of time to go to Israel. We have been to Israel now two times a year for two to three months at a time. We have stayed in several places and God has opened so many doors for us, to help Israel. I will tell more about that in this chapter. It will take too long if I tell about the different trips we made to all the different countries, but I can say that God performed miracles to open doors for us into places we had never thought we would go.

Many small groups in Denmark come together every week to pray for the Jewish people and to pray for us so that we could be a greater blessing to Israel. We thank God that He has chosen us among many others to be ambassadors for the Jewish people.

Before I tell about the work we have in Israel, I want to say a word to the Jewish people, because they have much trouble and many problems and they really need a word from the Lord. I got the Word for them from Zechariah 9:16:

"The Lord their God will save them on that day as a flock of His people. They will sparkle in His land, like jewels in a crown. How attractive and beautiful they will be."

When we heard the voice of God in our hearts that we should do more for Israel, we went to pray about it, because we said to God, "In Africa it is very easy to be a missionary. You go out and tell the people the gospel and the good news about salvation and many receive it. We

build churches and do all kinds of missionary work, even social work and whatever needs to be done. But what should we do in Israel? We cannot be missionaries in Israel. The Jewish people already know the Bible from the beginning. What do you want us to do, God?" Then we got a sentence in our minds, in our hearts: "Just do deeds of love. Tell the Jewish people that I love them and do deeds of love, let them know that I am still their God and my word will be fulfilled, all my promises are going to be fulfilled for the Jewish people!"

We felt it was a wonderful message, because we love to do deeds of love. We got a word from the New Testament, in Luke, Chapter 10: 25, where it is written about a man who wanted to test Jesus and he asked, "What should I do to inherit eternal life?" Then Jesus answered him, "What is written in the law, how do you read it?" The man answered, "It is written that we should love the Lord our God with all heart and with all your soul, and with all our strength and with all your mind and love your neighbor as yourselves." Jesus then said, "Yes, you have answered correctly. Do this and you will live!"

When we continue reading this chapter, it tells about a man who goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho and then fell into the hands of robbers. They stripped him of his clothes. They beat him and then ran away, leaving him half-dead. Then a priest happened to go down the same road. When he saw this man, he passed to the other side. A Levite did the same: he saw the man and passed to the other side. But then came a Samaritan, and when he saw this man, he took pity on him. He went to him, bandaged his wounds, putting on oil and wine. Then he lifted the man to his own donkey, took him to an inn and took care of him. The next day he took out two silver coins and gave them to the inn-keeper. "Look after him", he said, "and when I return I will reimburse you for any extra expense you may have."

We saw, through these words, that it is not enough to have religion. The Jewish people have seen a lot of religious action and a Christianity that is not the true Biblical Christianity, so God showed us that we should just go and be like this Samaritan, go and help the people in Israel, because they have fallen into the hands of robbers, they are stripped of their clothes, they are beaten, they are sometimes

half-dead because of people's evil. It has been like that for many, many years. Now God showed us just to do good deeds and show love to the Jewish people, to place oil on their wounds, to tell them about God's love and even to do social work that can show them that it isn't only words from some Christians in Denmark, but it is also deeds. So that is our prayer. When you hear about all we are now doing in Israel, it is not what we can do or find out, it is not our ideas. God has put it all in our hearts. Every day we do something in Israel and all over the world, and we do it by God's grace. Now we are 73 and 77 years old, so it is not by our strength and what we can do by ourselves, it is by God's grace and His love.

After we started this work, helping the Jewish people, God has really blessed us. He has shown us love abundantly, and we can just go on as long as God wants us to do it.

Now I will tell you a little bit from the very beginning.

The war in Europe 1940

The first knowledge we had about the Jewish people was from the Second World War. Peter was about eight years old when the war started and I was only four years old. But I remember clearly, as if it were yesterday, when the Germans suddenly marched into our city and took over all the big houses in our town. They came into all of Denmark. It was the first time I saw airplanes, when they came over the city in big numbers. We were terrified. We had never, ever experienced something like that. We got the message from our town leaders that every night we need to black out our windows, covering them with dark cloth, so the airplanes wouldn't see the light, because they could release bombs. We had no light from the streets. At night, we would hear the sirens and the whole family would have to run down to the shelters under the buildings. Very soon, it became difficult to get hold of food. We got some coupons from our government and used them to buy some sugar and flour and such things. If we didn't have these coupons, we couldn't buy anything. We couldn't buy any good clothes or anything of good quality. We heard about the bombings in Copenhagen and in other big cities. We asked, "Why is

there war suddenly?" After a few years we started to think, we were only kids, and we didn't understand why this war began.

Then we heard about a leader in Germany called Hitler, who wanted to rule the whole world. That was why he cast down bombs, shot people and wanted to control every place, every country. Then we heard that he also wanted to get rid of the Jewish people because he said that they were the reason for all the evil in the world. Everything would be fine, if they could get rid of the Jews and all the minority groups. We heard about how the Jews throughout Europe were placed into ghettos, with a terrible future awaiting them. Every day, great flocks of Jews were sent from the ghettos to concentration camps. I said to my mother, "I don't understand why the Jewish people don't go to their homeland so they can be secure." My mother told me that the Jewish people had had a very sad life, even from the beginning of the Bible, how they were persecuted through many generations, and now they were dispersed all over the world and didn't have a homeland. Every time they tried to flee into another country to find peace, most of them were pushed away. Nobody wanted them.

I was so glad to hear that Denmark opened its doors to some of the Jewish people, as did other Scandinavian countries. Many Danish people hid Jewish people until the end of the war. Some were taken to Sweden to greater safety. It was a terrible time. We know that even today, and as is written in the history books, Denmark did something to help Israel. We know that a hospital was built outside Jerusalem, named after our King Christian X, because he loved the Jewish people. I talked a lot with my mother about these things. She said to me, "If you ever experience a day that is told about in the Bible, when the Jewish people get their own land back, as they had before, the land promised to them through Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, then you will see the biggest miracle in all of history." I was only seven years old when I heard that and I said to my mother, "Mommy, when I grow up I will travel and I will go to be together with the Jewish people, I want to help them." She said, "Oh, maybe where they live, if they get

their country back, it is written that there will be a lot of wars and a lot of problems."

I also had an uncle who was a missionary in Tanzania and he was very much alone during the war. He had to leave his wife and children in Denmark. I even wrote to him, when I learned how to write a letter, and I told him, "I will also come and help you when I grow up." Already, back then, there was a longing in my heart to help people, people in need, and in bad condition.

In the small village, where Peter grew up, they also felt the war because some Jewish people lived in his village and they were good friends with Peter's parents. Peter's father had a saw mill and he cleared a place for the Jews in the village to hide, if necessary. When Peter was about twelve or thirteen years old, the Germans tried to get him to join the Hitler Jugend, but Peter's father hurriedly sent him far away to the countryside to stay with family there.

We had five very difficult years in Denmark, as did other countries during World War II. But the worst thing was the poor six million Jews we heard about who were killed in the concentration camps. Many others survived, but today they carry with them deep wounds in their hearts from that war.

The big miracle happened in 1948 when the Jewish people got their country. Israel was born, as promised to them by God. All the prophets in the Old Testament tell about that and we will come back to that later.

After the war was over, Denmark was a free country and we could buy everything. We had a good time, people could get good work and a lot of money and could buy houses and clothes. It was a wonderful time for Denmark after the war.

As the years passed, Peter and I, each in our own life, went to work and had a lot of things to do, so we forgot about the deep crisis of the Jewish people. When we were married, I was 20 years old and Peter was 24, we hardly ever thought about the situation of the Jewish people. We would hear on the radio about the wars, but we didn't give

it much thought, we were so busy going about our own business. We went to work from early morning to late evening and had children, had many good friends and a lot of things to do. I think that even today that is part of the problem. People are so busy, and they don't take time to think.

Many, many Christians don't think of the importance of Israel. But, we must say, God has woken us up and now we are devoting our lives to place it into people's hearts, how important it is to have the right love for Israel. Many Christians, praise God, and are going to wake up. They have started now. In this short time that I have been talking into this tape, the telephone has rung from three different places in Denmark, where groups want us to come and talk about the situation in Israel and tell them what they can do, through prayer and other things, to help Israel. That's also why we are writing this book and talking about the Word. We want to reach as many people as we can about the message, just to prepare them for the future. We know that every nation one day will have to give an accounting for how it treated the Jewish people.

It's written in the Bible, they will come from all over the world to try to solve the problems in the Middle East. Everybody wants to be involved. And those who go against the will of God will have to stand before the big Judgment. Because God still loves His people and it is written, the gifts and the calling He gave the Jewish people to be the glory on the earth for the sake of God's name, is still the same. In the Book of Romans, Chapters 9, 10 and 11 the apostle Paul tells us what we, as Christians, should do and should not do about the Jewish people. It is in our minds and hearts, in our deeds and prayers, to be open to God to know what we can do.

Chapter 31

Etanim

Anne-Lise:

One day, while we were in the midst of our work for the church in Denmark and were traveling a lot through different countries, we got a letter from a Danish friend, Eva. She was married to Hans, and they both worked with the Christian embassy in Jerusalem. Eva, Peter and I had been missionaries together in Africa for many years and we knew that Eva also loved to work amongst poor people and people with problems. Eva wrote us the following: "Dear Peter and Anne Lise, I know that you have a big interest in Israel and would like to do something for children who are in difficulties. We have just visited a children's hospital in Etanim, which is about thirty kilometers outside Jerusalem, in the Judean mountains. Here there is a department for handicapped children who are in great need. Shouldn't it be something for you to come and see, and see if you could do something for those children?"

We have a Jewish friend, called Rudi. He's married to a Dane, called Maren and I'm sure Rudi would show you the children's hospital. He himself would like to do something for these poor children. If you come to Israel I'm sure he will help you and drive you out to the place and tell you about it. Greetings from Eva.

This letter was an answer to our prayer for the guidance of God, because we didn't know exactly what to do to help Israel. From that letter, and that connection to the children's home, the children and staff in Etanim, there grew a strong love in our hearts for the Jewish people and to God's land, Israel and to God's city, Jerusalem. God really touched our hearts to love these people, as He loved them from the beginning of the world. This love has very deep roots in our hearts. We could feel this love in our own will and deep in our hearts and we could feel if we wanted to do something, to be channeled for His love, He would bless us. This love is not a human love, it's God's love.

After this letter, we got some money and bought tickets to go to Israel and see the children's hospital Eva had told us about. When we arrived, we met with Rudi, a Jewish man who lived in Denmark during World War II. He told us about the children's hospital, Etanim, and about how he became connected to the place and the people who helped the handicapped children. He told us that, some years ago, he was playing the horn in the police orchestra, who also playing during special occasions and one day they played in Etanim. While he stood there, playing outside the hospital, he suddenly saw that there were two plaques on the wall, one on each side of the main entrance. They had text written in Hebrew and in Danish. He found out that this building was built with money donated by the Danish people long ago, and it was built to honor the Danish king, Christian the Tenth, who loved the Jewish people very much. King Christian was very positive towards the Jewish people during the world war, from 1940 to 1945. The hospital was first built as a TB hospital, as many people suffered from tuberculosis after the war, but when this disease no longer occurred in the population, the hospital was turned into a hospital for retarded children. Rudi was so happy to read these plaques, because he himself lived in Denmark during the war and was saved by the Danish people from the Nazis and taken to Sweden in a small fishing-boat. He never forgot that.

After playing in the orchestra, he went to speak to the hospital's directors. While he was there he could see that the children in the hospital needed a lot of help and support. I guess that hospitals like this get about 75-80% of their budget from the Israeli government. But if they need anything special, extra, they need to find the money themselves, donations from wherever they can get it. Before we came, Rudi had gotten a lot of Lego toys and other things through some Danish people. When he met our friends, Eva and Hans, he spoke to them about the needs in the hospital. That was why Eva wrote to us, asking if we could come and help in any way.

When we arrived in Israel, Rudi took us out to Etanim in his car and showed us around the place and introduced us to Dr. Hataav, who was the director of the children's hospital. We saw at once that they

needed some help. They needed sheets, towels, toys and many other things for their daily life. They also had a school, where they needed things for the school, to help run it better. Immediately, when we saw these beautiful children, who were not able to take care of themselves, they were very dependent on other people's love, we felt the love of God coming into our hearts and we knew immediately that we had to help these children, because it was a special love God put into our hearts for them. We asked Dr. Hatav what he wanted most of all for the children. He said that he had had a dream about something special, because many of the children couldn't talk, they never uttered a sound, they couldn't show their feelings, they didn't laugh or yell. He had a dream of having a playground in the garden, where the children could jump and run around, and have fun. He was sure that if they were to be in such a playground, it would help them to utter sounds, to laugh out loud or scream in delight, it would be wonderful for them.

We promised him we would try to get some money for a playground and together with that, we also promised we would try to get some help to purchase bed linens and towels and toys and other things. These were many promises, because together with that, we still had a lot of work in Africa, to help many people, but we both had the feeling that this was something we should do. We both felt the same love of God in our hearts and we both felt that here is something we should support. We were sure we could do it, even though we didn't know where to get the money. We had a small newsletter that we sent out to our family and friends in Denmark six times a year and we wanted to go home to Denmark and tell about the needs in these newsletters. This trip to Israel was a big experience for us and we felt at home at once, from the moment we stepped off the plane and started traveling to Jerusalem and all over the country. We felt that we came home. Though we had been there before, this time we felt that now we are in the right place for us and we can do exactly what is the will of God.

When we returned to Denmark and wrote in our newsletter about the trip to the children's hospital, what we had experienced there and the great needs to help Etanim, we experienced a big miracle. Only a few days went by, and then the postal service came to our home with

huge packages that stood higher than ourselves and put them outside our door. When we opened the boxes, we saw they were filled with new towels and sheets of every kind. It was from a factory owner who was a believer. We didn't know him, but he had heard about the needs and immediately he felt that he should give all these sheets and towels, which should be enough for a long time. We were shocked by the quick response to our call for help. We called the Lego factory and told them about the sick children in Israel and asked if we could get some Lego from them. They too said immediately, "Of course, you can come. We also want to help these children." We got some big boxes filled with Lego. In the shops this is very, very expensive, but we got it as a gift to Israel.

After a short time, money started to come in to our mission account, to buy playground equipment. Though this is expensive, we got enough money to buy equipment to be placed in about three or four locations around the garden in Etanim. It is still there till today. Dr. Hataav had his dream fulfilled. And as he had thought, as soon as the children began to jump and play, they screamed with joy and were so happy. It is so wonderful to see how much it means to the children and to the staff. Every time we came to Etanim, we also sang a song for them, and Peter prayed and blessed them and they were very happy for that.

One of the directors said to me, "Why is it that when you sing, I begin to cry and feel so happy in my inner being?" I told her, "It shows God's love for you. When we praise Him, he comes nearer to your heart."

After experiencing this very quick response to prayer, we knew that it was because God loves His people, the Jewish people and He wants to show them love. We felt and still feel that we – two small people together with a lot of Christians from Denmark – are like hands that are reaching out to the Jewish people. We know that many years ago the so-called Christian leaders initiated many bad things against the Jewish people, to push them out. So we felt that we could now put some plaster on the wounds, medicine for the heart, to let the Jewish people know that God loves them. When people are evil, they have

nothing to do with God. We enjoy every day of our life ever since we started showing love to the Jewish people.

Our good friend, Rudi, showed Etanim to other guests who came to Israel, and even the Norwegians began to come and give different kinds of help there. The Norwegian missionaries have the big opportunity to ask help from the Norwegian government. They have a special organization called Norad. From Norad they can get support for social work causes. There was a Danish lady and a Norwegian man whom we had worked together with in Africa. They had also started to help in Israel. They too came out and visited the Etanim hospital. When the hospital wanted to build a new building for the younger children, they asked our friends if they could perhaps get some help from Norad, the Norwegian organization, to build the house. We could ask our Danish Christian friends to give money for the furniture and the equipment inside. We all got the money for building this new house. It was also amusing and interesting for us to work together with our friends with whom we had worked in Africa.

When the new building was to be opened, Dr. Hataf asked us to come to Israel, to join in the celebration. Peter had to go to Africa on that date, but I went to Israel together with Peter's sister. It was a very exciting experience. I also received word that the Danish ambassador was going to come and there would be representatives from Norway and from the Israeli government.

There were to be many speeches, and I was among those who were to give a speech. I got very nervous, but I stood up and talked about how God had guided us to come to Etanim and that it was not Peter and I who had supported Etanim, but rather it was hundreds of Danish believers. I assured them that they had many friends in Denmark and that we just wanted to bless the Jewish people and the sick children. I got the word from Chronicles II, chapter 20 and I felt I should tell about what was written there, because just at that time there was nearly war in Israel, as it often was. People were fearful and were not sure what to do. I read the word from verse 15: "Do not be afraid or discouraged because of this based army, for the battle is not yours, but God's." And verse 17 says: "Take up your positions, stand firm

and see the deliverance the Lord will give you." And verse 18: "Yehoshafat bowed with his face to the ground and all the people of Judah and Jerusalem fell down in worship before the Lord." When we read the whole chapter, we can see how God gave them the victory. I also assured them that when we praise the Lord and rely on Him, He will help us and he will help Israel. In this chapter it is written that they started to sing and praise the Lord, and I said that to sing and praise the Lord is to set ambushes against the enemy.

It was the word I gave them and after that, there were many other speeches, including one woman psychiatrist who stood up and talked. I didn't know her name or what she said, because she spoke in Hebrew. But immediately, when I saw her, I thought, "I want to talk to this lady". I felt very much attracted to her and felt like she was my friend. After all the speeches, the Minister of Social Affairs came to me and said, "I want to thank you because it's not all the Lego and the other things that you have brought to us here that is the most important, but the words that you gave us from the Bible, that was the very best. Thank you for that." Even our Danish ambassador came up to me and said, "That's the right thing to say to the Jewish people. Go on with that." So I felt very happy, even though I was very nervous.

Afterwards, when we went in to have a nice meal, I went over to meet the psychiatrist, called Sara Spitzer. She was together with another woman doctor. I tried to ask her many things and we had a very good conversation. We had a lot to talk about. I immediately felt that God had brought us together. After our conversation and I had to go home, she said, "When you come to Israel next time with your husband, call me by phone and we can keep in contact and I will show you my hospital and the children I'm working with."

After that celebration, we had many visits to the Etanim hospital and brought a lot of help from the Danish Christians and we were very, very happy to be the channel of God's love to these people.

After we had worked at Etanim for some years, we saw that the Norwegian people were able of giving a lot of help to the hospital. They sent out volunteers and money and all sorts of help to Etanim,

so we decided to go on with other projects. Our rules in our mission board is, that even in Africa and in other countries we help in a project and support it for about two or three years, and then it should be others who can take over. So we finished our work in Etanim because now the Norwegians could give them much more support than we could.

For a while we were in Africa and had a lot of work building a bible school in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya. There we also met with a lot of street children and did a lot of work amongst these children. We built a home for them and did many other things for them. It was very, very wonderful to see these children growing up, they were clever and very good children.

Chapter 32

Planting trees

Anne-Lise:

One day, when I had my birthday in Denmark, I got a certificate from a friend who wrote to me: "I have planted four trees for you in Israel as a gift on your birthday." I felt great joy and thought that was a wonderful idea. I was excited that now there were four trees in my honor in Israel, planted in the Negev desert. It was very special. After a couple of days, Peter and I discussed this and said that perhaps if we wrote about that in our newsletter, maybe many other believers would like to plant trees in Israel. It is written in the Bible that the desert would bloom and the Israelites would start planting trees, so we felt it would be great happiness for us to plant trees in Israel. I called the Jewish National Fund office in Denmark and told them that we would like to start such a project. The lady there asked me who we were planning to honor and whose name should be placed on the certificate. We thought about that for a while and then said to each other, "The only one we want to honor in a very special way is the Messiah!" I called the lady back and asked, "Is it possible for us to get certificates for all the believers who want to plant the trees? It should be written that the trees are planted to honor the coming Messiah. The Jewish people are waiting for the Messiah, and we too are waiting for our Messiah. Even though we have different beliefs about that, it would be wonderful to honor the coming Messiah." She said, "I will try to call the office in Jerusalem and ask them if it's possible." We got the answer back very fast that it was okay. We had great joy in our hearts. Within a few years, we planted about five thousand trees in Yatir, in the Negev, from the believers in Denmark. It was wonderful to take a drive down to the desert and see how many other people from all over the world did the same and planted trees in the desert. And with the new cities being built there, you wouldn't believe today that it was a desert. It is a very beautiful place. As it is written in the Bible, the desert is going to bloom and it is happening now.

Chapter 33

The Zoo

Anne-Lise:

In 1992, we had been for a long time in Tanzania and in Kenya. We had worked a lot with the street children and had built a bible school, so we were very tired when we went back to Denmark. We decided that on the way home we would stop over in Israel and have a holiday. We went to a hotel in Natanya, where we had a wonderful time. While we were there I remembered that I had promised to call Dr. Sara Spitzer when I came back with my husband, Peter. I thought maybe she had forgotten me. Yet, I called her and she was very happy to hear my voice. "I did not forget you", she said, "and I'm looking forward to having you here to our home. I want you to meet my husband and two children. Please let's arrange to meet tomorrow for dinner." We were very excited about that and meeting her family and to talk about her work in the hospital.

The next day, her husband, Yishai, came to pick us up at the hotel and we went to Dr. Spitzer's home in Ramat Poleg. Sara's husband was very nice and we found it easy to talk to him. When we got to their home we at once felt that we had known each other for a long time. Everybody looked at Peter and then Sara said, "Peter, we were a bit afraid of how to handle you, because we thought you were a priest with a special garb, but you look just like others, like an ordinary man." This made us laugh! We talked a lot and had a wonderful time together.

At the table, when we sat down to dinner, I picked up the knife and fork, when Sara said: "Tell us about your life." "Do you really mean it?" I asked. "Yes, of course", she said. "We have never met people like you and we don't have visitors from outside Israel. So, for us it's a very special occasion to have you here and we would like to know you and hear about your life." So we agreed to tell them about some of our experiences and how we grew up, about our home, our country

and many things that we had been through in our lives. It was a long story and we had a very interesting conversation, many questions and many answers. We told about our work in Africa and in other countries and they found it very interesting to hear about all this. After dinner, Sara said, "I called our neighbors and invited them to join us for coffee, because I think they should also meet you and hear what you have experienced." So there we were, quite a big group, sitting and talking till two o'clock in the morning, and we had a wonderful time together.

Every time we come to Israel, it is wonderful for us to feel how all our friends in Israel are like our family. We feel very much as one with all of them and we love them so much.

We returned to the hotel with plans to go the next day to visit the Geha Psychiatric Hospital where Sara was working. When we came to the hospital with Sara, she showed us around. We saw elderly people and younger people. When we saw all these people who were sick, we really felt the love of God in our hearts and we wanted so much to give them a hug and tell them about the love we felt for them. When we went through the department for teen-agers, Sara told us that before she had been the director of this department, but when she saw all these young people who were mentally ill, she had got the idea that if she were able to get them into care earlier, even when they are small children, she would like to work with them and help them, before they got to the stage where they were so sick that they had to stay in the hospital for years. But it was not easy to convince the hospital management of this idea. It was a bit discouraging for Sara. She so much wanted to work with the small children.

She continued promoting this idea, and the directors agreed. She got a small room in the building basement. In the beginning she had about twenty children there, so she started to work with them. She had a very good staff and a lot of toys and began treating the children in a special way. That was the department she wanted to show us. We saw how the children ran to her when she came, hugging and kissing her. She was so happy. When we looked into her eyes, we could see she had an unusual love for the small children. We looked

around and talked to the staff and the children. We were desperate to do something for them. I had been trained to work as a nurse in a mental hospital for children, so I also felt a special love for these small children. Then I stood up and looked out at the garden from the basement windows, and asked Sara, "Why don't you take the children outside from this dark basement to the beautiful garden you have?"

Sara said: "We have a very good idea. We have a child psychiatrist who has studied a lot about children taking care of small animals, her name is Inga Mens. Together with me, we would like to create a small zoo in the garden, so we could have the small children go there and provide them with psychiatric help through caring for small pets and teaching them from this how to handle other people. But it's very hard to implement such an unusual idea. It's just a dream."

When we heard about that, we thought and prayed about it a lot. When we met Sara again, we told her that if it were possible for her and Inga to get the permission to create this zoo, we would try to get the money to start this work. We didn't know exactly how much it would cost, but we thought it would be a wonderful thing to do for the children. It is written in Psalms, 41, verse 1: "Blessed is he who regards for the weak". That is what we have experienced when we feel that we want to help the weak, that we ourselves are blessed.

Sara and Inga also thought that perhaps the children wouldn't need so much medication, if they could spend time in this petting zoo. They began to work on it and told it would cost about 35,000 kroner to build the zoo, which was a lot of money and we had nothing special. But we were sure that God would help us to find this money somehow.

When we returned to Denmark, we wrote about it in our newsletter and experienced a miracle. The same day that the newsletter came out, there was a man who read about it – we didn't even know him – and he sent us a message that he wanted to begin this zoo, so he was sending us a check for 35,000 kroner. We were shocked, but again we felt that it was the love of God for the Jewish people and especially for the little children. We praised God and told our friends in Israel that they can go ahead and get permission, because now we had the money.

It took a long time. I think it took two years for Sara and Inga to get the permission, the municipal permits, etc., but finally it came through and ended up being a beautiful place. Inga had an idea, like an artist, how it should be. We must say it is the most beautiful zoo you can imagine for these children. It is so nice. They were shocked when they heard we had the money. They began building the zoo and after a while, Sara was told by the municipality and the hospital directors that if indeed it would help the children and prove itself as a kind of therapy, they would take upon themselves the cost of running the zoo after two years.

We agreed and said we would try to help for the first two years. This meant that we needed to raise 10,000 kroner every month to meet these expenses, together with all the other things we had in Africa and other places. But it was really a blessing from God that every month we got the money exactly as we needed, for all our projects!

We sent the money and Inga started the small zoo, bringing in many kinds of animals. She also hired a man to help her clean the place. It began slowly and for Inga it was a great amount of work. But she was so excited that her dream was fulfilled. Sara was also happy. It was wonderful to work together with them.

We had a very special experience one evening in Denmark. We went to our different Christian groups and told about our work in Israel and in Africa. We told one small group of about 13-14 people about our new project with the zoo. We said we now had one year left to pay the salary for those that are working in the zoo, so let us pray that we will be able to go on helping them. After the meeting, there was a couple who invited us to their home. They asked us to sleep in their home and have a rest. We thanked them for that, and we went home with them and had coffee and talked together. Then the man said, "You know, I have an amount of money for you, for the zoo. I have worked very hard in growing Christmas trees here in our area, and I have had great luck. I want to give 10% to God. It will be wonderful if I could give this to the zoo, because it's for the people of God." He gave us a check, and when we saw it we thought it was 10,000 kroner. We were very grateful. But when we looked at the check a second time, we saw

it was for 100,000 kroner. It was nearly all that we needed for the last year that we had promised the hospital to pay. We nearly cried, and we blessed these people who had such a love for Israel.

When the zoo was finished, and we came to the opening day, we had just sold our house in Denmark because we had finished our work in Stenlille and we wanted to go back to Africa for another three years. We got a lot of money from that house, and we asked our children, "Would you like to get the money when we die or would you like to go with us to Israel?" They said, "We want to go with you to Israel". So we took all our children and grandchildren, the whole family, sixteen people, to Israel, for two weeks. We showed them the whole country and they were together with Sara and Inga at Geha hospital for the opening of the petting zoo. It was a fantastic experience! I was sixty years old, I had my sixtieth birthday in Israel and we really celebrated. Nobody will forget that wonderful time.

Many of the guests gave speeches and it was a big celebration. Even Peter gave them a word and talked about the wonderful word from the Prophet Hoseah, the second chapter, verse 15 and 16, where it is written about God who cares for his people and says: "And I will make the valley of Akko the door of hope". The door of hope is Petah Tikva in Hebrew, so Peter talked about how we believe that God will turn this small zoo and the Geha hospital into a door of hope, for the small children and the teen-agers who are being taken care of here. It was a wonderful word and we believe the word of God is true and it will come true. He will bless this place. Inga, who was to manage the zoo, called the place 'a pearl'. She said, "I'm sure many more pearls will come of this one pearl" and that is what has happened through the years. There are many pearls like that throughout Israel.

After some time passed, other people and organizations wanted to support the children's department. They wanted to give money to build a house for the children's center. If you saw it today, you would see a beautiful house, with many nice rooms, two kindergartens and rooms for special therapy. On its opening day, many famous artists from all over Israel gave paintings with flowers, and all the walls are covered with flowers, both downstairs and upstairs. You can feel in this

department harmony and love, like in a real home, and the staff is working with love in their hearts for the children.

The Christian believers from Denmark have supported three therapists who give the children special treatments, so they can progress quickly. Many of the children can now attend normal schools and be with other children. About 80% of the children now live a normal life with their parents, so it has really brought about good results and we thank God for that.

After a while, Inga got students from the university to come and learn how to treat children through the caring for animals. She has taught many others how to do this work. I think about one thousand children now get help in this way all over Israel, in other places. We thank God for the small beginning and the blessing He has brought to this place. Inga now is also teaching about this subject of pet-assisted therapy in many places. In my prayer, I asked God, "What makes this place so special? Why is it that the children and even grown-ups get help there?" And I felt God speaking to me in my heart, telling me that it was like that in the Garden of Eden. People and animals lived side by side and had a peaceful and happy time together. And it will also be like that at the millennium, a thousand years of peace on Earth. We read in the prophets that there will be a thousand years of peace, then animals and children, and all people, will be able to exist together in peace. It will be a wonderful time. Some of the children already now call the zoo 'a small paradise'. We too feel that that's what it is – a small paradise where they can feel peace and enjoy themselves with the small animals.

We had a wonderful time together with our children in Israel, and they too felt that it was like coming home, coming to Israel. After we returned to Denmark for a while, Peter got very sick. The doctors didn't know what was wrong. At the hospital, the doctors told us they didn't know what the problem was and would have to operate to find out what was wrong in his stomach. They told us, "We will give you half an hour alone, so you can be together and make your plans for the future". It was as if we were given the time to just say goodbye to

each other. We felt that. We prayed together for half an hour and promised each other that if Peter got well again, we would quit all the work that we didn't really need to do. We would give over our responsibilities in the different church boards we were involved in and other projects to other people and we would just do the things we really felt were our calling from God, to do mission work. While I was waiting to get the results from the hospital, on Peter's condition, I prayed to God and asked, "What are we going to do now?" I heard God speaking to me in my mind, in my thoughts, "Until now you have done great things with small results. From now you will do small things with great results!" It was quite a message to get. I could never have thought that myself, so I knew it was from God Himself into my heart.

When Peter woke up from the operation, I said to him, "Peter, we will go on working for the Lord, and we will do small things and God will turn them into big results." Peter healed. The doctors found the problem and Peter healed in a very few days. He came home after a week and was fine. We thank God for every day since then.

I must say, we have done small things that God has led us to do, and we have seen that He has blessed us and given big results in many places, and we are so grateful to the Lord.

Chapter 34

The Childrens home in Jerusalem

Anne-Lise:

One day we got a fax from Israel and we were very surprised. It was from people we didn't know. It was from the directors of the Children's Home in Jerusalem. They had heard about the zoo in Geha Psychiatric Children's Hospital and heard how it helped the children there. So they asked us if perhaps we could come and help them, because they had ninety boys who needed help and encouragement and something to rejoice about in their lives.

The Children's Home in Jerusalem is a very special place, as we found out when we came back to Israel to visit and see the place, in 1997. We had talked about helping them with our Board in Denmark, and we had prayed about it, and we felt we should do something for those ninety boys.

The Children's Home is a very special residential center that provides therapeutic care, together with residential facilities, to children who are seriously at risk, children who have suffered much abuse, rejection and even desertion at the hands of their parents. These children, from the age of seven, can find shelter and professional care at the Home, where they live in groups of 14 and are cared for by a very large professional staff that provides them with intensive individual care for many, many years. This becomes their home 365 days a year, this is where they attend school, receive individual therapeutic care, and where they learn with time to regain their faith in themselves and in the adult world. The Home does everything to help rehabilitate them without having to use drugs, as far as possible. The staff provides a very warm, caring, supporting environment which creates for each child a new sense of security, in which the child can grow and deal with his emotional problems. The Children's Home is also unique in that the children's parents are also part of the treatment program and are asked to be part of the system of care for as long as

their child is at the Home, an average of five years. Because of their excellent treatment methods, the Home has been able to rehabilitate over 65% of all the children who have entered its doors.

When we saw the Children's Home we really felt it was a very special place and that the staff were truly concerned about the children. The staff had agreed to stay for years to help the children, because many of those boys had suffered disappointment from the world of grown-ups, and now they needed people whom they could trust and who would stay with them and help them. Many of the boys had serious problems in school, they had difficulty in reading and writing, they were unable to concentrate and sit in class.

We decided to help them build a pet corner, and in a very short time we started to get money from Denmark to support this project. The Children's Home created a very, very nice pet corner with many animals, including some bigger animals, such as goats, and we could see how the children were enjoying the pet corner. They took very good care of the pets, the animals. They seemed happier, and taking care of the pets was helping them express feelings they could not put into words. Then they were also able to begin writing on the computer about their experiences with the animals. Slowly, they became more open and happy and attended school more regularly.

Once, some of the directors of an Arab children's home in Jericho came to the pet corner at the Children's Home in Jerusalem. They were interested in getting some of the small animals that were offered them as gifts, as meanwhile the animals had multiplied, producing a new generation. They were given rabbits, hamsters, and even a baby goat, a kid, to take to their children's home. Then the Children's Home received from the Biblical Zoo some new animals. I think they were blessed, because they blessed others.

Once there was a goat that had broken her back, who was very sick and ill. The children were very concerned about that goat, because they wanted her to live, but it was very hard for her to walk around. But the children cared for her, they gave her food, they talked to her, and after a while the she-goat began walking around in the pet corner.

Everyone was so happy. It had a great influence on the children, who saw that even if you suffer from some weaknesses, you can get better, you can be something, and get a good life.

Once, some of the children didn't want to go to school without the animals. They wanted to stay in the pet corner. So we talked about building a small classroom in the pet corner with small pets, so they could have them around them while they were studying. This turned out to be a blessing for the children.

Later, at the Children's Home, the director spoke of his desire to bring girls into the Home, because there were many girls who were also in great need for the kind of treatment this Children's Home was providing. After discussing it, we spoke to our Christian friends in Denmark and they started to support a girls' cottage. So after a while, the Children's Home opened a new girls' unit, with 12 girls. They had their own cottage, and they were so happy to have their own rooms, to stay among people who loved them, and they integrated very well with the boys in the school.

The Children's Home also decided to publish a book about their special treatment methods used with these severely disturbed children, because their methods have always brought excellent results, and they are famous for their treatment methods throughout Israel and abroad. The Home's previous director, Dr. Chezzi Cohen, had published many articles about the treatment methods used in residential care, and these articles were to be incorporated into the book. We decided to help them publish the book, which was a training manual for residential care. After publication, this book was acquired by nearly every residential school, boarding school, treatment center and professional training frameworks throughout Israel. We believe this has been a great help for many others.

As I said before, we usually stopped helping projects after two or three years. But this Children's Home we cannot stop helping and supporting. The Danish believers love to hear about the children, to pray for them and support them. We hope we can go on for a while. We are very thankful that we came in contact with the Children's

Home and we believe it will be a blessing for them and for the Danish believers who are supporting this project.

After we built the Children's Home in Uganda, we can see how God is providing us with children all over the world. Even when we go to initiate other projects, suddenly we have a lot of children around us who need help. It shows us that God loves the children and wants to use us and other people to give love and care to all the children who are in great need. When we hear the news and see what is happening in the world, we can see that the children are really suffering and they can do nothing, just wait for the adults to do something to help them. So we pray that there will be many, even you who read this book, who will do something to help the children you see in the world and pray for them that they may experience love and care in their lives.

Chapter 35

Holocaust Survivors: AMCHA

Peter:

Since we were young, we had heard about the concentration camps and the Jews who were killed during the war and it influenced us deeply. We were very moved by it. Later on, we also went to Poland and we made a visit to the Auschwitz concentration camp. We cried when we saw it and were just broken in our hearts. So when we came to Israel we wanted to see if there were still some holocaust survivors left so many years after the war.

One day, when we were in the Children's Home in Jerusalem, we asked the public relations director there, Ziona Sasson, if she knew about any holocaust survivors. She said: "One moment, today one of our staff members is here, a program director, and he can tell you about it. His name is Yoram." She called him to the room, and it was not a coincidence that he was there. It was God's plan. We believe that God plans many things in our lives.

When we met with Yoram, we heard that at that time there were over 300,000 holocaust survivors living in Israel. We were shocked, because after all these years, so many were still left after the war. Yoram sent one of the staff members, Yoel, to our home in Jerusalem to talk to us about the organization for holocaust survivors, Amcha. We were so happy, because Yoel came from Denmark. He worked for Amcha, helping the holocaust survivors. He told us all we wanted to know about Amcha. It was really touching to hear about it. It was begun by doctors and psychiatrists who themselves were holocaust survivors and wanted to help others. One of them was Dr. Nathan Durst. When we met, he spoke to us in Danish! He had been helped after the war of the Red Cross, who took him to Denmark from the concentration camp.

There is really a great need to help some of these elderly people, who have so many wounds after the years spent in the concentration camps. Even their children also have problems many times. Amcha

has a lot of work to do. Yoram made it possible for us to come and meet the director and visit the offices and building in Jerusalem. It was a great experience for us to see how they work. Dr. Natan Kellerman, who became the director later, has told us about the work, and we have had a fantastic fellowship with him through many years. In the AMCHA center in Jerusalem there were beautiful paintings on the wall, painted by holocaust survivors. There was a wonderful small club, where they could meet together every day, enjoy coffee and tea and talk to each other, watch a film or listen to a story. We also observed them in an exercise class, in a music class, and we could see how they enjoyed the fellowship with others who had been through the same horrible things as themselves.

We really wanted to do something and talked to our Board in Denmark. They agreed that we should help this small club. Later we found out that there are about 14 such centers throughout Israel, doing Amcha's work. We have gone around, visiting many of these places and spending time with the holocaust survivors and we like to support this work because here they can enjoy time together and learn many things, and talk to psychiatrists if they have problems they want to talk about.

Every year, they have a full day together of activities and food. We have a great love in our hearts for these people. Many of them have told their stories on video, so what they had been through will never be forgotten. On many of these survivors, we saw the number tattooed on their arm from the camps, the number each got from the concentration camp. Some of them told us about the terrible time they have even now, after so many years. They wake up at night from nightmares, remembering the horrible time they had in the camps. So I think it's a call to all of us to do something to encourage these dear people. Many of them were children or youngsters when they came out of the camps, but they will never forget their time in the camps.

We have been supporting this work for several years, and we know it's only a small drop in the ocean, but still we feel that we want to do something, to let them know the love of God.

Anne-Lise:

Many of the old survivors have told us that for them Amcha is their home. Many of them have no family, they are lonely, and so they feel they are coming home when they come to Amcha. That's also the feeling you get when you enter their small clubs. They celebrate their birthdays, they have so many good ideas how to encourage these people. We remember especially one day, when they were playing some music and were having an exercise class. They wanted us to join them and we did our best to follow the exercises. They asked us: "Are you Catholics or Protestants? What are you?" and we answered them as we've answered others, that we are neither Catholics nor Protestants. We feel we belong to the very first church, which was started on Pentecost in Jerusalem, just after Jesus was taken to Heaven, when the Holy Spirit came down on the believers. There the new kind of Christianity started. We feel that we belong to that kind of Christianity. Groups were started from that time, and up till today, that have the same belief and it's growing all over the world. We love all believers and we can be together with everybody who loves The Lord. We can enjoy our faith and accept others who believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. We have the same roots. They also asked us, "Are there more like you? Are there more people in the world, who want to do the same work as you do?" and we smiled and said, "Glory to God, we can tell you there are thousands and thousands, we think even millions, all over the world, who want to bless you and to have the same love for you as we have. You are not alone! You have a big crowd of people who love you." Then many asked us, "Why do you love us, when most of the world hates us?" We like to tell them that we have a calling from God who loves us and He has told us to show love to the Jewish people and to tell them that He is still their God and cares for them.

Chapter 36

What is PALMA?

Peter:

One day, when we came from Africa to Israel, one of our very good friends from Denmark, who lived in Israel, asked if we could contact Dr. Migel Schestatzky from Etanim Psychiatric Hospital, because they asked if perhaps our organization could help the young people in his department to get computers, so that they have something to do during their time there. We thought it would be easy for us to get some computers, but then we found out it had to be in Hebrew, so we went to see Dr. Miguel, as we like to call him, to ask him more about the project. We found out that in Etanim, where we had worked before with small children on the ground floor, there was another department on the first floor for teen-agers who had psychiatric problems. Dr. Miguel was head of that department. We made an appointment to meet him, and it was very interesting. When we met, he took us up to the young people, but before that he asked us, "What does that mean, PALMA Foundation, PALMA, what is that?" That is the name of our help organization. We said, "It's nothing special, it's only our initials, for Peter and Anne Lise Madsen." We took that name when we started our publishing house in Denmark. We had a publishing house for fourteen years, where we published our own more than twenty books, and all the profits went to our mission work, in Africa and other places. We thought that name was easy for people to remember, and we were registered with the Danish government as an aid organization that receives donations and gives it out to people in need. We had a board that worked with us, and made plans together with us. They also looked after the finances. Dr. Miguel found all this very interesting, because he comes from South America, Argentina, where PALMA means an outstretched helping hand, and that is exactly what we want to be. Together with all Christian believers, we want to stretch out our hands to help wherever God leads us to help. It's a good name.

We felt as if we had known each other for a long time. After we spoke about our lives, we went up to the department. Immediately, when we entered, we felt it was a little bit depressing, because it was so hot. It was more than 40 degrees. Our hearts filled with compassion. We could see how the staff had love and compassion for the young people. When we left the department, we went to Dr. Miguel's office. It was very hot. There were window all along one side. Dr. Miguel said that when the staff held its meetings in the room, and with the young people, it was too hot. We asked why they don't cover the windows with a film that cuts down most of the heat from the sun, but still lets you look out. He said that he had already looked for that, but it was not easy to find and it was very expensive. We agreed with Dr. Miguel to try and get two computers for the young people, because they had a lot of free time. We thought it would be very good also for them to have some musical instruments. We found out that one staff member was a musician, who could teach them. So we promised to also look around for some instruments and see what we could do for these young people. When we came home, we wrote about this need in our newsletter.

I must comment that when we were new missionaries, it was very hard for me to go around to churches and even write about the needs we had in Africa and the other poor countries. I felt we were like beggars. We were used to doing our work and getting our salary and take care of our things, but when we were missionaries we saw so much need around the world and we prayed every morning to God to make it possible for us to help people in need. But when we went around, still I felt we were like beggars, and I didn't like it. Then one morning, while I was praying, I said to God, "I feel it is bad for us to go around begging for all these needs in the world." Then I felt God answering me in my mind, "Remember, it's not your work that you are asking help for, it's mine." That put everything in place for me. I then felt we were tools, going around and telling about the needs. But this was God's work, not our own. Since then we have been very strong. Through our books and through our newsletter, we have been building a lot of good things in Africa and other poor countries. We have

received many requests from organizations, from people who want help, but every time we go and take the matter up, we ask God if we should help them, or use the money for this cause or that project, and every time it is as if we both hear the same peace and the same satisfaction if we help the special cases we have seen. We cannot help all over the world, we cannot save the whole world, but we can do a little here and there. And we cannot give big amounts, but we can support with the money we get through our prayers and through talking to other people.

When we visited Etanim and Dr. Miguel, we both felt we should try to get the things they asked for and were in need of. We were sure we could get the money for covering the windows in Dr. Miguel's big office, so it could be a good place to work, but when we came to our room in the evening, we started to talk about the whole department. We thought to ourselves that if we were depressed, we would get even more depressed from staying in a hot place like that. So we talked about air-conditioning the whole department. We felt in our hearts that this would be good. We mentioned about the computers in our new newsletter, and asked also for musical instruments for the young people. We also said we would like to put in air-conditioning in the entire department. After a short while, we got all the money we needed, for all the things we had asked for! When we came with the guitars and the money for the air-conditioning, there was great joy in the department. Some of the youngsters even called their parents and said, "Believe it or not, Dr. Miguel's friends from Denmark have brought this and that, and it's very encouraging." They were so happy with the guitars.

Dr. Miguel told us later that at times the youngsters have outbursts of a bad temper, and one of them took the guitar and smashed it over the head of one of the other young people. It couldn't be used anymore, and the young man was very sorry and said it had to be thrown out. But Dr. Miguel was very smart and said, no, it would be repaired and could be made whole again. "We will then hang it on the wall and we will sing with it", he explained. "It's a very good reflection of all of us, who were shattered and smashed into pieces, for you

young people who have felt that you are worth nothing to yourselves or your families. But here we are working with you to put all the pieces together to make you whole again."

They helped each other to put all the guitar pieces together, and then hung the guitar on the wall. They also have a hobby room, where a social worker helps them create paintings and drawings. Many of them made drawings of the guitar, to remember what happened. It's a wonderful thing that people can be healed and become whole in their inner being.

We were so glad to see in that department that there were both Arab and Jewish teen-agers together and they got on very well together. We would love to see them again, and I'm sure we will visit them again some day. I know that the love of God can bring about changes in people's lives and we can see how God is using all these doctors and psychiatrists and other staff people in such homes, to heal people, to help them and to encourage them to go on with their lives.

Chapter 37

The Quiet Unexpected Task:

Peter:

We had a very special experience one day which, again, showed us there is no coincidence for those who have been instructed by God to devote their lives. We went to a prayer conference in Jerusalem in January, 2001 and one day at the conference, we were a crowd of Christians from all over the world, who went around Jerusalem to pray for the city and for the people of Jerusalem. We went to many exciting places where we prayed for the future of Israel. It was wonderful to stand together in such a big group and pray for peace for Jerusalem. On this trip, we ended up at Christ Church, built just inside the Jaffa Gate in the Old City. It is the most remarkable church we have ever seen. It is very beautiful and we like it very much. It is very simple inside, but all the symbols inside show both Christian and Jewish symbols. It was a special experience for us. The glass windows touched us particularly. The glass in many different colors depicts the olive tree and it showed what is written in the New Testament, in Romans 11, that Israel is the real olive tree and it has its root in Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and we as Christians, when we believe, by God's grace we are grafted into this olive tree. We are a part of this true olive tree and we have the same roots. This is beautifully made and shown in the glass windows.

We sat in the church, listening to the guide, Kelvin Crombie, who wanted to tell us about the history of the church. He told us that this beautiful church is the first Evangelical Church ever built in the Middle East. Anne Lise and I were very touched when Kelvin said, "This church was built by a Danish man. He was the most remarkable and devoted Christian you could ever imagine." It is obvious that God had chosen this man, John Nicholaysen, as a tool to carry out this special work. It was done through God's love for the Jewish people. It pushed this man to finish this work, where many others gave up. Many came out to help him, but they had to go back

home; some were sick, some were tired, but John Nicholaysen went on. It was very interesting for us, as Danish people, that there were such large footprints in Jerusalem from Denmark, from over 150 years ago, when the church was built. We thought about this one man, who gives his life to God and puts himself at God's will to do as He wants, and what a great blessing it could be.

When we returned to our hotel room, we discussed Christ Church and John Nicholaysen and we wanted to contact this guide, Kelvin Crombie, again, and ask if he could tell us more about this unusual man, this Danish John Nicholaysen. We phoned Kelvin and asked him to meet with him. He agreed and invited us to have lunch with him on Tuesday at the church cafeteria, as he had free time for half an hour or so. He didn't know us at all, and this was a very immediate and warm reaction to our request, so we were very grateful that he would see us. We arrived on Tuesday, lunch time. We were very excited to hear more about our friend Nicolaysen. Kelvin told us he had written a book about John Nicolaysen and the story of the building of the church. He gave us a copy of this book, so we could study it. He told us about the Turks who ruled Jerusalem in the 1800's, and the Jews were called dogs. They couldn't get any help when they were sick, and if somebody on the street needed some clothes, they just entered the Jewish homes and 'borrowed' what they needed. It was impossible for the Jewish people to get an education. And if they tried to go to the Christian orthodox churches in Jerusalem, it could cost them their lives. Nobody liked them, and nobody wanted to talk to them. But Nicolaysen and his friends had a great love for the Jewish people and they did whatever they could to help them.

When we sat there and had our lunch, Kelvin told us about Nicolaysen with such a love in his voice, that we understood that he was not just a guide who was telling us, but this was a man who really loved the work of God and loved the Jewish people. He told us that while writing the book about Nicolaysen, he had traveled around England and Israel and many other places, to find several things from that man's time, when he lived in Jerusalem.

We felt that Kelvin had a special calling from God to tell about the church and the people who so many years ago came to Jerusalem to show the Jewish people the love of God. We talked a lot about these things. Then Kelvin said, "For a long, long time I have had the desire to create a small museum connected to Christ Church, in memory of John Nicolaysen's work here. I have it all in my head and in my heart, how it should be done, and how much it will touch the Jewish people and the Christians today to know that so many years ago there was a real believer, a real Christian, who loved the Jewish people and who wanted to connect between the Jews and the Christians and show the connection in the Bible." When Kelvin Crumbie spoke to other people or to his Board about the museum, no one had the faith in it to give money for fulfilling this dream of his. He was dreaming and telling us how excited he would be if he could create this museum. Anne Lise and I looked at each other, we had the same thoughts. Because in the last month we had received an inheritance, it was a lot of money that was given by an old friend in Denmark, and he told us before he died that he wanted to give us this money and we could use it for things that we thought were very important, which would be a blessing for the people of God. Anne Lise and I had always felt ashamed of the so-called Christians who had been very harsh and condemning towards the Jewish people, the Christians who drew a sharp line between the Christians and Jews and who caused other Christians to hate the Jewish people. Even up to the time of Hitler it was the Christians who were at the root of these terrible things that happened. The only reason why during the last years we have been working among the Jewish people is, that we want to bring healing to the many wounded and crushed hearts among the Jewish people; we want to show them the real Christianity, not through words and condemnation, but to show the true love of God through our deeds, to show through every possible way we could find, that God loves the Jewish people and so do we, as do thousands of Christians all over the world today.

After we had spoken together for some time, we told Kelvin that we could push this project forward, to start it. Our PALMA Foundation

would give five thousand dollars to start. If a Danish man, so many years ago, was willing to give his life, his time, his strength, to show the Jewish people love and build the church and many other buildings in Jerusalem, we could also establish some footprints from Denmark in Jerusalem, even today. Remembering him could be a visible testimony for many people that we have the same roots, the Jews and the Christians. When Kelvin Crombie heard this, he was shocked. He didn't expect us to have any money or any possibility to help. He was just telling us what was in his heart and his thoughts about the future. Then he told us something that showed us that it was not a coincidence that we had met that particular day. It must have been God who brought us together. He said, "I'm really overwhelmed. I want to tell you that we have a board meeting in twenty minutes. I have to go and tell the board about my vision to create a museum about Nicolaysen. I have told them before and it wasn't ever possible to raise the money for that project. The board has told me many times that we cannot afford to create a museum here. I pressed on and on, but it was impossible", he said. "But if the board now hears that there are some Danish believing Christians who will give five thousand dollars to start this project, maybe they too will get the faith to do something."

After this meeting, we went back to our hotel, our hearts full of joy, because we could feel we were on the right path. Now we just had to wait to get a signal from Kelvin as to what to do next. A few days went by, while we were out looking after our other projects in Israel, when suddenly we got a call from Kelvin, telling us with great joy that his board were very encouraged by the news of the help of five thousand dollars, and said, "Well, then, let us go on, let us start now. So, now we can start," Calvin said, "and I'm so happy".

It took only a short time until he began the preparations for the museum. He told us how he had thought about how to lay out the museum. Connected with the Christ Church there was a guest house and a cafeteria, and one part of the building was separate and rented out to offices. Kelvin himself had his office in that part. But there was a thick wall between the offices and the cafeteria. Kelvin wanted to put

in a big door between the office area and the cafeteria. He wanted to stop renting out the offices. Some Arab Christians volunteered to carry out this work and other practical tasks. When we arrived a few days later, there was a double joy. Kelvin showed us that when the workers began breaking the wall between the cafeteria and the office area, they found that there had already been a great, beautiful oriental door opening behind the cement wall many years ago. So when they started to break off the cement, this door suddenly was visible. When we saw this beautiful door, we were overwhelmed, and again we realized that nothing was a coincidence. They had hammered in the right place. When we came the next time, the workers tried to break the cement floors in the offices with their hammers, to make it simple and nice. But when they removed the cement, they discovered, to their great joy, a most beautiful floor of colored floor tiles. They continued carefully to remove the entire cement floor. All of us were nearly in tears when we saw that this big room was totally covered with these beautiful floor tiles. Each time we went to see the place, some new exciting thing happened. One could not imagine how this big area had been an ordinary office place. When the workers reached the left corner of the big room and removed the cement, they discovered there a door leading down, beneath the floor. Kelvin had seen some old drawings of the house and knew that there should be an underground tunnel underneath the Christ Church, but he had no idea where he could find it. Now it was clear that it was just under the floor of what was before Kelvin's office. When they had removed all the cement, they saw there was a staircase leading down, to a big room under the office. This secret place had been hidden for many years. The room was big and next to it was a water cistern, believed to be from the time of King Herod. The most exciting thing was that under this room there was also a tunnel, opening from the water cistern and out under the city of Jerusalem. But the authorities did not give permission to excavate further, because it could cause serious problems to the entire area. But Kelvin and all the others who had worked hard were overwhelmed by what they had discovered.

In many of our new projects in Israel and other places, it happens that we start giving, start something new, we give a push to a project, and when we have given our support, many others also start to give their support. Thus, when we returned again to Israel and went to visit the Christ church, Kelvin told us that there had been a group from Ireland who had come to visit the place and they had decided to give a big amount to help the work go on. We also went on supporting the work; when the Danish people heard about it they too wanted to go on supporting it, to honor God and honor people.

In the most remarkable way, Kelvin has found many exciting things to put into the museum. Throughout his journeys in Israel and abroad, he found several models of old Jerusalem and the few buildings that then stood. He found hundreds and hundreds of pictures that he made into an exhibit. It wasn't very long before people began coming in groups, after they had heard about the project. They wanted to see this for themselves, to see the photo exhibit. We were sure in our hearts that God would use this museum to be a blessing. But we didn't know beforehand how this would happen. We were just amazed when, again and again, we saw how willingly people gave money for this project and prayed for it.

A beautiful, small café was installed in the museum, where the museum visitors could sit down for a cup of coffee or tea, and all the walls are decorated with items and photos about the whole story, about how the church had been started, how Nicolaysen and his friends had made it possible to build this beautiful place. He even found very interesting books from Nicolaysen's time, including documents in his own handwriting. Now, each month, there are about one thousand visitors coming to the church, especially university students.

Also archeologists, historians, and many other people are coming to see the museum. People are very astonished to see the exhibit in such a beautiful way, showing the history of the place. Kelvin and his workers have expanded the museum, creating a very interesting library, where the students can come and read from the books from the old, historic times. The church cafeteria is now connected to the museum, so visitors can have lunch there. You can also ask for a guide who will show you around and tell you the entire history.

When I had my seventieth birthday, we first celebrated it in Denmark. Then we also wanted to celebrate it with our Jewish friends and even some Danish people who live in Jerusalem who are our friends. So we decided to hold a celebration in this beautiful museum cafeteria. We also invited all the directors of the projects we had supported through the years. We had already told them about the museum, but we thought it would be a good opportunity to show them the place. We invited them all and nearly all came. It was a very special and wonderful day. We had kosher food, and prepared a lovely table for twenty-two guests. The guests at first thought they didn't know each other, but when they came together, some of the guests were so happy, because some had been school-mates, or together in the army or university. So we were like a big family. After the meal, we asked Kelvin to tell the story of the museum. He also told how he himself had come from Australia to Israel and how he was converted from being a Hippie to a real Christian believer. He had decided to devote his life to serve the Lord and to serve Israel. We thank God for this blessed opportunity to be together with all our dear friends.

Chapter 38

SACH: Save a Child's Heart

Anne-Lise:

In 2004 we had our daughter, Lena, visit us in Israel. She came with her two daughters, Anne and Camilla. We took them in our car around to all our projects, to show them all the beautiful children and their care-givers in all these institutions. After that, we felt we just needed a holiday and rest, so we found a beautiful place where we could stay and swim in a big swimming pool and have a nice time together. At that time, we had about fourteen, fifteen projects running in Israel and by the great grace of God, we got the money we needed every month, for our work.

It was very interesting to see how very small amounts could become a big ocean. So we just do our best, but we always have empty pockets when we start something. But once we start, God begins to his blessings. Once, when in Africa, I said to Peter: "Wouldn't it be better for us to get the money first, to try to fill our bank account first, and then we can build churches, help the poor and use the money for many different things." Peter said: "Yen, that's a good idea. Let's try that. Then we won't have to worry where the money should come from." But when we stopped to initiate new projects, without anybody in Denmark knowing, the money also stopped to come in to our account. We found out that we needed to take the first step out into the emptiness and do what we found God had led us to that needed to be done. Then, when we started with faith, then God saw to it that we got the money we needed. So often, in our work, it is as if the spirit of God asks us, "What are you going to give yourselves?" Many times, we have to first give ourselves and then God fills up what we are missing. It takes time, but it always, always gets finished. So through the many years, now forty-five years, that we have worked in this manner in Africa and in other countries, things happen in a miraculous way and we have seen so many projects successfully finished and that are continuing even today. It also is working in our

own house, because our trust in God is growing and we ourselves are absolutely nothing, we are ordinary people, but we have a great God! He is a wonderful God who loves His creation. But we must always be very careful to enter our prayer room and ask God for advice when we do something. We both agree on a project, and then we start and we have a lot of peace in our hearts. I can say that the work we have done in Israel and in other countries, it is like a golden chain, when we think about it. Every little link is precious and shining in the sun. We are so happy to see all these things fulfilled.

So there we were, in the swimming pool in the hotel. Lena's older daughter, Anne, entered the swimming pool first and I came down there half an hour later. I saw Anne talking to a nice elderly lady. When I came to the pool, this lady said to me, "Now I know nearly everything about you and your husband. Your grandchild has been telling me about all the things you've been doing for children and adults all over. I would very much like to hear more about your life." So we had a good, long conversation. I told her about God's goodness and about His love for Israel and for other people.

After we had talked for a while, she asked me if we could come and see some very special work her son had started. She then told me about the organization, SACH. It means Save a Child's Heart. Her son, Dr. Ami, a heart surgeon, once during his career thought that he would like to ask his colleagues if they could help in their free time to enable poor children from poor countries to get a heart operation, if it could save their lives. He searched to rent space, at Wolfsan Hospital, where he was a surgeon, and start this work. This was meant only for children who could not by any means get such help or such surgery in other places. Dr. Ami's colleagues liked the idea and before long, they had started this wonderful work. They had to pay the hospital rent in the sum of \$7,000 for every patient. Each child had to stay in the hospital before the operation and then again after the operation, so clearly it came out to be quite expensive. But in a very short time, several hundred small children got help through this organization's work. Children came from Ethiopia, from Zanzibar, and more than 40% of the small children came from the Arab countries. Dr. Ami

wanted to show love and give help to so many people. But after a short time, a terrible thing happened. Dr. Ami, who was on a tour to Zanzibar, decided to climb the Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain in Africa. He didn't know that he himself had a bad heart. When he came down from the mountain, he suddenly died. It was a shock and a great sorrow for all who knew this wonderful man. It was his parents whom we met in the swimming pool. Since his death, they began to collect money from friends in America and in other countries, so that their son's work could go on. Dr. Ami's colleagues decided to continue performing heart operations on their small patients, and follow the good example set by their friend. Dr. Ami's parents told us they would be glad to take us from Modeling, where we lived, to show us the work at the hospital, and then they would return us home. We were really touched when we heard about these small children who could be saved, if they just got this help. They had to come when they were very small. When we were there, again we felt the very same love from God enter our hearts, as we were listening to the doctors' stories about the children. It was a fantastic experience to walk through the ward, into the rooms and see the children who were there. Some were very small and very weak, but they were being prepared for their operation and were just waiting their turn. Others were already after the operation and they were in their beds for observation and to gather strength for their new life. Nearly every child had either a parent or a nurse from their homeland at their side, to look after them. The doctors told us that if the children come when they are very young, the operation was not such a major procedure and they could be saved. But if they waited till they were older, it was very difficult. They told us that the doctors traveled to the poor countries, where they set up clinics and examined the children. Some of the children could stay home and just get medication. But those who were seriously sick and would die without help, were taken by airplane to Israel. On our trip around the ward, we came to a room where there were children from Tanzania and Zanzibar. Nobody understood what they said, and they could only talk to each other by signaling, to show what they meant. So we started to talk to them in Swahili. We will

never forget the great joy in that room on that very special day. We had a wonderful talk with the children, their parents and nurses. We could explain to the doctors what the children were saying. The doctors said, "You can join our staff from tomorrow morning, because we need somebody to translate!" We couldn't do that, but we visited there several times. Each time we come there, there are new children, so there is much to talk about.

After our visit to the hospital, we went to see a small children's home that SACH had rented, to accommodate children before they came to the surgery and after surgery. When they come from the poor countries, they need time to gather their strength in order to go into the operation. After the operation, they need several months to be rehabilitated. So they stay in this special children's home, where they receive the proper food and treatment, and from there they return to their own country, where they can live a normal life. We like to sing with them and play with them. We brought some drums and tambourines and other instruments. We know that the Africans love to play the drums, so we had a wonderful time together.

We knew immediately that it was not possible for us to support the very expensive operations, but when we saw the children's home, we knew we could do something for them at the home, where they live with their nurses and helpers.

When the doctor had shown us the hospital and children's home, he then took us into a room to show us a video about the work. Peter then told the doctor about how God had healed him once when he was nearly dying. He told him that he believed that God was using the doctors to do the good work, but we also believe God can do something even when the situation seems hopeless and beyond any person's help. I looked at the doctor, thinking that perhaps he was doubtful. But he said, "Yes, I have experienced that. We had a little girl from Zanzibar who came too late here to Israel to have an operation. Her entire body was blue, she had no strength and her mother was distraught. I told them that there was no hope that she would live, but nonetheless I would try to operate and see if something miraculous could happen. But when I operated, I could see

it was hopeless for the little girl. The heart was too weak and she would surely die. So I closed up the cut and was deeply sad that this little girl was going to die and her family would be stricken with grief. Then I got the idea to take prayer books and other holy books that I could find in the hospital, and I placed them under her mattress and prayed for God's help. Only a short time later, she started to change color. After three months at the children's home, she was able to return home with her mother, healed. It was a wonderful day and we nearly cried when we saw her go, carrying her own suitcase! So we must agree that for God everything is possible." It was wonderful for us to listen to this testimony, to hear that a doctor could agree that God is the great doctor and everything is in His hands.

Today we are very thankful for that day at the swimming pool and that Anne made the first contact with Dr. Ami's parents. This new project was so clear to us. We just did our best. It is a joy to see how the patients and the staff are so happy together. We only have one goal, to show them the love of God and the love of the Christian believers from Denmark. We want them to know that we love them. We love all the people on the earth, but God has called us especially to tell the Jewish people who had suffered so much that God still loves them and has not forgotten them.

I want to finish this chapter with a few things from the newsletter we got from SACH yesterday. It says that they have just received some children from Rwanda, to be operated on at the Wolfson Medical Center in Israel. Rwanda represents to 28th country participating in Save a Child's Heart. Over 30% of the children being treated come from Africa, whether it is the refugees from Sudan, the poor from Palestine, Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia, or any other country worldwide. "We are here and ready to save lives. Every child deserves the best humanitarian treatment and we have both the medical and professional facilities to get the job done. Save A Child's Heart provides life-saving heart surgeries to children from developing countries in Israel. Since 1996, children have come to SACH from countries such as Ethiopia, Nigeria, Zanzibar, Moldova, Viet Nam and China, while close to half the number of children treated at SACH are

Palestinian or from Arab countries, including Jordan and Iraq. Follow up care and capacity-building are also an integral part of SACH's core mission and activities. SACH treats patients ranging in age from infants to teen-agers who receive various types of treatment that is necessary for their health problems, in Israel. The children now come from all corners of the world, including China, Congo, Ecuador, Ethiopia, Eritrea, Japan, Jamaica, England, Ghana, Jordan, Moldova, France, Nigeria, the Palestinian Authority, Russia, Sri Lanka, Ukraine, Germany, Mexico, Italy, Viet Nam and the island of Zanzibar, part of the Federation of Tanzania. Save A Child's Heart has a full out-reach program to train medical personnel in poor countries. The ultimate goal is to create centers in these countries, enabling local medical personnel to provide needed treatment in their own environment. Programs bring doctors and nurses to the SACH center for in-depth post-graduate training in all facets of pediatrics. In addition, our staff travels overseas to educate and perform surgery in cooperation with local personnel. However, until our goal is achieved, children with congenital heart problems are brought to Israel for surgery and other cardiac care. Save A Child's Heart provides all its services in cooperation with the Wolfson Medical Center in Holon. Save A Child's Heart exists today because of the vision, passion and boundless energies of the late Dr. Ami Cohen, an excellent surgeon, an inspiring leader and a warm and caring person. Ami was the driving force that created SACH and turned it into an important contributor to children's health worldwide. In August, 2001 Ami passed away. His friends and colleagues in Save A Child's Heart sorely miss him, but continue to emulate his enthusiasm and dedication, bringing the organization to even greater achievements. Dr. Cohen immigrated to Israel from the United States in 1992. Save A Child's Heart came into being in 1995 when Dr. Cohen was contacted by an Ethiopian doctor who was referred to him by a mutual friend at the University of Massachusetts. He asked for Dr. Cohen's help with two children in desperate need of heart surgery. From this beginning the SACH medical team of highly skilled doctors, nurses and paramedics has now grown to over seventy members in Israel and has operated on hundreds of children.

The astounding success rate of 96% has been achieved without hardly any publicity, public relations and with little money. Our greatest achievement is that all the children, regardless of color, creed, sex or religion, are treated free of charge in Israel with the finest medical care at the cutting-edge of technology provided by Save A Child's Heart, in cooperation with the Wolfson Medical Center."

Seventeen-hundred children from twenty-seven countries have received help in the past twelve years. So we feel it is really a great help to the whole world that this organization is helping poor children. And we very much love the little home where they can get help before the operation and after the operation. We want you to know about this place and see what great work goes out from Israel to the entire world.

I won't go on telling about the special projects, because we still have a lot of poor and needy Arabs, Israelis and Africans, especially children, whom we are helping with clothes and food, etc., and students and other teen-agers, new immigrants. We just want, through all this, to show the love of God and let it flow to other people. We believe that we and you and all of us who believe in the Lord have to listen to the words the Lord told Abraham, in Genesis, the first book of Moses, Chapter 12: "I will bless you" and afterwards He says, "and you will be a blessing". That is what we want to believe, that God is blessing us and we are blessing others.

Chapter 39

Our teaching about Israel

Peter:

To finish this book, we want to answer some very important questions we have received from our Jewish friends. When we tell them we are teaching about Israel in all parts of the world, they ask us, "How can you teach for a whole week or more about Israel? What are you teaching?" It is a very important question because we can see, wherever we go in the world that people know too little about Israel. In the Western world, we read the Bible, but very few are really studying the scriptures and believing what God says about Israel. In the Eastern world many people have not read the Bible, or they only have had the Bible for a very few years. In other countries, many of them cannot read, and it can be very difficult for them to know exactly what the word of God says about Israel.

But we have experienced in the African world, and in the southern American world that people know the Bible, they read it and study it. People are really interested in every word written in the word of God. When we are there, teaching about Israel, they are very interested, they believe in the word of God. In our own country we can see that more and more people are listening to the preachers and believe what the preachers are telling them about Israel. So, for us it is very, very important to teach exactly what the word of God says about Israel. We can use many weeks to teach about them.

We have traveled in many different countries and we really feel that it is God who has called us to do this and is also showing us what the word of God is. For us, it is very important what we believe, because we can see that in many parts of the world, people are believing the media, in what the television is showing about the Middle East, the internet, the newspapers – all the different types of media and what they are saying about Israel. For us, it is very important to put stress on the fact that you can choose: – do you want to believe in the media or do you want to believe in the word of God, the Bible? Many years

ago, we chose to believe the Bible. This faith has been in our hearts since we were born, as you know from our story. During the last fifty years, we have been very, very concerned about the Christianity that does not believe in the word of God but only have a religion. We ourselves have been studying a lot, writing and teaching about everything we read in the Bible.

Simply said, the Jewish people believe in the Old Testament, the five books of Moses, and many believe in the Prophets. We, as Christians, believe also in The old Testament together with The New Testament. Many people mark a division here, saying the Old Testament is for the Jews, the New Testament is for the Christian believers. But we can say from our hearts that this is not true. You have to believe in the whole Bible. You cannot believe in the Old Testament without studying or at least trying to believe in the New Testament. And you cannot believe in the New Testament without believing in the Old Testament, because the New Testament is just a continuation of the Old Testament. The knowledge about Israel is to be found in the Old Testament. All of the Old Testament is the story of Israel and it continues in the new Testament. If you change that, you change the word of God, and that is very, very dangerous.

The word of God tells us in the Book of Revelation, if you change the word of God, even by one word, it's very dangerous. Then you get people to misunderstand what God's word is. For us it is very important to know that The New Testament is also the story of the people of Israel. In the New Testament you hear about Jesus who died for the whole world. He was a Jew! In Pauls letter to the Romans, verses 9,10,11, you see that we as Christian gentiles who have been born again, we have been grafted unto the same olive tree as Israel is, we have the same roots as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

Most of you reading this book know that the history of Israel started after Adam and Eve sinned in the Garden of Eden. In the first chapters after that, God tells us that he had a plan to choose a people who would believe in Him, trust Him and be obedient to Him. As we know, during the time of Noah, people didn't believe in God. Only

Noah was left, who was a real righteous man. God saved him and his family from the flood.

Then God started over again and in His mercy searched for people who would believe in Him, trust Him and be obedient to Him. Then he found the man, Abram, and called him from his home. It is written in Genesis 12 that God said to Abram: "Leave your country, your people, and your father's household and go to the land that I will show you." From verse 1 to 3, it is written, "I will make you into a great nation and I will bless you and will make your name great and you will be a blessing. I will bless those who bless you and whoever curses you I will curse. All people on earth will be blessed through you."

When we read about Abraham, we cannot re-tell every detail here, but we know that God promised Abraham and his wife, Sara, to have a child who would be the foundation of the people of Israel. But because they couldn't wait for God's timing, Abraham chose to be with Sara's housemaid, who became pregnant with a child, given the name Ishma'el. After that God told Abraham, in Chapter 13, verse 14 and on, after He had parted from him, "Lift up your eyes from where you stand and look north, south, east and west. All the land that you see I will give to you and your offspring forever. I will make your offspring like the dust of the earth, so if anyone could count the dust of the earth, then your offspring could be counted. Go, walk the length and the breadth of the land, for I am giving it to you." That is what we are teaching in the countries we go to, that God chose Abraham as a righteous man, he told him to leave everything, the false gods, his old life, because God is showing him where he should go, to a great country, He will give him children, thousands, millions of children. It was a promise God gave him and his offspring, forever. So now it is very important that we also believe in that, because then we can understand the entire situation in the world today, in the Middle East today.

Then, of course, Abraham thought it should be the first-born son, Ishma'el, to whom all this land would belong. God told Abraham, in Chapter 17, Genesis, that He had another plan. We want to write it all down, because it is very, very important that we believe in these

words. God said to Abraham, from verse 15, "Sarai, your wife, you are no longer to call her Sarai. I will call her Sara. I will bless her and will surely give you a son by her. I will bless her so that she will be the mother of nations, kings of people will come from her." Abraham fell face down, he laughed and said, "Will a son be born to a man a hundred years old? Will Sara bear a child at the age of ninety?" And Abraham said to God, "If only Ishma'el might live and honor your blessing".

Verse 19: listen to what God said: "Yes, but your wife Sara will bear you a son and you will call him Isaac. I will establish my covenant with him as an everlasting covenant for his descendants after him. And as for Ishma'el, I have heard you. I will surely bless him. I will make him fruitful and will greatly increase his numbers. He will be the father of twelve rulers and I will make him into a great nation, but my covenant I will establish with Isaac who Sara will bear to you by this time next year."

Here we can see God's plan. Even if you think it is unjust, you have to trust God, because He knows what is His will, what is best for the whole world. God very often goes against human logic. But it is written that the covenant with Isaac will be an everlasting covenant, for his descendants, and nobody can change that. But when you look at Ishma'el, you can see that God's promises have already been fulfilled regarding the descendants of Ishma'el, because they have been very fruitful and they have increased greatly in numbers and have had many rulers. Even now I believe they have twelve rulers. God has made them into a very great nation, millions and millions. They have got riches, and whatever God could do to bless them. But the covenant about the land and the promises to Abraham about Isaac's descendants will always be there.

If you read the entire Book of Genesis, you will find out what is God's plan. When we read there in Chapter 26: verse 3, we can see how God spoke to Isaac. When Isaac wanted to part from the land, the Lord said to him, "Do not go down to Egypt, live on the land where I tell you to live. Stay on this land for a while and I will be with you and bless you. To you and your descendants I will give all this land and

reconfirm the oath I swore to your father, Abraham." Here we see how the promises continue down to Isaac.

If you go on to Jacob, you can see in Genesis 28:13, where God spoke to Jacob, "I am the Lord, the God of your father Abraham and the God of Isaac. I will give you and your descendants the land on which you are living. Your descendants will be like the dust of the earth, and you will spread out to the west and the east, to the north and the south. All the people on earth will be blessed through you and your offspring." Here we can see that the promises God gave to Abraham and Isaac went on to Jacob, and he settled down on the land of Canaan, the land promised to Abraham and Isaac.

And if we go on, we can see even in Moses, God was faithful and told Moses about the land He had promised to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In the book of Deuteronomy, 34:4 we can see that God still had the same plan for Israel. Even if you read only the first chapter, verses 1-5, you will see that the promises of God continue on. It's the same throughout the Bible. Therefore we are teaching about the land of Israel, the land of Canaan that was promised to Israel, to the people of God. You can see how God even chose the people. We have now seen that God chose the land, and that He wanted to make it an everlasting covenant. But even the people were chosen by God, to be a foundation for the people who would love the Lord, love His word and be obedient to Him. In Deuteronomy 7:6, it is written, "For you are a people holy to the Lord your God. The Lord your God has chosen you out of all the peoples on the face of the earth, to be His people, His treasured possession. The Lord did not set His affection on you and choose you because you were more numerous than others, for you were fewer than all other peoples. It was because the Lord loved you and kept the oath that He swore to your forefathers, that he brought you out with a mighty hand and redeemed you from the land of slavery, from the power of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. Know therefore that the Lord your God is God. He is a faithful God, keeping His covenant of love to a thousand generations who love Him and keep His commands."

The land

So we see that the land was chosen by God and even we see in some scriptures that the land belonged to God. The Israelites were not allowed to sell it, because the land was God's land.

The people

Here we can see that the people were chosen by God. The descendants of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were not most numerous or most clever, but they were the people God loved and He wanted to make them a holy people.

The holy city

We always stress that even the city Jerusalem belongs to God. Many leaders in the world today want to divide Jerusalem, divide the country, but it is written in many places that God does not allow anybody to do that without punishment. In Psalms 48 we can see that the city of Jerusalem belongs to the King of Kings. Verse 1: "Great is the Lord and most worthy of praise in the city of our God, in His holy mountain. It is beautiful in its loftiness. The joy of beholders, mount Zion, the city of the great King". Here we can see how it is chosen to be the city of the great king and no human being is allowed to divide Jerusalem. We believe that and we teach that. It belongs to God.

Remember: The land belongs to God, the people belong to God and the city belongs to God. We could teach a lot about Jerusalem. We do that actually in our teachings. Jerusalem is the heart of God. He loves Jerusalem, He is jealous when anyone takes over Jerusalem, He is very angry at those who want to divide it, He loves Jerusalem and He loves his people. It is written in Zephaniah, chapter 3, that God is going to make Jerusalem the most praised on earth.

The prophets

As I said, we believe very much in the whole Bible and we believe in the Prophets in the Old Testament. We can see that all God's prophets in the Old Testament tell about God's wrath upon His people, because they were unfaithful, disobedient, they followed many other gods, they did many wrong things. But when you read the prophets, you find out that at the end God is really merciful to His people, He will forgive them all their sins, He will restore the country,

the people and the city of Jerusalem. God will be faithful to His own word.

Today, many church leaders are teaching that God has changed His mind about Israel. But that is not true, that is not the word of God. Take time to read all the prophets and you will see that God still loves His people and His land. About Jerusalem, when you look in Zachariah, chapters 12 and 14, that God is going to look after the city of Jerusalem, He will punish anyone who seeks to divide it or destroy it. In Isaiah, chapter 16, you will see how mighty God is and how loving and caring He is about His city, Jerusalem.

We are also teaching about the punishment coming to those people who go against God's will, concerning Israel. It is written in the Book of Yo'el, 3:1-3, about the end times. We believe it is the time we are now living in. "In those days and at that time, when I restore the fortunes of Judah and Jerusalem, I will gather all nations and bring them down to the valley of Jehoshafat. There I will enter into judgment, concerning my inheritance, my people Israel, for they scattered my people among the nations and divided up my land." So here we can see it is very, very dangerous to go against God's people and divide up His land. And that is what we hear these days about the world leaders, they want to divide the land, they want to divide Jerusalem. Even the leaders in Israel want to make peace by giving away some of the land and to divide Jerusalem. Here we really have to be awake, because you cannot play with God. God's word is truthful, unchangeable. God will do what He has said He will do.

When we read the prophets, we can see in Jeremiah, and in all the prophets, how God has a plan for His people. In Jeremiah, chapter 31, you can see how God is going to restore His people and is going to forgive them. He will give them a new covenant, a wonderful covenant. See chapter 31, verse 31: "The time is coming, declares the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah. It will not be like the covenant I made with their forefathers, when I took them by the hand to lead them out of Egypt; they broke my covenant, though I was their master, declared the Lord. This is the covenant I will make with the house of Israel,

after that time, declares the Lord. I will put my law in their minds and write it on their hearts. I will be their God and they will be my people. No longer will a man teach his neighbor or a man his brother, "know the Lord", because they will all know me, from the least of them to the greatest, declares the Lord. I will forgive their weakness and remember their sins no more". Further on in that chapter we can see, that if the heavens above would change, the sun, the moon and the stars, if God would allow these natural things to change, He would change His mind about Israel. But it is so certain that the Lord is faithful and will go on being faithful to His people.

We are teaching people all around the world, we are writing books, and articles for the newspapers, that people should read the Bible, not only believe what they hear on the media or from their leaders in the church. For example, you can see in the book of Jeremiah, chapter 33, how God is forgiving Israel all their sins. In verse 36, amazing things are written about how God will call His people home. It is a very, very interesting chapter. He already called His people home. It is a miracle how the Jewish people are returning home from all over the world. You can see how God is bringing them together, is giving them His spirit and even the former Judah and Israel will be united. Then we read in chapter 37 how God will act with His people. Even chapter 37 is fantastic chapter. Then you come to the chapters on how God will make war against Israel's enemies.

Please also study chapters 38 and 39 in Ezekiel and you will find that people from all over the world will come and fight and try to take over the land of God, but the people of Israel will just look at the enemies and see how they go about killing each other, destroying each other. It will be a mighty war, but God will be fighting for His people. When you go on reading the prophets, throughout it is written that God says, "I will", "I will". People can do nothing about all the happenings and the events we have in the world today. But God has a plan and it is written again and again that He will do what is going to be done. So we should really honor God and think what God is going to do with this situation.

When we teach all these things about Israel and many other things I won't mention now, we always teach against anti-Semitism. Because the spirit of anti-Semitism, even among the Christians before World War II, we find it still exists in the world. Many people act against Israel, ready to destroy its people and take over the country, and kill the Jews wherever they are. We teach about this and even the so-called replacement theology. In Psalms 83 we read about anti-Semitism, how the countries want to destroy Israel. But in Romans, 9, 10 and 11, we find that there will be a kind of Christianity that stands with the Jewish people, when other preachers are teaching its members in the church that now only the church is God's chosen people. And, of course, when we are real believers and we believe in the Messiah and we trust in him, we are also chosen by God to be one with Israel. But we are not alone. You cannot just destroy the word of God, you cannot remove all the promises to Israel. So we cannot replace Israel in any way. We can see clearly that God is doing His will with Israel on earth, so everybody can see through Israel, that God is the Lord.

We feel that Israel is like a big arena, where people from all over the world can look down and see what God is doing, and what people are doing. In the end, God will fight for His people, He will protect His people and turn it into a mighty praise on earth. It is written in the Bible, and we, all nations all over the world, should be humble.

We, and millions of Christian believers with us, are clearly convinced that we are a part of Israel. We have the same roots. We got our savior, our faith, from the Jewish people. We are one with the Jewish people. We cannot change that. It is very important to read in the book of Romans, chapters 9, 10 and 11.

We also used to teach all the Christian believers throughout the world what they could do to help Israel:

Whenever we teach about Israel, all over the world, the Christian believers always ask us, "But what can we do to help Israel? What should we remember concerning Israel?" We teach them what to do. There is so much one can do and we give them many important things they can do: First, if you know the truth about Israel through the

word of God and through what you yourself are reading and studying about Israel, you have to then tell others about it. It is very important to spread the good news and to tell that there is hope for Israel, because so says God's word.

Second, you have to bless Israel and not curse it. God told Abraham, in Genesis, chapter 12, that it is very important to bless Abraham's descendants and not to curse. Because, as it is written, if you bless you will be blessed, and if you curse, you will be cursed. God loves all the people in the world, even the Arabs, the other descendants of Abraham through Hagar, and we have to pray for all the millions of Arabs around the world, that they may see the truth in the word of God.

Third, you can pray for Israel. It is written about the High Priest, Aaron, who went in before God every time with all the names of the twelve tribes of Israel on his garment and he prayed for the people. That is also what we should do, God will remind us to pray for Israel, every time when we go and pray.

Fourth, we also have to remember to pray especially for the peace of Jerusalem. It is written in Psalm 122, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. May those who love you be secure, may there be peace within your walls and security within your citadels." The psalm tells about the love of God for Israel, but also the love of His people for Israel. So we should pray for the peace of Jerusalem, we should love it and wish it peace and do the best we can for Jerusalem.

Fifth, you should also read in the Book of Isaiah, chapter 60, where it is written about many things we should do nowadays for the Jewish people. We can bring our riches, all what God puts into our hearts to do, bring it all to Israel and bless the people with your riches. It is written in verse 5 - 8 about the ingathering of the Jews, coming home from all over the world. It is written that foreigners will help them to come home. We can also help with our money and our prayers to bless the people from all over the world who want to go back to their homeland, to Israel. Verse 10 is about how foreigners will come and rebuild the ruins of Israel. We know of many volunteers who throughout the years have come to Israel to help in kibbutzim and

other places. Even today, on the internet, you can search for places where you can go and help rebuild the country.

Sixth: you can also ask God to fulfill all His promises very fast, because it will be a wonderful time when God has fulfilled His promises to Israel. Then they will go and glorify the Lord all over the world and be a blessing to the whole world.

Seventh: you should pray and ask God to spread His holy spirit on the people, as it is written in the book of Yo'el, that in the last days God will pour out His spirit upon His people and will do mighty things.

Eighth: you can also pray that the Jewish people may see their Messiah and be sure that he will help them. Tell them about all the promises from God about the Messiah. But you can only do that if you know the Bible. So from today, if you didn't read very much in your Bible, you should start to study, even when you go through things you don't understand. Just go on and go on, and eventually you will become very wise, knowing the will of God about Israel.

In Isaiah, chapter 40, verse 9, it is written, "Come forth, come forth, my people, says your God. Speak tenderly to Jerusalem and proclaim to her that her hard service has been completed, that her sin has been paid for, she has received from the Lord's hands double for all her sins."

You can be "a watchman on the walls of Jerusalem." Not maybe going down there, praying, but in your home and in small groups, you can choose to be a watchman. It is written in Isaiah, chapter 62, that God is really in love with Jerusalem. Because of that, He has posted watchmen on the walls of Jerusalem. As is written in verse 6 of chapter 62, "I have posted watchmen on your walls, oh Jerusalem, they will never be silent, day or night. You who call on the Lord give yourselves no rest and give Him no rest until He establishes Jerusalem and makes it the praise of the earth." It seems as if God can do everything himself, but He is also choosing and electing people to stand with Him, and to pray and to call on Him, not to give him rest until He does what He has promised to do. We have seen that, for example, in Denmark, our country. For the last ten years, God has raised up small groups all over Denmark, who come together at

least once a week to pray for Israel, for the people of Jerusalem. These groups are very faithful. They get faith for the future of Israel and stand with Israel in all ways.

There are many things you can do for Israel. We are sure, if you are reading the word and asking God to help you understand and you have your prayers, God will put in your mind what you can do to bless Israel.

We ourselves have felt that we should write this book and it's one of the things we can do. We want to send it out to all the nations we know and to send it out to Israel also, and we ask God to make it a blessing and to strengthen the faith of His people.

Throughout everything that we have written in this book, we have wanted to honor God, our Lord, our savior, our creator. He is everything for us, we love Him and we want to adore Him and worship Him. We want to ask Him to bless this book, so even you who are reading will put these words into your heart. Think about it and ask God to show you the way, how you can be a blessing. And even to confirm for you that God is still alive, God is still fulfilling His promises and He is not like human beings. He is God the creator, our almighty Father, and He will do what He has promised to do.

May God bless you!