

September, 2018

September Vigil

It was a calm evening. The birds of the air could be heard singing with great joy as they celebrated God's awesome grace as we did. The wind was blowing calmly making the trees around Imani swing softly as if they understood the tunes sung by the visibly joyful birds. The flowers on the flower beds shone brightly, making the environment express the beauty of God's creation. Soft music could be heard from the chapel, awakening the hearts of all that could hear them from within and beyond.



As early as five o'clock in the evening, arrival had begun. People from all walks of life coming to Imani chapel where all looked forward to building their faith and finding hope for those who had lost it. People from every corner of the nation and outside, all were in attendance. Visitors from Tanzania and America were not left behind. Every person coming through the gate was in the mood of worship, making it difficult to differentiate between the members of the praise and worship team from the others since all of them were singing beautifully. The hopeful hearts could be read from outside as one listened to their praises to the most High God. No one could believe that the overnight vigil had begun before dusk as the people began praying long before; upon their arrival. All the hearts seemed to have a yearning, a yearning to see the face of the Lord and remain steadfast in faith as was the theme of the day.

The *Kesha* was finally on. The Praise and Worship team, smartly dressed in black and white, were on the altar. The worship session was characterized with an outpouring of the Holy Spirit, with everyone crying to their maker from deep down their souls.

Tears flowed down the cheeks of the praise and worship team as well as the members of the congregation. The seemingly hardy men were not spared too. They could be heard groaning like never before. It was all about the person and the Lord, all about the personal relationship with the Lord. Nobody minded what the other thought of him or her. The praise session was full of manifestation of the Holy Spirit. The zeal and the energy made the dancing moves rhyme with the tunes.

The word came clearly to the eagerly awaiting souls. That day, a couple, was graced to pass the message. Mr. and Mrs. Emmanuel Baraza were the speakers of the day. The main verse from **Romans 12:1-2** "*Therefore, I urge you, brothers and sisters, in view of God's mercy, to offer your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and pleasing to God—this is your true and proper worship. Do not conform to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is—his good, pleasing and perfect will*".

The verse was well expounded by the servants of God. The down-hearted felt uplifted, the sick received their healing while the others were strengthened in faith. Miracles were witnessed and scores gave their lives to Christ. The word was so convicting thus making it difficult for anyone not to experience the move of God. Nobody could tell as time passed by. It was morning again. The chapel was still full as if it was just the beginning of another service.

Many felt it should have continued so that they could continue to encounter the presence of the Lord more and more. But the fact was that another overnight vigil will be there next month made them feel hopeful for the next one. It could be told from far, for the glory of God shone on the faces of people as they walked out to go back to their homes.

TESTIMONIES

I FOUND HOPE IN CHRIST

I knew I would surely die. There was no one to help me. I had lost hope of living anymore and all I was praying for was to have a good rest and be found in eternity. Only my mother was close to me by that time. My whole body was paralyzed. I could not stand or sit. I could not even feed myself; even being fed by my mother had become difficult since it was very painful swallowing food. I relied on porridge and milk as my daily meal.



Faustina, from Kahama, Tanzania

My husband sent me back to my mother's home the moment I fell ill and was left behind with the children. Some of my sisters helped my mother to take care of me. I had sought for medication from various hospitals but all in vain. The whole world appeared to be against me. The very people we laughed with in the past became so hostile and unfriendly to me. I was left with no friend at that desperate moment of my life. Other than my mother and my sisters, nobody else gave me hope to live. I cried from morning to evening. Nobody could silence me. I was carried to many places of worship but the situation did not change.

Psalms 121:1-2 "I lift up my eyes to the mountains. Where does my help come from? My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth".

But God made a way for me through His servants from Imani Radio (Rev. Winnie) who visited our country, Tanzania and prayed for me. I can remember well that one female servant told me I would walk after the prayer but I could not believe. I thought it was just a statement as the others which had been said before.

The servants prayed for me and assured me that by faith I could be well again. I gained faith from the fellowship that I had with the servants of God from Imani media.

Here I am today testifying that just as the servants told me, now I can walk. That is what has made me come to Kenya all the way from Tanzania to thank God and give Him glory. I decided to come to this *Kesha* to testify before Imani Media fans and staff that the Lord healed me through the servants from this great center.

GOD BROUGHT MY DAUGHTER & GAVE ME HEALING

She arrived at Imani and was prayed for. The servants of God at Imani encouraged and gave her hope. She started building her faith in Christ Jesus and God did not disappoint either, she got healing and her daughter returned back to school all through prayers before she even left Imani!

She could not sleep that night. The Head teacher's words kept going round and round her mind time and again. The mystery of her daughter going missing on her way back to school gave her a nightmare like none other before. The pain of the ulcers she had been suffering from right from her tender age could not let go of her. She did not know what to do. Sometimes she could wish it could be morning so that she could try finding her but just before the idea faded she recalled what she had tried doing the previous day but all was in vain.



Mary alias Mama Wanjiku from Chepchoina

The memories were still running fresh in her mind. The footage of her daughter's departure from home kept lingering in her mind. The call she received from the head teacher, informing her that her daughter had not arrived at school kept hitting her hard. But that was all nothing compared to the pain she was getting whenever she could recall the guesses that her friends made as probable reasons as to why she did not arrive at school

with some giving abduction as a reason. She cried all night through until her tears could come no more. Her eyes remained open the whole night. She could hear the voice of a needle falling down.

The morning was finally here. She woke up and just began looking for her daughter. She made many calls to all the probable people her daughter might have gone to. She boarded a *matatu* to Kitale town to see if she could lay her eye on her beloved daughter. She did not want to imagine abduction as one of the possible reasons for her daughter's failure to arrive at school. However, after a few hours of searching around the streets of Kitale town, she lost the remaining hope. She could not find her.

Finally she was tired. All her efforts had gone futile. She sat down on a bench placed outside a shop. She could not hold her tears anymore. They flowed down her cheeks freely. The idea of abduction had just started materializing. All she could see was darkness in her life. Shattered dreams of seeing her daughter become a woman of substance. She had done all she could think of as a mother.

But something came to her mind. She remembered a programme she had been listening to through Imani Radio. She had heard of miracles happening after people attended the vigil prayers at Imani center. But she did not even know where Imani center is located. Through consultation from a few people who came to console her, she had a hint and took a *Boda Boda* that would bring her to Imani Media.

She arrived at Imani and was prayed for. The servants of God at Imani encouraged and gave her hope. After prayers and counseling, she could afford a smile. She could see the light. She started building her faith in Christ Jesus and God did not disappoint either, she got healing and her daughter returned back to school all through prayers before she even left Imani!

She had not even left Imani Center when the Head Teacher of her girl's school called. The news of her daughter's arrival was broken to her. She shed tears of joy. She could not hesitate giving the testimony of the healing of her post caesarean operation wound that had not healed for long, making her spend a lot on medication. She had tried to visit various other churches seeking healing but she couldn't be healed. But just by listening to Imani Radio as one minister preached, she received her healing by just touching her wound and the other hand on the radio. Her glittering eyes could tell the joy in her heart. Indeed, she had all gratitude to God for his faithfulness. She could not fail to say loudly that Imani through God's word and prayer had given her hope, where she had lost all hope.

Mama Wanjiku Alias Mary from Chepchoina

I RECEIVED DOUBLE HEALING

My stomach had been disturbing me for so long. I could not eat some meals since they could cause me great pain. I could not be able to do anything whenever it was aching. It could deny me peace all the time. I could miss some very important occasions due to the stomach ache as I saw myself as a liability to the people around me.

After a series of visits to various hospitals I decided to try God. I began to believe that my healing would not come from elsewhere but from the Lord. I had heard people testify through Imani Radio and TV how they had been healed but I wanted to experience it by myself.



As I was listening to the radio one day, I heard a preacher asking those with needs to call and he would pray for them. I took a step of faith and made the call to the radio. As the pastor was praying, I heard a cool wave moving inside my stomach and immediately, a relaxation. That is how I received my healing and to date I have never had the stomachache again.

By that time, I was in a sad mood as I had had a miscarriage. I had decided not to have a child again since it was not the first miscarriage. It was a traumatizing moment in my life. I had a lot of fears for my marriage since I knew my husband could marry another wife. The healing miracle gave me a lot of confidence in the Lord and that season I kept listening to Imani Radio. One day, I heard of a *Kesha* at Imani and made up my mind to attend.

The overnight vigil was full of God's manifestation. After the preaching, I responded to the Altar call and the servant of God prayed for me. I felt a strange feeling in my body and knew it was God healing me. After the prayer, the servant of God told me I would give birth to a baby boy.

Today as I stand here I have a testimony that the Lord did it for me. I decided to come and give my testimony at the *Kesha* because the Lord blessed me through it.

Jane Baraza from Saboti

REPORT OF WEST POKOT WATER BOREHOLES

Somewhere in the arid west, when you are driving, this signpost suddenly appears on your right hand directing you to a community that Imani and Faith Radio helped to drill a water borehole, a Church and a pastor's house. It looks like a joke because the where the arrow points to, there is no road as we know; instead there is a cattle track winding in the shrubs and stumps of trees.

You have got to be an expert driver to dodge and navigate through the boulders, stumps of trees, bushes and huge holes that suddenly appear out of nowhere.



I took time this past week to go and inspect the projects and found out that the first borehole is doing well; animals had been driven from 5 or more kilometers to come and water here. Women too, who are the main water resource persons were coming in from equally long distances.

I found out that though the pump was working, but was very hard for the children to operate because of the worn rubbers. My water technician will be going back this coming week to replace the rubbers.



The first borehole at Mokongwa

We drove to the second borehole where we found nursery school children breaking for lunch. A few of the children were carrying little jerry cans that they will use to take water home perhaps from some other borehole many kilometers away.

We were informed by the teacher that the borehole had stopped working 2 months ago and now the villagers were walking some distance to look for this precious commodity. On inspecting the pump, the technician averred that the pump cylinder may have broken its walls and the pipes broken too. We are praying for a replacement of the cylinder and pipes.



The second borehole

Before leaving we went next door to the nursery school and were shocked that the children did not have chairs or desks. The children squatted on the dusty floor. The class is only one and teacher was wondering what will happen next year when near pupils come in and these ones will be promoted to class 1? Pray for this school and the teacher and also the situation on the borehole.

PARTNER WITH US

To support Imani Media Ministries in reaching out to God's people; you can partner with us by praying for the ministry needs. We are currently in need of Frequency Fees, TV equipment's to enhance our television broadcasting, studio, building of Uganda studios.

Thank you for your prayers and support. Imani Radio & Television remain on air to broadcast the good news to millions of people as well as reaching out through our outreach ministries because of you. We ask you to keep us in prayer. You may also donate through our website: www.imaniradio.org or through our partner website: www.faithradio.us.