



From Eric's India Mission Diaries

February 27th 1994

Before this evening's meeting in **Kahma**, a village in Punjab, I went into spiritual warfare and felt what seemed like a heavy metal helmet clamp on my head.

Bal could see it in the Spirit, and said it was shaped like a Hindu temple. I pleaded the Blood of Jesus, and the helmet of salvation, until the feeling lifted.

The meeting was in a large open tent with about 150 people. I preached with a freedom and a passion. I shared about a client of mine who had been delivered from alcoholism. I gave a word of knowledge that there was a man in the tent with a crippled right arm whom God wanted to heal.

That man dramatically responded tearing off his head cloth and running to the front. He was both the village drunk, and he had a totally withered, atrophied, useless right-arm, just a thin length of skin hanging by his side.

I led him to Jesus and he also received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Then I prayed for his arm.

Glory to Jesus! His arm was totally and instantly restored. He raised it, and he was punching the air with it, winding it round and round like a windmill, and forcing it up behind his back to demonstrate how complete was his healing. Finally he dramatically raised both his arms and shouted "Hallelujah!"

After that we had so many coming forward for salvation and healing, we lost count. I can't record all the healings. It was well after 1 o'clock in the morning by the time we were through.

March 6th 1994

This evening we went to the house of a woman in **Dalhousie**, a town in the mountains of H.P. She was being tormented by evil spirits.

I thought I was going there just to minister deliverance. However, we found the place packed with people and an overflow outside. Pastor Rajan said, "Eric will now share the Word of God." I had prepared nothing. I felt to preach the Gospel out of Ephesians 2:1-13. Gordon said he's never heard me preach with such power and authority.

Two came forward for salvation, and then two or three more. We led them to Christ, and into the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Then the tormented lady, a worshipper of Kali,

the Hindu goddess of destruction, a hideous demon spirit, was brought forward. I commanded the demons out in the Name of Jesus. She went to the floor shaking violently. There was a second manifestation, which I also addressed.

Eventually she lay still and stayed that way on the floor for five or ten minutes. Then she got up, set free.

So I made another altar call, and her whole family came to the Lord, parents, brothers, etc., and others came too, many from outside the house, maybe 20 or so altogether.

Gordon prayed for one man who was completely healed from pain between the shoulders. Before we left, we prayed right through the house.

The whole place was alive with joy and dancing; especially the elderly mother of the woman who was delivered, she danced the night away! It was a *wow* of a night!

March 11 – 15th 1997

Chamba, a town on the River Ravi surrounded by high mountains, is an important centre for remote peoples and is often cut off by snow for months at a time. In terms of evangelism, this is a most neglected part of India, and therefore of the world.

Millions here have never heard the Gospel preached, nor the Name of Jesus. North India contains the world's densest population group unreached with the Gospel.

I was asked if I would finance Chamba's first ever Gospel crusade and be its principal speaker. I had to wait for confirmation until mid-January, so there was very little time to put it all together.

Even so, the Lord supplied magnificently, in terms of a brand new tent, a free seminar hall, and free use of a kitchen for believers coming a distance and sleeping in hired dormitories. He also provided a camera crew with full television lighting to record the evening meetings! This was totally unexpected.

The crusade was called "The Good News Festival", comprising five evening Gospel outreach meetings and two morning seminars on four mornings; the afternoons were left free. The Speakers were myself and George Irwin, a Bible Teacher and Evangelist from Uttar Pradesh.

We impacted a town filled with a number of Hindu temples, and the crusade site was across the street from a mosque! This was a very dark place.

Tribals from the remote mountain interiors were hearing the Gospel for the very first time; and whole families were being saved.

We didn't expect crowds of thousands, but we did get about 300, in the tent each night. And each night it was a largely different crowd, emphasising the town's transient nature. Many more stood outside and listened in the dark, and many heard in the streets, in shops and in their homes, as a loudspeaker system above the tent broadcast everything live, clear across town.

Countless more witnessed the meetings through the videos, which, I was told, were put out over cable television, twice in Chamba, and in at least two other locations.

People queued each evening for salvation and healing, and testified of immediate release from problems that had been afflicting them for years, ranging from legs, backs, kidneys, breathing problems, eye problems, hearing difficulties, etc.

People were filled with the Holy Spirit and began speaking in tongues. People were delivered from evil spirits. Families came for blessings. Mothers brought their little ones. I particularly remember one mum was so moved to tears by the love shown for her child, she came to the Lord.

During one of the morning seminars, a backslidden believer suddenly knelt at my feet and grasped my ankles. As I lifted him up, he became distressed; and I commanded an evil spirit to come out in Jesus' Name. He was thrown to the floor shaking but after a time, he became calm.

After perhaps 20 minutes or so, he rose to his feet in his right mind. He gave a testimony at that evening's meeting, and sang a song of wholehearted rededication to the Lord. He testified that he'd seen me in a vision as the apostle Paul!

A lady testified that her mother had been healed from a severe heart condition, and that as a result they had both come to the Lord. A couple requested not to be left alone, "because we have now come from darkness into light."

A Pastor arrived all the way from South India, and carrying some South Indian bananas to prove it. He said the Lord had sent him to pastor the new believers in Chamba, and so a new Church was planted!

He turned up just as the Crusade ended, the Lord's timing, having come 1600 miles!

March 19th & 20th 1997

I was at a church in **Nahan**, another hilltop town, for two days, a lot of ministry with healings and deliverance; one man in particular, an alcoholic, was cast to the floor and dramatically freed.

One message I preached provoked much deep and earnest prayer, even tears; the pastor was hugging me and many were pressing around me. A youth came up and gave me his ballpoint pen as a present. One brother even wanted my empty mineral water bottle as a keepsake!

I was particularly blessed and touched by their love. The brother who treasured my empty bottle and his two sisters, and another brother (unrelated), asked to wash my feet. They each did so in turn, and with such care and loving devotion, that I'll never forget them.

March 26th 1997

My final evening this trip was spent on a roof of a hospital in **Mohan Nagar** in U.P. I preached to a gathering of about 200.

The anointing was so strong! About 50 responded to receive Christ. Many more stayed an hour to an hour and a half to be prayed for. The pastor and his wife were truly astonished that people were prepared to stand and wait so long, and late, for ministry, confessing that they had not seen that before and yet they had arranged countless meetings for speakers from abroad.

There were many powerful healings - ears, eyes, legs, backs, mental health, headaches, arthritis, rheumatism, stomachs, kidneys etc.

A man was dramatically delivered from evil spirits. Even nurses from the hospital came up to the roof for healing.

Many were filled with the Spirit for the first time. Children came up and asked simply "Holy Spirit" and fell under the power as I touched them, tears of joy on their faces, and their moms' faces.

The pastor's wife told me: "It was a truly wonderful meeting, where the anointing came, and flowed, and the Gospel was communicated wonderfully and effectively to their hearts".

Praise the Lord! As he prayed before leaving, the pastor spoke of the Holy Spirit having moved "in a special way", of my having "a special anointing", and of being called not just to India, but to other nations.

He later wrote: "*Many people were blessed through your ministry. Many sick people were healed. Many people came to Church and glorified the Name of the Lord.....One sister named Mrs.Paul who was suffering for 14 years from arthritis was healed just after you prayed for her. She started coming to the Church regularly and she is growing*

in the Lord.....Another man who was suffering from epilepsy for many years fell down when you prayed. Afterwards he became all right. He did not get epilepsy since that day onwards..... The Lord enabled us to start a branch Church in that area where you preached the Word of God. We are thankful to God and to you..."

October 5th 1998

During the afternoon we travelled into the Punjab countryside to a village called **Paddi Sura Singh**.

About 200 came to the meeting. Four came to Jesus and many came forward for healing. One man confessed himself healed of chest and leg pains, another of back problems.

There were many on the fringes, who just stayed around for ages, reluctant to leave. After breakfast the next morning, a family of three came and gave their lives to Jesus.

Later in the morning, a dozen or so believers came and asked for prayer. So we linked hands and began to pray. As we did so, a woman became ferociously agitated and was cast to the floor in the midst of us. A demon was cast out of her that had come in through abortion.

After a Bible study, a lady wanted salvation and several came for healing.

Everyone I ministered to in the village received their healing except for two ladies, one with chronic neck pain who was constantly grimacing, and the other with a fever.

I had earlier prayed for my own healing, as I had developed stomach pains, and I had got my healing. But now I prayed that I would rather suffer than these two ladies not be healed, and my pains immediately returned.

I was convinced the ladies were now healed. And after some time in prayer my own healing was again restored. I did not see again the lady who had had the fever, but I'll never forget the lady who had had the neck condition smiling broadly and waving to me as we left.

October 6th 1998

I was in a village called **Mehli** in Punjab in front of 300.

It was hard getting any kind of a response at first; the presence of the headman at the meeting was inhibiting for many and I was told it was a very hard place. Four people came to the Lord, and many wanted prayer. Many tracts were given out.

A brother from another village gave a testimony. He said I had prayed for him in 1994 to get a decent job when he had been unemployed for ages with no qualifications, skills or prospects. Shortly after I'd prayed, a very good job had amazingly come his way. He was still in that job and prosperous! Hallelujah!

October 10th 1998

Three days in **Dalhousie**.

I was blessed to hear from Pastor Rajan that people are still stopping him in the street in Chamba because they've seen him on television! He said he knows of four other places in which the videos were screened, and he wants me to pray about another Crusade in Chamba.

Sunil, a believer at this evening's meeting, was saved out of deep darkness and completely healed in the 1997 crusade.

Only about 50 braved the cold weather. Many of them I ministered to, and I was kept very busy till late.

A Guard Commander in the Army came to the Lord. He was thoroughly converted, and was baptised in the Holy Spirit. In a day or so he was going up to the Indo-Pak war front.

Another brother rededicated his life and was also baptised in the Holy Spirit. Many came for healings and other needs; or they had been healed the previous night and were coming for more blessings.

Rajan later wrote of of Mala who had been trying for 6 years to have a child and who as I prayed, "felt as if the Lord had touched and healed her." He also wrote of "a blessed time of revival."

March 18th 2000

I have been eagerly looking forward to our trip today to **Surgani (H.P.)** to see Mala.

She now has a four-month-old baby daughter! I had such excitement and anticipation as I was led to her house, a wood and corrugated iron construction on the side of the valley.

What joy from her face, as she carried her baby, named Shiny, into the room! Such a brilliant smile, and Shiny was aptly named, full of joy and life.

Even if we could have understood one another, we could not speak; we were just transfixed with joy.

Her husband, Rajesh, had been brought to the Lord through this experience. He told me that their child was entirely due to my prayers. Shiny was of course the Lord's handiwork but what a moment!

What a shame we were together barely an hour. What a precious time as I held Shiny in my arms!

As we were leaving, Mala carried Shiny along the path to see us go. Seeing her there holding Shiny was too much for me. I hid my emotions by jumping out of the van for a last photo.

March 20th 2000

I took the second morning session today in **Bakloh** (H.P.). Those who said last night they would come to this session for salvation, came and received Jesus. They were a man with his wife, their two children, and his mother, and four others, making a total of nine.

Ravi also came, the tormented young man prone to fits. He had wanted ministry last night but could not approach me because of the anointing, and I had prayed for him from a distance. Today it was easier for him.

I began praying in tongues and he began shaking. I found my tongues rising in intensity and his shaking increased all the more. Finally I raised my hand toward him; and as I did, he was cast backwards to the floor and began convulsing, writhing and contorting.

His face was screwed up as if he was in pain, and he covered his face with his hands. He was rolling and writhing all over the place, with people desperate to get out of the way.

I followed him everywhere, speaking alternately in tongues and in English, commanding the evil spirits out in Jesus' Name. At one point he was levitating three feet off the floor and kicking, but I was totally focused on seeing this young man set free. Finally he lay still and seemed to be out in the Spirit.

When eventually he came to, he seemed much improved; but I did not witness that he was completely free. Even so, he smiled and waved as he left.

In the evening meeting, one soul came to Jesus and again there was a lot of ministry.

Who should come forward again but Ravi. As I began to pray, he was again cast down and it all began again, although by no means as severe. There were times when Ravi would lie still and the believers would encircle us singing praises. He would cough as more spirits left.

Everyone then went inside to eat, leaving me alone with Ravi. But I was still not

convinced that the 'strong man' spirit had left. I was determined to minister until he was totally free. I ignored their calls to eat and just carried on, quietly insisting that the demon had no choice but to leave.

Finally Ravi's chest heaved massively as the demon left him. And at last he was free indeed! Hallelujah! Ravi said that as he was writhing and rolling on the ground, the demon was manifesting before his eyes.... that it was hideous and had horns.

What a session! All glory to Jesus! Pastor Rajan said to me later, "You really worked hard for that brother!"

He described our two days of meetings as "fantastic" and "a tremendous work". He said that we had witnessed a real breakthrough in Bakloh.

March 23rd 2000

I was totally unprepared for the welcome I received in **Paddi Sura Singh**.

On the dirt ground of the drive to the compound where we were meeting, the words, "Welcome to Eric" were written large!

Then at the door of the house, the girls of the worship team showered me with rose petals and garlands, and they were popping sweets in my mouth, the traditional Indian welcome.

Rajan joked it was a better welcome than President Clinton's, who was in Delhi on a State visit.

In the afternoon Ravi appeared! He had taken buses, and tracked us down! He said he was in great peace. His family had been telling him just to accept his healing and continue as a Hindu, but no, he told them he's following Christ now. Hallelujah!

I preached in the evening and one man gave his life to the Lord. Ministry followed.

Many were instantly healed. Ravi came forward yet again for ministry, this time for swollen toes, which were instantly and visibly healed. It was then a joy to see him joining in the Punjabi dancing that spontaneously followed!

This young guy who had once been in deep darkness, demon possessed, and with swollen feet, was now dancing for joy in the Kingdom of God completely free and healed in Jesus! The Pastors joined in. Another wonderful day!