

I left Kitale, Kenya, to travel back to West Pokot. After four hours of a hot, dust filled, jolting drive, my team and I finally reached our campground deep in the mountains of West Pokot, located at the foot of the rugged peaks of Mt. Kapchau.



We slept well in our tents as we felt the cool breeze during the night coming off the mountain, towering above us. After the cool morning, we soon were warmed by hot camel's milk tea, which the Mamas faithfully provided for us. Over five years ago, this place where we camped was given to us by the elders of the local village of Leyo. Resting on the edge of a small mountain, the campground has an awesome view of Mt. Kapchau and mountains of Uganda in the far distance.

The next morning was filled with camel's milk tea, fellowship, and prayer concerning our next travels, which was the main purpose of our journey.



We made plans to drive another four hours north to the village of Nakali, where we would camp another night, sleeping on the rocky slope of another mountain, then we would make the short hike of 2 hours to a remote village. This was not just any regular Pokot village. This is the village of the “Libong”, the only traditional prophet for all of the Pokot tribe of over 700,000 people. In 2012 he had given his life to Jesus, but others kept him from us so we have not been able to disciple him. These Pokots were hoping that his powers would return, but the powers have not. Some of these people were his own sons, and others were elders from surrounding villages. On one occasion, a big black bull was sacrificed in order to put a curse on me and kill me. Though I became very sick, the Lord sustained me and the curse was broken.

Recently, thirty men visited the old prophet and wanted him to make it rain, since the rains had not come when they were expected, and the people were becoming desperate. He explained to them that he no longer had his powers and was not able to make it rain. He said that he had given his life to Jesus, and when the missionary and five pastors from Nakali laid hands on him, all his powers left. Twenty of these men became very angry and went to Nakali to find these five pastors. They violently beat all five with large sticks, injuring all very badly, and one almost died.

This beating occurred when I was back in the States. While I prayed for these men and the situation, I felt in my heart that when I returned, I was supposed to go to the village of the old prophet and, in Jesus name, pray for rain. I did not like the thought of doing this, so I just continued to pray and did not tell anyone what I thought the Lord was asking me to do. Within one week, I had two other people tell me they thought that, when I returned, I was supposed to go to the old prophet’s village and pray for rain! The Lord had confirmed it!

So here we were, camping on the side of the mountain in the village of Nakali, and in the morning we would begin our two hour hike to visit the old prophet’s village. I was not feeling very confident, but over the years I have learned that that is usually the time when Jesus shows up!

The next morning, we got up early to begin our walk. While listening to all the birds and sounds in the mountains of north Pokot, we had our morning camel’s

milk tea, then started off. About half way into the hike, we saw a Pokot man coming towards us. I quickly recognized him as the old man's son-in-law. Previously, a year ago, he was not happy to see me, because he did not want his father-in-law to be a Christian, so I did not know what to expect now. He greeted us, and I told him that we had heard they needed rain. He agreed with a demonstrative nod. When we told him that we had come to pray for rain, instantly his countenance became very light and happy. He warmly welcomed us to go to his village, but said that he was going on a journey in the opposite direction. We then hoped that the attitudes had begun to change, and the people would be receptive. As we approached the village, we noticed that no elders were present. It was mostly women, children, and a couple of young men. As we walked closer, one of the young men seemed very agitated. Through my interpreter, I learned that he was angry and wanted to fight one of the young men that had come with us. I then told them that we came to bring them a solar powered audio Bible, so they could listen to the Word of God. One of the women replied, "Just say whatever you want to say and leave, because we don't want the Word of God". After that, my interpreter said that we needed to leave, but I did not think we should.

I told them that I was a "mzee", an elder, that had traveled a very long way to see them and to bless them, but I had not been received with honor. I asked the old woman if she was an elder of that village. She lowered her head and said no. Then I told her that she did not have the authority to speak for the village and say that they did not want the Word of God! I told them that I came to pray for rain, but they had shown me that they were an unrighteous people who resisted the message of God's son, Jesus! But God has said that he is willing to bring the rain on the righteous and the unrighteous, so we prayed, in the name of Jesus, for rain to come to the village. As we were leaving, clouds began to form over our heads. We walked for two hours to get back to our vehicle, and as we were worshipping, we heard thunder. It was raining over the old prophet's village! We learned later that it rained heavily for 5 days!



When I can back to the states, I heard that the attitude of the old prophet's village had changed since it had rained. Also, some Christians from the valley had migrated there, and they were asking for us to help them start a church. So I went back to this village in the beginning of this year, 2015, on my last trip to Pokot. We again made the long, tiring trip back to northern Pokot, and then walked to the old man's village. This was during the dry season, so water was scarce. Many people of the village were gone, taking their animals to try to find water. We did find five adults at the village. One was a young man who seemed to be in his twenties and four older women.

I asked them if they remembered when I was last there, and they all smiled and said yes. They remembered that I had prayed for rain and rain came that day. I explained to them, that Jesus brought the rain. He answered my prayer because I know Him, and I was there now because I wanted all of them to know Him, so they could pray to Jesus, and he would hear their prayers, too. I told them that I wanted to see the old man so he too could know Jesus better and help lead his people in the way of God. They said that he wanted to know more about Jesus also, but that he was not there. He was sick with TB, and he had gone to get more medicine. One older woman said that she wished the old man was here, because then we could pray in Jesus name, and Jesus would heal him.

Since the Lord brought the rain, the attitude of the village had totally changed. I felt to ask them if they wanted to know Jesus now. They said that they did, so I

shared the gospel with them and asked them to give their lives to the Lord. Four of the five came and got on their knees to surrender their lives to the Lord. The young man was the first to quickly come forward. I learned later that he was the youngest son of the old prophet and that one of the older women was the wife of the old man! They said that they wanted us to come back and teach them the way of Jesus and would like someone to come start a church in their village!



It has now been three years since this village began resisting us and the gospel, but now God has changed their hearts. I returned to the United States last month to attend my daughter's wedding. During this time, fifteen more people of the old prophet's village have come to Jesus. The church is rapidly growing in the place where the devil once had his stronghold. Please pray for the old prophet to be healed of TB and to have a testimony of the power of Jesus, so he can help lead the Pokot people in the ways of God.

