



KINGDOM WORD MISSIONS



A MISSION REPORT

Return to Bamburgh & Exeter

Northumberland, Devon and Derby

17 – 26 July 2026

By Ekaba Bisong & Chidera Bisong

July 2026

Summary of the Mission

From 17 to 26 July 2026 we, Ekaba Bisong of Calgary and Chidera Bisong of Winnipeg, returned to Britain on a mission of the gospel under Kingdom Word Missions: to strengthen the young church at Bamburgh in Northumberland, planted in February; to strengthen the Fellowship of Christ Church in Exeter and hold an outreach there; and, on the way home, to encourage a brother in Derby. We went under financial strain, paying our own way as always, and Ekaba left a newborn child only three and a half weeks old.

On our first night, five minutes from our hotel, a car crossing an intersection at speed struck ours and drove away. No one was hurt. We never buy car insurance on these trips, because of the mounting additional cost; but at the desk in Edinburgh Chidera had been moved to buy it, and the agent had given us more cover than he asked for; the most the accident could cost us was about £590. We received it as the hand of God going before us. But the weekend was lost: the rental offices were closed, no replacement came, and two more days went to changing the car.

In Northumberland we sat with Polly and John on the Lord's day, and reasoned with John, a devout churchman, about worship, institutions and the last days. We heard from Andrea how, since February, Ralph of Budle Hall had begun to read the Bible she left at his bothy on the moors, and was recommending it to his friends. On two long mornings at Ralph's table, one with Martha, a young Spaniard staying at the Hall, we answered his hardest questions, and he told us, "I wouldn't be interested unless I could see that it was having that effect on you", and at the last, "I see myself as a mangy little dog circling a fire, but I'm not ready to come into the circle." Another young Spaniard at the Hall, Alejandra, would not meet us. On our last afternoon the church at Bamburgh gathered in Andrea's home, with Polly among them; and when the word touched on the darkness of the land, Andy, the husband of Anna, resisted it openly. We record his objection in full; the brethren, his wife among them, were grieved by it, and Andy later came to us and apologised.

In Exeter we went out onto the High Street with James to invite the city, and on Saturday 25 July the Fellowship of Christ Church held its open meeting, *Rise*, at 17 St David's Hill. The church that began with two young men in Plymouth a year before now gathers ten or twelve, with new people among them, men and women full of the Spirit. We counselled James and Louise concerning their wedding on 2 October. That evening in Derby we laid the burden of a kingdom church on Emmanuel and Josephine Akpet, friends from our youth in Calabar; and we drove through the night to Edinburgh, and flew home.

This account is written as a plain record of what was done and said, the resistance with the fruit, so that all who read it may give glory to God, pray for the work in Bamburgh, Exeter and Derby, and give themselves to the Great Commission until Christ returns.

Kingdom Word Missions was formerly Canada Interior Mission.

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At a Glance

10	2 500	3
days in Britain, 17–26 July	kilometres by road, approximately	places of ministry: Bamburgh, Exeter, Derby
1	3½	10–12
road accident, on the first night	weeks: the age of Ekaba's newborn when we left home	now gathering in the church at Exeter

DAY BY DAY

17 Fri	Edinburgh; the drive to Newcastle; the accident at the crossroads, and the insurance we never meant to buy.	22 Wed	Ralph again: a nation, and a door.
18 Sat	Waiting for a replacement car. To Bamburgh: Ralph and his family.	23 Thu	The church at Bamburgh, at Andrea and Derek's home. The night drive south.
19 Sun	Polly and John at their home; then Andrea's, and news of Ralph.	24 Fri	The streets of Exeter with James, inviting people to RISE.
20 Mon	Two hours at Ralph's table, with Martha.	25 Sat	RISE: the Fellowship of Christ Church, 17 St David's Hill. Then Derby: Emmanuel and Josephine.
21 Tue	Replacing the damaged car.	26 Sun	Derby to Edinburgh through the night; home to Calgary and Winnipeg.



Friday 17 July. Ekaba from Calgary and Chidera from Winnipeg to Edinburgh; home the same way on Sunday 26 July. Lines show the great-circle distance, not the flight paths.



PART I

The Call to Return

A Leading That Would Not Let Us Go

The call to return began while we were still in Bamburgh in February. In the last days of that mission, as we took our leave of the young church that had been planted in Andrea and Derek's home, the Holy Spirit laid it on our hearts that we must come back: to strengthen the new church in Bamburgh, and to strengthen the Fellowship of Christ Church in Exeter and hold an outreach there for the growth of the work. When we reached Exeter at the end of February, the leading grew stronger.

It did not come at an easy time. We were under real financial pressure. Every one of our missions is paid for out of our own wages: whatever God gives us by the labour of our hands, we use part to support our families and give the rest to the work of the King. There is no mission board behind us, and no one who sends us. Buying tickets for a second journey across the Atlantic within five months was a stretch of faith.

There was a harder cost. Ekaba's wife was expecting their third child in June, and to leave for Britain in the middle of July meant leaving a newborn barely three and a half weeks old, and a mother with three small children at home. It would be hard on the family. But the call of the Master was strong, and the work of the King must not suffer loss. Our families are given to this work of Christ, in our time and in our generation, until the Lord returns. So, amid these difficulties, we stretched ourselves, and bought the tickets to return to Bamburgh and Exeter in July.

The February 2026 mission is told in our earlier report, [The Mission to Bamburgh & Exeter](#).

The Master's call was strong, and the work of the King must not suffer loss.

At the same time, calls were coming from the brethren in Spain, at Baza and Caniles, asking us to return and strengthen them. They were

beginning to draw other churches in the region into a shared ministry, and wanted us to be part of it. We had hesitated, less because of our families than because of the cost. But the Lord gave us grace, and we bought tickets to return to Spain in November as well, knowing that in August we would also be in Turkey and Cyprus for the work of the Lord and the testimony of Jesus Christ.

PSALM 126:6

He who continually goes forth weeping, bearing seed for sowing, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

2026 so far: Bamburgh and Exeter in February; Bamburgh, Exeter and Derby in July; Turkey and Cyprus in August; Baza and Caniles in November.

So, on Friday 17 July, we left the shores of Canada once more.

PART II

Northumberland

17

17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	JULY
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FRIDAY 17 JULY 2026

A Car at the Crossroads

Calgary and Winnipeg · Edinburgh · Newcastle

We left Calgary and Winnipeg on Friday 17 July. This time we did not fly to London but to Edinburgh, which, as we had learned in February, is much nearer to Bamburgh. At Edinburgh Airport we collected a hire car and set out south for Newcastle, where our lodgings were, meaning to go on to Bamburgh the next day.

The insurance

At the hire desk something happened that we understood only later. We never buy car insurance on these trips, because of the mounting additional cost. The vehicles we hire abroad are expensive, and insurance paid in pounds sterling or euros adds more still; every journey is paid for from our own wages, and we have always simply prayed and committed ourselves into God's hands. Ekaba, who would certainly have said, "Let's move on, we don't need it," had walked a little way off and sat down while Chidera completed the paperwork.

When the agent told Chidera, as agents always do, that without cover he would be liable for all damage to the car, a sum she put at something like a hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and handed him the waiver to sign, something in him said, *Just do it*. He did not understand why. He asked her for the most basic cover and signed. Neither of us thought of it again.

Edinburgh Airport to
Newcastle: about 215 km by
road.

The crossroads

We drove south. Chidera, exhausted by the journey, was asleep, and Ekaba was at the wheel. About five minutes from our hotel, as we came slowly through an intersection at about ten miles an hour, with cars waiting to the left and right of us, a car crossing from left to right at speed did not see us. It struck the front of our car, tore away the grille and damaged the bumper, and spun round. Our headlamps and tyres were untouched. We moved through the intersection and stopped.

The other car drove off. We sat for twenty minutes, while the traffic moved on around us; it was not a place where we could get out and walk into the oncoming traffic. At last we too drove on. Ekaba woke Chidera and told him, “We have had an accident,” and his first question was, “Did we get insurance for this car?” “Yes,” said Chidera. Ekaba knew at once that Christ was with us on this journey. We drove the damaged car, which could still be driven, the last few minutes to our lodgings and parked it, to think about what to do next.



The hire car the next day, outside our lodgings in Newcastle. The grille and front bumper were torn away; the headlamps and tyres were untouched.

Christ went ahead of us

When we looked at the documents that night, we found that the agent had not given us the basic cover Chidera had asked for. She had signed us up for a better package, a middle tier with fuller cover. Under it, the whole of the damage was covered, and the most we

would pay out of our own pockets was about five hundred and ninety pounds.

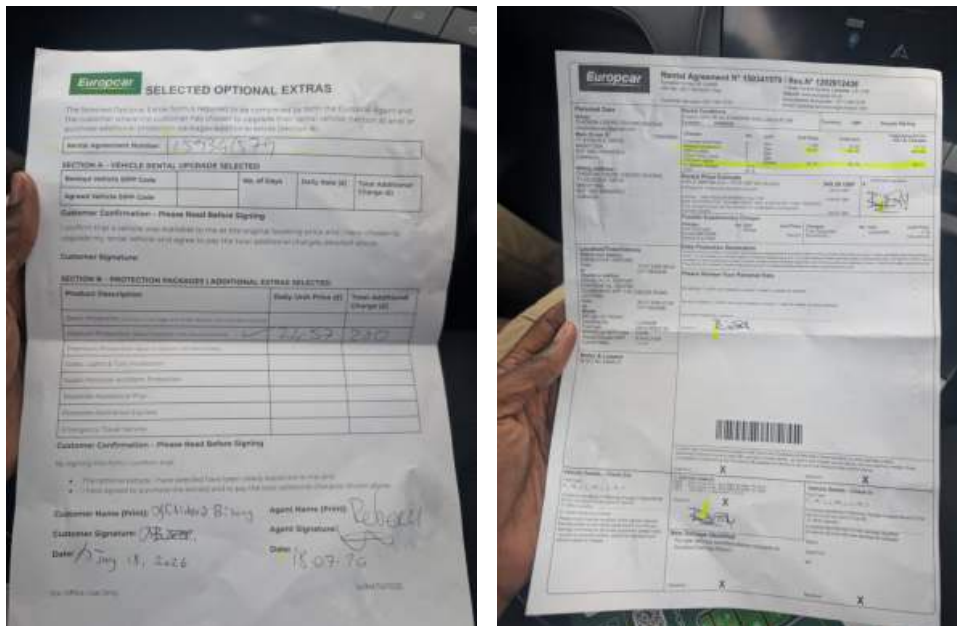
We would never have known that we were paying a premium if this had not happened. But Christ went ahead of us.

EKABA

We never buy car insurance on these trips. What moved Chidera to buy it that night, and what moved the agent to give us more than he asked for? We received it as the intervention of God, who had gone ahead of us, who had heard the prayers of those who pray for us, and whose hand is on our going out and our coming in. We were not alone on the road.

PSALM 121:7-8

*The Lord shall preserve you from all evil; He shall preserve your soul.
The Lord shall preserve your going out and your coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore.*



The hire agreement and the "selected optional extras": the cover we had not meant to buy.

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SATURDAY 18 JULY 2026

A Weekend in Limbo

Newcastle · Bamburgh

The mission was short, and on its first full day it stalled. Early on the Saturday afternoon we photographed the damage to the car outside our lodgings in Newcastle, gathered the hire papers, and telephoned the rental company's incident line to report the accident.



The hire car, Saturday 18 July, outside our lodgings.

The agent was courteous and thorough, and took down the car, a petrol MG, its mileage and its fuel, three quarters of a tank; whether we had photographs (we had, of our own car, but none of the other, which had driven away); whether there were passengers (one); whether the police had attended, or there were any witnesses (neither). We asked for a replacement car, an automatic, smaller if need be, and for it to be delivered, so that we could keep moving. We were told that the report would go to the rental station, that they

would telephone us later that day to arrange the replacement, and that recovery would call within ten minutes to say when they would come.

Then we asked the one question that mattered most to us: were we covered? The agent did not know; this was only the incident line. They offered to put us through to customer service, who would be able to tell us. We were put through, and a recorded voice told us that the offices were closed, and would open again at half past eight on Monday morning.

Our offices are now closed. Our opening hours are 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., Monday to Friday.

No one called us back that day. No replacement car came. It was the weekend, and nothing would move until Monday.

To Bamburgh

We did not sit still. The car, though damaged, could still be driven, and that afternoon we drove it the hour north to Bamburgh to see Ralph and his family at Budle Hall. They already knew what had happened; we had kept Ralph informed from the night of the accident. He was very kind to us, and we had a time of sharing with him and his family, and told them of our predicament, and of how Christ had gone ahead of us at the hire desk in Edinburgh.

Then we drove back to our lodgings in Newcastle. The next day was Sunday, and we had an appointment to keep.

Newcastle to Bamburgh:
about 83 km, a road we
would drive most days that
week.

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17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	JULY
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SUNDAY 19 JULY 2026 · THE LORD'S DAY

Worship in Spirit and in Truth

The home of Polly and John · Andrea's home, Bamburgh

On the Lord's day we kept our appointment with Polly and John. Polly had confessed Christ in February and received prayer for healing, and she and John had since decided to marry. We found them at home late in the morning, John just back from the service at his parish church, and sat with them for more than an hour at their kitchen table.

Flavours of worship

John is sixty-four, brought up a Methodist, and now active in the life of his parish church, where he sometimes preaches. He told us of the tension in his congregation between those who love the traditional forms and those who want something more evangelical, and of his plans to vary the diet: a sung evensong once a month, livelier hymn books from time to time, "just to mix it up, so that you don't just worship in the same way all the time".

Ekaba answered him from the title of a Puritan book on holy worship. Worship, he said, is not something we do but who we are, the anthem of our lives; and the Holy Spirit is not Presbyterian, Anglican, Reformed, Orthodox, Baptist or contemporary. He is the Spirit of Christ.

JOHN 4:23

But the hour is coming, and now is, when the true worshipers will worship the Father in spirit and truth; for the Father is seeking such to worship Him.

“Worship must never become entertainment,” he said. Its concluding postscript is obedience, and its centre is Christ, “not as an idea, not as a culture, not as a form or a structure or a religious expression, but as an objective reality. Truth is not an idea. Truth is a person.” And that means repentance: “If you are stealing, stop stealing,” so that times of refreshing may come, and the peace of God that does not depend on a good text message from the bank.

John said that some in his congregation wanted to hold the winter services in the heated village hall rather than the cold old church, and others would not hear of it. He could see both sides: the church is the people, and God can be worshipped in the fields; and yet there is a sanctity about the altar and the cross, and the habit of going to church, an hour and a half on a Sunday morning, “brings you back to God”.

Man and his symbols

Ekaba took them then to the second commandment, that we are not to make any carved image of anything in heaven or on earth; not only statues and rosaries, but any symbolic form of divinity and holiness. “Our traditional British religion,” he said, “is idolatrous in its forms,” just as there is traditional African religion or traditional Asian religion. The message of the cross is radical because it strips us of the identities that are tied to the earth and gives us one tied to Christ and His kingdom, and only there can men of every nation be one.

John agreed that most people could not say why the denominations differ, and told a story he had from a minister in Scotland, of two congregations in one village who had split a hundred and fifty years before over a clause in their constitution, and would not now reunite, though neither could remember why they had parted. “Once we institutionalise the faith once given in Jesus Christ,” Ekaba said, “we step out of the Spirit and into the flesh.” The traditions of men have been enshrined as religious experience, and look at their fruit: failure. “When you step out to express this life, the institutions come like fangs and hooks, and bring you back into the meaningless traditions and forms.”

Two kinds of organisation

John pushed back, and fairly. Paul himself told the churches to organise themselves, some to preach, some to cook, some to clean. And there was Bede, whose *Ecclesiastical History of the English People* would never have been written had he not lived in the monastery at Jarrow, where other monks grew the corn and tended the animals so that he could write. “There has to be a degree of organisation.”

Chidera agreed, and drew a distinction. As a company grows from four to eight to twenty, organisation becomes necessary; but there are two kinds. At Babel men were so well organised that nothing they set their minds to was impossible to them, but it was organisation centred on the will of man, and it carried them further from God. The church at Jerusalem was organised too, selling lands and caring for the poor, but it was an organisation that kept the life of Christ, and from it the gospel went into the whole world. Buildings are not bad in themselves; but when they are no longer a channel for the life and power of God, the Spirit of God has left them.

And to John’s point that going to church brings one closer to God, Chidera said that it was true, but that what draws us near is not the building but the gathering of the saints to worship.

HEBREWS 10:25

Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as is the manner of some, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as you see the Day approaching.

The devil works by isolation, he said: he attacks every house in the village, and makes each one think it is the only one. When believers come together they find that it is not just them, and they encourage one another in the Lord. “True worshippers can start in this very kitchen.”

The last days

Chidera spoke of the times: that life as we know it is coming to an end, that very perilous days are upon us, that the pandemic of 2020, which brought the world to a standstill, was only a dress rehearsal, and that God is preparing a people, “saviours on Mount Zion”, like the man of Isaiah 32 who is “a hiding place from the wind, a cover from the tempest”. It was for this urgency, he said, that we had crossed the Atlantic for a single week.

John took him to task, and honestly.

JOHN Covid-19 did not bring everything to a standstill. What was spectacular about it was that the world continued to work: the supply chains continued to function, nobody starved. I'm considerably older than you, and I remember much worse times. I remember the 1970s, when every week there was another bomb going off in London, and people being killed on the streets of Belfast, and strikes and power cuts. Northumberland is dotted with villages wiped out by the Black Death, and people then thought it was the end of the world. I don't think it'll happen in my lifetime. I'm sixty-four, so I haven't got long left.

Chidera read him the apostle's own words about such a thought:

2 PETER 3:3-4

Scoffers will come in the last days, walking according to their own lusts, and saying, "Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation."

John said that he did not scoff; he believed that the Lord would come as a thief in the night, and that we must keep our lamps trimmed. Then one of us put a question to everyone at the table, ourselves included: "Do you honestly believe, in all your heart, that Jesus Christ may return literally tomorrow, and this world as you know it end tomorrow?" John answered honestly: it could happen, but no, he did not believe it would be tomorrow; and if He came, "I'm ready. Absolutely. Unequivocally. That's why I go to church, that's why I say my prayers." He told us a story he had once used in a sermon, of a little boy moved from his cot to a big bed who fell out in the night, and said, "I didn't get far enough in"; and he spoke of Charles Wesley's *And Can It Be*, and the verse in which the chains fall off and the heart is free: "Most of my faith is in that one hymn."

What readiness is

Chidera answered that readiness is not subjective but objective. It is not only going to church and saying our prayers; it is the putting away of sin. He read them the first chapter of Isaiah, where God, weary of Israel's sacrifices, new moons and solemn assemblies, says, *When you spread out your hands, I will hide My eyes from you; even though you make many prayers, I will not hear*; and then the promise:

ISAIAH 1:18

"Come now, and let us reason together," says the Lord, "though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

He invited them to something simple: that those at the table might meet at two o'clock every Sunday afternoon, open the Scriptures, and call one another in the week to ask how the word was being practised. "That tight union is the purpose of a righteous community."

John said that he was very happy in his church and felt that it was doing that for him. He told us, too, of hard years, of a breakdown, and of the poem *Footprints*, which had taught him that when he thought he was alone he was being carried. "I feel closer to God now than I've ever done before. It's taken a long time. Sixty-four years." He told us of the sermon he had heard that morning, from a priest whose husband had been Archbishop of York, on the parable of the wheat and the tares: that God does not yet uproot the weeds, so that there is still time for sinners to turn. Ekaba added one thing: that the wheat and the tares grow indistinguishable until the harvest, when the fruit shows what kind of planting each one is. "Let everyone who names the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

It's a real honour you've come this way. It's so generous what you're doing.

JOHN

Polly had to go to help her mother. We thanked them, and John thanked us: "It's been great to see you again. Really inspiring." And we drove to Bamburgh.

At Andrea's

In the early afternoon we came to Andrea's home on Front Street in Bamburgh, by the castle, and told her that we had just come from Polly's. Andrea had been in touch with Polly only by message; Polly had once come to the church, on a day when Andrea was away, but had never yet come to "the garden". Polly, she said, was fed up, and looking for "a place where they speak in tongues, something out of the regular religion". We agreed that Andrea should invite her to the gathering on the 27th, which they were calling *The Land of Hope*, a name already printed on the banner, with a marquee to be raised that morning.

Andrea was encouraged to hear that the little church was meeting every week, sometimes in her home and sometimes on Holy Island,

Our hotel that week was at Cramlington, on the northern edge of Newcastle.

as the tides allowed; “one way or another we manage”. And she had much to tell us about Ralph.

A Bible at the bothy

Since February, Andrea said, the Lord had given her particular verses for Ralph. She had asked him for coffee, and he had said instead, “I’m going up to the bothy on the moors; why don’t you come to me?” The bothy is a stone dwelling on the top of the moors, with no electricity and no running water, where Ralph goes to be on his own, away from the world. Andrea went, took her Bible, and read him the verses from the Acts of the Apostles in the version called *The Message*. “It’s not like any Bible I’ve ever heard,” he said. She left it with him. She showed us his messages on her phone. “Thank you for the Message. I have started with the Acts.” And at Easter: “I read the Message when I go to the bothy. I recommended it to my friend, who really likes it.”

Ralph is now recommending the Bible to his friends.

ANDREA

“Bear in mind,” she said, “that Ralph and I never spoke to each other until you came.” She scrolled back through months of conversation, to January, when he had first told her we were coming. Through Ralph she had come to know his wife Celia. One day, when everything that could go wrong had gone wrong for Celia, Andrea brought her in for coffee, and her son Robert served them tea and cake, and Celia stayed for a long time. Ralph and Celia had sponsored another Ukrainian family to come to Northumberland, a mother, Tatiana, who spoke little English, and her ten-year-old son Roman; Andrea had offered to help teach Tatiana English and to take Roman to her holiday sports week. Her friendship was now with the whole family, and through them with the many who pass through Budle Hall.

And she spoke of Ralph with great tenderness.

ANDREA He needs hope. Hope is what Ralph does not have. Ralph looks at this world, and what he sees is not good. He sees very clearly the direction of travel, and he knows that it’s wrong. But there’s the Jordan River in between, and Ralph needs to cross that Jordan River into the Promised Land. There are a lot of demons from hell fighting to make sure he doesn’t cross.

EKABA We’ll keep praying for him.

Andrea told us of the coming week: every morning from nine until half past twelve she and Chris, the pastor of her church, were running a holiday sports week at Alnwick, for forty children aged nine to thirteen, fully booked by families who knew it to be a Christian event, and twenty more aged fourteen to twenty; sport taught with Christian values spelt out, and each day a word from Scripture, that week from Hebrews. She had arranged for us to come if we could. She asked us to pray for dry weather, and we agreed to meet again at her home before we left, with Andy and Carol.

Before we left, we sang together:

PSALM 134:1-2

Behold, bless the Lord, all you servants of the Lord, who by night stand in the house of the Lord! Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the Lord.

20–22

17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	JULY
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MONDAY 20 – WEDNESDAY 22 JULY 2026

At Ralph's Table

Budle Hall, Bamburgh

On Monday morning we drove north again to Budle Hall and sat down with Ralph at his kitchen table. It was the longest conversation of the mission, a little over two hours, and it ranged from medicine to philosophy, from the resurrection to the Rocky Horror Picture Show; for Ralph is a man who asks every question he can think of, and then plays the sceptic against his own answers. We record it at length, because it shows the soil in which the seed is being sown.

Polly

Ralph began with a question about Polly, whom we had visited on the Sunday. Polly suffers from a grave psychiatric illness, and takes medication for it. “How do you put that alongside your spiritual approach?” he asked. “Are you saying that Polly should come off her medication because it’s not doing anything?”

We told him plainly: no. She should take her medication. But we said too that the modern psychiatric enterprise, for all its good intentions, has grown up alongside an explosion of mental suffering; that its aim is too often to manage and not to heal; and that Christ is called the Prince of Peace.

JOHN 14:27

Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

As Polly grows in her relationship with Jesus Christ, we said, we expect to see healing; many of these afflictions are driven by spiritual powers, and they lift as a soul is filled with the presence of Christ. Whether she ever comes off her medication would be a matter for her own conviction as she walks with the Lord.

Surrender

Everything, Ekaba said, turns on surrender: when we surrender to Christ and let go of self and the lusts of this world, what we receive is peace, and that is the healing of the mind. Ralph was candid.

RALPH It's having an independent mind that is able to range where I wish. So to give that up would be, it's too much for me now. If I was in great pain, or I felt the need for what you're offering, I would be there.

EKABA Surrendering is not becoming a dummy or an automaton. Surrendering is my acknowledging that my life is not here, but Christ. Christ is my life. I used to be that way, but I couldn't help myself. He helped me. So I belong to Jesus.

Ralph said it sounded like a paradox, that one must surrender to be free. His son Keith, who was away in Oslo and was sorry to miss us, holds that a paradox is only something one has not thought hard enough about. We agreed that the faith is full of paradoxes, things equally true though not in the same sense: *whoever loses his life for My sake will find it*. Then Ralph said something that moved us:

That's why I'm interested in the pair of you. I wouldn't be interested unless I could see that it was having that effect on you.

RALPH

He told us, too, with the honesty that marks him, that at times he has indulged himself and at times "cleaned up his act", and that he feels no different in either state; no demons seem to leave. "It wouldn't," we said, "because the demons are still with you. So long as you keep resisting Christ, you are not in any different reality. Your spiritual reality must change, when you taste the sweetness that is in Christ." "That's a good answer," said Ralph. "I will think on that."

The Spanish girls

Ralph reminded us that on an earlier visit two young Spanish women at the Hall had hoped to find something in us and had gone away disappointed. One of them, he said, could not get past the question of sexual identity, and she had been an influence on Maria, and had held her back. Maria, Ralph said, had since grown more religious and more light-hearted, and he urged us to find out how she was. There were Spanish women at Budle Hall again this summer. Ralph introduced us to one of them, Martha; another, Alejandra, was unwilling to meet with us.

Ralph put the objections of the young to us himself, as fairly as he could: if Jesus is all love and kindness, how can Christians feel as they do about gay people? And, speaking for himself, “the God that I’ve invented doesn’t care about that stuff; so why are you so big on it?”

Ekaba answered that the god of this world has blinded the minds of men, and that a generation has been sent, as it were, to re-education camps, where the very words by which men think, love, kindness, judgment, forgiveness, marriage, have been redefined. Outside Christ these are not defined at all; they are transcendental things, and they come from God. When man is his own frame of reference, the frame keeps shifting, and the end of it is loss of meaning, and madness. And true love, he said, is not to leave a man locked in his own world:

When we look at the end of it all, the lake of fire, the end game for eternity, there is no greater love than to be here and to say, Ralph, turn your life over to Jesus. This is real compassion and love.

We spoke, too, of the darkness of the age, and of how widespread the abuse of children has become; many of the women we have known, one of us said, have confided that they were abused when they were young.

Martha

About twenty-five minutes into the conversation, a young Spanish woman came into the kitchen, and Ralph introduced her: Martha, a friend of Maria’s, from Granada, twenty-seven years old, a student of literature, who was staying at the Hall. “I’m saying to Martha,” said Ralph, “who does not want to hear your message particularly, that it would be quite good for her to listen to your nonsense anyway, and put it in her back pocket for when she does need it.” One of us asked her whether she loved coffee. She did. “Then we can be friends.” And she sat down with us, and stayed for the rest of the morning.

Ralph, too, spoke for himself again:

I think the barrier between me and you is a Luciferian barrier. I think I'm fundamentally Luciferian in my way of thinking, so it is centred on me and on my inquiry.

RALPH

Ekaba answered that there are two visions before the world: one that drives men into union with the devil, a wicked master who destroys those who serve him; and the free provision of Christ, which brings men into union with God. "Christ is our reward."

IS THE BODY A CAGE?

Martha asked whether we were Christians, and when we asked her the same question, she said, "I'm not sure." So Chidera explained to her what it is to be born again: that man is a spirit, has a soul, his mind, will and emotions, and lives in a body; that we are all born once, of our parents, but that the spirit of man, dead through sin, must be recreated in Christ. Then Martha asked a question of her own: "What do you think about the body? Is it more like a cage?"

Chidera answered that the mortal body is in many ways a cage, subject to corruption and decay, failing even those who have much to give; but that in Christ there is the promise of the fullness of life, of immortality and incorruptibility, which men have sought in every age, from the alchemists to the billionaires of our own day, because "man doesn't want to die". Martha said that she was not afraid of death; she had accepted it. Chidera told her that this was the Stoics' way of coping, Epictetus's counsel not to struggle with what cannot be changed; but that no man, deep down, wants to die, because man is made for life.

JOHN 11:25-26

I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in Me, though he may die, he shall live. And whoever lives and believes in Me shall never die.

Ralph, playing the sceptic, said that an enemy of the faith would say we were so terrified of death that we had made the story up. Ekaba answered that truth stands independent of what anyone says of it, and that the resurrection is a matter of history: more is known of Jesus

Christ than of King John who sealed Magna Carta; over five hundred saw Him risen; and Rome, organised and powerful as it was, could not disprove it. The objections to Christ, he said, are not intellectual but moral: *light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light*. Ralph told us, to our joy, that he had been reading the Acts of the Apostles in the Message Bible that Andrea had given him. “Suddenly you can read the excitement.”

NIGHT AND DAY

Martha asked Chidera: “Were you much different from who you are now, before being reborn?”

CHIDERA Oh yes, a hundred per cent different. I was born in a Christian family, and it has nothing to do with being born in a Christian family. Was there a stark difference? Yes. It is night and day. It's not the immediate absence of challenges, but it's a process of growth. But you will feel an immediate change. I just became alive, and the man that I used to be completely vanished.

If you say you are free, but you are helplessly bound to pornography, you are not free. I can give you one example: in my past life, it plagued me. I was helplessly bound. But when I had that moment of understanding, in a moment the desire for it just disappeared. It became something disgusting to me. No appetite for it. Zero, till this day.

RALPH That's quite a strong witness.

Chidera went on: we are God's masterpiece; He foreknew each of us; the meeting at that table had been ordered by Him; and it was for this that we had left our families and crossed the Atlantic for a single week, one of us under heavy pressure at work. Ralph broke in: “Do you notice that Chidera, when he's bearing witness to his faith, loses his stammer?” It is true. On any other subject, Chidera stammers badly. When he speaks of Christ, he does not.

BY WHAT STANDARD?

Earlier, when Ralph had made one of his dark jokes, Martha had stopped him; she did not think it a thing to joke about. Ekaba asked her gently why. If there is no God, by what standard was the joke not polite? Who defines politeness, or truth? Martha said she would rather have that power in herself, not depending on anyone else, and that she fulfilled herself through beauty and food and the things of this life. She said she wanted to deal with her own corruption. “What corruption?” Ekaba asked. “Can you name it?” “Maybe I'm not that corrupt,” she said. Only where regeneration has begun, he told her, can a person see the evil in himself; and he spoke to her of Christ's invitation to all who are weary of searching.

Ralph, coming to her aid, said that the Tao speaks of a way that is unseen but felt, and that he knew when he was on the way and when he was off it. "Which way?" Ekaba asked; and he told them of the Cheshire Cat, who told Alice that if she did not know where she was going, it did not matter which road she took. Then he said something to Ralph that Ralph received in silence:

EKABA One thing that you may actually not know about yourself is that you have actually been visited by Jesus Christ. In very great measure your eyes have been opened.

RALPH I don't know what to do with that, because I can't compute it, but I hear what you're saying. This is a thing that I'm not joking about, one of the few.

What are the odds?

Before we rose, we exchanged numbers with Martha, and told her that we would be in Spain in November, at Baza and Caniles, not far from Granada. "What about when I ring you in ten years' time and say I'm ready," Ralph asked, "and you say, too late now?" "As long as you are alive, there is hope," we said. "A living dog is better than a dead lion." But tomorrow belongs to no one.

EKABA What are the odds? We came from Canada. You came from Spain. What are the odds we gather at the table in the rich aristocrat's house?

RALPH I'm not technically an aristocrat. But what are the odds that you can come from where you come from in Nigeria, and that, because we all speak English, we can discuss the very most serious conversation and understand each other? That's pretty amazing, really.

We told them of the region of Nigeria where we grew up, where once twins were killed at birth as a curse, until a Christian woman came from Scotland and stopped it; and that what makes the West a place where people long to live, where women are safe and honoured, is its Christian foundation, taken for granted and called ethics.

Then Ralph thanked us.

It's a pain when you smash your car, and you should be with your new beloved daughter. So I thank you very much, the pair of you. It does mean a lot to me.

RALPH

He said he was pleased that Martha had chosen to sit down with us; he had imagined she would not. Ekaba told her that a seed had been sown, which the enemy would not be able to steal, and that the longing he perceived in her for faithful, secure relationships could be answered only in Christ. "My wife is in Canada. She's secure; we are at peace."

Our landing ground

At the end Ralph grew rueful. "Why do you think I'm living in a cave?" he said, meaning his bothy on the moors. "I'm terrified," of the future being made for the young. And he apologised that he had "nothing for us", that he had "burnt all his contacts". We would not hear of it.

EKABA You are always our first point in Bamburgh. We can never come to Bamburgh and not spend time with you here. This is our home. This is our landing ground. We came for you. This table today is mission accomplished.

RALPH The funny thing is that when you go away, as you move down the drive, I'm going back to my old ways of thinking.

EKABA You are not. I don't believe that. You're different every time I meet you. And from Andrea I'm hearing a lot of good things about you.

Ralph asked whether we could do anything in Cramlington or Newcastle, where the people are. No, we said: our emphasis now is on Bamburgh, to strengthen what has begun there. He laughed that we always seemed to leave pointing him to another Spaniard. He asked whether we might meet a clergyman who had served the parish at Bamburgh and is now vicar at Wooler, "a lovely guy, but even more lost than I am". As we finished, his friend John Woodman came in, and the table filled again with coffee.

Monday and Tuesday: the car

After Monday's conversation, the rest of that day and Tuesday went to the car. With the rental offices open again after the weekend, we spent much of Monday and Tuesday on the telephone and on the road, arranging to exchange the damaged car for another, so that the mission could move again. We had to go a long way to collect the replacement, and it took a great deal of time; it cost us much of two days of a short journey. But in the end the car was changed, and we were on the road again.

Wednesday: a nation and a door

On Wednesday morning we were back at Ralph's table, for another hour and a half.

Ralph put "a few unrelated things" on the table. The first was nations. He confessed to what he called his "fascist fantasy at the minute", a love of country, family and tradition, and said that it did not seem to go well with Christianity, which is about something that binds all men across borders. "On the face of it," he said, "Christianity and communism go easiest together: the international brotherhood, and if you have two coats, give one away."

Chidera answered that the premise was not right. God made the nations and set their bounds, and He has a purpose for each one: *Righteousness exalts a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people*. The gospel of the kingdom is to be preached "for a witness to all nations", and at the end, John saw "a great multitude which no one could number, of all nations, tribes, peoples, and tongues", standing before the throne, each still itself. "Very strong in the Christian identity is unity in diversity; but that diversity must be there. It's beautiful." He spoke of himself: "I am Nigerian by birth, but I promise you, I am as Canadian as Canadian can be." When he goes to Lagos he wants Nigeria, and when he comes to Bamburgh he wants England; if the Englishness were dead, he would pack up and leave.

2 CHRONICLES 7:14

If My people who are called by My name will humble themselves, and pray and seek My face, and turn from their wicked ways, then I will hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin and heal their land.

Ekaba added that politics is downstream of culture, and culture downstream of worship; that is why we had never talked much about systems, but about the One who is worshipped. Then he turned to Ralph himself.

EKABA What is happening to you? Regeneration always comes before faith, and it is a work of God. One of the things that happens when somebody is undergoing regeneration is the enlightening of the mind. If you look at your life a couple of years back, you would admit there was a time your mind was dark, and you couldn't see. But at some time an awareness came to your soul: something is broken, something is wrong, I need God. You are having an enlightenment that is not coming from the dark side.

RALPH That's actually a comfort to me.

The burden Ralph feels for his country, we told him, the grief at seeing it lose its way, is itself a sign of it. "I didn't know this was important," he said. "I thought I just wouldn't care about everyone going crazy."

BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR

Chidera read him a verse for himself:

REVELATION 3:20

Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If anyone hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and dine with him, and he with Me.

The knocking, he said, already has its effects, and Ralph had been feeling them. Ralph answered honestly: "If I was fully convinced by what you're saying, I would be opening that door. But I know that there's something coming, and it might be in the shape of what you are witnessing." He wondered whether he need do anything, if it was coming anyway. "With God it takes two to tango," we said. "God is not looking to force anything. You have to stretch out your hand, and once you stretch it out, His power envelops you." "I have a horrible suspicion," said Ralph, "that He may have a plan to break me down a lot further before He fills me up. I'm not looking forward to that."

We urged him to do what Augustine did when he heard the voice say, *Take up and read*: to sit each morning with a cup of coffee and read the Gospels, and to see where he was in a month. "That's sort of what Andrea was saying as well," he said. He brought out his Bible, the Message that Andrea had left at the bothy, and read aloud John 3:16. "Love, giving, believing, not dying, resurrection life and eternal life," Chidera said, "all packed into one verse, and the centre of all of it is Jesus."

THE PRIESTHOOD

Ralph spoke of the clergy with the anger he admits to. He had known priests who said there was only one goal in life, the salvation of eternal souls, and then at sixty retired to their gardens on a pension. We told him that service to Christ is not a career one retires from, and that the corruption of the church began when it was institutionalised; the institution is about money, power and glory over men. "Many people look at us and say, how do you make your money? How do you buy these flight tickets? Are they paying you somewhere in Canada? No. I work. I'm a professional. Preaching Christ costs you; it doesn't pay my mortgage."

Ralph pressed us: devout Christians would say that Paul set up an institution, and that Christ said, *On this rock I will build My church*. Ekaba answered that the rock is the confession Peter made, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that the church built on it is not an institution but people, living stones:

ISAIAH 28:16

Behold, I lay in Zion a stone for a foundation, a tried stone, a precious cornerstone, a sure foundation; whoever believes will not act hastily.

When Rome fell, Augustine wrote of the City of God, which is the people of God, and which stands for ever. “I will build Ralph and Chidera and Ekaba and Martha and Celia, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against them.”

HOW WILL YOU REACH THEM?

Then Ralph asked the practical question. “Two Nigerians came up the drive the other day and said, have you been saved?” was the start of a joke, he said. How were two men to reach young women, and the clergy of Bamburgh, who would think them patriarchs before they opened their mouths? “How are you going to make your message sweeter to those people who are, dare I say it, even more lost than me?”

We told him that there were two answers. The first is prayer. Before this journey we had given much time to prayer, and there were brethren meeting every two days to pray for Bamburgh, for Ralph and for Andrea. “Everything that is settled in the physical is first settled in the spirit.” “I didn’t see anything differently last time,” Ralph said. “But something resonates with you better today,” we said. “What has happened? Prayer.” The second is the Holy Spirit, who gives the word in the hour it is needed, and love for the people; and there is a counsel for it in Scripture:

2 TIMOTHY 2:24-26

A servant of the Lord must not quarrel but be gentle to all, able to teach, patient, in humility correcting those who are in opposition, if God perhaps will grant them repentance, so that they may know the truth, and that they may come to their senses and escape the snare of the devil, having been taken captive by him to do his will.

“Wow,” said Ralph. “That’s strong, and that’s super important for you guys.” He asked for the reference to be sent to him. “Long-term pa-

tience,” we said, “to seek and restore, one soul at a time.” And we told him that we could imagine God moving through Ralph himself, into rooms and communities where we could never go.

Ralph said that we were “the perfect missionaries” for him, because we were articulate and spoke to his curious mind; but that Martha might need someone quite different, perhaps a woman. He spoke warmly of her: she had been giving her time to Roman, the Ukrainian boy, “even when she’s tired”. And of Andrea’s gatherings, he said they were “super genuine”, but too emotional for him, too much about music.

THE CIRCLE

We were to spend Thursday in Bamburgh: the morning at Budle Hall, and the afternoon at Andrea’s, where the church would gather, with Polly, before we left for Exeter that night. We asked Ralph to come to Andrea’s. “I probably won’t,” he said. We told him that the little church there had a right heart, and gifts of its own, but that one thing it lacked was the clear teaching and exposition of the word, the very thing he had been enjoying at his own table; and that, in time, if he would humble himself and come simply to meet the Lord there, God might use him to supply it. “That’s why I’m resisting it,” he said. “I don’t want to be part of a community.” And then:

I see myself as a mangy little dog circling a fire, but I’m not ready to come into the circle.

RALPH

“That is exactly the type of people Jesus walks with,” we said: “those who never see themselves as anything.”

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THURSDAY 23 JULY 2026

The Spirit and the Bride Say Come

Budle Hall · Andrea's home, Front Street, Bamburgh · the road south

Our last day in Northumberland we spent in Bamburgh, as we had planned with Ralph: the morning at Budle Hall, and the afternoon with the church at Andrea's home. Andrea came in from her morning with the young people at the sports week in Alnwick, and told us, laughing, that when someone had offered her a chair, one of the children had piped up, "Andrea never sits down. She's never still long enough."

The church at Bamburgh

It was a small company: seven of us in the room, by Andy's count: Andrea and Derek and their family, Andy, the husband of Anna, and others of the fellowship, and Polly. We began with worship, and then one of us prayed:

Heavenly Father, we thank You for gathering us together again, once more, in Your presence. The way in which You have brought us together we could not design even if we tried. We believe that this is a turning point in our lives, a turning point in our ministries, our destinies, in which You are refocusing us towards the throne, towards the kingdom. We worship You, O God, in the midst of Your church. For indeed the Spirit and the Bride are saying, Come; and even so, come, Lord Jesus.



The church at Bamburgh, gathered in Andrea's home, Thursday 23 July.



In Andrea's living room.

The word: Revelation 22

The word Ekaba brought to the church was from the last chapter of the Bible.

REVELATION 22:17

And the Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" And let him who hears say, "Come!" And let him who thirsts come. Whoever desires, let him take the water of life freely.

It is the final and greatest plea in all of Scripture, he said, and it will be the anthem of the end-time church; and he connected it with the vision the church had been given for the outreach planned for Monday 27 July in Bamburgh, *The Land of Hope*. He read the chapter from its

beginning. The river of the water of life, clear as crystal, flows from the throne of God and of the Lamb, as water flowed from the pierced side of Jesus, and it is to be in the bride a spring welling up to everlasting life. The city through which it flows is New Jerusalem, and the city is not a building but living stones, men and women: the church, the bride. On either side of the river is the tree of life, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations: “for the healing of Bamburgh, for the healing of England, for the healing of the United Kingdom”. “The intensity of our beholding God is the intensity of our worship.”

When John fell down before the angel, the angel said, *Worship God*. That, Ekaba said, is the instruction to the church of the last days; for every seduction of the age, the lust of the eyes, the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, comes down at last to the question of worship, as it did when the Lord rebuked the tempter: *You shall worship the Lord your God, and Him only you shall serve*.

He came to verse 11, *He who is righteous, let him be righteous still; he who is holy, let him be holy still*, and encouraged the little church to persevere. Attacks would come, he said, through words of discouragement, and he named the kind: “These people are wacky. We in the Anglican Communion don’t do all this. These are fringe elements.” “The decorum and the civility of British culture will not cut it,” he said. “The Holy Spirit is not an Englishman.” If they mocked Christ, they would mock His church; “we are in good company”. And then he came to verse 15, which speaks of those who are outside the city, among them the sorcerers, and he said: “Sorcery is strong in Bamburgh and Northumbria. I just want to make that known to you.”

Resistance in the room

At that, Andy stopped him.

ANDY I don’t think so. This is not really relevant for us. What God is doing with us here is having us be amongst people, to honour those people, to be celebrating what He is doing amongst the people of Bamburgh; not about calling people dogs or sorcerers, or accusing, or separating. We’re being called not to separate, but to give ourselves to what He’s spoken for us to do. Let’s talk about what God’s bringing, which is a message of hope, not a message of sorcery, wickedness, perniciousness and all the rest of it. It sounds like you’re accusing everybody around us. It feels like we’re going off on a tangent.

Ekaba apologised, and asked the church whether anyone had a witness in the spirit to what had been said. Someone answered that the Scripture was great, and that what had been said about worship was amazing, but that talking a great deal about what the enemy might

stir up was not helpful: “We’re celebrating the gift that God has given to Bamburgh. We’re talking about the blessing that’s there for people, and that it’s open to everybody.”

Then someone spoke of what the church had actually been facing. Carol had been very ill ever since they had gone and prayed over the land. Others among them had been poorly. One had had a fall and hurt their ribs; Carol had had a bite on her head that spread across her face and was so painful they thought it was shingles. “There’s a real fragility around our group. There is resistance. But it’s not from the people.” It was the enemy’s kickback, they said, like the car that had crashed into ours.

Andy’s reply

Andy then spoke at length. We record what he said, and then set it beside what had actually been preached.

ANDY After, I don’t know, thirty-five years on this journey, I still often-times feel like a baby. I still feel there is so much I don’t know. I listen to all sorts of people, and I listened to you today, and I’m saying to God, what should I learn? I still feel the hunger I felt all those years ago, when Bill first spoke to me and opened up a dimension of life I had never seen. I need a teachable spirit, and I need to be very humble before the Lord. But equally I feel empowered by Him. I feel that what we are about on Monday is of Him.

This whole idea of the Land of Hope, and David pitching his tent in the land of hope. On the way across, my brother, who is not a Christian, keyed in immediately: in our land, desperately, we need hope. However people come, whether they are hungry to know more of the Lord, or downcast, or distressed and without hope, we need to feed them. Jesus says, feed My lambs. But I’m relying on Him alone to give me the language, because if I don’t speak a language they can hear, I’m like a clanging cymbal.

It began with Ralph as a conduit. If Ralph hadn’t done what he did, we wouldn’t be sitting here now. I asked Ralph to do something on Monday, and he said yes, absolutely; and then he wrote back, but I wouldn’t declare myself a Christian. And I said, Ralph, that’s fine; let’s just go with what the Lord is doing. There are so many examples in the Bible where God uses people who on the face of it are not even aware of it.

We come together, seven of us in this room, and what have we in common? Probably very little except the Lord. But Jesus is Lord, and He makes a way where there seems to be no way. He is the final arbiter. We are not the judges. I’m not disrespecting you in any way. You came and brought us that word in the first place. Your coming was a catalyst that made this thing happen. But I was feeling we were drowning the Land of Hope message with hearing that the people around us are negative.

What Andy said did not answer what had been preached. The word had not accused the people of Bamburgh. It had opened Revelation 22 from its first verse: the river of the water of life, the worship of God, the healing of the nations, and the invitation of the Spirit and the bride. The one mention of sorcery was the reading of verse 15, given to forewarn the church of the resistance it would meet as it arose, not as a charge against the neighbours it means to love. His reply engaged neither the Scripture that had been read nor the teaching drawn from it. It wandered from his own journey to the plans for Monday and back again, and it set against the word a meaning the word had never carried.

Come

Ekaba received it, and went on to the end of the chapter. “I, Jesus, have sent My angel to testify to you these things in the churches. I am the Root and the Offspring of David, the Bright and Morning Star.” The Spirit is the Spirit of God; the bride is the church; and the church of the last days will be one with the Spirit in this invitation. “The water of life is for everybody,” he said, “and it is for us first”; and it must flow through us before it can flow to anyone else. That is why the church had sung, *Lord, prepare me to be a sanctuary, pure and holy, tried and true*: a sanctuary, a home for Him; a testimony; and a sacrifice, poured out like wine upon the altar and broken like bread to feed the hungry.

He passed over verses 18 and 19, “for wisdom’s sake”, and closed without returning to what had been disputed: “in the spirit of love, not to create confusion”. He said only that there would be challenges, the details of which it was not necessary or appropriate to go into then; and he left the church with the two encouragements of the chapter: *he who is righteous, let him be righteous still; he who is holy, let him be holy still*; for the reward is in the hand of the coming King.

REVELATION 22:20

*He who testifies to these things says, “Surely I am coming quickly.”
Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!*

Polly among the saints

Before the meeting ended, Polly had to go. As she left, one of us said to her, “Polly, we will connect with you; but these are the best people in all of Bamburgh.” Andrea told her where the house was, on the main street by the Lord Crewe Arms, and said, “Just come. You don’t need

an invite.” The fellowship Polly had been looking for, where the Holy Spirit is welcome, had opened its door to her.



Thursday afternoon at Andrea's, before the road south.

We sang *Open the eyes of my heart, Lord*, and as we sang, one of the church received a word, and gave it:

I have a sense of the Lord saying: now you see only in part, and then you will see in full. You have a partial vision; you see something of Me, but you don't see Me in My entirety. So for now, trust Me. Trust Me in what I bring to you. Trust Me when clearly you really don't understand. For there will come a day when you will see Me, and be with Me, in all My glory.

1 CORINTHIANS 13:12

For now we see in a mirror, dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know just as I also am known.

Another reminded us of the one commandment of Jesus, that we love one another, and of a saying from their own tradition: that love is “the all-purpose garment” that everybody should put on first.

COLOSSIANS 3:14

But above all these things put on love, which is the bond of perfection.

Afterwards

The brethren, his wife Anna among them, felt that what he had done, and the tension it had brought into the meeting, was very bad. Anna thanked us for the patience and humility in the Spirit with which we had handled it; the other brethren were grateful for the way the meeting had been kept. And Andy himself met with us afterwards, and apologised.

Then we said our goodbyes to the church at Bamburgh, and set out on the long road south.

Bamburgh to Exeter: about 674 km, driven that evening and night.

PART III

Exeter and Derby

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FRIDAY 24 JULY 2026

The Streets of Exeter

Exeter · High Street · the home of James

We came into Exeter after the long drive from Northumberland, and on the morning of Friday 24 July we met James. It was a year, almost to the week, since the Lord had led us to Plymouth, where James had first heard the word and taken ownership of the call; and it was five months since we had last sat with him, in February, at the end of our first mission to Bamburgh. The fellowship that began in Plymouth now gathered in Exeter under the name the brethren had given it, the Fellowship of Christ Church, and the next morning it was to hold an open meeting, which the brethren had called *Rise*.

Rise

James had had cards printed for the meeting. On the front, over a sunrise, was the one word *Rise*, and beneath it the verse the brethren had chosen:

JEREMIAH 31:3

I have loved you with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness I have drawn you.

On the back was the invitation: “Come as you are, discover God’s word, find community and grow in faith”, with the time, ten o’clock on Saturday 25 July, and the address, 17 St David’s Hill. We met in

Bamburgh to Exeter: about 674 km, the whole length of England.

a car park near the centre of the city a little before half past eleven, took the cards, and went out.



The invitation card for Saturday's meeting: RISE, Fellowship of Christ, Exeter.



James with each of us in turn, cards in hand, before we went out into the city. Friday 24 July, about 11.30.

On the High Street

We walked the High Street and the streets around it, giving out the cards, preaching, and speaking and ministering to the people we met. It was a good day. James, who knows the city, went with us and spoke to people himself, and it was a joy to see a brother who had heard the word from us in Plymouth a year before now taking it to strangers in his own city.



James speaking with a young man on the High Street, Exeter.

What we saw that day stayed with us, and it came into the teaching the next morning. The city was busy, prosperous and sunlit, and yet the people were cold. Chidera said to the gathering on the Saturday:

If you have been out to the streets, you will know that there is darkness in this land. You will know. We saw it yesterday. We saw people. Everyone is cold. But these people on whom the glory of the Lord has risen, God is set to use them to recover this entire land. Your salvation is not just personal to you.

A word about the work

In the course of the day, talking with the brethren about the pressures on their time, Ekaba said a thing that was taken up and repeated the next morning. Mark, one of the older brothers in the fellowship, brought it back to the whole meeting:

MARK It was really interesting what you said earlier, that your faith in God is your purpose, and your job is ... What was the word you used?

EKABA A variable.

MARK Yes, exactly. So basically my faith and my walk with God is a constant, and my job is a variable. Whereas most of us are living as if our job is our constant and our faith is our variable. It depends on what our job and our family situation is. We change our walk with God, as opposed to the other way round. I really need to be thinking about it in that way.



Exeter High Street.

My faith and my walk with God is a constant, and my job is a variable.

EKABA, AS MARK REPEATED IT

An evening with James

On the Friday we also sat with James and Louise and talked with them about the fellowship, about Louise's baptism, and about their wedding.

Louise was to be baptised, and the plan had been that it would be done in another church, where James's parents are well known and much loved; it would please the family. We asked her, gently, why she would go elsewhere: "Why can't Mark and James baptise you?" She had a fellowship of her own, and brothers in it who could baptise her. She was willing to think again. We counselled her that such a decision should not be governed by the considerations of men, however kindly meant, but by what is true.

James has long been drawn to the forms and the stillness of the Eastern Orthodox Church, to its monasteries, its hesychast tradition of silent prayer, and Mount Athos. He does not subscribe to it, but, as he said himself, he likes "the vibe". We did not quarrel with that; we

understood it, and in some measure we share it. Our counsel was that he need not go looking for a vibe in another house: he could bring the life of the kingdom into whatever setting the Lord puts him in.

The wedding

James and Louise are to be married on 2 October 2026. They asked what part we might have in it. We told them that, for us, the highest part we could play would be to stand at the altar with the officiating priest and give the marriage blessing, as is sometimes done at a joint service when a family belongs to more than one church. One of us said he would buy a clerical collar for the day, and James laughed. If we could not come, we asked that Mark should stand there in our place. And we told them that if we were to put our name to their marriage before God, we wanted first to give them marriage counsel, that we might understand it in the kingdom before we set our seal on it.

We looked at the flights. They were not cheap, about fifteen hundred pounds, for a journey from Thursday to Sunday. We committed it to the Lord.

Our home is your home. If you come, it is home away from home.

LOUISE

When we said that, if we came, we would find a hotel, they would not hear of it. “Why would you pay for a hotel? You can stay in our house.” Louise said it herself: “Our home is your home.”

There was one more thing to settle before we slept. Mark and his family were flying to Venice as soon as Saturday’s meeting was over, so whatever needed to be arranged with him had to be arranged that day, and it was. We were ready for the morning.

25

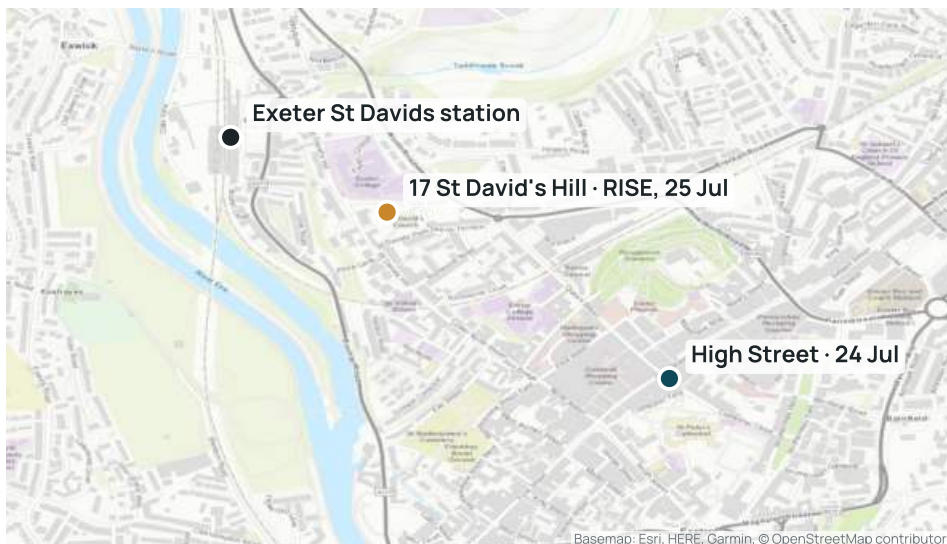
17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 JULY

SATURDAY 25 JULY 2026

Rise

Fellowship of Christ Church · 17 St David's Hill, Exeter

On Saturday morning we went up St David's Hill to the hall the brethren had taken for the meeting, a plain, bright room with tall windows, tables pushed together into a square, and a projector for James's slides. The meeting had been called for ten o'clock.



Exeter: the High Street, where we went out with James on Friday 24 July, and 17 St David's Hill, where the Fellowship of Christ Church met on Saturday 25 July.

Before the meeting

As people came in there was coffee and easy talk. Ekaba had been practising a song that morning in our lodgings with the window open, and he told the brethren about it: a song he had heard once in 2016, playing in his laboratory when he was in graduate school, and had never been able to find again.

Lord, I give You all my talents, and I give You all my time;
let everything within me serve You; make me wholly Thine.
I surrender all my treasures; let me not seek wealth or fame,
but let my life right here give all glory to Your name.
For Thou art worthy, Thou art Christ, the Son of God, the living One
who conquered death and sin. So take my life, Lord;
make it an instrument of praise.

Mark said that his son Sam, who is fourteen, plays the guitar, and that next time they might bring guitars. The talk turned, as it does everywhere now, to artificial intelligence, and to how much of their lives people are handing over to it. “You lose your critical thinking,” someone said. Ekaba spoke of how man loves complexity, in government, in bureaucracy, and in religion too, and how complexity so often serves an agenda of control; whereas the gospel, the life that is in Christ, is simple.

—
17 St David's Hill, Exeter EX4 3RG. The meeting ran from ten o'clock until a little after half past twelve, when the room had to be given up.



The brethren gathering at 17 St David's Hill before the meeting.

A song from Revelation

Chidera opened the meeting with a song that comes word for word from the King James Version:

REVELATION 19:6

Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

He explained the song. Those who sing it in Revelation 19 are the overcomers at the marriage supper of the Lamb, people who have

come into the fullness of Christ. “There are many powers,” he said, “but there is one that has a superior power, and that is the Lord Jesus Christ.” Nothing we do for Him now is a waste. And he taught them from the Psalms to sing with understanding:

PSALM 47:7

For God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding.

Melodious worship, sung with understanding, carries us into the realm of the Spirit swiftly, and he encouraged the brethren to give ten or twenty minutes each day to singing to the Lord, and then to praying in the Spirit.

The teaching: Arise, shine

Then Chidera taught on the theme the brethren had chosen for the day.

ISAIAH 60:1-2

Arise, shine; for your light has come! And the glory of the Lord is risen upon you. For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and deep darkness the people; but the Lord will arise over you, and His glory will be seen upon you.

God took one nation, Israel, as a sample for all humanity, he said, and what He spoke to that nation in the flesh He speaks to His people in the Spirit. He took them to Romans:

ROMANS 2:28-29

For he is not a Jew who is one outwardly, nor is circumcision that which is outward in the flesh; but he is a Jew who is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the Spirit, not in the letter.

Abraham himself was a Gentile when God called him, he said; it was his descendants who became Israel. He compared it to his own life: when he first came to Canada, before he was himself a Canadian citizen, a son was born to him there, and the son was Canadian before the father was.

When God says *Arise, shine*, His command comes with the ability to obey it. The light is Jesus, the light that shone on Saul on the Damascus road. And Chidera urged them to make it personal:

He hears the prayers of all, yet He hears your prayers, and when He comes to you, it is personal. Nobody shares your DNA. Nobody shares your fingerprints. Even identical twins don't share the same fingerprint. You are not an afterthought. He foreknew you. He had the picture in His mind, and then He created you. Uniquely. There is no double of you.

He brought the prophecy home to the city itself. Darkness shall cover the earth, "and greater darkness will cover the people of Exeter"; they had seen it on the streets the day before. But on those upon whom the glory of the Lord has risen, God is set to recover the land. "Your salvation is not just personal to you. You are a tool of God." At Antioch the people looked at the disciples and called them Christians, because Christ was seen upon them. "This is the time," he said, "that you can stay on Isaiah 60 verse 1 for three months."



The meeting, Saturday 25 July. The cards we had given out on the High Street lay on the tables.

Knowing your rights

To show them what understanding does, Chidera told them of his first years as an immigrant in Canada.

When I came to Canada, because I came in as an immigrant, I didn't know many things. I noticed that I was very timid. I could have been bold in Nigeria, but when I came, I was a very timid guy, because I didn't have an understanding of the system, how it works. If I saw the police, even if I was driving at fifty and the speed limit was sixty, my heart would start to pound. Why? I did not have an understanding of my rights.

Now that he knew his rights, he was no longer afraid. So it is with the sons of God, he said. The devil comes like a policeman with a thousand accusations, telling you why you are not good enough to be a son of God. "But who told you that you became a son or a daughter of God by your goodness?"

Satan, this is a family matter. If I am to be dealt with for my sin, it is only the Father who can deal with me.

CHIDERA

ISAIAH 52:1-2

Awake, awake! Put on your strength, O Zion; put on your beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city! For the uncircumcised and the unclean shall no longer come to you. Shake yourself from the dust, arise; sit down, O Jerusalem! Loose yourself from the bonds of your neck, O captive daughter of Zion!

“To sit down,” he said, “simply denotes a position of authority, of dominion. A king sits to rule.” The chains that have held us, whether anger, lying, lust, drunkenness, addiction or depression, can be broken off in a moment of understanding. “Where you were known for evil, you shall be known for good. That is the power of the restoration of God.”

Last, he took them to Romans 8:3, to what the law could not do. Laws, he said, do not make men good; they provoke them. A jar of cookies can sit in the kitchen for weeks unnoticed, until the day a father says, “Don’t touch the cookies”; that is the day the jar becomes a target. The law exposes our need, and only Christ in us, the hope of glory, can meet it.

What the brethren said

When Chidera finished, the brethren spoke, and what they said was frank.

One of the young men said that in all the churches he had attended over the years, he had never taken in the authority of the believer as he had that morning. Mark, who has been a Christian for twenty-five years, spoke of his frustration:

I feel like I’ve been going to church twenty-five years, and it’s beautiful, and I don’t know why there’s no power. It’s like in the Bible, when they were amazed because He spoke as one who had authority.

He told of a time in the Philippines, when he had been a Christian only eight or nine months, and felt that God was telling them to wash the feet of the missionaries who worked there. The leader of the group said no, and Mark went along with it. “It was very much not following the Spirit; it was following people.” Over the years, he said, when the words God gave you are never used, you stop sharing them.

Others spoke of church as a matter of “keeping up with the Joneses”, of turning up to be seen to be a good Christian, and of the guilt of missing a week. Mark told how, when his family had left their church just before the pandemic, friends came to their house for breakfast and they would sit and talk of God for two hours; and then something in him would say, *Now we need to do church*, and they would move to the lounge to sing and pray and read, and he realised it had become a process. “It’s almost like the church has become the Pharisees. I was sat in church going, have I just become a Pharisee?”

We record these things because they are the honest cry of people who love God and have found the religious system dry. It is the same cry we heard in Northumberland.



James presenting, and the brethren listening.

James: precision

James had prepared a short presentation of his own. He showed them the woodpecker, which strikes a tree some twenty times a second and is kept from injury by a bone that wraps around its skull; the giraffe, whose blood must be driven up so long a neck; and the gentoo penguin, which gives a chosen pebble to its mate. Such precision in creation, he said, points to the precision of the Word. He read from Psalm 139, “I am fearfully and wonderfully made”, and from Jeremiah 31:33, Matthew 4:4, Ephesians 5:26, Hebrews 5:12–14 and Proverbs 20:27, “The spirit of a man is the lamp of the Lord”; and he ended with a painting of Peter stepping out of the boat onto the water, seen from above, as the Father might see it. We are all to be a little more like Peter, he said, and step out of the boat. “Let’s light up Exeter.”

Ekaba: faith without walls

Ekaba answered what the brethren had said. Many who come to Christ are full of zeal at first and want to go steaming ahead, and those around them tell them to slow down. “Misery likes company.” Those whose own zeal has cooled may, consciously or not, want to moderate the zeal of others. But the zeal of the Father’s house

consumed the Lord Jesus, and He suffered for it; if we are set aside, we are in good company.

Christ leads us through no darker rooms than He went through Himself. What we enjoy is the fellowship of Christ. That is the name we give: the Fellowship of Christ. We are friends of Christ, one with Him, one in His purpose, one in His mission. A privatised faith is a dead faith. You cannot bottle up the Holy Spirit. Let your light shine.

PSALM 34:5

They looked to Him and were radiant, and their faces were not ashamed.

Before we closed, he taught them to share the grace, as we do at the end of our meetings, and James prayed. Together we said:

2 CORINTHIANS 13:14

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all. Amen.

What James said

When the meeting closed, James spoke of what the Lord was doing among them.

It all began with these two in Plymouth. We feel so small now, to be part of something bigger than us: being part of this church, this community, seeing it growing, and the Lord adding people full of the Spirit. Just hearing Mark minister today, sitting back, I was like, wow, thank you, Lord.

He spoke of those the Lord was bringing. Some, like MJ, had come from outside the churches altogether: MJ had begun reading the Qur'an and the Hadith to help a Muslim friend who was struggling, turned from there to the Bible, and there met God. Some, like Arthur, had grown up in church and found themselves "not seeing it", looking for something more. James had been talking only the day before with a man he had once taken on as an apprentice, who had been addicted to heroin and homeless, and who is now a church leader with a business of his own; he too had friends, Christians all their lives, who were looking for something smaller and truer. And James told us again of a dream he had had, of being surrounded by a gathering of people, and of something like a great block of ice that, as they prayed, became living water.

We feel so small now, to be part of something bigger than us.

JAMES

The burden of leadership

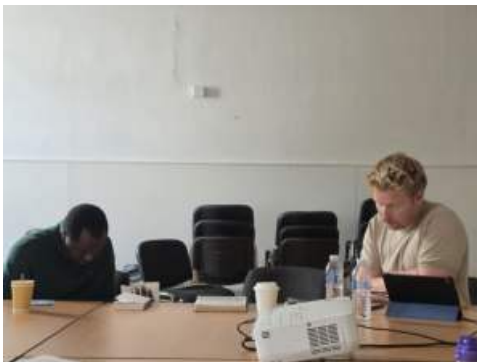
Ekaba's last word was a charge.

In the days and weeks to come, there will be trust placed on some of you, perhaps on the people sitting here right now: the burden of leadership. To whom much is given, much is required. The burden of leadership must be fully embraced, and not stepped aside from, because the church will suffer.

First to come, last to go. Pick up the scraps. See to the lights. It is responsibility; not everybody will do it. We may have ten people, twelve people, twenty people, but somebody has to do all of this. This is ministry. Many people will come and go and never know where the bread they ate came from, or how the place was put back. But there is somebody serving.

You might not be appreciated for years. You might even be attacked, and people will say, why is Mark preaching with so much passion? Just keep preaching. It is required of servants that they be found faithful. Faithfulness is turning up, for the next twenty-five, thirty years. And God has His reward for His faithful servants: *Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joy of your Lord.*

The room was ours only until half past twelve, and we had to pack up. Mark and his family were leaving that day for Venice. The church that had begun with two young men in Plymouth a year before now gathered ten or twelve in Exeter, with new people among them, men and women full of the Spirit, and older brothers like Mark ready to carry the burden. It was beautiful to see.



After the meeting.

That afternoon we set out north.

25–26

17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	JULY
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SATURDAY 25 – SUNDAY 26 JULY 2026

Derby, and the Road Home

Exeter · Derby · Edinburgh · Calgary and Winnipeg

From [Exeter](#) we drove north, towards Edinburgh and our flights home; but we did not go straight. We turned aside to Derby, to see our brother Emmanuel Akpet and his wife Josephine.

Emmanuel and we go back a long way. We grew up together in Calabar, in Nigeria, as friends and as brothers in Christ. Josephine had come to Derby first, and we had met her on our last journey through Britain, in August 2025, when Emmanuel had not yet joined her. Now he had, and they were both new to the city. We went to see them, to encourage them, and to love on them.

[Exeter to Derby: about 334 km.](#)

The burden of the house of God

They received us with great warmth. Josephine had laid a table for us: rice, meat, a salad of tomato and cucumber, a dish of fruit, and something to drink, and we ate together as old friends do.

But we had not come only to eat. As the evening went on we shared with them what the Lord had laid on us: the burden of the house of God. We spoke of the need for a kingdom church in Derby, a living church of His purpose, where the work of Christ would thrive; and we laid that burden on them, as it had been laid on us. They received it. It was a time of fellowship and of prayer, and of simply being together in the Lord.



The table in Derby, Saturday 25 July, a little before eight in the evening.



With Emmanuel in Derby.

Through the night

It was almost midnight when we left Derby and set out on the last road of the mission, up the length of England and over the border into Scotland. We reached Edinburgh in the early hours of Sunday morning, returned the car, and caught our flights: Ekaba to Calgary, and Chidera to Winnipeg, each home to his family. Ekaba's newborn was by then nearly five weeks old.

PSALM 121:8

The Lord shall preserve your going out and your coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore.

We had been in Britain ten days. We had begun them with a car at a crossroads and ended them with a car on a motorway in the dark, and in between the Lord had kept us every mile.

Derby to Edinburgh: about 463 km, driven through the night.

Since then

The seed sown in Derby that evening did not lie long in the ground. As this report is being written, a church is being born in Derby, “not a building, but a living, breathing Body of Christ, with Jesus alone as Head”, and the first gathering has been called for seven o’clock on the evening of Friday 2 October 2026, on St Peter’s Street, in the heart of the city.

REVELATION 22:17

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.

The Derby invitation carries Romans 13:11–12: “Awake to the hour. Arise to His purpose.”

PART IV

The Fruit and the Call

The Fruit

We went back to Britain to strengthen what had been planted. We record here what we saw growing.

Ralph

In February Ralph opened his house to the gospel. In July he opened his mind to it further than before. He is reading the Scriptures, in the Message Bible Andrea left with him at his bothy, and has begun with the Acts of the Apostles; he has recommended it to a friend. He told us that he would not be interested in us unless he could see what the faith had done in us, that something resonated with him more this time than last, and that he takes this, of all things, seriously. He knows that he is being called. He is not yet ready to come into the circle. We believe he will.

Andrea and Ralph

“Ralph and I never spoke to each other until you came,” Andrea told us. Now there is a long friendship between them, and through it a friendship between Andrea and Celia, and a door into Budle Hall and all who pass through it: the Ukrainian family the Hall has taken in, Tatiana and her son Roman; Martha; and many more. The brethren recognise it as the hand of God.

The church at Bamburgh

The church planted in Andrea and Derek’s home in February has kept meeting, every week, in Bamburgh and on Holy Island as the tides allow. The church is reaching out: to the young people of Alnwick through the sports week, and to the whole village through *The Land of Hope* on 27 July. And on our last afternoon, Polly was sitting among them.

Martha

Martha did not want to hear our message, Ralph said, and he had not thought she would sit down with us. She sat with us for an hour and a half, asked her own questions, and exchanged numbers with us before we left. A seed was sown in her; we will be near Granada in November.

Exeter

In February we sat with James alone. In July we sat with a church. The Fellowship of Christ Church now gathers ten to twelve in Exeter. Among them are older believers like Mark, frustrated by years of powerless religion and now pouring themselves into the work, and young ones like MJ, who came to Christ from outside the churches altogether. James is taking the gospel to the streets of his own city, and Mark has taken up the preaching. “We feel so small now,” James said, “to be part of something bigger than us.”

Derby

In Derby we laid the burden of a kingdom church on Emmanuel and Josephine. As this report is written, a church is being born there, and its first gathering has been called for Friday 2 October 2026.

The hand of God on the road

We record the insurance among the fruit, because it is a testimony. We never buy car insurance on these trips, because of the mounting cost; this time we bought it, without knowing why, and were given more than they asked for; and on the first night it was needed. We were not alone on the road.

1 CORINTHIANS 3:6

I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase.

Challenges and Resistance

We record the obstacles as plainly as the fruit, because this is a faithful report.

The cost

Every one of our missions is paid for out of our own wages. This one came five months after the last, with journeys to Turkey and Cyprus in August and to Spain in November already before us. The financial strain was real, and we went in faith. Car hire and fuel are dear in pounds sterling, and a replacement car, hotels and the long roads added to it.

Our families

Ekaba left his wife with a newborn three and a half weeks old and two other small children. Chidera left his wife and sons. One of us was also under heavy pressure at work. The cost of our going is borne first by our households.

The accident and the lost days

On the first night a car struck ours at a crossroads and drove away. God kept us from harm, and the cover we had not meant to buy limited our cost to about £590. But the accident cost us time we could not spare. The rental company's offices were closed for the weekend, no replacement car came, and much of Monday and Tuesday went to changing the car. In a mission of barely a week, three days were given to the car.

Resistance at Budle Hall

Ralph resists, and he says so. He values "an independent mind that is able to range where I wish"; he calls the barrier between us "a Lu-

ciferian barrier”; he does not want to be part of a community, and he would not come to Andrea’s. His friends among the young, he told us, are shut against the gospel over questions of sexuality and identity, and will leave a conversation rather than hear it. Martha was not persuaded; she would rather have “that power in myself”. And Alejandra, another of the Spanish women at the Hall, was unwilling to meet with us at all.

Resistance in the church

On our last afternoon at Bamburgh, when the word touched on the spiritual darkness of the land, and on sorcery, Andy, the husband of Anna, objected openly in the meeting: it was not relevant, it sounded as though we were accusing the people around them, and it drowned the message of hope they wished to bring. We apologised, received what he said, and finished the teaching without returning to the point. The brethren, his wife Anna among them, felt that what he had done, and the tension it caused, was very bad; Anna thanked us for our patience and humility in the Spirit, the other brethren were grateful for how the meeting had been handled, and Andy later met with us and apologised. We record it because it happened. Hope and the warning of judgment stand in the same chapter of Scripture, and a young church that loves its neighbours must also be forewarned of the resistance it will meet.

Sickness and fragility

The brethren at Bamburgh told us of illness and injury among them since they went out to pray over the land: Carol very unwell for weeks, a painful affliction across her face; a fall and hurt ribs. “There’s a real fragility around our group,” they said. “There is resistance. But it’s not from the people.”

Religion and scepticism

John, a devout man, told us frankly that he did not believe the Lord would come in his lifetime, and that his church was doing for him what we spoke of. In Exeter, Mark and others spoke of twenty-five years of powerless church life, and of being told again and again to slow down. We record their words not as reproach but as the honest condition of many who love God in Britain.

2 CORINTHIANS 4:8-9

We are hard-pressed on every side, yet not crushed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; struck down, but not destroyed.

Prayer Points

We ask all who read this account to labour with us in prayer. Pray by name, and pray without ceasing.

1. **For Ralph.** That he would open the door at which Christ is knocking; that the reading begun at the bothy would go on; and that the “mangy little dog circling the fire” would come into the circle. For Celia, Keith and all the household at Budle Hall.
2. **For Martha,** that the seed sown at Ralph’s table would not be stolen; for Maria; and for Alejandra, that her heart would be opened.
3. **For Tatiana and Roman,** and every refugee sheltered in Northumberland.
4. **For the church at Bamburgh.** For Andrea and Derek, Robert and Chrissy, Andy and Anna, Carol and all who gather: for unity, for health, for Carol’s full recovery, and for protection; that the word would be opened among them with clarity; and for all that came of *The Land of Hope*.
5. **For Polly and John,** for Polly’s healing in mind and body, and that she would find her home among the saints; and for John, that he would go further in.
6. **For the young people of Alnwick** and the sports week, and for Chris.
7. **For James and Louise** as they marry on 2 October, and for Louise’s baptism.
8. **For the Fellowship of Christ Church in Exeter:** for Mark and his family, MJ, Arthur and every new believer; that leaders would rise to carry the burden, and that the church would light up Exeter.
9. **For Emmanuel and Josephine Akpet,** and for the church being born in Derby.

10. **For the work in Turkey and Cyprus, and at Baza and Caniles in Spain.**
11. **For our households:** for Ekaba's wife and the new baby, and for Chidera's wife and sons, who bear the cost of our going; and for the provision of every journey.

Come

This account began with a leading that would not let us go, and a car at a crossroads, and it ends with a church being born in Derby. Between the two lies nothing that we arranged. The Lord did it.

We went back because the work of the King must not suffer loss. We found that it had not. The seed sown in February was growing: in a stone bothy on the moors, where a man of Northumberland sits with the Acts of the Apostles; in a sitting room in Bamburgh, where a handful of believers meet week after week; in a hall on St David's Hill, where a church that began with two young men in Plymouth now fills the tables. We found resistance too, in the great house and in the little church, and we have recorded it. None of it surprised the Lord.

The last word of the Bible is an invitation, and it was the word we left with the church at Bamburgh:

REVELATION 22:17

And the Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" And let him who hears say, "Come!" And let him who thirsts come. Whoever desires, let him take the water of life freely.

The Spirit says it. The bride says it. And whoever hears is to say it too. That is the whole of our mission, and it is yours. You do not need a mission board, a title or a pulpit. You need to be found faithful: to turn up, to pick up the scraps, to be the first to come and the last to go, for the next twenty-five or thirty years, until He comes.

So we say to you what we said to the brethren in Exeter: *My faith is a constant; my job is a variable.* And we say to you what we said to Ralph: He is knocking at the door.

Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

Ekaba Bisong & Chidera Bisong
Calgary and Winnipeg, September 2026