

This was a very interesting trip because at every school we offered the children's booklet sets and teen tract sets, they were willing to receive them, some most graciously and a few with a rather underwhelming response, and three school receptionists with serious aggro, rudely refusing the prayer that we ask if we may do in agreement for the community this particular school represents. So we covered 50 schools and more than 2500km.



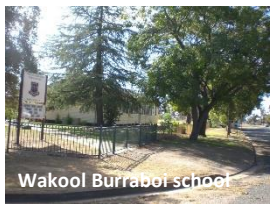
Our first day was just travelling to Barellan where we stayed in the hotel. M was hospitable but the room contained only a bed and a wardrobe, no heater and it was 5°, though we had brought a blanket with us. We were able to freely use the kitchen as there was nobody in the hotel other than us. But next morning the school received our booklets.

From there we visited Leeton, Yanco and Wamoon. Fortunately we mentioned that we were going to Murrumbidgee, because that school has been closed and is now combined with Whitton. Then we continued on to Binya, Yenda, Beelbanger, Yoogali, and to the Griffith schools, East, Central and North and Hanwood. Lake Wyangan and Tharbogang are also close by and we drove to Goolgowi for the night – a lovely WARM room!

Next day we drove to Hillston and from there to Booligal *via* Lachlan Valley Way. We had particularly prayed about this road as vehicles are not permitted on this road if it rains. It is 78 km and about one hour, but if it is not possible to drive it the other route is 247 km, which would take more than 2½ hours. But God answered our prayer and we were able to drive the shorter route without incident. We asked the receptionist if we might pray together for the school and the community but she was negative as an ex-catholic but we prayed anyway and she said "amen", so we trust God had moved her heart a little. We met a couple outside Booligal school and talked with them for quite a while as they had left a very strict religious sect and were still suffering from all the years in "captivity". As we pray for Divine appointments every day we are confident that God will work His blessings into their lives. We



drove to Ivanhoe and then towards Balranald *via* Clare school. Unfortunately the GPS 'decided' it would not talk to us anymore and we overshot the turnoff to Clare school by more than 25km. We were standing on the road trying to work out whether we had time to drive back when R stopped and asked if he could help. He was going to the school to pick up his children so we followed him (much faster than we like to drive!), and were able to leave our booklets with C and C1, the staff there, and also R who was very interested in what we are doing. We arrived in Balranald with a very thirsty car, and to stay the night. Here we met G who said he was inspired by what we are doing and took a copy of our book, "He sent 72".



After such an eventful day before we set out from Balranald to Tooleybuc, Moulamein, Barham, Wakool Burraboi and Bunnaloo, then Moama and on to Mathoura where we had booked motel accommodation, which turned into a drama as there was a widespread power outage and we could not pay with our card, but had no cash. Eventually it was sorted out. There was more drama at the school next morning where the receptionist was one of those aggro. She very reluctantly took the books and we hope she did not destroy them, as she obviously considered she was the 'organiser' in this school and had the power to veto that of which she did not approve. We have later been informed by an intercessor that there is a lot of witchcraft in this area.



Next day we drove to Deniliquin where there are three public schools, then to Blighty and Mayrunga, two very small schools, on to Conargo where we were particularly well received, and to Jerilderie. Then we went to Coleambally and Narrandera. All these visits have to be done before schools close at 3.30pm so there was plenty of time to drive to Ashmont, in Wagga, for the night.

Our last day was offering our booklets to the many schools in Wagga. Our first was Kapooka, where most children are those of military personnel. Then we made a rather hectic tour of Wagga's schools, Tolland, Lake Albert, Koorlingal, Mount Austin, Turvey Park, Wagga Central and South Wagga. It was the second of the two Koorlingal schools, named Sturt School, that we struck



another of the very aggro receptionists, and at Lake Albert the third. But at Lake Albert, as we prayed outside the school that the deputy principal, D, came up and thanked us for coming and allowed us to pray for the community there. At Wagga Central, N, the Principal, was very gracious and encouraged us greatly, thanking us both. At the gate we had a long conversation with a retired principal and her husband, who had lost their way with God and we were able to encourage them to pray again. They took a set of each of our booklets. As we talked together of God's love a Scripture teacher stopped. It was sad to see that she knew the Law of God but not His grace. Nevertheless it prompted the couple to whom we had been talking to want to say a prayer that would allow God's grace and love back into their lives. God moves in mysterious ways! We had only two more schools on our schedule, Forest Hill and Ladysmith, and we drove home. As we looked at our travel notes we are so grateful to God for His faithfulness and the way that though we had planned our course, He had guided our steps and kept us safe. We were happy to have given nearly 1000 booklets, based on the Bible, as well as prayers and other leaflets, especially Psalm 91.