

Trip to Sri Lanka
Sunday March 13, 2016
Day Three

I managed to sleep until 6 am this morning! I knew that was it though, so I got up, did my exercises, showered and dressed. Had a light breakfast this morning — we have been getting meals from the restaurant downstairs — no delivery. We made due with the bread and apricot jam and cheese and crackers. Fortunately, we two men don't live by bread alone.



We could hear the music start just before 9 am indicating that church was starting and sure enough the pastor's daughter came up to let us know they had begun. We headed down and took our seats at the front of the church. The church sang a slate of 'contemporary' praise songs followed by some 'traditional hymns'. All of these seemed to be indigenous Sri Lankan pieces which I appreciated. In between songs was spontaneous congregational prayer, very similar to my

days in the Pentecostal church.

Following the music, testimonies were given on how lives were changed as a result of following Jesus. Then we were welcomed by Pastor Lazarus and Dan was prayed for. There was special music by the pastor's son and then Dan preached on John 12:1-8 and Psalm 126 "Hang at Jesus' Feet". The pastor's daughter translated for him and did a great job of keeping up. Following the sermon was the offering, benediction and then people approached Dan for prayer.



Language is always tricky when we don't speak any indigenous language and their english is limited. We thought we were done and headed back upstairs, but it seems we had agreed to meet with and advise the young people's group. So we headed back downstairs and tried to figure out what we were to do.

We fumbled for awhile asking if they had questions we could answer and were answered, no they didn't. Then one fellow thought of some. Not the best questions but it got the ball rolling. Eventually we asked a key question about what challenges they face as young Christians (only 7% Christian here). It seems they have similar pressures to use drugs, smoke, drink, etc. I made a comment that I lived that way in my youth and was asked for my testimony which I gladly shared. I prayerfully hope it spoke to them and God will use it for his kingdom.

Then we actually were able to leave and had our lunch. After lunch we both went for a nap which was successful for Dan but a failure for me. Just as I drifted off the power went out and I

woke up. So I got up and read for awhile. Once Dan joined me we chatted and read until Pastor Raffee arrived to take us to his evening service — back in the car!



Once we were at his church it was clear the power was out there as well, so we sang without music. The flow of the service was basically the same as the morning service but because the sun was going down testimonies were cut short — we needed the light to read Scripture by. Then I was introduced, I extended greetings and preached the sermon. I preached on Isaiah 43:16-28 “Fear Not!”

We had to wait for Pastor Raffee’s car to come back (congregation members were being shuttled home) and he drove us home. Once here we ordered dinner (9:15 pm!) and touched base with Sister Hilda. The power came on right after we were back so we are able to get up to date.