

Compassion Acts * Mozambique Trip Report
Jan/Feb 2006



March 10, 2006,

Holy Spirit knows how to pray, with sighs and groans too deep to express with words. That's what the Bible says. I'm sitting here, in our dentist's office, just having had a root canal done. I've been trying to figure out how in the world to write a report on our latest trip to Mozambique. I've come to the conclusion that I must lean on, and trust my friend and constant companion, our beautiful Holy Spirit to groan and sigh through me, deeper than any words I can muster up, to communicate the depth of His heart for this land of Mozambique, and His amazing orchestration of this journey.

We began as 26 individuals, from 9 different states, and representing 4 nations, and by the grace of God, we became one unit, focused on worshipping Him, and pouring out His Spirit of prayer into the depths of the ground - to the very bedrock. We started out all together in Maputo, spending two nights there, speaking at a home group meeting upon arrival, and the following day, speaking at a pastor's school session, and then I spoke that last night to the whole base, and released prayer for the Debra and Baraks to be released. It was very a very good time.

The following morning, 20 of our team left Maputo, and headed out for Pemba. The remaining 6 team members stayed in Maputo, and spent the remaining days loving on the many children there, loving and serving the missionary staff, and spending time in intercession. It was amazing, even though we were divided into two groups, how the Lord placed similar burdens of prayer on us, even on the same day.

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Upon arriving in Pemba, we were thrust into one of the most amazing times of travailing prayer, unlike any I've ever experienced before. We would gather to pray, and the "suddenlies" of God would hit us, and hours later, we would find ourselves still on that hard stone floor, in 120 degree temperatures, literally crying, shaking, and in one accord, for the purposes of God to be fulfilled. There was so much that we touched, how can I communicate adequately the depth of this assignment.

We were instructed to go in outrageous praise and worship, and we were to pray for God's heart for Israel to be established into the ground. Well, that certainly happened! We also were led to pray for the establishment of wisdom, justice, and righteousness in the land.

When we first arrived in Pemba, we discovered that they were experiencing one of the worst droughts in 50 years. We had been sent over there with a prophetic word concerning the release of rain, so we prayed. Like Elijah, we all went outside the Elijah Inn, squatted down on the ground, the put our faces between our knees, like a woman in childbirth, and we groaned. This was an act of faith - having no idea what depth of experience most of the newly formed team even had in this type of prayer. But, guess what! It sprinkled 15 minutes that first day. We prayed the next day, and it rained 4-5 hours - a good, soaking rain. In fact, it rained every day after that, getting harder and longer hours of rain coming down! There was one day it didn't rain - and that was because the outreach was to be that night, and we prayed it would not rain that night, at least until after the outreach was over. God was so good - that is exactly what He did! Praise Jesus!

We prayer walked all three Iris owned properties there in Pemba, prayed for the staff and team, led a home group meeting one night, fed the children, attended a birthday party, had a time of cleansing and commissioning in the Indian Ocean that lasted about 3 hours, etc. I met with Heidi one evening for a couple of hours. I was (and still am) amazed at her tremendous heart to make room to meet with people, even in the midst of her crazy and overwhelming responsibilities.

I don't have room here to begin to discuss how we, as individuals, were impacted, or discuss the plans in Bill and Noni Butler's hearts, to make another trip back, putting together a construction team, to help complete some desperately needed buildings, etc. I can't tell you how much we were blessed to have Ann Bell and Karen Bennett laboring in prayer there with us, and how much fun Leon and I had with them, it was truly a privilege to be together. Some of our team stayed at the Nautilus Hotel there, while the others stayed on the base with the children. Some

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had a lot of meals consisting of beans and rice, beans and rice, and, did I mention beans and rice? Sometimes we ate at the hotel, where getting a meal could take over an hour. But, you didn't want to complain, we were grateful to get food to eat - period! We used those times to benefit from Joel Staab's experience, having lived there for 4 months! He had great stories, and heart rending stories - stories from "papa Joelle"!

At the end of our time there, we were all in a heap emotionally. We all wanted to feel that we had accomplished the goals God had sent us there for, but that was not what we felt! Instead, we felt we had just begun, and we were being sent home to enact what we had received. And, indeed, this was true. We were sent home to light the fires of intercession, wherever we live, for the Mozambique nation, for the missionaries who are on the field, wherever they may be. But I tell you, one the main cries I still hear being called out, are Heidi's words, "Remember the poor!" It's so simple, but it will cost you everything.

Here is the secret to having a life with God; simply love the things He loves. These are the things that are near and dear to His heart. They are: Israel and Jewish people, the poor and impoverished, and that He be exalted, worshipped and praised. If we will hold up these pillars in prayer, and look for ways to work out our prayers, we will be blessed, and we will bless God!

This is not the end of this particular journey - it is just the beginning!

Blessings!

Michal Ann Goll