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## *The Gallagher Gazette*

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2005 A.D.

Summer

Friday morning we held devotions at St. Edward's Preparatory School. This was especially exciting because we were told of something special the Lord had done there recently. It seems that the school had planned to have a Teacher Appreciation Day but something happened so that it could not work out. The 4th through 6th graders decided that something must be done so they came to school at 6:30 am that morning to fast and pray for their teachers instead!!!

After four years as a Christian school teacher I would have to say that I'd never heard of something like this before. I wish our Christian schools had this sacrificial attitude. I've noticed that people who have nothing tend to be more compassionate than those who have everything.

We moved on to open a clinic at Canterbury. Kerry Russell showed up as the clinic was closing. His Rastafarian friends had carried and pushed his wheelchair uphill through the narrow alleys between the sheds. This is a place you don't want anyone to know you are from. It is a valley with only one entrance and filled with corrugated tin buildings which have been tacked on to each other. Kerry had been gunshot and explained to me that it was the fault of the whites and the police. When I reminded him that he was not shot by a white man nor a policeman, he said it didn't matter because the police drive by daily and shoot at his "Rasta" brothers.



I told him that this was not my first trip to Jamaica and that I know the police department intimately and that he could not make me believe a lie. He said that my God was a liar and that the police only seek to kill the people. I told him that his god was lying to him and that I would have a policeman call him and offer to help him with anything he needed. He told me, "We're gonna see because they will never call me."

He gave me his phone number and left. The next day I was able to get ahold of Corporal Stirling who immediately called him and offered to help. Now whose God is a liar? Pray that Kerry will listen to the truth. I met a couple who have made Canterbury their priority and they are following up with Kerry.

### **Saturday**

Our next clinic was at Bogue Hill Baptist Church. Two things stand out to me: first, an old woman stood at the doorway for hours smiling at me. She had seen the sign that said we could take no more patients and could only hope that her smile would help her gain entrance. You can only ignore the face of an angel for so long. After I got caught up on prescriptions, I asked her what I could do for her. She told me she could not eat or sleep and that her stomach hurt. I felt the Lord impressing me to ask her if there was anything bad going on at home.

Monica immediately grabbed me and hugged me shouting, "God has sent you to me! How did you know that? God has sent you!" We were able to pray and take back ground she had given to the deceiver and I gave her detailed instruction on how to stop being a "fixer" and surrender her home to the Lord Jesus Christ. She wouldn't let go of me for awhile, telling me how much she loved me and how God had sent me. Needless to say I was a basket-case for awhile.



There was no time to waste as a young girl named Judy had been looking at me through the window all day long and her eyes were getting desperate. She finally showed me the palms of her hands and revealed first degree burns and shreds of skin hanging loose.

Dear God, how she had stood there so patiently, feeling unworthy to ask for help. I snuck her into the doctor and God heard my prayer because he prescribed Furacin which was used in Vietnam to heal napalm burns.

It is a miracle drug. I showed Judy how to keep the wound clean and change the bandages. She will have her hands back in a month or so but came close to losing them to gangrene.



### **Sunday**

I had not told anyone but the Lord of my great desire to preach at Pitfour Gospel Chapel. I wanted Him to confirm it. When we go we defer to the respected preachers who come with us and allow them to preach. I secretly thanked God that nobody thought of inviting them to Pitfour. I was speaking to a pastor who mentioned that he was going to preach at Pitfour on Sunday morning and asked me if I would like to come along. I said, "Yes!" He then asked if I would like to preach on Sunday morning there. God is so good.

During the service, I asked the people if they would commit themselves to serious Bible study. Three hands went up. I spoke to them of how Jesus was passing by and acting as if He would go a little further (as at Emmaus and when He walked on the water). I told them that He is suggesting they follow Him to a deeper walk in the Word. I said I would not press the issue but that if anyone wanted to begin the journey, there would be study sheets available after the service upon request. I was swamped by kids and adults afterwards and there were just enough copies for everyone!!!



### **Monday**

We held a clinic at a new village called Cornwall Court. Later we held an open-air service and my habit is to stand in the street and engage passersby in conversation, inviting them to come in. The streets were strangely empty so I began walking the neighborhood with my partner, Isaac. We finally found the local hangout and got into a conversation with Garnett.

"So I hear there are a lot of bad guys around here?"

"No, mon, dey all be up on the hill. Dey come down, rob, go back."

"So you aren't one of the bad guys? You are a good guy?"

"Yah mon!"

"Can I ask you a few questions to make sure you are a good guy?"

"Sure, mon."

"Have you ever lied, stole anything, taken God's name in vain, lusted or dishonored your parents?" (shortened version)

In a few minutes, Garnett saw his need for a Savior and was born into the Kingdom of Light! I brought him to the pastor and Garnett mentioned that he had been watching this church for weeks and that he would be attending on Wednesday night. Pray for Garnett to stay close to the Lord and the brethren.

## Tuesday

We visited the interior of the island. Dr. Sam Wooldridge (formerly of MAF) estimated the cost of development and explained various things (clinic, dorm, housing, hydroponic gardening) which could be done in the area. Sam teaches jungle survival and has traveled the world helping to find investors and assistance for missionaries.

## Wednesday

I was invited to visit my friends at the police station. Little did I know what would transpire! Superintendent of Police Ivan Brown (who lost both arms in a machete attack years ago) asked if there was anything they could do to assist me. I mentioned there were some people whom I had met on the last trip who needed various things and one who was on the verge of salvation. He assigned Corporal Carlton Stirling (one of my favorite people in the world) a four-wheel drive land rover and gave him the commission to carry out my orders. I had secretly prayed this would happen but didn't want to be the one who pushed it. Carlton and I drove up and down many dangerous hills looking for the cryptic addresses I had. People began to offer to throw stones at the police jeep and cursed us as we drove by. Everyone we asked for directions played dumb because they don't want to be tagged as informers (this is because they assumed we were there to arrest someone).

We finally found Althia (an unwed mother) next door to a fruit stand whose owner had just sworn there was no such person in the area. Althia has been writing us for two years telling us she doesn't understand salvation. Long story short, Althia and Karl (her live-in partner) gave their lives to Christ and promised me they would soon be married. I directed them to Pitfour church and told them there will be a nice wedding present waiting.

The grand climax was next!!! We had been searching for Heather (the one who works on the Logos ship and has badly needed a mattress) all day long. Carlton had to attend to some police business and we decided to leave the money for the mattress with someone and call it a day. I got back to my hotel room and cried out to the Lord, "Father, Heather really needs this mattress. Please help me find her, someone else may not get the job done." The phone rang as I was praying.

"Jimmy? This is Heather! I just got your letter (sent a month ago) saying that you are coming! I have been so discouraged, but today I have been skipping through the streets showing your letter to everyone "

This was only the beginning. The mattress cost was \$13,900.00 (\$242.00 USD) Carlton tried to negotiate in Patois for a cheaper price. No way. He called friends who knew the owners. No luck. The store was closing soon and there was nobody who could authorize a discount. I asked Carlton to count my bundle of US and Jamaican bills and breathed a prayer, kicking myself for buying a phone card and some coffee for friends in the states. I couldn't believe it when Carlton said, "\$240.00." I looked through my wallet and found two single dollar bills and laid them in his hands. Yesssssssss!!!! We got it!!!



I wish you could have seen Heather skipping around the store with her hands in the air shouting, "Thank you Jesus!"

In our early years we were taught that only certain people are "called" to be missionaries. We have discovered that God can provide a covering and the right circumstances so that anyone who is willing can go.  
Pray about going with us!

Contact us at [jimmy@stoplooklistenbible.com](mailto:jimmy@stoplooklistenbible.com) for information on how you can be involved in a future mission trip.

