



# CROSS CURRENTS INTERNATIONAL MINISTRIES

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Our dear Prayer Supporter,

**D**orothy and I are always blessed to read missionary reports from missionaries who serve the Lord in far-flung places. Like you, when we receive news of the Lord's blessing in many places, our vision is expanded and our faith is encouraged.

Two such missionaries are Walter and Mary Burrell. Walter was born in Southern Ireland [Eire] and for many years has been a "Port Missionary" in his home town of Cork.

As an unconverted teenager, the thrill of the oceans tugged at Walter's heart. Accordingly, he sailed 7 seas for seven years! Later he wrote: "Godless—the bars of the world took my money—the paths of sin I traveled, but like the broken cisterns, the waters failed, **but God had a purpose.**"

Yes! God's purpose for Walter began when he was born from above. Shortly thereafter he dedicated his life to reach seamen with the Gospel. To this very day, Walter and Mary still minister the love of God to the lonely and the lost on the docks of Cork. Their harvest field includes sailors from around the world (Buddhists, Communists, Muslims and multitudes of other broken lives) in an atmosphere pervaded by prostitution, drunkenness, drug trafficking, dirt and despair.

Later we will quote a few excerpts from Walter and Mary's news release. This will help you catch something of the vision, the travail, the tragedies and the triumphs that accompanies their daily availability to the indwelling Christ.

But first let us share with you how, in the providence of God, our path crossed with Walter's. And how, as a result, God opened the way for CCIM to give *Your Quest for God, Food for Faith* and Pastor Chuck Smith's book on end times called *Future Survival* to countless numbers of sailors. These books have traveled around the world on multiple cargo vessels whose home ports are in Arabic, Communist and the Third World countries!

In the early 1980's, after ministering at the large "Faith Mission Convention" in Belfast, Northern Ireland, we were asked to continue by ministering in Southern Ireland. So, each night for one month, we taught the Word of God in that strongly dominated Roman Catholic country from north to south and from east to west!

At that time, in Southern Ireland there was a new freedom to distribute Bibles and other Christian literature. As a result the Holy Spirit was drawing many Roman Catholics to a saving knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

However, we remember the days when our previous ministry in Southern Ireland was the object of Roman Catholic displeasure. For instance, when I had preached at open-air meetings in the centre of Dublin, "Legion of Mary" watchdogs pounced upon

the inquirers who had responded to the appeal and immediately snatched our follow-up literature from their hands. This was replaced by an invitation to the Church bingo hall. We also remember how neighbors clocked us in and out when we visited the home of a couple who had made spiritual enquiries. The Roman Catholic priest was immediately informed and speedily made his own visit to try to negate what we had said.

We also knew of a onetime Roman Catholic farmer who had been born-again. As a result, he became the object of the indignation of the Catholic church and a moratorium was placed on his ability to purchase grain for sowing crops and feeding cattle. Later a moratorium was placed on any person who desired to buy his cattle and dairy products. Then, when he could no longer farm, a moratorium was placed on any person who desired to purchase his farm. As a result, it became necessary for this new believer to relocate with his family in the friendlier Northern Ireland.

**In these days when the doctrinal foundation of our faith is compromised and eroded for the sake of ecumenical unity, let us not forget the lessons of history. Wherever the Church of Rome has gained political power, New Testament Christianity has become the object of intolerance and even persecution. And as the "religious" world moves ever closer to a one-world religion, we believe that Rome will be the avant-garde as we grow closer to the Rapture of true Church and the advent of the Antichrist.**

However, at the time of our visit to Southern Ireland in 1983, the atmosphere was more conducive for the preaching of the Gospel. (Some believe that a vital factor in this new tolerance was Bible teaching ministry from the high powered Trans World Radio station in Monte Carlo.) That be as it may, many Roman Catholics had been truly born again. Accordingly, most of our meetings were held in neutral venues—village halls and even cow barns!

The reason for the neutral venues was that many small and isolated fellowships, that had felt the sting of Roman Catholic wrath, regarded the new believers as "ex-Catholics" rather than brethren in Christ. In neutral venues, both new and mature believers assembled together as God broke down walls of prejudice and fear. It was in a cow barn that Dorothy sang "How great Thou art," and was accompanied by the basso profunda of a cow standing just over the fence!

Our month of ministry in Southern Ireland was almost over. On the last evening of our itinerary, we were physically and mentally weary. As I closed in prayer, I felt the message had been ineffective in this extremely Roman Catholic township. However, as usual, Dorothy and I made ourselves available to

pray with those who desired spiritual help.

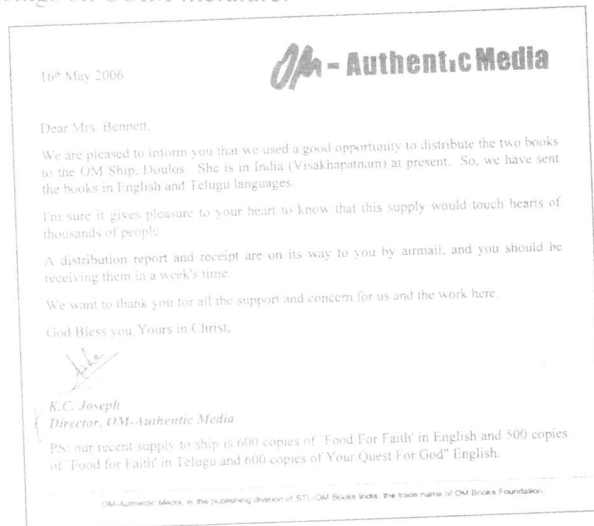
An ex-Catholic brother, who had been born again just one year previously, came to talk with me. Not far into our conversation, he handed me an envelope and said: "This is the result of much prayer." "Would you like me to open it?" I asked. To my great surprise, in this economically deprived community, this dear brother handed me a check to the value of fifteen thousand Irish pounds. As I recall, at that time this was about US\$16,000.

The Irish check was made out to me personally. That presented me with a problem! So, with profuse gratitude I explained that I could not receive such a personal gift. "But, the Lord told me to give it to you," he replied. "Did the Lord tell your wife to give it to me?" I asked. "Yes! Look, she is on her knees at the back of the hall praying with your wife." Well, that caused further dilemma. "It is not that I am ungrateful but I hope you understand that I do not preach for money. Why do you think the Lord impressed you to give such a personal gift?" "Well, you are something to do with a radio ministry aren't you?" "Yes, it is true that we have prayed much for the broadcasts beamed into Ireland—I tell you what, if you want this money to go to radio, send it straight to Trans World Radio and they will receipt it and use it as you designate." "No! The Lord told me to give it to you!" he emphatically responded.

Remembering the book of Pastor Chuck Smith, *Future Survival*, which accompanied the film we used in Europe and Africa, I prayerfully and gratefully responded. "Well I tell you what I will do if you agree. My brother-in-law is the accountant and Company Secretary of a large printing firm in England. I will send this money to this firm and ask them to print—as close to cost price as possible—as many copies of *Future Survival* as the money will purchase. All I can promise you is that these

books will minister in places you will never go and to people you will never see this side of heaven." "That's what I want the money to go for!" he gladly responded.

And this is how the Lord opened the door for us to send many copies to Ireland including Walter Burrell in Cork for his ministry to seamen. This was followed by CCIM sponsoring the book *Future Survival* in Africa as well as in various Indian languages through Operation Mobilisation [OM]. The latest letter from the OM India Director tells of God's continued blessings on CCIM literature:



We want to take this further opportunity to thank you for your faithful gifts and prayers. We especially thank you for your prayers for our personal minister of His Word.

In His love,

### From Walter in Cork

- "The harbors have one thing in common—**loneliness**. Dockside pubs, pimps and loose living women to greet you. **Temptation**—one's resolutions weakened by the alcohol. Intense, the loud music, smoked filled taverns, the stage is set for **sin**—the world's most devastating disease—crippling, crumbling, leaving in its wake, broken marriages, AIDS, unwanted babies. Proverbs 7:22 says *he goeth after her as an ox to the slaughter*. Proverbs 9:14-18 says *she sitteth at the door of her house to call passers by, stolen waters are sweet, her guests are in the depths of hell*."
- "'**Get off this ship, we don't want you on board**.' a large man screamed at me. Cursed at on occasions, mocked at often, at times, men with scorn hurl the scriptures back. We don't run away, we enter the conflict to make a mark for Christ. We want to leave in their minds something that **won't go away!**"
- "'**Sit and talk with us**.' Moslems from Indonesia told me of their fear of dying. Please pray for **Benny Doming, Jalidin, Donny, Susilo**. How great by faith to lead them in true repentance to the Lord. Visiting the ship each day to load

milk powder gave me the opportunity to build them up in their faith."

- "On a tanker, pumping oil ashore, the boson urged me to come on board. A dangerous gangway, **I inched my way crawling hands and feet over a narrow ladder—the water below**. Down below deck, I could see the urgency of his invitation; a seeking heart; by faith, he reached and was born again; pray for **Guilermag!**"
- "Moslems from Syria, a Buddhist from Burma, Cuban Communists, all have sat in our home finding comfort in our arm chairs, as Mary serves toast and coffee. Seamen and many young people find inside our home, a rest upon the way and a spiritual lift. For three nights running, our home became theirs, but ships must sail. **Mary is hugged and kissed, tears trickling down weather beaten faces speak a language that no money can buy and all the late nights seem in comparison of little sacrifice.**"
- "Below decks, **I carry the dynamite explosive fuse by the hand of God, ignited by the power of the Holy Spirit. Leaving my hands, it has the hallmark it will never return to Him void; it is quick, sharp and powerful.**"