



## 1-3 Snapshots of Tanzania

God's power on display as  
1500 attend healing rally

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Ministry at Samantha's

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Last Supper comes to life

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## Snapshots of Tanzania

*"Ed and I exchange glances and grins. We know God's power will transform lives..."*

**W**e drive over congested Arusha streets where men strain to pull loads of prickly jackfruit on wooden carts while breathing noxious fumes from trucks and buses. Women with handmade brooms bend to sweep unending dust kicked up from dirt roads. As we pass through the gates to St. Paul's Center, Dr. Alex points out "ED NA ANETTE"—our names on the Swahili banner advertising the upcoming rally.

Christians from two diocese will train with us all day Friday to Monday and minister at the evening tent rally. Radio stations announce the B4P

event. Dr. Alex arranges for a truck to carry an amplifier and broadcast the rally through the town. The organizers sense the growing interest and order more tents. Stacks of plastic chairs arrive and young men swing them down from the pickup.

Tanzanian drums guide us to the hall for the B4P healing and deliverance workshop. One hundred attendees in batik patterns of deep blue, golden yellow, and vibrant orange cheer our souls after the sobering ride past drab cement structures in the city. Lively and loud worship honors Jesus Christ. Ed and I exchange glances and grins. We

know God's power will transform lives as we lead the B4P Foundation for Healing training.

The trainees are smart, serious, and enthusiastic. **On the first evening of ministry, many people express healing from headaches, body pain, and anxiety.** The next morning in class, trainees share challenges and testify. A beautiful young woman with braided hair and long lashes says, "God surprised me! I am an intercessor and never laid hands on the sick." She came for the training, but was afraid to minis-

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**"ED NA ANETTE" Swahili banner advertising the rally**



**Foundation for Healing Tanzanian Trainees**

ter. Finding courage, she joined a team. **"God surprised me!" She prayed for a woman who cried while receiving inner healing. The woman felt relief after a long emotional struggle. The trainee was shocked at how God used her.** I asked, "Will you continue to pray for the sick?" "Yes!" she replied. "And I ask God to continue to bless me to pray over others."

Sunday night dark clouds gathered in the sky as five of us left the rally to pray for Valentino, a Christian leader who lost his voice and then suffered paralysis and could only move his right arm. Bedridden and discouraged, he no longer wanted prayer. Alex said, "He is my good friend. He will receive me and I think a visit from you would really do a lot of good."

We drive off the dirt street and onto the tarmac. Headlights reflect pelting rain bouncing a foot high on the road. It is like driving through a car wash. We pull up in front of Valentino's dry goods store. The family home is attached behind it. Red mud deep and wide edges the road. Alex's wife Caritas jumps out and surveys the street for a place where we can manage to cross the slick ground. Hands reach out to me in

the dark, I grab them. People grip my arms and I cross over wondering how my African friends can see in the dark night. "Lock the car," Caritas says. "It is not safe here," she

***A young woman trembles with emotion, tears streak her face as she asks prayer for her father's gall bladder operation next week. She contacts me a few days later. God healed her father and the operation was cancelled.***

tells me as she takes my hand and pulls me close. "Step here," she guides. "Now here. Don't slip!" We inch down the alley. We step onto a paver before the curtained door. We removed our mud-caked shoes waiting for permission to enter Valentino's home. The rain leaves a chill behind and we hug ourselves against the dampness. Valentino's wife opens her arms to us in welcome and we enter. It is dark and sad inside. She passes through another curtain to prepare Valentino for our visit.

Valentino is a long man. He lives in a narrow bed against a concrete wall in a 5x7 room. Swahili blares from a

black radio at his head. His skinny arm crosses his chest. He turns the volume dial. I sit close to him on a stool, Ed stands beside me. Gently, I share my story of miraculous healing. With confident authority, we prayed in the Name of Jesus Christ. He sobs. Loving our brother in Christ, we insist God be glorified. **After some time, Valentino moves his "paralyzed" hand. We explode with praise. As we sing, "mute" Valentino declares, "Amen. Alleluia."**

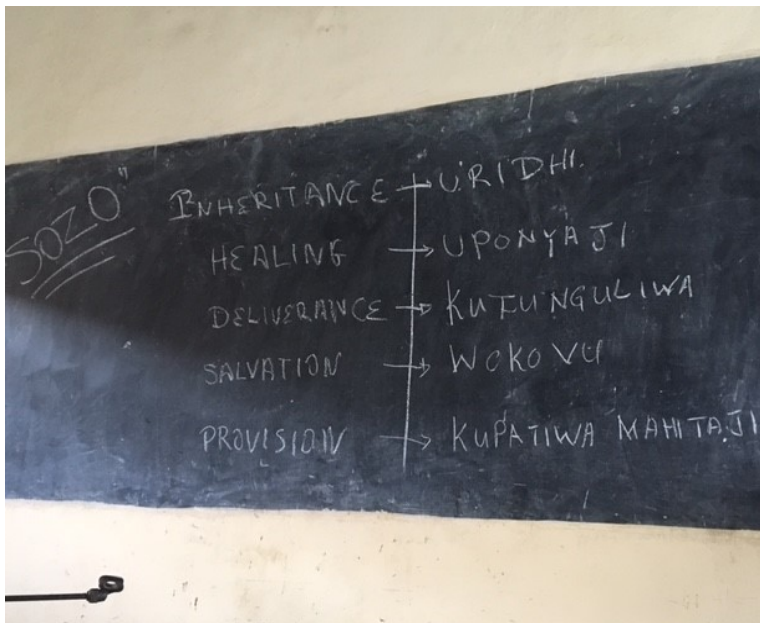
The last night of the rally, I preach Jesus Christ offers us a New Covenant established through His Blood shed for the forgiveness of our sins. He offers the New Covenant to all who call Him Lord. Alex translates with power. The sound is carried through the streets of this largely Muslim area. Some Muslim people come to hear the message and receive prayer. A rainbow, a covenant sign, arches across the sky over the tents and remains for thirty minutes.

Fifteen hundred people attend, we lay hands on everyone who wants prayer. A young woman trembles with emotion, tears streak her face as she asks prayer for her father's gall bladder operation next week. She contacts me a few days later.





*Trainees gather to pray for one another*



*Annette's SOZO teaching translated into Swahili*

God healed her father and the operation was cancelled.

That same night, a fifteen year old boy is carried in. He does not walk and seems disoriented. After the offering, the basket is placed on the platform. A red-suited woman in the front row, about 50 years old, limps very slowly across the field. Her left side appears to be affected by a stroke. Caritas and I look at one another, deeply moved by the woman's determination to put her coins in the basket. Later on in the rally, I watch her struggle to stand for a few moments during the group prayer. She cannot stand for long and falls into her chair.

"Healing team, please come forward," Alex announces. I invite people with spinal injuries to receive prayer. Ushers carry the boy and assist the woman in red. Caritas asks, "Annette, can you and Ed pray for the boy? The family brought him so you could pray for him." I preferred to allow the Holy Spirit to minister through the Tanzanians, but could not refuse Caritas.

***The young man's spine was rigid and he was like a board in the chair. His head was moving in all directions as though unaware of his surroundings. We joined the***

***prayer team and in moments the young man stood up and walked off!***

I scanned the field looking for the lady in red. And there she was! She stood straight as an arrow as the healing team prayed for her.

"Caritas, can you find out about her condition?" **Caritas interviewed her and then told us, "She had been unable to stand for this long since her stroke! She feels strong and has no more discomfort!"**

The sound of African drums faded into the distance as we drove from the rally, but love for the people is stored in my heart. So many Tanzanian testimonies to tell, but if everything the Lord has done was written down in books there would not be enough room in the world to contain them.

—Annette



## Li'l Bit of Heaven

When Bridge for Peacers pray all heaven breaks loose! Samantha's Li'l Bit of Heaven in Northport was the site of a recent B4P evening of ministry.

As usual, the team gathered beforehand to pray and seek God and to invite the Holy Spirit to make Himself known in the worship, in the Word, and in the laying on of hands for healing.

"How can we pray with you?" I asked the first woman up for ministry. She described **impaired vision from glaucoma and cataracts, pain in back, a shoulder and a knee from arthritis, and three years of foot pain from plantar fasciitis. After prayer in Jesus's name she testified to healing of all symptoms.**

Next up was a lady in obvious pain. **Nine years suffering from spinal stenosis.** Without meds a pain level of 9 or 10 out of 10, with meds a pain level of 4 or 5.

We prayed then asked her to sit (which had caused her pain earlier) and then walk a bit. **Her face told the story. She, too, was completely healed** and enthusiastically shared the testimony to God's power and love.

—Kevin

# Bridge for Peace

presents

## ***“Lord, Is It I?”***



*Family and friends will want to experience  
this live presentation of the Last Supper*

**Saturday April 1st @ 7pm**

**Christ Church**

176 McGraw Street, Shirley

***And***

**Sunday April 2nd @ 3pm**

**St. John Nepomucene**

1140 Locust Avenue, Bohemia

Free will offering to support the ongoing ministry  
of Bridge for Peace

Info: Christ Church 631 395-4673

St. John Nepomucene 631 567-1765

B4P @ 631 730-3982

Bridge for Peace—Healing to the Nations

[www.bridgeforpeace@optonline.net](mailto:www.bridgeforpeace@optonline.net)



### **March**

30-April 8 **B4P/RaphaEl Zambia Medical Mission.** Please Pray!

### **April**

1 **Lord is it I?** Dramatic production  
Christ Church, Shirley 7pm

2 **Lord is it I?** Dramatic production

St John Nepomucene, Bohemia 3pm

29 **Annual Yard Sale**, Wading River

### **May**

18-29 **Israel Mission.** Please Pray!

### **June**

3 **Afternoon Tea** fundraiser, E. Setauket

12 **The Vineyards golf outing** to support  
B4P/RaphaEl

30 **Healing ministry**

St. Aiden's church, Williston Park

### **July**

1-7 **Mountain Ministries**, Indian Lake NY

### **Annette's Blog**

<http://annetteeckart.blogspot.com>

### **Facebook Pages**

Bridge for Peace

Bridge for Peace: Uganda

Children's Villages

### **Website—Details on all events**

<http://www.bridgeforpeace.org/>

### **New TV times**

ALL SUFFOLK COUNTY

Tues 7am Ch. 20

MNN (NYC) Monday @ 3:30pm

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