



A Ministry of Arise and Shine Evangelistic Association

July 2017

Paulos

I am writing to you today with a very heavy heart. God opened the door for Tina and I to minister to many people at and around the Grenfell Tower block, which burnt to the ground. (Most of you would have seen the below picture of the burning tower blocks in west London called The Grenfell Tower.) These are what they call here "counsel estates" purposed for government housing. The Grenfell Tower was 24 floors high and held 120 families, housing over 500 people! Not knowing what we could do, but feeling the desire to be used by the Lord...we just went. We arrived in just a 40-minute tube ride from the Outreach Centre. We found ourselves among hundreds of people that wandered the streets and alleys of the neighbourhood, seeking solace and any source of comfort and relief from this tragedy. After talking to a few people, and hearing about a family that were grieving about their missing five year old son, we made our way to a nearby church. The church courtyard was filled with chairs and relief food and we saw people who hung their heads, covered in a state of unbelief and sorrow. I began talking to a few men that desired comfort. We talked about the expectation of a good God and the hope that is in Jesus

again and both moaned together as I cried out loud to God to comfort Paulos' soul. "Paulos" I sternly said, "This is not your fault...you did all you could on a moments notice! You must now look to what God has given you. You have your wife, Genet, and son Timothy to care for." I opened my Bible and we read together Psalm 18:6 again. "God knows exactly where Isaac is right now. We don't know but God has never left him. He is with him right now!" "Yes!...yes God is with my Isaac!" he cried. Paulos continued sharing, "Years ago I came from Ethiopia and settled in England. I am an Uber driver ...I am a Christian and I believe the Bible is the Word of God." I opened my Bible to John chapter three and said to him, "Let's read this together Paulos." As we read out loud together Paulos eyes lit up with hope and he took a deep breath and said, "Thank you for this Steve." I asked him, "Paulos have you ever read this chapter before? Did you know that there is a spiritual birth that God wants to give you?" He looked at me and replied, "I have never heard this before. I would like to have this relationship with God." We bowed our heads together and Paulos tears flowed as he lifted up his heart to God in sincere repentance. "I want to be your child now God." He said, as he finished his prayer. We both rejoiced together and for the first time I saw a smile overtake his sorrow and give peace. We talked for about ten more minutes about his new birth in Christ and I repeatedly told him, "Paulos, God has now made you the 'man of God of your family' and you must read his Word and walk with him as you lead them." God will take care of Isaac, you must now take care of who He has saved with you." "Yes," he replied. "I can now do that!" I offered him my Bible and he graciously said, "You are giving me your Bible?" He held it in his hands delicately and said, "Thank you very much." "I put my card in the Bible, so you can contact me any time day or night when you wish to. I am here for you and your family Paulos." I added. We embraced and prayed together once again. When we stood to our feet I said to him, "My wife Tina is in the hall also and if you wife Genet would like to talk with her she would be very happy to." "That would be very good, I hope she would like that... I will ask her." He replied. It didn't take more than a few seconds for Genet to decide, and her and Tina went back to a room together. Tina spoke to us later how open and tender Genets' heart was as she shared with her how that God wanted to comfort her in her burden. Genet expressed her sorrow and said, "It was like we were all together and Satan came and snatched Isaac from us! We don't know where Isaac is ...We had him but we lost him!" Tina then shared with her a scripture that she felt God had put



Christ. After we cried out to God together in prayer the men explained to me that their relative and his wife were in the church meeting hall and pointed to the doorway. Tina and I (along with a young man named Duane that had just come to know Jesus as his Saviour) entered the church annex and sat down on circular arrangement of chairs with others who were grieving with the parents of their lost child. After a few moments of reading my Bible I felt the Lord gave me the right scripture to share with Paulos, the father. I approached him as he had his head in his hands and knelt down putting my hands on his knees. He looked up at me, and with tears in my eyes I said, "I believe God wants to give you His hope right now and I want to read you this scripture in the Bible." He looked at me and spared me a smile in his great grief and said, "Can we please go in a back room and talk?" Paulos led me back to a room and we both sat on the floor. I began reading, "In my distress I called to the LORD; I cried to my God for help. From His temple He heard my voice; my cry came before Him, into His ears." (Psalm 18:6) Paulos immediately gripped my shoulders and we embraced each other and wept together. After a few minutes he began to pour out the burden of his heart. "Our flat was on the eighteenth floor and the smoke was so thick... we couldn't see anything even right in front of us! I grabbed our bed sheets and soaked them in water, and took my three year old Timothy in my arms with the bed sheet covering us. My wife followed me out of our flat. My neighbour, who was with us took our five year old Isaac with him. As I made my way to where I thought the stairwell was I hit my head on something hard and fell down." Paulos gasped for a breath and continued, "I somehow made it to the stairwell and started down but fell on my back and from then on I just slid down the circular stairwell hitting walls and stairs. When I finally got outside I couldn't believe I was still alive! We were happy but then we realized that Isaac wasn't with my neighbour." "I'm so sorry!" he said. "I had Isaac's hand and he slipped away, I think he fell under some exposed floorboards! I had to keep going!" Paulos grabbed my hand and looked at me with a grimaced face and said, "I should have never let my son go with anyone else. Isaac should have been with me!" We embraced

upon her heart. "God has Isaac in His hands. We don't know where Isaac is but God does." She then read **Matthew 18:11 and 14.** "For the Son of Man has come to save that which was lost." "and So it is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones perish." "I can't imagine what you are going through right now Genet," Tina shared. "But I know that God wants to comfort your heart." After praying with her and talking a bit more Tina offered to give Genet a Bible. She happily received it with a grateful heart. After leaving the church we made our way to a memorial wall and shared God's goodness with some there and left a few Gospel tracts on the wall. Tina wrote on the memorial wall, **John 11:25** "I am the resurrection and the life. The one who believes in me will live, even though they die." A few minutes later we noticed a young girl adding a scripture she had on her heart under where Tina had wrote. We made our way next to a sports complex where they were housing many of the now homeless from the Grenfell Tower. Four policemen guarded the entryway into the complex but as I approached they stepped aside and let me pass without a word spoken. Inside the complex were scores of donated items all piled high. In the gymnasium a few hundred or so mattresses lay on the floor for families to spend the night. God opened the door and a Muslim family invited me to eat with them and console their grieving hearts. As I ate some delicious dates, I shared with them the promise that Jesus had for all who would come to Him and believe that He was the Saviour of their sins. They received my Words with thanks and then asked if I would pray for their father and husband, Ali who was 81 years old. They last saw him on the 11th floor of the tower as they all fled for their lives. Ali's wife put her hand on my shoulder and we all bowed our heads and I lifted up his life to the Living and Eternal God. It was a beautiful opportunity to express the Loving-kindnesses of God to this precious Muslim family. Before I left I gave them a few Gospel tracts and said, "These will explain to you what we have prayed and talked about." They thanked me and I made my way to another part of the complex. God once again open the heart of a few volunteers to talk about His ways. It was a blessing to truly know that the Lord of hosts is in control of all things. "For My thoughts are not your thoughts, Nor are your ways My ways," says the LORD. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, So are My ways." (Isaiah 5:8-9)

Thank you for your prayers and sacrifices toward us,

We love you!
Steve and Tina

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