



PAUL BENNISON | SUMMER 2013

HELLO

It seems like no time at all since I sat and tapped out on my keyboard (with my usual two fingers) the newsletter in December... here we are, well into July already, past the best day – the longest one (I love light evenings!), and with so much to try and cram into this newsletter.

It's been a roller-coaster six months – some incredible 'highs' with salvation, healing, and miracles, some unbelievable blessings – replacement car(s), my friends Nick & Sarah Harding calling their totally adorable newborn (but now almost 5 months old!) son – Ralph Bennison Harding (lump in my throat, tears in my eyes as I don't deserve that—Yes he does – Ed): also some equally unbelievable 'lows' – with my sister and brother-in-law's lovely son, Stewart, going home to be with Jesus just four days before Christmas, and one of my truly best mates, the wonderful Martin Collins, following Stewart in mid-January, at just 58 years old. I also have had a diagnosis/prognosis over my own life of potential bowel cancer (which was made the more difficult to negotiate as that's what took Martin 'home'. An osteopathic expert told me that I need both knees replaced.

And, of course, the saga with the United States that just goes on and on and on – getting worse when it doesn't seem possible.

Where to begin? How about...

FRANCE

After the two funerals I headed off to France – Rouen this time, a super church simply called 'Le Gospel'. After so many years of NOT being involved in France, suddenly, God re-opened the door last year, and I realised, once again, just how much I love that country. A weekend of meetings, praying for loads and loads of people, and seeing God do some wonderful things – including the healing of a three-year-old with cancer: and the healing of a young mum, who collapsed in terrible pain in the interval between speaking sessions. Apparently, it'd happened before: she'd needed hospitalisation, someone had instantly called the medics, but she was well before they arrived!

In October, I'll be back at another wonderful church, 'Le Source', in Lisieux: with the lovely famille Dognon, I was there with Dennis & Cathy Acott last December, and we had a blast. It's possible, too, that I might be back over on the west coast later in the year, or early next.

AUSTRALIA

Back in the late '90's, and for a few years, I regularly went to Australia to speak at YWAM schools: I'd have to say I fell in love with Oz then, but there was an 8-9 year gap when I didn't go. Now, for the last 2-3 years at least (and hopefully, the future), it's back! And, for me, it's better, as it's with churches and small church groups. Not only that, but the friendships I've built are wonderful. If you read my last newsletter, you'll have known that my great mate Robert Hall, from Melbourne, went with me, to Colombia.

I was back in Melbourne in February, and into March this year (and again, all being well, in September). To go back just 6 months after spending a couple of weeks with Robert & Shey's family, was a delight. You'll remember, maybe, they have four sons – three on the Autism/Asperger's spectrum and one with other issues....the transformation in them ALL was wonderful. I just LOVE being with their family: and, I can say this now, but, prior to last August, I was...er...'wary' of spending time in a house full of extremely 'active' lads (Robert's included in that bunch, too!). Change in all of them: Shey – totally healed of epilepsy (stopped her meds the day after prayer in August, none since: I'm told you just don't 'stop' epilepsy medication). The whole family healed of a number of allergies – dairy, lactose, eggs, gluten, and more. So many people in the wider families, too, had been healed/were being healed.

Robert & Shey had organised quite a few meetings: it was 'interesting' that some churches were ok about their premises being used for meetings, so long as it was made clear that 'healing meetings' were not part of the church's programme! In one, a guy in his 40s, with steel plates and screws in his right leg, and having had all the bones in his knee 'fused' together by surgeons (this'll make you grimace! - he'd landed badly from a trampoline, and his right knee was pointing FORWARDS at 90 degrees!). Not too sure he wanted to be prayed for, probably – as most people would – thinking that nothing would happen, so his wife 'encouraged' him. Three minutes or so later, he was squatting; completely healed!

A young mum, suffering from celiac disease, other allergies, and constant gut problems: healed immediately. Robert's a runner – very long distance runner – and a mate of his, who lives in Sydney, very-much a not-yet-Christian(!), had badly damaged ankles. We flew there especially to pray for him and he was able to squat and rise with his feet flat on the floor (have you tried that?). The owner of the apartment we stayed in, Rod, also got healed of compacted discs and vertebrae in his neck.

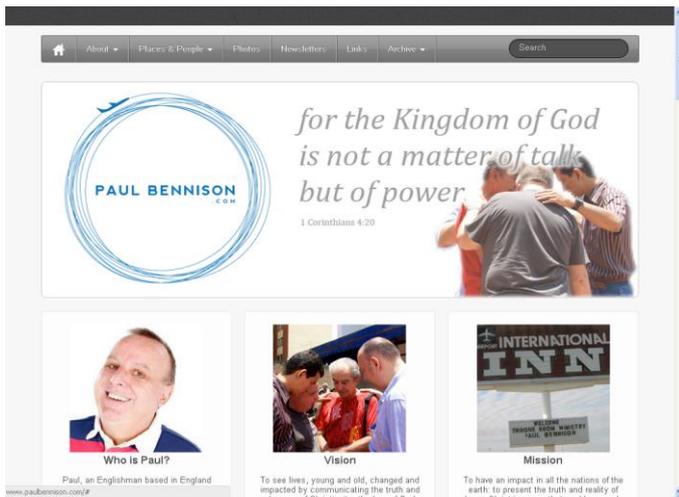




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Youth Meeting, inter-church – loads of young people healed: every meeting, the same. In Shey's mum and dad's house, Robert & I 'operated' like a doctor's surgery, with the living room being the 'waiting' room. I could go on and on...

NEW WEBSITE!!



After 7 years of my 'Indiana Jones' background website, my mate Lee Collier built a new site for me, the day we arrived in Cali, Colombia, at the end of March. I'm so grateful to Tim Cole, who designed the first one: it served me very, very well, in many ways: but the software needed for it became a) awful, and b) expensive. My good friend Jesse Williams designed a logo (I love it, thank you Jess!), Lee did all the other bits. What's exciting for me is that I know how many people look at it as, if I'm honest, I really didn't think many people did. It's been up now for 100 days, it's easy to use, and it's heading for 8,000 hits! I'm totally and utterly blown away. Thank you, Lee, Jesse, and all of you who have made my writing it so worthwhile. Loads more stories there, of course, and loads more to come.

RHINOS

I have to put in a mention about my mates here. Again, as a group of men to be answerable to, I couldn't ask for more than they give me. They love me and I love them. I'm so grateful for them. They even held a get-together lunch for me to celebrate my 60th birthday, which was so, so special, in busy, busy diaries, and just before Christmas. Thank you, fellas! Love you loads! Last month we met in La Boisselle, Northern France, where to tragic Lochnagar Crater lies testimony to the futility of war. Our get-togethers are brutally honest, amazingly restorative, prophetic, powerful, and fun. I reckon ALL Christian men should have such a group, stay small, as you can't share too much with too many!

VIV AND DEREK

For almost 35 years, I've lived in awe of Vivien & Derek. For seven years, I think it was, after they were married, they tried for a family. After the first 2-3 years with no success, they went on adoption lists. After 7 years, Viv fell pregnant, an absolute delight to the whole family. Tragedy wasn't far round the corner, as, 9 hours after Simon was born, he went to be with Jesus. Some months later, after much grieving, they were thrilled to be 'offered' a 3-week old baby boy, with a prophetic scripture spoken to them, Exodus 2:9 – 'Take this child and nurse him for me.' What else would you do with a 3 week old?

Well, 34 years and 3 months later, after the most amazing dedicated nursing, Stewart, who had many illnesses as well as physical and brain disability, they were released from that prophetic word, though not in the way they'd have desired, as Stew went home, to be finally made whole and healed, with Jesus. Their lives were wholly, utterly dedicated to that vision in the Scripture.

I used to speak – for 18 years, as you might know – on 'Goals, Dreams, and Visions' – in Youth with A Mission schools from one end of the earth to the others: I'd talk about vision 'Reinhard Bonnke' style – a billion saved: I'd talk about Vivien & Derek, committed to making one life happy, comfortable, and truly loved. One vision is no greater or lesser than the other: God gives both. I want to honour Viv and Derek publicly, as they fulfilled a call from God, which was a delight to them, just as Stewart was a total delight to them. He needed that 'nursing' from day one, right to the end, at 34 years and 3 months old. And to say – that whatever God calls you to do, doing it is the best thing in the world that you can do, and you wouldn't swap it for anything – whatever the alternative is.

USA

Just a 'sad' update on the USA: I heard in February of the final refusal to grant my residency application. That wasn't the shock: what WAS were the reasons why! Amazingly, having had the full weight of the American government researching me for the best part of 4 years (yeah, you've watched the films, read the newspapers, about State Department, Homeland Security, CIA, FBI and whatever. They're thorough!), they could find nothing wrong with me. I was refused on two counts relating, very sadly, to the church, who'd asked me to be their Foreign Missions Director. One was to do with the church accounts/income, the other to do with the very high percentage of that income that the Pastor was paid, so in the eyes of Immigration (State Department), there was no way they could afford anything.





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So, it was with some relief, after 4 years, to hear that they could 'find no fault with me'. But then, it got worse! I have to be guarded here, as it involves legal action: again, sadly, I have to say 'a former friend' arranged with a company known to him, for the relatively small quantity of my possessions that I wanted to be shipped back to the UK in March: then I discovered, just 2-3 weeks back, that 7 days BEFORE the company took my 'stuff' to ship it, they went bust. Somehow, it reached England, but because the company haven't paid, it's in storage: no-one can get at it until the moving company pays up, and the storage charge is £160/\$256 A DAY. My stuff arrived in Liverpool on 21 May. So, the storage bill, now subject to legal action, amounts to about £8,000/\$12,000 up to 7th July. So we're dealing not just with theft, here, but quite serious fraud.

I have to ask God for grace, every day, to keep my heart 'right' where the USA is concerned. My former friends are even harder to keep a good heart over. I would value your prayers in this.

COLOMBIA



Trying to find my brain for the transplant

You knew it would be here, didn't you?

There hasn't been a newsletter since 1997 without this amazing country featuring in it! I was back there again over Easter: March & April, with some 'old' faces - Lee Collier and Chris Spark, and some new faces, Katie Collier (Lee's wife), and my dear, dear friend from Mexico City, Benny Osorio. There were so, so many healings and miracles - as always, including wrecked knees, planta fasciitis, busted cruciate ligaments healed, a lady with 3 compacted discs in her spine, in chronic pain, felt a 'bolt of lightning' go through her, and she was healed: a lady with twisted, gnarled fingers through arthritis which then straightened instantly.

Dr. Dunia (neurosurgeon)'s daughter, Nelly, had a spine bent 42 degrees one way, and 27 degrees the other (so an 's' shaped spine), scoliosis. It moved 15 degrees almost overnight, and was then straightened. In a meeting in a large room above a bakery (bakeries are open 24-hours

there, they love their bread!), the smell of bread and meats cooking was a huge distraction - but the first lady Katie (a General Practitioner Doctor) & I prayed for, was healed of osteoporosis, osteoarthritis, and a long-term painful gut problem, a lady in the same meeting, plagued by spirits of suicide and death, looked 30 years younger after we'd prayed for her.

To you, this may seem small, but to me, this was astonishing: a young man, Omar, who'd translated in the lovely 'La Viña' (The Vineyard) church for me: looked ill, in chronic digestive/intestinal/ abdominal pain. Discovered he'd had surgery, MONTHS before, but it wouldn't heal: doctors had no idea why, they couldn't even do anything about the small hole at the base of the scar (you can see it in the left picture). Just felt I should tell him it'd all be healed, and the hole gone, the next morning... and it was...



Of course, we visited the lovely Ana Beiba! Lee filmed a [new video](#), in which she speaks, rather than just wails and cries and suffocates/strangles me!



X-FACTOR, Columbia



Precious time with Ana Beiba



Portion control





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A beautiful, healed Jose Luis

Can I suggest that you look at [my blog](#)? Many stories from Colombia, Australia, and France.

In October and November, I seem to have people almost falling over themselves to be with me in Cali: so I'm there for 3 weeks or so, and will have 2-10 day teams... first, there'll be Robert, from Australia, almost certainly his identical twin brother James, hopefully Benny from Mexico, again, and Gerry from Sussex... team two will be Simon Allaby (3rd visit!), my long time mate Nick Harding (who designs and 'lays out' my newsletter - thank you mate!), Mark Hendley and Brian Loudon from Kent, maybe Alan from Bangor - I think I've missed some out, so please let me know if it's you! My old mate, Paul, from Hove, is going for all 3 weeks, too.

DIARY

Making this smaller to save space - and all the dates are on my website, anyway!

17-30 July - Cali, Colombia
8-20 August - Mexico City
6-23 September - Melbourne, Australia
4-7 October - Lisieux, France
14-16 October - Rhinos!
25 October-15 November - Cali, Colombia
Still to be arranged: Seaford and Crawley in Sussex

AMAZING STORY!

Prayed for a lady, Jo, at HOD, where we meet as Rhinos most times - (www.houseofheopendoor.org) - deaf left ear. Hubby Tom had his hand on her right shoulder. I spoke to her that she hear next morning. She did. So did Tom - also deaf, hadn't mentioned it, couldn't find his hearing aid, and could hear perfectly...

HEALTH & SUMMING UP!

The 'America' saga has taken its toll on my health, I know that, but having lived for some weeks under the bowel cancer prognosis I mentioned earlier, and moderate aortic stenosis (I don't look these things up, so I don't really know!), together with these supposedly bendable bits halfway down my legs, I'm actually doing pretty well. The bowel cancer required, of course, a wonderfully reactive laxative (11 hours in the loo!) and the ensuing video-shoot. It all prove to be ok. The knees? Well, the doc wants to do full replacement knees on both legs. I'm more inclined to get prayed for! The heart bit? Well, stress does amazing things, so I'm putting it down to that.

PROPHECIES

I've had 6 completely unconnected people, from totally different parts of the UK, prophesy or have prophetic dreams, that what I've been through in these past 10-12 years, is a 'Job' situation. Home, family, money, possessions 4 times now, friends, health (not scraping boils quite, though!); all under immense assault. It's helped me to know that. My friend Alan stretches the parallel to include the fact that, in the middle of it, I still preach the gospel, pray for the sick - like he says Job did, 'I know that my redeemer lives...' in the middle of his trauma. I'm grateful that God has still given me the ability to laugh, enjoy life, and love hanging on to God's coat-tails.

As always, I'd really value and appreciate it if you can help with finance towards the upcoming trips, my personal needs, or the crazy American saga. Usual ways:

1. www.stewardship.org.uk a/c 20028331 in my name - or by mail to them, at PO Box 99, LOUGHTON, Essex IG10 3QJ. Stewardship are great: if you send anything to them, could you add this in any comment box, or letter, please? - "Support the work of Healing ministries, worldwide. worker: Paul Bennison".
2. Internet transfer - I can send you details
3. Good old fashioned cheque to 61 Belfast Road, Bangor, Co. Down BT20 3PW.

I know times are tight, though!

Thank you. Bless you, and with my love,

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