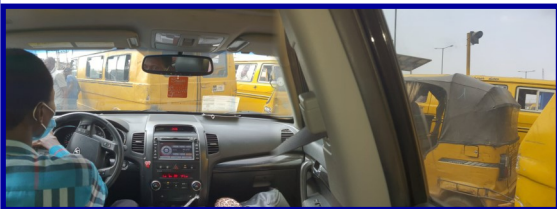


INDIGENOUS TRAINING MINISTRIES, INC.
REVC'S NEWS & VIEWS
 by
RevC
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TOGETHER WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE
NIGERIA—Part 1



I left Tampa for Nigeria on January 7th and made it into Lagos despite flight delays and Covid restrictions. Praise the Lord! Pastor Victor Iheckukwu and his wife, Prudence, met me at the airport where it was about 95 degrees and no air-conditioning. As usual, I was exhausted from the stress of preparing for the trip and inability to sleep when I fly.

From the moment we left the airport, the traffic was bumper to bumper for miles. In one area, we were literally surrounded on every side with yellow vans and



KK's, small three-wheeled vehicles. This photo of the right side is the

same as the left side, only going in the other direction. It took us two and a half hours to get across town—a distance that would normally have taken about one hour. I overnighted with Pastor and his family. I stayed in a room with no air-conditioning and a floor fan blowing hot air around the room. Though exhausted from the flight, it was so uncomfortable in the room that it was another night with only a few minutes of sleep. In the morning, I took a bath on my knees from a bucket of water, then left for the airport at 7 AM before the traffic became a problem. I was scheduled to fly out of the domestic airport from Lagos to Owerri where I would meet up with Bishop Sam Agbugbaeruleke and drive to the city of Umuahia, the capital of Abia State.

Although the flight from Lagos started out in beautiful weather, we soon encountered very rough, stormy weather. The 727 airplane was full, me being the only white person on the plane. I could tell when we hit rough weather that many were inexperienced flyers. There was a young couple sitting next to me, the woman doing her best to comfort her husband who was much more afraid than she. He was holding her hand with both of his when the plane began to bounce around, up and down and from side to side, with an

occasional roller coaster style drop. The wings on the plane were doing their share of flapping like that of a bird but not nearly so dramatic as I have experienced on other occasions. The pilot did not make any effort to comfort the passengers which may have been because he had his hands full keeping us on course. When the plane finally touched ground, the cabin erupted with sighs of relief, ear-piercing shouts of thanksgiving, and loud sustained applause. It was a reminder that none of us has the promise of tomorrow, that life is a gift. We should count each day a blessing to have yet another opportunity to serve our Savior and make a difference.

Bishop Sam and Pastor Chidi Opara met me, then we drove to Umuahia and to Bishop Sam's home. The church sits on the same property, along with a guest house, fish farm, poultry area, and large garden area with several fruit and root plants. I was impressed with the scope of his facility and his plans to add a three-story school building for children. He told me that the government had given him the dirt road leading to their church and named it after the church.

The next day we began the new CTC program, utilizing their sanctuary for a meeting place. The students sat on red-cushioned chairs and I at a table where my laptop, phone, and Bible were easily accessible. The first day we had 22 students, ending with 27 by Thursday. Normally, I would finish the material on Thursday and give the final exam on Friday morning. However, because my flight back to Lagos was Friday morning, I needed to be on the road to Owerri by 8AM. Thus, we finished



everything Thursday with me teaching seven hours a day! Even though by Wednesday my throat was beginning to feel a bit raw, I

preached the mid-week service. There were about 30 or 40 people, a low attendance as several were still on their Christmas break. I spoke on faith and saw several raised hands when I did the invitation for salvation!

A special treat was in store for me after the service. Bishop Sam and Pastor Opara took me to greet **King Eze Iheanyichukwu Nwokenna of the “Great Ekeoba Kingdom.”** I had met the king previously in the USA at a ministers’ conference. However, this was the first time I had been in his palace. We entered the king’s residence, behind the palace, and made our way down a long stairway to a large living room area.

Around the outside walls were red, sectional style sofas with coffee table style tables in the center and a couple of large, overstuffed red-cushioned chairs against one wall next to a glass display case. On the floor leaning against another part of the wall, going away from the display case, were several pictures of important people. Pictures are often displayed on the floor or on a slant between the walls and the ceiling of a room. The king came in from upstairs, and as he approached the stairway where he could see us, shouted, “RevC my brother, it is so good to see you again!” As we sat and exchanged greetings, he had a special platter brought to us and something to drink. The platter was very important as it signified a special blessing to the guests from the king. The king asked Bishop Sam to pray a blessing over the platter and then Pastor Opara performed the ceremony. Later I was told that the role Pastor Opara played was very important and had to be done in a special way or there would be penalties imposed on him. Pastor Opara first peeled the “kola nut” and broke it into five pieces. One piece he put in his pocket as a special blessing to him. The other four were presented to each of us to eat. Before eating it, we were to dip it in the sauce in the center of the platter. **After I dipped mine**, Pastor Opara told me that the sauce was very hot. That was an understatement! **It was fire!** But it took away the unpleasantly strong taste of the kola nut. Fortunately, I had brought a bottle of water with me and made quick use of it as the drink



kingly white robe on the left of the throne. As we said our goodbyes, the king said he wanted to give my son, Daniel a name; it was part of his own, “**Iheanyichukwu**,” which means “**Nothing gets past God.**” Thursday evening, the king spoke again with Bishop Sam and told him that he wanted to make me “Chief Missionary”. I feel honored that he values what we are doing to train laborers, but truly all the praise and honor belong to our Lord!

had not been served. The fruit pictured on the right side of the platter was a mild tasting fruit which tasted something like a cucumber and helped to relieve the taste of the nut and sauce. To me, part of the blessing was that there was only one piece of nut to eat.

The king then asked if I would like to see part of the palace. We went back upstairs and across the walkway from his home to the back of the palace and entrance into his office. It was like any businessman’s office and opened into the throne room where we took a photo of



the four of us together. I am standing next to the king, then Bishop Sam, and Pastor Opara on the end. In the photo, there is a large picture of the king in his



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