



# Alabaster Ministries

*He shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the master's use and prepared unto every good work." 2 Tim 2:21*

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*Roz Heyns*

## MAY 2014

Dearest Partners and Friends,  
WOW..... WOW.....WOW is all I can say about the latest trip to Africa. For sure our God is wonderful and He proved just that by the way He moved at the conference held in Nsanje.

We had a number of hitches despite the best laid plans but that was just the devil trying to disrupt everything. We planned to leave Blantyre for Nsanje at 6.00 a.m. on Sunday. I always cook hamburgers to eat on the road but have always wanted to stop at a site overlooking the Shire valley which is stunning in its beauty. Normally I say six and we seem to finally leave at seven but this time we made it out of the gate almost on time. A dear friend from England joined me to help minister and there was a young man from Finland who came along to be useful. He traveled in the truck with James and Isaiah. Linda, Penny, Jane (the wife of a pastor in Blantyre) and I traveled in the Toyota. We stopped and had coffee and hamburgers at the picnic site and enjoyed the view before moving on to the conference center. I arrived at 9.30 just in time for Penny to preach at the local church and I waited in the car for the truck which should have been close behind. If we began picking up from the villages around 10.30 then we would have everyone in by about 8.00 that evening. They would all be fed and given their blankets, buckets, soap, sponges, towels, plates and cups and have an early night in preparation for the meetings the next day.

The truck failed to arrive and by noon it had still not arrived. Finally a phone call!

"Thee tire has a flat and we changed that and proceeded on our way but twelve miles down the road it got another flat."

"Well, is it fixed yet and when will you be here?"

"Thee mechanic needs to find a part and as soon as he comes he will fix thee tire."

At 2.00 p.m. we called.

"Thee mechanic is still coming - maybe one more hour."

At 3.30 I got in the Toyota and headed back the way we had come and about ten miles from Nsanje saw the truck heading our way. As soon as it arrived we left for the mountain villages but without a spare tire. After all, what were the odds? Two flats - but a third???

It took over an hour to get up there. The road was the worst I had ever seen it with parts almost completely washed away. When we arrived everyone was waiting despite the fact we were at least six hours late. We loaded up over 100 people and made our way down as

fast as we possibly could and as we reached the last stretch of dirt road before the paved began - another flat tire! We limped the final five miles to the center where they removed the wheel and announced they would go short one wheel at the back. Here I am thinking that we would have to wait until Monday before collecting everyone else but this is Africa.

As soon as the wheel had been removed we headed out for the closest village (12 miles) but it still took almost two hours because there were two pick up points and we got stuck in sand at the second. After we finally made it out the locals informed us that the area they had directed us to turn in had been an old river bed 😞. Once again, all of the elderly were sitting waiting for us. They had missed their lunch and their dinner but they climbed onto the truck and sang choruses all the way back to Nsanje. There were over 80 on the truck this time. Bare metal floor - no cushions or comfort!

Now for the border villages!!

"Oh but the road is really good now! It was graded for the President when she came to speak to the people prior to elections. We will get there and back in about two hours."

It was worse than I ever remembered it and almost four hours later we arrived back with another 100 elderly.

The fourth village was along the same road and it was 4.30 a.m. when we finally limped in with the last load but as soon as they got their plates etc. they made for the food line and ate their cabbage, beans and corn meal before heading for bed.

Linda and Jane and Pastor MacDonald had been waiting as each truck load arrived to hand out everything and to feed them. The cooks slept by the fires and as soon as the last elderly had consumed their dinner at 5.00 a.m. they cleaned out the pots and started cooking the rice for breakfast.

I don't know what everyone else did but I headed for the lodge and did not even remove my clothes before dropping into bed.

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### LOADED TRUCK

By 8.00 a.m. we had finished breakfast and were back with the elderly who were eating their breakfast and ready to go!

I opened and then Penny taught on Baptism in Water. Many had already been baptized but there were almost eighty who indicated they wanted to be baptized that afternoon. We had dug a pit with stairs which we had covered with plastic and they had partially filled it with water. There was much singing and rejoicing as they came up out of the water. We finished the afternoon around 4.30 so they could have an early supper and bed.



On Tuesday we taught on Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Some were already filled and we had a wonderful time of worship prior to the teaching. If I was to name the conference it would have to be, "THE HOLY SPIRIT IN ACTION." After the teachings we called them forward to be prayed for and about 150 came. It is so easy in the Third World! You tell them what to do and they do it without question. I had preached at Kalibu Academy at their Chapel service the Saturday before we left and about 150 students had been filled there too.

As they went back to their places many of them were speaking in tongues and weeping under the unction of the Holy Spirit. Many came forward without even being asked and brought their tobacco items declaring that they were done and wanted no more. Many more got rid of their pouches that they had been given by witchdoctors saying that he had no power and neither did satan. There was nothing of man at these meetings – it was all of Him.



On Wednesday we taught on deliverance and healing and about how God wanted us to allow Him to dig deep through the rock which is our heart so that we could be a home for the purest of living water in order to give to those who were thirsting. We taught on how they could be an evangelist and how they could pray for each other as He has given us all the giftings required for whatever the situation at the time. Without being asked they began to lay hands on those around them that were in pain or afflicted.



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There were many testimonies and many came forward and gave thanks to all of the supporters who have so blessed them over the past three years. I wish you could have been there to hear them. They spoke about their wonderful homes where they no longer have to sleep on wet mud and their windows that have burglar bars so no-one can steal what small belongings they have. They shared that since they have mosquito netting at the windows they no longer have to block the windows so can have air and light. They are proudest of all about their lockable front doors and carry their keys around their necks. They are grateful for the food and clothing and the blankets which has eased their lot. They are warm at night and have at least one good meal a day. The rains have been wonderful so there has been a crop this year and they acknowledge that it is as a result of prayer. The cattle are beautiful and sleek and the bull that we bought was so lovely that it was very hard to give the order to kill it.

We had three more churches join us from across the border in Mozambique which adds another 25 elderly to the 400 we already have. What really amazes me is that over the past three years so very few have passed away. Surely God has something very special for each and every one of them? On the final day we celebrated communion. The next week was the national elections so we told them how to vote and to make sure that they prayed and asked God who His candidate was. They really believe that they have the power to change the nation with their prayers and intercession and many meet together in groups each week.

Some of the girls came and we were able to give them a blanket each, along with books and their pouch with crayons, pens, erasers and pencils. The change in many of them was remarkable and the eldest who had been so badly molested when we first met her was hard to recognize as the same girl. She was all smiles and her eyes had life in them. She was able to talk to us which she had not done before.

We are beginning to make bricks for the center (Church/convention hall). This project will cost around \$175,000 with dormitories, kitchen etc. If we do not take the first step then it will never get off the ground. God wants us to put our faith into action and so we are moving forward one step at a time.

Our thanks to those who have ploughed and sacrificed for this work which is a wonderful ministry. It is not mine or Linda's but it's God's. I am humbled but grateful that He has entrusted these people to us. For a long time I felt that it might be that I was doing this because it was something I had done for most of my life and I was comfortable in it. Three years later I see how these people have grown and prospered in the things of God but not only that, I have seen how they have changed my life. I sometimes think I have it tough until I think about them..... Oh my! He looked down from heaven and saw a people who had been forgotten – by their families, by their government. They were a people who were abused and cast aside and considered worthless. He declared that He had a task for them, He was not done with them and He would prosper them and He is doing just that through His people world-wide. THANK YOU!



TOUCHED BY THE HOLY  
SPIRIT



COMMUNION



LAYING HANDS ON EACH  
OTHER

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**PASTOR MACDONALD**

Our wonderful time of ministry came to an end. We finished taking everyone home by midnight and some of them told our pastors that the other villagers would not recognize them as they had put on so much weight with all the food they ate. The devil tried one last time to destroy what God had done. The overseer for all the churches we work with is a man called Pastor MacDonald Maso. We arrived back from one of the trips and I was asked to pray for him. He said that his leg was hurting so we prayed and left for another village. On the way back James told me that Pastor Maso had been talking very strangely and nothing had made sense. I asked the ladies to go to my room and get an aspirin from my case. When we finally arrived

they said he was sleeping and feeling much better. The next morning we took him to the hospital where he saw the doctor who insisted that he had not had a stroke but they had nothing with which to measure his blood pressure. The doctor said he wanted to see him the following Tuesday (this was Friday). I asked after him on Sunday and was told he was feeling better and on Monday was told by his son that he could hardly walk so James and I drove back down to Nsanje and took him to a private hospital in Blantyre. His blood pressure was 210 over 130 and the doctor confirmed he had definitely suffered a stroke. Isn't it just like the devil to try to rain on God's Parade? Pastor Maso was kept in hospital for a few days observation and was then released by the hospital and has returned to Nsanje where he



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PASTOR MASO

is recovering very well. There are no side effects even though we now find out that his one side was totally numb for a time. Without him it would be extremely difficult for us to be able to do what we are doing. He is the liaison between us and the churches and he is the one who is overseeing the making of the bricks. Please keep him in your prayers that not only does he make a full recovery, but that he does not have to take medication for the rest of his life. He belongs to God and the devil may not take him.

As always, my grateful thanks to Linda who put such hard work into the organization of this conference. She is my right hand. Thanks of course to Pastor MacDonald and his family who cook for us and to his church who cook for the elderly. Can you imagine 400 meals three times a day in pots over open fires? Thanks to James for his driving and interpreting and his compassion for everyone. James you are always an inspiration and my left hand! Thanks for the work that Isaiah, the truck driver assistant does especially with the number of times they had to change tires this trip. Thanks Jane for coming and helping out and especially to Penny from England who was exactly what I needed. Our thanks too, to Pastor Paisley and Kalibu who are always ready to help wherever they can.