

## **Jakarta, Indonesia** *by Rex & Lois Burgher*

Lois and I were tired in the late morning hours from our thirty hours in transit at the Jakarta airport. Upon arrival, we had no trouble finding the station to acquire our temporary visa permits and were able to pass through customs without any delays. However, once getting our luggage and coming through the doors into the airport itself we were greeted by a couple hundred people all looking intently at each person coming through the doors. Some were waiting for friends and relatives others were holding up signs with the names of those they were picking up hoping that they would find the faceless person they were searching for. We searched the placards of names hoping to see our name, as we had never met the people coming to pick us up, as well as searching the faces of those there in hopes we would recognize something that would make us think they actually knew us, but we saw neither a sign with our name or a face that was searching for us as if they recognized us.

We had walked into an area that went in two directions; in front of us was a sea of people held back by an iron fence. In both directions there were people all talking very loudly and many holding up signs. We walked to the right searching for our names as well as trying to find someone who knew us. There were also many taxi drivers and hotel people trying to get us to go with them to their hotels as well as being accosted by the many individuals trying to sell us watches and pens. We had to try and ignore them, even when we told them 'no' they wouldn't leave us alone so we had to look past them pulling at us so we could still look for our driver. One with a badge, identifying him as being from the airport came to try and help us, but we found he was just another one trying to get us to go to someplace in a taxi. We did however have a number to call in which the man was all too happy to help us with, but we were suspicious of their intent until we knew better. We connected by phone with the home where we were going to stay and even though we were disconnected several times we finally persuaded the man we weren't going to go anywhere in any taxi until we personally talked to and dialed the number ourselves to make sure we were safe. To the man's dismay we were told by our people that they would send someone to pick us up but because of the traffic it would take at least an hour or so for them to get there. There was a McDonald's restaurant close by (yes, it's everywhere!) so we told them we would be waiting there for them.

Out of nowhere, a man with a very warm and beautiful smile calling for Rev. Rex Burgher came to pick us up. We will never forget his welcoming smile and the relief we felt to have him come. He was very apologetic about not being there on time, it seems they had mistakenly thought our 1:00 p.m. arrival was 10:00 p.m., and told us it would have been a terrible mistake to take any taxi anywhere in Jakarta. Many people are taken, beaten, robbed and left in a city of 4 million to find their way out. We were then driven for close to an hour, through throngs of motorcycles and cars going in every direction imaginable, in and out of traffic passing three cars and ten motorcycles in a space where only two cars are designated. The side streets were even worse as you raced along many times being passed by motorcycles going past you on both sides so close you knew that at anytime they would crash in a pile around you. Thousands of motorcycles, busses, trucks and cars were on the streets. Some people were hooked up by their shoulders to wooden carts carrying various goods, other people walked along the sides seemingly unworried that cars were weaving in and out of the motorcycles coming within inches of them as they walked along.

Finally we got to the home of Sister Evie, the hostess of the conference we were speaking at in Jakarta. As our driver pulled up to the iron gates he honked his horn for the armed guards to come and open the gates for our arrival. Already the conference had been going on for a couple of days but it still had a few days before it's ending. This was to be a conference like we had never witnessed before.

Sister Evie is a very unique individual in the city of Jakarta. She is a very wealthy lady with many businesses that total over 500 employees. Her well-guarded compound is also the place of 24 hours seven days a week of praise and worship. By her faithfulness to God, a divine encounter with the head of the police in Jakarta has left her with a close friend, and the guards that manned her gates twenty-four hours a day were the police of Jakarta. (Though that wouldn't stop them from running away from any mob that would try to enter into her compound.) Many of the Muslims identify their houses so when the mobs come they won't break into them, raping, killing the owners and then burning the houses down as has been done in recent years. The thought of this happening is very real and we believe was the reason for the intense anointing in worship like we have not seen taking place in the western world.

We understood the need for security on Saturday as two powerful bombs killed at least 20 people in a market in the predominately Christian town of Tentena outside of Jakarta. It was Indonesia's deadliest incident since the 2002 attacks on nightclubs in Bali that killed more than 200. On August 5, 2003 a car bomb rocked the JW Marriot Hotel in Jakarta, killing 12 and wounding 149 others. On September 9, 2004 another car bomb went off outside the Australian Embassy in central Jakarta killing 10 people, plus a suicide bomber, wounded 100 more.

While we were there, all the US diplomatic posts in the country were closed for the week as the officials discovered purported instructions for attacking a US diplomatic facility, embassies and major hotels in Jakarta. We were always driven around with special tinted windows that people could not see into. Going to one of the more elite Malls we found ourselves being stalked by an unidentifiable man, but we moved quickly across the mall to the other side where we seemed to have lost him in the crowds. We began to understand the intensity of the worship that Sister Evie was a part of, they truly worshipped as if it could well be there last!

Her employees at the compound were paid to spend not only four hours of their eight hour work day working at their jobs every day but also were paid to spend the remaining time in prayer and worship. Many of them spending an additional four hours every day in worship and prayer, on their own time. It was an oasis of worship and prayer in the midst of great danger and hardship for her and those working for her. In a room not much more than fifty feet by eighty feet people would come from all over the east to sit for days in worship and prayer. Her worship team consisted of five violins, a cello, kettledrums, hanging cymbal, piano, saxophone, flute, drums, singers, and dancers.

Like a master conductor sister Evie would fly around the room directing the musicians. The worship would follow the Spirit's leading, first going up, then down, with the softness of violins, cello and flute, then into a brilliant array of cymbals crashing and kettle drums exploding. All the while dancers would move to the music in costumes with flags and elaborate crowns to lay at the feet of Jesus. It was something to behold, a refuge in the midst of such uncertainty.

Sister Evie is unique, tall and slender, looking young for her 59 years, and is very much in charge of her surroundings. She is a survivor not only in her personal life but also in her spiritual life. Going into the many islands around Indonesia she has personally set up and supplied two orphanages. But before I get into that part of her life let me tell you what her business world is like. Even though she has over 500 hundred employees she takes care of them very well. She gives all of them personal family health coverage. She helps each one of them to purchase their own homes, something, which is quite rare in Jakarta. Each of the children of her employees is sent to school at her expense. Her employees do not have to worry about their housing or having their children or themselves be sick, nor do they have to worry about their children's education. Through all of this she has become very wealthy. Everything she sets her hands to do has received blessings upon blessings. She said this to us about giving. "When the Lord tells you to give you must go immediately and write a check. Do so before your mind has a chance to question what the Lord is telling you. Your mind

will try and talk you out of it but you must not listen to it. Listen to the Lord and be obedient.”

Now let me tell you about the orphanages, Sister Evie told us this story, “Once we went and gave each of the children a present. It was a sack with several things in them but also a pair of shoes for each of the children. The children grabbed the shoes and danced around in circles and were so excited because just that morning they had been asking their Father in heaven for a gift today and then Sister Evie had walked into their group and had given them a present from their Father. They were so excited. But the next day as they were walking to school they were not wearing their shoes. They were clutching them close to their chest and walking along barefoot. I asked them why they were not wearing their shoes and they said that they couldn’t get them dirty for they were presents from their Father. But once they got to school they put them on and wore them around. Later that night as they were sleeping I went to see them and they were sleeping holding their shoes so close to them and they were smiling in their sleep and so peaceful.”

Often Sister Evie walks down the street to see if anyone has not eaten that day. She said this, “They are so honest, if they have eaten they will tell me, they say Sister Evie we have eaten today and are not hungry but thank you.” Even if it is one meal they will tell me they have eaten that day. They are so honest and only want what they need. If they have not eaten she tells them to go to a nearby café and they are told to charge the food to her where she will go and pay the owner later.

Worship here is undoubtedly the most powerful we have seen in many years. Sister Evie is a princess of King Jesus and has found the pearl of great price. What a privilege it has been to be a part of her times of celebration. We believe this may be the closest expression we have seen to “worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness”. From singing the old hymn ‘To God Be the Glory’, to crowning King Jesus with actual crowns and kneeling as in Holy worship to Him the King of Kings. The worship time would last approximately two or three hours before each time we were to speak.

When we arrived Pastor Charlie Robinson and Pastor Jediah Tham had already finished their times of speaking and it was up to Lois and I to finish out the three remaining sessions. After spending a day to rest we began to share with everyone. We were not sure of the format at sister Evie’s, since worship is going on all the time. You just come and are a part of what is happening and then when it’s your turn they hand you the microphone and you go and share for how long the Lord leads you. The last night was special as last nights can become at the end of a long conference. But, to our surprise in the middle of worship sister Evie came and gave me the microphone and as I went forward I felt that worship was not over and I continued to direct the worship. I really don’t know everything that was happening but I have never danced nor worshiped like that ever before. After awhile I opened my eyes and sister Evie was dancing as well and everyone in the place was in a high state of praise for King Jesus. I sometimes wonder where that videotape might show up at? But I will become more undignified than that for Jesus.

The text I used for the conference was the first three chapters of Genesis making special reference to the love of the Father for his children. Many told us they had never felt such a strong presence of the love of the Father before in a meeting. In this part of the world it is common for preachers to use very strong voices in the delivery of their messages. To have someone come who emphasizes the love of the Father rather than the rod of God is also a different message and is one that is very much needed in a society that is very demanding of it self. To be loved and to rest in His presence was the focal point in all the messages we gave during that time with them. The impact was quite evident as many experienced the rest of the Lord receiving the love of the Lord as well.

At the very closing of all the messages Rex felt to share about the feathers of the dove, and read Psalm 91. We were told that this was very significant in that we did not

know that Rev. Tham had begun this conference on a teaching about the Holy Spirit coming as a dove and all about doves.

The Lord came in a very beautiful way after the messages and His great love permeated the place. We prayed personally for as many as wanted prayer and Lois held many who would weep in her arms as the Lord would come in His healing and comfort. Many were weeping, falling, laughing, and touched deeply by the Holy Spirit who receives all honor and praise. We again marvel at His divine working for us to be apart of ministering to these precious people in Southeast Asia.