

# Meditations

...devotional contemplations on life

Preface to Issue #51

## Editor's Note

This issue of "Meditations" is the first in a series of six (consecutive) issues of "Meditations", under the title: "The Ministry of a Street Evangelist".

In this series, the author, Simon Cox, describes some unusual experiences he has had—both spiritual encounters with God on his own and a variety of other life experiences.

As I worked through Simon's material, and edited it for possible publication, I had to evaluate his material in terms of accuracy and credibility. I had no reason to doubt Simon's personal credibility or his story. As far as I was concerned, this was simply a matter of responsible editorial policy and practice...and no different, in principle, to what I do every time when considering the publication of material from any other contributor.

However, there were a number of factors that made this series a bit different to the norm. In particular:

- This is the first time I have published a series of more than two testimony-based issues from any other contributor.
- As already mentioned, there are some unusual events reported here (or alluded to).
- I can't confirm some of these events, whether direct encounters with God that Simon reports or experiences involving people I have no way of locating/contacting for confirmation.

While I am very conscious of my responsibility to apply proper editorial processes in producing these newsletters, I am also very motivated by my desire to distribute material that might help us fulfil God's purpose for our life. So, rather than walk away from the opportunity to publish this series, I've endeavoured to apply the principle we are given in 1 Thess 5:19-22 (TNIV): *19 Do not put out the Spirit's fire. 20 Do not treat prophecies with contempt 21 but test them all; hold on to what is good, 22 reject whatever is harmful.* The immediate context for this exhortation is the exercise of spiritual gifts, especially prophesying, but it also embodies a general principle I seek to apply in every area of my life, especially in relation to anything that purports to communicate revelation from God or spiritual truth generally.

As part of my process of checking, I made email contact with two people, in New Zealand, recommended by Simon, who have been closely associated with him in certain seasons of his life and sent them drafts of these six issues to evaluate. I don't need to name the two persons concerned, but they have agreed to me including, in this Preface, email content they sent to me by way of response:

I'm a senior special journo and have served as an advisor to Ministers of the Crown.

I know Simon and Sandra well. I've stood in the street with him and seen his ministry first-hand. It is exactly as he describes.

An important element for me is that Simon announces his presence: "Can I interest you in eternal life?" and then waits. Those who *choose* to do so turn toward him. It is very much between them and the Redeemer.

I have experienced his prophetic giftings personally. On one occasion Simon was literally knocked to the floor by a vision regarding our business. It came to pass.

I cannot verify much of the material where it is set in Asia, but I can verify the man and I would trust his depictions.

The more widely Simon and Sandra's ministry is known, the better. It is pure inspiration, and simplicity itself.

I appreciate the tension you carry in regard to publishing and understand the difficulty of being able to verify some experiences. I have a similar dilemma.

I guess I can say that the few outstanding experiences that I witnessed gave me confidence. Other than that, experiences are very subjective.

However, the amazing calling on Simon's life and his diligence to keep going is outstanding. Over many years he has faithfully continued with this unique passion and calling. His commitment is without financial or other personal benefit and he must be applauded for this.

I once conducted a funeral in Christchurch of a friend Simon had led to the Lord. This guy obviously had made money (likely through illegal ventures) and Simon met him by knocking on his door and discovered he was ill with cancer. To cut the story short, the funeral was unusual to say the least! I thought I will try one hymn to sing, "How great Thou Art". My wife played the organ and the only singers were she and I. There were a lot of stiff-faced mafia watching on. A policeman told me later that they were observing carefully who his friends were and likely all the hand guns in Christchurch would have been present! What a story as I explained to them that their colleague had experienced a major change of life in his last months... Only Simon!

Simon was with us during some of the Cambodia experiences and they were certainly scary. Exciting.

In publishing anything, I think the chief goal would be to stimulate faith and action. I have no reason to not believe the extra-supernatural experiences, but personally I would not wish to give an impression of me validating these. But that applies to lots of other persons' experiences I guess.

Simon and Sandra were very loyal to me and our church for the years they spent with us. I applaud what he does every week and we need many more like this.

In any testing process that I undertake, as far as possible I endeavour to apply another Bible principle: 2 Cor 13:1 (TNIV): ... *"Every matter must be established by the testimony of two or three witnesses."*

Receiving these positive responses, from two credible people, encouraged me to press on.

As a last step, I wanted to check the series content with someone who probably has more insight than anyone else (other than God)—Simon's wife, Sandra.

I asked Simon if I could meet with both of them.

On Friday, 7 July, the three of us met (for a coffee break). We spent a wonderful hour and more together. Sandra confirmed that she had read the drafts...that, as far as she was concerned, it was all true...and that she was happy for us to proceed with this series. And, while I was with them, I was able to sight some references and other documents that support some significant details mentioned in this series.

With that last step completed, I made a final decision to publish this series.

There was one other interesting development, along the way, that also encouraged me to proceed...but I'll wait until we get to Part 5 to describe what happened.

I hope this series on "The Ministry of a Street Evangelist" inspires you to enter a new dimension of expression in the ministry that God has appointed for you.

Ray Graetz

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## The Ministry of a Street Evangelist — Part 1

Simon Cox

### Editor's Note:

I first met Simon, a few years ago, when he knocked on the door of our home to ask if we had any interest in having an appraisal for a roof renovation on our home. At the time, we didn't need that service...but we began to converse and soon discovered that we were both enthusiastic disciples of Jesus.

Since then, we have maintained contact. In particular, Simon added me to his email distribution list to receive the regular reports he sends out on the results of his "Street Evangelist" ministry.

I admire Simon for many reasons and asked him if he would consider writing about his ministry so that I could share his story, and his insights, with you through these newsletters.

I started ministering on the streets as an evangelist in India about 40 years ago and have ministered there, in Delhi, Benares, Ootacamund, Kathmandu and Patan, as well as in Rangoon (Myanmar), Phnom Penh (Cambodia), Auckland, Paihia, Kerikeri, Wellington, Nelson, Christchurch, Dunedin and Queenstown (in New Zealand) and the Gold Coast, Brisbane CBD and Fortitude valley, where I have spent the last seven years.

Generally, I have a goal to pray with eight people on a Saturday afternoon when I go out and I see God move in amazing ways. He shows me who to witness to, prepares many hearts to hear his word and, as a result, many people come to the Lord. I share these testimonies every week, by email, with about 100 people who pray for me. If you would like to receive my emails, are interested in evangelism, or have any questions, please feel free to contact me at [newtimeline8@gmail.com](mailto:newtimeline8@gmail.com).

This will be a short series about how the ministry the Lord gave me has evolved over four decades.

It all began with my own conversion to Christianity, in circumstances that, looking back, imparted not just my own conversion but also the seeds of my future ministry.

I had an unruly adolescence, after finding a glass syringe in my brother's wardrobe in my early teens and finding out my brother was a heroin addict. Five years later, I left my hometown of Christchurch NZ, with my girlfriend. I was 18 and she 17...two young people who had "been there, done that". I was on a bus and picked up a pamphlet. On it were the words "you are in the this world but not of this world". I identified with that.

And so began the search for where I belonged.

At the age of 20 I was living in the hippie mecca of the 1970's—Goa about 100 miles south of Mumbai, India. It was, to say the least, a "wild place"—no police...just thousands of young world travellers living on the beautiful beaches of Goa. I rented half an old Portuguese villa not far from the beach. It was about 100 years old, surrounded by trees, with no electricity. A German guy, Kurt, with his wife and baby, rented the other half.

Kurt and I would sit outside on the porch and talk some nights. One night during the conversation we got all scientific and I asked Kurt and his friend (another hippie): "How do you think the world was made?" Kurt and his friend looked at each other then turned to me and said "God made it." In that instant I knew Jesus was raised from the dead!

I asked them what religion they were...thinking they would reply with something like "Sufi's", or something far out, and they replied, "We are born-again Christians."

I found out later that Kurt had suffered terrible mental illness before his conversion and was in Psychiatric hospitals for 7 years...until Jesus came into his padded cell, in a vision, placed his hands on Kurt's head and commanded him to receive a sound mind. He was instantly healed, left the institution and became a postman in Copenhagen. Now, here he was witnessing to me!

The next day I went to one of my friends and asked him, "Do you know the difference between Christianity and Buddhism and Islam?" He replied, "What?" I said, "The Buddha is dead, Muhammad is dead, Jesus is alive."

In a small village in south India about a month later I was told by an Angel in a dream, "There is only one man who ever walked the face of the earth who can give you salvation—Jesus Christ". About 3 months later I attended a Christian meeting and gave my heart to Jesus, realising that my future was with Him and His church.

Then, when I was 21 years of age, something happened that started me in this ministry. I was staying in a small town called Badrinath, 10,000 feet up in the Himalayas, near the headwaters of the Ganges River. In this area the river is only about 10 metres wide and you can hear boulders rumbling down it. Badrinath is above the tree line and the industry of the area is oil-based perfumeries, as many herbs are native this high in the Himalayas. But most people don't stay there in winter as it is inhospitable for people. I stayed in a Sadhu (Hindu aesthetics) camp in an ancient building for Hindu pilgrims, as the area had many sites of great interest to them.

At night, around candles, the Sadhus began asking questions about Jesus and the Bible, as many had not heard of either. These people had renounced the world and entered into religious rites, engaging in meditative practices, yoga or other renunciations in a quest to attain "Moksha"—the Hindi word for salvation...the freedom not to have to be reborn and work your way through all the levels of reincarnation before eventually going to heaven...in their view, a process that could involve millions of years and thousands of lifetimes.

There were twenty or so Sadhus there. I shared with them the basics of Christianity and how Jesus was alive and could speak to them and how He loved them and could give them "Moksha". Many were really interested.

At about eight p.m., suddenly the door burst open and the cold mountain air filled the room. All of us turned abruptly to see our visitor. He was a Sadhu, about 30 years old, and he had the look of a rough, tough, mountain man, obviously oblivious to creature comforts of the 20th century. He had a long beard and long hair, was dressed in orange robes and had dark piercing eyes.

He called out "What is that book?" "The Bible", I replied. He came and pushed aside those around me and sat down. "What should I read?" I said, "Start here", and opened it at Genesis chapter one. He read it for about 10 minutes, over and over, and tears rolled down his cheeks. He gave the book back to me, stood up and said, "Where can I buy one?" I replied "Haridwar" (a town about 100 miles away through the Himalayas).

He turned and left...then quickly opened the door again and said, "What was the name of the book again?" "The Bible", I said.

I came to understand that, as Christians, we hold the power of God in our hands—the Bible and the teachings in it. There are people out there who are seeking to know the Book and its author and it is our mission, and privilege, to partner with God to connect them.

# Reflections

...on effective discipleship training

Insert with "Meditations" #52



## Editor's Note

This "Reflections" insert accompanies Part 2 of Simon's mini-series on "The Ministry of a Street Evangelist".

A potential danger in publishing anything that describes unusual events is that, consciously or unconsciously, we might think, "I couldn't do that".

So, we might read material like this with interest...but not look for a personal key that could unlock, for us, a new effectiveness in outworking the specific ministry that God has appointed for us...or outworking the "Great Commission", generally, to make disciples.

In this age, where we have access to so much information, it's easy to become a Consumer of Content...rather than an Agent of Application. Similarly, I think it's easy to become focused on searching for new truth...rather than searching for, and actioning, new ways to apply truth. If we're not careful, we could create a big gap between what we know...and what we *do* to *apply* what we know.

After Part 1 of Simon's series, **Trevor** emailed me this response, that touches on this thought and shows how even someone who functions in the supernatural, in one way, could face a challenge (even if only temporarily) in seeking to apply something they find someone else is doing in another way.

Great issue with Simon's story - looking forward to more!

It's funny how God wires us individually, to do His thing in our own, unique ways. As I read about Simon's Saturday evangelism forays a little tremor of "scaredness" went through me at the thought of doing exactly what he does.

I'm not really scared when I do what I have been called to do, which essentially is just interacting with people who first interact with me in one way or another, from a smile or a nod to a question or a statement from them. Then we quickly progress to healing, salvation or meeting some other need that they have.

My "church" is also primarily on the street, wherever I am. It works equally well in Australia, the US and Kenya...in airplanes, service stations, supermarket car parks and anywhere.

The thing that struck me, though, is this. I write a lot on Facebook and my aim is to encourage others to believe that, if I can do it, so could they.

In churches in Kenya I use people in the congregation to do exactly what I do – hold their hands over someone else's, and then let God do His thing.

It works, without anyone saying a word other than to ask their name, then say, "(Name), do you know that God loves you and will do anything for you? What do you want Him to do for you today?" If they have pain it will go within 20 seconds, without either person praying in a conventional way or, indeed, uttering another word.

In Kenya three or four of the people who have been with me in ministry, some for only a day or so, have actually gone out on their own at times to do what I do, and with spectacular results. But elsewhere? So far, nothing.

And so, as I read and had my little fear moment, I realised what must be happening – if it's out of our scope or experience, there's probably a big leap of faith required which many aren't sure about taking ...to do something which, in the end, is very easy.

Simon's last paragraph is also exceptional and mirrors my own feelings: "I came to understand that, as Christians, we hold the power of God in our hands—the Bible and the teachings in it. There are people out there who are seeking to know the Book and its author and it is our mission, and privilege, to partner with God to connect them."

Thanks for publishing.

One point I take from Trevor's contribution is that it may require "a big leap of faith" for us to copy what someone else is doing, especially if we were to try this on our own, without appropriate mentoring. But it may not require the same "leap of faith" for us to function the way God has uniquely designed us to function.

Adding a related thought, perhaps we could develop a new expression of God's grace by starting in a way that doesn't require "a big leap of faith" initially. I gave a personal illustration of this in "Coffee Break" #45, where I described how I grew in faith to speak against 'mountains' (Mark 11:23-24) of cancer...after (successfully) speaking, first, against 'mountains' of warts!

Sometimes, we may just need a fresh idea about how we could partner with God in some new way. And fresh ideas can be nurtured in an interactive environment.

This is the primary purpose of these newsletters—to provide ways that we can interact, regardless of location, and *"...consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds."* (Heb 10:24 - NIV)

I hope you are inspired and encouraged, now, as you read Part 2 of "The Ministry of a Street Evangelist"...



## The Ministry of a Street Evangelist — Part 2

Simon Cox

After leaving Badrinath, high up in the Himalayas in India, I walked from Allahabad to Benares along the banks of the Ganges River. This took about three weeks. There were no roads, so I followed the river, witnessing in villages along the way. It was a very interesting time.

One village was a bit tough and I was chased by about 100 villagers. They were catching up to me after about 300 metres so I turned and pretended to be a monster and ran after them. They nearly all went into cardiac arrest and I ended up chasing them as they screamed and ran through the countryside. I am now probably part of their folk lore.

After arriving in Benares I rented a boat and stayed on the river for about three months. There I met a leper who told me, over a cup of tea, that “Jesus” had healed him and he was now an evangelist in the leper colony there. After this I moved around staying in Kathmandu for about six months.

But it was when I arrived in Delhi that I really became aware of the call of God to evangelize. By this time I had run out of money and an English evangelist, Geoff Walvin, gave me his house to stay in and the local church —“The Good Samaritan Fellowship”—employed me to be an evangelist and to minister daily in the huge “Chandni Chowk” bazaar in Old Delhi.

I sold gospel packets for one rupee and New Testaments for two rupees. Their philosophy in India was if you gave it away freely people would not treasure it.

As I could not speak Hindi my main sentence was “ek rupee per ek packet hay” and “shanti milti hay”, which meant “one rupee per packet and it will give you peace in your heart”. I cut my teeth in that bazaar and would often return home late after a hard day amongst all the sellers of the bazaar.

You could buy anything in Chandni Chowk...from diamonds to camels...silk to food—you name it, someone would sell it to you. I fitted in well and wore a turban to work.

I thought this was something I would do for a couple of months, not aware God had other plans and that, almost 40 years later, I would still be “out there”.

It was interesting to see how many people wanted “peace in their heart”. I also saw many miracles of healing there. Once I prayed for a couple and almost fainted when he spoke after 21 years of being mute...and his wife heard after 22 years of being deaf. Plus a boy at the local tea shop was going blind but, after I prayed, God healed him and he acknowledged that it was the Lord.

In Delhi I grew in my faith under the ministry of Glady Eswar Raj.

After a long time in Delhi I moved back to Kathmandu and was employed by YWAM as an evangelist. I was given food and lodging and \$5 per week to give out tracts and minister on Freak Street...the then Hippie capital of the World.

I saw many hippies and world travellers saved. It was here I discerned that the best way to win people was to go for those who were open to Jesus...not to get into arguments etc but to go for the 'ripe apples'.

I used to carry a bag that contained the gospels in 16 languages.

Kathmandu was a centre for many nationalities and dialects from people living in the Himalayas. Tibetan tribesmen and their families would come down to Kathmandu in autumn from the high altitude and set up their camps—I witnessed to many and gave them tracts.

Many Nepali and Tibetans were Tibetan Buddhists and would have prayer wheels that they would swing around in their hands as they walked around the stupas (large religious structures up to 20 metres high with a base of 20 metres going up to a point). I would stand there and give them tracts to read and slowly the rotation of their prayer wheels would get less and less as they read more and more about Jesus.

One day a man and his wife came out of the room in the stupa. They were with a priest and I gave them a tract and they were so excited...all of them, including the priest. That night I asked a Nepali what the tract was about (because I couldn't read the language). He told me it was the story about when the angel appeared to Zachariah as he ministered in the temple and told him that Elizabeth would have a son and to call him John. I think this couple were having trouble conceiving and this was the word of the Lord for them.

I was visiting a hospital one day and went past a room and saw a German man lying on a bed. He looked bedraggled and was obviously a drug addict. I walked in and saw his name was David. I said "Dave, you can now either go up or down". I will never forget the sight as he raised his arm weakly and said, "Let's pray, brother." God delivered him from heroin, hashish and tobacco addiction and he came to stay with us. Later I heard that he had returned to Germany and was ministering to users and ex-users.

Another miracle I saw was when I was ministering in a Tibetan refugee camp near Kathmandu. As I was praying for a man, this guy, about 25, came running down the track on his hands, as his legs were paralysed due to the effects of Polio. A large crowd followed him pointing at me. He ran by using pieces of wood he held in his hands and sat on a tyre that was tied around his bottom. I could see he had faith so yelled out, "In the name of Jesus get up." Although he could not understand English he discerned this was the day and this the hour. He may have been praying for this and God may have told him I was coming. He threw the wood away and undid the tyre, stood up, and came walking towards me. His knees clicked as he had not used them for over two decades and they had no muscle.

A senior pastor in Nepal heard of it and did not believe me so came and met him and was astounded. I understand he organised for this man to get a cabinetmaking apprenticeship.

Another miracle occurred in the same hospital as before. I was called in to sit with an Australian drug addict, named Peter. He had taken a massive drug overdose and there was no way he could survive. I was asked to sit by his bed and, when the heart monitor machine indicated his pulse had stopped, I was to notify the staff and they would turn it off. I waited a while, praying for him, and noticed that, whenever I prayed, his heart rate increased. Then after about an hour I commanded him (like Jesus did to Lazarus) that he should be healed. He opened his eyes immediately and was out of the hospital that night, staying at our place. I gave him my only second set of clothes to return to Australia after his embassy agreed to repatriate him.

I also prayed for a village leader high in the Himalayas where I did evangelism. Much to the enjoyment of the whole village he was healed of major heart palpitations.

So I saw that, combined with evangelism, God would confirm His word with signs and wonders.



## The Ministry of a Street Evangelist — Part 3

Simon Cox

After about six months on the streets of Kathmandu and Patan in Nepal I received some life changing news. My father, who I had not seen for many years, passed away peacefully. My family got together and raised a sum of money to get me back to New Zealand and the Lord said "Go". I had never thought about returning but now it was time.

I travelled through Asia for a couple of weeks on the way back to New Zealand and revisited many of the places I had visited on my way to India years ago. People looked different and the travellers were no longer the hippie, long term travellers of the 70's...more up market young people on holiday. I had the look of a young man who came from another world.

I arrived back in Auckland and hitchhiked to Christchurch, stayed with my mum for a couple of weeks then went to church and met a guy who had a flat that I rented.

I got a job painting but soon started a window cleaning business, with the Lord answering my prayers and a Christian guy giving me a few customers to get me going. Over the years I built it up to over 400 customers and specialised in the homes of the 'movers and shakers' in Christchurch.

I started to fellowship at Christchurch New Life Centre and one of my best friends was Apostle Peter Morrow.

I only worked about four hours a day so I set about seeking the Lord and sought him for between six to eight hours a day for about three years. It all culminated in a 21 day fast in which, on the 22nd morning, the Lord showed me His second coming.

I was fired up and went preaching every day in Christchurch Cathedral Square, Nelson and Wellington. The power of God was astronomical and many turned to the Lord.

After quite a while I came back down to earth and started a Christian commune with three houses next to each other in the inner city. God broke out in a move and we saw punk rockers, prostitutes, gangsters and the disadvantaged come to the Lord. Many of them came to live next to each other in these houses and some worked with me window cleaning.

This went on for a couple of years. I did street witnessing, saw healings and had prayer meetings every night of the week. It was full on, to say the least. The fellowship we had, and the love we held for each other, was the envy of many. They were memorable times.

I remember Eddie, a 50 year old Jewish bouncer at a local night club, who came to the Lord. We baptised him, in winter, in the ocean and, as we put him in the sea, it warmed up.

And I will never forget when he first came with us to New Life Centre. At the end of the meeting, he came walking down the stairs to leave. David Ravenhill, our assistant pastor, used to shake everybody's hand before they left and, when Eddie held out his hand, David looked a bit intrigued...as Eddie had a bald head, the physique of a trained bodybuilder, wore a diamond ring and was dressed in a full length fox fur coat!

Another time I went to do a window cleaning job and was given the wrong address. I walked in and it was a squat. In the house were many punk rockers and they were amazed that a window cleaner came bowling in. Their leader was a guy named Hamish, who had a large orange Mohawk. We got on well and I preached Christ to them and Hamish came to the Lord. He left the squat and came to live in our commune.

I witnessed powerfully to my window cleaning customers and they knew of my evangelical work and embraced my new employees warmly, recognising them as ones 'saved from the fire'.

Then, one day, all of this changed...

Before I returned to Christchurch the Lord had shown me that there was a lady there I was to marry. Soon after I arrived back, I went to church one Sunday and sat next to a lady. I knew she was the one! Then I didn't see her for over a year and a half. After that, I moved to the same church—Christchurch New Life Centre. For a short time, we went out together occasionally. But she was one of the 'stars' in this church of over 1,000 people... and I ran a commune for 'fringe dwellers'...so it didn't work out...at the time.

Then she moved to Australia and phoned me one day to ask if I would be interested in coming to Australia to visit her. I prayed and the Lord said "Go". So I went.

I arrived in Brisbane and married Sandra a month later.

It took four years of waiting and I learned patience and faith. The Lord told me to rest for a year and enjoy married life.

I walked the streets of Brisbane CBD doorknocking businesses and started a window cleaning business.

After 9 months our first child, Josephine, was born and the Lord told me that we should move to a mountain in South India. I sold the business and in three months we travelled through Asia and settled in Ootacamund (also known as Ooty), 10,000 feet up the Nilgiri hills in South India.

We met a pastor Vijayan in Ooty and he told us he had been praying for someone to come and help him do evangelism amongst all the tea and herb plantations, as the people there are "bonded labourers" (people who have sold themselves and their families into generational slavery to pay off a loan acquired in a drought). We laboured in the villages and had a great time. Plus I did street witnessing.

Two notable miracles occurred through prayer. One man was healed of blindness and a woman was healed from a hugely bloated, infected stomach as something had been left in her after a surgery.

We stayed six months in India and then returned to New Zealand, initially to Christchurch.

In the vision of Jesus' second coming I saw that Jesus returns at an hour we don't expect and we are surprised.

He also told me that His coming will be "when you see the Bible made an illegal document by the New Zealand government".

This seemed impossible 35 years ago. But, with New Zealand approving gay marriage and the move in society against Christianity, it seems the time is coming.

We must work while it is still light.



## The Ministry of a Street Evangelist — Part 4

Simon Cox

After we returned to Christchurch from India, the Lord told me to come aside to fast and pray. I went up to a hut in the hills outside Christchurch. It was snowing.

During that time apart, God gave me some special revelations of Himself and His glory.

He also showed me that, when I came down the mount I would meet a lady with a daughter who had polio. I should pray for her and she would be healed. She was.

Then He showed me 750 people, with a third of them a brown colour, waiting to hear me speak. I went to Auckland after selling everything we owned and giving it away, at the Lord's command, to put to death covetousness. I won 750 people to the Lord on Queen Street, CBD Auckland and around there.

We stayed in Auckland about eight months. One day nobody came to the Lord and He told me to return to the south island of New Zealand as the harvest was over and the 750 had been reaped. I asked Him what the third being brown was, and He said, "A third were Maori people or Pacific Islanders".

We went to Queenstown where I started work selling door to door. We had our second daughter there, "Antoinette". And I did street ministry.

A Pastor at an Assembly of God church asked me to preach and we had a miracle service. The Lord told me to hold out my hand and whoever touched it would be healed, as "the hem of Christ's garment would be passing though."

One man came up about his dad...then a lady about her thoughts...then an elderly lady came walking up and touched my hand. She said she knew a miracle would happen like the lady with the issue of blood who pushed through to touch the hem of Jesus' garment.

I met her two weeks later and she told me that her husband could not come to the meeting as he had brain damage from a car accident 15 years prior and would continuously hear the blood rushing through his head. When she got home he was healed. She told me also that, in the accident, she received a damaged shoulder and it had frozen and was much smaller than the other and she could not move it. As she sat back down after touching my hand her shoulder started to spin by itself and, when it stopped, it was healed and the same size as the other.

Then, at the command of the Lord, we moved to Christchurch and I became an insurance salesman. We moved into a housing commission flat and only owned two beds, a cot, some blankets and a couple of pots.

But I did quite well selling insurance and we were able to buy our first home.

We fellowshiped in Christchurch with the Methodists.

After about three years the Lord told me to go to Melbourne. I told the Lord that it was too much all this travelling and He said: "Would you go if I gave you a son?" I said "Yes".

We arrived in Melbourne one year later with our new addition...Joshua.

The Lord told me he had bought me here to "receive a gift if I was willing to receive it". He told me to have a healing service. I placed a large advert in the Australian newspaper for \$1,000. They oversold me and it took up about one fifth of a page. People thought Billy Graham had come to town!

The meeting went down well and many came. We prayed for a lot of people. The Lord gave me the faith to run this healing service.

The next day I went to the local shops and saw a book on the great man John Dowie, the miracle worker who the Lord performed signs and wonders through about 100 years ago in Australia and the USA. He ran a hospice in Chicago where he accepted people who were dying and he would pray for them. You had to have a doctor's note to get in. I opened up the book and saw that his first healing service (about 80 years ago) was at exactly the same address as mine...in Cheltenham, Melbourne...only now it was a school.

After about a year in Melbourne the Lord told me to go back to the mountains of the south island of New Zealand as He wanted me to start to "hear the voice of God".

So we moved back there and had Nathan another son.

I had a powerful visitation of the Holy Spirit over a three day period and started to hear the Lord talk to me at night as I was sleeping.

One thing the Lord said to me was, "I am going to take you to a country recovering from war."

We moved to Christchurch after about 6 months. I started an art business and a Christian nite club called "Joel's Place", which could accommodate about 150 people on a Friday and Saturday night. We did this in conjunction with Pepsi.

Plus we ran a house church that started at about 6.30pm Saturday night and went through to Sunday lunch. Many stayed the night as we rented an old mansion.

Then through meeting some businessmen I was given the job of raising money for a feasibility study to try to get the Winter Olympics to Christchurch.

I met the mayor a lot and most of the prominent business people in Christchurch. And, as part of the promotion, we brought out some of the IOC (International Olympic Committee). I still remember the dinner, as I had never seen so many knives, forks and spoons.

During this time I really learned to prophesy accurately.

I started to sell real estate and one month received a really big payout from commission.

Then, in about 1997, the Lord told me to go to Phnom Penh, the capital of Cambodia. This was the "country recovering from war".



## The Ministry of a Street Evangelist — Part 5

Simon Cox

I finished last time by mentioning that, in about 1997, the Lord told me to go to Phnom Penh in Cambodia.

I went there and started preaching in small church groups. Pol Pot was still active and his infamous Khmer Rouge. I had to be very careful as Phnom Penh was extremely dangerous. It was like Dodge City of the 1800's.

I met a Pastor of a church there and was told by others that he was involved in stealing from Christians. I cautioned him in love. But, because he had high government connections, I was placed under house arrest and told "I would never leave Phnom Penh."

They got a general to come and interrogate me. He was mean, dressed in battle fatigues, hardened from war, fighting the Khmer Rouge from the age of 12. He sat down next to me and I thought to relax and just get a good hiding. He said, "Where do you come from?" I said "New Zealand". He looked at me astonished and said, "How are the All Blacks?" Then he said, "These hands can never harm a Kiwi." New Zealanders had helped him out in the past. I won him to the Lord and we became great friends.

I returned to New Zealand but went back to Cambodia some months later as I had been invited to attend birthday celebrations for King Sihanouk. I didn't get to meet the King but I was able to leave for him a gold-foil-covered present from the city of Christchurch, with the official crest from the city on it. I slid a Cambodian Bible into the present and God gave me a prophetic word for the king which I wrote on the first page.

At night, in Phnom Penh, I used to go onto the roof tops of the buildings in the CBD and witness to the poor who lived up there. One night I saw a young woman walking through the crowd on the roof top and won her to the Lord. She was a widow with two children, who also supported her mother and sister, and lived between the safety barrier and the outside of the building.

The general was smoking 60 cigarettes day in his job in the Ministry of the Interior, where he was involved in anti-mafia and anti-triad investigations. He had also been the king's bodyguard for 7 years. I prayed for him and he was healed of his smoking.

The general rang me again later and told me there had been a coup d'état in Cambodia and he had escaped with his high command and one of the princes of Cambodia. He asked if I could come to Bangkok, in Thailand, to pray for them. I went and had dinner with the prince and we drank French champagne. I thought of that Scripture: "He raises up the needy from the dung heap to sit with princes." (Ps 113:7-8)

The general had about 20 of his senior personnel there. They wanted to fight, but the Lord told me he should do nothing and that the leader of the country would make peace with him. He accepted my word over theirs and asked me to go into Cambodia and see how the atmosphere was. I did and went to dinner with the head of police and the Prime Minister's brother-in-law. I went back and told the general to wait.

As I left the general I gave him a Cambodian Bible. I never saw him again but I heard, some time later, that he organised the disarmament of the Khmer Rouge following the death of their leader Pol Pot.

When I got back to Christchurch after three trips away the Lord told us to go and live in Kerikeri, in the Bay of Islands area at the top of New Zealand. We sold our house and bought the home of a pastor who was going to Mozambique to be a missionary with his family.

At the command of the Lord, as soon as we arrived I did a thirty day fast. At the end of it the Lord said to me at night, "Simon, the time will come when whoever you lay your hands on will be healed."

It was one of the most beautiful spots I have ever lived in. Our home was at the top of the Kerikeri inlet where the salt and fresh water meet. There was a weir and a small one-lane bridge. As a family, we spent about eight years there...playing, swimming, fishing, boating and walking in all the bush around us.

I picked up the Kerikeri telephone book and rang every number in it and established another window cleaning business. I think I phoned about 3,000 numbers and ended up with about 400 customers. Sandra and I worked together and had a great time.

When I arrived in Kerikeri I overheard some ministers saying they had been praying that God would bring someone to the region to minister to the super rich in that area. The Bay of Islands attracts some hugely wealthy foreign individuals who have houses there. Some can even buy their own beach there and the fishing and boating is second to none with 149 islands to explore by boat.

Through our business God opened the door for us to move in this circle of people and we got the privilege to meet, and become friends with, many of them.

After about six years, the Lord told me that He wanted to start opening the 'lowest' parts of people's lives to me and Sandra and, when that happened, I should pour in the water (the Holy Spirit). In other words, they would share the areas of their lives where they were experiencing problems.

The healing revival began the next day.

We were cleaning the windows for an older lady and she said it was her daughter's house. She told us her grandson was having his life support turned off as his kidneys were not functioning. He was about nine months old and his name was Flynn. We prayed for him, together with the grandmother. A week later we saw her in the supermarket and she came running down the aisle towards us, crying. She told us that, about five minutes after we left, her daughter rang to say Flynn had new kidneys!

The healing revival also broke out amongst our customers—a doctor healed from neck arthritis...a lady healed from a broken back...a man healed from effects of a heart attack...a professional singer healed from a brain tumour and singing again...to name a few.

This continued daily for about a year.

Then the Lord told us to move to the Gold Coast...

See page 3 for a Postscript to this issue...

# Meditations

...devotional contemplations on life

Postscript to Issue #55



## Editor's Note

Why the different photo above? I'm glad you asked.

This was the original page 1 photo I used when I prepared the first drafts of "Meditations" #55 for Simon's approval.

If possible, I like to choose a page 1 photo that has some relationship to the subject matter of each issue, even if it's only symbolic in some way. Simon mentioned, in this issue, that "the Lord told us to go and live in Kerikeri, in the Bay of Islands area at the top of New Zealand". And he also said that: "It was one of the most beautiful spots I have ever lived in." This is a photo of the Bay of Islands area and I chose this originally because I wanted to connect with a location in their life that clearly meant something to both Simon and Sandra, especially in view of the many location shifts they had seen over the years and some of the challenging situations in which they had lived.

As I finalised drafts of the last two Parts of this series (5 and 6), I still felt a little unsure at times if I should proceed to publish this series, for reasons I outlined in the Preface to Part 1 ("Meditations" #51).

By then I had received a response from one of the two contacts in New Zealand that Simon had given me... and I was very encouraged by that response. But, occasionally, I still expressed some uncertainty to the Lord and asked if He had any special confirmation that I should proceed...and that this was the right timing.

As I re-read the draft of this issue (for the umpteenth time), I wondered if I could find a suitable photo of Kerikeri itself, rather than the general Bay of Islands area. I found four possible candidates, on-line, in a search through a photo-sharing website, and chose the one that is now on page 1 of this issue.

I emailed a final draft to Simon and said: "I decided to change the photo in Part 5 to a Kerikeri shot (rather than the Bay of Islands generally) and made a few other small changes."

He replied: "That is funny Ray. Our house was just above the fifth boat. It had the touch of brown on it. I feel sad as I remember the great times we had there with our little children."

I replied: "I understand how you feel. Perhaps at least it's a sign that we're on the right track!"

I checked for a figure on the population of Kerikeri and it's over 7,000. What is the probability, in the natural, that I would find, and switch to, a photo that happened to show their former home there?



## The Ministry of a Street Evangelist — Part 6

Simon Cox

We arrived on the Gold Coast and bought a car from a man named Brian. His wife had not walked in 7 years because of osteoporosis. She was healed and went to the mall.

I met Brian about a year later and he told me his wife was great. He also said that he was having a smoke outside his local pub a few months previously and a woman was also there smoking. She told him she was in considerable pain and really ill. He told her that he wished Simon and Sandra were there to pray for her. Then he decided to pray for her himself. He couldn't remember the prayer we prayed so he simply prayed that whatever Simon and Sandra prayed "let it happen". He told me the woman was healed immediately.

I met and prayed for a young man whose wrist was fractured in a motorcycle accident. He had to have it fused together so the wrist was stable...but that meant it was immovable and not rotatable. It was held in place by several stainless steel pins to secure it until it set.

About three years later I was doing a bond clean with one of my staff. (I had bought a small cleaning business and built it up.) The man paid me as we left and said, "Excuse me." I turned around and he rotated his wrist around and around, and up and down, I stared at him wondering what he was talking about. He then said, "This is impossible." He told me he was the man I had prayed for and that his wrist was healed and, when he goes to hospital, the doctors put on the x-ray and look at it and then ask him to rotate his wrist and they laugh and shake their heads as it is impossible.

I did two years street evangelism on the Gold Coast at Broadbeach and then we moved at the command of the Lord to Brisbane. We had four children in five years and four teenagers at one time. Now, all our children had left home and we were on our own again, enjoying our new found freedom.

I have been witnessing, now, for seven years in Fortitude Valley (Brisbane's night club area)—mainly between the train station and Wickham Street—and in the Brisbane city CBD, where I pray for people and give them a copy of a gospel.

It never ceases to amaze me who comes to the Lord. My main 'target group' is young people between the ages of 15-30, although sometimes older people are interested. And I have won many confirmed atheists to the Lord who have come under conviction as the gospel message is shared with them and they have perceived the grace that God has given us.

Sometimes it takes a while before anyone wants to stop and talk. At other time it's fast...like recently, when a young couple on holiday from India stopped and she wanted to receive Jesus into her life. Her husband became a Christian two years ago and had been praying for her.

I don't argue or seek to convince. I proclaim the gospel boldly and invite people to respond. Generally, as someone takes some literature, I ask them if they believe Jesus is raised from the dead. If they say "no" then I invite them to ask Jesus to reveal Himself to them and come into their heart. After they've prayed, I use the keys of the kingdom which Christ gave us to loosen them from the power of darkness and bind them to the kingdom of God. At this point they are usually very confident as to what has taken place. It's a gift I've been given—it's one of the five fold ministry gifts—and it still amazes me as it comes into operation.

I usually see between 4 and 10 people an afternoon receive Jesus into their lives. I give them a New Testament, advise them how to succeed as a Christian and get their name, which I pass on to a group of about 100 people who pray for me (and those I reach). This group of supporters has built up over the years, some of whom I have won to the Lord. And, when I'm witnessing on the streets, my wife of 29 years, Sandra, prays for me.

God has also given me, like He did to Paul the apostle, special revelations of Himself and His glory. I often share these revelations with those who stop to talk. They love to hear them and I enjoy telling of the riches of Christ.

Sandra and I give God the glory for our ministry and all the mighty works He has done and how He has provided for us abundantly over the years.

Editor's Note: Following is one of Simon's recent email reports, to give you a taste of his ministry. And a reminder that, if you would like to support him in this ministry, through prayer, or in any other way, please email him at [newtimeline8@gmail.com](mailto:newtimeline8@gmail.com).

I saw the Lord move today in Fortitude Valley and I actually did very little.

Rick and Anastasia, hipsters from Melbourne, asked Jesus to come into their lives.

Nick, a musician, took Jesus' hand even though his three friends berated him.

Mantis and Arithamtis, from India, touched by God as they embraced their Moksha (salvation).

Denis, from Nepal. I was chuffed as I recalled my year in the city of Patan in Nepal. He prayed for Him to come into his heart.

Nick, a confirmed atheist, prayed for Jesus to come into his heart. I love witnessing to confirmed atheists as the Holy Ghost touches their hearts and, before my eyes, Jesus' love touches them.

Serendipity was amazingly touched by Jesus. God showed me she used to be a Christian and had walked away from the Son of God...that she was an artist...and that she needed a miracle. She reached out again for the Son and was amazed as I read her heart by the Holy Ghost. She asked the lover of her soul, Jesus, to forgive her and be reconciled with her.

I also witnessed to a witch who would not give me her name. I told her that Jesus would give her a miracle in the next two weeks and she was nearly in tears as I told her how precious she was to him. She walked past about 30 minutes later almost in tears. The Lord touched her sooner than I thought.

It always amazes how the Holy Ghost loves Fortitude Valley and those that walk between the train station and Wickham Street.

It is amazing to see Him at work as I just lean against a wall on the pavement and look at what He does. I just try to keep out of trouble, as the police cars whirl around and a few guys try to stare me out.

Thanks.