

**WISDOM FOR
SOUL-WINNING**



Whoever Wins Souls Is Wise

Sylvia Suhr

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*A faith-filled journey of obedience, compassion,
and the transforming power of the gospel*

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Introduction

Until the age of thirty-eight, I lived without truly seeking God's direction. As a result, I made many painful choices and endured years of stress and hardship. By the time I encountered salvation, I had already been married and divorced twice, and I was the mother of four children.

When my second husband left, I found myself raising a one-year-old son, a three-year-old daughter, a seven-year-old daughter, and a fifteen-year-old son on my own. I had recently sold my dog grooming business, leaving me without an income, and I was forced to apply for

government assistance. To say I had reached the end of myself would be an understatement. I was desperately searching for identity, purpose, and hope.

It was in that place of brokenness and longing that God, in His infinite mercy, met me. Looking back now, I know He never left me, not for a moment. He had been patiently waiting for the day I would turn and take His hand.

“The Lord is near to those who have a broken heart, and saves such as have a contrite spirit.”

— **Psalm 34:18**

When I finally heard the gospel message, I was amazed by its simplicity. I had lived for thirty-eight years without truly hearing the truth, and when it came, the revelation gripped my heart. In that moment, something awakened within me. A fire was lit, one that compelled me to share the

message of God's free gift of salvation with everyone who would listen.

That encounter changed everything.

Salvation, I discovered, isn't a concept or a doctrine on a page, it is being found, being carried, being changed, and then living from that place for the sake of others.

I learned that no matter how lost we may feel, no matter how far we may wander, God is always near ready to welcome us home with open arms. His grace and love gave me a new identity, a new purpose, and a calling: to help others discover the same hope and freedom that I found in Him.

This book is the fruit of that calling. It is not a manual or a formula, but a journey, one shaped by obedience, compassion, and faith. It is written for those who long to win souls with wisdom, not pressure; with love, not fear; and with a heart aligned to God's own.



Chapter One

Whoever Wins Souls Is Wise

*“The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life,
and he who wins souls is wise.”*

— **Proverbs 11:30**

A person who walks in the wisdom of God becomes like a living tree, rooted, fruitful, and life-giving. Others are drawn to the shade of that tree and nourished by its fruit. A life marked by purpose, peace, and direction quietly attracts those who are searching for meaning and truth.

To win souls is not about persuasive words or clever methods. It begins with becoming wise

ourselves, grounded in God, shaped by His Word, and led by His Spirit. When we grow in godly wisdom, our lives naturally point others toward Him.

“Every soul carries eternal weight. Every encounter is a chance to point toward forever. This book is an offering of wisdom for those who long to lead others to Jesus, not with pressure, but with compassion, and with the fragrance of heaven and the heartbeat of God.”

A Tree Planted by Living Water

Psalm 1 gives us a beautiful picture of the righteous life:

*“He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,
that brings forth its fruit in its season,
whose leaf also shall not wither;
and whatever he does shall prosper.”*

— **Psalm 1:3**

Righteous people experience life in its fullest sense. They draw strength from daily fellowship with God, from the study of His Word, and from living in alignment with His ways. This kind of life produces peace, resilience, and quiet confidence. It also removes the fear of death, because eternal life is already secure in Christ.

By contrast, those who live without salvation not only face eternal separation from God but often miss the richness of life here on earth. Without purpose, direction, or hope, life becomes a series of struggles rather than a journey of meaning.

Wisdom That Learns and Grows

True wisdom requires humility. Just as education only benefits those willing to learn, spiritual growth depends on a heart that is teachable. A person who refuses correction or resists discipline often does so out of pride. And pride, left unchecked, limits growth.

A wise person remains open, willing to listen, to learn, and to change. This openness allows God to shape their character and deepen their understanding. Over time, such a life becomes a testimony in itself, quietly drawing others toward the source of that wisdom: God.

Leading others to Him is not just an act of obedience; it is a lifeline. It keeps us close to our Creator while extending the gift of eternal life to those around us. Through our example, others are invited not only into salvation, but into a life filled with purpose, joy, and hope.

Jesus at the Well: Wisdom in Compassion

We see this wisdom perfectly modelled in Jesus' encounter with the Samaritan woman at the well (John 4:7–29).

Jesus met her in an ordinary place, during an ordinary task, yet nothing about the moment was ordinary. He spoke with compassion, not

condemnation. He listened before He revealed.
He addressed her thirst before exposing her pain.

When the woman realised who Jesus was, the Messiah she had been waiting for, everything changed. She left her water jar behind and ran to tell her village:

“Come and meet a man who told me everything I’ve ever done! Could this be the Messiah?”

Her encounter became her testimony.

“Just as Jesus met the Samaritan woman where she was, with her shame and her questions, we are called to go to the wells of others, the places where thirst hides behind routine. Soul winning begins not with theology, but with compassion.”

She did not attend a class or receive a formula. She had a revelation. And revelation produces urgency, joy, and boldness.

Wisdom for Soul Winners

Soul winning flows from intimacy with God.

When we know Him, we reflect Him. When we listen like Jesus, love like Jesus, and speak with grace like Jesus, people respond, not to us, but to Him.

A wise soul winner:

- Walks closely with God
- Listens before speaking
- Loves without conditions
- Trusts the Holy Spirit to do the work
- Recognises that every person is eternally valuable

Prayer

Father God,

Thank You for never giving up on me, and for patiently loving me through every season of my life. Help me to love others with that same patient, faithful love.

Open my eyes to the wells around me. Teach me to speak like Jesus, to listen with mercy, and to rejoice when the water jar is left behind because You have satisfied the deepest thirst.

Help me to never lose my passion for winning souls and bringing the lost to You.

Amen.



Chapter Two

Shining Like Stars

*“Those who are wise shall shine like the brightness of the heavens,
and those who lead many to righteousness, like the stars
forever and ever.”*

— **Daniel 12:3**

There is a quiet radiance that comes from a life yielded to God. It is not the brightness of performance or recognition, but the steady glow of obedience, faithfulness, and love. Scripture tells us that those who lead others to

righteousness will shine like stars, lights placed by God to guide others through darkness.

Learning to Shine: Marysville, Victoria

Marysville was where I first began teaching scripture in schools. I still remember how nervous I felt walking into a classroom of five-year-olds for the first time. My heart raced, and I silently prayed for courage. The classroom teacher, a kind Catholic woman, seemed to sense my fear and offered gentle support. Slowly, I found my confidence.

Week by week, I discovered the joy of teaching children the simple beauty of trusting Jesus. I continued teaching scripture for seven years in Victoria, and later again after moving interstate. Looking back, I see how God used this season to prepare me for public speaking and ministry far beyond the classroom.

Yet this time was not without pain. I was separated from my two younger children for several months, with no car and no way to visit them. When I finally gained access to a vehicle, I would drive three hours to see them. Each time I left, my one-year-old son would scream as I drove away. I would pull over, weeping, longing to bring them with me.

A few weeks later, God made a way. My children joined me in Marysville, and we rented a home together. That season became one of deep bonding and faith-building. We prayed together daily and watched God provide everything we needed.

We even created a small family altar, a simple table with a cloth, a Bible, and a candle. While I don't believe a candle is necessary for prayer, the children loved it. It became a sacred space where

we felt God's presence and learned to trust Him together.

Growing in the Word

“As newborn babes, desire the pure milk of the word, that you may grow thereby.”

— **1 Peter 2:2**

Marysville was a season of spiritual formation. God was shaping me, teaching me to love His Word, and moulding my character. I was learning that soul winning does not begin on a mission field, it begins in the quiet places where God refines us.

Later, we moved to Healesville so the children could attend school more easily. I enrolled in Bible College of Victoria, and God miraculously provided scholarships for my children to attend a Christian school. Though we had no car and relied on public transport, I was deeply content. I

loved Bible school. I was hungry for God's Word and eager to learn His ways.

“Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

— **Proverbs 22:6**

The Path That Grows Brighter

“The path of the just is like the shining sun, that shines brighter unto the perfect day.”

— **Proverbs 4:18**

This verse paints a powerful picture: the life of the righteous grows brighter over time. For Old Testament believers, righteousness was linked to obedience to the Law. Yet even then, their faith connected them to God's light, though only partially.

As New Testament believers, we experience the fullness of this promise through Jesus Christ.

Righteousness is no longer earned, it is received

by grace. The Holy Spirit now leads us into increasing light, understanding, and transformation.

Our lives shine brighter as we grow in relationship with Christ, reflecting His glory more clearly with each step of obedience. This light is not for our benefit alone, it draws others toward God.

“We know that when He appears, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.”

— **1 John 3:2**

The “perfect day” spoken of in Proverbs points to our ultimate union with Christ, when all things are made whole and we stand fully transformed in His presence.

“Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men... and God will wipe away every tear from their eyes.”

— **Revelation 21:3–4**

Wisdom for Soul Winners

A soul winner shines not by striving, but by walking faithfully with God. As we grow in His Word and yield to His Spirit, our lives become beacons of hope.

A wise soul winner:

- Allows God to shape their character over time
- Values quiet obedience as much as public ministry
- Models faith to the next generation
- Understands that growth is progressive, not instant
- Trusts that God's light will draw people naturally

Your journey may feel slow at times, but every step taken in obedience increases the light you carry.

Prayer

Father God,

Thank You for leading me patiently along the path of righteousness. Thank You that my life does not need to shine all at once but can grow brighter day by day as I walk with You.

Help me to remain faithful in small beginnings, to love Your Word, and to trust Your timing.

May my life reflect Your light in such a way that others are drawn to You.

Let me shine, not for my glory, but for Yours.

Amen.

JESUS MAKES FISHERS OF MEN



By the Sea of Galilee, Jesus saw two brothers, Simon and Andrew, fishing. He told them to follow Him and become fishers of men.

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Chapter Three

Rescuing Precious Lives

“Then He said to them, Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.”

— **Matthew 4:19**

Jesus did not call His disciples to comfort, security, or self-preservation. He called them to follow Him, and in following Him, to become

fishers of men. Soul winning begins with obedience. It is not something we add to our lives; it becomes the direction of our lives.

Learning to Follow Before Leading

After Marysville, I sensed God leading me deeper into His Word. I enrolled part-time at the Bible College of Victoria while attending Mount Evelyn Christian Fellowship in Lilydale. It was a season of laying foundations—learning godly principles, understanding Scripture, and allowing God to reshape my thinking.

My children attended a Christian school, and for a time, life felt more stable. We rented a small farmhouse and enjoyed the simplicity of country living, chickens, goats, dogs, and cats. My youngest daughter, who loved horses, finally had the opportunity to learn to ride.

Around this time, my eldest daughter joined Youth With A Mission (YWAM). As she brought

home books and shared testimonies, my heart was stirred. One book in particular, *Is That Really You, God?* by Loren Cunningham, awakened something deep within me.

I realised that God was inviting us into a new chapter, one that would require faith, sacrifice, and trust.

Saying Yes Again

We sold everything once more and travelled by train to Yass to join YWAM Canberra. It was not an easy transition. The children struggled with the change, and the hardest part was finding new homes for our dogs. Yet I knew this step was necessary. God was calling me into full-time service and preparing me for overseas missions.

We lived on the YWAM base, and the children attended school there. I joined the discipleship course, learning two lessons that would become

essential for my future: **hearing the voice of God** and **trusting Him for provision**.

When the time came for overseas outreach, we could not go, as the children were not ready. Instead, we remained on base, and I served on staff for another nine months in children's ministry and the kitchen. There is great wisdom gained in hidden service.

Seasons of Preparation

After YWAM, we moved to Mountain Trails in Wee Jasper, a Christian horse-riding camp. I worked as an assistant cook and housekeeper, while also home-schooling my youngest child. My daughter travelled an hour by bus each day to attend high school in Yass.

This was a precious family season. We grew vegetables, walked together, and built a simple life rooted in faith. God was teaching us that soul

winning flows out of a life first surrendered to Him.

Later, we moved into the town of Yass itself. There, we joined Eagle's Nest Christian Centre, where the pastor and his wife became lifelong friends and spiritual support. Though life brought challenges, including teenage rebellion and financial hardship, God remained faithful.

I worked various jobs to provide for my family: cleaning offices, schools, and even the police station and courthouse. It was during this time that I learned to use a computer, overcoming fear and stepping into new skills that would later serve me well.

Ministry in Everyday Places

Our church ran a Christian bookshop in town, which I helped manage for about eighteen months. This became an unexpected place of ministry. People from many denominations came

through the doors, and I spent countless hours listening, encouraging, and praying.

Later, I started a small cleaning business called *Angels on Assignment*. Though it was physically demanding, it allowed me to work alongside my daughter and continue ministering quietly to those we served.

Eventually, I felt God releasing me from that season. I went on to work as a cook in an aged care home, learning once again that ministry often happens far from the pulpit.

Called to the Nations

When our pastor announced a mission trip to the Philippines with Australian Philippines Mission, I knew I was meant to go. After weeks of training, learning how to share a simple testimony and preach a clear gospel message, we travelled as a group of twenty-five.

The impact was profound. Thousands gave their lives to Christ. We saw miracles, blind eyes opened, deaf ears healed, the lame walk again. One elderly woman's eyes changed colour before my very eyes as she testified that she could see clearly.

These moments taught me something vital: **soul winning does not rely on human strength, but on simple faith in a faithful God.**

When I returned home, I knew I could never live a mediocre life again. God had marked me as a missionary.

“Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.”

— **Mark 16:15**

Wisdom for Soul Winners

To rescue precious lives, we must first follow Jesus wholeheartedly. He shapes us through

seasons of obscurity, service, and surrender
before entrusting us with greater responsibility.

A wise soul winner:

- Follows Jesus before attempting to lead others
- Embraces preparation as part of the calling
- Serves faithfully in unseen places
- Shares the gospel simply and clearly
- Trusts God to confirm His Word

Every “yes” to God prepares us to rescue
another life.

Prayer

Father God,

Thank You for calling me to follow You. Thank You for every season that has shaped me, every hidden place where You refined my heart.

Help me to obey quickly, trust deeply, and serve faithfully. Teach me to follow You so closely that others are drawn to You through my life.

Make me a fisher of men and help me never forget the value of one precious soul.

Amen.



Chapter Four

Arm in Arm with the Harvester

“And everyone who has left houses or brothers or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands, for My name’s sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and inherit eternal life.”

— **Matthew 19:29**

To walk arm in arm with the Harvester is to feel the heartbeat of heaven in the dust of the earth. In Kenya, I learned that soul winning is not a strategy, it is surrender. It is showing up with

love, listening with tears, and leaving behind seeds of hope where pain has long taken root.

The Call and the Cost

The call to missions did not come with thunder or spectacle. It came quietly, through a visiting couple at church, a stirring deep within my spirit, and the gentle confirmation of Scripture. They spoke of Kenya: of preaching, teaching, and serving the poor. As they shared, something within me leapt. I knew this was God.

By then, my children had grown and moved on. I was alone in a three-bedroom house, free at last to follow the call that had echoed in my heart for years, world missions.

So, once again, I sold everything. I bought my ticket to Kenya with faith, not funds. And in the stillness of prayer, I heard the Lord whisper:

“Many of My children in Africa are dying with no arms to hold them.”

I did not yet understand how deeply those words would mark me, how many children I would hold, how many tears I would cry, and how often my heart would be broken and reshaped into the likeness of His.

Rain and Revival

When we arrived in Kenya, we joined a team conducting crusades and teaching in Bible schools. Day after day, rain poured from the sky. Yet, just before each crusade began, the rain would stop. We preached, prayed for the people, and saw lives changed. As soon as we finished, the rain would return.

It felt as though heaven itself was partnering with the harvest.

Children came barefoot, laughing, some carrying babies on their backs though they were only six or seven years old. Many were already caring for younger siblings while their parents worked long hours for little pay. We taught, we prayed, and the Spirit moved powerfully. Many were healed. Many were saved. Joy overflowed like rainwater running through the streets.

“Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.”

— **Psalm 126:5**

The Baby in the Hut

One day, I visited a family who had recently lost their daughter and son-in-law to HIV/AIDS.

They were now caring for their grandchildren. I remembered seeing one little boy weeks earlier, frail and sick. We had paid for his medical treatment.

When I entered the hut, I found him wrapped tightly in blankets, drenched in sweat, barely

alive. I carried him outside and gave him water. They rushed him back to the clinic, but he died soon after.

I later learned that in many villages, when parents die of HIV/AIDS, babies are often left to die as well, assumed to be infected, abandoned in fear and grief.

The Lord's words echoed again in my heart:

“Many of My children in Africa are dying with no arms to hold them.”

I realised then that I had been sent not just to preach, but to hold, to comfort, and to love.

Mud Huts and Dusty Roads

I stayed in a village several miles from our base, travelling by foot or on the back of a bicycle, a *boda boda*. I slept in a mud hut and ate what the locals ate: ugali, sukuma wiki, freshly prepared chicken, bread, and black tea. I lived as they lived,

and I preached as Jesus preached, from house to house, heart to heart.

Hundreds gave their lives to Christ. In schools, as many as five hundred children at a time raised their hands to receive Him. In homes, grandparents raising ten or fifteen orphans wept as they heard the gospel for the first time.

In hospitals, we prayed over plastic mattresses soaked in blood and waste, and we saw miracles, lives restored, hope reborn.

“Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.”

— **Mark 16:15**

The Children’s Home

On my final day in Kakamega, I visited a Catholic-run children’s home. The sister in charge led me into a room where more than thirty babies under six months old lay side by side

on a bed. They were waiting, to be fed, changed, held, and loved.

She asked if I would stay and help. She was caring for three babies at a time, changing nappies endlessly. People left babies at her doorstep, trusting she would care for them.

One of our team members, who had recently lost a child, felt drawn to one particular baby and wanted to adopt him. The cost, ten thousand Kenyan shillings, seemed impossible. We prayed and trusted God. And He made a way.

Reflection

To walk arm in arm with the Harvester is to walk into places of pain and plant seeds of hope. It is to hold dying children and speak life. It is to preach in the rain and watch joy bloom. It is to be broken again and again until your heart beats in rhythm with His.

I once asked God to break my heart with the things that break His. He did, and He still does.

Prayer

Lord,

May my arms be strong enough to carry the broken, and gentle enough to cradle the lost.

May my feet walk dusty roads with joy, and my voice echo the gospel in huts, hospitals, schools, and streets.

Break my heart and remake it, again and again, until it beats with heaven's rhythm, and may I never forget: the harvest is not a place, it is people and the Harvester walks beside me.

Amen.



Chapter Five

Back to Kenya

Returning to Kenya filled me with anticipation, but I had no idea what awaited me. The journey from Nairobi to Mbita was long and exhausting, twelve hours of heat, dust, potholes, and muddy tracks winding through the heart of the land. The bus was packed beyond capacity, with people squeezed into every space and furniture strapped precariously to the roof. By the time we arrived, we were weary, dusty, and grateful simply to stop moving.

The next morning, I woke in the home of a generous family. They had electricity, running water, and even Christian television channels, small comforts in a land of immense need. I knew these comforts were temporary. The real work lay ahead.

A New Partnership

I was introduced to a Pentecostal pastor who shared my heart for the gospel. His vision was simple yet profound: preach salvation, care for orphans and widows, and raise a generation of children who could live with hope and dignity. We partnered together in ministry, and at first, the fruit was encouraging.

Hundreds responded to the gospel. Seven home fellowships were established across the region, and each week I visited them, often riding on the back of a bicycle, teaching the Word of God village by village.

We witnessed miracles. One day, we encountered a woman being rushed to a clinic, unconscious, her eyes rolled back. The pastor commanded the spirit of death to leave her. I prayed in tongues and gently rubbed her face. Suddenly, her eyes flickered, and she returned to consciousness. They continued on their way, and we never saw her again, but we knew we had witnessed the power of God.

Dache Village

We later visited Dache Village, a place deeply entrenched in poverty and fear. The children were sick, and the villagers initially refused help, even from a nurse. But when the gospel was preached, hearts softened. Sixteen people gave their lives to Christ that day.

The following day, we returned with medical supplies. More people responded to the gospel, and the children were treated for worms, malaria,

and waterborne diseases. Physical healing opened the door for spiritual healing.

We discovered twenty-four homes without toilet facilities. We offered to buy the materials if the villagers would provide the labour. They agreed, on the condition that they would be paid. After much discussion, the latrines were eventually built, though it took six months. We continued visiting weekly for a year, teaching the Word, yet saw little lasting change.

I learned that while salvation can be received in a moment, transformation often takes time.

Seeds and Struggles

We introduced school programs to teach children how to grow vegetables for their families. A donor from England provided seeds and tools. Yet many teachers took the supplies for themselves, and the children struggled to carry

water from the lake. Only one school out of ten succeeded.

That year, 2005, was a drought year. Rain was scarce, and crops failed. We paid a man to install water tanks at schools, but he took the money and never completed the work.

Still, we pressed on.

“Let us not grow weary while doing good, for in due season we shall reap if we do not lose heart.”

— **Galatians 6:9**

I continued riding from village to village, preaching the gospel. The team learned to share the message of salvation simply and clearly. Though progress was slow, seeds were being planted.

The Weight of Loss

In Mbita, funerals were a daily occurrence, many for babies lost to malaria or contaminated water.

I remember sitting beside a mother whose two-year-old child had died. She waited quietly in her hut as the body lay nearby, prepared for burial in a shallow grave.

No words were necessary. Presence was enough.

As mourners gathered and shared a simple meal of beans, maize, and rice, a young man rushed in with news: another baby had died in a nearby village. The family had no money for preservation, no coffin, and no food to offer mourners.

In Kenya, funerals are sacred gatherings, often lasting days. Someone must feed the family and visitors. The need was overwhelming.

A Full House and Empty Hands

I rented a house, and the pastor and his family moved in. Soon, more relatives arrived.

Resources stretched thin. I felt unable to take in local orphans, though my heart longed to.

When drought worsened, the government distributed sacks of maize. We helped deliver them to families. Yet expectations were high. Many assumed that because I was white, I would provide endlessly. This mindset, shaped by years of dependency, was difficult to change.

My message remained consistent:

Trust God, not man.

Reflection

Returning to Kenya was not merely a journey, it was a refining fire. I witnessed miracles and mourning, revival and resistance, joy and disappointment. I learned that faithfulness matters more than visible success, and obedience more than outcomes.

I walked arm in arm with the Harvester through
dusty roads, broken systems, and weary hearts.
And through it all, He never let go.

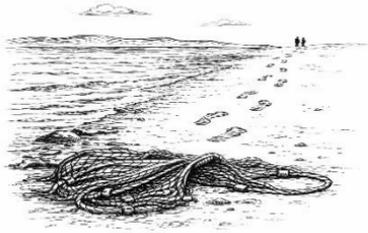
Prayer

Father God,
Teach me to sow even when the ground is dry, to
love even when results are slow, and to trust You
when the harvest seems distant.

Give me endurance when the work feels heavy
and grace when my hands feel empty.

Help me to remain faithful, knowing that You are
always at work, far beyond what I can see.

Amen.



Chapter Six

They Dropped Their Nets and Followed

*“But seek first the kingdom of God and His
righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.”*

— **Matthew 6:33**

This verse has been my compass. Whether in the slums of Manila, the rice fields of Malawi, or the dusty roads of Kenya, I have seen its truth unfold again and again. When we seek God first, before comfort, before provision, before safety, He adds

everything we need. Not always what we expect, but always what is necessary.

To drop our nets is to release what feels secure and familiar. It is an act of trust. The disciples did not fully understand where Jesus would lead them, yet they left their livelihoods behind and followed Him. Soul winning requires the same posture: obedience without full clarity.

Manila: Unity and Miracles

Returning to the Philippines felt familiar, yet fresh. Once again, hundreds responded to the gospel and many were healed. I ministered alongside a pastor and his wife, and the spiritual unity between us was remarkable. Our preaching flowed seamlessly, as though one voice carried three hearts.

We visited a group of forty senior citizens, and every one of them responded to the gospel. Deaf

ears opened. Pain vanished. God confirmed His Word with signs following.

We also walked through the shacks at the rubbish dump, praying for families living in extreme poverty. Many accepted salvation. We established a nutritional feeding program for children, and within days many expelled worms and began absorbing nourishment. Their bodies healed, and their spirits awakened.

Microfinance initiatives followed, small businesses began to grow. The pastor even started one himself at Smokey Mountain. God was lifting people out of poverty, one prayer, one seed, one obedient step at a time.

Malawi: Faith and First Steps

Two years later, I met a bishop from Malawi and felt led to visit him on my way back to Kenya. As always, I had no money. Yet I stepped forward in faith.

Just days before my departure, a friend called and offered a gift. Within a week, I received a cheque for more than two thousand dollars, enough for my ticket. God was faithful once again.

In Malawi, we travelled to remote villages, even reaching the border of Mozambique. Children who had never seen a white person ran toward us, some screaming in fear, others laughing and reaching out to touch our skin. We preached the gospel, and many were saved and healed.

As I waved goodbye at the airport, promising to return, my heart was full. My spirit was ready.

Kenya: Honour and Healing

Arriving in Kenya near election time, the atmosphere was charged. Tribes rallied behind their leaders, and tension filled the air. I was taken to Kitale, where I visited an orphanage and school named **Sylvia Rehema School**, an honour that deeply humbled me.

I stayed with a man named Mike, who cared for twenty children, most of them orphans. I helped purchase school uniforms and taught at a seminar where many received salvation and encountered God's love.

From Kitale, we travelled to Kisumu, then on to Homa Bay. My host, Ben, had a car, an uncommon luxury. Together, we visited Got Kabok, a remote school located between two districts and overlooked by government support. The children were undernourished.

We prayed, took photographs, and returned with maize and beans. More than one hundred parents gave their lives to Christ. Today, that school is thriving. All glory to God.

Hospitals, Healing, and Reconciliation

We preached the gospel in Homa Bay hospital. Many were healed. Many received salvation. I also returned to Mbita, where I had once lived

and ministered, and there I reconciled with the pastor I had previously worked alongside.

“If it is possible, as much as depends on you, live peaceably with all men.”

— **Romans 12:18**

God gave us peace and closure, and I was reminded that obedience includes humility and reconciliation.

Unrest and Refuge

On December 30th, following the elections, violence erupted across Kenya. Accusations of corruption filled the streets. Police fired into crowds. Tyres burned. Tribal conflict broke out.

I travelled by motorbike from Mbita to Homa Bay and remained hidden until the violence subsided. In prayer, I asked God, *“Shall I go home?”*

He replied, *“Where is home?”*

I knew the answer. My true home is in heaven,
and I am safest in the centre of God's will.

So, I stayed, and continued to minister.

Reflection

Dropping our nets means choosing obedience over security. It means trusting God when the path ahead is unclear and continuing to serve even when danger surrounds us.

From the slums of Manila to the villages of Malawi, from hospitals to hidden places of refuge, I have seen the Kingdom of God advance, not through ease, but through surrender.

Poetic Blessing

May your faith walk ahead of your feet, and your obedience rise before your provision.

May you preach with unity, pray with power, and serve with joy.

May you be safe, not in the absence of danger,
but in the presence of God.



Chapter Seven

Peace in the Storm

“If it is possible, as much as depends on you, live peaceably with all men.”

— **Romans 12:18**

Following God does not exempt us from storms. In fact, obedience often leads us straight into them. Yet it is in the midst of uncertainty, conflict, and upheaval that the peace of God reveals itself most powerfully, not as the absence of trouble, but as the steady presence of Christ.

When the Storm Is Relational

Some of the most difficult storms I have faced did not come from persecution or poverty, but from strained relationships and misunderstandings within ministry. These moments tested my heart more than any physical hardship.

Returning to Mbita after years away, I met again with the pastor I had once worked alongside. Our earlier separation had been painful and complicated, marked by unmet expectations and differing approaches. Yet God had done a quiet work in both of us.

When we met, there was no accusation, no defensiveness, only humility. We spoke honestly, prayed together, and released one another in peace. What once felt like failure became a testimony of reconciliation.

“Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God.”

— **Matthew 5:9**

Peace, I learned, is not passive. It requires courage, forgiveness, and a willingness to lay down the need to be right.

A Nation in Turmoil

Soon after, Kenya entered one of its most turbulent seasons. The elections had concluded, and violence erupted across the nation.

Accusations of corruption filled the air. Roads were blocked with burning tyres. Police opened fire. Tribal divisions deepened, and people were targeted simply because they lived outside their ancestral regions.

On December 30th, I travelled by motorbike from Mbita to Homa Bay, navigating fear and uncertainty. I hid there until the violence

subsided, praying continually for wisdom and protection.

In that place of waiting, I asked the Lord, “*Shall I go home?*”

His response was gentle, yet piercing:

“Where is home?”

I understood then that my true home was not a location, but a relationship. I was safest, not in escape, but in obedience.

So, I stayed.

And I continued to minister.

Seeds of Hope Amid Chaos

Even in the midst of unrest, God was at work.

In Kitale, I visited **Sylvia Rehema School**, named in my honour, a humbling reminder that obedience leaves footprints beyond our lifetime. I helped purchase school uniforms for orphans

and taught at a seminar where many encountered God's love and salvation.

In Got Kabok, a remote village school, we prayed for undernourished children and returned with maize and beans. Over one hundred parents gave their lives to Christ. Today, that school stands strong, a living testimony of God's faithfulness.

We preached the gospel in Homa Bay hospital, where many were healed and many received salvation. Even in places marked by pain and fear, peace flowed where Christ was welcomed.

Reflection

Peace is not the absence of conflict, it is the presence of Christ. It is the ability to stand firm when the world shakes, to love when fear tempts us to withdraw, and to trust God when answers are unclear.

The storm did not stop the harvest.

Instead, it revealed the depth of God's faithfulness and the quiet strength that comes from walking closely with Him.

Poetic Blessing

May you walk through fire without fear and through conflict with compassion.

May you be a peacemaker in the storm, a reconciler in the rift, a voice of calm in the chaos.

May your name be written not on buildings, but on hearts transformed by love.

And may you always remember: peace is not found in safety, but in surrender to the will of God.



Chapter Eight

Heaven on Earth

There are seasons when the soul feels spent, when the labour has been heavy, the fruit seems sparse, and the heart grows weary. After my time in Malawi, I returned to Australia carrying both gratitude and discouragement. Though many souls had been won, I felt depleted. I needed rest, renewal, and quiet time with God.

I stayed with my daughter and allowed myself to pause. In the stillness, God gently ministered to

me. I listened. I waited. I laid my calling down, not in surrender to despair, but in trust that God knew the timing of all things.

Malawi: A Church in the Dust

In 2008, I had helped establish a church and Bible school in Malawi. The villages were poor, yet the people were warm, generous, and welcoming. Their hospitality touched me deeply.

But beneath the surface, I sensed a deeper poverty, not only of resources, but of mindset.

It wasn't that there was no money. It was that stewardship had never been taught. Even after salvation, many still looked to white visitors as their source of provision. My message was consistent and clear:

Trust God, not man.

“And my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

— **Philippians 4:19**

Yet shifting generations of dependency proved difficult. Though the gospel was received, transformation would take time.

A Season of Silence

When I returned to Australia, I believed my time in Africa had come to an end. I released it. I rested. I allowed God to tend to my heart.

It was during this quiet season that I learned something important: obedience does not always look like movement. Sometimes it looks like waiting.

And in the waiting, God speaks.

Joshua: A Divine Connection

During this time, I met Joshua online. He lived in Homa Bay, Kenya. As I shared that I felt finished

with Africa, he became a voice of encouragement. Through our conversations, my passion slowly reignited.

Joshua was married with six children. He worked voluntarily, overseeing NGO projects and helping people manage finances with integrity. As he shared his testimony and vision, I recognised a familiar fire, a reflection of my own calling.

Years earlier, God had given me a vision:

To build a community for orphans and widows.

It would be called **Heaven on Earth**.

Joshua and I agreed that it was time to try again. I would visit him in November and stay with his family in the slums. I wanted to see his life firsthand—because true partnership is tested where people live, not just in words.

Dumaguete: A Refreshing Detour

Before returning to Kenya, I joined my pastor on a mission to the Philippines. Dumaguete, often called the motorbike city, was alive with movement and colour. We preached in barangays, followed up with new believers, and shared the gospel with joy.

I stayed with a pastor's family and felt refreshed. My spirit was strengthened, my heart renewed. I was ready to return to Africa.

Back to Kenya: A New Beginning

Joshua met me at the airport in Nairobi. From the moment we began the journey to Homa Bay, we felt spiritually aligned. We spoke openly about family, ministry, and the future.

We arrived in Shourri Ako, a slum area marked by poverty but ripe for the gospel. We hired a video camera and went door to door, preaching the simple message of salvation. The response was overwhelming. One hundred and fifty people

prayed for salvation that day. Many were healed.
Pain left bodies. Hope entered homes.

The Woman in the Tin Shed

One woman lay on a dirt floor in a small tin shed.
We prayed for her, then returned days later with
food. Eventually, we cleaned her home, bought
her a bed, and arranged care for her.

She died not long after.

But she died knowing she was loved, seen, and
saved.

Reflection

God rekindled my calling through quiet
obedience, divine connection, and simple faith.

Heaven on Earth was no longer just a vision, it
was becoming reality. Not just through buildings
or budgets, but through presence, compassion,
and obedience.

Heaven on Earth begins wherever the love of
God meets human need.

Poetic Blessing

May your vision rise again from the ashes of
weariness.

May divine connections restore what
discouragement tried to steal.

May you walk into broken places carrying heaven
in your heart.

And may you always remember: Heaven on earth
begins with one soul, one prayer, one act of love.



Chapter Nine

Buche Village: Rain and Redemption

Joshua had often spoken of his home village, Buche, a remote place tucked deep within rural Kenya. I longed to see it for myself, to meet his family, and to walk the dusty paths where his faith had first taken root.

A Dry Land, A Ready Harvest

When we arrived, the land was dry and waiting. The soil was cracked, and the fields bore the signs of a long season without rain. Yet as we stepped into the village, clouds began to gather

overhead. It felt as though heaven itself was responding to what was about to unfold.

The people lived in mud huts, without electricity or toilets. Paraffin lamps lit the nights, meals were cooked over wood or charcoal, and water was drawn from a hand pump and carried on the women's heads. Bulls yoked together ploughed the land, guided by the singing voices of the men.

It was a simple life, hard, yet dignified and one that was deeply hungry for hope.

Joshua's Family and First Fruits

The first people we met were Joshua's mother and aunt. Their clothing reflected involvement in a local cult, yet when they heard the gospel, their hearts softened immediately. Joshua's mother removed her head covering after praying for salvation, a quiet, powerful act of surrender.

We went from home to home. Most had never heard the gospel. They listened intently, eagerly, and with open hearts. Many responded with joy, praying for salvation without hesitation.

Rain and Revival

The next day, rain fell heavily, making it impossible to walk the muddy roads and visit homes. But God had another plan.

People began coming to the house where we were staying, ten, fifteen at a time, asking to hear more about the message we had shared. We preached, prayed, and rejoiced together as lives were transformed.

One afternoon, twenty-five women arrived. Only four were believers. We shared the gospel, and the others responded with tears, songs, and spontaneous rejoicing. It was holy ground, heaven touching earth in a hidden village.

By the end of the week, more than one hundred people had prayed for salvation.

Muddy Roads and Grateful Hearts

When it was time to leave, the rain had turned the roads into thick mud. The villagers found gumboots for me, and together we set off, wet, tired, and overflowing with joy. God had confirmed His calling once again, not with ease, but with unmistakable grace.

The time spent with Joshua, his wife, and their six children was deeply precious to me. Joshua is a man of prayer, integrity, and quiet strength. His calling is unique, his heart pure. Men like him are rare, and I honour him deeply.

The Journey Home

Soon, it was time to return to Australia. Joshua accompanied me to Kisumu Airport, where I flew to Nairobi to begin the long journey home.

As the plane lifted from the runway, my heart was full and at peace. I knew that God had done something lasting in Buche Village, something that rain, distance, or time could never wash away.

Reflection

Buche Village reminded me that revival does not require platforms or programs. It requires obedience, humility, and hearts willing to receive. Rain fell on dry land, and redemption followed.

God had once again shown me that the gospel always finds its way, even through mud, even through rain, even to the most hidden places.

Poetic Blessing

May your feet walk through mud with purpose
and your heart carry the rain of heaven.

May you preach to the forgotten
and witness redemption in hidden places.

May your friendships be forged in faith,
your legacy built on love,
and your life poured out like rain on thirsty
ground.

And may you always remember:
the gospel finds its way, even through the rain.



Chapter Ten

Returning to the Call

One morning, as I was praying, I realised that my journey with Africa was not yet finished. I knew, with a quiet certainty, that I could not settle back into life in the Western world. God had placed a deep and enduring passion for Africa within me, and this time I sensed that my return would not be temporary.

Once again, I began to let go of my possessions. I gave most of my belongings to friends and

second-hand shops, knowing that obedience often requires a light grip on earthly things. God made it clear that I was to return to Kenya, work alongside Joshua, and live in Buche Village.

Together, we were to build a church and establish a school for the many orphans and vulnerable children in the area.

A friend also felt led to join me for a short visit. As we prayed together, every detail fell into place. We left Australia in April 2010.

Joshua met us at the airport, and it was a joy to see him again. I knew I would spend the coming year deepening our friendship and watching the vision of **Heaven on Earth** unfold according to God's plans.

Return to the Village

After an overnight stay in Nairobi, we travelled by minibus to Homa Bay. Along the way, we stopped to take photographs through the Rift

Valley. My friend was thrilled to finally see the land she had long dreamed of visiting.

We arrived late that evening, shared a simple meal, and went straight to bed, grateful for rest after the long journey from Australia.

The next day, we packed a few essentials and travelled by taxi to Buche Village, the vehicle filled with people. My love for Buche deepens every time I return.

As we arrived, children greeted us with singing, while villagers carried our luggage, smiling and welcoming us with open arms. I soon discovered that a man named Ben had built a pit latrine for me so I would not need to use the bushes like the locals. I was deeply thankful for that small tin shed.

Chickens were prepared for lunch as we shared stories, met new families, and laughed together. The house was constantly filled with people

talking in Luo, the local language. That evening, we sang songs and taught the Word of God late into the night.

I love the simplicity of village life, no rushing, no stress, only peace. Surrounded by cows, bulls, chickens, and sheep, life felt rich in the ways that truly matter.

We spent a week in the village before my friend returned to Australia. Joshua and I continued visiting homes, preaching the gospel, and seeing many of the villagers respond in faith.

A Child and a Commitment

One day, we noticed a boy of about ten years old carrying sticks on his head. He used them to make charcoal, which he traded for food. He spoke no English, and we learned that both of his parents had died. He was completely alone.

He received salvation and went on his way. The next morning, God spoke clearly to my heart:

“Go and get him.”

This was the first time God had entrusted a child to me in this way, and I knew it meant I was there for the long term.

We sent for the boy and asked if he would like to live with us. He said yes. His name was Okello. I asked if we could call him Joshua, and he agreed.

At first, he played with the other children, then disappeared. The next morning, he returned carrying the charcoal he had made, as a gift.

From that moment, he was our child.

Joshua now lives in Homa Bay with Joshua and his family. He is doing well and as a young man of 22 he is now doing an apprenticeship as a motor mechanic and is a wonderful mentor to the next generation of children.

Land, School, and Growth

We began believing God for land to build the **Heaven on Earth** community. Soon, a neighbour offered land he and his brothers wished to sell. We prayed, and within days, funds arrived for a deposit. Joshua signed the agreement, and shortly afterward, the land was fully paid for.

The soil was sandy and productive, ideal for building and farming. Our main two-storey house would sit on a large rock, offering a panoramic view of the surrounding land.

Next came the nursery school. A local church offered their hut for classrooms, and more than sixty children aged three to seven arrived, most of whom had never attended school.

We purchased books, pencils, blackboards, teaching aids, cooking equipment, and ingredients

for daily porridge. A local woman was hired to cook. Our school had begun.

At the first parents' meeting, we shared the gospel with more than fifty people. Many prayed for salvation and healing. Parents offered to help clear the land and donate timber for the church building.

Together, we measured the land and prepared to build a church that could seat three hundred people.

Orphans and Family

While living with one of Joshua's relatives, we met Felix, a malnourished child suffering from malaria. He was a total orphan. After visiting the home where he was staying, we knew he needed to live with us.

Felix is now growing into a fine young man with a love for God, people, and animals.

We moved into Joshua's home and began caring for more orphans. Five children lived with us in the village, and five live with Joshua's family in Homa Bay.

The school continued to grow, reaching seventy-five children and beyond. The children began speaking English, singing songs about God's love, and sharing what they learned at home. Parents were amazed by the transformation they saw in their children's lives.

Reflection

Obedience is rarely dramatic. More often, it unfolds quietly, through prayer, surrender, and a willingness to stay when it would be easier to leave.

Heaven on Earth was no longer just a vision. It had become a home, a school, a family, and a living testimony of God's faithfulness.

Poetic Blessing

May your “yes” to God become shelter for the
orphan

and hope for the forgotten.

May land become legacy,
and obedience give birth to generations.

And may you always remember:

when God calls you back,

He has already gone ahead of you.



Epilogue

Extraordinary Grace

As this season draws to a close, my heart is full of gratitude. When I look back over all that God has done through **Heaven on Earth Ministries** in Kenya, I am reminded once again that every step of this journey has been guided by His hand.

None of it was guaranteed.

None of it was predictable.

All of it has been grace.

What began years ago as a simple “yes” to God has grown into a living testimony of His goodness. What once felt like chance has become daily choice, choices to trust Him, obey Him, and follow wherever He leads.

I stand in awe of what God has allowed us to witness.

Building for the Future

Over this past season, pastors, leaders, and ministry workers have been trained and equipped to carry the gospel into their communities with confidence and joy. A strong foundation has been laid, not by human effort alone, but by the grace of God who delights in equipping His people.

Four pastors are now studying toward their ministry diplomas, growing deeper in the Word and stronger in their calling. Their hunger

reminds me that when God calls, He also provides the strength to grow.

The Children God Entrusted to Us

Today, sixty-eight children receive full-time care, love, and education through the **Grace & Favor Home**, while another fifty-six are supported within their own families. These precious children, once forgotten, now carry hope in their eyes and purpose in their steps.

We have celebrated graduations, completed exams, and new beginnings. Some are finishing university. Some are entering high school. Others are learning to read and write for the very first time.

Each transformed life stands as a living reminder:

Love never fails.

The Gospel Still Works

This year alone, we have witnessed souls saved, families restored, and new churches planted. In villages where darkness once ruled, the light of Christ now shines.

People are coming home to Jesus, not because of programs or persuasion, but because the gospel still carries power.

We have planted congregations, held outreaches, and shared the love of God from home to home. And every time a heart turns to Christ, it feels as though heaven touches earth once again.

Sustained by Grace

There have been challenges, ministry always carries them. Yet through every difficulty, God has made a way.

Doors opened.

Needs were met.

Children stayed in school.

Leaders grew stronger.

Families found shelter.

Land was acquired for widows and future ministry.

Looking back now, I do not see lack.

I see **God's faithfulness**, woven through every moment.

With Thanksgiving

To everyone who has prayed, encouraged, and stood with us, we give heartfelt thanks. But above all, we thank the Lord, the One who has carried us from the beginning. The One who whispers dreams into our hearts and gives us the courage to pursue them.

This journey has never been about what we lacked, but about what God provided. He has shown us that when we surrender everything to

Him, He turns little into much, broken into beautiful, and chance into choice.

Looking Ahead with Hope

As we step into a new season, we do so with confidence, not in ourselves, but in the God who has never failed us.

There is more to build.

More to restore.

More to teach.

More to love.

More lives to touch.

And we will continue, one day at a time, choosing faith over fear, obedience over hesitation, and gratitude over worry.

Because the story of **Heaven on Earth**

Ministries, and the story of my own life, is this:

God can take an ordinary life and turn it into a testimony of extraordinary grace.

And for that, I will always give Him thanks.

Shalom.

Closing Prayer & Blessing

Father, we thank You for every step of this journey.

For the mountains You moved, the doors You opened, and the lives You touched along the way.

Thank You for the children growing in hope, the leaders being equipped for Your work, and the souls who have come home to Your heart. Thank You for guiding us, providing for us, and reminding us that Your grace is always enough.

As we enter a new season, grant us continued wisdom, strength, and favour. Keep our hearts tender, our hands ready, and our spirits courageous. Let Your presence go before us and Your goodness follow behind us. May everything

we do bring glory to Your name. Now, we speak
this blessing:

May the Lord bless you and keep you.

May His face shine upon you and give you peace.

May His grace surround you, His love uphold
you,

and His purpose guide you in every decision you
make.

May you walk in His joy, live in His protection,
and rest in His unfailing faithfulness
all the days of your life.

In Jesus' mighty name,

Amen.

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Wisdom for Soul-Winning

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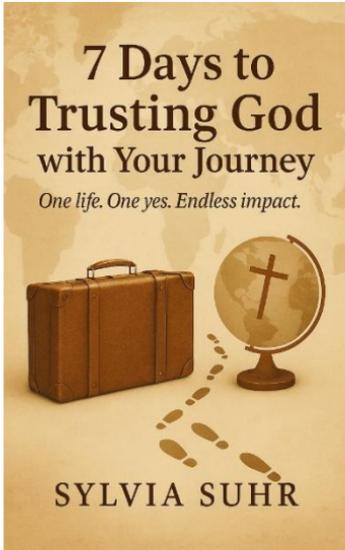
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Sylvia is passionately committed to helping others discover their identity in Christ, walk boldly in their calling, and leave a legacy of faith. Whether through autobiography, songwriting, or nurturing communities, her life is a testimony of grace, resilience, and trust.



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