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**Risen for New Life**  
**Romans 6:4**



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# Lott Carey Pastoral Excellence Program Changes the Life of Pastor

- By Brian C. Jenkins, Chosen 300 Ministries, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

## **My Introduction to Lott Carey & PEP**

I first became involved with Lott Carey in 2004 when its Annual Session met in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Dr. Alyn Waller, Pastor of the Enon Tabernacle Baptist Church and the Host Pastor that year, asked me to coordinate bringing 300 homeless people to the convention's community feast on Monday night. I am frequently known as "The Homeless Pastor" as 90% of my congregation is homeless. I was happy to commit to the task, but it also sparked my interest. Lott Carey later granted our Mission a \$25,000 gift indicating they not only wanted to come to the city to hold their convention, but they wanted to impact the lives of the poor of Philadelphia. I also had the opportunity to share at the about the impact Lott Carey had on the homeless of Philadelphia and our mission work during the Lott Carey Annual Session that convened in Charlotte, North Carolina the following year.

One benefit of my being part of the Lott Carey network is participating in the Pastoral Excellence Program (PEP). The 3 year program includes classes, group sessions and 3 mission immersions in Guyana, Jamaica, and Zimbabwe. One small problem, I did not fly; as a matter of fact, the first flight I had ever been on was to Charlotte, NC to the Lott Carey Convention. However, overcoming this fear has proven to open me to a life changing experience.

## **The Disorientation**

I was convinced I had the upper hand on understanding poverty since the majority of my work involved helping the homeless and the poor of Philadelphia. I was wrong! Departing the plane in Guyana, South America was a rude awakening. If I had a dog named Toto, I would have told him, "We are not in Kansas anymore." Children covered in dirt approached us as we headed to our ground transportation. I gave a few quarters to one and then another was to follow. I handed out cookies from my bag, but the poverty was all around. As we exited the parking lot of the airport there were children along the road hoping that their cries would be heard. We arrived at the hotel, and there were homeless persons running to the van hoping to be the first to obtain help from their new visitors.

The leadership team warned us that the hotel that we were staying would not be the kind of hotel we were used to staying in during travels in the United States. They said it might be a step down. They were wrong. It was not a step down. It was a whole flight. The rooms did not smell fresh. The beds were small. Some food did not agree with us.



I was not a happy person for the first few hours. Then I adjusted myself. This is what they called disorientation. Through my journey I realized that the little discomfort I had at that hotel was 20 times better than the living conditions of the average person in Guyana. There were about 50 Pastors that were a part of the team that went on the October 2006 emersion. Each of us was assigned to a local congregation. I was assigned to the Elim Timehri Christian Fellowship—a small Pentecostal Church near the airport where the children were that we first encountered. I was humbled by their worship. Here in the US we often praise God for what we have or what we expect. I call this “praising Him on credit”; and “naming it and claiming it.” The people of Guyana taught me a new meaning of worship. They worship God because God is God. There are no strings attached.



*Rev. Brian Jenkins praying with Guyanese children*

## **The Outpouring of God’s Spirit**

I had the opportunity to preach a 7-day crusade while at the Timehri Church and teach one night at a Bible school in Georgetown. During that week 56 people gave their lives to Jesus for the first time, and there was an outpouring of God’s anointing. I even had the chance to baptize new converts in the creek. Now, I know that as we grow, God continues to fill us and use us on new levels, but I remember three times in my life where there was a supernatural outpouring of God’s Spirit where I reached a new plateau in God. The third time was on Friday night of the Crusade

in Guyana. It is hard to explain it, but the presence of God came in the room like a cloud, and it fell on all of us as if it was the day of Pentecost. I was going back to Philadelphia differently than the way I came. I had a new appreciation for the calling that was on my life and a new anointing. My host Pastor was Pastor Sammy of the Elim Timerhi Church. I witnessed how he carried the burden of his congregation and to see about their needs and the needs of the community. As we drove along the Timerhi Road, his daughter Marina sat in the back passing dry milk out the window to families that were in need. It was not a lot, but it was what they could afford to help the people get by. This moved me. I saw the struggle of the people. I saw the desire of the Pastor and his family to help. I also saw the lack of resources. Through this small act of kindness, and abundant need of the country, I came back home committed that this would not just be a two and half week journey. I felt like I had to do something. I knew I would not be able to change a country overnight, but it would be a good start if I could just help one church make a difference in one community.

## **The Reorientation**

I struggled upon my return home. I was like a space shuttle struggling to re-enter the earth’s atmosphere returning from its mission. I was eager to get something started right away. No one understood my tears, nor the aches of my heart for a people I have come to love in a short time. For three weeks I was a mad man. I was mad at the church for not praising God when they have so much more than others. I thought that they should be praising him more not less. My wife did not understand me. My board of directors did not



understand me. This is part of what the PEP called re-orientation. At the time I did not think I was a mad man, but looking back I had a lot of energy to help. However, I was unable to communicate my new goals effectively or channel my energy it in the right direction.

## Answering the Cry for Help

I soon got my head on straight. I began working with Pastor Michael Sammy in developing a food distribution program. Each month the congregation receives a wire from Chosen 300 Ministries for \$400 in which 80% of the funds must be used solely for food. The other 20% is used for cost of the program and transporting the goods. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of each month approximately 80 families are distributed 30 pounds of dry goods including rice, peas, flour and dry milk. Reports, including receipts & sign-in sheets by the families receiving the food are forwarded back to Chosen 300 Ministries. Each month I have the opportunity to see the handwriting of the people whose lives we made a little better.



*Rev. Jenkins helping with Guyanese food distribution*

Since October 2006, Chosen 300 Ministries has enabled the distribution of about 25,000 pounds of food to the church and community in Timehri. The food distribution has also created an evangelistic avenue for the congregation to reach the community for Jesus. Since October the congregation has tripled in attendance. In June 2007, I revisited Guyana along with my wife Shandai on a surprise visit to see the program at its purest state. I was more than pleased that everything was in order. The food was delivered as expected, and we saw people's eyes light up with smiles as they received their monthly goods. We visited several homes during our second journey. We visited the home of the church worship leader by the name of Nathalie. She is 18 years old and has 6 siblings. Her mother died a year ago. We heard about their plight from the Pastor. My wife and I filled their one room house with groceries that would last at least a month. The morning before, I spoke on "Faith" and believing God for your miracle. I explained that my miracle might be different than your miracle, but both of our miracles are beyond our reach without God's help. Nathalie's miracle was just to have food for her family. She had faith and God supplied.

As we continued along the poverty-stricken strip of Timehri Rd, my wife asked Pastor Sammy, "Does It Ever End?" as tears continued to flow. She was referring to the poverty and the suffering of the people. It was just not one section of a town, but an entire nation captured by poverty, in need of hope. The answer is no, it never ends. There is always an opportunity for us to do more, there is always a chance to help make someone's life a little better.

## Your Chance to Help

I hope to create a network of US Pastors/Churches that will help advance feeding ministries in Guyana. I also hope to visit Guyana again in January 2008 with other Pastors who have not had this kind of opportunity. Meanwhile, I am looking forward to my second missionary immersion in Jamaica this fall. I want to extend a special thanks to Lott Carey, the Lilly Endowment Inc. that generously funded Lott Carey's