



# A WOW JAM Update

from Stephen and Linda Tavani



## Hundreds received Jesus in the pouring-down rain in Brooklyn!

Seventeen minutes before I stood to preach to thousands at the fifth and last WOW JAM in a park in The Bronx, New York City, after an intense week of heat, thunderstorms, lightning, and urgent schedule changes, my dear father, who had just turned 81 a few weeks ago, sat down by my kitchen door back in Los Angeles and told my mother he was tired, and then he died. I can only picture him standing in Heaven and Jesus pointing down to a park in the middle of New York City saying, "Watch this."

I was exhausted that day. It had been a full week - the mornings filled with teaching 130 interns, and the afternoons filled with WOW JAMS. To make matters more challenging, my wife, two children, and I were covered in vicious bites all over our bodies - from bed bugs. Our little girls were in agony. The management discovered a nest of the bugs from Brazil right behind our bed-board.

On Wednesday, we were only 40 minutes into the WOW JAM (with thousands of people there) when the skies opened up and the rain fell hard as the thunder crashed and the lightning bolts tore across the sky. I preached for about two minutes, and over 800 hands went up to accept Jesus in the pouring-down rain. No one left as we prayed for people in the rain. I stayed and gave out all the prizes. The day ended with a huge crash as the lighting structure on the truck came crashing down onto the stage because of the weight of the rain. A moment earlier, it would have killed some of our crew. God's grace was upon us!

On Friday (deep in Harlem), God's profound intervention was evident. After only 30 minutes into the WOW JAM, with helicopters flying overhead and police everywhere around us, we were told that a man with a gun was barricaded in an apartment across from us and we were in the line of fire. We were instructed to move the crowd off the field. I asked the officer if we'd be able to come back. His response was that the SWAT team was being called in and it

could be a matter of hours or even a couple of days before they got the man. I announced to the crowd to move behind another building. I knew the Lord had not brought all of these people together to be sent home afraid and more insecure than ever. Although I didn't tell them why we were moving, they knew something serious was up. I prayed from the truck for a quick resolution; THEN, about five minutes after we had all gotten to the other side of the building, an officer came to me and said, "Your prayers worked because we just got the man!" The WOW JAM started up again and 350 people came to the Lord that day!

Now it was Saturday, and I was drained. This is why your prayers mean so much to me: As I sought the Lord before



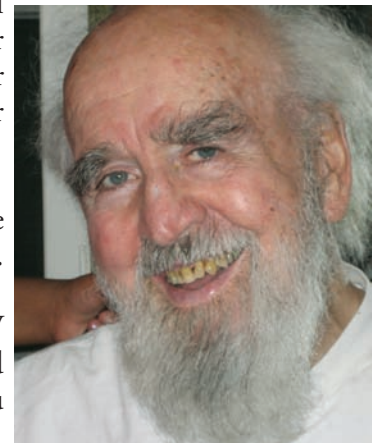
I took the stage, I felt a fountain start deep within me and burst through me to overflowing with joy and strength. Kathy was the first to hear about my dad but thought it best to tell me after the Altar Call. I preached that day with all I had, and as all Heaven looked down with my father, 450 people raised their hands; and, with tears in their eyes, accepted Jesus as their Lord and Savior, assuring them a place in Heaven, along with my dad.

As I stood behind the truck in the darkness, and with tears in her eyes, Kathy told my wife and me that my father just died. I immediately experienced the "peace of God that surpasses all

comprehension guarding my heart and my mind" (See Philippians 4:6). As we held our little girls in our arms and told them that Grandpop was in Heaven, I was thankful for the same peace that my father imparted to me was now being imparted to our daughters through their tears.

That week 2,056 accepted Jesus and 93 were baptized in water. None of it would have happened had it not been for a great man, my father, and all that he gave me as his son.

Over 8,000 people have already received Jesus this year, and we still have 6 more WOW JAMS. Because of the damage to the truck in New York, the high gas prices, and enormous crowds at the WOW JAMS, we really need your help this month. Would you please pray and invest the best financial gift you can this month in helping us reach the needy people with the love of Jesus. Thank you, and I look forward to hearing from you. God bless you!



Dr. Nicholas Tavani

#### PASTORS PERSPECTIVE . . .

*On Wednesday at the "flood" WOW JAM, while all the rain was falling down, a lady desperately needed healing. I prayed a quick healing prayer for her. On Sunday, she came and gave her life to Jesus and was baptized. The following Wednesday after WOW left, she came to our service. Someone told us she had a testimony. Speaking in English that was still a new language for her, she courageously began to tell how her doctor had told her that her kidneys had shut down and she would have to start dialysis. When she had seen what was happening in the school yard that day of the WOW JAM she said she decided to come over. Right then and there at the Altar, she said she felt something happen inside her body, and she believed God had healed her. She went to her doctor and got a full report that showed her kidneys were in perfect working order. Since then, she has been at each Sunday and Wednesday service, sitting on the front row, praising God.*

*-Pastor Marcus Brown. Metro Ministries, NYC*