

# Testimonies From Asia Harvest 03

by Paul Hattaway

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*Dolo Sono's testimony of his miraculous conversion and ministry highlights the power and love of God, and the importance of sharing the Gospel in the face of opposition and persecution.*

**Duration:** 27:38

**Scripture:** Mark 6:8

**Topics:** "Audio Books"

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## Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares the story of Sister Li, a woman who was given the task of pushing a red button in an iron mine. She claimed that Jesus Christ had instructed her to push the button three times. Initially, she was unsure and confused when she heard a voice telling her to push the button, but eventually, she obeyed. As a result, all three thousand men working in the mine, including the prison director, knelt down and prayed for forgiveness and salvation. The speaker emphasizes that Jesus Christ is the only way to know the true and living God and encourages the listeners to repent of their sins and give their lives to Him.

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## Transcript

Welcome to testimonies from the AsiaHarvest.org website. This is Episode 3, Saved for His Glory, a testimony from the Himalayas. Praise the Lord.

My name is Dolo Sono. I grew up in an area where nobody had ever heard of Jesus Christ, not even once in our lives. My fathers worshipped the spirits for countless centuries, and they encouraged me to follow them and become a priest of the Donye Polo, Sun-Moon religion.

We didn't know who the Creator was, so my tribe had no option but to worship His creation. We considered the sun and the moon our father and mother, giving sustenance and light to us. My son developed a blood disease.

He suffered terrible pain as his condition worsened over time. My wife and I could hardly stand to see the pain he was in. I called on the spirits to help, but he only grew worse.

I visited other priests and asked them to pray for my son, but the more they prayed, the worse he became. Then, like a dagger through my heart, my precious son died. I was grief-stricken and wept uncontrollably as I stared at my little boy's lifeless body.

I didn't realize it at the time, but a Christian lived in a nearby village. When news spread that the Donye Polo priest's son had died, the Christian came to my house and asked if he could pray for my son, who had been dead for four hours already. I didn't see any harm in letting the follower of Jesus pray for him.

He started to pray, and a short time later my boy suddenly came back to life. He sat up and was fine. We later found that he was also completely healed from the blood disease that had caused him so much suffering.

As you might imagine, when the news of this great miracle circulated, everyone was amazed and rushed to our home to see my son for themselves. I didn't know anything about Jesus, but from that moment I knew that he alone was the true God, and I decided I would serve him for the rest of my life. The first thing I did was search for other Christians.

I thought they must be really special and powerful people because they followed the true and all-powerful God who has the power to bring the dead back to life and change people's hearts on the inside. After searching far and wide, I was shocked to discover that there was just one church in my entire region with only eleven people in it. The eleven Christians were weak and persecuted.

They met in a small run-down building. I found this really sad. My own temple, where I had served as a priest, was beautifully decorated by comparison.

I could scarcely believe that the followers of Jesus were so crushed and timid even though they possessed the truth. My forefathers had followed Satan for centuries without any light from God. Those who followed lies were much larger in number than those who followed the truth.

This was wrong, and I decided to do something about it. From that day onwards I determined to help God's church grow. From the day God raised my son from the dead, I started telling people about Jesus.

This was the least I could do. I thought everyone would be excited to hear about Jesus, but I soon found that it made people angry. My own parents and family threatened to disown me if I continued to follow Jesus.

I told them I must follow Him because He is real and He raised my son from the dead. I started preaching everywhere I could, walking from village to village and encouraging people to abandon the false worship of our forefathers and to stop bowing down to the sun and moon. I didn't know anything about the Bible but I boldly testified to what had happened and that Jesus alone was true and powerful.

A short time later someone told me there were many Christians in Nagaland, a state south of Arunachal Pradesh. This news excited me, so I caught a bus there and met with many true believers in the Lord. Almost the whole of Nagaland was Christian and I was greatly encouraged.

I returned home with more Bible knowledge and could better explain the gospel to people. The tribes of Arunachal Pradesh have worshiped spirits and demons since the beginning of time. The only other religion that people respect is Buddhism which came from Tibet many centuries ago.

As I continued to preach about Jesus I experienced many attacks and problems. People thought my conversion to Christianity had brought great disgrace on my ancestors, especially because I had been a priest. I was beaten on many occasions and attacked with swords and spears but God preserved my life and there were always a few people interested in listening to my message.

Jesus helped me so much in those early years. Once I visited some villages for the first time and found that God had prepared the people by giving them dreams in advance of my arrival. Because of this the people were kind to me and listened to the good news I had come to share.

I believed everything the Bible said. I read that Jesus told his disciples to only take one coat with them when they went out to preach so I only wore one shirt until it was filthy and covered with lice. The years went by and I was so glad that many more people in my tribe and other tribes started to follow Jesus too.

In many places I saw people healed by the Lord and delivered from demons. Hundreds of people believed in God. In each place where people decided to follow Jesus we organized small house groups for them to meet together in.

A strange thing happened right at the time when God was moving so powerfully and saving many people. Other Christian leaders started to attack me and tried to stop me preaching. They said I was not qualified to preach because I had never been to a seminary.

I told them it was a shame I didn't fit into their mold but that there was no way I could stop preaching because Jesus was in my heart and he must come out. This only seemed to make these religious people angrier and they even traveled around different villages telling lies about me and warning people not to listen to me. People in many places turned against me and refused to welcome me.

God encouraged me from the Bible as I read how many of his children in other times had experienced similar opposition from those who claim to be his followers. Jesus was always attacked by the Pharisees and I realized that there are many people like Pharisees operating in Arunachal Pradesh. I wept many times because of the lies being spread and the great opposition.

I became depressed and then one night I had a dream where I heard a voice saying, Dolosono, I have called you to preach. Get up and preach. I replied, but no churches want me anymore.

The religious people have told the unbelievers not to listen to me. What is the point? I then heard the Lord say, God opposes the proud and gives grace to the humble. After this dream I knew that I could no longer bow to the threats and intimidation.

I read in the Bible that if God is with me, who can be against me? I obeyed the Lord and started preaching again and God helped me and opened many doors and opportunities. In many villages people who had worshipped the sun and moon were saved and Jesus entered their hearts. For years now I have been traveling all over Arunachal Pradesh.

People know me as the former Donye Polo priest who found the true way. By the power and grace of the living God I now have more than 60 fellowships and more people are meeting Jesus all the time. Please pray for our state and the 60 tribes who live in it.

Please pray that everyone in Arunachal Pradesh would soon love Jesus. Thank you and God bless you. Great Miracle in the midst of India Disaster On the morning of October 29, 1999, a terrible storm that had been developing for several days over the Bay of Bengal headed toward the coast of India.

Meteorologists proclaimed it the largest storm of the century and gave it status as a super cyclone. The storm hit land over the coast of the state of Orissa. Winds of up to 300 km per hour or 185 miles per hour smashed into thousands of exposed coastal villages.

Because most of the people are very poor and live in simple homes made of mud and straw, thousands were instantly killed and had no chance of surviving the onslaught. Tall trees were snapped in half like matchsticks. Some parents, fearing the worst, tied their children to the ground with ropes in the hope that they would not blow away.

The sound of the wind was so loud that it was described to us as, like standing directly behind the engines of a jumbo jet. Soon after, tidal waves 35 feet high started crashing through the villages, drowning everything that the wind had failed to destroy. Thousands of villages were smashed to pieces during the two-day onslaught.

When the storm finally subsided, the true impact of the damage was revealed. A stretch of coastline 400 km, 250 miles long, and up to 100 km, 62 miles inland, had been affected. The lives of as many as 14 million people had been severely hampered.

Later figures revealed about 60,000 Orissans were killed. Everywhere human and animal corpses lay strewn about in the fields, or stuck in tree branches where they had been washed by the huge waves. For those living nearest the ocean, only a great miracle could save their lives.

When we visited Orissa after the storm, we were told some remarkable stories of God's protection. In the village of Batiagan, in Jah Gatsinghpur district, just four kilometers from the sea, there were just two buildings made of concrete, a church and a rich man's house. The rest of the buildings were straw and clay.

People rushed into the two buildings for shelter. About 300 people, both Christians and non-Christians, jammed into the church. They cried out to the Lord for His protection.

At around 11 a.m., a massive tidal wave 30 feet high slammed into the village, instantly destroying the shacks and sweeping away the rich man's house. Witnesses inside the church say the wave seemed to split and go around both sides of the building. All 300 people who had taken shelter inside the church survived.

Just a few hundred yards away was a village named Dobe. Every inhabitant of Dobe was swept away to the sea except one 14-year-old boy named Sanya, who somehow managed to survive. On the other side of Batiagan was a village called Bartola, where just 14 people survived.

All the people in Batiagan village confessed that God had graciously saved their lives. The Hindus declared they would never again oppose Christianity. After the storm, many of the secular newspapers and magazines in this part of India wrote that this calamity was the judgment of God on the state for the killing of Graham Staines and his two sons.

The people feel they have experienced the awesome wrath of the Almighty God, and many are humbled, especially as the rescue and aid efforts for the survivors were once again spearheaded by Christian organizations. Churches all over the state report growing numbers of inquirers and more of an openness to the Gospel than before. Through this disaster and the loving response of the Christians, a clear witness has been given about both the holiness and righteousness of God, as well as His love and grace for all those who will humbly call on His name.

Sister Li and the Earthquake In the early 1950s, as persecution swept through the Chinese church, a pastor named Li lived in Guangdong province in southern China. Li had a wife and five children, aged from

twelve to a newborn baby. The authorities arrested Li for counter-revolutionary activities and sentenced him to prison with hard labor in an iron mine in remote northeast China.

Li was ordered to take a train more than two thousand miles to Heilongjiang province, where he was to begin his sentence of many years. Li's wife was understandably devastated. She had five children to take care of, including a newborn, and now their only source of income was taken from them.

They had nowhere to turn except the Lord. The Li's decision to take a train to Heilongjiang was a mistake. They decided they should travel with their father all the way to Heilongjiang, hoping they would be allowed to visit him in the prison from time to time, and if a miracle happened and he was released early, they would be near him.

They sold most of their possessions and made enough money to purchase seven train tickets for what in those days was a week-long train journey. During the trip their hearts were heavy. Pastor Li prayed for his beloved wife and children, exhorting them to follow the Lord at all costs and praying earnestly for them, hoping to somehow compensate in a short period of time for what would be years of silence to follow.

The Li family finally arrived at their destination. Many tears flowed as Pastor Li entered the prison. His destitute family found some wooden planks and bits of canvas and constructed a makeshift hut on the side of the road not far from the labor camp.

The icy winds and winter temperatures of minus twenty degrees cut like knives through the hut and thin clothes of the abandoned family. The children cried night after night, especially the newborn baby who could not get enough nourishment or warmth. Their existence was so miserable that words cannot adequately describe the inner and outer pain this family went through, all because they loved and served the Lord Jesus Christ.

Life inside the labor camp for Pastor Li was intolerable. He and the other prisoners were forced to work fourteen hours per day, seven days a week. The back-breaking work of hauling heavy loads like a pack animal, coupled with the putrid and meager food rations, quickly caused his health to deteriorate.

The worst pressure of all for Pastor Li was the knowledge that his beloved family were suffering in freezing conditions just outside the prison gates. Three months after entering the prison, Pastor Li died. When the news was passed on to Mrs. Li and her children, all hope was lost.

The family plunged into deep depression and despondency. Mrs. Li could see no way out and longed to die. The children were miserable beyond words.

Mrs. Li told them she would have to find a job in order for them to survive. Her eldest child, a daughter aged twelve, said, No, Mama, you cannot work. Our little brother needs you.

He cries all day for you and there is no one else to help him. I will go and look for a job. The little girl entered the prison office and requested to see the director.

She said, My father was put in this God-forsaken place because of his love for Jesus Christ. That is the only crime he ever committed. He was a good man who loved and helped people.

Now he is dead. We have nothing. We have no money, no place to live, and no food.

We cannot even return to our home in the South. I want to know if there is any job at all in this prison that you can give me. The prison director knew about Pastor Li's death and, realizing that his little orphaned daughter was now speaking with him, a slight tinge of compassion welled up in his heart.

He told her, I have a job but it is not interesting and pays very little. She exclaimed, I will take it. The prison director took her outside to an area above where three thousand prisoners worked below the ground in an iron mine.

He said, Do you see this red button? Your job is to stand next to this pole all day, every day, and when someone tells you to push it, you must push it straight away. This button is the emergency button and when it is pushed, a siren is triggered deep below the ground that makes the men evacuate as fast as they can. This button should never be pushed by accident or without us telling you to push it.

For day after day, week after week, young Sister Li stood next to the pole with the red button. When she received her first pay, just a few dollars, she and her family were overjoyed. One afternoon, as she was standing next to the pole, she suddenly heard a voice say, Push the button.

She spun around to find no one near her and was confused. A few moments later she heard the same voice again, this time louder, Quick, push the button now. Sister Li again turned but saw no one.

She thought she was losing her mind and just stood there, confused. She couldn't push the button unless there was a major emergency and nothing looked any different from normal. A few seconds later she heard the voice for the third time, but on this occasion it was with great authority.

Sister Li, push the button now. This time she realized it was no less than the voice of the Lord that had been speaking to her. She didn't understand why he was telling her to push the button but she knew she had to obey.

She immediately pushed the red button and the emergency alarm sounded deep underground. Three thousand men emerged to the surface as quickly as they could, confused and eager to learn what emergency had taken place. The prison director came running from his office and demanded to know why Sister Li had pushed the button and brought production to a halt.

Then, just moments after the last men had evacuated from the mine, the ground started to shake violently. A strong earthquake struck that lasted for about twenty seconds, completely collapsing the mine to such an extent that nobody has been able to enter again to this day. When the shaking stopped, an eerie silence came upon the gathered mass.

Every eye was fixed upon the tiny frail figure still standing next to the pole and the red button she had so jealously guarded. The terrified prison director asked in a stammering voice, Comrade Li, how did you know that you should push the button when you did? She was given a fruit box to stand on so she could be seen just above the heads of the gathered men. In the loudest voice she could muster, she said, It is the Lord Jesus Christ who told me to push the red button.

He told me to do it and three times, and finally I did. Jesus Christ is the only way for you to know the true and living God. He loves you, as seen by the fact He saved all your lives this day.

You need to repent of your sins and give your lives to Him. Immediately, all three thousand men, including the prison director, knelt down and prayed with great sobs asking Jesus to come and forgive them and live

in their hearts. Thank you Ka N for the theme music entitled Oriental Dreams found at Jomendo.com. Please visit AsiaHarvest.org for more information.

God bless you.

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