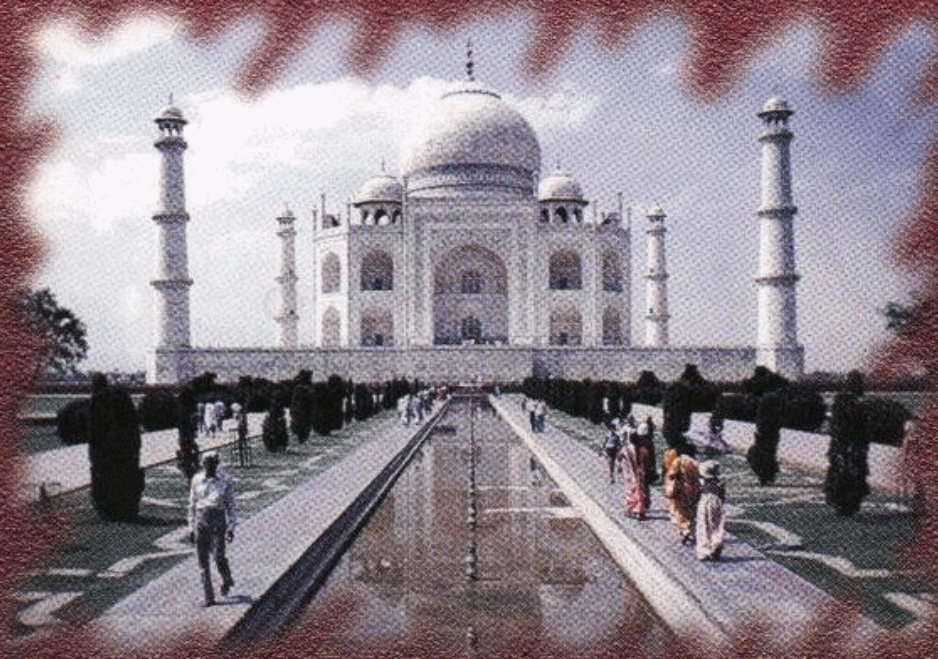
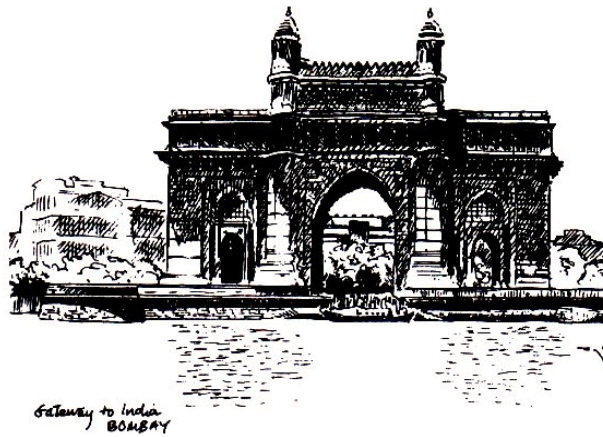


OUT OF DARKNESS

Stories from India



V.G. HARLEY



GLOSSARY OF INDIAN TERMS

- Rupee Unit of Indian currency: equivalent to less than 5p.
- Paise One hundred paisas equal to one rupee.
- Caste Hindu division of class, with *Brahmins* as the highest caste.

Brahmins were originally the priest and scholars. These still hold most of the influential positions in India today. There are also levels of Brahmins.

Kshatriyas represent the 'warrior class'. Previously these were the kings, soldiers and warriors. Now many of this caste are landowners and large-scale farmers.

The third caste level is *Vaishyas* or traders.

The fourth level is *Sudras*, now crafts men and small landowners.

Harijans, formerly 'untouchables' are sometimes villagers, sometimes illiterate, and sometimes do menial and degrading jobs. Some now succeed in leaving the villages and with an education and perhaps a clerical job, are less easily definable in caste structure.

- Gunja Hashish - a drug
- Lunghi Men's wraparound trousers

OUT OF DARKNESS: STORIES FROM INDIA
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Excerpts from

Out Of Darkness

Stories from India

“HE CALLED ME BROTHER”

Jacob Sengodan comes from the village of Attayampatti in the Salem district of Tamil Nadu. Fifteen years ago, a quarter of the village moved to Bombay. A severe drought had ruined their meagre crops, and the mechanisation of the handloom industry on which they were dependent created increasing hardship for many families.

Jacob's mother and sister moved to Bombay first, and then they sent for him. It was time for Jacob to make a new start. As a young man with limited prospects, he had got caught up in the world of liquor smuggling. At first he would make only four rupees a day, but eventually he was making twenty rupees a time. He learnt to move by night, transporting liquor from one village to another. Coming from a hill tribe surrounded by forest, he was able to get about without being detected. He became the ideal person to graduate to gunja smuggling.

The work was hard. Jacob carried many pounds of gunja more than a hundred miles over difficult and dangerous terrain. Sometimes his trips would take eight or ten days. Even so, he earned barely enough to support himself, his wife and daughter.

Three times he was caught, arrested and imprisoned. The first time he was jailed for three months. The last time he was given a six month sentence and put in with hardened criminals. He saw many suffer from harsh treatment and insufficient food. Men died because of beatings from the warders of violence from other prisoners. Jacob wondered whether he would come out alive, and considered himself lucky when he was released. He returned to the only work he knew, carrying gunja. By this time he was drinking heavily and addicted to the drug. It meant he had even less to live on.

When his mother moved to Bombay and then sent for him and his family, he thought it might give them a better chance. Bombay did not quite live up to his expectations. It was true that there were big buildings and luxurious cars, but you could not touch these things from the pavement.

Jacob began picking up rags to sell to the paper works. He would also collect and sell glass. And it seemed that his life rose no higher than the pavement where he lived and worked.

One day he found a leaflet printed in Tamil. It gave a Tamil address but then something else was printed in English, which Jacob could not understand. He held on to the paper and kept working, always looking here and there for the smallest scrap of value. He stopped to watch a crowd form round a young man who was talking - no, he was preaching. Jacob thought of the Danish Mission School which he had briefly attended as a boy. He recalled the lady missionary who had spoken about Jesus Christ, and how it had struck a chord in his young heart. He'd even promised to follow Jesus, and the missionary had prayed with him.....

Now as he came closer, the young preacher was talking about Jesus too. He was saying that He loved us so much that He died for our sins, so that we could be forgiven. Jacob looked at the paper in his hand and thought perhaps this young preacher could tell him what was written in English. When he had finished speaking, Jacob went up to him. The well-dressed man turned and saw Jacob very dirty and wearing a soiled shirt and lungi. He put his arm around Jacob and said, "How are you, brother?"

At that moment something crumbled within Jacob, something that had been hard and brittle for many years. He found tears rolling down his cheeks and a dirty hand quickly wiped them away. The preacher translated the words on the leaflet, which offered a correspondence course. Jacob could barely utter "Thank you" before stumbling off. He kept thinking: *He called me brother!*

Thirty year old Prabhu Rayan couldn't forget that encounter either. As he boarded the bus that afternoon to return to his home some distance from the slum area, he felt God saying to him. "You called him brother! If he really were your brother, how many times would you have visited him?"

It was a rebuke to him and Prabhu knew what he must do. Before that time he'd felt God leading him to go and preach in the slums. Was God now saying he should do more than that?

The next day Prabhu returned to the slum and found out where Jacob slept. He found him with his wife, under a plastic and rag covered shelter. Jacob's wife was nine months pregnant and they were both full of fear. Little by little Prabhu learned about their lives and misfortunes. Jacob had one older daughter but his wife had been unable to bear children for many years. She had finally had a baby, but he was born with a hole in his head and died soon afterwards. Jacob and his wife were terrified that this child too would be malformed and die. Prabhu laid his hands on Jacob and his wife, and prayed that God would give them a perfect baby. He asked God to bless the family and show them how much He loved them.

That afternoon Prabhu preached to the people again. This time he used the Bible story of Hannah, who cried out to God for a child, and promised to give him back to God to serve Him. When Samuel was born, she kept her promise. Most of the people listened for a time, then drifted away. But Jacob didn't miss a word. Something was happening in his heart that he couldn't explain.

Three days after Prabhu prayed, Jacob's wife gave birth to a healthy boy. They called him Samuel. Jacob looked down at that perfect little body and wondered whether God was saying something to him about a new life. After all the fear and pain and suffering, a new life had been given them. Perhaps it could be like that for Jacob.

When Prabhu returned, he read them something from the Bible:

Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new. (2 Cor. 5:17)

Jacob received that verse with great joy. God had spoken to him! That was his first day as a *new creature in Christ*. From then on Jacob became a friend of Prabhu and his wife Nancy, and it was in their home that I heard his story. He still lives in the slums, and is known as one who prays for the sick and has seen people healed.

Prabhu had been called by God to work in the slums in 1979. One day he invited all the pavement children for a picnic. He took them on a bus to a park and bought them sweets. Afterwards as they were sitting on the grass, Prabhu told them a story and then taught them a chorus:

Yes God is good
Yes God is good
Yes He's so good
He's so good to me!

One little girl of nine who had been very sick had such a wonderful time at the picnic that she kept singing the chorus at home. One day she climbed up on her mother's lap and sang again:

Yes God is good
Yes God is good

and suddenly she vomited, and died. It was found later that her intestines had been badly twisted by worms. Prabhu was shocked at the news. He went immediately to the little slum shelter to share the parents' grief. He sat with them in silence for a long time, and finally said, "Your child cannot come back to you but there is a chance that you can go to your child. Wouldn't you like to consider that way?"

And he told the mother that the Heavenly Father who loved the world so much that He allowed His Son to come to earth to take the punishment for our sins. Prabhu invited the grieving mother to accept Jesus into her life and she did so!

There was a leper lingering by the doorway, and rats scurrying round the shelter. There were soiled rags on the floor, but Prabhu didn't notice these things until the mother said, "Brother! You can eat now!" and she brought out some dishes and put them before him. Prabhu had never been put in a situation like this before! His first thought was. "Oh no, I can't..."

He hadn't been brought up that way; he was not used to that sort of life, having enjoyed a relatively protected upbringing. After school he had studied plastic technology in Madras, intending to do farther study in the West. He came to Bombay before going abroad, working in a factory to save some money, and stayed with a doctor in his comfortable home. Of course one couldn't live in Bombay for a day without seeing poverty spilling out at every other corner. He saw these things, certainly; but it wasn't part of his life. He never felt them....

Then one day in 1979 a friend took Prabhu to a slum. It shocked and devastated him but at the same time he *felt* God saying something to him:

Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said to Moses.

"What could that mean?" Prabhu kept wondering. As he prayed and listened, it became clear to him: he was to walk among the slum people, claiming God's blessing for them, sharing the good news of Jesus with them, and God would redeem the lives of many.

Prabhu looked at the enormity of the problem. In Koliwada alone there was prostitution and criminal activity of every description. But then he looked to God, and knew that what God orders. He also supplies. If He was pointing Prabhu in this direction. He would also equip him for the job.

Prabhu left his work in the factory and within a few days was back in the slum. On the first day he found two Christian families and brought them together for a prayer meeting.

The first person to feel the impact of Christ's love was the wife of a criminal. For the first time in her life, she felt God speaking to her and knew she must accept Jesus Christ. Later her husband, who had spent six years in prison, became a believer. After that a slumlord's son was converted. Soon there were five new Christians, faithfully studying the Bible and anxious to be baptised.

All these things flashed before Prabhu as he sat there in that miserable hut: amidst the squalor, yet among new friends who were offering what little they had. "I just can't" he thought again desperately.

Then God whispered: "*Obey me, that I may be glorified*". Prabhu reached out to take the food from the woman, and began to eat. The next Sunday, as he preached again in the slum, ten people responded to the appeal and committed their lives to Christ.

Prabhu began to think of marriage. It was time he found a wife, and he began to pray for God's guidance. At the same time, he thought, "Who on earth would be willing to share my work in the slums?"

He answered his own question: "Any girl willing to sit in the midst of these people and eat and drink with them, will be the one!"

Eighteen year old Nancy Sam sat in the church next to her girlfriends during the Good Friday service. The preacher was speaking from Romans 3:23, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God...." Well that certainly didn't apply to her, she thought with a toss of her head. She was a well-brought-up Christian girl, whose father did much evangelistic work in the Methodist Church. There was strict Christian discipline in their home, with daily Bible reading and regular church going. Of course she never went to the cinema, and of course she was a Christian! "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." He was saying it again, more forcibly than before. Nancy shifted in her seat, resentment closing in. Anyone would think he was addressing me," she complained silently. She thought of her college classmates. Hindus, Muslims, going to the cinema, mingling with the opposite sex, drinking, smoking. She always felt different; she was not at all like them!

"... We can sin through pride, in thinking ourselves better than others...." Nancy was shocked when she heard that, but shock wrestled with indignation, and the latter seemed to be winning.

"...or we can sin through anger, refusing to accept what God says about us...." That was when her defenses began to crumble. It was no use arguing with God. Somehow all the verses she'd learned over the years drifted back now, reminding her that "You must be born again". Belonging to a Christian family was not enough. Jesus had said to Nicodemus, a good religious person, that one had to be born *spiritually, born again by God's Spirit*, in order to make personal contact with God. How many times she'd heard that! And only now did it make sense. That Good Friday was a red-letter day for her. She humbly acknowledged to God that she was a sinner. What's more, she went to the front when the preacher made an appeal, and publicly professed Jesus Christ as her Lord that night.

Nancy completed her B.A. in 1972 but later that year was devastated when her mother died suddenly. It meant looking after her younger sister and brothers in the midst of her own great grief. For weeks she moved about mechanically, doing her chores, caring for the family, but without the joy in life she once knew. One day she recalled something her mother had said before she died: "I'll be very happy if you'll be a missionary some day. I don't desire success for you, but I do want you to serve the Lord."

Nancy began to compare this period of listlessness and mourning with her mother's aspirations for her. "Why have I had all this training?" she wondered. "What am I doing with it?"

"We'll have a party," she suddenly announced to her surprised family. It was nearing Christmas and Nancy thought of the thirty to forty children in the building where they lived. She'd get them together for a Good News Club and teach them about Jesus again. It had been too long since she'd thought about those youngsters.

Nancy studied for an M.A. and was also assistant editor for a pharmaceutical magazine. But she couldn't shake off the conviction that she should teach. Eventually she returned to college for teacher training and obtained her B.Ed. Her family wanted her to marry. There were some good proposals over the years. A few men had secular jobs; some were working abroad. None of these offers seemed right to her. The Lord seemed to be saying "Why do you worry about getting married?"

Later she and a girlfriend locked themselves in a room and prayed in earnest: "Marriage or no marriage we are for You, Lord! We dedicate our lives to You..."

One day in 1980 Nancy went to a Marathi church to help with some Bible studies. Some friends said, "There's a Tamil boy who sometimes comes here. Would you like to meet him?"

Nancy thought her father might say she'd just come to meet the boy. "No." she told her friends. "No thanks." One other friends, a rather insistent one, said, "His name is Prabhu..."

Strangely enough, not long afterwards an uncle told her father about a Tamil boy of the same name who attended the Bombay Christian Centre. Her father said, "OK, let's meet him."

The uncle told Nancy: "He's from the Bakht Singh group of Brethren, so he'll believe in adult baptism. You'd better get baptised that way!"

Nancy retorted: "I'll not get baptised again to get any man!"

She admitted to herself that this was a baffling issue. She had been 'sprinkled' as an infant in the Methodist Church, and as a teacher in their Sunday School she didn't think it would be right to go against this teaching. On the other hand she noticed that in the church she attended, their own pastor didn't sprinkle his own infant, but preferred to have a simple dedication ceremony instead.

She couldn't help feeling that a Christian ought to make the decision for himself. "After all," she reasoned, "salvation isn't something you get from you parents. You have to take that step of faith yourself."

Even so, she didn't want to do anything to embarrass her father or make him unhappy.

The issue was decided a few days later as she was reading 1 Peter 3:21:

The like figure whereunto even baptism doth also now save us not the putting away of the filth of the flesh but the answer of a good conscience toward God....

Nancy heard from a friend about Prabhu's work. She thought to herself, "If he really works in the slum, I want to see this."

One Sunday she took the bus to the Vile Parle area where Jacob and his family lived, and asked to be directed to the place where meetings were held. She entered the hut and saw people sitting round on the earth floor, waiting for the service to begin. Nancy thought of a chorus, and decided to teach it to them while they waited. She sat down in the middle of them and began to sing. Just then Prabhu entered the hut, looked at her and rushed out again. "What a strange fellow," Nancy thought to herself, "rushing out like that." And she continued to teach them the song.

Prabhu had to run from the tent because he was so overcome. As soon as he saw her sitting there, he knew God had brought him his wife. And he had to rush out to thank Him.

THOSE WHO SIT IN DARKNESS

Prabhu and Nancy were married on July 4, 1980. A few months after the wedding, Prabhu's widowed sister began to visit them daily. And every time she came she'd say, "Why don't you do something about the blind people?"

Prabhu was busier each month with his preaching - both in the slums and in the churches where he hoped to create interest in the slum work. After all, it wasn't enough to go to the slum-dwellers and tell them of Christ's love. They had to be able to go to a local church and be part of the Christian community. It wouldn't do to have a 'slum church' because other Christians didn't accept them into the 'normal' structure!

Many a time he earnestly prayed: "Lord! I don't give birth to a child just to see it die!" It was not an easy road to travel. Prabhu had to admit that all Christians weren't welcoming the slum-dwellers with open arms. Some were very hesitant about it, to say the least. Prabhu thought regretfully of his own attitude in the past. Once he had even beaten a boy with a shoe because he'd fallen in love with a girl from a higher caste. And more recently hadn't it crossed his mind to take up the good carpet so as not to soil it when the slumdwellers came for a visit? If he could entertain such thoughts, could he be so hard on other Christians for feeling the same? So there was much work to be done - on both sides.

And then there was Prabhu's sister, day after day, saying, "When are you going to do something about the blind people?"

It was toward the end of 1981 when Prabhu had to go away for some weeks of meetings. Nancy was on her own with their five-month old daughter when someone asked her to take a message to a blind lady. She had never been in a blind person's home before and was surprised to find the little hut clean, neat and tidy. She had always thought that blind people were beggars! That was her first surprise.

A few days later her daughter came down with an infection and became very ill. Her temperature kept climbing and Nancy feared the worst. She prepared to take the baby to hospital. Just then a blind man arrived at the home. He'd heard that the baby was ill, and offered to go for medicine and food.

For the next few days first one then another blind person came to visit and to give Nancy a hand. She was quite over come at what they could do and how lovingly they helped her. As the baby responded to the medication the Lord seemed to remind Nancy: "They have been more faithful than your relatives or your closest friends." When Prabhu returned, they prayed about what God wanted them to do and a few days later they were reading from the prophet Isaiah:

I, the Lord, have called you in righteousness; I will take hold of your hand. I will keep you and will make you to be covenant for the people and a light for the Gentiles, to open eyes that are blind, to free captives from prison and to release from the dungeon those who sit in darkness. (Isaiah 42:6,7)

"How can we give sight to the blind?" they asked the Lord. And the answer came: "We can be eyes for them when needed. We can give them help and hope to lighten their darkness."

Shortly afterwards a blind youth named Param came into their lives as 1981 was drawing to a close. *It had been The Year of the Handicapped*. He was born Paramasivam in Bombay, twenty-nine years earlier, although his family came from the Salem district of Tamil Nadu. When he was in the Seventh Standard he had begun to lose his eyesight after an illness and in six months he was totally blind. His parents, in great distress, took him to many temples, offering gifts and doing pujas to implore the gods to restore his sight. But nothing happened.

Then, because they heard that neem leaves are sometimes used to remove devils, they took the leaves and squeezed out the juice into his eyes. When that didn't help, they took rust and rubbed that in.

It was a terrible thing to be blind, but it was equally terrible to have a blind person in the family. Many considered it a bad omen, a stigma. Often a blind person would be hidden away so that others could not see the family's shame. Now these same attitudes kept Param doubly in darkness. And for six years he spent most of the time indoors.

"I have lost the most precious thing in life," he cried day after day. He often went without food, so heart-broken was he. In 1976 he went to the hospital on his own, determined to find out what could be done.

"I'm afraid it's too late now," the doctor told him with regret. "We could have operated and reversed your original condition, but the substances put in your eyes destroyed the nerves around them. I'm afraid we can do nothing now."

After that Param made a real effort to come to terms with his disability. "Now I know I'm always going to be blind," he told himself, "I shall have to accept it." He was still grieving, and still frustrated, but at last he was starting to think about his future: a future that included blindness. He remembered when as a boy of twelve or thirteen he used to help an old blind couple and went shopping for them. Incredibly, the couple heard about his situation, although it had been a carefully guarded secret, and came to visit him! Before long they began to teach him Braille. Param began to venture out now, and one day he stopped on a corner where he heard a crowd gathering and someone speaking.

The man was speaking about love: the love of God. Paramasivam should have known all about that: his name meant 'the love of Shiva'. He smiled to himself. "If that's the case," he wondered, "why is Shiva always pictured with a spear in his hand?"

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the substitute for our sins. Be-loved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another. (1 John 4:10-11)

"What kind of love is this?" Param asked himself, feeling something new stirring in his heart. "I want to know more about it," he decided then and there.

When Prabhu was preaching he saw the young man with expressionless eyes standing apart from the others, listening attentively. When he finished he went over to Param and spoke to him. "Whenever you wish to come to my home," Prabhu said finally, "you will be most welcome!"

Param returned to his hut with growing excitement. The next morning he awoke with the same joy and desire to hear more about this love of God. He would go to the preacher's house as he suggested! Prabhu and Nancy had found a house a short distance away in an area Param knew when he was sighted. So it wasn't difficult to make his way there that morning. He opened the gate, walked slowly up the steps and knocked at the door. Nancy came out and saw the stranger standing on the porch. He had red eyes and was staring strangely. "Perhaps he's on drugs," she thought anxiously, "perhaps he's a thief." "My husband's not here!" she said sharply, her tone telling him to move along. Then she went indoors.

Param fumed away from the house and retraced his steps along the lane. Never had he felt so rejected and frustrated! He had thought, hoped and believed he would be welcome, but yet again he had been turned away. With these thoughts he went back to his hut.

In a moment Prabhu rushed in, out of breath. "I'm sorry, my friend," he explained apologetically, "I forgot to tell my wife you were coming! Unknowingly, she turned you away." He put his hand on Param's shoulder, inviting him to return. They walked back to the house, deep in conversation. Almost at once Param said, "I want to hear more about Jesus Christ."

That morning Prabhu showed him the way to reach God. He explained that although God loves the world, mankind's sin separates him from a holy God. What bridges this gap? Jesus-who willingly 'paid the price' for our sins:

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lays down his life for his friends. (John 15:13)

Prabhu showed him that all we have to do is to trust Jesus Christ as the only Saviour and way to God:

For as many as received Him to them gave He the power to become sons of God even to them that believe in His name. (John 1:12)

Param didn't need any time to think about this. He decided at once that this was *for him*. He had found the secret to life itself!

"There is someone who loves me," he wanted to shout for joy. "I have a reason for living." Memories of sorrow and misery dropped away, never to return. He told his friends: "Jesus Christ came to save and help me. I can now depend on Him to do everything for me!"

Param was a regular visitor to Prabhu's home after that, eagerly studying the Bible. When he heard that there were Tamil services held in a Methodist Church in Bombay, he eagerly learnt the way and began to attend. He was baptised a Christian just a few days before Christmas 1981 and this is when he took the name Paramanandam, meaning *joy all the time*.

Events moved swiftly for him now. He was interviewed for a railway job, selected and put on a waiting list. Then a Christian engineer learnt of an opening in a factory and he was offered that job too. After so many years of idleness, the thought of a good job was attractive. But Param thought of all the blind people in double darkness as he had been. He became convinced that God was calling him to a new work of leading others to Christ.

When Prabhu suggested a meeting for them, Param gathered ninety-five people and led them to Prabhu's house! That was the beginning of a new vision for Param.

Prabhu, meanwhile, has gone on to work with the India Fellowship for the Visually Handicapped, through which he arranges camps for the blind and sighted, organises fellowship meetings and maintains Braille libraries. But he's also involved in linking blind people with local churches, enlisting volunteers and conducting seminars for workers. His aim is to run fourteen camps a year, one in each of the major languages.

"God doesn't want the blind isolated," Prabhu told me. "They must be integrated into society, and into the Body of Christ. That's why we like our camps to have an equal share of sighted and handicapped."

About a dozen Bombay churches play a part in the blind work, but Prabhu would like to see more getting involved. "With a hundred thousand blind people in Bombay alone," he said, "it's a problem Christians can't ignore. That's one in every seventy. And there are nine million throughout India."

On my way back to my flat near Chowpatty Beach I saw a slogan scrawled on a wall:

UNTOUCHABILITY - A CRIME AGAINST GOD AND MAN

It was a privilege to have met Prabhu and Nancy and see how they were unceremoniously tackling this problem - in Jesus' name.

Epilogue

It is almost eleven years since the book was published. We thought it best to update the events in the life of those mentioned in the book.

Jacob continues to live in Vile Parle, but in a different location with his wife. His children are married and is a proud grandfather. Though he looks weak, but his faith in the Lord has grown stronger day by day. Through his witnessing many of his relatives have put their trust in the Lord.

Param became the first missionary of India Fellowship For The Visually Handicapped in the city of Bombay. He shared the gospel to his fellow blind people, as a result about 3000 of them trusted in Jesus. Param did not stop there, but would visit the pastors of different churches & encourage them to accept the blind people as part of their congregation. Once the pastors were sensitized, he would take the blind people and introduce them to that church. Not less than 500 were thus added into the Body of Christ.

Through his life & testimony, not only his parents & relatives but his in-laws also turned to Christ.

"Well done, good & faithful servant! Come and share your master's happiness!" Param heard the commendation and entered His master's presence while returning from a Fellowship meeting on the 14th of August 1996.

His wife Aadhi, partially blind, continues to visit the blind people who gather at the Fellowship Centre in Bombay. His daughter Sheeba aged 17 years is studying in a local school but his son David, 13 years is studying in a missionary school away from home.

Prabhu & Nancy carried on with the ministry of India Fellowship For The Visually Handicapped which has grown to be a missionary movement with 50 missionaries working in 12 states of India. Every year camps are being organised in almost ten different Indian languages.

They moved into Madras, in 1989 the year the Lord guided them to extend their visit to other countries.

"Enlarge the place of your tent, Stretch your tent curtains wide, Do not hold back;
Lengthen your cords, Strengthen your stakes," Isaiah 54:2

While consolidating the Indian work, they carried on with the expansion simultaneously, which has its shoots in 24 countries of Asia, Europe, Africa, Australia & South America.

This is their slogan -

- * *The gospel is in no way handicapped that it cannot reach the hearts of handicapped people.*
- * *The rightful place of any handicapped person is the church of God.*
- * *Church, mission & ministry must be seen within the context of handicapped people.*

Paran & Shemida their two lovely daughters have grown to be teenagers & continue to be part of this vision the Lord gave their parents.

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