

May 2007

I want to dedicate this prayer letter to Jenn, my sixteen year old granddaughter, who went home to be with the Lord on July 13, 2006. I shared with you in my last prayer letter the risk that my Father asked me to take. Actually, He just asked me to believe Him! I will attempt to put into words what the Lord did in the most awesome week of my sixty-two years on earth. The first thirty-one years, I was a heathen. The last thirty-one, I have attempted to be a follower of Jesus Christ.

Where to start? I must admit that I probably did not have a whole lot more faith than my family when I challenged them to build a chapel in memory of Jenn in the Dominican Republic. This is incredible for me to share with you. For all those who thought I was some kind of spiritual giant . . . sorry. What's that you say? There is no one out there that ever thought that about me. That really hurts. I guess I was caught up in self-centered thinking rather than the God-centered thinking.

Our original dates were changed to save money on the airfare. Originally, we were to be in the DR April 7-14. This was changed to April 9-16. Then it was the uncertainty of everyone getting their passport on time. The last two arrived April 6. I received a call from the Dallas office on April 3 telling me that all the money for the trip had come in. PTL

I want to let all of you know about a change I made concerning any extra money that came in for our trip. I had originally said all extra money would go to the DR project fund. I have changed that and all extra money will go to the Queretaro project fund. I hope that is alright. If not, please let me know. The reason for the change was that our new work in Queretaro is operating in the red and the DR is in the black.

You would probably think that after all the details the Lord worked out that I would believe God to do what He says He will do. Once again your spiritual giant is going to let you down. I was concerned if people would remember to pray diligently during our seven days in the DR. I had asked my boss, Doug Gibson to join our family and lead the morning devotions. Would he have the right words, the right scriptures? Sorry boss! Would our ministry time challenge the people and would people see the love of the Lord as we did our ministry? Would the sleeping accommodations work, would the grandchildren eat the food? And what about the inability to speak Spanish? I think you get the idea.

I spoke with a lady from Orlando, Florida today, and I want to share with you what I told her. I have never sensed the power of prayer for one seven day period in my life as I did that week. Not even close!!! Lori, the lady from Orlando, told me she was reminded to pray for our family often. I believe there were many just like Lori. Because of your faithfulness to pray that week God did exceedingly above anything I had wished for or hoped for. Words are not adequate to tell you how thankful and how indebted I am to you. My eyes are tearing up as I am typing. I love you and thank you!!! Our family will never be the same again because you prayed.

I know that I am not the only one who doubts God. I wonder what the Lord is asking YOU to believe about him. What is it that is keeping you from believing Him? Oh I pray for you as you prayed for me, Oh Lord help their unbelief.

I had the opportunity to preach in the chapel that was built in memory of my father. Doug translated and I believe we did well. The congregation had a special program for us. What a blessing and a privilege to preach the word in my father's chapel.

I have often encouraged people to go to a village called Cercadillo. I took my family there. I want to share a special blessing I witnessed there. Leah, who had just turned four before we left, had a small bag with her. She set it down and took out a package of bubbles. She proceeded to open the package and then gave away every bottle. She did not save one for herself. I teared up when I saw that. My Leah had just taught her Pap a lesson. While I am in this "confessional mode," may I admit that if I had given the bubbles out, I would have saved at least one bottle for myself? Thanks Leah for showing Pap what it means to give it all away.

Another blessing at Cercadillo was watching my daughters and sons-in-law carry water to the homes in the village. I had to tell them to stop. I believe they were overwhelmed as many of you have been when you have visited Cercadillo.

Another blessing was to see my family begin to understand why their father spent 6 to 7 months in the DR during these past 8 years, before moving on to Mexico, to help start a new work there. I think they got it!

I had often talked with my girls about their "brother" Noe in the DR. How awesome it was to see them fall in love with him and him with them. Finally, the family was together!

Before I forget, my OLDER sister (she loves when I let people know that) even if she does look much younger, and her husband Ralph, joined us for the week, which was another blessing beyond measure. Then there were my three amigos from Haverhill, MA. Thank you for being a part of the "family." Thank you for all your extra time in the building of the panels for the chapel, which allowed my family to do some other activities. I love you guys! I also want to thank my dear friend, Myron, from IA. He flew in early to help Noe get ready because Jenn's chapel had a slanted roof, which we had never done before. I know Noe was very appreciative of your expertise. Last, but not least, Jenn Eveler (cousin to my Jenn), asked at the last minute to come along and the Lord worked out the details for that to happen. Thanks Todd and Tracy for allowing your daughter to join us.

I hope you do not mind me mentioning people by name but I wanted you to know how the Lord brought to fruition this trip, even though I doubted Him. I give God all the glory. I thank God for all who were a part of this trip. Some gave, some prayed, and some went. But God did the choosing for how He wanted each one to participate. To God be the glory!!!

Please continue to pray for each site during our summer ministry. I will spend four tours in the DR and then fly to Dallas and catch a bus to Monterrey, Mexico for one tour, and then hop on another bus to Queretaro, Mexico. Thank you for allowing me to use this prayer letter to update you about the most awesome week of my entire life and share about my family and what the Lord did.