

August 2014



Moving

It has been amazing to see how well God has taken care of us these last few months, especially in helping us with details regarding our move to N*. Our move has gone very well. A great part of the credit for that goes to our teams in W* and N*. We had a lot of help loading the truck, which was a great blessing, and the Father held the rain off till the truck was loaded. As we were spending the night in a mostly empty home, my boss took us out to eat, and the neighbors gave us a ride there. Amen! The next day in N*, we were picked up at the train station. When we arrived at our new residence, the things from the truck were already unloaded! We just needed to set up shop. God is so good, all the time!

The Little One

Before we left W*, we were able to find out that we will be having a girl in September. (The doctors are hesitant to tell you the baby's gender.) After our arrival in N*, we were able to visit a new hospital that is near our home. It seems to be very clean, modern, and open to more familiar practices in regard to birthing. We believe God gave us a home in a great location overall, and He opened a good hospital for us only this past March.

A God Who Can Coordinate Everything

The W* team ladies arranged to have a baby shower for my wife on Monday evening before we left for N*. I had planned to take my wife on our electric scooter, but our neighbor and his family offered to take her with them to the shower. My son and I went outside our building complex for a walk. A Christian friend Sa* was coming over that evening for a little while, as his wife was also going to my wife's baby shower.

I had met an electrician from our apartment complex awhile before. We had some conversations and exchanged phone numbers, but nothing further at that point had developed. As my son and I went for a walk, I "coincidentally" went straight and then left out of our apartment building, and I met the electrician. We talked for a moment, and he said something about wanting to come to my home and talk that night—not a normal course of conversation for a Chinese man to invite himself over to your home! I didn't want to talk English, politics, or any other subjects. I wasn't at all interested unless we could talk about Jesus, but I didn't say that at the time. I didn't quite understand everything he had said (please pray for fluency for us and quickly), but I went around the corner and prayed something like this: "Father, I don't know exactly what he just said, but help me not to mess it up." We continued on our walk. A few minutes later, he came and found us at the *sand* (phone) area, and we were able to understand more of the situation. When Sa* came, we called Mr. He*, the electrician, and he came to my home.

I found out in our conversation by the *sand* (translation "by the phone") that he was on call for the complex. I didn't fuss too much with formalities. After asking a few basics, I asked him what he believed in. He said that he worshiped the money god. (Hmm . . . how is it working out for you? He is not rich.) I asked the first lead-in question: "Ever heard the story of Jesus?" He said he had heard it. Then I asked if I could tell him the story of how I believed in Jesus (oh, that blessed evening, November 23, 1997). He wanted to hear my story, so I told him (all this being translated, of course). He got a phone call regarding work, and he needed to leave. However, we were at a vital part, and I didn't want him to leave. I asked if I could talk to him just a few more minutes, and he agreed. I thought, "At least he will know everything he needs to know before he leaves."

As Mr. He* was leaving, he said that he would come right back; and, sure enough, he did. We talked a little more, and he decided that he believed in Jesus. I explained to him that he could not trust in his former god and Jesus, and he said that he trusted only Jesus. We had already looked at Acts 8 a few moments before, so we looked at it from the angle of baptism this time. (Cultural note: some Chinese assemblies may not baptize their converts until after a period of time, maybe two years, as was the case of my translator.) We

looked at what the Bible said. I gave him my example of how I had taken that step the same evening. Mr. He* said that he wanted to be baptized that night! I started the water in the tub. Praise Jesus! That night Mr. He* put his faith and trust in Jesus and decided to be washed that same evening. GOD orchestrated and coordinated the whole thing, from the ride to the sidewalk to the translator to his prepared heart. AMEN!! We were able to give him a Bible that evening when he left. Please pray that Mr. He* will become involved in an assembly.

Thank you for your prayers and faithful support,

Missionary #6011

Prayer Requests:

- Opportunities for witnessing and discipleship
- Baby's birth—translation, safety for mom and baby
- Our teams
- Our schools, etc.
- Language fluency
- School students and families
- Other opportunities



team china