

# THE YETZER FAMILY

Missionaries to the People of Italy



Grace to Our Brothers and Sisters Through Christ,

September 2015

## A Humpty Dumpty Prayer Letter

I do not know the origin or original intention of the nursery rhyme, and by doing a quick search, it seems that it is all conjecture at this point anyway; but I am going to put a missionary's interpretation on it.

*Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.*

How did he get there? Was it his own doing, or was he put there? What were his intentions? Many people find themselves on Humpty's wall. Sin has teased and fooled the multitudes into the precarious position atop the tall wall. Whether it be their own doing or whether they were born in that position, it seems that this world is full of souls sitting on the wall of destruction. Some artists depict Humpty foolishly dancing on the wall. Certainly a percentage of people in arrogance dance upon the narrow breadth of ruin, but there are others who are simply looking at the height that they find themselves at with trembling and fear. Maybe had the King's servants been there to caution the previous generations or the poor soul himself; possibly they would have been prevented from ever coming to this risky locale.

*Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.*

In this situation, no doubt large percentages end up falling; after all, that was the wall builder's intention. Could the fall have been prevented? Why not? First, by warning people about climbing upon it, and second, by a loving Christian whose life is less valuable to himself than the lives of others (Romans 9:3). Are we too busy looking at ourselves that we neglect to look upon the wall (John 4:35)? Could we step aside and give of ourselves for others? How great a fall many people have suffered: *"for the wages of sin is death."*

*All the King's horses and all the King's men . . .*

On the wall, life was not easy, but it went on. Food was on the table, and life was slowly plugging along. Sure the bills were starting to pile up, but it wasn't that desperate. The King's servants weren't called for, and neither did they notice the distress. But after the great fall, the need was obvious, and the calls were made. In a state of devastation, the man finds himself crying out to the King for help. The King already knew. He didn't call His servants just then; the commission had already been given before this one fell, but when the mess was on the street, they finally responded.



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*Couldn't put Humpty together again.*

Unfortunately, this is all too often the end of the story. The King's servants try all the latest advice; they seek the methods of the modern thinkers of their day and apply the best glue manufacturers have to offer, all to no avail. They throw their hands up in the air and call for the street sweepers to come clean up another one. "At least we tried," they say, as they pat themselves on their backs, heading back to the comforts of the King's palace where they stay. As they walk the length of the wall, there are dozens, hundreds, and thousands of others on the wall, whom they care not to warn. They find the height of the wall a hindrance to their ability to go and retrieve the unfortunate and ignorant souls. Yet the King had provided them with a sturdy ladder, which He had personally fashioned from the wood of an old Cross. Had they just borne the ladder upon their shoulders and carried it with them to the wall, they could have scaled the sure stairway and brought sinners down one by one. Whether it be carelessness to use the King's provision or selfishness, either way, every day thousands are falling, thousands more are sitting, and thousands more are finding their ways upon the wall.

Ferdinand is one such young man who was on the wall, but not of his own doing. He was born into a Gypsy family. If you think that stereotypes in America are bad, try being a Gypsy in Europe. Recently we found him on the wall and brought the ladder over to him. He struggled to remove himself from his feelings and concentrate on the facts of whether or not he had trusted Christ. After searching the Bible and his past, he claimed that he had never been saved. That day he left the insecurity of feelings and found the foundation of trust in Christ. Pray for Ferdinand and us as we lead him to a life of adoration and service for the King. Also pray for the millions of wall sitters around Italy.

Our family is doing well. William is asking for his two front teeth for Christmas. AnnMarie is enjoying a music class, where she is learning the piano and playing with other Italian children. Amy and Chris are both in love with each other, and that's all that matters.

Have a great holiday season. We are humbled by what so many do for us on a monthly basis, and to add to that is entirely unexpected. We feel so blessed by your expressions of love for us. Thank you for all that you have done for our family and for the name of Christ around the world.

Missionaries to the people of Italy,  
Christopher, Amy, William, & AnnMarie Yetzer

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Chris Yetzer".



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