



Dear Church,

Thank you so much for making our Old-Fashioned Gospel Tent Meeting a success. Last year, one soul trusted Jesus as Saviour and everyone agreed it was worth the effort. As the scripture says, “what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” This year, our meetings were less attended. Our average crowd size was in the fifty’s and we had no outward decisions for Christ for seven days. On the final night of the final day, the Spirit of God moved and three people came to trust their eternal souls to Jesus. They also came and stood before the congregation and we all rejoiced with each other as the converts testified of their saving faith. Concerning your missionary support of our family, I defer to the words of the Apostle Paul when he said, “Not because I desire a gift: but I desire fruit that may abound to your account.”

Many hands made light work as we gathered to take down the tent. It was a time of bittersweet. A question lingered in my mind wondering if we were taking it down too soon. It’s nice to end on a high note, but maybe God was just beginning to work. I wonder how many people give up the work of God just before things start to get good? Church attendance is still low, pray with us!

On Thursday evening of the tent meeting, Pastor Rick Adams preached about being a good soldier of Jesus Christ. I was ten years old again in my mind feasting on the sound Bible preaching that I heard for so many years. I said within myself; “no wonder God called me to preach!” A man attended that night that had I won to Christ months ago. It was his first time to attend anything at Anchor Baptist. He approached me and said, “I want to be a soldier for Christ!” Another man came and asked me if I could teach him to be a soulwinner. Hang on! Things are about to get good!

Monday, we took down the tent and Tuesday I was ready for some rest. Five AM Tuesday the Fire Department called and I responded to a home where someone died; comfort was needed for the family. A few days later, I drove a Fire Department vehicle in a funeral procession for an Astoria Police officer. A few days later, my Aunt Eileen called to say that hospice was taking care of my Uncle Bill. Stacy and I left the kids and flew to NJ where I was able to see him. He passed away and I was asked to bring a message at the funeral. Uncle Bill professed faith in Jesus Christ, but it was still difficult to speak at his funeral. God is working in an amazing way through all of this.



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