

*One  
Solitary  
Life:  
The Testimony  
of Jorge Lozano*

# HeartCry

Missionary Society

*That His Name be Great among the Nations...*

Volume 34  
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A Sound Word - On Self-Inquiry  
Testimonies from the San Pablo Leper Colony

Tragedy and Faith in the Jungles of Peru  
Meet Your New Missionaries





# HeartCry *Missionary Society*

*That His Name be Great  
Among the Nations...*

## *Our Purpose & Passion*

*“For from the rising of the sun even to its setting, My Name will be great among the nations, and in every place incense is going to be offered to My Name, and a grain offering that is pure; for My Name will be great among the nations,” says the Lord of hosts.” - Malachi 1:11*

The chief end of all mission work is the Glory of God. Our greatest concern is that His Name be great among the nations, from the rising to the setting of the sun (Malachi 1:11). We find our great purpose and constant motivation, not in man or his needs, but in God, His commitment to His own glory and our God-given desire to see Him glorified in every nation, tribe, people and language.

Although HeartCry recognizes the great importance of sending missionaries from the West to the un-evangelized peoples throughout the world, we believe that we are led of the Lord to support native or national missionaries so that they may evangelize their own peoples. Therefore, we seek to work with godly men and women of integrity and vision in the unreached world to help them evangelize and plant Churches among their own peoples.

## *Our Principles*

\* While we recognize that the needs of mankind are many and his sufferings are diverse, we believe that they all spring from a common origin - the fall of man and the corruption of his own heart. Therefore, we believe that the greatest benefit to mankind can be accomplished through the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the establishment of

churches that preach the Word of God and minister according to its commands, precepts, and wisdom.

- \* Every need of this ministry will be obtained through prayer. We may share our missionary vision with others and even make known to them the specific tasks which the Lord has laid on our heart to do, but we may not raise support through prodding or manipulating our brothers and sisters in Christ. If this ministry is of the Lord, then He will be our Patron. If He is with us, He will direct His people to give and we will prosper. If He is not with us, we will not and should not succeed.
- \* We intend to never enlarge our field of labor by contracting debts. This is contrary to both the letter and the spirit of the New Testament. In secret prayer, God helping us, we will carry the needs of this ministry to the Lord and act according to the direction that He gives.
- \* We will not compete with other biblical mission agencies, but use the resources that God has given to us to work in partnership with them. If the Lord directs, we will sacrifice our own goals and resources that other mission works may be helped and the Kingdom of God increased.
- \* In meeting any need, those of us who are supported financially by this ministry will be the first to sacrifice all things necessary for the advancement of His Kingdom.
- \* We will not measure the success of this ministry by the amount of money given, Bibles distributed or national missionaries supported, but by the Lord's blessing on the work.
- \* Our Goal is not to enlarge ourselves, or to become a key figure in the Great Commission, but to be faithful and obedient stewards by the grace that is given to us. That men may see our weakness and glorify God for His strength; that they may see our inability and glorify God for His faithfulness.



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**Front Cover:** *The late Jorge Lozano.*

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***Hallowed be Your Name!  
Your Kingdom Come!  
Your Will be Done!***

## From our Desk

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

It is an especially great privilege for us to send you this edition of HeartCry. In these pages are stories, not of mighty men and women of God, but of the weak and needy who have been chosen, commissioned, and empowered by a mighty God. It brings us the greatest joy whenever God does great things through the weakest vessels. In doing so, the pride of man is annulled and God gets the greatest glory for Himself. I believe that it is for this reason that the Holy Spirit inspired the apostle Paul to write:

*“For consider your calling, brethren, that there were not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble; but God has chosen the foolish things of the world to shame the wise, and God has chosen the weak things of the world to shame the things which are strong, and the base things of the world and the despised God has chosen, the things that are not, so that He may nullify the things that are, so that no man may boast before God. But by His doing you are in Christ Jesus, who became to us wisdom from God, and righteousness and sanctification, and redemption, so that, just as it is written, ‘LET HIM WHO BOASTS, BOAST IN THE LORD.’”*

*I Corinthians 1:26-31*

It is the goal of HeartCry to demonstrate to God’s people that He is truly all that we need and more. If we honor Him by looking to Him alone to meet our needs, if we put no trust in the flesh, if we loath self-promotion and praise, and if we boast in Him and His strength alone, then He will move on our behalf for the sake of His Reputation. God will not allow it to be said that He has ever failed those who have put their trust in Him.

My dear brothers and sisters in Christ. Meditate upon the men and women of God that we present to you in these pages. Think on all the missionaries that you have read about in the many volumes of this publication. Look at those who work stateside in this ministry. You will not find a strong one among us. We are “wretched, miserable, poor, blind, and naked” apart from our Savior and His always saving grace. There are no great men and women of God, but only little, faithless, timid men and women of a great and merciful God. He is not only worthy of our admiration and praise, but also of our trust.

It is often said that God is all we need. Do we truly believe this statement? Is our faith such that we will refuse to trust in the arm of the flesh and throw ourselves upon God alone? Only to the degree that we trust Him do we honor Him. From the Scriptures, I see that God longs for

His people to trust in Him so that He might show Himself strong on their behalf:

*“For the eyes of the LORD move to and fro throughout the earth that He may strongly support those whose heart is completely His.”*

*II Chronicles 16:9*

There seems to be a principle in the Scriptures - the more men have to offer the less God works. When there were five loaves and two fish, Christ fed the five thousand and there were twelve full baskets left over. When there were more loaves (seven to be exact) and a few fish, Christ fed a lesser number of people (four thousand) and there was less left over (only seven full baskets). The greater the need and the lesser the human resource, the greater the demonstration of God’s power. Why did God do more with less? So that all would learn that He is in no way dependant upon the strength, wisdom, or resources of man. He does His work by His own right hand!

If you and I will purposely shun all confidence in the flesh, if we will set ourselves to seek help from God alone, and if we will make our boast in God alone, then He will show Himself strong on our behalf. He is so willing to demonstrate His power on behalf of those who trust in Him. It is not in vain that the Scriptures declare:

*“Whoever believes in Him will not be put to shame.”*

*Romans 10:11*

your brother,

*Paul David Washer*





## -A Sound Word



*"... be a good servant of Christ Jesus, constantly nourished on the words of the faith and of sound doctrine which you have been following." (I Timothy 4:6)*

## On Self-Inquiry

*by J.C. Ryle, edited & abridged by Paul Washer (HeartCry Magazine, Vol.4, March-April 1998).*

*The full text of "Self Inquiry" can be found in Practical Religion (pages 1-22) by R.C. Ryle. Bishop Ryle lived from 1816-1900 and first published this work in 1878 while Vicar of Stradbroke. He was a very influential and prolific writer, a passionate and uncompromising preacher, and a merciful and faithful bishop to his clergy.*

**W**e live in an age of peculiar spiritual danger. Never perhaps since the world began was there such an immense amount of mere outward profession of religion as there is in the present day. A painfully large proportion of all the congregations in the land consists of unconverted people, who know nothing of heart-religion, never come to the Lord's Table and never confess Christ in their daily lives. Myriads of those who are always running after preachers, and crowding to hear special sermons, are nothing better than empty tubs, and tinkling cymbals, without a jot of real vital Christianity at home. The parable of the sower is continually receiving most vivid and painful illustrations. The wayside hearers, the stony-ground hearers, the thorny-ground hearers abound on every side.

The life of many professing Christians, I fear, in this age, is nothing better than a continual course of spiritual drunkenness. They are always morbidly craving fresh excitement and they seem to care little what it is if they only get it. All preaching seems to come alike to them and they appear unable to "see differences," so long as they hear what is clever, have their ears tickled, and sit in a crowd. Worst of all, there are hundreds of young unestablished believers who are so infected with the same love of excitement, that they actually think it a duty to be always seeking it. Insensibly almost to themselves, they take up a kind of hysterical, sensational, sentimental Christianity, until they are never content with the "old paths." Like the Athenians, they are always running after something new. Surely in times like these there is great need for self-examination. When we look around us, we may all ask, "How do we do about our souls?"

In handling this question, I think the shortest plan will be to suggest a list of subjects for self-inquiry, and to go through them in order. I invite every reader of this paper to join me in calm, searching self-examination for a few short minutes. I desire to speak to myself as well as to you. I approach you not as an enemy, but as a friend. "My heart's desire and prayer to God is that you may be saved." (Romans 10:1) Bear with me if I say things which at first sight look harsh and severe. Believe me, he is your best friend who tells you the most truth.

(1) **Do we ever think about our souls at all?** Thousands of people, I fear, cannot answer that question satisfactorily. They never give the subject of religion any place in their thoughts. From the beginning of the year to the end they are absorbed in the pursuit of business, pleasure, politics, money, or self-indulgence of some kind or another. Death, and judgment, eternity and heaven, hell and a world to come, are never calmly looked at and considered. They live on as if they were never going to die, or rise again, or stand at the bar of God, or receive an eternal sentence! They do not openly oppose religion, for they have not sufficient reflection about it to do so. But they eat, and drink, and sleep, and get money, and spend money, as if religion was a mere fiction and not a reality. A more senseless and unreasonable way of living cannot be conceived, but they do not pretend to reason about it. They simply never think about God, unless frightened for a few minutes by sickness, death in their families, or an accident. It is hard to imagine a life more unworthy of an immortal creature than such a life as I have just described, for it reduces a man to the level of a beast. Look at the class I have been describing and then look at your own soul.

(2) **Do we ever do anything about our souls?** There are multitudes who think occasionally about religion, but unhappily never get beyond thinking. After a stirring sermon or after a funeral; under the pressure of illness or on Sunday evening; when things are going on badly in their families or when they meet some bright example of a Christian or when they fall in with some striking religious book or tract, they will at the time think a good deal, and even talk a little about religion in a vague way. But they stop short, as if thinking and talking were enough to save them. They are always meaning, and intending, and purposing, and resolving, and wishing, and telling us that they "know" what is right, and "hope" to be found right at last, but they never attain to any *action*. There is no actual separation from the service of the world and sin, no real taking up the cross and following Christ, no positive *doing* in their Christianity. In a day like this, when hearing and thinking without *doing*, is so common, no one can justly wonder that I press upon men the absolute need of self-examination - "How do we do about our souls?"



(3) **A**re we attempting to satisfy our consciences with a mere formal religion? There are myriads at this moment who are making shipwreck on this rock. Like the Pharisees of old, they make much ado about the outward part of Christianity, while the inward and spiritual part is totally neglected. They are careful to attend all the services of their place of worship, and they are regular in using all its forms and ordinances. Yet all this time there is no *heart* in their religion. Anyone who knows them intimately can see with half an eye that their affections are set on things below, and not on things above; and that they are trying to make up for the want of inward Christianity by an excessive quantity of outward form. And this formal religion does them no real good. They are not satisfied. Being at the wrong end, by making the outward things first, they know nothing of inward joy and peace, and pass their lives in a constant struggle, secretly conscious that there is something wrong, and yet not knowing why. When professing Christians of this kind are so painfully numerous, no one need wonder if I press upon him the paramount importance of close self-examination. Once more I ask, "How do we do about our souls?"

(4) **H**ave we received forgiveness of our sins? Few reasonable men would think of denying that they are sinners. Many perhaps would say that they are not so bad as many, and that they have not been so very wicked, and so forth. But few, I repeat, would pretend to say that they had always lived like angels, and never done, or said, or thought a wrong thing all their days. In short, all of us must confess that we are more or less "sinners," and, as sinners, are guilty before God; and, as guilty, we must be forgiven, or lost and condemned forever at the last day. Now it is the glory of the Christian religion that it provides for us the very forgiveness that we need - full, free, perfect, eternal, and complete. But this forgiveness, great and full and glorious as it is, does not become the property of every man and woman as a matter of course. It is not a privilege which every member of a Church possesses, merely because he is a churchman. It is a thing which each individual must receive for himself by his own personal faith, lay hold on by faith, appropriate by faith, and make his own by faith.

Now here is exactly the point, I am afraid, where multitudes of people fail and are in imminent danger of being lost forever. They know that there is no forgiveness of sin excepting in Christ Jesus. They can tell you that there is no Savior for sinners, no Redeemer, no Mediator, excepting Him who was born of the Virgin Mary, and was crucified under Pontius Pilate, dead, and buried. But here they stop and get no further! They never come to the point of actually laying hold on Christ by faith and becoming one with Christ and Christ in them. They can say, He is a Savior, but not 'my Savior,' a Redeemer, but not 'my Redeemer,' a Priest, but not 'my Priest,' an Advocate, but not 'my Advocate,' and they live and die unforgiven. No wonder that Martin Luther said, "Many are lost because they cannot use possessive pronouns." When this is the state of many in this day, no one need wonder that I ask men whether they have received the forgiveness of sins. Once more let us ask, - In the matter of forgiveness of sins, "How do we do?"

(5) **D**o we know anything by experience of conversion to God? Without conversion there is no salvation. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." We are all by nature so weak, so worldly, so earthly-minded, so inclined to sin, that without a thorough change we cannot serve God in life, and could not enjoy Him after death. Just as ducks, as soon as they are hatched, take naturally to water so do children, as soon as they can do anything, take to selfishness, lying, and deceit; and none pray, or love God, unless they are taught. High or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, we all need a complete change - a change which it is the special office of the Holy Spirit to give us. Call it what you please - new birth, regeneration, renewal, new creation, quickening, repentance - the thing must be had if we are to be saved, and if we have the thing it will be *seen*.

Sense of sin and deep hatred for it, faith in Christ and love for Him, delight in holiness and longing after more of it, love for God's people and distaste for the things of the world - these are the signs and evidences which always accompany conversion. Myriads around us, it may be feared, know nothing about it. They are, in Scripture language, dead and asleep, blind, and unfit for the kingdom of God. Sometimes they flatter themselves that they are born again because they have been baptized, go to church, and receive the Lord's Supper, but they are totally destitute of the marks of the new birth as described by St. John in his first Epistle. Let us search our own hearts then, and see how it is with ourselves. Once more let us ask, in the matter of conversion - "How do we do?"

(6) **D**o we know anything about practical Christian holiness? It is as certain as anything in the Bible that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. xii. 14) It is equally certain that holiness is the invariable fruit of saving faith, the real test of regeneration, the only sound evidence of indwelling grace and the certain consequence of vital union with Christ.

As weak and imperfect as the holiness of the best saints may be, it is a true thing, and has a character about it as unmistakable as light and salt. Holiness is not a thing which begins and ends with noisy profession, for it will be seen much more than heard. Genuine scriptural holiness will make a man do his duty at home and by the fireside, and adorn his doctrine in the little trials of daily life. Holiness will exhibit itself in passive graces as well as in active. It will make a man humble, kind, gentle, unselfish, good-tempered, considerate for others, loving, meek, and forgiving. It will not constrain him to go out of the world, and shut himself up in a cave like a hermit, but it will make him do his duty in that state to which God has called him. This holiness of which I speak is a style of practical Christianity which is painfully



rare in these days. But I can find no other standard of holiness in the Word of God, no other which comes up to the pictures drawn by our Lord and his apostles. In an age like this, no reader can wonder if I press this subject also on men's attention. Once more let us ask, in the matter of holiness, how is it with our souls? "How do we do?"

(7) **Do we know anything of enjoying the means of grace?** When I speak of the means of grace, I have in my mind's eye five principal things - the reading of the Bible, private prayer, public worship, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the rest of the Lord's Day. Our feelings about these things is just one of the many tests of the state of our souls. How can that man be thought to love God who reads about Him and his Christ as a mere matter of duty, content and satisfied if he has just moved his book mark onward over so many chapters? How can that man suppose he is ready to meet Christ, who never takes any trouble to pour out his heart to Him in private as a Friend, but is satisfied with simply repeating a string of words every morning and evening, scarcely thinking about what he is saying? How could that man be happy in heaven forever, who finds Sunday a dull, gloomy, tiresome day, who knows nothing of hearty prayer and praise, and cares nothing whether he hears truth or error from the pulpit, or scarcely listens to the sermon? What can be the spiritual condition of that man whose heart never "burns within him," when he receives that bread and wine which specially remind us of Christ's death on the cross, and his atonement for sin? These inquiries are very serious and important. Tell me what a man does in the matter of Bible-reading and praying, in the matter of public worship, and the Lord's Supper, and I will soon tell you what he is, and on which road he is travelling. How is it with ourselves? Once more let us ask - In the matter of means of grace, "How do we do?"

(8) **Do we ever do any good in the world?** Our Lord Jesus Christ was continually "going about doing good," while He was on earth. (Acts x.38) The apostles, and all the disciples in Bible times were always striving to walk in his steps. A Christian who was content to go to heaven himself, and cared not what became of others, whether they lived happy and died in peace or not, would have been regarded as a kind of monster in primitive times, who had not the Spirit of Christ. Why should we suppose for a moment that a lower standard will suffice in the present day?

There is a generation of professing Christians nowadays, who seem to know nothing of caring for their neighbors, and are wholly swallowed up in the concerns of number one - that is, their own and their family's. They eat and drink, and sleep, and dress, and work, and get money, and spend money, year after year; and whether others are happy or miserable, well or ill, converted or unconverted, travelling toward heaven or toward hell, appear to be questions about which they are supremely indifferent. Can this be right? Can it be reconciled with the religion of Him who spoke the parable of the good Samaritan, and bade us "go and do likewise"? (Luke x.37) I doubt it altogether. Are we living like disciples of Him who always "went about doing good," and commanded his disciples to take Him for their "example"? (John xiii.15) If not, with what face shall we meet Him on the Judgment Day? In this matter also, how is it with our souls? Once more I ask, "How do we do?"

(9) **Do we know anything of living the life of habitual communion with Christ?** By "communion," I mean that habit of "abiding in Christ" which our Lord speaks of in the fifteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel as essential to Christian fruitfulness. (John 15:4-8)

Communion with Christ is the privilege of those who are continually striving to grow in grace, and faith, and knowledge, and conformity to the mind of Christ in all things, who do not "look to the things behind," and "count not themselves to have attained," but "press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" (Phil.3:14)

Is communion with Christ like this a common thing? Alas! It is very rare indeed! The greater part of believers seem content with the barest elementary knowledge of justification by faith, and half-a-dozen other doctrines, and go doubting, limping, halting, groaning along the way to heaven, and experience little either of the sense of victory or joy. The Churches of these latter days are full of weak, powerless, and uninfluential believers, saved at last, "but so as by fire," but never shaking the world, and knowing nothing of an "abundant entrance." (ICor.iii.15; 2Pet.i.11) When things are so in the Churches, no reader can wonder that I inquire how it is with our souls. Once more I ask - In the matter of communion with Christ, "How do we do?"

(10) **Do we know anything of being ready for Christ's second coming?** That He will come again the second time is as certain as anything in the Bible. The world has not yet seen the last of Him. As surely as He went up on the Mount of Olives before the eyes of his disciples, so surely will He come again in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory. (Acts i.11) But are we living as if we long to see Him again, and love His appearing? Readiness for that appearing is nothing more than being a real, consistent Christian. The world is growing old and running to seed. The vast majority of Christians seem like the men in the time of Noah and Lot, who were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, planting and building, up to the very day when flood and fire came. Those words of our Master are very solemn and heart-searching, "Remember Lot's wife." "Take heed lest at any time your heart be overcharged with the cares of this life, and that day come upon you unawares." (Luke xvii.32; xxi.34). Once more I ask - In the matter of readiness for Christ's second coming, "How do we do?"







The following articles about our brothers and sisters in the Leper Colony of San Pablo, Peru were first published in our HeartCry magazine more than three years ago. After reviewing the article, we thought that a reprint would be a great blessing to our readers. The men and women in these articles are not supported as HeartCry missionaries. HeartCry's identification with them comes through our giving which led to the construction of the first Baptist church building in San Pablo.

## Jorge Lozano

### *A Treasure in Earthen Vessels*



*Right:* This is the last remaining photograph of the late Jorge Odilo Lozano Reategui, Peruvian missionary on the Amazon River. Although stricken with leprosy from childhood, he became one of the most loved and respected missionaries in Peru

*Facing Page:* The grave outside of San Pablo where Jorge is buried. The words inscribed on the marker are from Revelation 2:10: "Be faithful until death, and I will give you the crown of life."

*"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, so that the surpassing greatness of the power will be of God and not from ourselves;" (II Corinthians 4:7 NASB)*

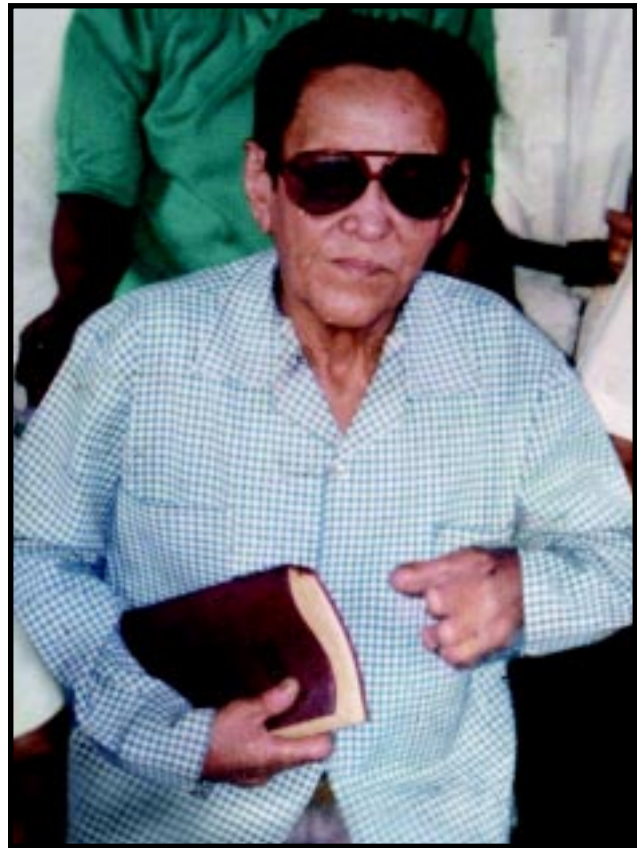
*In biblical times, it was a common practice to conceal valuable treasure in jars of clay which had little value or beauty and did not attract attention to themselves and their precious contents. In the same way, God often bypasses the wise, the mighty and the noble of this world, in favor of the foolish, the weak, the base and the despised, to make them the privileged bearers of His precious Gospel. The reason for such a choice is simple - so that no flesh may boast before God, just as it is written, "Let Him who boasts, boast in the Lord" (I Corinthians 1:29, 31).*

*This truth, although clearly revealed in Scripture, demonstrates how far the church in the west has fallen. We seek to make our worship services more aesthetic, we strive to make our Gospel less offensive, and we market Jesus to make Him more appealing to the world. The cross we preach has more in common with the glitter of Madison Avenue than the hill of Golgotha. The result is a powerless Gospel and the preaching of "another Jesus" that is neither Lord nor Savior.*

*In this month's issue of HeartCry we are featuring*

*the story of the late Jorge Odilo Lozano Reategui. As a young boy he was stricken with leprosy, and banished to a leper colony in the heart of the Peruvian jungle. Although blind, deaf, and deformed by the disease, he became a powerful and beautiful instrument of God's power and salvation. His story should be a constant reminder to those who seek to use fleshly embellishments to make their message and their Christ more appealing to the world. When we first heard stories about Jorge from the Christians in San Pablo, we thought they had to be exaggerations or outright fables. But as they were confirmed over and over again, we began to realize that his story had to be told to the rest of the world. The testimonies that follow are from Jorge's daughter Loida and his wife Amelia. After interviewing them, we took a twenty minute hike through the mud to the nearby cemetery where Jorge Lozano was buried in a very simple tomb. As you read, please remember that this article is not about a "great" man of God, but a "great" God who is able to transform earthen vessels into bearers of great treasure.*

*Paul and Charo Washer*





Jorge's daughter Loida Lozano began to make missionary journeys with her father when she was 6 years old, visiting small towns along the Amazon River on foot or by canoe. Her father taught her that she did not need to let fear control her on the dangerous journeys because God was sovereign over all things - even the day of her death. Until God decided to take them home they were immortal!

## Loida Lozano

### *A Daughter's Testimony*

I began to travel with my father when I was six years old, visiting towns in our region on foot or in our canoe. Sometimes my little sister Esther would also travel with us and we would both sing before the preaching services as my father had taught us.

At that time, my father had almost completely lost his eyesight and he could not go out on his own. His hearing was almost gone, but his legs were still fine. My father's blindness did not deter him because he had memorized so much of the Scripture. When he preached, he would open his Bible, and no one realized that he was not reading, but reciting the text from memory. Sometimes he would ask my sister or me to refresh his memory by reading to him the chapter from which he was going to preach.

It is truly amazing how many people loved and respected my father. Even the Catholic priests and nuns that lived in our town thought highly of him and respected him. I was always very proud to be his daughter. My father was very well known along the Amazon because he had preached in most of the churches there. Many people were won to the Lord not only through his preaching of the Gospel but also because they could not believe how a leper who was completely blind, almost deaf, and that suffered so much could live his life so passionately for God. Many Christians were called into the ministry because they were con-

victed when they compared themselves to this frail leper who was a living testimony of dedication to God's service in spite of his illness.

The Lord always took great care of me as I traveled with my father to the different places where he had to preach. I sometimes was very afraid of traveling with my dad because it was at times dangerous going down the river in our canoe or walking in the dark. My father taught me that we did not need to let fear control us because if God wanted to take our lives there would not be a place on earth where we would be safe, and if God wanted to preserve our lives there was no man or animal or circumstance that could take it - we were immortal until God decided to take us home!



When we traveled, my father was never worried about where we would sleep or what we would eat. He always taught us that God would provide through His children and that we should be grateful and joyful at all times.

As a child it would bother me when people made fun of my father or ridiculed him because of his many handicaps. Sometimes people would insult him and say terrible things, laughing at him. This did not bother him at all. I would get angry and he would tell me that one of the blessings of being deaf was not being able to hear insults and discouraging words. He said that if insults were all he had to suffer

### Until God decided to take them home they were immortal!

for Christ then it could not even be considered suffering. He always told me not to pay attention and to pretend that I was deaf myself. He told me to pray because God would deal with the people who mocked us. The one thing I remember most about my father is that he was the most patient man I have ever known. He always took things so calmly and patiently that everyone said that he had the patience of Job.

On one occasion we were in the city of Iquitos and were forced to walk everywhere because we did not have money to pay for a taxi or bus. I was nine years old, hungry and in a bad mood because of it. When he noticed my attitude, he told me not to worry because someone would have us over that day for lunch and would even provide money



for us to take taxis and buses to get around Iquitos. I thought to myself, "I cannot believe this! I am hungry and he is joking with me!" Often when we came to the city, people would stop and put coins in my hand because they thought that we were beggars. This would bother me, but my father would laugh and say that it was God's provision for us. That day no one had given me any money.

Finally, we came to a street corner and I stopped to look for cars before crossing. At that moment, a lady came out from a building and called to us. She said; "I have food if you would like to come in and eat in my house. I have made too much food today and God would punish me if I threw it away when there are others who may need it." I stood there speechless. Finally, I pulled down on my father's shoulder so that I could scream in his ear "Here it is father! Someone is inviting us to have lunch!" He laughed and said, "Let's go, this is of God! I am starved!"

Once we were inside we sat down and prayed together before eating. The lady of the house asked me of what religion we were and I yelled in my dad's ear. "This lady wants to know of what religion we are!" My father told her that we did not have a religion and that we belonged to Christ. He shared the Gospel with her and she broke down and made a profession of faith that day. That lady owned a pharmacy and she gave us a large amount of various medicines and nearly \$1000 dollars. This helped us to travel all over Iquitos while we were there visiting churches and other Christians and to return home to San Pablo with many supplies.

On another occasion my father wanted to travel to another town, but we did not have gasoline for the boat's motor. Therefore, he decided that we would paddle the boat down the river. He knew that the current would be very strong on the return trip and so he prayed that someone with a motor would help us make our way back. He taught me to always pray before doing anything or making any kind of a decision. He also taught me to pray with faith and not doubting because God had all power to do many things.

When the day for our return came, a man who saw us getting ready to leave told us that he could take us in his large river barge if we so desired. He put my father's canoe up in the barge and took us home all the way. That man

because He has His angel watching over us." My father did not know what was happening because he could not hear or see, but he gripped my hand and I saw him praying at that moment.

The taxi driver did not believe that my father was a preacher and said mockingly; "How can he preach or anything, he is blind and deaf?" I told him to come to the church with us and see for himself. The taxi driver must have become curious to see if what I told him was true and he took us to the church where my father was preaching. After the service, the driver, who had sat in the back of the church, was sobbing in tears. He asked me to please forgive him and said that he needed to speak to my father. That night the taxi driver made a profession of faith along with many others who had come forward. Later that night, I told my father what had happened in the taxi and he told me that the Lord showed him the intentions of the driver and that is why he was praying for our protection from harm.

Years later, when I was visiting my father in Iquitos, a man approached me at a bus stop and asked if I was the daughter of Jorge Lozano. I told him that I was, and he asked me if I remembered him. I did not. He then told me that he was the taxi driver who had been converted years before under the preaching of my father. He told me that his entire family had come to know the Lord, that God had prospered him, and that he had been trying to find my father to tell him what God had done for him. I told him about my father's health and he begged me to visit his home and meet his family. I went to his house and they all prepared a large box full of clothes and food for me to take to my father as an expression of their gratitude. When I took the present to my father and told him about what had happened, he cried tears of joy to know that this man was truly following Christ and that his family had also been saved. My father never complained and he never held resentment against anyone.

When I was ten years old, I was sent to the city of Lima, to the home of some Christians that offered to take me in and put me through school. This was a great blessing because there were no opportunities for education in our village of San Pablo, but it was also very hard to be away from my parents. Time went by and when I was 18

## He taught me to always pray before doing anything.

heard the Gospel as my father shared with him, but he was not interested in knowing God. My father told me that the most important thing was to always preach the message of salvation, no matter what, even if people did not listen. Our job was to preach the good news.

God's protection was over us powerfully on one occasion. I was saved from being raped when I was nine years old. My father and I took a taxi in the city of Iquitos. When the driver realized that my father was deaf and blind, he took us to a desolate part of town, instead of taking us to the neighborhood and church we were looking for. At that moment something came over me and I told this man, "My father is a missionary and a preacher of God, if you touch one hair on our heads or hurt us you will face God

years old I received a letter telling me that my father was very ill and that I needed to come to see him soon. I traveled to San Pablo immediately and when I saw my father he looked terrible. His leprosy had progressed very much and his legs were in such bad shape that they needed to be amputated. We were both flown to the city of Iquitos for his surgery, but my father did not complain about his condition or the pain he was suffering. When I told him that his legs would be amputated he only said, "I am in God's hands. God gives and God takes away." The doctor was surprised that my father was not nervous and he asked him why. My father told him that he knew where he would be going if he died. My father lost much blood during the surgery and he needed blood urgently.



The leaders of the Baptist Church “God is Love” in San Pablo, Peru. These men were disciples by pastor Jorge Lozano



The wonderful thing was that my blood was a perfect match for him and I was able to give it for him.

After this radical surgery, I thought that my father’s preaching days would come to an end or that he would preach from a wheelchair or something. But my father surprised me again because even though he was now without both of his legs, deaf, and blind, the Spirit that dwelled in him had not lost any limbs or any of His faculties. He had such incredible desire to preach and to work for God that he could not be still for one minute. In the hospital, my father was cared for by nuns. He would preach to them and to the priests who came around. Even the Catholics loved my father because they saw his love for God and for souls.

My father recuperated and he had two prosthetic legs made out of heavy wood and steel. They were very oddly made and heavy, but he was determined to learn to walk. He said that until God took his breath, he would continue to serve Him. God had called him into the ministry, and that calling was to be fulfilled until the end of his days. My father said that if the legs did not work and someone had to carry him to where he needed to go, it would be fine, but he would not lay aside the mission work. For three months my father practiced walking with his prosthetic legs. At first they hurt him and made a raw spot in the stubs of his knees, but eventually they healed and became calloused enough so that he could walk on them without pain.

I told my father that I would stay with him until his health improved, but he was placed in a special home for

go to church, visit the brothers, and preach.

I discovered that my father suffered much in the retirement home. People would steal his things and his food because he was blind. One thing that I have heard people say and that I know to be true myself is that my father never complained about his condition and the way his life was. He never complained about any limitation he had because somehow they were not limitations to him. The other old people he lived with were always grouchy and mean but my father was always content. One time he was being carried by another man to cross a bridge over some running water and the board that served as a bridge broke under them. My father fell into the waters and was almost drowned but he held on to a branch and we were able to save him. In spite of these and other things he would always say that there was a perfect purpose for everything that happened and sometimes he said it was God’s loving discipline designed to teach him different things.

During his last years, a few churches supported my father’s missionary work and sent their support to him monthly. He used whatever he needed from this support and shared everything else with needy Christians. The supporting churches were always faithful, but for some reason, administrative changes were made which caused my father’s support to be delayed for three months. Since he did not like owing anyone their pay, he set out for the city of Iquitos to discover what had happened to his support. He was led by a sister in the church to catch a boat on the Amazon. Even though my father was blind and weak, he was never afraid of traveling or doing things on his own. He always carried with him a small, flat briefcase with a zipper that contained his Bible and tracts. He would give away tracts no matter where he was. The day he boarded the boat was no exception. He asked someone to lead him throughout the boat and he gave tracts to everyone.

As is often the case, the boat in which my father was traveling was carrying too many people that day and it began to sink. My father did not know what was happening at first until he felt the people were running all about him in panic. He called for help but everyone was jumping into the water and trying to save themselves and their

## People would steal his things and his food because he was blind.

the handicapped and elderly. When he found out where he was being taken, he told me that God was giving him a new ministry of prayer. When he arrived at the retirement home, it bothered him that he was put in a bed and everything was controlled, but he always submitted quietly and without complaint. People that worked and lived there made fun of him and called him the “praying leper” because he would spend hours praying. My father was a man of prayer and would pray for hours. I remember as a small girl that I would wake up in the middle of the night and see him praying. I would go back to sleep and wake up again to find him still there praying on his knees. Finally, my father was granted permission from the nuns to leave the home during the day in order that he might

things. The owner of the ship called out for everyone to jump in the water. He told the people to forget about the “old leper” that was calling out for help because it was useless to try to save him. When my father finally realized that no one would come to save him, he hugged the briefcase that contained his Bible and tracts, and began to pray, “Please Lord fulfill your promise to me and do not let the animals eat my body. Let my family find my body.” His prayer was heard by many of the people standing on the shore and swimming in the water.

When I discovered what had happened, I almost lost my mind. I was in such shock that I could not even think. My husband went ahead of me to try to find my father’s body in San Pablo. Of all the ones that drowned my father’s

body was the first one found. They found him four hours later floating face down near a small beach. He was holding his Bible and tracts with a smile on his face. His body was surprisingly well kept and not eaten by animals. This is very unusual in the jungle. The thing that surprised everyone the most was that the weight of his heavy prosthetic limbs did not take him to the bottom of the river. The bodies of people who drown never return to the surface until after three days. Because of this, many of the unbelievers were afraid and said that my father was a saint. They said that all the sinners sank and were eaten by the animals in the water, but that my father floated and

was untouched because he was a man of God. After my father died, so many people sent me letters, flowers, and cards that it was unbelievable. It was almost as if a government official had died. I even received letters from the United States, from missionaries, and from other people that knew about my father's testimony and ministry.

*Loida Lozano*

## Amelia Lozano

### *A Wife's Testimony*

My husband's name was Jorge Odilo Lozano Reategui and he was born in Contamana on September 4, 1927. When he was twelve years old, Jorge was diagnosed with leprosy and came to live in the leper colony of San Pablo. As was common in those days, his parents rowed their canoe near the shore and dropped him off. He was never to live with them again.

When Jorge arrived in San Pablo, Pastor Serafin Cachiqui received him in his home and taught him about the Lord. Jorge attended church regularly but was not truly converted until he was 24 years old. After his conversion, he felt the call of God to preach the Gospel. Because Jorge was a leper, he was not able to study in a Bible college or seminary. Instead, he studied the Word of God by means of a radio program that was aired from Ecuador. After ten long years of study, he finally received his diploma from the *Voice of the Andes* radio institute.

When we met, Jorge and I had both been married previously, but our spouses had died - his wife to cancer and my husband because of a bad heart. When we were married, our greatest desire was to be obedient to the Lord with the life that we had left. After considerable time serving in the church in San Pablo, the congregation appointed us as missionaries and sent us to La Banda, in Barse Bonifati. There we ministered for almost 20 years.



Amelia Lozano in her later years. She is a faithful member of the Baptist Church in San Pablo.

### *I never heard my father never complained about his condition.*

When we began preaching the Gospel in Barse Bonifati, we devoted our days to visiting the nearby towns in our canoe and winning people to the Lord. Because we had no church building, we met in the homes of the new converts and waited for God to bless us with a building. As God began to move in our work, other couples from our home church in San Pablo also moved to La Banda and labored with us. It was not long after that the church in La Banda was established and we built our first temple! Those first years were wonderful times! God blessed the work and saved many souls. My husband pastored with great joy.

It is very sad for me to share with you that at the very

time when God was blessing our lives and moving so wonderfully in our ministry, I began to wonder about my own life and became very self-centered. I was 26 years old at the time and I began to have very disturbing thoughts about my future and my life. My husband and I could not have children because most lepers are sterile. I became very afraid of what would happen to me when I became an old woman without any children to care for me. These thoughts tortured me constantly and eventually drove me to the sin of abandoning my husband for another man that could give me children. I had three children by him, but one died. My sin almost destroyed my life and I contemplated suicide many times because



**Ukraine:**  
Population: 48,396,470 (July 2002 est.)  
Religions: Ukrainian Orthodox - Moscow Patriarchate, Ukrainian Orthodox - Kiev Patriarchate, Ukrainian Autocephalous Orthodox, Ukrainian Catholic (Uniate), Protestant, Jewish

**Romania:**  
Population: 22,317,730 (July 2002 est.)  
Religions: Eastern Orthodox (including all sub-denominations) 87%, Protestant 6.8%, Catholic 5.6%, other (mostly Muslim) 0.4%, unaffiliated 0.2% (2002)

**Serbia:**  
Population: 10,656,929  
Religions: Orthodox 65%, Muslim 19%, Roman Catholic 4%, Protestant 1%, other 11%

**Peru:**  
Population: 27,949,639 (July 2002 est.)  
Religions: Roman Catholic 90%

**Ghana:**  
Population: 20,244,154  
Religions: indigenous beliefs 21%, Muslim 16%, Christian 63%

**Benin:**  
Population: 6,787,625  
Religions: indigenous beliefs 50%, Christian 30%, Muslim 20%

**Paraguay:**  
Population: 5,884,491 (July 2002 est.)  
Religions: Roman Catholic 90%, Mennonite, and other Protestant

**Nigeria:**  
Population: 129,934,911  
Religions: Muslim 50%, Christian 40%, indigenous beliefs 10%



# WHERE IN THE WORLD IS HEARTCRY

HeartCry is currently supporting eighty two indigenous missionaries in fifteen countries on four continents





**Moldova**  
 Population: 4,434,547 (July 2002 est.)  
 Religions: E Orthodox 98%, Jewish 1.5%, Baptist and other 0.5% (2000)

**Russia - Siberia:**  
 Population: 144,978,573 (July 2002 est.)  
 Religions: Orthodox, Muslim, other

**Nepal:**  
 Population: 25,873,917 (July 2002 est.)  
 Religions: Hinduism 86.2%, Buddhism 7.8%, Islam 3.8%, other 2.2%  
*note: only official Hindu state in the world (1995)*

**Burma:**  
 Population: 42,238,224  
 Religions: Buddhist 89%, Christian 4% (Baptist 3%, Roman Catholic 1%), Muslim 4%, animist 1%, other 2%

**India:**  
 Population: 1,045,845,226 (July 2002 est.)  
 Religions: Hindu 81.3%, Muslim 12%, Christian 2.3%, Sikh 1.9%, other groups including Buddhist, Jain, Parsi 2.5% (2000)

**Israel:**  
 Population: 6,029,529 (July 2002 est.)  
 Religions: Jewish 80.1%, Muslim 14.6% (mostly Sunni Muslim), Christian 2.1%, other 3.2% (1996 est.)

**Zambia:**  
 Population: 9,959,037  
 Religions: Christian 50%-75%, Muslim and Hindu 24%-49%, indigenous beliefs 1%



*And Jesus came up and spoke to them, saying, "All authority has been given to Me in heaven and on earth. Go therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all that I commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age."*

*Matthew 28:18-20*





## He had many trials... but he overcame them by the power of God.

of what I had done. Finally, in my despair I cried out to God for forgiveness. In spite of the terrible things I had done to Jorge, we were reconciled again after almost three years and he even received my two small baby daughters as his very own.

In 1960, at the age of 33, my husband had eye surgery and was told that he would eventually lose his eye sight completely. When he heard this, he began to study and memorize the Word as he had never done before. He became blind eight years later and we had to return to San Pablo from La Banda. It was very difficult for us to leave the four churches that had been planted in La Banda, Alfaro, San Juan de Camuchero, and San Felipe.

Even though Jorge was blind, it did not stop him from going out and preaching in the many towns and

villages along the river. Most of the time he was guided from one village to another by my six year old daughter Loida.

My husband was a man who loved God above all things and he also loved the souls of men. He was terribly deformed and mutilated by the leprosy that ate his body, but he was a servant of Christ like few others. He constantly traveled through the river and jungles preaching the Lord Jesus Christ and encouraging His people. He had many trials in his life, but he overcame them by the power of God. He suffered a great deal physically and I know that I caused much of the pain in his heart due to my rebellion and sin. Jorge has now gone to our Father's house in heaven and I am once again alone. I hope to hear from my Father soon, so that I may also go home.

Hands marred  
by leprosy  
now serve The  
Lord at the  
Baptist  
Church "God  
is Love" in  
San Pablo,  
Peru

## Story Of San Pablo *by Loida Lozano*

The story of San Pablo is very sad because leprosy was thought to be a terrible curse. In the past, people did not know that, for the most part, leprosy is not contagious. Long before my father arrived in San Pablo it was simply a place for the people with leprosy to die. The family members of the lepers would bring them by boat, give them a canoe to paddle to shore and never see them again. It was a terrible time because even children would be dropped off and some would not even make it to shore before they were drowned in the river. The ones that made it to the shore and started to live here had to build their homes from what they found available in the jungle. Food was dropped off by airplanes, because even the large boats would avoid the waters of San Pablo.

In time, the disease of leprosy was controlled with the help of medicine. Many priests and nuns came to San Pablo to help the lepers and to organize their living conditions, but for many it was too late. They had already died by the dozens because of the terrible living conditions in the open jungle.

Many lepers that survived married among themselves

He longed for the day when San Pablo would no longer be considered a "leper colony." He lived to see the day when my husband, the mayor of San Pablo, participated in the commission that gave San Pablo the status of a normal town.

Before my father died, an American missionary once



## It was simply a place for the people with leprosy to die.

and had children. For fear of the leprosy, the priests and nuns would take the leper's children from them to the orphanages in Iquitos. My husband was one of the children that were taken from their parents when they were born and raised by nuns and priests. I was born when the lepers were allowed to keep their children, and so I grew up with my parents.

The town of San Pablo is now mostly populated by the children and descendants of the lepers that formed the original leper colony. You can still see the older generation of people who suffered from leprosy, but they have almost all passed away.

My father lived to see one of his dreams come true.

told him that he would pay his airline ticket if he was interested in traveling to the United States. My father was very excited when he heard the invitation. He told the missionary that he was ready to preach the Gospel in the United States, but that he could not speak English. The missionary laughed and told him that he would preach in the Hispanic churches in the United States and that if he was invited to an English speaking church someone would translate. My father was very happy with this invitation and looked forward to it, but He went home to be with the Lord before any of this came to pass.

# TESTIMONIES

## From San Pablo

The following are four men

who were either disciplined or greatly influenced by the life of brother Jorge Lozano. They are now the brothers most responsible for the continuation of brother Jorge's work. They care for the small flock of believers in San Pablo Peru, on the shores of the Amazon River.

### Pastor Horacio Mori Valera

I am 68 years old and have been single all my life. I have been pastoring the church "God is Love" in the town of San Pablo for almost 15 years. It was founded on August 11, 1947 by six lepers who were Baptists. That same year, when I was 16 years old, I was converted here during Sunday School. The man who led me to Christ was also a leper. He is still alive (85 years old) and lives here in San Pablo. I visit him often, because I can never forget his kindness towards me. My favorite verse is from Ecclesiastes 12:1: "Remember also your Creator in the days of your youth, before the evil days come and the years draw near when you will say, 'I have no delight in them.'" This verse is very special to me, because as a leper, life is difficult for me and very restricted. I cannot come and go like other people, but I do my best to serve the Lord with the life He has given me. People who are not sick like me, should use every day of their life to serve the Lord and to do His will. One day they will grow old and feeble and be limited in what they can do in the Name of the Lord. Many of my fellow lepers who were also brothers in Christ have gone on to be with the Lord. They died with the testimony that they served the Lord to the best of their ability. We should all follow their example.



### Ladislao Ruiz Paima

I am 56 years old and have been a Christian for 24 years. I was converted in Leticia, Colombia. I was a smuggler who traveled between Peru and Colombia carrying black market gasoline and other illegal goods. I was also an alcoholic. I was very wicked. I slept during the day and was awake during the night. One day I became very sick and was in the hospital for more than three months. All my friends abandoned me and I was truly alone in the world. When I was strong enough, I traveled back to Colombia. One day while I was in a store in Leticia, a woman looked straight at me and said "Friend what is your problem." I answered her with a great deal of anger and said, "Leave me alone can you not see that I am a leper." She smiled at me and said yes you are a leper, but I have the remedy for what is really wrong with you. When she said that, I changed my attitude towards her and asked her to show me the remedy. She invited me to a group in her house and showed me great hospitality. She shared with me the Bible and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I was very moved in my heart, repented of my sins, and believed in Jesus as the Savior. I immediately returned to San Pablo and joined the group of Christians who gathered there. At that time the pastor was Jorge Lozano. He was one of the most mutilated and deformed men I had ever seen. He was blind and deaf and one of his legs was gone, but he helped me and others grow in Christ. With great effort, he would speak to us and we were able to understand him. He knew many things about God and he worked tirelessly for the cause of Christ and the welfare of the lepers. He has now gone to be with the Lord and is very happy. From the time of my conversion until now, I have tried to serve the Lord with all my heart, mind, soul, and strength. My



I cannot come and go like others, but I do my best to serve the Lord with the life He has given me. People who are not sick like me, should use every day of their life to serve the Lord.

HeartCry missionary Francisco Laos demonstrates that Christ's love knows no barriers. In Christ there are no untouchables.



favorite verse is Romans 1:16, because when I first came to Christ many of my old friends tried to shame me into returning to my old ways of sin. To all the Christians who hear my testimony, I would like to say thank you for helping us build our Church building and for providing Bibles for the believers who have none. Please pray for our Church that we will be able to finish what we have started and that we will be faithful to minister in the Name of Jesus.



## Cecilio Diaz Chumbe

I am 52 years old and was converted when I was 16. When I was seven years old, my parents noticed that I had leprosy. I know they loved me very much, but in those days there was only one thing they could do. One morning they put me in our canoe and we traveled together to the Leper Colony of San Pablo. It was the saddest and most frightening day of my life. They paddled the canoe as close to the shore as possible and then they put me out (It was illegal for anyone without leprosy to land on the island). I cried as they paddled away and left me alone on the island with the monsters. I was terrified when I saw the monsters coming towards me and I was even more terrified because I knew that one day I would

Cecilio Diaz Chumbe joined the Leper Colony of San Pablo when he was seven years old..

be like them. Gradually my fear went away when I saw that the other lepers were kind to me and saw how they took care of me. Brother Horacio, who is now the pastor was only 23 when I arrived at the colony. He was very kind to me and took me to Church with him every Sunday. During the week I lived with 20 other children in a small orphanage run by nuns from Canada. They were good to me, but they never shared the Gospel of Jesus Christ with me or told me how I could be saved from a disease much greater than leprosy – sin. One day at church I heard the preacher preach on John 14:6. The truth that Jesus was the only way stuck in my mind and I could not stop thinking about it. That day I was converted. Soon I was given a Bible and began to learn about the way of Christ.

Now I am one of the four leaders here in the church of San Pablo. All of us are lepers and we have not received any seminary training, but the Holy Spirit is faithful to teach us through the Word of God. We are praying that God will soon raise up other leaders, because we are growing old and tired. Also, as lepers, it is difficult for us to minister and evangelize. Nevertheless, God is faithful and we desire to reach out to others. God is good and we hope to reach our entire village with this message. We have even begun to do mission work in other villages in hopes of evangelizing the lost and bringing them to Jesus. We have formed many groups of believers, but each has need of a church building.

## Marcial Isuiza Lomas

I am 81 years old and have been a believer for 49 years. I became a follower of Jesus here in San Pablo during an evangelistic campaign. I had been diagnosed a leper and had just arrived in San Pablo. I had never heard about the Gospel before and the moment they told me what God had done for me and I decided to be His servant. I decided that I would serve Christ until the very last day of my life and work beside my other brothers in Christ preaching the Gospel in the jungles of Peru, Colombia, and Brazil. We worked together “stubbornly” in the harvest of the Lord and He granted us the privilege of starting churches in 10 different villages throughout the jungle. Today I am limited in the work that I can do since I have lost much of my eyesight and cannot see well enough to preach as I did before.

In his younger years, Marcial worked beside his brothers in Christ preaching the Gospel in the jungles of Peru, Colombia, and Brazil.

I decided that I would serve Christ until the very last day of my life.



# THE BLIND APOSTLE

## The Blind Apostle



First published in Vol.19, Jan-Feb, 2001  
by Paul Washer

*And the disciples asked Him, "Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he would be born blind?" Jesus answered, "It was neither that this man sinned, nor his parents; but it was so that the works of God might be displayed in him." John 9:2-3*

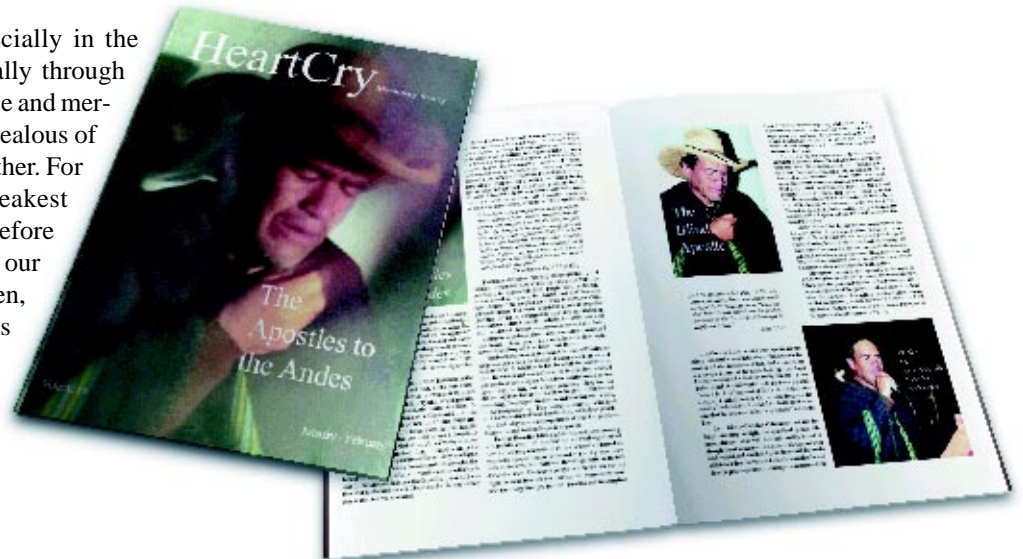
I met brother Lucho several years ago during one of my first conferences in the city of Pacaipama in the northern Andes mountains of Peru. As I was preparing a message in one of the adobe huts, brother Angel Colmenares entered with an unusually wide smile (even for him) and asked if I would like to meet a very special "siervo de Dios" (servant of God). As a young missionary, I ranked brother Colmenares alongside the apostle Paul, and so, of course I wanted to meet someone that he esteemed to be "very special" before the Lord.

As I followed brother Colmenares out into the bright morning sunlight, my eyes fixed upon a little man, slumped over with his head humbly bowed as though about to meet some dignitary. He was unshaven and ragged, and smelled of goat cheese and the smoke of kitchen fires. As we took hold of one another's shoulders (a greeting common among the mountain Christians), brother Colmenares began to joyfully share with me his testimony. Brother Lucho was born blind and lived in abject poverty without hope. He could not work in the fields or raise livestock and so was left to rely on the mercies of others. His was a tragic story all too common among the disabled in the third world.

One day, a young boy shared Christ with Lucho. He told him the story of how Christ healed the man who had been born blind. He explained to him that although he was born blind, Jesus would heal him if only he believed. When Lucho asked the boy when the healing would come, he answered that it would come immediately if that would bring the most glory to God, but if God could get glory for Himself through Lucho's blindness, then he would not be healed until the resurrection. He assured Lucho that although the time of the healing was uncertain, the healing itself was. Through faith in Christ, Lucho would not only be healed, but his sins would be forgiven and Christ Himself would give him eternal life in glory.

Lucho believed that day and became an instrument for the glory of God. Since his conversion, He has won many people to Christ through his testimony and preaching. He teaches Sunday School at his church, leads the singing, and has disciplined two men who are now pastors of other congregations. Lucho has never even seen a Bible, much less read one, but he has memorized great portions of Scripture through listening to others as they read the Bible to him.

Throughout the world, and especially in the most impoverished place, and especially through the weakest people, I have seen the grace and mercies of God revealed. He is especially jealous of His glory and will not share it with another. For this reason, He mightily uses the weakest among us, so that no man will boast before God (I Corinthians 1:29) and so that our faith will not rest in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God (I Corinthians 2:5).





# Through the Greatest of Trials



*The following is a letter written to me on April 7, 2003 by HeartCry missionary Mario Salinas. He and His family are currently serving in jungles of Concorcanqui in the country of Peru. The letter speaks of a happening almost too terrible for words. It speaks of a missionary family's immeasurable loss and suffering. It speaks of the faithfulness of God and His all-sustaining grace. I am sure that it move you to tears. I pray that it will move you to pray for all those who have gone out for the sake of the Name.*

*Paul David Washer*

7th April 2003.

Brother Paul,

I greet you in the Name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. It is my great desire that you have great joy and rejoicing with your wife and son. I am writing to inform you of our labor for the Lord here on the Marañon River in the heart of the Department of the Amazon. Above all, I want to thank you for your prayers and HeartCry's financial support. If it were not for your support we would never have advanced in the work. I know that the Lord is blessing you so that you might help here in Peru and many other countries around the world where God has called you. It is for this reason that my family and I are also praying that God will bless you more and more every day.

My family and I are continuing forward. My wife and little girl are both recuperating from different health problems. A few days ago my wife lost our baby that she was carrying for four months. Last week, she was feeling very ill and was suffering from sharp pain in her hips and around her waist. I took her down the river in a canoe to the nearest medical outpost to be examined. The doctor said that she was fine and gave her a few pills to take. We returned to our house the same day. Early in the morning on the following day, my wife began bleeding and was growing weaker and weaker. I desperately sought to find a canoe to carry her down the river, but they were all gone. I cried out to the Lord that His will would be done. While I searched for a boat, the sky grew dark and it began to rain. I was helpless to do anything the entire day. My wife continued to bleed more and more. By 2 P.M., my wife was so weak that she could no longer stand. At 5 P.M., some men arrived with a "peque peque" boat. I carried her to the boat and laid her in the bottom. As we made the two hour journey down the river, I was crying like a baby because I had to helplessly watch my wife continue to bleed and grow weaker. At 7 P.M., we arrived at the medical outpost in Nieva. My wife was no longer conscious and very pale. After the doctor stabilized her condition they told me that the baby was already dead and they would have to remove him. They said that they would have to "clean out" my wife or she would die of infection. At 9 P.M., they finished removing my little baby from his mother's womb and the doctor told me that I could see her. When I entered the room, I saw my wife in the bed and my little baby laying in bloody pieces in a wash basin. The doctor told me that I should throw the remains in the river, wash out the basin, and bring it back. I walked to the river carrying my little baby, but I could not do what the doctor ordered. I thought to myself, "How can I throw the torn body of my little baby in the river to be eaten by the fish?" I prayed that the Lord would help me, because I thought my heart was going to break in two. I found a bag by the river and put the pieces of my little baby inside. Then I hid the bag and returned to the hospital. When I returned to our village, I buried our little baby behind our hut.

I give thanks to my God because He knows that we have gone through all these horrible things. When I returned to my wife, we gave ourselves to prayer and we thanked God for His love and care. Even though we lost our precious baby in a very horrible way, we promised to follow Christ and serve Him even more. We know that our baby was His more than he was ours.

My wife and I are now back at our hut in the village of Esperanza with our one little daughter whom we love very much. My wife is doing better with the medicines that the doctor has prescribed. Brother Paul, please continue to pray for my family. Especially pray for our little girl. She is growing every day. She is very loving and is dearly loved by the people of the Aguaruna tribe. She is already speaking the Aguaruna language and is adapting well to the climate. She even likes to eat "suri" - the large thumb size grub worms that the Aguarunas eat alive!

MARIO SALINAS AVENDAÑO.

# *A Lord Who Knows My Heart*

By Rachel Leiter

My need ever greater  
I've lost all knowledge of where to start  
But I bow my head in silence,  
To a Lord who knows my heart

My eyes grow ever dim  
My path has disappeared  
But I lift my soul in calmness,  
To a Lord who drives out fear

I love you, dear Saviour,  
I love you, precious Lord,  
By your Grace I'll keep on marching  
With my hope in your reward

My feet are ever stumbling  
In this world of sin so bleak  
But I throw aside all trappings,  
To a Lord who tells me, "Seek"

My heart exults within me!  
My soul is free by grace!  
I raise my voice in reverence,  
To a Lord of utmost peace



# Joel & Dana Gamonal



*Joel and Dana are supported in part by the HeartCry Missionary Society. They are a wonderful young couple working as church planters outside the city of Lima.*

## Joel's Testimony

I was born on December 10, 1971 in the Andean town of Carhuamayo, Junin, Peru. I am the oldest boy in a family of six children. My mother was saved when I was small and always sought to instruct us in the ways of Christ. My father was drunk most of the time. Because of his bad habit of drinking, he lost a good job and left us in poverty. My mother, sister, and I went out almost daily to sell what we could to be able to put a meal on the table each day. When I graduated from high school, my younger brother and I decided to take my father to the jungle where he could not get alcohol. We lived there for nearly three years.

During that time, the terrorists were taking over the remote areas of Peru and they came to our village. They began killing people, recruiting young men, and destroying everything the people had worked for. I sent my father and brother to Lima to escape them, but I thought I was courageous and stayed to protect our things. I was not yet converted, but I claimed the verse in Matthew 10:28 that says we should not fear him that can kill the body, but rather Him that can kill both body and soul. Finally, the terrorists struck closer and I fled for my life to the capital city of Lima. I had to leave all the fruits of our hard labor behind. My family had already been in Lima for a few months and my dad had found a job as the caretaker of a Baptist church. I went to visit him and the missionary's wife at the church offered me a two week job at their house, cleaning, and preparing it for them to move in. I accepted, and worked for them for four years. During that time, I went to the church with the missionaries.



At a particular midweek service, I remember the missionary preaching on Proverbs 6:16-19, "These Six Things Doth the Lord Hate." God used the message to convict my heart of sin, and for the next few weeks, I was in misery over my sin. Finally on February 28, 1994, God saved me by His grace. Almost immediately, I became involved in another church closer to the house and both that pastor and the missionary with whom I lived discipled me. As I learned more I began to do more. I taught a children's Sunday school class, led singing, taught in the youth services, and organized a Bible club in a small nearby shanty-town called Manchay. Not many people wanted to go to Manchay. It is desert-like, very dusty, and full of people living in the poorest conditions. In spite of this, God was calling me to work there. I knew what it was like to live in such poverty. I wanted the children to hear the Gospel so they would know they did not

have to live in continual darkness and so that they could have joy in spite of their poverty. During this time, I trained to be a teacher and taught for three years in a Christian school.

In May of 1998, my wife and I were married. In March of 1999, we learned of a mission work that had been started the previous year by a missionary. He had left it with another national, but it was totally abandoned. We were asked to help. Although there were reports of many being saved in the opening evangelistic campaign the previous year, when we arrived we found absolutely nothing. Another missionary lady helped us and we started with about 5 children who came regularly. In August, God began to send some adults. Slowly, God began to build His church in Manchay. Sinners were convicted of their sin and some were saved. In February 2001, we organized the church with 11 members. Since then, nine more have been added and we have between 40 and 60 in attendance on Sundays. The ministries in which the church is involved are: Bible studies for children, men, and women, a children's Bible club, and personal discipleship. The believers in the church are growing spiritually and we are greatly encouraged. Some members are beginning to take on responsibilities within the church and are interested in doing everything possible to share the Gospel with the others in Manchay. May God receive all the glory for the great things He has done and continues to do in Manchay. We pray that He will use us to bring others to Him by His wondrous grace.

Joel Gamonal

## Dana's Testimony



I was born in Athens, Georgia, USA on June 9, 1971. I was the first of five children. When I was four, my dad surrendered to God's call to preach the Gospel. We began to have family devotions in our home every evening. Through that, the Lord began to convict my young heart of sin. There were things that would seem trite to most Christians today, but I was convicted of lying and selfishness in the same way that God might convict a drunk or a prostitute of their sins. When I was nearly six, I went to my dad and asked what I could do to be saved. Gladly he explained the Gospel to me. A little later I went to him again and asked him and my mother to pray with me. That day God saved me and changed my heart.

Soon afterwards my parents were called to be missionaries. We arrived on the Texas/Mexican border in 1980. My dad was used by God to start two churches in Mexico and one in Texas. Being the oldest, I was always more involved in the ministry than my other brothers and sisters. I learned Spanish quickly and loved the Mexican people and culture.

When I became a teenager, I suddenly began to notice how little me and my family had in comparison to others who lived in the States. I did not have many friends that lived near me. I could not listen to the same music as the other youth around me. It seemed that my life was only full of "could not's." In my heart I began to rebel against my parents. "Why did they have to take us so far away from everything so that they could tell others about Christ?" "Why could we not be missionaries in a more decent place?" Because of my attitude, I remained miserable for a couple of years. Then one day the Lord used a visiting preacher who preached on the "Marks of True Christianity." One of those marks was being miserable in sin. That described me exactly. By His grace, the Lord convicted me of the sin of rebellion and in its place put a greater love for the Hispanic people. No matter what, I would never miss a missionary trip across the border to visit the churches in Mexico. God also gave me some good Mexican friends. When I finished high school and left for college I thought my heart would be wrenched from my chest. I could not understand why God would give me such a love for the people in Mexico and then call me to go to college far from Mexico. Now I know that He had every event ordained by His good sovereignty.

After studying for a short time at Georgia Baptist College, my parents were called to work in Georgia. Again, I could not understand why my parents were called from Mexico. Did it mean that I would never return to the place I loved so much? In spite of all my questions, I worked in a local bank for some time in order to save up money to attend the Pensacola Christian College. When I began my studies at Pensacola, I was struggling with a call to missions. I had gotten a taste of what it was like to earn my own money and foreign missions had faded from my mind. I began to think that I had done my time as an MK (missionary kid) and now it was time to be a "normal" Christian in the States. After a time of struggling, God made me willing to return to foreign missions. I naturally assumed that I would return to Mexico, but I had many friends at school who were children of missionaries living in Peru. They encouraged me to go on a mission trip to Peru. I prayed about going during my entire 3 1/2 years at Pensacola. I had no money and a huge college bill to pay, but the Lord put in on my heart that it was time to go on that trip. God miraculously provided the day before we were to leave.

“...our task was to restart an abandoned mission work...”

During the trip, I again fought against the Lord's will. I wanted to return to Mexico, but I sensed that God was calling me to Peru. I brushed aside what God was saying to me until He caused me to get so sick that I had to stay alone in the little hotel in the mountains while the rest of the team went off to minister in schools and churches. During that time I read and prayed and sought God's will. I was broken over my still stubborn will. I knew the Lord wanted me in Peru.

I graduated from Pensacola in December 1994 and was in Peru by February 1995. My first ministry was to teach missionary children in Lima. I taught for 2 1/2 years and then went to work in a local Christian children's home. I worked there for two years. The Lord particularly burdened my heart to evangelize and teach children in the impoverished area of Manchay. I went to Manchay with a small group from our church to teach a Bible club. I begged God to open doors for me so that I could some day live in Manchay and work full time with the people. God answered that prayer in a way that I could have never imagined. Joel and I were married in May 1998 and our son Caleb was born on February 1999. The next month, God opened the doors for us to work full time in Manchay. Our task was to restart an abandoned mission work. It was a slow and difficult task but the grace of God kept us when common sense said to leave. The church was organized on February 2001 and by the following year had 20 members who faithfully attended and were growing spiritually. Our main emphasis is not the number of people we have "come forward" but rather to teach and preach God's Word, watch Him work, and disciple those He saves so that they might serve Him with all their hearts and lives. An added blessing to our family came in September 2001 - our second son Benjamin was born.

We have seen God's providence in every step of our lives. We do not deserve the blessings He has bestowed upon us, but by His grace, we seek to serve Him and to bring glory to His Name. We pray He might use us to share His Word with many in Manchay.

Dana



“...miraculous work of the providence of God..”



The following is a miraculous work of the providence of God that occurred in the lives of Joel and Dana in a time of great need. We hope that it will be as great a blessing to you as it is to us.

Dear Co-laborers in Christ,

The miracle of the multiplying of the five loaves of bread and two fish is sadly no more than a mere story to many Christians today. We miss out on many blessings because of a lack of faith, and we often “have not” because we “ask not.” At the end of March we had run out of funds except for 10 soles (about \$3).



At the same time, Betty, whose family lives on very little, came to us with her mom who was visiting from the jungle. Betty’s mom, Beatriz, an unbeliever, had just been diagnosed with a huge cyst in her abdomen and was very nervous about the implications of such a health problem. We spoke with her about the Lord, but she never really understood. We asked what we might do to help her before she returned to the jungle and she asked to see the ocean since she had never had that opportunity. Despite our low funds we felt we should take her and we put our last \$3 in the gas tank. We had some fruit that we shared for lunch, but Dana was concerned about how we’d feed our guests upon our return. She silently prayed for something more to share.

As we were walking along the seashore and admiring God’s creation, anchovies suddenly started jumping out of the water all around us! They washed up on the beach alive, but only in the area where we were standing. We filled our buckets and bags with fish and quickly returned home to share our supper! We were very excited about this miraculous provision, and yet Dana began to think about

what we would eat the following day. What would we eat? The fish would be gone by then. That next day, Dana went to the ladies’ meeting and God rebuked her lack of faith. A sister in Christ, who came from Cusco, gave Dana three large loaves of bread for our family! We humbly thanked the Lord for such blessings, and realized that God will ALWAYS provide for our needs! Beatriz is not saved, but she was astounded at the “miracle” she witnessed that day on the seashore! Pray for her spiritual and physical needs.

Joel and Dana Gamonal

Anchovies suddenly started jumping out of the water all around us! They washed up on the beach alive, but only in the area where we were standing. We filled our buckets and bags with fish and quickly returned home to share our supper!

If you would like to know more about the Gamonals and their ministry, please contact the mission that sends them:

**Global Baptist Missions**

P.O. Box 6068, Asheville, NC 28816  
(828) 681-0370, Director Dr. Bob Doom

# Parcemón & Noemi Sánchez



## Parcemón's Testimony

My name is Parcemón Jiménez Sanchez. I accepted Christ on May 16, 1993 and was baptized on the 18th of July in 1993. God have me a beautiful wife with whom I was married on the 21st of October, 1994. In March of 1995, we left our home town of Sullana to attend the Baptist Seminary in Trujillo. In 1999, I graduated with a bachelors degree in Theology. Since my graduation from seminary, we have been working together to open a new work in Tumbes. My wife Noemí, and my children Daren (13), Abner Abisai (7) and Joel (3), and I began the work in a rented building in the city of Zarumilla. Six months later, we bought a lot for a new church. We were able to do this through a gift given by retired missionary William Chambers. We have been meeting on our lot in an unfinished building since April of 2000.

The work has grown. At the present we have 30 believers. We have also opened two other works. One of the works that we have opened is in the town of Nuevo Progreso - Malapalos. At the present there are 32 Christians. The brothers have grown in their faith and we are beginning to build our building. The other work that we have opened is found in Villa Primavera - Aguas Verdes. Here also we have our own land. There are 10 believers who are attending and God is doing many great things.

God has permitted us to open these three new works. Our goals are to glorify God and prepare leaders to serve Him. I praise God that I have a faithful wife that helps me visit, disciple, and do many other things. My daughter Karen helps me in evangelism. I also thank God for the help of brother Francisco Cedillo who helps me in the work in Villa Primavera, and for the help of brother Alcides Gracia who helps me in Matapalos. We are encouraged to continue in our work. We trust in the God who has begun a good work in us and will perfect it until He comes.



## Noemi's Testimony

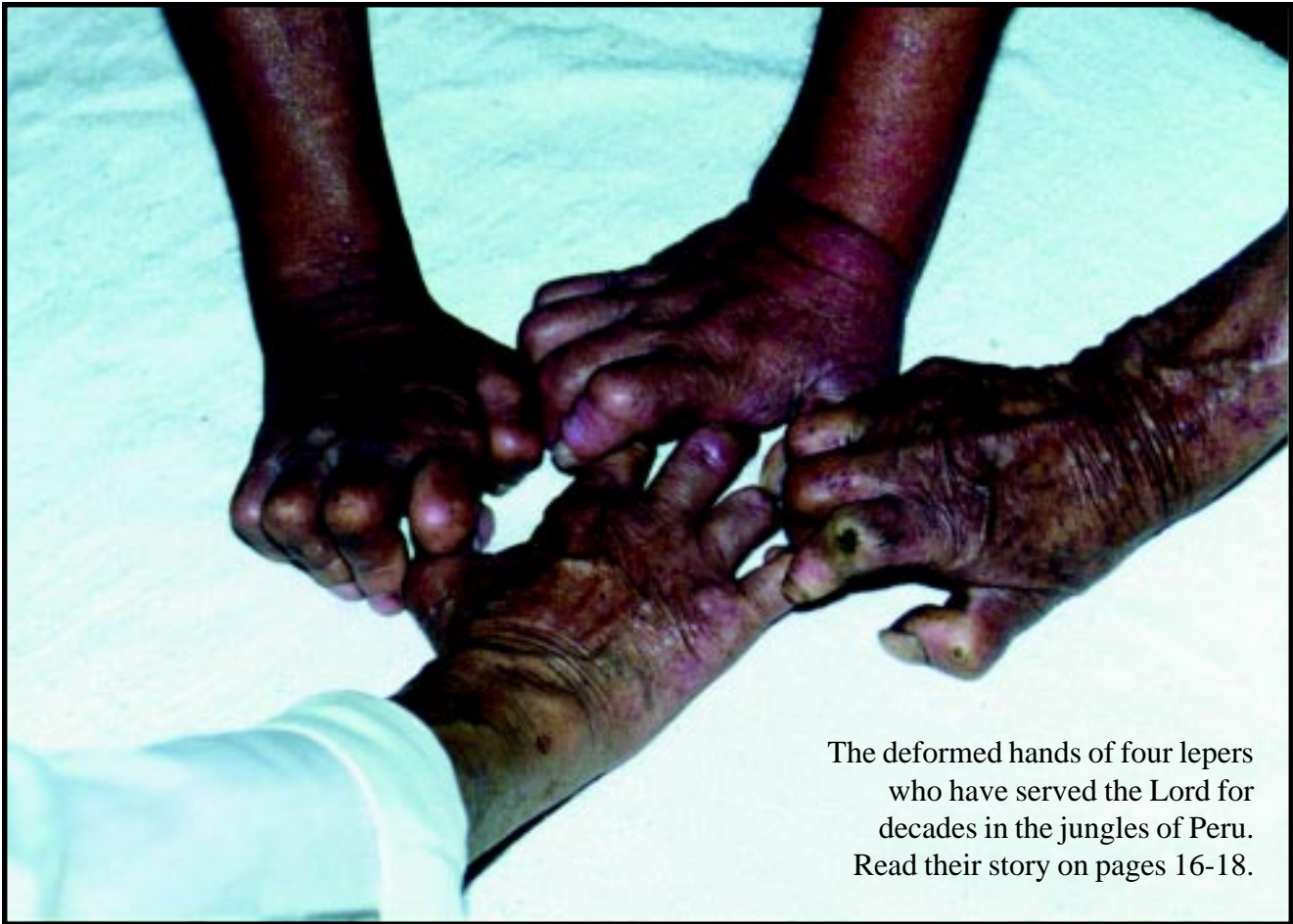
I am 28 years old. I began to attend the church "Divino Redentor" after being invited by Parcemon Jimenez who is now my husband. I attended many weeks before my conversion because I was raised in a family of Jehovah Witnesses. Finally on the 23rd of September in 1994, I gave my life to the Lord that He might govern my life and be my Savior. After my conversion, I began to serve God in the hospitals, doing door to door evangelism with my church, and helping in the street preaching that our church did every weekend. I also traveled many times with the church to work in the mountains. After my marriage to Parcemon, we decided to serve the Lord full time. In order to prepare for the ministry we attended the Baptist Seminary in Trujillo. We were there for four years and there our children were born. While in

Seminary we prayed for the fields white unto harvest in the area of Zarumilla. Our goal was always to win souls for Christ. Since it is a very poor area, there were many in the church who tried to convince us not to work in this area. They said that our children were too small, that they would be sick, and that there would be no one to help us. There were also some faithful brothers and sisters who encouraged us to follow the Lord regardless of the cost. On April 17 of the year 2000, our church "Divino Rendentor" sent us out as missionaries to Zarumilla. Since then we are working in the Lord's harvest and we now have 30 brothers and sisters in our mission. We also have two new works in Matapalos and Villa Primavera.

In the trials and difficulties, my goal is to persevere and keep advancing. I know that the Lord will help me. Please pray for me that I will have a great love for my husband, family, and the work of the Lord; that I will be an example to my children to show them what God has done for me and my life. In spite of my defects, I am willing to continue on and serve the Lord with my heart. Please pray for my children that they will repent of their sins and come to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that they too will serve the Lord in the great harvest.



What part of “GO” do you not understand? Matthew 28:18-20



The deformed hands of four lepers who have served the Lord for decades in the jungles of Peru. Read their story on pages 16-18.

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