

HeartCry

Missionary Society

That His Name be Great among the Nations...

God's Gifts: Testimonies of Salvation

The Testimonies of HeartCry
Missionaries around the World

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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.



God's Gifts: Testimonies of Salvation



HeartCry Magazine

*Editor: Paul David Washer
Art and Graphics: Jonathan Green
Text Editor: Rita Irene Douglas*

Web: www.heartcrymissionary.com

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

From our Desk

by Paul David Washer



The theme and driving motivation for our entire mission is the glory of God. It is also our great belief and confidence that God is sovereign over all things - even missions. This is clearly stated in two Scriptures found in both the Old and New Testaments:

“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

This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world as a testimony to all the nations, and then the end will come.

Matthew 24:14

Our God is not a defeated deity. He is not a King incapable of carrying out His will. He is the Lord of Glory and does whatever He pleases in the heavens, the earth, and under the earth. He decrees it and it is done. He lays His hand on the table and no man can move it. He lifts His hand to do a work and no army in hell or human will on earth can detain Him. He is the immutable and omnipotent Lord of glory. This is the belief of historic Christianity and is held high by biblical Christians throughout the world. There is no need to say more.

The purpose of this short letter is not to prove God’s sovereignty or to defend His decrees, but to remind us all that He often carries out His sovereign decrees through human agents. This is especially true with regard to the Gospel. The same Bible that confidently declares, *“This gospel of the kingdom SHALL be preached in the whole world”*, also cries forth:

How then will they call on Him in whom they have not believed? How will they believe in Him whom they have not heard? And how will they hear without a preacher? How will they preach unless they are sent? Just as it is written, “HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE THE FEET OF THOSE WHO BRING GOOD NEWS OF GOOD THINGS!” ... So faith comes from hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ.

If we truly believe ALL the Scriptures, we are confronted not only with God’s absolute sovereignty, but our great responsibility. A Great Commission has been given to the Church and it will not be fulfilled by angels or divine sky-writing in the heavens. It will be fulfilled by men and women of God filled with the Holy Spirit, devoted to God’s glory, and moved with compassion towards the lost multitudes

throughout the world.

This is the truth that has driven men and women throughout the history of the Church to give up everything and follow Christ into the darkest places of the world to preach the Gospel to lost souls - the apostle Paul, William Carry, Hudson Taylor, Mary Slessor of Calabar, Amy Carmichel and countless others. This is the truth that has moved men to preach so frequently and with such passion that their vocal cords were raw and bloody and their bodies worn to weakness - George Whitefield, John Wesley, Howell Harris, Charles Spurgeon. Like them, we hold the following things to be true:

Truth #1: God has ordained, elected, and decreed that men will be saved through the preaching of the Gospel.

Truth #2: God has commanded His Church in every generation to preach the Gospel to EVERY creature.

Truth #3: There are countless places on the face of the earth where the Gospel is not being preached.

Conclusion: The Church has been and continues to be disobedient to her Lord while countless souls perish without the opportunity to hear the Gospel. We must preach the Gospel! Woe to us if we do not preach the Gospel!

It is not my purpose to condemn, but to remind us of our great task, to encourage us to put past failures behind us and to exhort us to preach the Gospel to every creature. I will end this letter with an excerpt from one of Charles Spurgeon’s sermons on Romans 10:14-15. He was a man of unusual balance in his views of the sovereignty of God and the responsibility of the Church to preach. Hear him well....

“Someone must make the truth known to men. They will not find out about the Savior unless they are told of Him. The Gospel will not be revealed to men by any supernatural agency, we must go with it. They cannot learn it without being taught it. No man will know the Gospel unless somebody shall tell it to him, by word of mouth, or by the gift of a book or a tract, or by a letter, or by the open preaching of the Word. Somebody must make it known to the man, for how can he believe in him of whom he has not heard, and how can he hear without a preacher?

Who ought to preach, then? Everyone who can



preach, should do so. The gift of preaching is the responsibility for preaching. I often wonder at some Christian men who can fire away so grandly on the hustings [i.e. courtroom], or the platform, but who never speak for Christ; they will have to account for those prostituted tongues. If a man can speak upon the temperance question, he can speak upon the salvation question; let him take care that he does so. I do not wish him to be silent on the one, but I do earnestly entreat him not to be silent on the other. There are a great many persons who ought to preach the Gospel, but who do not. Every man who knows the Gospel ought to make it known. "Let him that heareth say, Come." When you hear the Gospel, tell it to somebody else; you Christian people are all bound, in proportion to your gifts and your opportunity, to make the Gospel known. "Why!" says one, "I thought that work was for priests." Just so, it is only for priests; but then all believers are priests. By His mighty grace, our Lord Jesus Christ hath made us kings and priests unto God; and it is our duty, as well as our privilege, to exercise this blessed priestly function of telling to the sons of men the way whereby they may be saved. Each man, then, in this place, who knows Christ, and each woman and each young person, too, are bound to tell of Christ in some way or other to all who are round about them.

For this work, a high degree of gifts is not required. It does not say, "How shall they hear without a doctor of divinity?" It does not say, "How shall they hear without a popular preacher?" Oh, dear! Some of us would have been lost if we could not have been saved without hearing a man of great abilities. I thank God that I owe my conversion to Christ to an unknown person, who certainly was no minister in the ordinary acceptation of the term; but who could say this much, "Look unto Christ, and be saved, all ye ends of the earth." I learned my theology, from which I have never swerved, from an old woman who was cook in the house where I was an usher. She could talk about the deep things of God; and as I sat and heard what she had to say, as an aged Christian, of what the Lord had done for her, I learned more from her instruction than from anybody I have ever met with since. It does not require a college training to enable you to tell about Christ; some of the best workers in this church have little enough of education, but they bring many to Christ. Go on, my dear brothers and sisters, telling of Christ's love to you, even if you have very few gifts.

Remember that, when you have told out the story of the Cross to men, you are rid of one responsibility. At any rate, if they perish, it will not be because they did not know; and if they perish through ignorance, it will not be that their ignorance was through your neglect in teaching them. Now, tonight, I wish that I could stir up

everyone here to become a preacher, women and all; not that I care much for women preaching, but I want them to preach in the sense in which I have laid the matter down; that is, to make known to somebody the wondrous story of the Cross. Speak to an individual, if you can. If you cannot do that, write. If you cannot write, send a sermon, or give a tract. Only do keep on making Christ known. I suppose that there are two or three thousand believers here tonight out of these six thousand people. If every one of you Christians would every day make Christ known to somebody, what a missionary organization we should be! How can they hear without a preacher? Now, let every one of you become, in the sense in which the text means it, a preacher, by telling out in some form or other, and making known in some way or other, the wondrous doctrine of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ. It is pitiable that anybody should live and die without knowing the Gospel. You can have no idea, unless you go into the houses in many of our streets, what absolute ignorance there is in this city of London about the simple elements of the Gospel of Christ. City missionaries have often told me stories that have amazed and appalled me. You think, because so many come to some of our houses of prayer, that the people of London go into the house of God. There is at least a million people, and perhaps two millions, who never attend any place of worship at all. There, would be three millions, I suppose, out of our five million, who only occasionally go to any place of worship at all. Why speak of "heathendom"? We have it at our doors. The more earnest a man is to win souls, the more he is shocked, amazed, and appalled by the necessity there is to keep on making known the Gospel of Christ... Up with you, men and Christians! Publish Christ again.... Bring out Christ crucified. Cry again, with Luther's earnestness, "Believe and live!" Cry again, with Calvinistic determination, "Salvation is all of grace, of grace alone, through faith in Jesus Christ." I would to God that we might all preach thus. If we had but all our church-members resolved to testify the gospel of the grace of God, then should we see men hearing; then should we find men believing; and men believing are men saved."

Your brother,

Paul David Washer

From the HeartCry Family

Dear HeartCry Family,

We bring you Holiday Greetings in the Name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. We hope and pray that you are growing in the grace and knowledge of God and that you are pressing on towards the prize. As this year comes to a close, we encourage you to count all things loss in view of the surpassing value of knowing Christ, and to count all things but rubbish so that you may gain Christ. Forget the failures that lie behind and reach forward to what lies ahead. Press toward the goal for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ. He who began a good work in you will finish it, for He is able to do far more abundantly beyond all that we ask or think, according to the power that works within us.

This has been a most amazing year. We have endured many trials of faith and have been hard pressed by many tests, but we recognize that they were not without God's purpose for good in our lives. Through them, we have been humbled by our weaknesses and lack of faith, and encouraged by God's strength and faithfulness. As the apostle Paul writes in II Corinthians 4:11:

"For we who live are constantly being delivered over to death for Jesus' sake, so that the life of Jesus also may be manifested in our mortal flesh."

Every trial that we could not bear alone, every problem we could not solve and every need we could not meet threw us upon the mercies of our God who never fails. Not once were we disappointed. He faileth not! As the Scriptures declare in Romans 10:11:

"Whoever believes in Him will not be disappointed."

Regarding the HeartCry Missionary Society, we can testify that the Lord has been gracious to bless us beyond what we can comprehend or describe. He has lavished His love and care upon our families, the mission, and the missionaries with whom we are co-laborers. Many souls have come to know Christ, and many churches have been planted in the sixteen countries where we work. We stand in awe that God has allowed us to participate in this work. We are such weak and worthless servants, and yet He is so merciful toward us!

"To Him who sits on the throne, and to the Lamb, be blessing and honor and glory and dominion forever and ever."

Revelation 5:13

Regarding our family, we rejoice to share that the Lord's

grace continues to abound. God has done a truly magnificent work in the life of Charo and she is growing in the grace and knowledge of the Lord. She is a tremendous blessing to her children and to me. I rely on her faithfulness, strength, and wisdom.

"An excellent wife is the crown of her husband."

Proverbs 12:4

"House and wealth are an inheritance from fathers, but a prudent wife is from the LORD."

Proverbs 19:14



Our oldest son Ian (3 yrs) is a wonderful blessing. He loves the Veggie Tales and Thomas the Train. He loves to wrestle with dad and to explore in the woods. He loves to draw and "do playdough" with mom. He makes a chore list, and checks off each task as it is accomplished. He is beginning to memorize Scripture and understand a few things

about God. The other day I was singing to him a line from one of his children's songs, "Here comes Jesus riding on a donkey," when he stopped me and said, "No, daddy, Jesus is not riding on a donkey. Jesus is God!"

Our youngest son Evan is now one year old and is up and running. He loves his older brother and follows him everywhere. I think he is going to be an itinerant preacher like his dad. He walks around pointing his finger and yelling at everyone. It is a joy to watch his personality develop. He is confident and independent. Although he is smaller in stature than his older brother, he is living proof that it is not the size of the dog in the fight, but the size of the fight in the dog. Ian has learned that dynamite can come in very small packages.

Both Ian and Evan are a great source of joy for Charo and me. It is our greatest desire to give our sons to the One who gave His Son for us. We hope and pray that the Great Shepherd will mold them into useful vessels and that they will fear Him and be completely devoted to His person and cause. At night, I often sing this song to them both.

*Oh, my sons, I am weak and I am trembling,
for the Lord I am always remembering.
What a strong Shepherd holds you in His arms,
He will break you and make you His own.
- Keith Green*

During this holiday season, we pray that God will reveal more and more of Himself to you and that you will be drawn into His majesty like a moth into a flame. As always, we thank you for standing with us through your prayers and financial support. It has always been, and by God's grace, will continue to be our magnificent obsession to make the Name of Christ great among the nations.

Your Brother, Paul Washer

Dear HeartCry Family,

As I sat down to write this letter, I began reminiscing on all the years I have had the privilege of working with HeartCry. I consider this ministry to be both an opportunity for service and a blessing from God. In the beginning, brother Paul was based in Lima. The ministry was then called the Peruvian Ministry. My job was to take care of the finances and send reports (newsletters, etc.) to the contributors here in the U.S. I remember in the first days of the ministry when brother Paul would phone from Peru and dictate the newsletter to me over the phone. I would then type it (we had no computer then) and mail it out. A great deal has changed since those days, but I will never forget the missionaries, blessings, and trials of those first years.

This year was a great blessing to me. It was a special blessing to meet brother Ion Gireada from Ukraine. It was a marvel to see how God has worked and is working in this man's life. Though our meeting was brief - one afternoon in Paul's office - it was memorable. This year's HeartCry Conference was also a great blessing for me. The teaching and the fellowship that God gave us during the Conference were uplifting.

God has continued to shower blessings on my family. My youngest son, Timothy, married Angela Trovillion on March 6th. It was a wonderful day! Angie as well as Crystal "my son Chris's fiancé" have become so precious to my husband Britt and me. Our oldest son, Christopher, is still working and going to the University in Louisville. Britt and I celebrated our 31st wedding anniversary this year. God has blessed us with a love that grows stronger and deeper over the years.

May you have the true blessings of this Holiday Season. And may the joy that can only come from Jesus fill your hearts and lives. Remember - He is our only hope, our only joy, and our only peace.

In His Love,
Rita



"...I remember in the first days of the ministry when brother Paul would phone from Peru and dictate the newsletter to me over the phone..."



Greetings in the name of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ,

The miracle of HeartCry continues another year with no earthly explanation for its existence and work other than the faithfulness of God. God continues to do His mighty work of reaching people around the world through indigenous missionaries, using your continued prayers and financial support. Although located in a small rural church, HeartCry continues to reach people groups worldwide - a glorious testimony to what an Almighty God can do through ordinary people.

I would like to thank you for your continued financial support and prayers, and to thank the staff of HeartCry, the Missionaries and their families around the world for their commitment and faithfulness to the cause of Christ.

Have a great Christmas in Christ Jesus.

Your Brother in Christ,

Pastor Jack Russell



Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

As I prepared to write this letter, I gave much thought to what I should say. So much has happened in this past year that it is difficult to summarize it all in so few words. I praise the Lord for every blessing He has bestowed upon His unworthy servant.

As I write, I cannot help but think back to this time last year. Many were praying for the healing of our unborn daughter's heart condition. Now, one year later, Natalie is a bouncing ten month old whom God is using to sanctify us and teach us patience (she is a SCREAMER).

I also think about our daughter Elizabeth who has grown up so much in the last year. She is now four years old and is a little mother to her sister Natalie. She loves to help whenever she can and even when she should not. I praise the Lord for my wife Heather who takes care of all of us. Not only does she care for our two girls, our home, and many other duties, but she has to put up with me! I also thank God for my extended family and all the brothers and sisters in Christ that God has allowed me to know in my home church and through the HeartCry Missionary Society. They are a great blessing to Heather and me.

During this holiday season, one Scripture comes to mind from James 1:17:



"Every good thing given and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights."

It was enough for our Father to save a proud, arrogant, wretch like me, but then He bestows blessing upon blessing. I am so thankful for my Father's goodness towards me through so many of you. We have a new year coming and so much responsibility. I pray that as we enter 2005, Heather and I might walk in the power of the Spirit of Christ as never before. I pray that I might love my wife as Christ loves the Church. I pray that my daughters might be saved by the grace of God. Finally, I pray for each of you that more than ever you might walk in the presence of our Lord and enjoy Him. I pray that you might:

"Let your light shine before men in such a way that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven."

Matthew 5:16

We are blessed beyond all the peoples of the earth. I pray that this reality might be evident to all in the coming year.

By Christ's Grace,

Darian, Heather, Elizabeth and Natalie Rottmann

"...Many were praying for the healing of our unborn daughter's heart condition....Natalie is a bouncing ten month old..."

Dear Family in Christ,

This Christmas is extra special for the Green household since there will be an extra chair at the table and an extra stocking on the wall - our baby daughter Jazmine will celebrate her first Christmas.

As an early gift, we had the joy of having Gabriela's family stay with us during the first few weeks of November - the four Casado sisters (Gabriela, Charo, Lucy & Pilar) and Mum and Dad (Carmen and Santiago). They were all together for the first time in many years. Carmen & Santiago met their grandson Evan and granddaughter Jazmine for the first time.

As we pass into 2005, Gabriela and I are just getting used to our little addition to the family. Therefore, we covet your prayers for wisdom, patience and understanding. We praise the Lord for Jazmine and pray that we can be godly parents. It is our desire to show her Christ in the way that we live each day and interact with each other. We pray to live out I Corinthians 10:31:

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

As this year comes to a close, the Lord has reminded me to take time out of my busy





life and meditate on the good things that He has done. When I think of His benefits, I am filled with praise and desire to bless the Lord with all my soul. We have much to be thankful for and so we praise the Lord for His grace and kindness to us.

“Bless the LORD, O my soul: and all that is within me, [bless] his holy name. Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies...”

Psalms 103:1-4

We hope and pray that all of you might have a blessed time this Christmas and a joyous New Year.

In Christ,
Jonathan, Gabriela and Jazmine Abigail Green



Dear Family,

God is faithful and has blessed our family abundantly this past year. We praise Him and marvel at His undeserved favor in our lives. We are humbled to serve such a mighty and sovereign King. It has been an amazing year in the Kozler household. God continues to bless Dave’s decision to be self-employed and our decision to homeschool our younger children. Our oldest, Kristen, started high-school this year and God has been faithful to protect her. Lexi, our seven year old, is very artistic and creative like her older sister and loves to read. Keegan, our five year old, is a sensitive boy and has a great memory. Layni, our two year old, loves to read and sing “The B-I-B-L-E”. We all love to watch her throw her arms in the air at the end and yell “BIBLE”. We pray for the day that all of our children will understand the true meaning to the words of that song... “I stand alone on the Word of GOD”.

We are expecting our fifth child in December and are also moving to a new home before the baby is born. We pray that God will continue to bless all that serve Him and that He will give us the courage and strength to proclaim His gospel boldly and clearly to all. May His word ‘cut to the quick’ and His will be done throughout the lands.

Now to Him who is able to keep you from stumbling, and to make you stand in the presence of His glory blameless with great joy, to the only God our Savior, through Jesus Christ our Lord, be glory, majesty, dominion and authority, before all time and now and forever. Amen.

Jude 24 & 25

Happy Holidays,
The Kozler Family



“Merry Christmas from our family to yours...”

HeartCry

Charo's Testimony

On the 24th of September of this year, my wife Charo became a child of God. I am sure that the news is a shock to many of you who know her. She professed Christ at a young age, graduated from Bible College, and served as a missionary in Peru for nearly ten years. In spite of Charo's impeccable "Christian resume", she began to see that something was wrong. The Spirit of God began to work in her life and she saw her great need of conversion. The following is her testimony in her own words. An audio version may also be heard or downloaded from our website: www.heartcrymissionary.com.

When I was fourteen years old, my parents enrolled my sisters and me in a Baptist school led by American missionaries in Lima, Peru. Their motivation had nothing to do with religion. The classes were given in English and my parents thought it would be beneficial for us to learn another language.

My parents were not particularly interested in anything "Christian". The only reason we attended the Catholic Church even sporadically (i.e. Christmas and Easter) was to please my grandparents who were practicing Catholics. The fact that our new school was "Evangelical" bothered my grandparents terribly, but my parents thought that a little bit of religion would not be harmful regardless of what the religion was!

Before attending the Baptist school, I had very little knowledge of religion. My mother had been affiliated with the Jehovah Witnesses for a short time. I remember a lady who came to our home once a week to study the Bible with my mother. Another lady would always come with her to teach me Bible stories. Any knowledge of Bible stories that I ever had as a child came from these meetings.

In the Baptist school, we memorized entire chapters of the Bible in English and in Spanish, attended chapel once a week, and heard about the Lord on a regular basis. At the end of each chapel service, an invitation would be given, but I did not feel any need to "receive Jesus as my Savior". I thought that since I did not "hate" Jesus, He must be in my heart.

Little by little, most of my friends went forward and the teachers persuaded them to pray with them to be saved. I felt awkward about the whole thing, but one day during the invitation I raised my hand to simply get it over with! Many of my friends and teachers were pressuring me to do it and I did not want to be the odd man out. I prayed with a professor that took me aside after chapel and felt relieved. I was not relieved of my sin, because I had no conviction of sin. I was simply relieved to be safe from hell and in the same group with the rest of my friends.

From that moment on, I was active in church, youth



groups, youth camps, and most of my friends were Christians or missionary kids. I enjoyed all the "Christian" activities and served in the church, as much as possible.

Having grown up in a home where my parents were disciplinarians and taught us right from wrong, I had no problem following the rules and the "do's and don'ts" of the Christian LIFE. I never questioned my salvation because I was just like the other Christian kids around me. I had always been a "good kid" who did not do drugs, alcohol, attend wild parties or have wild friends. I was fine when I compared myself to those around me, but I never compared myself to Christ.

The church I attended was small and there was no such thing as discipleship. The young Christians simply learned what they could from the Sunday services and youth group. We were not taught to study the Scriptures and I never asked anyone questions because I was too embarrassed.

When I was sixteen, I felt that God was calling me to be a missionary. I had read about Mary Slessor, the Scottish missionary to Calabar, Africa and my heart was stirred! I was enamored by a single woman risking life and limb to go to a forsaken place to tell others about God! I read everything I could get my hands on that had to do with missionaries: Hudson Taylor, William Carey, Amy Carmichel, etc, etc. I joined a group of Christians from the Church of the Savior and began to minister to street children. We would feed them, bring them clothing, and tell them about Jesus. I thought that I had found my place in

life and that God wanted me to be a missionary. I have always liked learning languages and I even thought that I would become a translator and use my ability to translate the many good Christian books that are only available to English speaking Christians. Looking back on everything, I now realize that I was driven by the romantic thought of missions. It was all a work of the flesh and nothing more.

When I was seventeen, my family and I moved to Paraguay and I remained strong in my desire to serve God. I attended several Christian camps and helped out as a counselor. I was discipled by a godly women and grew in my knowledge of the “do’s and don’ts” of the Christian life. I was active in church and in my youth group. I now realize that I was motivated to continue on the Christian life by the love of the group I was in. It was a great place to be with good people and good friends.

As my desire to be a missionary grew, so did the turmoil in my home. My parents were antagonistic toward the idea, but I prayed that God would open the doors for me to study at the Word of Life Institute in Argentina. By God’s providence, when I was eighteen years old, I was granted a scholarship to a Bible College in Mayfield, Kentucky. I was excited to finally be able to train as a missionary!

When I came to the United States, I had the foolish notion that every citizen was a super-Christian. My wrong thinking came from the fact that most of the godly missionaries I had known in South America came from the United States. Much to my surprise, I soon discovered that attending a Christian College was not what I expected it to be. I was shocked at the way some of the students lived. I was very disappointed and simply looked forward to finishing school and returning to Peru as a missionary.

When I was twenty years old, Paul and I were married and we went back to Peru as missionaries. Things could not have been any better! We were working together in the place I loved, but after a year or so the romanticism of the missionary life began to wear off. I felt out of place, awkward, and ineffective, but I could not put my finger on what was wrong. I thought that it was simply the struggle and toil of missionary life. I thought that I was being immature and needed to grow up.

After a few years, Paul needed a total hip replacement and the doors opened for me to finish college. I thought to myself: “That is it! If I finish my studies I will be a more effective missionary and all will be well.” I finished school in the allotted time, but the struggle continued. I saw that I had no ability to minister like the other Christians around me. I saw that deep down in my heart there was little desire for the things of God, no true joy or peace, and no ability to overcome sin. The things that are present in the life of every true Christian, were not present in mine. The only way I can describe my life at that time was complete frustration to fit into the mold of a true Christian...but I was still blind to my true need - conversion! I read my Bible out of duty, but not because I felt a deep need or longing for God’s Word. I prayed for others to know Christ, for the work in Peru, and for the needs of

others, but I was unable to commune with God.

I was greatly bothered when I heard other share about their communion with God. I would ask, “Why can’t I feel this way?” I would excuse the lack of reality in my life by saying that other people were just emotional and I was simply not that type of person. I had enough excuses to quiet my doubt, and yet I longed to have what other Christians seem to have - a special relationship with God and not just a neat list of do’s and don’ts.

After several years on the field in Peru, Paul and I moved to the States. This only added to my frustration. I loved our church and friends in Peru and I did not want to live in the United States. I knew it was God’s will for us and I never opposed Paul about it, but he knew it made me sad. As time passed, I withdrew more and more. I hid away in the Heartery office and had as little contact with people as possible. I blamed it all on the fact that I did not want to live in the United States. I thought that things would be different if I was in Peru again. It quieted my mind to think this way, but it was only an excuse.

Paul and others would ask me to minister or teach, but I would always avoid the opportunity. I would even use excuses that sounded very pious such as, “I am just not worthy!” or “I struggle so much, I should not be teaching anyone!”

Little by little, I began to be weary of other people who I knew were godly Christians. They simply made me feel uncomfortable because I knew that if they spent enough time with me, they would be able to see that I was void; that there was something wrong with me! Something I could not put my finger on!

Finally, about three years ago, I began to question my salvation. Doubts would enter into my head whenever I heard Paul preaching on the assurance of salvation from the book of I John. At first, I was able to quickly dismiss any doubt, but in time, the doubts began to overwhelm me. I would sit in the pew and desperately try to “convince God” that I was truly a Christian. I had no peace about eternity, and yet I was not struck with fear as I should have been. I was blind. I was blind to the fact that I had become a critical and angry person who had an excuse for everything that was wrong in my life.

Eventually a small light turned on in my head: WHAT IF I was not really a Christian? What if I had been deceived all of these years? What if I had been trying to fit into a Christian mold and had finally run out of strength or even desire to conform? Why was I struggling so much? A true Christian grows and changes, but I was getting worse. A true Christian can repent of sin and overcome, but even though I hated myself and cried for deliverance, I had no strength or power to overcome! What if I was not really a Christian?

Toward the end of September, Paul was invited to preach at an inner city mission in San Antonio, Texas. As he does in many places, Paul taught on biblical assurance of salvation from the book of I John. I began to do my usual squirming in my seat and wondered why he would not preach something else! Again, the same question came up in my heart. What if I am not a Christian? A Christian would not feel this way! A Christian would not be squirm-

ing on her seat about such things! Once and for all, I had to know. I sat there each night and applied each and every test from I John to my life without excuses. Halfway through the preaching, I knew that I was lost.

The church was small so we were meeting outside under a tent. It was nighttime and on the other side of the street a prostitute was walking up and down the sidewalk. I looked at her and I looked at myself and I knew that before God there was no difference between her and me. Here I was, the missionary's wife, dressed like a godly woman, sitting in church, having served on the field, having taught, counseled, witnessed, worked, given, prayed, and even cried for the work... And yet I was as far from God and as needy as the prostitute across the street.

I wanted to run out the tent screaming. I wanted to be by myself, I wanted to run and hide, but the service was soon over. I was like a zombie. I walked around and spoke with people, but I only wanted to go home. That night I had to ride home with the pastor's wife and all of the kids because the men stayed behind to minister after the service. When we got in the car, she asked me to share with her how I was converted! I wanted to jump out of the car! I knew I was lost that very night, but I shared with her the story of my conversion when I was fourteen.

Even after that night in San Antonio, I still wanted another confirmation that I had really heard from God. I struggled with my pride and the consequences of telling others that I was unconverted: "What a bad testimony it will be before everyone who has known us and the work. People will think that I was deceitful and I will ruin the work."

A few days later, Paul began to share with me about His joy of simply being in the middle of God's will. At that moment, I could not bear the burden any longer. I told him everything that I had in my heart and everything I felt. After I was finished, the only thing he said was: "On the basis of what you have told me, I cannot tell you that you are a Christian." That was exactly what I needed to hear! I needed someone to confirm what I felt in my heart. I needed another confirmation from God. I was not a Christian and for the first time I saw my sin like I had never seen it before. I was truly repentant. I had a desperate need for Christ and the life that only He can give.

That night I sat up until 12:30 AM and prayerfully read through the book of I John. I asked God to show me my life with greater clarity than I had ever seen it before. In one moment, I saw my life as never before. I came under a great conviction of sin and experienced a repentance for sin that I had never known before. Many times before I had "felt bad" and wanted to "do better next time", but I had never experienced true repentance like that night. I cried out to God to save me and change me. I acknowledged that I was unable to live the Christian life because I did not have the life of Christ. As I cried out to God, something wonderful happened - God shed abroad His love in my heart and granted me peace. I was converted by the power of God and given the strong assurance of salvation in my heart.

I shudder with fear as I look back on my life. How easy it is to be deceived and on the road to hell! Morality and religious activity alone, even missionary activity are not

enough to prove the validity of our salvation if there is no recognition of depravity, genuine repentance, faith in Christ, victory over sin, and a sincere desire to know and be known by God. I shudder to think of how many pastors, pastor's wives, and dedicated Christian workers are holding on to false hope and are yet to be converted. My only admonition is that which comes from the Scriptures:

Test yourselves to see if you are in the faith; examine yourselves! Or do you not recognize this about yourselves, that Jesus Christ is in you -- unless indeed you fail the test?

II Corinthians 13:5

Therefore, brethren, be all the more diligent to make certain about His calling and choosing you;

II Peter 1:10

A few weeks after my conversion, I came across the following words from Charles Spurgeon's Morning and Evening Daily Readings (November 4). It clearly communicates what I now know to be true:

"In Thy light shall we see light - Psalm 36:9 - No lips can tell the love of Christ to the heart till Jesus Himself shall speak within. Descriptions all fall flat and tame unless the Holy Ghost fills them with life and power; till our Immanuel reveals Himself within, the soul sees Him not. If you would see the Son, would you gather together the common means of illumination, and seek in that way to behold the orb of day? No, the wise man knoweth that sun must reveal itself, and only by its own blaze can that might lamp be seen. It is so with Christ. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona," said He to Peter, "For flesh and blood has not revealed this unto thee." Purify flesh and blood by any educational process you may select, elevate mental faculties to the highest degree of intellectual power, yet none of these can reveal Christ. The Spirit of God must come with power, and overshadow the man with His wings, and then in that mystic Holy of Holies the Lord Jesus must display Himself to the sanctified eye, as He does not to the purblind sons of men. Christ must be His own mirror. The great mass of this blear-eyed world can see nothing of the ineffable glories of Immanuel. He stands before them without form or comeliness, a root out of a dry ground, rejected by the vain and despised by the proud. Only where the Spirit has touched the eye with the eye salve, quickened the heart with divine life, and educated the soul to a heavenly taste, only there is He understood. "To you that believe He is precious;" To you He is the Chief Cornerstone, the Rock of your salvation, your all and all; but to others He is "a Stone of stumbling and a Rock of offense." Happy are those to whom our Lord manifests Himself, for His promise to such is that He will make His abode with them. Oh Jesus, our Lord, our heart is open, come in, and go out no more forever. Show Thyself to us now! Favour us with a glimpse of Thine all-conquering charms.

Charo Washer



Holiday Reminder

During the Holiday season it is so easy to get wrapped up in all the wrong things and forget about the One for whom every season is made - the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is our sincere hope and prayer that you will keep your eyes on the prize - the Glory of God, conformity to Christ, and the advancement of the Kingdom through the preaching of the Gospel. Never in history has there been such a door of opportunity opened to the Church to see the Gospel preached to every nation. What a privilege and responsibility has been given to us. As we draw close to the end of the year and look forward to the beginning of another; let us give ourselves to only the most glorious enterprises. Let us cast aside all temporal vanities and run the race set before us.



Is Your Eye Clear?

“Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal. But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys, and where thieves do not break in or steal; for where your treasure is, there your heart will be also. The eye is the lamp of the body; so then if your eye is clear, your whole body will be full of light. But if your eye is bad, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light that is in you is darkness, how great is the darkness! No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and wealth.

Matthew 6:19-24

The above passage is one of the most important in the Bible with regard to Christian priorities and missions. According to this Scripture, the Christian is to be on constant guard in order not to stray from eternal priorities. Two choices are always before us. One choice, offers immediate rewards that are temporal and deceptive. The other is a narrow road which may cost us everything, but the rewards are eternal and beyond the ability of even Scripture to describe.



God's Treasure

If we know that which is most treasured by God, then we need not look very far to discover that which should be most treasured by us. For God's treasure and our treasure should be one and the same. This is the very thing that made the life of Jesus so very different from the life of every other man. He treasured only what His Father treasured.

May God grant us the grace to do the same.

What is it that God cares about most? With only a cursory reading of the Scripture it is quickly discovered that God's priority is His own Glory. He desires that every aspect of His being, attributes and works be made known to creation and that all praise and honor be ascribed only to Him. Consider the following Scriptures:

“For from the rising of the sun even to its setting, My name will be great among the nations.”

Malachi 1:11

“Pray, then, in this way: ‘Our Father who is in heaven, hallowed be Your name. Your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.’”

Matthew 6:9-10

It is God's great desire or treasure to see His Name held in highest esteem among not only the nations, but all creatures in heaven and on earth. At first sight this may appear self-centered, but first sights are often very deceptive. For God to seek His glory above all other things and for Him to desire that His Name be highly esteemed among the nations is one of the greatest demonstrations of His lovingkindness.

The depth of one's love is often demonstrated by the costliness of the gift one gives. If someone was to give you a twig or a small fragment of gravel, it would not be an overwhelming demonstration of love. You would not rush out to alert the media, nor would you gather your friends about you to tell them of the indescribable lovingkindness that someone had shown you. It would not be something that you remembered very long, much less, that you held close to your heart all the days of your life. But if someone gave their life that you might live, this would indeed warrant such a reaction. It would be a story worth the media's time and your friends would most likely want to hear all about it. You would treasure the act of lovingkindness all the days of your life. So then, the measure of one's love is often manifested by the greatness of one's gift.

What is the greatest gift that God could ever give? It is not prosperity, health, or even heaven. He Himself is the greatest gift. The most loving thing that God can do for His creatures is to work in such a way so as to reveal or demonstrate the fullness of His glory to them - to take center stage and call all creatures to fix their eyes and hearts upon Him. For this very reason when God does what He does for His own glory it is the greatest of all demonstrations of His lovingkindness.

The adverse of this is equally true. The most destitute and pitiful of all creatures, are those who do not know God, who are unaware of His glory and cut off from His truth. The Scriptures declare that God has placed eternity in the hearts of men. This infinite aspect of the heart of man can only be filled by the infinite. Man may pour into his heart all the fame, wealth, power and pleasure that this world has to offer, but he will still be empty. Eternity cannot be filled up with the temporal, and infinity cannot be filled by the

infinite. Man's heart was made for the full measure of God's glory. Apart from this man is destitute, miserable and empty.

In summary, God's treasure, great desire and goal is that His Name be great among the nations, that His Name be hallowed (highly esteemed), that His Kingdom come, and that His Will be done! Is this ours? We have been known to lay awake at night worried about so many things. We have been known to fret and be anxious about so many things. We have been known to desire things passionately, fanatically, even to the point of obsession. House and lands, jobs and promotion, fame and reputation, needs and wants and countless other things. But when was the last time that sleep escaped us because of our concern for the nations that have not heard? When was the last time that our hearts broke because there are places on this earth where God's Name is not hallowed, His kingdom is not advancing and His will is not being obeyed. We fret and sweat about so many things, but do we ever give any thought to that which is most on the mind of God.



Christ's Warning

"Do not store up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust destroy, and where thieves break in and steal."

In this verse, Jesus is calling for a radical decision on the part of His disciples to repent of their earthly materialism and turn their hearts toward God and His kingdom. Although Scripture speaks of wealth as neither good nor bad, it does warn us that the love of wealth is a great evil (I Timothy 6:10), and that the seeking and hoarding of wealth will only lead to loss and shame on the day of judgment (James 5:2-3).

Regardless of the warnings that run throughout Scripture, it seems that the desire for wealth is God's greatest competitor for the hearts of men. It is ironic that although most people spend most of their time, "treasuring treasures," very few ever really "possess treasures." And those rare individuals who actually do obtain their treasures here on earth, quickly grow tired of them once they are obtained. Is it not a very foolish thing to trade the glorious gifts of God for earthly treasures that we rarely do obtain, and if by chance we do obtain them, we quickly grow tired of them?

Name one thing on this earth that is highly coveted by men and we can quickly assess its true value with one simple question: "Is it eternal?" If yes, it is worthy of being obtained even at the expense of all other things. If not, its worth is equivalent to the dust into which it will turn. To seek for it is a pathetic waste of a human life.



Christ's Admonition

"But store up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust destroys, and where thieves do not break in or steal."

The Scriptures do not speak against treasure or the pursuit of treasure, but it does speak against foolishly wasting the life God has given us in the vain pursuit of things that have no eternal value and can never fill the infinite desire of a heart made for eternity. In Isaiah 55:2, the Scripture shakes its head in bewilderment at men who seek for the temporal at the expense of the eternal:

"Why do you spend money for what is not bread, And your wages for what does not satisfy?"

Isaiah 55:2

Nothing except the will of God can fill a man. The only treasure worth having is that which is eternal; that which comes from God, and is found by doing His will, living for His glory and seeking after His Kingdom. Has God not promised to care for us? Has He not promised to meet our every need? Has He not shown Himself capable and willing to fill His children with blessing and to not withhold from them one good thing? Why then, do we put earthly pursuits ahead of the pursuit of God and God's pursuits. Our one obligation is also our only means of truly living an abundant and satisfied life - "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Heaven and earth shall pass away, the inferior products of this world will burn up in the fire as hay, wood and stubble. But the man who does the will of God will abide forever and his works will stand throughout eternity. There will be no regrets in heaven for having lived "too much" for the kingdom of God, but we can be assured that there will be regrets for having lived "so little."



The Undeniable Truth

"For where you treasure is, there your heart will be also."

Every so often in Scripture, we are confronted by certain statements that open our hearts and reveal the truth about our character and desires. The verse above is one of those statements. Regardless of how often or forcefully we declare that God and His kingdom are our greatest desire, the true desire of our life is revealed by such small questions: Where is our heart? What occupies our thoughts above all other things? What do we long for? Can we say in truth that it is God and His kingdom that have our heart?

What if a stranger who did not know of our Christian confession watched our lives and read our thoughts? Would he be convinced that God and His kingdom were our two great priorities and the treasures we longed for? Would he

hear almost constant conversation about the mercies of God and the advancement of His kingdom? Would he hear us pray with passion for the unevangelized nations? Would he see us passing a sleepless night because God's Name is not highly esteemed among all peoples, because His Kingdom has not covered the entire earth and because His will is not obeyed or even known by the great majority of men?

If most were honest, we would be forced to admit that he would hear us speaking about houses and lands, cars and toys, recreations and hobbies. He would see us obsessed with worldly worries, wants and pleasures. He would hear very little about God in our daily conversation, would see little activity directed toward the advancement of the kingdom, and would think it preposterous if we claimed our treasure to be in heaven!



Clear Eyes

The eye is the lamp of the body; so then if your eye is clear, your whole body will be full of light. But if your eye is bad, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light that is in you is darkness, how great is the darkness!

In saying that the “eye is the lamp of the body,” Jesus is not giving us instructions in human physiology, but rather is teaching us about the great influence our desires have on our lives. Our body goes where our eyes are focused, and our eyes focus on what our heart desires. If our heart desires worldly things, then worldly things will be our focus, and the very things we pursue. But if our heart truly desires the things of God, then our eyes will be fixed on them and we will pursue them with a passion. The clear eye has a single vision without confusion or duplicity. A. T. Robertson writes, “If our eyes are healthy, we see clearly and with a single focus. If the eyes are diseased (bad, evil), cross-eyed or cockeyed, we see double and confuse our vision. We keep one eye on the hoarded treasures of earth and roll the other proudly up to heaven.”

As disciples of Jesus Christ, we are called to singleness of heart and purpose. We are to seek first the Kingdom of God and entrust all our worldly needs to the Master. He knows what we need before we ask Him and is disposed to do good things for His children.



Two Masters

No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will be devoted to one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and wealth.

Jesus taught a great deal about money. The reason is simple: In this fallen world, money seems to be God's greatest competitor for the hearts of men. If by grace, a man has

freed himself from the love and pursuit of wealth, he has opened himself to the possibility of undivided devotion to God.

Fallen man is a slave to someone. The question is not whether or not a man is a slave, but whose slave is he?. Some men are enslaved to other men, some to themselves, others to inanimate objects such as money, others to vain pursuit, and still others to deceitful pleasure. Christ calls us to turn away from slavery to such evil taskmasters and turn to the One whose compassion and tender mercies have no end.

One of the most important truths revealed in this Scripture is that it is IMPOSSIBLE to serve both wealth and God at the same time. The Expositor's Bible Commentary concludes: “Both God and money are portrayed, not as employers, but as slave owners. A man may work for two employers; but since ‘single ownership and full time service are the very essence of slavery’ (Tasker), he cannot serve two slave owners. Either God is served with a single-eyed devotion, or he is not served at all. Attempts at divided loyalty betray, not partial commitment to discipleship, but deep-seated commitment to idolatry.”

Your brother,

Paul David Washer

An Eye Exam



Christ calls us to make radical choices between two treasures (rewards on earth or rewards in heaven), two visions (focus on the earthly or on the heavenly), and two masters (worldly riches or God). In the following, is prepared a brief exam to determine the focus of our lives. Answer the questions sincerely and pray for the grace to make the necessary changes:

QUESTIONS:

ANSWERS:

How often are your thoughts directed towards the person of God, His glory and His praise?

1. Does Psalm 42:1 reflect your own desire to seek after God? *“As the deer pants for the water brooks, so my soul pants for You, O God”*
2. Does Psalm 27:4 reflect your own passion for being in God’s presence? *“One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD, and to enquire in his temple”*
3. Does Psalm 145:5 reflect your own daily thought life? *“On the glorious splendor of Your majesty and on Your wonderful works, I will meditate”*
4. Does Psalm 63:6 reflect your own thoughts before sleep? *“When I remember You on my bed, I meditate on You in the night watches”*
5. Do you set aside time for meeting with God through Bible study, prayer and worship?.....
6. How much of Matthew 15:8 is reflected in your life during public worship? *“This people honors me with their lips, but their heart is far from me”*

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never

How great is your concern for the advancement of God’s kingdom among the nations?

1. How often do you pray for God’s name to be hallowed among the nations, for His kingdom to come and for His will to be done on earth as it is in heaven (Matthew 6:9-10)?.....
2. How often do you pray for the Lord to send forth missionaries to the unevangelized people groups of the world (Matthew 9:38)?
3. How often do you make entreaties, prayers, petitions and thanksgivings, on behalf of all men, for kings and all who are in authority, so that there might be peace and an open door for the preaching of the Gospel to all men (I Timothy 2:1-4)?.....
4. How much of your monthly finances are designated to missions?.....
5. How often do you share the Gospel of Jesus Christ with another person?.....

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never

Often Sometimes Never



Blessings for the Holiday Seasons

We have given much thought regarding the contents of this Holiday edition of HeartCry. We wanted this magazine to be a gift from us to those of you who have made this ministry possible. We are always aware that we would be nothing and could do nothing without the prayers and financial support of God's people. We are humbled by your great concern, your frequent prayers, and your giving beyond all that we could ask or think.

It is therefore with great joy that we present to you a collection of testimonies from HeartCry missionaries around the globe. Each testimony is a demonstration of God's grace and power. Throughout the years of this ministry, they have been a source of blessing and encouragement to us. They have also been a constant reminder of God's power and our need to keep focused on the priorities - *the preaching of the one true Gospel to every creature on the face of the earth.*

It is our sincere desire and prayer that God will use the testimonies found in these pages to reveal to you both His grace and His power. We pray that they will move you to a life of greater devotion and piety. We pray that they will act as corrective lenses so that you might focus on the two things which are most important during this holiday season - the incarnate Son of God, crucified for the sins of the world and risen from the dead, and the countless multitudes who have yet to hear the greatest of all stories. May God get glory for Himself through you!

The HeartCry Staff



Stan Florin

Brother Stan is working with Nicolae Vulpe and the rest of the team to plant a church in the Romanian city of Pucioasa.

I was born in an Orthodox family in 1977. God began to work in my life at the age of seventeen. I was reading a great deal and one day, I could not find a new book to read and so I began to read a New Testament. Since that very moment the Lord began to deal with my life. Prior to reading the Bible, I had a good opinion about myself. I considered myself to be a good person and I thought that God had nothing against me. I thought that only the murderers and thieves were going to hell. As I read the Bible, I saw many verses that accused me and I began to feel guilty. I had many wild friends, and I enjoyed drinking with them. I thought that those things were normal things to do, but after reading the Bible I was dis-

gusted by them and I realized that I was going to hell. I tried to talk to my friends about it but they laughed in my face and told me to live the only life I had. Because they were not interested, I began to look for the right people with the same problems I had. I had heard about "Repenters" and so I attended one of their gatherings. The message pierced my heart and I decided to go back. My decision to associate with the Baptist Repenters was revolting to my closest friends, but I continued to go. I understood that Christ died for my sins on the 23rd of June 1995, when I received Him as my Lord and Savior. That day, I received a new life and I want to serve Christ until the end!



Cristi Ciucă

Cristi is currently working in youth and missions with the Holy Trinity Baptist Church in Bucharesti, Romania.

I grew up in a Christian orthodox family, but my mother was raised in a Baptist family. I thank God that she decided to follow the Lord when I was eight and helped me and my two sisters to know the Lord. She took me with her to church, against my father's will. When I was a teenager, I wanted my father to be against it so that I would not have to go anymore. I was addicted to soccer and Sunday was the only day I could play.

My father was an electrician. When I was seventeen years old, he asked me if I would like to go to a TV and Radio Maintenance Seminar. Although I was in a History-Philosophy High school, and I had other plans on my mind, I decided to go. The seminars were being held on Thursdays in a building close to the Baptist church. This was the same day as the worship service. I began to

attend in November 1990. One Thursday, I felt like somebody told me to go to church. I went there and at first I was a bit embarrassed and wanted to leave. Seeing all my friends there changed my mind. I kept on going but still not on Sundays. I got back in the midst of teens but never thought that I needed to make a certain decision. One Thursday evening, as usual, I was in church. I was with my friends and not paying too much attention to the message. Suddenly something began to draw my attention. I could not see or hear anyone. It was like my mind was in a fog. I could only hear the pastor saying, "You need to do it today. Why will you not do it today?" I raised my hand and it was like the world changed. They usually do not give invitations on Thursday unless it is a special occasion. It was not a special occasion for the church, but it was for me.



Daniel Cocos

Brother Daniel was one of the first missionaries that we supported in the country of Romania. He is currently pastoring and planting churches around the city of Buzau.

Ever since I was a child my parents took me to church and taught me how to pray and read my Bible. In 1981, I gave my life to Jesus Christ. Prior to that time, I struggled with whether or not the Bible was God's

Word and whether or not the Baptist Church was really teaching the truth. I began to study the Bible to find its mistakes and to show the people that the Bible was wrong so that they would no longer read it. But as I studied the Bible, I became very impressed with the message. I began to realize that the Bible

was something supernatural.

Having come to believe that the Bible was the Word of God, I had to face my second problem - Were the Baptists teaching the truth? I went to every church and watched their worship and preaching. Finally, I

decided that the Baptist Church was what I needed. Through studying the Word of God in the Baptist Church I understood that the most important thing was salvation by grace and through faith in Jesus. When I was eighteen I was baptized.

Nicolae Vulpe

Brother Nicolae is working with Florin Stan and the rest of the team to plant a church in the Romanian city of Pucioasa.

I was born in Republic of Moldova in a Baptist Christian family. From my childhood, I attended the Sunday School and the adult service in the church. My parents were very faithful people. My father was a preacher and my mother led the choir. My brothers and sisters inherited the talent of singing from our parents and we served God with our gifts. Being the youngest son in my family I was helped by my two sisters and especially by my older brother who was a model for me.

My brother was a very evangelistic person who traveled a great deal and sang in villages and town where there were no churches. I used to join him in his mission and I loved to share the Gospel with the people. In 1992, he organized an evangelistic meeting in a village where no one had ever heard the Gospel. I was in a group of 25 young people who were trained to counsel those who repented. I was standing up front when the preacher shared the Gospel and invited the people to come and repent. In that moment, the Holy Spirit worked in my heart, and I realized that although I had

come to lead other people to Christ, I myself was not a Christian. I had never accepted Jesus as Savior. Even though the Holy Spirit revealed this to me, I was ashamed to go before the others because I was the one who had come to share Christ with them. What would the young people say about me?

I hesitated, but then I remembered what John Wesley said after he returned from his mission in America: "...but who will save me!" At that moment, I decided to tell everybody that I accepted Jesus. I felt immediately the power of the Holy Spirit and I was born again. What a blessed day! Two months after that I was baptized in the river of Prut. I was fifteen and from that moment on I wanted to serve Jesus as a missionary.



Vadim Bulgac

Vadim is a HeartCry missionary working in the city of Bacioi, Moldova. He is a church planter and also teaches history at a local school.

When I married my wife Ina in 1995, she was attending the services of a Baptist church. Her grandmother was a very godly believer who prayed her entire Christian life for her children and grandchildren. It was from Ina that I first heard that a church called Baptist even existed. In the beginning, I was not interested at all. After my wedding, I went to a Baptist church, but I left very disappointed because they had no candles or icons. In that same year, at Easter, I visited my parents-in-law and my mother-in-law invited me to the Baptist Church where she attended. I went and listened to the message but what impressed me the most was at the end of the service the pastor approached me saying: "Christ has risen!" I was very impressed. The following week I joined the pastor's Bible study. Since I had read the Bible before, I asked him all kinds of questions. At the end of every meeting, we would walk home together and discuss biblical matters. Being a student in history, I asked questions about evolution, trying to embarrass him. But he

showed me that my conceptions about life meant nothing to him. After one week, I went to Chisinau where I continued to read the Bible and meditate upon it. It was there that I felt God's calling and the burden of my sins, but I hesitated. God was showing me things, but I was not ready. During the next summer vacation, I went back to the Baptist Church and joined in the services and the Bible studies, but I still did not have the courage to repent. I thought about my friends and my parents who would not consider me to be their child anymore. Finally, one Sunday morning, together with my wife, I went forward and professed faith in Christ. After the studies for new converts, we were both baptized.





Wally Vasylovych

Wally is a HeartCry missionary in the country of Ukraine. He is a tremendous blessing as a minister, translator, and educator.

Our God is an amazing God, and so everything He does is amazing. My name is Wally Vasylovych and I am thirty-five years old. The first twenty-one years of my life I did not know God or His saving power. I just lived as the other people lived around me. It was a time when we all lived under the Soviet Union and we had been taught that there was no God. I never thought about spiritual matters.

One day, my mother met a woman who was believer. She gave her a copy of the New Testament (at that time it was very difficult to get one). So my mother began to read it to me. I did not pay much attention to what I heard. I remembered only two stories from that time: Jesus walking on the water and the multiplication of bread and fish to thousands of people.

After I graduated from college, I went to the Army. When I returned home my father told me that my mother had repented and was attending the Baptist church. The woman who gave us the New Testament and her family had become her good friends and had invited her to the church. When I came home from army they invited me too. I did not have any job at the time and I thought it should be interesting to see what believers do.

When I first arrived, I just looked around the sanctuary and thought it was very simple but nice. Some time later I noticed that the preacher was preaching

something interesting. Then, before I knew it, it began to touch my heart. Soon I felt like I was sitting alone in the church and the preacher was speaking directly to me. I began to feel that my heart was a place of battle. I heard two voices that spoke to me. One voice told me that I should repent and receive Jesus as my Savior. Another voice said that I should not hurry. There was enough time and I could do it later. A month passed and every time I was in the church, one voice told me that if I repented all my friends would laugh at me and reject me. It even told me that I would die the moment I repented. I was very afraid. But I was even more afraid when the pastor gave the invitation and I could not make myself go forward. I realized that if I did not repent I would spend eternity in hell without God.

Finally, on October 7, 1989, by the grace of God, I responded to the quiet and loving voice of my Savior Jesus and repented. It's impossible to express the feelings that I had at that moment. It was like a great stone fell off my shoulders. Joy was overflowing from my heart. I had a peace and love that I did not have before and a strong desire to study the Word of God. I envied the young preachers who preached from the Bible. I wanted to know the Bible like them. I attended every church service and every event in the church. Two months later, I was baptized in Central Baptist in Chernivtsi. But before I could be baptized, the elders of the church told me that I had to quit the young communist party. It was a very frightening thing to do, but the Lord gave me strength to obey.



Moises Marin

Brother Moises Marin is supported as a HeartCry Missionary. He works as the supervisor over our Gypsy missionaries in Romania and is Director of the Peniel School for Gypsy Children. The following is the testimony of his conversion, call, and ministry.

I was born in 1965 in a small village about 50 miles from Bucharest. My father was an alcoholic and we lived in the slums next to the town cemetery. My father was very abusive. There was hardly a day that passed in which he did not beat my mother or us children. We never had food because my father spent all the money we had on liquor. If I ever asked my father for money to eat or to go to school, he would beat me and send me to the fields to work.

By the time I was 16 years old, I was very bad. I decided that the best

thing for me was to join the army so I left my family and traveled to the capital city of Bucharest. I knew that to become an officer in the army I had to do well in school and be a good fighter, so I worked in the day, studied at night, and began to train as a boxer. I was very dedicated to my goals, but I had one terrible problem - I drank a lot. One night after graduating from my studies, I got drunk and found myself in the middle of a terrible fight. The police came and chased us. I was hit by a car and developed amnesia. After I recovered my memory, I presented myself for military service, but the officials told me that all gypsies were liars and thieves and that I would never be an officer. Very discouraged, I decided to enter the military knowing that I would never have the opportunity to be an

officer. However, the night before my enlistment, I got drunk and lost all my identification and my communist party card.

After months of struggle, I was finally able to reestablish my identity and enlist, but on the day of my enlistment, I heard two men where I worked talking about God. They were excited about a church service where God had done great things. I asked them if I could go with them. They told me to be there at 6pm, but I arrived at 5pm to be sure that I would meet them. When the man began to preach, I felt as though he was talking to me. I began to cry. I left the meeting and all that I could think about was God and the message. I returned to hear the preaching every evening. On the last night there was a baptism. I wanted to be baptized, but they did not let me because they were not sure of my conversion.

Three months later, I went to a little village outside of Bucharest and attended the little church that was there. Since I was from Bucharest, they thought I was an important person and so they asked me to preach. I was so ashamed because I knew nothing about the Bible. I tried to preach the sermons I had heard in Bucharest, but it did not turn out very well. Afterwards, I made a promise to God that I would be baptized and that I would learn the Bible so that I might be a good preacher for God's people.

Now I am a follower of Jesus Christ and a mis-

sionary of the Gospel to my people, the Gypsies. The state of the Gypsies is very degraded. Sin, corruption and crime are everywhere. Whether it is in the ghettos or in the country, the sin of my people stands out like a flag. No one wants the Gypsy. No one wants to hire him, or associate with him. The Gypsies have no income, no respect, no medicine. Only 20% of the gypsies have a full time job, another 30% works part time when they can find work, and the rest cheat and steal. The aged have no retirement or income, they are sick and harassed, even beaten by their own children. The youth have no future and no skill except that of stealing. The young girls practice prostitution and many children are out of wedlock. The children are abused and they learn only negative things because there is no positive thing to learn in such an environment. There is much violence and terror. The women are severely beaten especially if they become Christians. Most live in dilapidated apartment blocks without electricity, water or heating. My people, the Gypsies, are pushed to the edge of society and the Romanian people and government are not willing to do anything to help them. Even the Christian Church has turned its back on the Gypsies. This is why I am driven to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the Gypsy. There are 5 million gypsies in Romania and more than 800,000 in the capital of Bucharest. I believe that God has called me to reach them with the Gospel.

"...The women are severely beaten especially if they become Christians. Most live in dilapidated apartment blocks without electricity, water or heating. My people, the Gypsies, are pushed to the edge of society..."

Toni Anghel

Brother Toni is a HeartCry missionary planting churches among the Gypsy people of Romania. He works in close coordination with brother Moises Marin.

I was born in an Orthodox family, but until I was twelve years old I had no knowledge of God. In 1990, a pastor came to our community and began a mission work. The entire community was convicted of sin and many people received Christ, including my family, but not me. At that same time, during my vacation, I went to work in the town of Movila Verde. One night I went with my friends to a wedding to have fun. In the middle of the party, I felt a great sadness in my heart. I knew it was time for me to give my life to Christ. I went out and knelt down in a ditch and prayed to the Lord to have mercy on me. Ever since that day, His mercy has never stopped.

A few years after my conversion, I was

living with my family in Braila and working for a German company. I had many opportunities to preach to my people the Gypsies, but I did not because I hated them. They were such liars and thieves that I believed that they did not deserve to live on the earth. Finally, in 1998 God opened my eyes to see the need for workers among the Gypsies. Like a miracle God changed my heart and He made the Gypsy people to be a part of my life. I have been serving among gypsies for the last three years and I can say that God has given me a special love for them. I have had the best times of my life beside them.





Ion Marin

Ion is a HeartCry missionary planting churches among the Gypsy people of Romania. Like the other Gypsy missionaries, he works in close coordination with brother Moises Marin.

I was born in a very poor family of five children. My father was an alcoholic and there was always a lot of fighting in the house. My father beat me and my brothers constantly.

In 1980, there was an evangelistic service in our village and I was very impressed by the Word of God. When I received the Lord I could not contain my joy. At the moment of my conversion, the Christian brothers told me that I had to get out of my old world and get into God's new world. They pointed out to me that Christians and their behavior must always be different than the behavior of those who are in the world. They told me that I had no options. If I was going to be a Christian, my life had to change. They also told me that only the Word of God had the power to change me and that it could lead me much better than I could lead myself.

After two years, my church realized that God had called me to preach and so they sent me to be an evangelist. I am now preaching in the villages among the Gypsy people of the Ramnicu Sarat area and God is bringing much life to people. We have established places to meet and God is making many people fully devoted to Him. We usually meet in people's houses because we have no buildings. Throughout the week, my wife and I visit the people in the villages to make sure they are walking with God.



Toma Marian

Toma is a HeartCry missionary planting churches among the Gypsy people of Romania. He works in close coordination with brother Moises Marin. We greatly appreciate the work that the Lord has done in and through brother Toma. He is a great blessing to us and we count it a privilege to support him and his ministry.

I began to go to church when I was eight years old. My grandmother took me even though my parents were not believers and were not pleased by the idea. Many times my parents locked the door to prevent me from going and sometimes they even beat me. They often gave me difficult chores around the house so that I would not make it in time for church. Sunday was always the most difficult day for me because I did not know what my parents would do to me. In spite of the trials, the Lord eventually worked in the heart of my entire family and tamed them.

One day, God spoke to me through John 3: 16 and I realized that I needed to give Him my life. When I was eighteen years old, I was baptized. My parents violently opposed me and my father beat my sisters just because they attended. I did not go home until my sisters told me that it was safe. I praise God that He did not stop with me, but continued to work in my family. I baptized my father last year and one of my sisters is now a believer!



Toma Marius

Toma is a HeartCry missionary planting churches among the Gypsy people of Romania. He works in close coordination with brother Moises Marin.

I was born in an orthodox family and even though my parents did not have a personal relationship with Christ they gave me a religious education. My father read the Bible and asked me to learn the Lord's Prayer. Because of the things I read in the Bible, I became fearful and was constantly on guard against disobeying my parents and using bad language. I was afraid to hang around with bad children and the other children called me a "Repenter". I hated that they called me this name and so I gave in to the pressure from the others and started to become like them. I began to drink, gamble, and swear. Everyone who knew me before as a quiet boy saw that I had changed. They said that I was in the wrong way. I felt very satisfied in my sin until one evening in my bed. All alone, I began to feel an emptiness and a bitterness that I cannot describe.

One day there was an evangelistic meeting in my area and so I attended. I enjoyed how they were praying and praising the lord and appreciated that they had come from a long way to tell me about God. They stirred in me the desire to go to the Baptist Church and the next Sunday I went. I never felt so much love like I felt there. I started to go there regularly and God began to deal with my heart. I realized that I was a sinner and that I needed a personal relationship with Him. I can say that He filled the emptiness in my life and was there for me in all my problems. I became the first convert in my area that would study to become a pastor. My desire was to serve Him with all my life and to become a missionary. The last thing that I want to say is that thanks to Him I have the assurance that I am going to heaven!

Abraham Babalola

Abraham is a HeartCry missionary to Benin. He is a church planter working in close coordination with brother Solomon Owolabi.

I was born in a religious family that believed that going to church and observing all the necessary religious practices would get them to heaven. Seeing the “deadness” and “impotence” of my family’s religion, I became involved in the occult. I became a prophet of doom. I boasted in the devil’s power and was used to bring many people into occult practices.

I was engulfed in darkness, but one glorious day, someone witnessed to me about Jesus Christ. They told me that He laid down His life for my sins, and that there was salvation in Him alone. At that moment, I realized that I was very deceived and full of error. I realized that I was trusting in a false hope. I repented of my sins and trusted Christ as my Lord and Savior. As I was growing in the Lord, I met a Christian girl named Rebecca and we were married. God has blessed our marriage, and we now have six children.

In 1992, God burdened my heart to take a step of

Daniel Amoo

Daniel is another of our HeartCry missionaries in the country of Ghana. He is working as a church planter in association with Dr. Solomon Owolabi.

I am grateful to the Lord for I know that it is only by His grace that I stand and am able to testify of His saving power in my life.

My life in Christ began in 1976, during my first year at technical school. A friend of mine invited me to accompany him to hear a series of evangelistic messages at the Baptist Church where he attended. It was there that, for the first time in my life, I heard the message of salvation. Dr. Solomon Owolabi of Northern Kaneshie was preaching and I could not resist the words that were coming from the Word of God. They seemed to be directed only to me.

Though I had always considered myself to be a very righteous man, that day I realized I was nothing before the Lord, a sinner under wrath awaiting the day of my sentencing. The sermon I heard that night, made me miserable the entire week. I could not escape the words that I had heard. The message kept ringing in my ears. Each time I considered what I heard, I felt the

Frank Karimu

Brother Frank is a HeartCry missionary to Ghana. He is a church planter working in close coordination with brother Solomon Owolabi.

I was born of a father from the Alhaji tribe and a mother from the Hajia tribe. My entire family, including all my brothers and sisters, are strict Muslims and partakers of the Haj pilgrimage. Born into such a fam-

faith and serve Him as His minister. I obeyed His call for my life, but I did not know what I should do. I was willing to serve the Lord with my life, but I felt that there was a great vacuum in me that needed to be filled. While I was going through this time of struggling, I met Dr. Solomon Owolabi, the director of Blue Mountain Baptist Bible College, in Ogbomoso, Nigeria. He talked with me at length and counseled me in the things of God. He challenged me to prepare for the ministry to which God had called me. I accepted his invitation to the Bible College and have been truly blessed. God greatly used Dr. Owolabi throughout my stay at the college, and continues to use him now. He has been a father and a counselor to me. Please pray for him always and ask the Lord to give him grace to keep “burning” for the Lord.



menace of death all around me. I returned to the church the following Sunday looking for some relief, but my misery only became worse. When the call came from the pulpit to repent of sin and trust in Christ, I could not help myself. I had to obey, to cry out to the Lord to remove the misery in my heart. When I came forward, the pastors made me understand from the Scriptures that I was a sinner, and that without Jesus Christ, I was doomed to hell. That day, I cried out to God in prayer. I asked Him to forgive all my sins and give me the life of Jesus. At that very moment there was a release from my terrible misery and I knew without doubt that I was saved. My life was transformed and joy flooded my heart. I knew that I was reconciled with God and that I would one day be with Him in heaven.



ily meant that I would be a Muslim by birth.

When I was about four years old, my Alhaji father died of old age and left me behind as his much-loved and last-born male child. My father’s friend knew how



much my father had loved me, and because he did not want me to be abandoned, he adopted me as his own son. Soon after my adoption, the man, who was a teacher, was transferred to a new teaching station. The new station was far away from my Muslim birthplace. I felt like I was lost. I was living with a new tribal people and even a new language.

The greatest difference in the new place where I was living was there were very few Muslims and no regular calls for Muslim prayers. As I grew, I maintained my Muslim faith and argued with those of the Christian faith. Finally, I was admitted into a school where I had no Muslim friends.

I became opened to the Christian religion and its practices. I noticed that some of the students in our school always met to hear stories told from the Bible by the visiting missionaries. I began to have a desire to know more about the God of the Bible. One day, I surprised the other students in the class when I came in and sat down quietly with them to listen to the Bible stories told by the missionaries. My interest in the Bible stories grew more and more because they told many of the same stories about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob that are told by the Muslims. From that day forward, I never missed any of the Bible classes.

One day in the class, the question arose about going to heaven. The Muslim faith had taught me that a person must have more good deeds than bad deeds in order to enter heaven. I was surprised to discover that the Christian faith said that heaven was a free gift from God through faith in Jesus who took away all our sins through His death on the cross. If one truly trusts in Him, then the gate of heaven is open. I was taken back and challenged by these two differing opinions and spent much time trying to understand which of the two was the way of God. I decided to judge my own life and to make a list of my good and bad deeds. I thought by doing this I could prove that I was “good enough” to go to heaven. Before I thought that I was a “good boy” because I was not a thief and did not drink or smoke. I thought that I was as good or better than others. At least I was better than “some” of the Christians.

I thought I was better, but I needed a test to prove to myself that I was ready for heaven. At six in the morning, I took a sheet of paper and began to write my good deeds on one side, and my bad deeds on the other side. I stopped writing at noon because the side of the paper for my bad deeds was full and there was only one good deed on the other side – one time in class, a boy’s pencil fell to the floor and I picked it up for him. The discovery of my wickedness knocked me

off my feet. Even though I thought I was good in comparison to other people, I knew that I could not get to heaven through my good deeds. I knew my Muslim teaching was wrong!

As the days passed, I became more and more troubled. I knew for sure that there was a place called heaven and I knew that there must be a way to enter it, but I did not know the way. I only knew that my bad deeds were greater than my good deeds and that I could not get to heaven through my works. How could I make it to heaven? I thought on the matter for a long time and hoped to find the true way to heaven. I became more confused about everything concerning God and religion. I wanted to give up and put all religion out of my life. I even stopped going for the Bible studies.

My confusion continued until one hot afternoon during lunch break. I was resting in the room with my eyes wide open looking up at the ceiling. Suddenly, I saw myself walking down a road. I reached a forked road and did not know which side to follow. I stood there wondering what to do. When I looked to the left side of the fork I saw a statue of a man pointing to the left side and a road that was very wide. The moment I stepped toward the broad road, I heard a voice from the right side calling to me. When I looked to the right side of the fork, I saw the one the missionaries called “Jesus.” He was not a statue, but a living being. He said to me, “Follow the right road that leads to the God of heaven, to the place where you are going.” After I heard these words, I came to myself once again and the interpretation of what I saw became very clear to me. The road to the left and the statue that pointed to it were only a sign and not real. They represented all the other religions and their teachers that point the way to heaven through works. When I understood this, I felt very relieved as though some big load had been taken off my head. I believed that Jesus was the only way and was filled with great hope and assurance. I did not know the Bible very well, but I prayed, “Lord Jesus of the Bible, please take my bad deeds and let me enter God’s place with your good and dear deeds.”

Yes! That moment, I was assured that my request was granted. I had complete satisfaction. I now know that God will reveal Himself through even the most extraordinary means to anyone who sincerely seeks to know Him. That day, I said to myself, “Surely Jesus is the way.” It was not until later that I read from the Bible in John 14:6: “Jesus said to him, ‘I am the way, the truth and the life, no one comes to the Father except through me.’”

Frank Karimu

James Lamptey

James and his brother Joseph are working as church planters in the country of Ghana. They minister in coordination with brother Solomon Owolabi.

The story of my life begins not with my birth, but years later. It began as a day like any other in the month of August. The year was 1975. I was a student in the secondary school and an active member of the Anglican Church. Since childhood, I had devoted myself to the religion and ritual of my church. My end goal was not the glory of God, but a deep desire to fill the deep vacuum in my life and find some sort of happiness for my soul. My religious activity eventually became an endless downward spiral. The more I tried to please God through my obedience and devotion to ritual, the more I failed and the deeper I sank into misery. I was tortured by fearful thoughts of hell that would not be silenced in spite of my “Christian” baptism and

“Holy” confirmation. I had no victory over sin and had no peace with God.

In spite of all my deception and hypocrisy, the Lord had mercy on my miserable soul. On a day like any other, a close friend invited me to a Gospel crusade organized by Dr. Solomon Owolabi. That night was the first time in my entire life that I heard the Gospel preached with such power and conviction. After the message, an invitation was given by the preacher. I hesitated, but finally yielded to the call of God. I gave my life to Christ that day and became a new creature. The misery of my soul was replaced with peace and joy unspeakable.



Joseph Lamptey

I became a child of God in August of 1975. Before that time, I had always believed that I was a Christian because I bore a Christian name, was a baptized and confirmed member of the Anglican Church, sang in the choir and served mass at the altar. I was clearly self-deceived, trusting in my own useless works and silly religious rituals. I was lost in my sin, and although I did not understand it, God was constantly bearing witness to my lostness through my restlessness - I had no peace because there is no rest for the wicked. Finally, when I gave up all hope of finding life and joy and peace in my dead religion, I turned to the world and pursued worldly pleasures. I thought that education, success, and an honorable reputation among men would satisfy my soul and give me the peace for which I longed. The world could not give me the peace I desired.

Finally one day, my brother invited me to a Baptist Church in the city of Accra. After a few

visits to the Church, the pastor, Dr. Solomon Owolabi preached a message on salvation. It was the first time I had heard the Gospel preached with clarity. He spoke about my sin, and the dangers of judgment and hell; he spoke about Christ’s death; he spoke about the wrath of a holy God poured out on the sinless Christ in my place; he spoke about Christ’s resurrection and triumph over death, hell, and the grave; he spoke about repentance from sin and dead works; he spoke about faith in Christ alone for the salvation. I was struck down with terror and joy. I ran down the aisle of the church and cried out for Christ to save me. At that moment my life was changed. The peace I so often longed for flooded into my heart: Romans 5:1 - “Being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”



Samuel Ahmed

Brother Samuel is a pastor and church planter in the city of Minna in northern Nigeria. He is working in a very difficult and dangerous Muslim area. He works in coordination with brother Solomon Owolabi.

My mother gave her life to Christ in 1963, a year after the death of my father. That same year, I finished my required recitation of the Holy Koran. In 1965, I entered a church for the first time on the invitation of my mother’s pastor. Immediately, news spread among my Muslim friends that I had become a Christian. The problem became so dangerous for me that my family sent me to the city of Ibadan about 600 miles away. While I was there, I began to attend a church because the people with whom I was living were Christians. I was still a practicing Muslim at the time, but had begun to drift away from the Moslem teachings. Finally, in

1970, the anger of those who had sought to kill me ceased and I returned to my home.

In November of 1978, while watching a film titled, “The Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ,” I gave my life to Jesus Christ. I immediately threw away all the charms that I had used in witchcraft and began to serve the Lord. In a short time, I began to give my testimony in open air crusades and was full of joy because the Lord used the crusades to lead many people to Christ. By 1981, I knew that God was calling me to the ministry as a preacher of the Gospel.



Dauda Freeman

Brother Dauda is a church planter among his own people (the Mwaghavul) in Plateau State of Nigeria. He works in coordination with brother Solomon Owolabi.

I was a Moslem by birth and Islam was my beloved religion. In the town where I lived, there were some Churches and Christians who always preached the Gospel of Christ to us, but I hated Christianity and the Gospel. Because of my hatred, I hardened my heart whenever they preached to me.

One day a preacher came to our house preaching the Gospel of Salvation. Usually, I tried to avoid him and run away from the Gospel, but that day I decided to stay and listen to

him. That night, after he had finished and left the house, I could not sleep. I was very disturbed for many days. I could hear a voice speaking to me in my heart that told me that I would die if I did not receive Christ. I was so burdened that I lost weight and began to look very skinny. My father could not bear what was happening to me and asked me what was wrong. I refused to tell him because I was afraid.

As my desire to know the Gospel grew, I lost interest in the Islam way of worship (i.e. Sallah), but I still taught my younger brothers and sisters Arabic. I was afraid that there would be great consequences from my parents if I did not teach them. As the days

passed, I developed great interest in becoming a Christian, but I wanted to remain under cover. I did not want to be exposed to others.

After I resolved to be a Christian, my heart became even more burdened and I completely lost interest in the Islam way of worship. I decided to get closer to Christians and do things in common with them, but without disclosing to them my true motives. My burden increased and so I decided that I would openly proclaim my Christianity. I was afraid, but I was also comforted from the Heart through a voice that told me that the Lord was in control. That inward message strengthened me and so I began to openly attend a nearby church. My parents were so annoyed with me that they did four things: (1) They refused to give me food. I had to eat with neighbors and anyone else who would have me. (2) They gave me work to do on Sundays at the very time that they knew I needed to go to the worship service. (3) My mother tried to poison my food, but the Lord delivered me. (4) They did not even try to prevent a group of Muslims from killing me, and so I had to escape.

After this fiery trial, I went to pastor John Longtong and explained to him everything that was happening to me as a result of my going to Church. The pastor then shared with me the Gospel and led me to Christ. On August 1, 1990, I received Jesus as my personal Lord and Savior. Not much time afterward, I was baptized.

Andrew Martey

Brother Andrew Martey has been supported as a HeartCry missionary for the last two years. He is presently working in the city of Minna, but hopes to soon begin a new church in another unreached city in Nigeria.

I am from Accra, Ghana and was born in 1953 into a “Christian” family that attended an Anglican church. We went to church, but we had no knowledge of salvation. Even though we were “church goers” like so many in Africa, we still practiced idolatry and even made and sold idols as a means of income. I went to a “Christian” school and we even had a class in doctrine, but again salvation was not taught and I was un-

converted. Then in 1973, when I was twenty years old, I met a friend on the street who told me that he was “soul winning.” I asked him what that meant and he shared with me the Gospel of Jesus. I did not understand what he was saying because I had always been taught that I was OK with God and there was no need for me to concern myself with the “deeper things” of religion. But my friend persevered in witnessing to me almost daily, telling me that I must repent and believe.

It was during this time that I met brother Solomon Owolabi. He came to Accra to hold an evangelistic meeting. It was a very large

event and there were posters everywhere advertizing the event. My friend who had been witnessing to me, invited me to the meeting and I accepted. That night, brother Solomon preached on the second coming of Christ. I had never seen a man speak with so much passion and desire. I was touched by the Holy Spirit. I thought to myself that if Christ returned that night to take His own I did not know where I would be or what would happen to me. When the invitation came, I responded. It was brother Solomon himself that counseled me and he asked me where I was staying. I gave him the directions to my house and he promised me that he would come and visit me. I was sure that he was joking, but that Saturday evening he came to my house and shared the Word of God with me again. Then he told me that he was going to come by my house the next day and take me to Sunday morning services. I listened to him while he preached and preached, but still I did not repent. But brother Solomon would not give up. I was amazed that he kept coming and coming and would not give up until I repented and believed the Gospel. Finally, one day I understood the grace of God and was soundly converted.

Because of my conversion, my life became very difficult. My people were not happy with me. My parents, uncles and friends said that I had become very disgusting to them.

It seemed that everyone was trying to discourage me, but brother Solomon was always there encouraging me and praying for me. I attended every meeting at the church and accompanied brother Solomon when he went out soul winning.

Emmanuel Sakala

Brother Emmanuel is a HeartCry missionary in Zambia. He is planting churches in coordination with Pastor Conrad Mbewe.

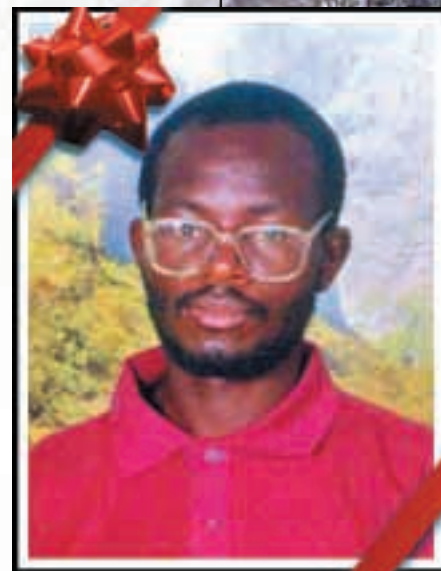
I gave my life to the Lord Jesus Christ in 1980 and this was at a time when I was still in secondary school in Mufurila. It all started when two people from the Southern Baptist Church stopped me along the road and shared the word of God with me. The sharing was taken from the book of Romans chapter three. From that sharing I learned that I was a sinner in need of repentance and forgiveness through the Lord Jesus Christ. This particular encounter proved the way of salvation for me. That night, I opened the Bible and read through the same passage of scripture in the book of Romans. It was after I had studied this passage of Scripture that I found myself overcome with a deep sense of sin and the justice of God. This condition was to remain upon me for a period of three months before I could find relief. Later in March of that same year, I attended a service at the Southern Baptist Church where I received further enlightenment on how to be born again from a sermon preached from John 3:1-6. That same day I knelt down and prayed for forgiveness and salvation from God through the Lord Jesus Christ. This experience was very much overwhelming and it left me weeping. I knew from then that I was born again through the Grace of God alone. I can now testify that my life has never been the same from that day.



Lichawa Thole

Brother Lichawa is a HeartCry missionary in Zambia. He is also planting churches in coordination with Pastor Conrad Mbewe.

I was born to Presbyterian parents and baptized as an infant. I was brought up in the Presbyterian Church of Southern Africa (PCSA) and went through Sunday school and Catechism class. I was generally morally upright and was sure that I was a Christian. In 1986, after attending a Pentecostal church service at my friend's invitation, I began to think seriously about my salvation. Though the preacher who spoke was not very articulate, it was through his words that I began to be troubled about the state of my soul. From that moment on I felt a constant inner emptiness and the inadequacy of my self-righteousness was always before me. I was under constant conviction of the Holy Spirit until one day in 1987 when another friend invited me to a Scripture Union meeting at school. This time the preacher was very articulate and took great pains to show the difference between the genuine Christian and the unregenerate unbeliever. As I listened to the preacher's message, I realized that his description of the unregenerate unbeliever fit me perfectly. For the first time in my life I saw myself as a terrible sinner under the wrath of God and felt the need to embrace the righteousness of Christ and to live a holy life to the glory of God. I prayed to God for forgiveness and felt His peace.



In Christ

Lichawa Thole



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



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