

AUGUST 1984



Hi. My name is Mary Jane. I'm 19 months old. I told my daddy that I wanted to write to you this month.

I have been sick with the flu, but now I am fine.

It has been cold and rainy, but that doesn't bother me as I'm in the house most of the time.

Thank you for your prayers, and please pray for more equipment for the work.

Mary Jane

DON'T KILL ME!

" 'Don't cut my jugular vein,' I screamed at the top of my lungs, as the knife came slashing down from the hand of the smallest of the three thugs. It was broad daylight, only 3:30 in the afternoon. How could this be happening to me, I'm a servant of God. The other two thieves held me with their pointed knives, one over my heart and the other piercing my back.

"It had started out as a normal warm day, with a small church hungry to be taught the Word of God. The church was not located in a bad area of town, at least during the day, and besides I was only 20 minutes from the center of town.

"I had just stepped off the bus heading toward the small church only five blocks away. As I got off, I noticed a suspicious person watching and looking at me very carefully. He saw the black brief case, and the small video machine I was carrying. I didn't think too much about it until I had walked 50 feet. He seemed to be following me, but nothing like this happens during the day. Maybe, If I cross the street, I'll know for sure. Sure enough I was wrong, he kept going straight and turned the corner. Little did I realize he made a quick trip around the block and picked up the other two muggers and had them waiting for me at the next corner.

"I tried to struggle, but what could a small shrimp like me do against three gangsters armed with switchblades. The only effective weapon against them, and I would use it with all my might, would be prayer.

"As the dagger came closer to my neck, God answered my prayer when the leader shouted, 'We got everything, let's run. Leave him alone. Don't harm him.'

"As I sat down to rest from this terrible experience, I was praising the Lord that He had protected me. (This was the first time in 6 years a video Bible class was not able to be given to the waiting souls ready to study God's Word.)

"Walking directly to the police station, I gave the description of the bare-faced gang, who stole all my identification, video tapes, and the valuable video machine.

"Returning from the police station back to the same bus stop, another gang started to follow me. Only this time there was nothing left for them. I had been stripped clean. With no heavy machine or briefcase to slow me down, I was able to run and escape from their clutches, saved once again by my heavenly Father."

This is the true story that happened to Victor, one of our national workers, a few weeks ago. The loss of the video machine really caused great problems for us as we are not able to fulfill the many requests from the churches. Pray with us that the Lord will return this machine or supply us with a new one.



I started to shout, “Bring me the candles! Bring me the candles! Hurry up, I can’t see a thing in this basement!” We were surrounded in pitch darkness. I stumbled over a chair, then I tripped on a cable. The five of us were looking for the door to escape out of the blackness. I yelled again, “Where are the candles?” and up above they shouted back, “We’re looking for them. Hold your horses!”

A deafening sound had come to our ears. We didn’t know what had happened. Could it have been our new electrical installation had exploded? We couldn’t tell. All we knew was there were no lights, and we needed to escape from this obscurity! One thing we knew, if there was fighting and gun fire in the streets, our basement would be the safest place for protection.

At last the candles arrived. Dare we go out and investigate the explosion, or stay in the house where we knew it would be safer? The Marxist extremists had planted bombs on other nights, causing black outs in almost the whole country and when people went out to see what was happening stray bullets had killed them in the blackness, and no one ever knew who it was. The best thing to do would be to turn on the portable radio.

The radio informed us someone had planted a bomb only a short distance from our house. There was no damage to our house that we knew of; the only damage was to our ear drums from the explosion and the loss of light.

The next day with the sun shining and the electricity back on, we took a walk around the block to see where they had struck.

Good grief, it was a missionary friend’s house! They had put the bomb right in front of his house and every window was blown out. It would cost the owner a bundle to replace the 27 large windows.

We praise the Lord that only a few months before this attack, that missionary friend moved to another house in the city. God had protected them from the showering glass and damage to their persons. They had lived in the house for over a year, but the Lord’s timing was just right.

When the missionary moved out, the owner of the house kept the deposit. He required one month’s rent as a damage deposit which was to be returned if there was no damage. Well, when they left, he invented a lot of damage in order to not return their money. There was nothing the missionary could do. They could get a lawyer on the case, but they would charge more than what the missionary family could get back. They said “the money was the Lords, so He’ll do the collecting.” And that’s exactly what He did. The owner had to pay much much more for the window damage than what he needed to return.

The boys are participating in a Christian boy scout program and are learning outdoor Christian living.

The video Bible classes continue to make an impact. This year we are concentrating more in Southern Chile, with our national workers giving the classes daily in different churches. The loss of the one video machine really slowed us down for Santiago.

We still continue to pray for the rest of the 45 people to invest \$1,000 spread over a number of months in order to update our outdated equipment. Is God calling you to be one?