

Now I Know

*His Name*

**By the same authors**

Old Man Preacher Willingham

Now I Know  
*His Name*

My Joys, Struggles, and Discoveries  
While Living in China

Frankie Willingham Wyatt  
with Margaret Sorensen

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by Frankie Willingham Wyatt with Margaret Sorensen

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## Dedication



**W**ithout Betty Padgett, this book would never have been written. I owe everything to her. She has encouraged me from my first visit to China. To think that I could be part of this adventure was so exciting. Betty's daughter Margaret Sorensen has helped me with writing and rewriting. Margaret is my co-author. She has been a blessing. My sister Bonnie and her husband, Jim Melton, were also a great inspiration to me. Through them, I learned of the need in China, and they nudged me to listen to God's calling.

This book is dedicated to Betty, Margaret, Bonnie, Jim, and my children, Deborah Braboy, Carrie Holt, Carol McGown, and Jerry Wyatt for the support and encouragement they have given me through the years. Love to all.

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## Foreword



The gospel song “Ordinary People,” written by Danniebelle Hall, begins with these words:

Just ordinary people,  
God uses ordinary people.  
He chooses people just like me and you  
Who are willing to do as He commands.  
God uses people that will give Him all,  
No matter how small your all may seem to you.  
Because little becomes much  
As you place it in the Master’s hand.

I sang these words often during my many mission testimonies, because they really describe those who are called to missionary service. I don’t know of a more ordinary person than Frankie Wyatt.

I met Frankie through an invite to be the mission speaker at her church in Picayune, Mississippi. I heard lots of negative stories about Mississippi, but as soon as I walked through the door of her church, I knew I was in a place where love abides. I shared from my heart, and a relationship started that resulted in many invitations to follow. On one of my visits, Frankie shared that her husband had gone home to be with the Lord and that she was going to China. I thought she had lost her mind, because I had heard stories of the hatred for believers there. I promised to be in prayer for her work there.

Although most of my mission work has been with children, it was my heart’s desire that adults catch the mission spirit also. As I worked hard to start missions at Franklin Avenue Baptist



Church in New Orleans, I wanted them to really see missions in action. During one of our retreats, I invited Frankie to share her journeys in China, and the ladies fell in love with her. At every meeting, questions were always asked about Frankie and her work in China. One Christmas, Frankie needed Christmas stockings and candy to share Jesus with her many students, so Franklin Avenue took this on as a project. Those ladies carefully sewed over three hundred stockings filled with candy and the Christmas story.

Journey with Frankie as she takes you on a mission trip you will never forget. Laugh with her, cry with her, rejoice with her, and join her in praising God for what He has done because she said yes. Learn how God chose such an ordinary woman who was willing to do everything He commanded so that many who never heard of Jesus could say: "Now I know His name."

Gwen "Ms Chocolate" Williams  
Picayune, Mississippi

## Preface



**T**here is nothing in God's Word that says you are too old or not educated enough to be in His service. God used me in China for several years. I am so glad that He did, if for no other reason than that the people whom I had the privilege to lead to Christ are now leading many more souls to Jesus.

When I spoke at different churches in the United States, people would say to me, "You *are* writing a book, aren't you?" From the first time I returned home for a visit, my friend Betty said that I needed to write a book about what God was doing in China. I didn't feel that I was a writer, but since people kept telling me that I should write a book, I began to think that Father did want me to do that.

Betty saved all of my emails from my times in China, and this book is based on those emails. In order to protect the Christians in China, I have changed some of the names of people and cities.

I hope you enjoy reading about my adventures in China, and I pray that they will encourage you to allow God to use you in your own neighborhood, city, state, country, and, if He calls, a foreign country.

## Chapter 1

# Hearing God's Call



To me, the very least of all saints, this grace was given, to preach to the Gentiles the unfathomable riches of Christ, and to bring to light what is the administration of the mystery which for ages has been hidden in God who created all things.  
(Ephesians 3:8–9)

**A**mazed and humbled! That is how I felt about God's call to go and tell the people of China about Jesus. I am dyslexic, have no college degree, and think of myself as "the very least of all saints." But I have a deep love for people, and God lifted me up and used me. It was all God! He turned my inadequacy into strength by His amazing power.

My husband, Cecil, and I lived in Southern California, where we raised our family of three daughters and one son. Missions was always an important part of our walk with God. Our daughter Carol spent a summer in Japan, and our son, Jerry, spent a summer in Sweden.

My sister Bonnie and her husband, Jim, were teaching at a university in China. Every time they came home to the United States, they visited my church and told about the need for people to go to China to share the gospel. From those stories, God began to stir my heart.

Bonnie and Jim were living in China in June 1989. They knew

a young Chinese couple, David and Wendy, who had escaped from the Tiananmen Square Massacre. After being granted political asylum in the United States, the couple decided to live in Southern California. Bonnie asked me to help them get settled once they arrived. David and Wendy literally escaped with the clothes on their backs. My church family and I helped the couple get set up in an apartment with furniture, clothes, and other necessities. I was able to help David find a job and would drive him to and from work. Over the years, Cecil and I drew very close to David and Wendy, and they adopted us as their second parents.

A few years after coming to the United States, Wendy met a couple of American Chinese doctors who wanted to start medical (eye) clinics in Beijing. Not able to speak Chinese, the doctors asked Wendy to be a part of their group and act as negotiator and interpreter. David had no wish to return to China at that time, but Wendy agreed to help. She and the doctors were very successful in opening the eye clinics.

In 1992, after thirty-four years in Southern California, Cecil and I retired and moved to Picayune, Mississippi. After a long illness, my husband was called home to be with his heavenly Father in May 1997. Now that I was living by myself, the upkeep on our large home was too much for me. So, several months later, I put my house on the market.

In the sympathy card that Bonnie sent me, she wrote, "Now you can go to China." I thought, *What can I do? I only have a high school diploma.* Because of my age (I was sixty), I thought the time had long passed for me to go to the mission field. Bonnie asked me to pray about it, and I took my concerns before the Author of the universe.

Soon after Cecil's passing, I received a note from Wendy inviting me to come to Beijing for a visit. At this time, Bonnie and Jim were at home in the United States because of health issues. Jim told me, "If you are going, you need to see the 'real' China, not the 'American Express' China." I was so excited about my trip! A little over halfway through my visit, Bonnie planned to fly over to meet me and show me around.

In October 1998, Wendy sent me an airline ticket, and I was off on my first trip to China. I stayed in Wendy's apartment, which was small but nice. Since Wendy was director of the eye clinic, I only saw her in the evenings. My first impressions of China were of the multitude of people and bicycles everywhere. Some Chinese were sweet, friendly, and helpful, but I rarely saw them smile. They had no joy. It was as if they were riding their bicycles and going nowhere.

During my visit, Wendy's driver took me to see many of China's sights, including the Great Wall. The driver bought tickets, and we rode in the gondola to the top. As we walked down the winding Wall, the views of the mountains that stretched on the horizon were absolutely majestic.

We were almost to the bottom, when the driver tapped me on the shoulder, turned me around, and pointed up. I said, "Yes, it is beautiful," and continued walking. After a few steps, he tapped me on the shoulder again, turned me around, and pointed up. Again I said, "Yes, it is very beautiful. Thank you for bringing me." He didn't understand English, and I didn't understand Chinese! I resumed my walking. He tapped me on the shoulder a third time and handed me his cell phone. The young lady on the phone told me I would have to walk back up the Wall. I said to her, "I can see where the car is parked. We are almost down to the bottom."

"You have to return to the top," she repeated.

I replied, "If I had known I would have to go back to the top, I would never have walked so far down!"

I turned and started the steep walk back up the Wall. The day was very hot, and I was red in the face from the exertion. Chinese ladies would pass me, point their finger at me, and laugh. Walking back up the Wall was difficult, but I finally made it to the top. (I found out later the reason we had to go back to the top was because the driver had bought round-trip tickets for the gondola!)

Wendy's driver drove me around for a couple of days. Overall, it was a great experience—riding around all day with a non-English speaker, seeing different sights in Beijing.

I stayed in Beijing for one week, and then visited Xian for a couple of days, where I saw the Terracotta Warriors Museum. While in Xian, I stayed in a hotel that was clean and very modern. The experiences I had in Beijing and Xian were exciting. I learned so much history and saw many historical sites and shows. The American Express tour of China had come to an end.

Now I was to see the real China. I met Bonnie, and we rode the slow, dirty train to the city where she and Jim had been teaching. We would be staying with Mr. Z. (their overseer) in his fifth-floor apartment. The building had no elevator, no air conditioning, and no heat. The bedroom where we slept had a door, along with a screen door, that led to the balcony. Since it was a warm night, we opened the door and left the screen door closed. I had just dozed off when a very large rat jumped on the screen. I sat straight up in bed and slammed the door closed. At that very moment, a small rat came under the screen door and ran under my bed. I hollered at Bonnie and told her there was a mouse or rat under my bed.

"That's okay. It'll go away soon," she said. Unconcerned, Bonnie turned over and went back to sleep. (Living in China for so long, she was used to seeing rats.)

The commotion woke Mr. Z., and he opened the door and asked calmly, "Is everything okay?"

"No, there is a rat under my bed!" I said.

Just then, the critter ran out from under my bed, around Mr. Z., and then back under my bed.

"Should I call it a little rat or a big mouse?" Mr. Z. asked.

Surprised at his asking me that question, I laughingly told him, "I don't care what you call it. Just get him out, PLEASE!"

The rat ran out of the room, and Mr. Z. quickly closed the door. A little later, he knocked on the door and said he had gotten rid of it. I thanked him profusely and finally drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, Bonnie took me around to several sights in the city, including the university. We also did some shopping and had a very crowded bus ride. At that time, the city was very

dirty with trash everywhere. There were so many people, and their facial expressions reflected a deep sense of hopelessness. Remembering the stories that Bonnie had shared, I saw the need for the Chinese to hear about God's salvation displayed before my very eyes.

From there, Bonnie and I went to visit my niece and her family in Tishomingo. A friend of Bonnie's had given me three yards of gorgeous silk fabric, so we went to the tailor to have a dress made. The pattern I chose was of a typical Chinese dress, about mid-calf in length.

The tailor measured the fabric, looked at me, and said very bluntly, "You're too fat."

I was stunned, as I had never been called fat before (I was a size 8 at the time). I said, "I'm sorry?"

"You're too fat," he said again.

I told him, "I think you can make this dress."

He replied, "I said, you're too fat. I can make one for her," referring to Bonnie who was smaller than I was.

I responded, "I heard you the first time, and it's not her material!"

I took my fabric and left, laughing so hard at his directness. They just tell it as they see it, I guess. Compared to the Chinese women, I guess I was a little "fat."

In preparation for my visit to China, Bonnie had arranged for me to be interviewed by Ramona, the Regional Manager of the CC office. (CC is an organization that helps the Chinese handicapped orphans.) Since their office is in Hong Kong, Bonnie and I took the train there.

Following an extended interview, Ramona offered me the job of Office Manager. After much soul searching and with great anticipation, I took a leap of faith and accepted the position. My heavenly Father, who guides my every move, opened the door. I would be going to Hong Kong to be His hands and feet.

All CC employees are volunteers and are required to raise their own support. We had to pay our own rent, utilities, food, and transportation. After returning to the United States, I wrote

letters to family and friends, and spoke to as many churches as I could to ask for support for my stay in Hong Kong. I am thankful I heard and answered my Father's call to "Go," and I looked forward with excitement at what God had for me to do in Hong Kong.



## Chapter 2

# Answering God's Call



Then I heard the voice of the Lord, saying,  
"Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us?"  
Then I said, "Here am I. Send me!"  
(Isaiah 6:8)

**O**n January 1, 1999, I began my journey to Hong Kong. Over the Christmas holidays, I had been visiting with my son, Jerry, and his family in Oregon. They took me to the airport in Portland for the big sendoff. I flew to San Francisco, where I met up with Ramona (she had been visiting family also). From San Francisco, we flew to Seoul, South Korea, and then on to Hong Kong. Altogether from Portland to Hong Kong, it took over twenty hours.

Upon arrival, I really wasn't as tired as I thought I would be. The excitement of going and working for a Christian organization in Hong Kong was enough to keep me going those first days.

Once I arrived in Hong Kong, customs stamped my passport for a Hong Kong visa. I also had to get a China visa. The Hong Kong visa was only good for thirty days, so once a month, I would go into China, get my passport stamped, turn around, go through customs, and return to Hong Kong.

The CC office was in Tai Po, just three train stops from mainland China. CC rented the apartments on the first three floors of a five-floor apartment building, which was about

one-fourth of the way up on the mountainside. The office was located on the first floor, and the apartment that Ramona and I shared was on the third floor. The second-floor apartment was for volunteers who came on a short-term basis. Our office had a very international flavor. Malcolm was from England, Russ and his wife were from Australia, and Ramona and I were from the United States.

The apartments were very small with no heat. My room was extremely small, containing only a twin bed, one small chest in which to put my things, and a very small wardrobe for clothes. Ramona and I shared one bathroom, and I had to remember to turn on the hot water heater before taking a shower. The weather seldom got below freezing, but with no heat, you had to dress in layers to keep warm. The kitchen was small but adequate. The washing machine, shared by everyone in the building, was on the roof. After doing my laundry, I would hang my clothes on a line to dry.

That first day, Ramona took me into town to show me where I would be going from time to time. CC had a car, but I would need to learn the bus, train, and subway systems, as that would be the main way I would be getting around. The buildings are so tall in Hong Kong that I got a crick in my neck just from looking up. The streets were narrow in many places, and the traffic—cars and people everywhere!

The second day, we went to the stores in Tai Po to buy some food and other items that I needed. I bought a lamp, a rug to place beside my bed, and a space heater for my room. The grocery store was modern, just like at home. The Western section was very small, but I was thankful I could get a few things I liked. I was really surprised at how expensive everything was, especially the Western food.

Tai Po is part of the New Territories. Our apartment building was one of many cascading up the side of a mountain. Ramona and I lived about four blocks from the only fresh water reservoir dam in Hong Kong. We would walk to and then around the dam for exercise. It was a beautiful sight in the evenings

with mountains on one side and the lovely South China Sea, reflecting lights from the cities, on the other side.

CC operated a facility for orphans in mainland China and provided the orphanage with special teachers, physical therapists, a nurse, and helpers. They also supplied wheelchairs, braces, and crutches for those in need. In addition, CC provided schooling for these children whom the government had abandoned.

Almost all of our children were handicapped in some way. We shared information with people so they might consider sponsoring and possibly adopting one of the children or helping to buy needed equipment. Individuals and teams came throughout the year to work in the orphanage.

My morning schedule began with Bible study and prayer; then I went down to the office. In addition to my office duties, my responsibilities included running errands, going downtown to get visas for team members, and picking up teams coming in, so it was important for me to learn my way around. I enjoyed communicating with the teams via email and helping with any task that needed to be done.

One day, Russ and I went to Hong Kong via bus, train, and subway. Hong Kong is such a unique city; it is difficult to describe. The skyscrapers are extremely tall, and there are so many lights at night, you would think it was day. The huge advertising signs hang out over the streets.

We went to one of the malls, which was several city blocks long and several stories high. It had so many floors with shops, shops, and more shops. One could easily get lost in these malls. I did! This trip helped me to learn the train/subway systems and gave me a chance to see Hong Kong at night. The everyday crowds here are like the Christmas crowds at home. It was strange not hearing English spoken. I was so thankful when I found a sales person I could communicate with.

All personnel of CC have to train and work in the orphanage. I would be going with a team to the mainland and working with the children for the first time from March 18 to April 21.

I knew on my own I could not do this, but with my heavenly Father's help, I could. God alone knows what we are capable of doing. He is my strength.

Ramona went to the mainland to help with the plans for the upcoming team. While she was gone, Malcolm taught me how to drive the CC car. It is very different driving on the left side of the road, and not as easy as one might think. I almost turned into the wrong lane only once, so I thought I did very well. Since British English is different from American English, I sometimes wasn't sure what Malcolm meant. While I was driving, Malcolm said to me, "Look out for that lorry."

I thought, *Okay, what is a lorry?* and kept driving.

"Look out for that lorry!" Malcolm said more emphatically.

"What is a lorry?" I asked.

"That truck ahead of us," he answered.

"I see it, and I have everything under control," I replied.



Being away from my family and friends was hard. Thankfully, I was able to keep in touch with them through emails. I shared about my work and also about what life was like here in Hong Kong. Here are some excerpts from my emails:

January 17, 1999

Because they don't have home delivery here, part of my job is to go to the post office and "collect the post," as it's called. Back at the office, the mail has to be sorted and answered. I have learned many new phrases, like *sleeping policeman*, *lorry*, *standing proud*, *flat*, *lift*, and *boot* (I don't mean *shoe*). Remember, Hong Kong was a British colony.

I went to church this morning. Not only do their homes have no heat, their churches have none as well. It was cold, and I wore my heaviest coat with a couple of layers underneath to keep warm. Nevertheless, I really enjoyed the service. It was an American service with an American pastor. There were Chinese, three Americans (including

me), Englishmen, Australians, and a young girl from Lithuania, who is going to college here. She has been away from home for over a year and is a little homesick. She gave me the biggest hug!

January 26, 1999

Today is a special day. When I was doing my personal devotions, I had not noticed the date. I had my breakfast, came down to the office, and started answering the emails. When I turned on the computer, up popped January 26—my wedding anniversary! I broke down and cried. I didn't mean to, but I was crying so hard Ramona heard me and came into the office. I told her it was my anniversary, and she gave me a big hug and told me she would take me to McDonald's for lunch. (Usually we would go upstairs and fix our lunch, so going out was a treat.) Cecil has been dead for a little over a year, and I miss him very much. I regrouped, stopped crying, dried my tears, and started back to work.

January 27, 1999

I am beginning to feel comfortable in Tai Po. I can take the ferry from Tsim Sha Tsui, which is across the harbor from Hong Kong Island, but I don't like to go by myself just yet. I get lost fairly easily down there, as everything looks alike: skyscrapers everywhere.

I'm now feeling more confident doing my work at the office. I know there is still a lot to learn, but as I learn and understand, the other things don't seem so difficult. Details! I had forgotten how many details there are! Praise God. He is a God of details, and I know He will help me to remember.

January 28, 1999

Betty [a dear friend of mine], thank you so much for your email. It really is a big help, but it does make me homesick. I can't tell you how much I appreciate all you

do for me. I don't think I could make it without you and others. You are truly a blessing, and I feel so close to you, like my sister, which we are in the Lord.

I went to visit my niece and her family in Tishomingo. We had a great time. I loved playing with Sara, their daughter. She is a jewel, so sweet and smart. They adopted her from the Tishomingo orphanage (this is not the orphanage that CC manages). She had been abandoned on the street and was brought in one Saturday while my niece was working in the orphanage. It was love at first sight.

While in Tishomingo, I went with my niece and her family to visit some friends of theirs, who lived in a tall apartment building penthouse. While we were visiting, they took me up to the rooftop terrace to admire the lights of Tishomingo at night. The terrace had no lights, so it was very dark. As I walked to the rail to see the beautiful night view, I didn't see the steps, so I fell. I felt very embarrassed, but got up, brushed myself off, and went to the rail to look at the city lights. When we went inside, I saw that I had cut my leg very deeply, about three inches long. It was bleeding, and we couldn't get it to stop completely. The cut didn't hurt too much, so we cleaned it and put ice on it. My niece wanted me to go to the hospital and get stitches, but I said, "No, it will be okay." The next day, we put a bandage with antibiotic cream on my leg.

The new Tishomingo subway had just opened to the public. My niece, her family, and I were some of the first to ride the subway train across town to the outdoor wholesale market. They sell everything there. Anything, alive or dead, that crawled, moved, flew, or swam—snakes, roaches, ants, and so forth—you could buy at this market. There were food, clothing, and housewares sections. We walked around quite a bit, and my leg was hurting and bleeding, but I still didn't want to go to the doctor.

Sunday afternoon, I went home to Tai Po on the train. On Monday, Ramona wanted me to go to the doctor to see about my leg, but I really thought it would get better. Instead, it had

become badly infected! I could hardly move my leg without being in a lot of pain.

After six days, I finally agreed to go to the hospital. (The doctors don't have private practices, so you have to go to the hospital to see a doctor.) They took me as an emergency patient. The doctor said I should have had about fifteen stitches, but by now, it was too late. His main concern was clearing up the infection. He gave me two strong antibiotics to take four times each day. I limped around for several days and had to go back to the hospital every other day for them to clean and check my leg. It taught me not to wait the next time something like that happened. My trip to my niece's would be a memorable one.



Living in Hong Kong was very expensive. My family, many friends, and my church family were very generous, but it was still difficult to raise all of my own support. I discovered through friends that an organization in Virginia would pay for my support if I could meet their qualifications. (However, I would be willing to raise my own support to return to Hong Kong if that was God's will for me.)

After working in the orphanage for five weeks, I would return to the United States for a visit. The organization was having a conference in August, which I planned to attend. My desire was to return to Hong Kong with the mission department of that organization. There were mountains of paperwork to fill out to register me for the conference. With Betty, Ramona, and Bonnie's help, I was able to get all of the paperwork faxed to me, filled out, and returned to headquarters. If I received the organization's support, it would be such a blessing, as then I would be able to concentrate more on the work God had for me.

It was the middle of March, and it was time for me to go help in the orphanage. We met the team in downtown Hong Kong. They were really wonderful, and we blended together in a super way. My roommate, Selma, was from Holland. The team consisted of a physical therapist and two physician assistants,

in addition to several others of us who were not medically trained. We took two two-wheeled walkers, three wheelchairs, and several bags of clothes, coats, toys, school supplies, and medicine for the children.

The orphanage complex where we were working had two sides. One side was the government orphanage. The other side was run by the CC. We were at the orphanage for about five weeks. Every day, each member of the team worked a shift in both sides—one side in the morning, and the other side in the afternoon.

The CC side was clean, neat, and well stocked. It also had electricity. The orphans there were older children, and most of them had some kind of disability, either physical or mental. The CC side had a school, cafeteria, and clinic. The teachers worked with the kids and gave them activities to do.

The government side was quite a reality check for me. At this time, the survival rate in most of the orphanages was about 25 percent. It was very difficult, knowing that the children were so ill and that most of them would not survive. In recent years, conditions in Chinese orphanages have changed for the better, but at that time, the government side was very dark, dirty, and musty. We saw rats and mice running around all the time.

Each day, we went into a room with the children and sat around a little heater. It was extremely cold. The workers on the government side did the absolute minimum as far as caring for the children. When we walked into the room, at least three or four kids wanted to be picked up and held. They would lock their little arms around our legs, and we would have to pry them loose. At times like that, I wished I had longer arms. The children wanted to be held and loved so much. We tried to teach them songs such as "Jesus Loves Me." They loved the music, but couldn't say the words. They would simply rock back and forth to the music.

During the second week, I realized that my leg wasn't getting better. One of the physician assistants had to lance it because the infection wasn't clearing up. She was afraid the infection would go into the bone, so she cleaned it out. Just one little



needle stick drained the poison and relieved the pain. By the fourth week, my leg was finally healing, which was great! I prayed that it would be completely healed before I went home.

The invitation to the conference came in the mail at Betty's. This started the process with the organization. Barring complications, everything should go swimmingly. I was so anxious to get home and then go on to Virginia.

Many months before I came to Hong Kong, I had put my house on the market. While I was at the orphanage, my real estate agent contacted me with an offer on my house. She faxed the paperwork to me, which I quickly signed. Once I arrived back in the United States, I would have to finalize everything on the sale, buy another home, get moved, and go to the conference in Virginia. Talk about busy!

## Chapter 3

# The Open Door



May He grant you according to your heart's desire,  
And fulfill all your purpose.  
(Psalm 20:4 NKJV)

**A**fter a long exhausting flight, I arrived home to Picayune, Mississippi, on April 22 and hit the ground running! My trip had taken a total of twenty-seven hours, and I was totally exhausted. But it was great to be back in the good ol' USA. I had missed everyone so much, especially after being in China and not being able to use my email as freely as I did in Hong Kong.

My daughter Carrie picked me up at the airport in the early morning hours. After a couple of hours sleep, I started looking for a new home. I prayed I would find exactly what God wanted for me. After looking at several houses with the realtor, I found one I dearly loved and made an offer. Within two days, I had my new home. The timing was perfect. God is so good.

I started packing, packing, and more packing. In May, my daughter Deborah was going to remarry (her previous husband had passed away), so I went to Oklahoma for her wedding. I brought their three children home with me. (Deborah had two. Her new husband, Keith, had one.) They helped me with some of the packing and visited with their cousins who lived in Picayune. Deborah and Keith cut their honeymoon short to come to help me with the final move. What would I do without my children and grandchildren? Carrie and her family, living

here in Picayune, have always been a huge help to me. I never could have gone to China without all of my family and friends' support.

Packing, moving, getting settled in—all that had been very tiring. Everything was just beginning to calm down when, in June, I received a phone call from St. Louis saying that my mother-in-law, Maggie Belle, was very ill. I packed a few things and left immediately, arriving one day before she passed away. I stayed at the hospital with my sister-in-law from the time I arrived until the Lord called Maggie Belle home. This was very difficult for her children and grandchildren, but I knew that she was finally at rest.

From the funeral in St. Louis, I went to Branson for our family reunion. It was wonderful! I saw family members that I had not seen in forty years. I praise God for allowing us this special time together. After I arrived back home, I turned my attention to returning to China.

Betty had made all of the inquiries, and with her help, I had already filled out all of the paperwork that I needed for the conference in Virginia. As preparation for my ministry in China, I had to have about eight vaccinations, and did they hurt! I also had dental and several doctors' appointments lined up. You get the picture; I was extremely busy.

The conference consisted of a couple of weeks of classes, speakers, intense training, and plenty of interviews. The position I had applied for had not been approved, so I had to do some deep soul searching, as I didn't feel that I was qualified for any of the other positions. My prayer was for God to open the door He wanted me to walk through and close the door He didn't want me to go through. My counselor encouraged me to look at the other positions available, one of which was for a volunteer coordinator for teams coming into China. After praying about it in earnest, I felt that God wanted me to apply for this position. I am a people person and good at organization. Within a few days, I was accepted for the position of team coordinator and would be going to China to serve Him for three years. Looking back at my life, I see that God had prepared me

for this position, because, at my home church, I had organized the church library, ladies' luncheons, and seniors' trips. God's timing is perfect, and He is in control of every area of my life.

We had services in our quads to get us ready for small services once we arrived on the field. One evening, the China group met for a movie and discussion. We saw the movie *Wild Swans*. I also read the book (*Wild Swans: Three Daughters of China*). It really helped me to understand Chinese culture. The conference was very informative and helpful. We were truly fed spiritually there.



Betty did something very special for me. One Wednesday evening during a missions fair at church, she told about William Carey, who was a missionary to India. William Carey lived in England and was a strong advocate for world missions. He formed a missionary society, and at one of the meetings, a man described the lost people of India as a gold mine and asked who would explore it. William Carey responded, "I will venture to go down, but remember that you must hold the ropes." Betty told the people that they must do the same for me: hold the ropes through prayer and financial support. She gave out little pieces of rope that she had knotted to help the people remember.

My church had a commissioning service for me during a Sunday morning worship service. I was able to share with them what God had been doing in my life. It was a very special time. I was so humbled knowing the body of Christ wanted to send me to China to share God's Word with lost souls.

Since I would be in China for three years, I wanted to visit as many relatives as I could before I left. I flew from New Orleans to California so I could spend a week with my daughter Carol and other family members. Jerry, his wife, Jill, and their boys came down from Oregon to see me. I got to visit with over thirty-eight of my relatives, including my mom, my brothers and their wives, my nieces, and nephews. Having a large family

is wonderful, but it is difficult to get around to see them all very often.



In Esther 4:14b, Mordecai told Esther that she was placed in the palace “for such a time as this.” I love that verse and knew that God had given me the chance to go to China “for such a time as this.”

Before going to China, I had to fly to Thailand for additional training. I arrived in Thailand on the evening of September 6. Penny (whom I had met at the conference in Virginia) and I stayed with Dan (our supervisor) and his family. We would spend a couple of weeks there for orientation and training. Then Penny and I would leave for China on September 16, my son Jerry’s birthday.

Buddhism was the dominant religion in Thailand, with Buddha statues everywhere. The atmosphere was both suppressive and oppressive.

One day while in Thailand, Penny and I had a “play day.” Beth (Dan’s wife) had asked a friend to take us out of the city to a tourist area. We rode on an elephant (my first time), had an ox cart ride, and saw other sights there. We saw the elephant show and then rode on a bamboo raft down the river.

After a Thai buffet lunch, Beth’s friend took us to a village to see the tribal people, who are not accepted by the Thai people. They lived in grass huts with dirt floors, usually only one room with an open pit in the middle for cooking. At that time, the government did not allow these people to get passports or an education. They did have a very primitive school setting where one of their own tribe taught the basics to their children. Seeing this primitive setting really made me thankful for what I have. People at home in America do not appreciate all of the opportunities that are available to them.

Overall, my trip to Thailand was interesting and informative. People were so helpful, friendly, and gracious. Sometimes it pays to be old and silver-headed. Asians, as a whole, have a lot

of respect for elderly people. My heavenly Father went before me every step of the way. I could see His hand in everything.

Finally, the day came to leave for China. I went to the office with Dan and Penny to pick up our starting allowances. After that, we went back to Dan and Beth's place and had a light lunch. Then we were off to the airport. When we got there, we found out that our tickets were for the wrong day! Our connecting flight was for the sixteenth, but our flight leaving Thailand was for another day. I stayed with the luggage (ten pieces) while Dan and Penny went to get our tickets straightened out. They did have available seats on a flight that left Thailand that day, but only in first class.

We finally arrived the following morning in Kossuth at 12:15 a.m. (Our connecting flight had been delayed for over five hours.) There were six people to greet us. They had waited at the airport for five hours for our arrival. What a wonderful greeting, to know that they were willing to wait for us for such a long time. It was great to get to meet some of our team members.

The apartment that Penny and I shared was on the seventh floor, and there was no elevator. (Except for the downtown area, most buildings were only seven stories high. If a building was over eight stories, they were required to install an elevator.) I was so very thankful they had hired a couple of Chinese men to meet us and carry our luggage upstairs. What a wonderful blessing. It would have been very difficult carrying all of my things up seven flights of stairs with a broken toe. Yes, I had broken my toe the previous morning! What a way to start my time here! Everyone in Thailand goes barefoot in the house, and that morning, as I was walking through a very narrow hallway, I stubbed my toe. I knew immediately I had broken it. Of course, there is not much they do for broken toes, so I hobbled around until it healed. Dan and Beth had given me ibuprofen to take, which helped. It was quite painful every time I put weight on my foot.

Our apartment was really nice. It was very Western with a nice-sized living room, two bedrooms, two full baths, the team

office, a washer, dryer, and a small dining area with a modern kitchen. All the comforts of home. (Oh! Did I mention it was on the seventh floor and there was no elevator?) It had heat and air conditioning in the living room and the bedrooms. Penny was sweet in allowing me the larger of the two bedrooms. I had a queen-size bed and a small desk in my room. The team had fresh flowers and a welcoming basket for each of us. Very special.

We finally got to bed about two o'clock in the morning. I was up and wide awake at seven thirty. We spent the morning unpacking and putting our things away. Leah, another team member, came over at about eleven o'clock and showed us around the city. We went to Dico's for lunch. (Dico's is the Chinese KFC, though their chicken is much spicier.) After lunch, we went shopping and walked for several blocks. With my broken toe, it was a little difficult, but I made it.

My first day in China was very tiring. I hoped that I could remember where everything was: the bank, the store, and other places. I had to walk up and down the stairs three times that day!

We had language study three times a week with Tracy, our Chinese language tutor. Leah had been here for two years, so she could speak a little Chinese already. Penny and I were just starting language study. I could see that it was going to be very difficult. The first two phrases I learned in Chinese were for *I love you* and *fried rice*.

One day, we took a taxi across town to buy bicycles. Tracy went along to help bargain for us. My bike was a three-wheeler with a space to carry things in the back. (I was afraid that I would fall if I got a two-wheeler.) It was several miles to ride our bikes home, and I wasn't sure I could make it, but I did. The team called my bike "the family car," because I was able to haul stuff in the back. Team members would ask to borrow the family car to go purchase whatever they needed. It was rickety, needed a paint job, and had bad brakes, but since it was so old, I didn't have to worry about it being stolen. Most of the other team members had problems keeping bicycles, because they were stolen frequently.

The traffic (cars and bicycles) was really bad; I was so thankful I didn't have a two-wheel bike. Surprisingly, I was able to keep up with Penny and Tracy. The hand brakes on my three-wheeler did not work very well, so I had to put my feet down to help me stop. Once I learned all of the idiosyncrasies of the bike, I felt secure riding about town. It was much easier riding my bike than it was climbing up seven flights of stairs. I usually had to stop on the fifth floor to catch my breath. Going grocery shopping was really a chore. It took at least two, and sometimes three, trips to carry everything upstairs. I tried to learn not to buy so much at one time.

One weekend, we went to the mountains on a team retreat. The weather was drizzly, and everything was damp, including our bedding, so it was difficult to sleep. We had several meetings focusing on our goals as a team, but we also had a fun time and saw some of the popular tourist sites.

One day, we traveled up the mountain. Our first mode of transportation was a small roller coaster car that took us to a boat in which we crossed the large lake. From the lake, we took ski lifts about two-thirds of the way up the mountain, and then we walked on up to the Buddhist temple. The path was very steep and slippery. After about forty-five minutes, I gave up and hired two men to carry me up in a swing chair. We prayer walked around the temple. It was so depressing to see people on the ground and praying to the statues. The people were burning incense and chanting. You could sense a strong oppressive feeling of evil in that place.

We could have gone back the way we came, but I didn't realize that, so I started walking down with some of the younger team members. The walk down was dangerous, as the path was extremely narrow or sometimes nonexistent. The so-called steps were slippery, and there were no guardrails. I kept looking down so I would not slip and fall. When we did stop and look about, the scenery was breathtaking. It took us three hours to walk down the mountain, but I finally made it with no mishaps. The retreat was very informative, and we were able to get a lot of planning accomplished.



On our way home, our lady tour guide, Lynn, wanted us to sing songs, so we started singing "Jesus Loves Me." She said she knew that song, so we started talking with her about Jesus. When there is an open door to share, you need to take advantage of every opportunity.

## Chapter 4

# Meeting New People



The Lord God is my strength,  
And He has made my feet like hinds' feet,  
And makes me walk on my high places.  
(Habakkuk 3:19)

**T**he Lord God is my strength. I am amazed how God has every detail of my life planned. After I settled in my apartment in Kossuth, God didn't waste time getting me involved with the Chinese people. Who would have ever realized that I, of all people, would be able to share and lead people to a saving relationship with Jesus!

In order for me to build relationships, my team leader, Pete, gave me names of people who had previously attended our summer English program. After many phone calls, I was able to contact a girl named Mira. I said to her, "I understand that you attended the Summer English Program."

"Yes," she replied.

"Your teacher gave me your name and asked me to call you," I said. "She said that you might be interested in improving your English." Mira was excited about my call, and we set a time to meet in the lobby of a downtown hotel. When Mira and her father, Sean, arrived, I told them that I was going to start English classes in my apartment, and I would be glad to help them with their English.

Sean, Mira, and her mother, Sue, came to the apartment once

a week for English study (I used the Bible as my textbook). Mira's English was fair, and Sean could speak a little English. Sue could speak no English, so Mira interpreted for her mother. Eventually, many others came to the English study as well.

Sue was very interested in the Bible study. After several weeks, I felt she was close to understanding the Word. I wanted to make sure that Mira and her parents understood in their own language, so I asked an American friend, named Sherri, who spoke Chinese very well, to come over and help with interpretation for one study. When the evening was drawing to a close, Sherri asked if they (Sean, Sue, and Mira) wanted to pray to receive Jesus. Sue immediately said, "Yes!" She prayed; we cried and rejoiced. My first Chinese convert! Mira was afraid to accept Jesus as her Savior. After Sherri shared many scriptures about fear (that is, God saying not to be afraid), Mira prayed to receive Jesus. Sean was afraid that he would be fired from his government job and he wouldn't be able to provide for his family, so at this time, he decided not to pray. It was common for many to be afraid to receive Jesus because of the government. The persecution of Christians is very prevalent in China.

Mira and her family became close friends to me. Whenever Penny and I would have a problem at our apartment (for example, the hot water heater or a computer problem), we would call Sean. He would come over and fix whatever needed fixing. Sometimes, we would need Mira to come with her father to interpret for us so Sean could understand exactly what the problem was. If we needed to replace something that was broken, Sean and Mira would go shopping with us in order to help us get the correct item.

One day, I needed to go to the post office to mail some letters. Tom, an American team member and neighbor, said we could ride our bikes to the post office on the university campus, which wasn't far away. It was very crowded, but there were no lines at the counter. People just pushed and shoved to hand the clerk their mail. I kept waiting, unsuccessfully, hoping I would be able to get up to the counter to mail my

letters. I was getting very frustrated, as every time I got close to the counter, someone would push in front of me. Finally, I heard a sweet voice in back of me say, "May I help you?" Music to my ears: English! I turned around, and this wonderful young lady took my mail and pushed her way to the front, where the clerk took the letters and told her I couldn't mail the letters there. I had to go to the international post office on the other side of the city.

I thanked the young woman so much for her help, even though I wasn't able to mail the letters there. We started talking, and I found out that her name was Anne and that she was a university English teacher. She asked me if I would come to her class and give a lecture for her students. I said I would love to, so we exchanged phone numbers.

In the months that followed, Anne and I became very good friends. She and her brother started coming to my evening English studies. My prayer was for my new Chinese friends to listen to the Holy Spirit during our studies and eventually understand enough to come to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

On October 1, 1999, China celebrated their fiftieth anniversary of becoming a communist country—their National Day celebration. Our team supervisor, Dan, who came into China once a month for a week or two, wanted to share the excitement with our Chinese friends. He decided the team should have a party at my apartment. Since the apartment was on the seventh floor, the roof was part of our place, and was perfect for watching the fireworks display. We invited our American and Chinese friends, including Lynn and Anne. (Mira, Sean, and Sue celebrated with their family and friends.) Our American friends invited their Chinese friends, and most of the Chinese brought other friends. We had a large group for our first party. I was so excited about the opportunities God had opened for me. The harvest was truly ripe.

Everyone brought something different to eat. After dinner, we went up on the roof and watched the hour-long fireworks display. (We could see four different fireworks displays from

our roof!) Lynn clung to me, so Dan explained to me that Lynn was seeking the way of truth and I should befriend her. Lynn and her husband were divorced, but she lived with her in-laws, which was the custom. A few years earlier, when she was pregnant with twin girls, the government had wanted Lynn to abort one of her daughters, but she had refused.

Lynn started coming to my English/Bible studies. One evening, she came to my apartment in tears. She had a lot of problems in her life and was so unhappy. I told her, "You will never be happy until you find the Lord." I talked to her about Jesus and the way of salvation, and Lynn decided to accept Jesus as her Savior. Lynn became a very dear friend of mine. From the time that we first met, Lynn started calling me "Mom." After she became a believer, she told everyone that I was her spiritual "mom."

October 18 was my daughter Carrie's birthday. This was when I missed my children the most—birthdays and holidays. We always went out for dinner with them when I was home. The family God blessed me with is very important to me, and I missed them all.

Another team member and friend, Pat (Patricia), had asked me to lecture for her PhD students. I was very nervous, but it went well. There were from eighty to one hundred students present in a large auditorium. They asked a lot of questions regarding my topic: Alternative Education in the United States. I could hardly believe it; I was lecturing PhD students! What an awesome God I serve!

Afterwards, Pat's boss asked me if I would come to their university to teach a class two nights a week. She said she was very impressed with my lecture, and they needed English teachers desperately. I told her, "No, thank you," and added that I would be happy to substitute for Pat from time to time, but I already had a job.

One of the most difficult things about being in a foreign country was leaving my family. At this time, I had several family members who were very ill. These were all great concerns for me, and it was even more difficult being so far away from home.

Here is an email from my sister Bonnie during October 1999:

Dear Frankie,

I've been swamped this past couple of weeks, but wanted to get a letter off to you. Howard [our brother] finishes his radiation on Wednesday and has to wait 'till then for the doctors to get approval from the insurance for the next treatment. His back pain is better, but not the rib cage pain.

Jamie's son [nephew] had a bad motorcycle accident yesterday out in the desert from Las Vegas and had to be airlifted to the hospital by helicopter. Howard said if he hadn't been wearing a helmet, they'd be preparing the funeral. He has many things wrong with him and very bad pain, but nothing from which he shouldn't recuperate eventually.

Aunt Genny is back in Baylor Hospital since Wednesday, and I had a long talk with her today. They've finally realized her fluid retention was causing a lot of her problems, and she lost 5 lb. in one day from them getting rid of her fluids! This is an answer to prayer! They've diagnosed her with congestive heart failure, but maybe they've changed their minds since they've hospitalized her and started running tests.

Guy (nephew with throat cancer) started his radiation last Tuesday. Jim M. [Bonnie's husband] had a bad day yesterday with his shingles. Jim W. [my sister Rowina Lee's husband] (waiting for kidney transplant) had a good week. Mother had her checkup, and the two hours at the hospital left her exhausted.

Love,  
Bonnie

Wow! When you are on the field, these are things you leave to God and pray about, sometimes all night!

## Chapter 5

### No Pictures, Please



I sought the Lord, and He answered me,  
And delivered me from all my fears.  
(Psalm 34:4)

**N**ever a dull moment! In October, one of our team members, Zeb, needed to go to a city just north of Kossuth to pick up some information regarding the area for his business, so Leah, Tracy, and I went with him. We arrived late in the afternoon and checked into the hotel.

The next morning, we walked around the city, which was very clean and beautiful. I had my camera with me, so I took many pictures of the flowers along the streets and all around the riverwalk. There were boats going up and down the river, and people were fishing off of their houseboats. We walked through a lovely park, where I took more pictures. I saw a blooming tree that had pink-, white-, and rose-colored flowers on the same branch! It was a very enjoyable walk through the city.

We arrived at the government building where Zeb had to go to get the information. As we were walking up to the gate, many Chinese workers walked out of the building, spread out newspapers on the ground, blocked the driveway, and sat down. Zeb had already talked with the guard and found out where he needed to go, so he rushed in just as all of this was happening. The guard actually tried to stop Zeb, but he went on in.

My camera was hanging on my wrist, and I didn't think to

put it away. It doesn't take much to draw a crowd, and as these workers were sitting down blocking the driveway, many people walking or driving by stopped to see what was happening. As Leah, Tracy, and I were waiting for Zeb to return, we watched what was going on. We noticed we were being watched as well, but we didn't think too much about it, since being Americans in a small town usually brought attention anyway. Tracy asked the gentleman who was watching us what was going on, and he said that some workers were protesting. I told Leah we should move away from the area and wait for Zeb to come out. She said, "No, we have as much right to be here as anyone." I was getting a little nervous, so after about fifteen minutes, Leah finally agreed that we should move away from the entrance, which we did.

After about thirty minutes, Zeb came out with the information he needed, so off we went to finish exploring the city. Zeb was going to head back home the same day, while the rest of us were going to stay an extra day in order to visit a government orphanage. We stopped for lunch before heading back to the hotel.

When we returned to the hotel, Zeb rushed up to his room, collected his things, checked out, and hurried to catch the bus back home. We were going up the steps to our rooms when a couple of police officers (one man and one woman) met us. In Chinese, the officers asked us for our passports, and Leah asked why they wanted them. The lady police officer was especially interested in my passport. Tracy had forgotten her ID information, which posed another problem (the Chinese are to always have their ID with them). The hotel had not taken our information down when we registered, so they were in trouble as well.

Leah kept asking what was going on. I said, "Leah, she doesn't understand English."

The lady police officer spoke up and said in English, "She (referring to me) took pictures of the protest."

I told her that I didn't, but I could not convince her of that. I told them they could have the film I had in my camera, but she



said I had given it to the young man who had left (referring to Zeb). We insisted that I had not taken pictures of the protest. The officers were afraid that we would tell people that the workers were protesting about their poor working conditions and show the pictures, *which I had not taken*. I knew better than to take pictures of the protest. One of the first things they taught me when I came to China was not to take pictures of government buildings or of the military.

The police officers took us down to a small room and took Tracy back into another room and talked with her for over two hours. She gave them all her information regarding her ID and tried to convince them I had not taken pictures of the protest. From time to time, they would come out and talk with Leah and me. They kept insisting that I had given the film to Zeb to take to Kossuth to be developed.

After three hours of drilling us, they brought me a yellow legal pad and said, "Sign this."

"No, I will not sign a blank piece of paper," I said.

"Write that you didn't take pictures," the lady officer said.

"I will write that I did not take pictures of the protest," I responded.

"Okay," she replied.

On the bottom of the page, I wrote down that I did not take pictures of the protest, and I signed it. Then, so they could not write anything else above it, I tore off the part of the page that I had written on and gave the paper to the lady police officer.

"Now, when you return to your city and get those pictures developed, tear them up, and throw them away," she said sternly.

It was really difficult for me not to laugh at her, but I didn't. I said, "Yes, ma'am," and we quickly left for our rooms, breathing huge sighs of relief. Boy, that was close! I thought for sure they would arrest us.

That evening, we met with an American young man, Charles, who was going to take us to the government orphanage the next morning. (This was a different orphanage than the one I had worked in previously.) He worked with several orphanages

in the area and was able to get them much needed equipment. He also helped them with the enormous task of caring for the children. We wanted to visit the orphanage and take shoes, clothing, and toys to them.

The next day, we went to the orphanage, and, believe me, I didn't take my camera with me. The police followed us everywhere we went until we left that afternoon. We played with the children and gave them the items we had purchased for them.

After a couple of hours, we went to the bus station and headed home. We were so thankful we didn't spend time in the jail. At times we were not sure whether they were going to arrest us or not. Three hours is a long time when you are asked the same question over and over again. We had a great protector. I quoted the scripture, "Greater is He who is in you than he who is in the world" (1 John 4:4) to myself the whole time. No matter what, I will serve Him. Praise God for His protection.

## Chapter 6

# Candle in the Dark



Nor do they light a lamp and put it under a basket, but on a lampstand, and it gives light to all who are in the house.

(Matthew 5:15 NKJV)

**W**hat a week! Near the end of October, Leah, Penny, Tracy, and I went to Glendora, a town in the mountains. The previous year, Leah had gone there a couple of days each month to teach English. She wanted to renew her contacts and possibly schedule a summer English program for the following summer. On Monday morning, Penny, Leah, and I took a taxi to the bus station. (Tracy would be meeting us there.) When we arrived, we discovered the bus we were planning to take had been cancelled, so we had to take a later bus.

The road to Glendora was very curvy, narrow, and dangerous with no guardrails. It didn't seem possible, but somehow, two vehicles were able to pass each other on this road. Huge boulders lay in the road, and about half of the time, one side of the road would be missing. The driver was speeding, and at times, we were so close to the edge of the road, I was really afraid we would go over. The tunnels we went through were all single lane. One tunnel curved, and you could not see oncoming traffic. The bus driver honked the horn long before arriving at the entrance to make sure there were no other vehicles already in the tunnel. The road wound along the mountain, going higher

and higher. When we looked down into the valley, we could see the houses where people lived in very primitive conditions. They had cleared small areas for agriculture, and various crops cascaded down the mountain. The scenery was magnificent, and demonstrated God's creative hand in nature. For a moment, it almost made me forget how dangerous the road was.

The bus seats were very small (made for the Chinese, who are so tiny), so it was difficult for two Americans to sit on one seat. The person sitting on the outside hung off. You can imagine going up the mountain and hanging on just to remain in your seat! Buses and taxis in China do not have shocks, so our ride was very bumpy. Because we were late leaving, the trip up the mountain took longer than we expected. Then the driver stopped the bus on the road to eat lunch at a roadside food stand. We decided not to have lunch for sanitary reasons.

Finally, we arrived safely at our destination (by the grace of God) and checked into the hotel. Leah contacted Mrs. Mai, the teacher we were to meet. She wanted us to teach two classes that night. Tired and hungry, we ate dinner in the hotel and then went to the school for our classes.

Since Glendora was close to Jiuzhaigou, one of China's beautiful national parks, we decided to go see the fabulous sights the next morning. I was excited to go there, since Jiuzhaigou is famous for its amazing lakes and waterfalls. At this time of year, the fall colors would be stunning. We took a bus that went as far as Pelahatchie. In China, you cannot make travel reservations ahead of time. You simply show up at the bus station, buy tickets, and hope there is room. It was difficult to find out what the schedules were.

Once in Pelahatchie, we discovered the regular bus to Jiuzhaigou had already come and gone, so we would have to flag down another bus going that direction. Unfortunately, none of the buses that came through were going to Jiuzhaigou. (We found out later that there was only one bus going from Pelahatchie to Jiuzhaigou each day.)

Thankfully, we found a young man, who owned a horse

trekking business, that Leah had met the year before. He allowed us to wait in his three-walled street booth, which, fortunately, had a heater inside. We bought food from the street vendors, as it was way past lunchtime, and we had only eaten Leah's peanut butter and crackers. (This was Penny's and my first trip away from our home in Kossuth, and we didn't realize we needed to pack a lunch.)

We had arrived in Pelahatchie at one o'clock in the afternoon, and by three o'clock, we realized that we were not going to be able to catch a bus, so we hired a taxi driver named Mike to take us there for 50 yuan (about \$6.00) each. We arrived at Jiuzhaigou well after dark, with no hotel reservations. After checking with a couple of places that had no rooms available, Mike said he knew a man who had a hotel where we could possibly stay. We went there and found that the hotel was still under construction, but we were able to stay in two of the rooms. The hotel had no heat and no hot water. Jiuzhaigou is very high up in the mountains, so it was really cold. We slept in our coats, gloves, scarves, three layers of long johns, and anything else we could find to keep us warm. There was limited electricity (at a certain time, they turn off the electricity), so we had no lights. Penny had some candles, which we lit, and they provided a little heat and light, for which we were extremely thankful. It didn't take too long, though, for the candles to completely burn down. It's amazing how thankful we were for those two small candles, lighting up the dark night.

Believe it or not, we survived! We awoke the next morning, dashed our faces with cold mountain water, brushed our teeth, and headed on to the park.

The hotel was about a mile from the park entrance, so we started walking. The park entrance fee was 190 yuan (about \$25), which included a night inside the park at a Tibetan hotel. (We chose not to stay at the Tibetan hotel, however, because it was dorm conditions with outdoor toilets.) The park had buses to take you around. You could get off a bus at different places, go exploring, check out the spectacular scenery, and then get back on another bus and go to the next stop. The park was

very beautiful; the lakes were so blue and green. The water's reflection of the colorful trees was breathtaking. The beauty of God's creation was all around us.

That evening, we went back to the same hotel in Jiuzhaigou. Tracy was leading our Chinese lessons when the electricity went off. Penny still had a couple of candles, so we studied by candlelight.

The next morning, we met Mike at nine o'clock. We had made arrangements with him to take us back to Pelahatchie so we could catch the bus to Glendora. He was right on time. What a praise! The trip back to Pelahatchie was wonderful. It was snowing, and we asked Mike to stop and allow us to take pictures. He stopped in the middle of the road! I was a little nervous, thinking a car would come around the curve and crash into us. We were safe though, and after taking several pictures of the snow-capped mountains and snow-covered trees, we hopped back in the car, and off we went.

When we arrived in Pelahatchie, we discovered the bus back to Glendora ran at 6:00 a.m. You would have thought four somewhat intelligent women would have asked what time the bus left for Glendora, but *nooooo*, we didn't! This posed a slight problem because we were supposed to teach in Glendora that evening. We were short of money and really didn't want to spend the night in Pelahatchie.

Leah called Mrs. Mai and told her we were thinking about returning to Kossuth and not stopping in Glendora. She encouraged us to come on to Glendora, and teach that evening and the next morning. She said that the school would pay for our hotel room and meals, then take us back to Kossuth in the afternoon, so we agreed. Now the problem was, How were we going to get to Glendora? We hired another taxi to take us that afternoon, and made it in time to teach the evening classes.

The next morning, we all taught three classes each. It was fun! The Chinese teacher took me to a stationery store to buy envelopes, and I taught my students about writing letters. I had brought a list of US students who wanted to be pen pals with Chinese students. I gave them each an envelope

and taught them how to address the envelope so their letter would reach the United States. (The Chinese address their letters opposite the way we do.) They all were excited about writing to students in America. I also had a Junior class and taught them a few English songs. Their English was poor, but we had fun singing.

Before we left, we gave some important materials to the students that told them about our heavenly Father. Our prayer was that the Holy Spirit would use that information to draw them to Jesus. We made many contacts and hoped the school would consider having a summer English program.

After lunch, the school driver took us back down the mountain to our home. He drove rather fast around the curves. Leah had to use the water closet (bathroom), so the driver stopped the car in the middle of the road near an outhouse. The door to the outhouse was next to the road, but the rest of the outhouse was built out over the cliff! It was scary, but we all went in to use the hole in the floor. You could see all the way down the mountain through the hole where you had to squat to do your business.

To date, this had been my coldest, scariest, most frustrating, but also most beautiful and fabulous adventure. I enjoyed seeing God's wonderful creation, but I was so thankful to be home in Kossuth.

This is an email that I received from Betty on November 5, 1999:

Dear Frankie,

Your email about the candle gave me goose bumps! I couldn't help but think what a good illustration that candle story is of your life in China! The cold and darkness stand for the lack of knowledge about Jesus Christ and His salvation. The candle represents you, as God works through you to bring the light and warmth of His love shown to the Chinese people. Even after you leave, those who have received God's gift of salvation will continue

sharing God's plan with others, and the light will grow brighter and brighter. You will be amazed when you get to heaven to find out how many lives were affected by one small candle!

Love,  
Betty



## Chapter 7

# Giving Thanks



Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving,  
Let us shout joyfully to Him with psalms.  
(Psalm 95:2)

**O**ne dark, rainy evening, Anne took me downtown to the underground market. We rode our bikes instead of taking the bus. Anne wore a green poncho, and my poncho was yellow. (Most everyone wore brightly colored ponchos when it rained. It was very pretty: red, yellow, green, and blue.) We came to a large, busy intersection and stopped to wait for the light. When the light changed, I followed Anne in her green poncho. Or so I thought! Once across the street, I realized I was following the wrong green poncho. Yikes! There were so many bicycles and a lot of green ponchos. This was my first time downtown, and I had no idea how to get back home. I looked around for about fifteen minutes, but could not find Anne, so I decided to return to the last intersection we were together. Before long, Anne showed up, panicked and very much afraid that she had lost me. Boy, was I relieved to see her! We continued on to the underground market only to find it had closed for the evening. So much for shopping. It wasn't a wasted trip, because I enjoyed seeing the downtown area at night. It was very beautiful with all of the tall buildings and bright lights.

My language study was slowly progressing. The Chinese

lessons were very difficult for me, and many times, I left our session in tears.

One Tuesday morning, I received a phone call from Dan, my supervisor. He asked me to come to Thailand so that we could work on the volunteer calendar for 2000. I would need to know who was coming and when, since my job was to prepare for the teams coming into China. My responsibilities included making their hotel reservations and also making arrangements for each team's activities. I packed and left for Thailand on Thursday and stayed there until Sunday. It was a working trip, and boy, did we work hard every day. We were able to get our 2000 calendar finalized, and I was also able to meet with some of my friends from the United States.

The Chinese government monitored emails, so we had to be very careful with what we wrote. My family, friends, and I had to use code words in order to protect the Christians living there. Here are excerpts of emails that I sent out in November 1999.

November 6, 1999

Betty, guess what I'm drinking? I received your package, and boy, am I enjoying all of the wonderful items you sent. What a marvelous early Christmas present! Have you guessed yet? Well, I'm drinking delicious hot chocolate. The package was opened when I picked it up at the post office, but as far as I can tell, everything was there. I can't wait until morning to have my coffee with flavored creamer. You guys are the greatest. Tell your class "thank you all so much" for the great food items and for the money. It will be a great blessing. I will use the money to buy Books [Bibles] and give as many as I can as gifts to the people I have met. I plan to have several Christmas parties and hope to be able to give out many Books at that time. Knowing that you are holding me up to our heavenly Father is a blessing.

I had eleven in my Sunday night study. Up to now, the most I have had was four. My prayer is that they will understand the Word and be drawn to our Father.

November 12, 1999

I think someone is trying to break our codes. That is why our emails are so messed up. Several on the team have problems sending and receiving emails as well. We found out Sunday that our phones have ears.

Last night, Penny and I went downtown to buy some plants for our apartment. We bought two huge five-foot-tall plants and three smaller plants. We loaded the two large plants in the back of my three-wheeler and put the smaller plants in our baskets. Loaded down with greenery, we started home. Use your imagination now: my bicycle with a forest behind me and plants in front of me. We received more stares than usual. It was quite cold, so we decided to sing Christmas carols. I'm not sure if it was the singing or not paying attention to where we were going, but Penny had an accident. A man cut in front of her, and she fell. She wasn't hurt badly, though. We finally arrived home, and it was a huge chore getting those big plants up seven flights of stairs, but we made it. It really made our apartment look more homey.

November 15, 1999

Yesterday, we had a dunking [baptismal] party—my first here in our apartment. Thank goodness, we have a bathtub. A new believer kept calling me, wanting to be dunked right away. We were finally able to schedule a time when she could come. I called Pete and Susan (team members), and they came over and joined our special event.

Saturday, I sent packages home for the grandkids. Just a few knickknacks I thought they would be interested in. The packages were about the size of a shoebox, but it cost me \$75 to send, and the items only cost me \$25. I'm not sure I'll be sending very many packages, although I know it is special when you receive packages from overseas.



From time to time, Betty compiled a newsletter from emails that I had sent her. She called it “China Epistles” and sent it to other friends of mine. Here is a letter from Betty that she sent out regarding the newsletter:

Dear Friends,

Frankie and I have just been advised that it is unsafe to send the newsletter by email. Everyone who would like to continue receiving Frankie’s newsletter, please advise us of your current address. All further newsletters will be sent by mail. Extreme caution should be taken when sharing the newsletter. Please do not forward or give a printed copy to anyone. Only this week, people’s lives have been put in danger because someone saw a copy of a prayer newsletter that mentioned the name of a missionary and a co-worker. Our world grows smaller every day, and we have no way of knowing where printed copies might end up. Please join with us in prayer that these who are now in danger will be kept safe by the One who holds us in His hand.

When writing to Frankie, please remember to use alternative language. I suggest that you send any correspondence for Frankie to me, and I will check it to make sure it is okay to send and then forward it on to her. She loves to get mail, and she says the guards love it too!

Remember, their phone is bugged. Any monetary love gifts may be sent to me or to Carrie (Frankie’s daughter), and we will deposit the funds into Frankie’s account.

Frankie will be sending her wish list for Christmas soon, so I will let you know as soon as we hear.

Again, please use extreme caution when sharing about her work. No names or places should be mentioned. The work is going extremely well, and she has used some of the money sent to her to carry out some projects. Her supervisors seem very pleased with her work.

Continue to lift them up in prayer, that they may have wisdom to know when to share and when to be silent.

Yours in Christ,  
Betty

Here is a letter from some dear friends of mine (Hazel and Jim) to Betty:

This is a quick note to say thanks for the newsy newsletters from Frankie. We enjoy reading of her daily activities. Her newsletters are so much more interesting than some of the other work letters we received.

Please remember you are remembered daily.

Love,  
Jim and Hazel

Anne asked me to lecture to her English classes at the university, so I invited Penny to go with me. Five of Anne's classes filled the auditorium. Penny and I shared about Thanksgiving and why we celebrate this special day: it is a day to come together with family and friends and thank God for all of our wonderful blessings. We then shared about Christmas and told about Jesus, God's Son. I had brought along several props: wreath, nativity, and a star. The students asked many questions, and we were able to share much about Jesus. One student asked us how to become a Christian. I asked Anne if it was okay to answer him. She said yes, so we shared with the whole class how to become a Christian. I guess we will never know if anyone understood or prayed to receive, but at least we were able to present the gospel to about 150 university students. What a wonderful praise to God!



On Thanksgiving Day, Penny, Tom, Pat, and I met with a Chinese friend who wanted to treat us to a buffet breakfast. The selections consisted of chicken feet, pigs' feet, stuffed lotus blossoms, vegetables and eggs with soy sauce, fungus, animal intestines, and some other unidentifiable food. I was afraid to ask what the food was; it was very different from our buffets at home.

After breakfast, Tom, Pat, and I went to the hospital to meet with their doctor friends. At the doctors' requests, Pat had started a conversational English class for them. The head of the geriatric hospital asked me to join them a couple of times each week to teach English to the doctors and nurses. God was opening more doors, and we wanted to walk through them in obedience. What a wonderful opportunity to share the gospel!

Our team met that night at a downtown restaurant for our Thanksgiving dinner, Chinese style. Turkey was the only traditional Thanksgiving dish for us; the rest was Chinese food. We met with about twenty like-minded people and had a wonderful time. We all had so much to be thankful for on that Thanksgiving Day.

That evening, Penny and I put up our Christmas tree. It looked pretty good, but it wasn't the same. I felt very down that night, but I didn't want anyone to know, so I went to bed early. I loved decorating for Christmas, but it really made me homesick.

I had a wonderful surprise the next day! Jerry and Jill, Deborah and Keith, and Carrie and Lee all called me. (It was Thanksgiving Day for them.) I was able to talk with most of the grandkids. That really lifted me up! It was so wonderful hearing from all of my children and grandchildren. I looked forward to Carol's call. She called almost every week.

On the Sunday after Thanksgiving, Penny and I decided to go Christmas shopping. After our morning fellowship, we headed to the mall to find some meaningful gifts for our Chinese friends. We thought Christmas shopping at home was crowded, but it was overly crowded here. The stores were decorated with trees and many Christmas decorations. They were even

playing religious Christmas music. I was surprised but pleased, so I sang right along with the music. The mall was so crowded, and it seemed to us that the people were very rude, but we had to remind ourselves that this was a different culture and what we considered rude was normal for them. We vowed to never go shopping on the weekend again, unless it was absolutely necessary.

That evening, Lynn had invited me to a birthday party for her dad, who was turning seventy. She picked me up shortly after Penny and I arrived back home. We went to the restaurant, where we met many other family members, about fifty in all. I, being the only foreign guest, was seated at the guest of honor's table. They seated Wolf (another English speaker) beside me so that we could converse and he could let me know what to expect. I tried to impress Wolf with my newly learned Chinese phrases. I was practicing on him and was impressed that he understood me. One of the new phrases that I had learned was *duoshao qian*, which means, "How much is it?" Lynn's mom was sitting on the other side of me, and she held up two fingers and five fingers. I asked Wolf, "What is she telling me?"

"The meal cost 250 yuan," he said.

I was so embarrassed. I told him I was just practicing my Chinese. I didn't really want to know how much the meal was. (Not a bad price, though, to feed so many. That was about \$34.) It was funny, and we all laughed. I make so many mistakes, and I'm so thankful that God loves me and knows my heart.

Lynn, knowing I don't drink alcoholic beverages, had a two-liter Coke bottle in front of me. They do a lot of toasting at dinner parties in China. People would come from other tables to toast the guest of honor and then come to me and toast me as well. You are supposed to allow the guests to fill your glass and then do the toast. It didn't take long for my two-liter Coke bottle to be empty. I was so full of Coke, I was miserable by the time the dinner was over. It was difficult for me to get up the steps once I arrived home.

## Chapter 8

### My First Christmas in China



And she gave birth to her firstborn son; and she wrapped Him in cloths, and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.  
(Luke 2:7)

I had several lectures and three Christmas parties scheduled in December. At one of the Christmas lectures, a person asked why we celebrate Jesus's birthday. I was able to share that Jesus is God's Son and that the reason He came to earth was because He loves us so much and made a way for us to go to heaven. Many seeds were planted, and I trusted the Holy Spirit to convict many hearts. I also told about the secular part of Christmas, but what a joy it was to share about Jesus!

December 7, 1999  
Email to me from Bonnie

Jim called tonight to deliver the sad news that the urologist told Howard there was nothing more they can do, and suggested they find a hospice for him, given his condition and the limited time he has left. When we talked with Jean yesterday (Howard didn't feel like talking), even she was down. He's been in terrible pain, so I hope they will now give him a morphine pump so he can at least be more comfortable. He is to see his oncologist on Thursday.



Remember them. We called Lin yesterday to go talk with Howard about his most important relationship, and found he'd already done so about ten days ago. Howard assured Lin that he was ready to be called home to heaven.

Sorry to have to give you the bad news. Jim W. called the siblings (except for you) and Mom. I told him I'd let you know, although it grieves me since I've experienced getting sad news while being so far away.

Love,  
Bonnie

Receiving sad news was always difficult. I prayed for God's leading for my family. Hearing about so many of my family members who were suffering in pain was putting me on my knees. Praise God for His mercy and deliverance. I claimed God's promise: "Do not be afraid or discouraged. . . . For the battle is not yours, but God's" (2 Chronicles 20:15, NIV). God is always with me, so I knew that I was not alone.



With great excitement and anticipation, I went to the International Post Office to pick up packages from Carrie and my friend Beverly. It was always great to receive care packages from home. The packages contained flavored coffee creamer, socks, Christmas presents, and many other wonderful items. Wow!

Some of the ladies at my church in Picayune made small Christmas stockings for me to give out at Christmas. They also sent small candy canes to be put in the stockings. When I spoke to different groups, I told the "Story of the Candy Cane" and how it related to Jesus.

Here is an email that I sent to Betty on December 8, 1999:

I received the packages with the candy canes, stockings, tablecloth, and other items. I will be able to use everything. Thank you also for the beautiful Christmas sweaters and

the sweat suits. A special thank you to Mrs. Walker for her divinity. It arrived safely, and I am enjoying it every day. Please tell everyone at RPBC [my home church] how much I appreciate everything. I will use it for the ministry. I have several gatherings, and I fix meals about once a month for them, so this will really be a great asset for the Christmas parties and other meetings. All of these things will help me in sharing "The Reason for the Season." I thank Father every day for allowing me to come here, and you are all a part of the ministry here.

I have several parties this week. Tomorrow, I will have two hundred students at the school, and I will have an opportunity to share the real meaning about Christmas. I will give each one a stocking filled with a candy cane and tract. I will probably never know how many will be touched with the gospel because of all you guys have done.

Love you,  
Frankie

One Saturday, Zeb took Leah, Penny, and me to a large mall on the other side of town to do some Christmas shopping. As I looked around, I saw a stuffed animal of Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer. It was one of those that played music, and I pushed the button. Imagine my surprise when it played "The Farmer in the Dell." I started laughing. I had expected a Christmas song about Rudolph or Santa Claus, but "The Farmer in the Dell"? It was hilarious! Zeb, Leah, and Penny heard me laughing, looked around the corner of the aisle, and asked me what was wrong. I said, "Come here! You have to hear this!" I played the song for them, and they started laughing as well. People in the store looked at us as if we had lost our minds. I bought one for Carol so she could share it with her kindergarten kids.

One week in December, Lynn called and asked Penny and me to go with her and her boyfriend to an outer district, to do a favor for them. They said they would pick us up on Thursday afternoon and take us to Escatawpa. Dan had assigned a different area for each team member to pray for. Escatawpa was my area, so I was excited about the upcoming trip there. I wasn't sure what Lynn and her boyfriend wanted us to do, but I realized that they wanted people to know they were friends with foreigners. Penny and I planned to do some prayer walking and find out a little about this area, if nothing else.

When we arrived, the committee had rolled out the red carpet (literally) and had large bouquets of flowers for Penny and me. The TV cameras were rolling, filming our every move. We met the tourist director and the hotel manager, along with city officials. They escorted us into the hotel, checked us into our room, and then took us for a drive around the city. They showed us a park, a museum, and a Buddhist temple.

We discovered that they were having a tourist convention for that district, with seventy tour agents in attendance. They wanted us to speak at this convention, which would be televised. They kept us very busy with meetings and dinners, showing us off to the city officials.

During one of the meetings on Saturday, I was surprised at the lack of interest. It seemed to me that no one was paying much attention to the speakers. Their cell phones would ring, and they would answer and talk loudly. This went on for several hours. Penny and I were sitting at the speakers' table, so we were unable to slip out. Television cameras were running from time to time. Many of the cameramen had put their cameras down and were actually snoozing.

Until it was my turn to speak! Then the cameras came up, and all of them were filming. Since my Chinese was poor, I spoke in English and told them what a beautiful area they had. (It lay at the base of the mountains with wonderful clear water and winding trails along the cliffs that lead to a high waterfall.) I didn't think I would actually be on TV, but one of Penny's

students called us later and said they saw me. So much for trying to be inconspicuous!

Many of these people had never seen a foreigner, so to them, we were quite a spectacle. I actually had people come up to me and touch my face.

While we were there, we gave out several tracts and prayed for a large area. I gave the hotel manager a Bible and hoped that he would read it and then seek more information. When we were leaving, the city leaders came bearing gifts. This area was known for their ducks, so that was what they gave us: dried ready-to-eat pressed ducks. I had never received a duck as a gift before. First time for everything. What a trip!



We were able to see more people pray and receive Jesus at my Sunday night Bible/English study. I was so excited! I felt so blessed in seeing so many come to Him. We had several more parties and lectures planned. My heavenly Father was really working here, and I was so humbled that He used me.

The hospital English classes were going well. Pat, Tom, and I tried to go twice each week, and were able to share quite a lot about Christ. We invited them over to our apartment and showed them the *Jesus* film. One of the women doctors followed me out of one of the English classes and told me her husband was interested in Christianity. She then asked if he could come to our Bible studies. What a wonderful blessing!



Lynn's dad was the headmaster of the Senior University. They had classes in English, Tai Chi, painting, and other subjects for senior adults. Lynn asked me if I would lecture for the seniors. Penny, Pat, Tom, and I went to the university and talked about Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. After lunch, we broke up into small groups. One of the ladies that I met was named Ruby.

Ruby pulled me aside and told me that her daughter, Mindy,

was interested in Christianity. I set a time later and met with both of them. Mindy, a traditional Chinese-medicine doctor, was already a believer, but she wanted to know more about the Bible. Ruby, Mindy, and Mindy's thirteen-year-old son, Tiger, started coming to my Saturday night group. Eventually, Ruby and Tiger prayed to receive Jesus. All three of them were baptized in my bathtub in the apartment.

Lynn's father invited me to the Senior University Christmas party. He asked me to share about how Christmas is celebrated in the United States. Of course, I said yes. Lynn told me that it was okay to bring other members of the team, so I asked Pat and Tom to go with me. Pat had found three boxes of Bibles in her storage room, and she asked if we could give them to the senior adults at the party. I wasn't sure about that because giving out so many Bibles at one time (even though they would be given as Christmas gifts) could be dangerous. We asked Tracy what she thought, and she liked the idea, because she had gotten her first Bible as a gift at Christmas.

After much prayer, Tom, Pat, and I decided to go ahead and give the Bibles as gifts at the senior Christmas party. Pat's idea was to give them the Bibles and then read from the Book of Luke about the Christmas story, but Tracy told us that the people, being senior citizens, had a lot of distrust, and even though they might want a Bible, they probably would not want their neighbor to know they had a Bible. She suggested that we wrap the Bibles and give them to the seniors as they were leaving.

Pat and I started looking for wrapping paper, which was not easy to find in China. We took newspaper and the wrapping paper, and spent two weekends wrapping the Bibles and putting them back in their boxes. The day finally arrived for the Christmas party. The next problem was, How were we going to get the three boxes of Bibles downtown to the university? The taxis were very small, and their trunks were small or non-existent. We decided to rent a bike with storage in back to haul things. Tom hired a young man to take him with the Bibles to the university. Pat and I followed in a taxi.

Tom, not understanding Chinese, had a problem getting the bike driver to understand him, so he decided to sit on the cartons and give the driver hand directions. Just before the first light, the driver stopped before he arrived at the intersection and motioned for Tom to get off. Well, Tom, not wanting to leave the Bibles, said, "No!" The driver motioned again emphatically for him to get off. Again, Tom refused. Finally, the driver would not go until Tom got off of the boxes. The driver went across the street and waited for Tom to walk across. Then Tom got on again, and off they went. This procedure repeated itself at every intersection.

At the last intersection before they arrived at the university, the driver didn't wait for Tom. He just took off with Tom running behind him. When Tom got to the university, he discovered that the driver had dropped the boxes off at the front gate. When Pat and I arrived, we were met by several of the senior adults and Tom, who told us about his adventure.

Once the party started, we discovered that the seniors really didn't want us to say much, even though they had a special table set up in front of the room for us. They had the program all planned with skits and songs. I was allowed to say a few words, so as quickly as possible, I told them about Jesus' birth. Then we sang some Christmas songs.

After the party was over, I told them we had gifts for them. They came to the stage, and Tom, Pat, and I started giving out the wrapped Bibles. One elderly gentleman had gotten his gift and stood right in front of me, slowly tearing the paper. Once he discovered it was a Bible, he yelled in English, "It's a Bible! Get two?"

I was somewhat surprised and yet pleased at his enthusiasm. Not knowing exactly how many were there, I said, "No, we only have one for each of you." Would you believe we had just enough Bibles for each senior to have one! Once the others saw that the gift was a Bible, they ripped the paper off like crazy. They were so proud and excited to have their own Bible.

Out of this adventure, we were able to start a senior adult Bible study, and eventually most of those who attended came

to believe in Jesus. They wanted to learn English, but they also wanted to learn more about God and His Son. What a great God I serve! I continue to be amazed at what He will do if we make ourselves available to Him.



On Christmas Day, I left for my niece's home to visit with her family and celebrate Christmas. They picked me up at the airport at noon, and we went to their apartment, left my suitcase, and then went out shopping. The Chinese don't celebrate Christmas, so all the shops were open as usual. That evening, we went to their friends' apartment for a big Christmas dinner.

I had a good visit with my niece's family. After staying there for a couple of days, I had to head back home because of my work. When we arrived at the airport, we discovered the flight was delayed. After about four hours, they said the next flight to Kossuth would be the following morning, so we returned home.

The next morning, my niece called the airport, and they told her that the flight was canceled, and they were not sure when the next flight to Kossuth would be. I decided to go to the airport and catch the next flight to a larger city and make a connection to home from there. My nephew took me to the airport, and I told him that I would be okay and that he could return home.

Six hours later, they said there was a flight leaving, and I would be able to make a connection to Kossuth from the first stopover. I got on that flight and sat by a gentleman who spoke English. I was so relieved and asked him if I could stay close to him so I would not miss the connecting flight. He said he would be honored and asked if he could practice his English. I thought that was a good trade-off, so we had a good visit during the flight.

When we arrived at our stopover, we had to deplane and wait for our next flight. After a couple of hours, another

announcement was made, and I saw some of the people getting up and going through to a plane. The gentleman I was with just sat there, so I stayed sitting as well. Finally, his friend came over and spoke to him, and he got up to leave. I asked him, "Is this our flight?"

"Yes," he said.

"Why did you wait until the others had boarded?" I asked.

"I don't understand Mandarin. I am a Tibetan," he replied.

I thought, *Here I was staying next to someone who I thought could speak Chinese, and he didn't understand any more than I did!*

I almost missed my flight, but I finally made it safely back home. Praise the Lord!



## Chapter 9

### Moving Forward



Cease striving and know that I am God;  
I will be exalted among the nations, I will be  
exalted in the earth.  
(Psalm 46:10)

**A**fter the New Year, I continued to look for opportunities to share Jesus with the Chinese people. I began a senior citizen Bible study on Wednesday afternoons. It was so exciting to see the elderly people becoming involved. Up to now, most of the work had concentrated on university students, teachers, and doctors.

They still burned coal here; it was their main source of fuel. The resulting smog caused me to have recurring respiratory infections and bronchitis. Also, I was not used to having to walk up seven flights of stairs so often.

Tom and Pat were in the United States until March, so I was teaching the doctors' English class on Tuesdays and Thursdays by myself. I ended up missing one of the Tuesday classes. Still struggling with an infection, I stayed in bed and slept most of the time. I did go to the Thursday class, and the doctors checked me over and confirmed that I had bronchitis again. They gave me a prescription and told me to go home and stay in bed.

After a few days, the medicine started working, for which I was very thankful. The doctors were a great group of people and were very concerned about my health. They told me to call them anytime, day or night, and they would come and care for

me. What a great comfort to know that they would always be there when needed. I was still not 100 percent well, but I got up to do my study group and then went back to bed.



Anne and I went to the wholesale market on the north end of town. We had the greatest time; it was so much fun. I found many things that I had been wanting, but they were too expensive in the stores. At the market, I was able to buy them for much less. (When the merchants saw a white face, they automatically upped the price. We had so much fun bargaining!) Pushing, shoving, crowds were everywhere. We had a ball, shopping and walking around, observing the crowds until late afternoon. What an experience!

As we headed home, we decided to stop downtown at McDonald's (the first one in Kossuth), which had opened on Christmas day. This was my first time to go to this new McDonald's. I had not gone to the opening because I didn't want to stand in the line, which stretched a couple of blocks. (Some of our team members went about midnight and waited in the cold for the grand opening.)

Even though it was the middle of January, McDonald's was still very crowded, and people kept pushing in front of us. Finally, Anne pushed our way up to the counter to place our order. They finally gave us our food, and we found a place to sit. My Big Mac hamburger tasted just like home, and boy, was it good!

McDonald's brought to Kossuth such additional American culture as fast food hamburgers along with Western toilets (which was a new concept to the masses of China). All of the team members were excited to have a store downtown that had Western toilets.

One day, Penny and I went with one of her students, Tammie, to see her university. Tammie was so proud of her campus. The campus was closed because of the Chinese New Year, and most of the students had gone home for the holiday. Tammie

showed us around the campus and took us to her dorm room. Her roommates had all returned home, so she was alone for the holidays. Her room was very dismal and dark. It had six bunk beds, three on each side of the room attached to the wall. Each student had one fishnet bag hung on the wall beside her bed to keep her personal belongings. The room was very small, with only one little table between the beds. On the small balcony, they had one little sink to brush their teeth and wash their hands. The water closet (toilet) and shower were down the hall. There was no heat, and they had electricity for only three hours each weekday on campus.

I always wondered why I saw so many students studying outside on benches. Now I knew. Most of the campuses didn't turn on the electricity until dark, so the students studied outside even in the winter. I had been told how difficult it was on campus for these students, but until you saw for yourself, it was difficult to comprehend. The universities were building new buildings and dorms for the students, and I prayed that the conditions would be better.



Betty and some of the other ladies at my home church made cross bookmarks out of plastic canvas and colored ribbon. They cut the canvas into little crosses and then wrapped the ribbon around and through the holes in the canvas, with a long ribbon extending from the top of the cross. The crosses could be used as bookmarks or as necklaces. Betty sent the crosses to me, and I used them as a witnessing tool. The Chinese loved them, and I gave a tract along with the cross. I could have given out hundreds of crosses, but I tried to give them out only when I could share about what the cross stood for.



A group of doctors came to my apartment one Saturday morning to learn how to bake cookies. (I had previously taken cookies

when we had our English classes.) I had all of the ingredients for oatmeal cookies and had made several copies of the recipe to give them. After the baking class, I showed them the *Jesus* film. The class went well, and the doctors really enjoyed the cookies.

One of the doctors went to the store, bought the ingredients for the cookies, and baked them in her microwave! She didn't understand that she needed a convection oven, so the cookies turned out very hard. Her husband threw one against the wall, and it wouldn't break. He thought it was funny. (You can buy convection ovens here in China, but most people do not have them.) I told the doctor that she should not use the microwave for cookies like this. We all had a great laugh about it. Oh, the little things we take for granted! I thought I explained about baking in the right kind of oven, but with the language barrier, most didn't understand my instructions.

I now had three couples coming to my Saturday night doctors' English class. One of the doctors brought a chemist, named Peter, who wanted to learn English and also learn about God. Peter had borrowed a Bible from a friend. I gave him his own Bible, and he said, "This gift is better than a gift of gold. I will treasure it always!" It was so delightful to see how enthusiastic some of them were when they received their own Bible. The Chinese people could buy Bibles here, but only at the government churches. Most of the people didn't know where to go to buy a Bible, so I was thankful I could give them as gifts. God's Word tells us that His Word "shall not return to Me void" (Isaiah 55:11 NKJV), so I prayed that many would come to know Him through His Word. At a later Bible study, Peter prayed to receive Jesus. Dr. Mindy had shared with him about God, and he was ready.

One of the believers in the class was an obstetrician, and most of his practice was performing abortions. He didn't want to do them, but he felt he had no choice. This stressed him so much that he contemplated suicide. They have no private practice in China; doctors see patients at the government hospitals, and the government pays their salary. If he refused to do the

abortions, he could be imprisoned, and would no longer be able to practice medicine in China. He was very distraught about this and asked us to pray for him. Later on, he returned to school and continued his studies in a different field. For at least two years, he no longer had to perform the abortions. Praise the Lord! He looked and acted so differently once that burden had been lifted from him.



Charlie (a Buddhist) started coming to one of my Bible studies. At first, he was very arrogant and would ask millions of questions. I thought he was just trying to disrupt the study. After a while, I felt he was becoming more and more serious about learning about God and the Bible.

After several weeks of study, Charlie finally decided to give his life to Jesus. He was very inquisitive about the Bible and soaked up knowledge like a sponge. Charlie was very hyper and couldn't sit still for long periods of time. He would come in late, and then, after a few minutes, leave the room to get a drink of water or go to the bathroom. I wondered if he really understood, but when I would question him, he almost always knew the answer.

Charlie's mother became very ill and was in the hospital in a coma for some time. He would sit by her side for hours and share with her about Jesus. Charlie asked if he could have two of the crosses that Betty had sent, and as I gave them to him, I asked him what he wanted with the second one. He said he wanted to put it around his mom's neck, as he was sure she could understand his explaining about Jesus even though she could not speak.

One night about nine o'clock, Charlie called me, sobbing, and told me his mother had passed away. He asked me if I would come to the hospital and bring him another cross for his mother, as his sister had seen the cross and yanked it from her neck. Charlie was so convinced his mother had made a decision to receive Jesus and wanted her to have the cross around her neck.

Pat and I went to the hospital to meet with Charlie. They had already taken his mother's body to a small shack, where she had been placed inside a clear plastic container with air being pumped into it. Charlie begged the caretaker to allow him to put the necklace around his mother's neck, but the caretaker refused and said when they cremated the body, he could put it with her at that time. Charlie was devastated. He asked us if we thought his mother was in heaven. That was a hard question to answer, but we told him if he thought his mother understood him and gently squeezed his hand when he asked her if she believed in Jesus, then he might see her there. We prayed with Charlie, and after about an hour, we finally left for home. Charlie had settled down and appeared to be much calmer.



In February, the team and I went to a conference in Thailand for two weeks. We had a great time of renewal and worship. Bonnie and Jim were able to make reservations to come to our conference, so it was great seeing them. I was also able to meet with my niece and her husband as well. What an extra bonus: seeing my family!

One very cold February morning, our electricity went out and stayed off for most of the day. After the electricity finally came back on, it took a while for our apartment to warm up. The cold didn't really bother the Chinese, as most of them had no heat in their homes. We kept our apartment comfortable, but the Chinese were not used to taking off their coats, so they thought it was hot in our apartment. They would come in and go over and turn off our heat. I told them, "Please take off your coat, and you will be more comfortable." Reluctantly, they did so.

One Friday and Saturday, Tracy and I went to visit Kathy (the first one baptized in our apartment) and her parents. We caught a bus and arrived at the hotel, where we were to meet them. (Kathy's father had stayed home from work for the occasion.) After we arrived at their home, we gave each of Kathy's parents a Bible as a gift. Her parents fixed a wonderful lunch

for us. Afterwards, we went to the park to see the sights of their city. Later we returned to their apartment. They had invited many of their friends and family, as this was a big deal for them to have a foreign guest. We had brought our Uno cards and taught them how to play. This was a fun way to teach them a few English words. Our efforts at teaching them the game brought a lot of laughter. In spite of the language barrier, we had a great time.

Their friends started arriving, so we stopped playing cards so we could visit with them. Kathy's father asked if it was all right if he gave his Bible to his friend, because his friend really needed to read the Bible. (Kathy's father would share a Bible with his wife.) I was so excited and so thankful that Tracy was there to answer their questions. It was always great when I had someone with me who could speak to the Chinese in their own language. Many seeds were planted among the adults. After a delicious meal, Tracy and I returned to our hotel. The next morning, Kathy came to the hotel in a taxi to give us a ride to the bus station for our return trip.

I had a Valentine's Day party and invited many of my Chinese friends. My friends at home had sent boxes of Valentines for me to give out. Twenty people came, and they were impressed at all of the decorations. I had bought a rose for each of the ladies and a chocolate heart for each of the men. They quickly devoured the cake and brownies that I had made. The Chinese call Valentine's Day "Lover's Day." I told them everyone in the United States celebrates Valentine's Day, not just *lovers*. Also, I told them about St. Valentine, and then about the greatest love story: Jesus' love for us. It was very well received.



On March 9, 2000, my brother Howard passed away at 9:00 a.m., California time. It was so difficult being away from home and family during times like that. I knew he was ill, but I wasn't expecting this so quickly. He is home with our Father and at peace. I'm thankful for that. Cancer is such a painful death.

Knowing I was being remembered during this time meant so much to me.



At the doctors' class, Dr. Donna invited Tom, Pat, and me to a party at one of the doctor's homes one Friday evening. Many of the doctors were Communist party members, so they were fearful about sharing that they had chosen to follow Christ, as they would lose their jobs. A wonderful thing happened, though. Dr. Donna asked me to please bring the Bible so I could have a study for them. My mouth dropped open! I couldn't believe my ears! Of course, I was extremely happy to do that. The request surprised me, because Dr. Donna was a party member. I had already given Bibles to some of the doctors. God was truly working here.

Fourteen doctors were at the dinner party. Some we had never met, and some we knew from class. We all stood around the table, eating and visiting. After we had finished eating, Dr. Donna asked us all to go and sit down to have our lesson. It was very wonderful to see their interest. Some had heard about the Bible and told me about one of their professors who had told them something about God. The professor had told them, "If you obey God and learn about Him, He will direct you to do His will." They wanted to know what the professor meant and how to know what the will of God is. We had a marvelous conversation and study. More doctors said they wanted to come for study. I was so thankful I had brought more Bibles to the party to give away.

Here is an email that I sent to my children in March 2000:

Dear Kids,

I tried to call some of you last night, but was unable to get through to any of you, so I decided to email. Next best thing, right?

How are all of my wonderful children doing? I have



been gone for the past three weekends. Some fun and some work. The plants and scenery here are so awesome. I tell the locals, "How can you not believe in a Creator? There is so much beauty here."

Last weekend, Sean and Sue took Penny and me to a neighboring city, which had four different parks and a museum. We did a lot of walking, waiting, and climbing. I am really getting in good shape.

Friday night, we were at the city park along the river. The traditional Chinese architecture lined with colored lights was very impressive. There were many beautiful sights and dancing waters along the riverwalk. The locals were dancing, and it was beautiful to see. This is an area where there are not many foreigners, so as usual, we drew a lot of attention from the locals. I was able to share with a few, and I gave out several cross bookmarks. They all really loved them.

Saturday, we met Sean, Sue, and Sean's brother for breakfast, and then they took us to another park. This park had a lot of beautiful plants and a path up a mountain to a pagoda. More climbing. Both the cherry and pear trees and the flowers were in full bloom. It was breathtaking! From the top of the mountain, we could see the whole city.

After we came down the mountain, they took us to a large restaurant for a special lunch. We were served tea and sunflower seeds as hors d'oeuvres. Then they served a huge lunch. There were only five of us, so I guess they wanted to impress us with all of the food. We were enjoying the many different delicacies, when all of a sudden, Penny screamed!

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"There's a rat on the coffee table drinking from our tea cups!" Penny said.

I turned, and sure enough, a rat was sitting on the coffee table drinking from a cup. Normally, I wasn't fond of seeing a rat or mouse, but this was a cute sight. The rat was sitting there with his paws on the rim of the cup,

enjoying the tea. I told Penny to calm down. It would be okay. I wanted to just chase the rat away and finish lunch, but Penny made such a fuss that we had to leave the restaurant. Sean and Sue felt badly, and so did I, for the commotion Penny had made. Penny's screaming didn't bother the rat at all.

The next morning, Sean and Sue took us to a very large lake where we had a two-hour boat ride. That afternoon, we went to a museum that had many artifacts. On our way home, we passed fields of rape plants [where we get canola oil]. They were in full bloom, so our ride home was beautiful with all of the golden fields. We arrived home late that evening, very tired.

Love,  
Mom

With the China/US relations not the best at this time, we were seeing more and more police on the street. One Sunday, during our regular fellowship, we heard a knock on the door of Leah's apartment. Leah answered the door, but she didn't understand what the officers wanted. Zeb's Chinese was very good, so he went to see what they wanted. The officers wanted all of us to go outside and register. They asked for all of our passports. Zeb told them, "No, we aren't breaking any law, and we are not going outside." They finally consented, but Leah had to present her passport, and the next day, she had to go downtown and register. We were thankful we did not go to the same place every Sunday to have our fellowship and worship time. It was just a reminder that we were in China, and our freedoms were not the same as at home.

The harvest was ripe, and the workers were few. I knew that many had been here before us and shared, and, by God's grace, we were able to reap the harvest He had prepared. We were also sowing seeds for someone to come after us and reap more harvest. What a wonderful blessing for us

## Chapter 10

# Seeds Planted and Harvested



Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved.  
(Acts 16:31, NKJV)

**T**his is a wonderful promise of God that I saw fulfilled many times in China. April was busier than usual. I was making final arrangements for three teams who were coming.

The first team was comprised of businessmen from Knoxville, who held a business seminar here. Their visit was a huge success with Chinese businessmen, with many seeds planted and harvested. Zeb headed up this team, and he was praying to be able to make business contacts or appointments during the lectures and meetings. The businessmen were able to share about their faith and how God was using them in their businesses.

The second team consisted of two couples from Alabama who came to see what was happening here. Their eyes were opened to what God was doing.

The third team came to help prepare the way for our summer teams. Prayer is where it begins. They prayer walked around the city, asking God to break down the barriers of Satan and to open doors for those coming behind them. They made many contacts, and we were thankful for these coming and giving their prayers, time, and money.

At this time, my “Chinese daughter” Lynn was co-owner of a travel agency. She helped me by taking the teams on sightseeing

tours and making some of our hotel reservations when we went to remote areas.



Two of my Bible study groups were now a group of their own with a Chinese leader. In this way, they could grow and share with their own people. David was the leader of the group. His growth in the study of the Bible was phenomenal; his thirst to learn more was like a sponge. Pat and I loved teaching him and watching him grow spiritually. When David sang, you could see and feel the Holy Spirit. He truly loved the Lord. I was a little disappointed that some of the people dropped out of the group (they were just coming to learn English). There were still many who continued to come, and I knew they would grow under David's leadership. I prayed for those who heard the Word and rejected it that one day someone would come along and share again with them, and they would be ready to hear more about God.

I had bronchitis again. This was not a good time to be ill, as I had twelve teams coming from May through August. I was thankful for my doctors who came to the apartment to give me medication.

A couple of weeks later, Lynn invited Joy, Tom, Pat, Zeb, and me to the mountains. We had a wonderful time; the mountains were so beautiful and majestic. They have built a walkway into the cliff of the mountain. We hiked for a couple of hours along this narrow trail and across swinging bridges over beautiful blue green, clear rivers and lakes until we came to a very high waterfall. After admiring the waterfall, we decided to return back the way we had come, because the whole hike would take over five hours.

Lynn had made arrangements for us to speak to her friend's class that evening. The hotel where we were staying had a school for their employees. We were able to share the Easter story with about seventy students. God was so good in giving us this opportunity. The lectures were well received, and afterward,

the workers had many questions. We thought we were going for a relaxing weekend, but God afforded us the opportunity to share about His coming, death, and resurrection. Later that evening, we were invited to a show with traditional Chinese dancing and singing.



Pat had to go to Thailand for knee surgery, and I took over her classes teaching English to the PhD students at the university. I still was amazed that I was teaching PhD students! The university had been trying to get me to teach there ever since I had lectured for them in October. I told them I didn't have my degree, so I would just substitute for them from time to time.

In May, I hosted a photo team (Lara and Jamie) for one week. They stayed with me at the apartment, and I took them to the outer districts and all over the city. They were taking pictures for an album that would tell the story of Chinese life through pictures. Lara brought me a Polaroid camera, and I loved taking pictures of the people while Lara and Jamie took their pictures. When I took the picture out of the camera, the Chinese were amazed when it started to develop. They would hold the picture and turn it over and over. I was able to give most of them a tract with their picture. One person asked me how much it cost. I said, "It is free, just like salvation is free." It was a wonderful witnessing opportunity.



I had a wonderful Mother's Day present! Carol and her friend Theresa came for one short week. Wow! I took them around the city and to some of the outlying districts. One time, we were on a very crowded bus with people, chickens, and produce from the farm. Someone's cell phone rang, and Carol laughingly said, "The old and the new."

When we went to the mountains, I took the Polaroid camera so that I could take pictures of people. As I gave the picture to

the person, I would also give a cross bookmark and a tract. Tracy came with us and would explain the meaning of the cross. We would never know how many would be touched by the tract. I was in the process of putting in some new film when a lady came up to me. I thought she wanted me to take her picture, but she wanted a cross and a tract. Most of the people wanted their picture taken, but she wanted a cross and wanted to know what it meant. Tracy was happy to share with her its meaning.

David had twelve new converts to baptize on May 13. It was so exciting! One of the highlights of Carol's visit was attending the baptism. She and Theresa were so moved. Carol's eyes filled with tears of joy as she witnessed the excitement of the people as they were being baptized. What a wonderful, glorious day!

A few weeks before, I had befriended a young man named Henry, whom I had met in a department store. (He wanted to learn English and wanted to be friends with an American.) Henry had come to my apartment several times, and when I had told him that my daughter was coming to visit, he asked if Carol would bring him some Levi jeans. (At that time, you could not get Levi jeans in China.) He said that he would pay for the jeans, and he gave me his size information. Carol brought three pairs for him, and when Henry came to pick them up, I was surprised that he had brought a friend. I had been sharing with Henry (who said he didn't believe), but his friend Kevin wanted to hear about God and also wanted a Bible. I shared with them for about an hour. It was late when they came, so I told them to return Sunday afternoon for Bible study. I also gave them the *Jesus* movie. They came to the study on Sunday, and Kevin prayed to receive Jesus. His joy overflowed, and he wanted to be baptized.

My language study was slow, but I felt that I was improving a little. I tried to use the language every time I could. I was learning new Chinese songs, and that was helping me to learn some new words as well. When both the photo team and Carol and Theresa were here, I was pleased at how much I actually could use. I was able to get us all around town and order food—the two most important things here.

In one of our shopping sprees at the wholesale market, Carol bought me a wall hanging of the Great Wall. It looked wonderful over my couch. I had been eyeing this hanging for some time, but I wouldn't buy it for myself. Carol's visit was a very special time for me, and I will cherish it for a long time.



There was a young man in our group named Lou who went out to the countryside to share Jesus with the farmers. He said he had a captive audience. While the farmers worked, he would work along with them and tell them about Jesus. He had started a Bible group and had two farmers who had prayed and wanted to be baptized.

God was so great! I was having the time of my life! Everything was so exciting I could hardly stand it. Seeing how the Holy Spirit was moving in people and knowing that He was allowing me to be part of the work here was so wonderful.

My family at home continued to experience many health problems. Satan regularly attacked me in this area. My brother-in-law Jim Wilburn had heart surgery, and I praised God that he was doing well. Even though I knew that I was exactly where God wanted me to be, at times I felt I needed to be with my siblings and children. I had a wonderful peace, though, because I knew who was taking care of them, and I always asked for God's perfect will to be done in my families' lives.



I went to Hong Kong on May 31 and stayed there for a week. A Mission Vision (MV) team of five wonderful theology students from the United States came back to Kossuth with me. Their spiritual wisdom was beyond their age. The three boys and two girls immediately went out and started reaping the harvest. It was awesome what was happening. I had developed a schedule for them, and each day, they went to a different area, met people, and shared with them. They were cautious but bold

in their witness. I was so thankful the Holy Spirit went before them and cleared their way.

One morning, Robert (one of the MV team) wasn't feeling well, so he stayed home and rested. After lunch, he was feeling better, so he went to the university to play basketball. Robert shot baskets by himself for about forty-five minutes (most Chinese take a nap after lunch, so the campus was really quiet). Since it was very hot outside, he was about to quit and come back to the apartment when three young men walked past him, stopped, turned around, and stared at him. That was not unusual because Robert was a big guy and received lots of stares. The young men walked to the corner of the basketball court, stopped and talked with one another, and then came back and asked if they could play basketball with him. After playing for about five minutes or so, Robert went behind the goal to retrieve a loose ball, and one of the young men came up to him and said, "Can you please tell me about God?" Robert wasn't sure he had heard the young man correctly, but the young man repeated what he said, and then, pointing up to heaven, said, "Yes, I want to know about God. G-O-D. You know, the God of heaven." Well, Robert was excited and, of course, talked with him and invited him to the apartment to see the *Jesus* film. The young man brought several of his friends with him, and he and some of his friends now know and believe in God. For the others, it was their first time to hear, but they were seeking.

The three MV team boys went to an outlying district where the young Chinese whom Robert had met while playing basketball lived. None of the MV boys could speak any Chinese at all, but we gave them instructions in Chinese characters of how to get to the bus station and how to get to the hotel, but that was all. Most of the people in the outlying districts had rarely heard English. We didn't know if this was going to work or not, but God went ahead of them. At the hotel, they put the boys on the fourth floor. Lo and behold, the floor attendant spoke English, and since there were no other visitors on that floor, the young man's boss gave him permission to go with



the boys and be their interpreter. This young man spent three days going around with the boys. After hearing the good news, he prayed and received Jesus as his Savior. He was excited and brought many of his friends to hear the Word as well. The boys met several people and brought them to their hotel room to watch the *Jesus* film. The floor attendant planned to start a Bible study in the hotel.

While the boys were away, the girls continued going out every day on their bikes, building relationships. They met and witnessed to many students and professors at the university.

The team went to an outlying area and shared with the farm community, and the boys were invited by the Chinese English teachers to go into their classrooms and talk with the students. They planted many seeds, and ten persons in the outer districts prayed to receive Jesus as their Savior. All in all, I believe they birthed about thirteen new spiritual babies and made many contacts. Praise the Lord! They had many stories of how hungry the people were to hear the Word.

It was a sad day for me when they had to leave. The MV team had left an impact on Kossuth and left footprints on my life. I really fell in love with all of them and prayed that God would lead them back here to China.



The China Harvest team came for five days. The group consisted of thirty-four students who went into different districts, speaking in English classes in the university and middle schools. They were very bold in sharing the good news, and they had several who made professions of faith. The people were so hungry. Dan called me and asked if I could place about half of the team in one of the schools I had contact with. I called Escatawpa Middle School, and they were delighted for some of the team to come to their campus. This opened many doors for me later. Some of the new believers were teachers in the school and university. God was moving in a way that was so awesome! I was so thankful to be a part of His plan here. The

enemy would not give up this area without a fight. We were in the thick of the battle, but we knew who the winner was.

Another prayer walking team came. They went to different areas, walking and praying. That is the foundation for breaking the strongholds of the enemy. One of the ministries of this team was to hand out cassette tapes with portions of the Bible or Christian music to the construction workers who were camped out at their construction site.

The prayer walking team was here for ten days. They did a lot of spiritual warfare for the other teams to be able to come in and sow and reap harvest. We really became attached to all the people on the different teams, even though they were with us only a short time.



We had the New American Singers choir come and give several concerts around the district. The man who set up the concerts in Tutwiler was very influential with the Chinese government. There were thirty-four members in the choir who sang the good news. I was with them during their whole time here, and it was a great experience. We stayed at a private school in Montrose, so they were able to interact with the students there. For one of the choir's outdoor concerts, they blocked off three major streets in the town. They were well received everywhere they performed.

Unbeknownst to me, the headmaster of the school where we stayed had the choir sing at a beer festival. I don't drink alcoholic beverages; I drink tea or cola. During their meals, the Chinese do a lot of toasting. After we arrived back to Kossuth, someone told me that my picture was on a billboard promoting a brand of beer. The caption read "Even Americans like this beer." I was surprised and dismayed. No one had asked my permission to take my picture and use it for a beer advertisement! Oh well, this is China.



There had been more police raids on house churches in China. Chinese authorities had renewed a campaign against people who worshipped outside of the state-backed Catholic and nondenominational Protestant churches. They had arrested several Christians. Some were sent home, and others remained in jail. My daily concern was for protection not just for myself, but also for my very good friends who were sharing their faith boldly. I knew whose hands I was in, so I tried every day to live and do the Father's will.

As we all know, you cannot put barriers around the Holy Spirit. He will do His work whether we listen to His call or not. But He was working so abundantly here; it was so exciting to see! I prayed that I would do what God had sent me to do to the very best of my ability. It was not always easy, but I wanted so much to do a great job so the Father would be glorified.

## Chapter 11

# God's Gracious Healing



The Lord's lovingkindnesses indeed never cease,  
For His compassions never fail.  
They are new every morning;  
Great is Your faithfulness.  
(Lamentations 3:22-23)

One day, a young girl called me. She was from a district I had never been to before, and I had no idea who gave her my phone number. She kept saying, "I'd like to meet with you. I really need to meet with you." I was hesitant at the time and declined to meet with her. After she called me a second time, I felt this must be from the Father, so we set a time to get together. I took her to a Western restaurant, and after talking awhile about general things, I asked her if she knew Jesus Christ. She said her Chinese English teacher had told her about Him.

"Really?" I said.

"Yes, my teacher is a Christian," she replied.

Well, that was interesting, so I asked her if she had a Bible. She said no, but her father (who was not a Christian) told her while she was in Kossuth to go buy one because it was a very important book to read. I couldn't argue with that! She told me that she couldn't find a Bible. I took her to my apartment and gave her a DVD to watch and another book to read and told her to come back Saturday, and I would have a Bible for her.

On Saturday, the girl and her cousin came to my apartment.

Tracy came over to help me make sure they understood what I was saying. At this time, I had a houseguest, Sherri, whose Chinese was excellent. She was moving here to be a consultant to the coaches for the girls' pro basketball team. With Sherri and Tracy's help translating and sharing, the young girl and her cousin both received Jesus as their Savior. I was so excited! It was a wonderful Saturday morning.

Another day, I had my cell phone stolen from my pants pocket. That was not fun. There were so many people, and I was always being squeezed and pushed that I didn't even know when it happened. I used my friend's phone and called my number, but, of course, the thief wouldn't answer. I spent most of the day at two different PSB offices reporting the theft. The police wouldn't be able to get the phone back, but they were very nice and helpful. Theft was very high here. Bicycles and cell phones were two of the items most often stolen, along with purses and fanny packs. It didn't matter where you went; things got stolen. The sad thing was that the cell phone actually belonged to a friend who had gone back to the States for a while and had lent me his cell phone. I replaced it, but what a hassle. I tried to set a good example by praying for the thief.

Here is an email that I sent on October 6, 2000:

On September 3, our team traveled to Thailand for a meeting. We were there for five days and had a marvelous time. We got to know three new members to our team. Our leaders Dan and Beth set our course for next year so that we could share with as many people as possible. In addition to our fellowship meetings, we did some shopping and had doctors' appointments.

After Thailand, I went on to Tishomingo to see Bonnie and Jim. I had a wonderful visit with them, but while I was there (smog in Tishomingo is just as bad as it is here in Kossuth), I started getting bronchitis again. That's the third time in a year that I've had severe bronchitis. (I never had bronchitis in the United States.) By the time I got home on Monday night, I was pretty sick. On Wednesday

morning I went to my doctors' conversational English class. Usually, I ride my bike, but I didn't feel well, so I caught a taxi. After the class, the doctors examined me and insisted that I check into the hospital. They wouldn't let me go home. They were very concerned and said it was really serious and could turn into pneumonia.

The head nurse had come to the English class. Even though it was her day off, she started my IV, sat beside my bed, and stayed with me the whole day. I was on an IV the whole time I was in the hospital, and the medications they gave me worked.

For meals in the hospital, you had to order Chinese food from a lady who cooked it outside in a food cart. The doctors said I needed to order my meals from the lady, but I would have to pay in advance. I gave them ten yuan and ordered a boiled egg for breakfast. The next morning, the lady came into my room, put the warm unshelled boiled egg in my hand, and left. I didn't even have a wastebasket to put the eggshell in. I found a tissue and peeled the egg, and *that* was my breakfast. Thankfully, Penny came that afternoon and stayed with me most of the remaining time I was in the hospital, and she brought me my meals. I opted for American, since I had many friends willing to bring me food for lunch and dinner.

The doctors were all very good and very attentive. The room, however, left a little to be desired. I did have TV and air conditioning, and was able to watch the opening of the Olympic games and much of the Olympics. That really helped pass the time, along with reading. Their cleanness is not up to American standards. I could have gone into the new international hospital but would have had different doctors that I didn't know, so I opted to stay with the doctors that I had grown to love and who had showed that they really cared for me. That way I could get good doctor care. Their needles were all sterile, and that was the most important thing.

The bathroom had a bathtub and a Western toilet, but

there was an electrical outlet under the shower. Needless to say, I didn't take a shower while I was in the hospital.

When they took me for an x-ray, they rolled me in a wheelchair outside to a dark, dingy building. A long line of people were waiting, but they rolled me to the front of the line, had my x-ray taken, and then took me back to my room. I felt sorry that the other people had to wait for me.

Six days later, I came home from the hospital. After a week of medicine and rest, I am finally back to somewhat normal. Whatever normal is for me. I have to wear a mask when I go out, and I bought an air purifier for my apartment. It has helped quite a bit. I try to not go out any more than I need to.

Even though I was sort of homebound, I kept getting calls from people I didn't know wanting to come visit me. "Okay," I said, and once they came, I decided to share with them. I wasn't sure I'd ever see these people again, so I gave it my best shot. I have had seven people visit whom I didn't know but who somehow had gotten my phone number from a friend of mine or from one of the summer teachers. Out of the seven, five have received. P.G. [Praise God!] They are now coming for study. I can't believe how awesome He is!

I have been so humbled and amazed at how He uses me. So, as you can see, I haven't slowed down much. I have been invited to Escatawpa twice a month to teach two English classes to Senior 3 students, and then have a time with the English teachers. They started talking to me this past summer, and now we have this system worked out. They pick me up in a very nice car with shocks (there aren't many cars with shocks here) and put me up in a hotel for the night. The day I arrive, I teach three classes, and the next day, I go to another school and teach two more classes. I love being with the senior kids and hope to be able to share J [Jesus] with these students.

We had a trial run, so to speak, a couple of weeks ago where they came and picked me up, and I was able to

teach. I was supposed to teach one class. It ended up being four classes and a class teaching the teachers. Altogether, I ended up teaching five classes. One student came up to me after class and asked me about my cross necklace and asked me if I was a C [Christian]. I told her yes and asked her if she was. She said no, and I told her we would talk later. (At that time, I was surrounded by about one hundred students.)

They taped my whole teaching session. They followed me around all day with a camera stuck in my face. The cameraman was back-peddling once and almost fell. The whole time I was there, they treated me like royalty. I'm not sure I like that; it is difficult to share much when you are given the red-carpet treatment. I'd rather be left alone to do my thing, but it is nice to know you are appreciated.

Even though summer is over and the teams have gone home, we are already planning on next summer. We are still reaping the fruit of their labor as well. We have a team coming during Christmas and then one in January. I am thankful for people willing to come and share. As I have said before, if you want to come where He is working, come to China. We need laborers.

Please remember my health and remember the new babies here. They come under so much pressure from family and friends, and they get confused and not sure, but they continue to study, and they become stronger every day. It is great to see how much they develop and grow.

Remember I love getting mail via email or snail mail. Thank you for upholding me to Father.

In Him,  
Frankie





Frankie and her three-wheeled bicycle

Showing their Christmas stockings and candy canes



Student thanking Frankie for coming to his school



Visiting a pottery factory



Hiking in the mountains



Frankie  
getting a  
haircut



Frankie's grandchildren at the Great Wall



Summer team at the Temple of Heaven



Up in the mountains with the summer camp kids

Daily exercise



Eating at a hot pot restaurant

Getting an hour-long foot massage



Summer team at the Great Wall

Visiting a church group in the mountains





Crowded city

Men playing  
Chinese Chess



Morning exercises

## Chapter 12

### Holding the Rope



Sing praises to God, sing praises;  
Sing praises to our King, sing praises.  
For God is the King of all the earth;  
Sing praises with a skillful psalm.  
(Psalm 47:6–7)

**I**t was the middle of November, and I had bronchitis again. One day, I would feel great, and then the next day, I could hardly breathe. We had acid rain here, and I know that didn't help. While in China, I had kept in contact with one of my doctors in the United States, and he was kind enough to send me medicine and steroids that helped me finally regain my health.

My family and friends were faithful in sending me packages that contained food items that I could not get here and also gifts for me to hand out, for example, crosses, candy canes, stockings, angel pins, lighthouse pins, and beaded salvation bracelets. I also received Christmas wrapping paper. That was great, because I couldn't find any here. Sometimes I could find plain red or red striped paper, but that was all.

Here are a couple of emails that I sent home during this time:

November 2000

The second package arrived, and what pleasure it has already brought. I asked Tracy to go with me to pick it up

because I knew I would need help carrying it up the stairs. I opened the package at the post office to put some of the things in a backpack so it would be easier for us to carry. Tracy saw the wonderful things (candy canes, crosses, and so forth) and suggested I give the taxi driver a cross. The lady taxi driver put it around her Buddha statue. *How great!* I thought. *The cross has overcome Buddha.* Tracy was excited with everything and wanted to start handing out the crosses right away. I told her, "Okay, only a few, because I have them for a special purpose." Well, fifteen are already given out. The Chinese love them.

We stopped at an American restaurant on our way home, and I gave the restaurant owner a candy cane and shared the story with him. He immediately knew it was for Christmas and agreed to come to my Christmas party to hear more about JC [Jesus Christ]. Even before I made it home, the gifts have already been a blessing to others.

I know this year will be exciting. I can share candy canes with at least three of my senior classes and give them a copy of the candy cane story with it. It will tell the story of JC to more than three hundred students.

I have already eaten most of the noodles and rice dishes from the first package. I still have a few left, but they were so good, and I really wanted something different from the usual Chinese food. I was out of the flavored creamer, too, but now I think I'm all set for a while. On Sunday, I had a fellowship here at my apartment, and those who came were so excited to have flavored creamer. They think I must be special to receive such wonderful gifts from home. I told them, "I'm not really special. I have a wonderful body of believers who constantly hold the rope for me and remember all the wonderful little and big things as well." (At home, those would be *little things*; here, they are really *big things*.)

I am awed and speechless every time I receive the wonderful packages, and my Chinese friends really get



excited as well. It is so great to see the expression on their faces. I wish you could see it with me.

I'm finally getting most of my strength back after having my third bout with bronchitis. I rode my bike twice this week—something I hadn't been able to do for a couple of months.

Thank you again, and G [God] love you—I know I sure do. I will be home the end of August and can't wait to see all of you again. I do miss home from time to time, but I wouldn't be any other place than right here, because I know this is where Father wants me.

Love to all,  
Frankie

December 9, 2000

Dear Ones,

I want you to know what a wonderful week I have had. Mostly because you have sent packages of mixes that have allowed me to bake many cakes, cookies, candies, and banana nut bread for parties. At least eighty people have attended my Christmas parties so far.

I also have been able to give out printed copies of the Christmas story along with stockings and/or candy canes and pins and Christmas cards to over six hundred students this week. What a wonderful experience. They were so excited to receive the stockings/gifts. I could have given out even more if I'd had them, but a part of Christmas along with a printed copy of the Christmas story is in their hands. Thank you Roseland Park (Mississippi), Immanuel Bap. (St. Louis), Franklin Avenue Bap. (New Orleans), Betty and her class, Gwen and her mission group, Carrie, and Fran, who sent candy canes, homemade stockings, pins, bracelets, cards, plus many other items.

You have had a wonderful part in the work here, and I want to take this time to thank you so very much. I know that your efforts will reap much harvest. This is a time for planting, and so I'm planting as quickly as I can. Thanks for your help. Love you all.

In Him,  
Frankie

I would be in Hong Kong December 12 through 19 to pick up a Christmas team, so I had to have my Christmas parties earlier than usual. We started the beginning of December and went through the whole month to share Christmas. At a couple of my parties, I did all but give an invitation. I answered many questions and gave out a lot of Christian material. I'm reminded again that God promises that His Word does not return to Him void.

I had one party with forty attending. There was standing room only, and everyone was as quiet as a mouse. I wanted to make sure they understood, so I had the Christmas story told in Chinese. Many came whom I didn't know (people had brought their cousins and friends). Tracy really did a good job of sharing the Christmas story.



Bonnie and Jim came for five days at Christmas. My niece and her family were able to come as well. It was so special and great having family here for Christmas. We had a wonderful traditional Christmas dinner with turkey, ham, dressing, and all the trimmings. About as close to home as we could get. We had twelve for dinner and sent a couple of plates out for a couple who were not able to be here for dinner but wanted the meal.

It took Bonnie and me most of the twenty-third and twenty-fourth to get all of the food prepared, but it was worth it. Everything was made from scratch, so it took a lot longer to prepare. It was kind of fun, though. Bonnie made piecrust,

and we had two pecan pies. Since the water is not safe here, we had to clean the raw vegetables with Clorox and then rinse them in hot water. We all really enjoyed the meal.

Lynn, who now worked at an American restaurant, gave us a turkey as a present for our Christmas dinner. They don't have turkeys for sale in the grocery stores, so that was really special. Jim and Bonnie had been in China for many years and had never been able to have a turkey.

I received the neatest Christmas and birthday presents from Carol. My Christmas present was a sweatshirt with all of the grandkids' / dogs' pictures and names embroidered on it. For my birthday, she got me a talking picture travel clock. She recorded her voice with a good morning greeting. I loved both of them. Jerry and Jill got me lots of goodies and a sweatshirt. Carrie got me a videotape of the movie *Left Behind* and the book *The Mark*, plus a lot of other items. Debbie's present hadn't arrived yet, but she said she had sent it. Last year, her present was the only one that arrived on time. Go figure.

All in all I had a super great Christmas. Almost like home.

## Chapter 13

### Interesting Experiences



For Your righteousness, O God,  
reaches to the heavens,  
You who have done great things;  
O God, who is like You?  
(Psalm 71:19)

**O**n January 10, 2001, Mr. Jones, whom I had met through his daughter Katherine, scheduled me to go to Tutwiler to teach at the medical middle school. Mr. Jones taught at this school and had wanted me to come for quite a while. Tom and Pat went with me, and we prepared our lesson with vocabulary words of easy medical terms. Early the next morning, we took the bus to Tutwiler. After greeting us, Mr. Jones told us we would not be going to the medical school to teach. We asked why, and he said that his friend who was headmaster of the middle school for the peasant children wanted us to teach at his school instead. When I spoke to Mr. Jones the night before, he had not mentioned the fact that we would be changing schools. I told him we had a lesson prepared around medical terms. "Not a problem," he replied.

The school for the peasant children was smaller than most of the other schools where I had taught. They didn't have a soccer field or basketball court. Most of their English teachers were self-taught, and they had never had a foreign teacher, so they

were really looking forward to us coming. Mr. Jones asked if we could teach two classes each of forty minutes. For us, forty minutes is a piece of cake, so we said yes.

Pat and Tom together taught two classes. Their first one was forty minutes long, and their second one was fifteen to twenty minutes. Me—a different story. In my first class, I used a lot of playacting to get the meanings across to the students. The bell rang for the class to end, and the students said, “Continue, please.” I ended up teaching for two hours straight, and then told them I thought I had better stop because I was getting hoarse.

During the second hour, several teachers came into the room and stood across the back to hear me. After I finished the class, we talked with some of the teachers and gave out several tracts, along with crosses. The teachers immediately put the crosses around their necks. It was a wonderful experience.



The organization sent our team with other East Asian teams to Thailand for two weeks of worship, training, rest, and relaxation. It was very beautiful there with fluffy white clouds accenting the blue skies. You could actually see the sunshine. Not too hot and not too cold. Just perfect. This year we went to Pattaya on the beach. The sunsets were fabulous. The best part was the spiritual refilling I received. Our meetings were really wonderful, and I needed it more than I knew.

Our team spent two days of team bonding and fun activities before the main meetings began, and I did something I had wanted to do for a long time. I went parasailing! It was awesome! After you are strapped in, the boat takes you sailing through the air. I felt so free and loved every second of it. I would like to try it again sometime, but I can't afford it anywhere else. It was only 300 baht (\$7.50) per person.



Betty and her husband, Bernett, are some of my best friends at home. In February of 2001, Bernett had quintuple bypass surgery. The surgery went well, and his recovery seemed to be going well also. But two days after he went home, he suffered a heart attack and had to be rushed back to the hospital for another bypass surgery.

Bernett had had a reaction to heparin, and he was near death. Betty contacted family and friends to be praying. God, in His mercy, spared Bernett's life. Then began an over-two-month struggle. Bernett got a blood clot in his right leg, and that leg swelled up with infection. The doctors realized that the only way to save Bernett's life was to amputate his right leg below the knee. I can't imagine how hard it was for Betty to sign the paper authorizing the amputation.

Each day, I anxiously awaited news about Bernett. My daughter Carrie worked at the hospital and kept me up to date on what was happening. Betty's daughter Margaret sent out an email almost every day. Because of blood clots, Bernett's left leg below the knee had to be amputated as well. When Bernett had sufficiently recovered, he was transferred to a rehab facility.

It was very hard being so far away. Even though I love having cell phones and email, I sometimes wonder if the early missionaries had a less stressful time because they didn't know what was happening back home until much later. Bernett had the first bypass surgery on February 20, he started rehab on May 2, and he finally went home on May 18. It was a rough three months, but today Bernett walks using prosthetics. He is a walking testimony to the grace and mercy of God and the power of prayer.

(During the early morning hours of March 5, 2018, God called Bernett to his heavenly home. For seventeen years, Bernett had walked on prosthetic legs, often without using a cane or walker. He now is in the presence of his Savior Jesus Christ, who frees us from all our encumbrances.)



In April, Pat was sick with the flu. She called me on Saturday and asked if I could go and teach her PhD students on Monday. She said, "The lesson will be easy. I told my students to choose an English newspaper article and make an oral report on what they had read. All you need to do is correct their English."

*No problem*, I thought. I had substituted for her before, so it should be easy, right?

That weekend was when the Chinese jet hit our spy plane in international waters, and the pilot of the Chinese airplane was killed. Our spy plane was damaged and had to land in China. The Chinese papers all reported about the "big bad" Americans who killed their pilot. We heard about the incident, and what we had heard was entirely different from the Chinese report.

The women in Pat's class gave reports on various subjects. All of the men reported on the Chinese and American airplanes colliding. They would look over to me and say, "Frankie, we really like you, but . . ." Then they would talk about how horrible America was to hit their plane and kill their pilot. They went on and on about how bad the Americans were to do this. One after another, the men reported on this and basically said the same thing. When they were finished, they would look at me and say, "What do you think?" (When I first came to China, my boss had told me not to talk about government or political things.)

After all the students had finished giving their reports, I told them, "You are all very smart. You are professionals in your fields: doctors, dentists, lawyers, archaeologists, and so forth. For once, I want you to think for yourselves. Forget what you have read, and think about what happened."

I went to the blackboard and told them we were going to have an English lesson today. I wrote on the board *propeller*. I asked them if they understood what *propeller* meant. They didn't. So I drew a fan, which to me represented a propeller engine, and explained that the American plane was a big plane that had four propeller engines. It was slow compared to the jet plane and would take several miles just to turn.

I wrote *maneuverable* on the board and asked if they knew what that was. No response. I told them it means how quickly or how slowly something could move. I told them that the American plane could not move quickly; it was so big.

I then wrote *jet engine*. They knew what that was. I said the Chinese plane was a small jet plane, which could maneuver quickly. It could turn on a dime, so to speak. It zoomed around the American plane with different maneuvers.

I then asked the students, "Who do you think hit whom?" They all gasped!

"Class dismissed," I said. Then I turned and walked out of the room.



The following is an email that I sent on May 5, 2001:

Hello from Kossuth,

I'm sorry I haven't written for quite some time now. I have been busy as usual, but in addition to all of my regular meetings, teaching, teams, and so forth, I have moved. My leaders thought, since I have had so many problems with asthma and bronchitis, it would be better for me to live on the first or second floor instead of walking up seven flights of steps several times a day.

On April 2, I moved into a two-bedroom apartment on the first floor. Thank Him. The apartment is a very nice place, well furnished, but it had so much greasy, dirty crud that it took me almost one month to get everything clean. The owners bought me a new living room set, and you would think, once the old set was moved out, they would have cleaned the floor behind the couches and chairs, but *nooooo*. I have had to move furniture and clean behind everything.

This place is smaller than the apartment on the seventh floor, but I love being on the first floor. I did have to buy



dishes, glasses, cookware, and other things for the kitchen, a small table, chairs, and complete bedding for two beds. The apartment has a TV both in the living room and in my bedroom. The owners left a beautiful cherry wood dining room set and nice bedroom furniture.

They also left a large seventy-five-gallon fish aquarium stocked with about fifty to seventy-five tropical fish. I love watching the fish, though I told the owner I wouldn't be responsible for the fish that died. He said, "No problem. When these all die, I will restock them." I have been very faithful to feed the fish and have had only six die so far. Being on the first floor, sometimes there are more problems with little four-legged critters called mice and rats, but the owner put a large screen around all of the security bars to keep them out. I'm so blessed.

Last month I went to Mantachie to check out some places where my nephew Lance's university choir could go next year. I still go to Escatawpa and Tutwiler once each month and teach. In a previous email, I had asked if anyone was interested in coming here to teach English comprehension for three or four months (a semester). Marketa answered my email and is now teaching in Escatawpa for three months. They love her there, and she is doing a great job.

A group of five of us gals went to Tibet from April 28 through May 1. It was a very interesting experience, though very depressing in the "lostness" of the people and the way they pray and whirl their prayer wheels with their prayers going nowhere.

The mountains were gorgeous, but the altitude is very high. I didn't think the high altitude would bother me, but it bothered all of us. I got so sick I had to go to the hospital. We couldn't get hold of our tour guide, but fortunately, Meredith (a team member) had lived in Lhasa for three years and had given us the names of some of her friends. My doctors in Kossuth had given me some medicine and told me to take it only if I really needed it.

By the time I thought I really needed it, I couldn't keep anything down. I kept getting sicker and sicker, so Penny called Meredith's friend, Lorna and her husband, who had a car. They came to the hotel and picked up Penny and me and took us to the Army hospital. (Lorna's brother was the head of the Army hospital in Lhasa, which was very fortunate for me.)

They put me in a decompression chamber and took the altitude down to sea level and then gave me oxygen with medicine. Penny and Lorna also went into the chamber with me. (Lorna had to go because they needed a translator in there with us.) Then they took the altitude back up to Lhasa level.

I was able to continue the trip and didn't miss any of our tours. We were in a group of ten (five of us and five Chinese). One of the Chinese ladies (aged sixty-two) had to go to the local hospital for injections about four different times. It would only help her temporarily, and then she would be really sick again. I was glad that I went to the army hospital, even though it was very expensive. It cost 1,450 yuan, but in the long run, it was worth it.

While we were in Tibet, we saw the Red and White Potala Palace (where many of the Dalai Lamas are buried) and more statues than I cared to count. We saw the summer palace and a monastery built in the seventh century. The conditions in these places were very primitive. They were beautiful on the outside, but very dark, dingy, and dirty on the inside. It was very educational and interesting. It is one of those places I'm thankful I went once, but don't care if I ever return. We found out we were at the level of the fifth base camp of Mount Everest. Already halfway up the mountain!

G has been so good to me. I've been able to lead four people to Him this past month. It is so exciting to see the eagerness in people when they learn the truth. I am so

humbled by how He uses me. Please remember these as they study, that their eyes will be opened more to Him.

Love all of you so much. You will never know how much your prayers mean to me here. Please don't stop.

In Him Always,  
Frankie



One day in May, Pat's boss took Pat and me out to lunch. Chicken feet is a delicacy here, and when the Chinese want to impress us, they almost always serve chicken feet, duck tongue, chicken cones—all of these really great dishes (according to the Chinese). They were trying to serve us the best. The Chinese do not waste anything; they eat it all. Pat does eat chicken feet. I have eaten it, but it definitely isn't my favorite, though it is better than squid and some of the other things I've eaten.

While we were eating, Pat's boss asked us if we eat chicken feet in America. We told her, "No. There are many things we don't eat in America." She was a little surprised and asked what we did with the chicken feet. Not knowing what else to say, Pat calmly said, "We send them to China." Pat's boss was so glad that we didn't waste them.

The next day, Pat, JoAnn, and I were doing our prayer biking around the city. Ahead of us, we saw a bike loaded on the back with three big boxes that had the Tyson logo. We caught up to the bike at a red light and saw that the boxes were from Springdale, Arkansas. We were surprised to find that on the boxes in big bold red letters were the words *CHICKEN FEET*. We laughed so hard we almost fell off our bikes. We didn't know that the chicken feet were really sent here! We just thought they were all thrown out with the other stuff Americans don't eat.

(When I first wrote an email about this experience, my good friend Gwen in America wrote me and said that she was raised

on chicken feet. I had never eaten or known of anyone who ate chicken feet before coming to China, so I wrongfully assumed that Americans don't eat chicken feet.)



During July of 2001, the Continental Singers came to China. As usual, I accompanied the choir and acted as intermediary between the choir and the Chinese officials. Large crowds of people came to hear them sing.

On July 13, they were giving an outdoor concert in a small parking area. All of the chairs were filled, and many people were standing, some in the street. This day was when the voting and announcement would be made regarding the host city for the 2008 Summer Olympics, and Beijing was one of the five cities on the shortlist. Everyone was eagerly awaiting the announcement, which would be shown on two huge TV screens that were set up on either side of the stage. The choir would pause for the announcement, and then resume the concert. All of us were hoping that Beijing would be selected.

When the choir had three numbers yet to perform, one of the Chinese interpreters came up to me and said, "Come to the back." I went with him inside a building and saw that the police and military were there. The interpreter told me that the government had gotten word that if China wasn't selected as the host of the Olympics, a group of Chinese had planned to attack us.

I told the guards that our group didn't have anything to do with the selection process, and there was only one American on the Olympic selection board. They agreed with me, but said that the Chinese group would be so upset that they would take out their anger on us.

The choir had to stop singing, and the military surrounded us and escorted us to the bus. We headed back home and found out later that Beijing was selected to host the 2008 Summer Olympics, for which we were very thankful.



I went home to the United States for a few weeks in August 2001. It was wonderful to be home, but I didn't get much rest. I spoke at several churches, had doctors' appointments, got booster shots, and had my visa renewed. The best part was spending time with family members and friends that I had missed so much while I was in China. I returned to China on September 6, 2001.

## Chapter 14

### Teachable Moments



As for God, His way is blameless;  
The word of the Lord is tried;  
He is a shield to all who take refuge in Him.  
(Psalm 18:30)

**B**efore I left for the United States, a young lady named Shanae (a new team member) moved in with me. She was a sweet, lovely girl, and we instantly became dear friends. While I was away, Shanae, along with Leah, was supposed to move to Tut-wiler, where they would be teaching. But, for some reason, the school had problems making all of the arrangements, so Shanae was still living in my apartment when I returned to China.

#### **September 11, 2001**

We were awakened in the early morning (already September 12 for us) by a phone call from Beth. "Have you heard?" she asked.

"No," I replied.

"America is under attack!"

I turned on the TV in my bedroom. Awakened by the phone, Shanae came into my room, asked what was going on, and sat on the bed with me. We watched the news together. Chinese TV was covering the attacks, and occasionally, there would be someone interviewed who spoke English.

I was devastated at what had happened. Shock, anger,

dismay, surprise, and disbelief were just some of the feelings I had, which varied from minute to minute, as I'm sure yours were at home. All of us were fine here and were thankful that China's president said that China would not tolerate terrorism and that China supported the United States. This message of support was a great relief for us. We didn't know how the Chinese people would react. We were told not to leave our apartment that day. Some of the people here were saying we got what we deserved and they were glad this happened, but our friends were very sorry for the horrific incident. One of my Chinese friends came over to comfort me, and she cried uncontrollably for over an hour, so I ended up consoling her. I told her that God is still in control, and He uses evil sometimes to bring His children together. Shanae was so upset she had to see a counselor to help her cope. Our consulate here had rocks and insults hurled at it. The Chinese military guarded the US Consulate for about a year after the attacks.

Shanae ended up staying with me for four months; one thing after another kept delaying her move. Finally, all of the arrangements were complete, and Shanae and Leah moved to Tutwiler and began teaching. I really enjoyed Shanae's extended stay with me; she was a breath of fresh air.



October 1 was China's National Day, so most schools had a week off, all except Escatawpa Middle School. This was the first school where I had taught in the outer districts, and I was their first foreign teacher. Escatawpa Middle School was having their one-hundred-year anniversary, and I was invited to the celebration. They had invited their alumni from all of the past years. Some of the people who had graduated from Escatawpa Middle School were now in top government positions in Beijing and Kossuth. One of the former students was a top scientist. I was among the elite and felt very humble.

They kept all the invited guests in the best hotel. The next morning, we caravanned to the school for the festivities. The

school was located a little outside the city, and both sides of the street going out to the school were lined with students for two miles. My car (a convertible) was the second car and was the only car allowed on the school campus. There were many speeches, marching bands, dancers, and tumblers. They had fireworks, doves, and balloons. Their football field was jam-packed with people dressed in many colors. I was so honored to be invited to their special day.

Zechariah is the Foreign Affairs Officer in Escatawpa. The second time that we met, he asked me if he could call me "Mama." I told him, "Sure."

The following is from an email that I wrote:

November 13, 2001

Last week I was a bit under the weather again, so I stayed home in bed. I called the hospital and told them I would not be there for class because I was ill. Of course, they wanted me to come, and they would admit me to the hospital. I'd already had that experience, so I told them, "No, thank you. I will be fine in a few days." Well, you guessed it. They came to me with some medicine. It is good to be an English teacher for doctors.

When Zechariah called me in regards to going to Escatawpa for my usual two days of teaching, at first he didn't recognize my voice. When he finally realized it was me, he said "Mama, you must get to the hospital and not come this week." I didn't argue with him in regards to going to Escatawpa. I stayed home, but I didn't go to the hospital. Zechariah and his assistant, Melissa, came to visit me later that week and brought me some beautiful flowers and a huge basket of fruit. They are so sweet. One reason I didn't argue was their classrooms are very cold all winter. There is no heat in the school, and the teachers open up their doors and windows, creating a cross-breeze. Staying home and resting the whole week worked. I'm feeling much better now.

We have many Christmas parties the whole month of



December. We can tell about the birth of J in the classroom as well as in our homes. It is a wonderful opportunity, and I don't want to miss any occasion I have to share about J.

I am blessed with a wonderful home. My apartment is nice, but a little crowded. The owners have a lot of *Dongxi*. (That is one of my favorite Chinese words; it means "stuff.") Nice stuff, but still stuff. I am trying to get some cleaning done so I can put up the Christmas decorations. There was one thing that I had to do before I started anything else: clean the fish aquarium.

When I looked at this apartment, it was the nicest one I found, but it had this seventy-five-gallon fish aquarium. I told the owner, "I love to watch the fish in the aquarium, but I DO NOT WANT TO HAVE TO CLEAN IT."

"No problem," he replied. "I'll come over and clean it for you." He has come *once* to clean the tank.

Cleaning a seventy-five-gallon fish aquarium is a huge job, which I dislike with a passion, but I had to learn how to do it properly. You not only have to clean the filters, which are so yucky with fish gunk, but you have to empty two-thirds of the water from the tank and then replace it with clean water. At first, I had to siphon the water into a five-gallon bucket. Do you know how many five-gallon buckets of water I had to empty out? I got so much fish water in my mouth. Yuck! A summer team member had pity on me and sent me a gravel vacuum. That helps so much, but I still have to carry the buckets of water to the bathroom to empty and then carry the clean water to fill up the tank. This is about a three-hour job, and I put it off as long as I can. It should be done every two weeks. Needless to say, I usually don't get around to doing it but about once a month. By that time, it is usually a necessity.

This morning I thought, *I can't put this job off any longer*, so I started by taking out the filters and cleaning them. They were so filthy dirty. Then, once I was finished carrying the water and dumping it out, I started filling

the bucket with clean water. All of a sudden, the shower came on and got me all wet. You get the picture. I'm wet, the floor is wet, and I get a little water into the fish tank. Well, job done, and the fish really appreciate their fresh clean water, and they thank me. I still have from twenty-five to thirty fish left. Miracle of miracles! I had bought some fish to replace the ones that passed away, but they died as well. Cleaning the fish tank is a job I am so humbled by, and I get a lot of laughs at myself. As bad as I really dislike doing this job, I am constantly thanking God for my fish tank. My floor gets an extra cleaning, and I get an extra cleaning too. God really does know how to keep us humble, doesn't He?

Along with my cleaning, I decided to do my laundry. Since I was sick last week, I'm a week behind. Also, I had houseguests this past weekend, so I have sheets and extra towels along with my usual laundry to do.

My washer is a good washer, and I'm thankful for it. Drying the clothes is another story. If I hang my clothes outside the window to dry (which I do most of the time), it takes, *literally*, two to three days to dry. Sometimes longer, if it is really, really humid. Now I do have a dryer—of sorts. I have never seen a dryer like this one before. It came with the apartment and stands about four-and-a-half-feet tall. You can hang about four or five clothes in it, and it is divided into two different sections. One side is for hot air; the other side is room temperature air. I use it to dry my heavy things.

It is quite an experience living here, and I truly love it. I wouldn't change it for anything. Well, maybe the fish aquarium. As much as I enjoy watching the fish, I *really* don't like cleaning it.

One day in November, I was speaking at Escatawpa No. 1 Middle School. The Chinese English teachers were lined up at the back of the room, and I had started my usual talk about Christmas and why we celebrate it. All of a sudden, I felt the

Holy Spirit nudge me to change direction. I wrote the date on the blackboard. Then I asked the students how old China was. Their response was “four thousand years.”

“Are you sure?” I said.

“Yes,” they said.

“What is today’s date?” I asked.

They told me, and I said, “But you said China was four thousand years old.”

“Yes,” the students replied.

“And today’s date is November 19, 2001, right?”

“Yes.”

“What happened to the other two thousand years? Are you sure China is that old?” I asked.

You could see them contemplating this.

One student raised his hand and said, “The years before is BC.”

I asked, “What does that stand for?”

Silence. Finally a student said, “Before Christmas.” There were a lot of giggles in the class.

“Close,” I said, “but no. It means *before Christ*. Jesus Christ came into this world 2001 years ago, and because of this one man, time, as we know it, stopped and started again. Why would time stop for this one man?”

Again silence. I continued, “There are great men in history, and time never stopped for them. Why for this man Jesus Christ? I can tell you,” I whispered. “It is because God came to earth as a human.” The teachers across the back of the room all let out a big gasp.

I finished telling the class about Christmas and the way we celebrate this special holiday. The teachers asked me many questions when I returned to the teachers’ lounge.

Here are excerpts from another email:

November 26, 2001

*Christmas!*

That word has so many different meanings to so many people, in America as well as all around the world. As

I have been contemplating this time of the year, and as I share a song, a wreath, or some decoration with those whom the word *Christmas* has little or no meaning, I wonder how many people at home really know the true meaning of the word. Christmas: C [Christ] came into this world that I might live.

I have started teaching Christmas carols to my doctors' class. I love it because I teach the words of the song as the vocabulary words, and so by the time I've finished sharing about the song, I've given the whole story of Christmas. Sometimes, I even go back to Genesis, telling about J creating the earth and sharing that His love for us is so great that He not only created us but also redeemed us. I love that word *redeemed* because the Chinese don't have a clue of its meaning.

This whole month, I am so blessed because I have opportunity after opportunity to share the truth to a people who are living in complete darkness. When I give the lesson to the senior high students, I use the symbols of Christmas and give their true meaning. Everything that we use in our Christmas decorations has some significance to our heritage.

This year has been one of planting seeds. My position here has changed a bit. I won't be working with the volunteers as much as I was. Instead, I am teaching more classes. I teach two doctors' classes each Monday. I'm at the hospital most of the day. Some of the doctors seem interested in things that matter, but they are afraid of losing their positions.

I go to Escatawpa for two days every week and teach seven or eight classes of senior high students. These kids want to know more. One student emailed me and asked me if I would come to her class and teach the B [Bible]. Of course, that is not possible, but I told her I would be more than happy to meet with her one to one and answer her questions.

I had a wonderful Thanksgiving. My friend JoAnn came

in and spent the whole four days with me. She didn't have to teach that weekend, which was very unusual because most everyone else had to teach on Thanksgiving and the Friday following. I can pretty much choose the days I teach. Isn't that great! We went out with three other friends and had a traditional Thanksgiving dinner: turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie—the whole works. It was really great.

On Friday, five of us rode the bus to the wholesale market to shop for Christmas decorations. It was just like at home. Joy bought a four-foot lighted Christmas tree, and we even found some bows with *Walmart* stamped on the package. We had a ball shopping and were able to find an abundance of Christmas decorations. When I think back to the first year I was here: you couldn't find anything in the way of Christmas decorations, and now you can find most any decorations you want.

Getting home after all that shopping was another adventure. It took a long time to flag a taxi. All five of us wouldn't fit into one taxi, so Joy, JoAnn, and I got into one taxi. We had a lot of packages with the Christmas decorations that we had bought. We got ourselves and our packages (even Joy's tree) into the taxi. The driver was about to go off duty, and he only agreed to take us because he thought that we were going a short distance away. He was not happy when he found out that we were going clear on the other side of town. He told us to get out of the taxi. We told him no. He again told us to get out of the taxi. We told him, "No, we aren't going to get out." Finally, the taxi driver took us to the dispatch center to get gas and to change drivers. The new driver laughed at what the other driver told him about us. It took us two hours to get home, but it was worth it.

Every Tuesday and Wednesday, I shared the Christmas story with anywhere from 280 to 500 students. I saved the candy cane story and the stocking story until last, and then I gave them their stockings with the candy cane inside. The students got so

excited, and when I asked them what was in their stockings, they would say, "J for Jesus." I love this time of year!

I had seven Christmas parties in my home with over 110 in attendance. During those times, I was able to go into more detail about the Christmas story. I gave them all stockings with information regarding biblical things. Even some high officials attended my parties. They seemed to be very interested, but we really didn't know for sure. I could only give out the information and let the Holy Spirit do His work.

Christmas Day, JoAnn and I fixed dinner (turkey and the works) for eighteen people all here in my little apartment. We had a wonderful time together. It almost seemed as if I were home for a little while. The dinner was super. Best turkey I think I have ever fixed, so tender and delicious. The singles group (aged twenty to forty) really enjoyed it. We went out Christmas caroling in my apartment complex, and the Chinese really loved it. Some of the team members who had been here for several years said it was one of their best Christmases.

I received the most special gift from Carol. It was a talking photo book, which she had sent to all of my children to record messages for me. It made me cry every time I looked and listened to it, but it was a happy cry. I just love it. I brought it out after dinner on Christmas and showed it to all of my guests. They all agreed that it was the best Christmas gift I could have received. I have the best children and am so thankful that they all love God so much. That makes me so proud. I am truly blessed.

## Chapter 15

### Helpful Friends



Rejoice in the Lord always. I will say it again:  
Rejoice! Let your gentleness be evident to all. The  
Lord is near. Do not be anxious about anything,  
but in every situation, by prayer and petition,  
with thanksgiving, present your requests to God.  
(Philippians 4:4–6 NIV)

**G**od has always sent blessings my way, but in January of 2002, His blessings were abundant. Escatawpa middle schools didn't have their regular schedule (the students were taking tests), so I only taught at the hospital that month. That was a blessing in a way, as I had been sick *again*. I was trying to stay in as much as possible to avoid any major lung infection. Another blessing came by way of Franklin and his family.

Franklin was a PhD student in Pat's university class. About a year-and-a-half ago, he started coming to Pat's and my Bible studies, seeking to know the truth about God. After several studies, the Holy Spirit convicted him, and he gave his life to the Lord. Franklin talked to his wife, Jennifer, about Jesus and read Bible stories to his eight-year-old son, Christopher. All three of them became very good friends of mine.

One day in November 2001, Franklin called me on the phone, very upset. "I've sinned, and I'm going to hell," he said in desperation.

I told him, "Come over to my apartment, and we will talk

about it." Feeling perplexed, I couldn't imagine what Franklin had done that would cause him to think that he was going to hell. He came over and told me his story. It turns out that when Franklin and Jennifer first got married, she believed there was a God, but he didn't. Franklin had told Jennifer that there was no God. He had demanded that she stop believing in God.

"Now," Franklin said sorrowfully, "I am a Christian, but Jennifer doesn't believe me when I tell her about God."

"You are not going to hell," I reassured Franklin. "Once you become a Christian, you are sealed, and no one can take you out of God's hand."

I suggested that Franklin, Jennifer, Christopher, and I get together one evening a week. We could share a meal and then play games at my apartment. (We took turns providing the meal, either cooking or going out to eat.) Jennifer spoke no English, so I had to communicate with her through Franklin. We did this for several weeks.

One evening in January, we went out to eat, and as we were walking to my apartment, I asked Franklin, "How close do you think Jennifer is to understanding about Jesus?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Would you like me to go through the Four Boys book with her?" I asked. (The Four Boys book is what we called *The Four Spiritual Laws* booklet.)

"Yes, please," Franklin replied.

At my apartment, Franklin translated for me as I talked with Jennifer about Jesus for an hour and a half. Eight-year-old Christopher was sitting on Franklin's lap and was squirming the whole time. I asked Jennifer, "Do you understand? Would you like to pray?"

With tears streaming down her face, Jennifer said, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" She prayed and then clung to me in tears and kept saying, "Thank you, thank you."

After we had dried our tears of celebration of Jennifer's new birth, I asked Franklin, "Why was Christopher so squirmy tonight?"



Christopher spoke to his dad and said, "Grandma Frankie should have been talking to me because I want to pray, too."

"You're too young. You can't pray," Franklin told his son.

"No. Christopher is not too young," I said.

Franklin talked with him a little more, and Christopher said he had been listening to everything we had shared with his mother. He said that he believed in Jesus Christ and wanted to pray the prayer as well, so Christopher prayed and accepted Jesus as his Savior. What a night of rejoicing we had! Angels were dancing in heaven that night. Praise the Lord! We had a hallelujah shouting time!



In February, Jessie (a team member) came from the outer district to spend the night with me because we were leaving in two days to attend our annual conference in Bangkok. After I had already gone to bed, she went into the kitchen and then came into my bedroom and said, "There is a leak in the kitchen." I got up, and Jessie was right. There was a leak in the ceiling from the upstairs apartment. I put on my housecoat and went upstairs. And guess what? No one was home. Since my landlord didn't speak English, I called Sean and asked him to call my landlord and tell him what was happening. Things like this always happen before you are leaving, right?

Sean called me back and said someone would be there soon. The owner of the upstairs apartment came to let me know she couldn't get hold of her renters. She said she would call Sean at his office in the morning and let him know what was happening. Jessie and I put a bucket and several pans down in the kitchen to catch the stream of water.

The next morning, my kitchen ceiling was still leaking, and no one had come to turn off whatever was leaking upstairs. I would be leaving for Bangkok with a leak in my kitchen ceiling if they were unable to contact the renters. Mira (Sean and Sue's daughter) had an extra key to my apartment (so she could feed

my fish), and she said for me not to worry about it, that eventually they would get everything taken care of. Isn't life interesting? I loved living in China where you never knew what was going to happen from one day to the next.

Both Sean and his wife, Sue, and Chin and his wife, Irene, were the ones I could depend on to fix things for me. I know they really got tired of my calling all of the time, but they always said, "It is okay. Don't mention it. We will help you." And they did.

Sean came by the next morning, and they were finally able to get into the apartment upstairs. The renters were away, and there was a leak in the kitchen (a pipe had broken under the sink). The whole upstairs apartment was flooded, and it almost ruined my ceiling. They finally fixed the leak, but we had a lot of cleanup to do before we left. Praise God for the many friends of ours who came to help.



While in Bangkok, I went to the ophthalmologist. After examining me, he sent me to a lady who specialized in eye surgery. She told me that my corneal dystrophy had deteriorated. My right cornea had swollen a lot, and she said that I needed to go home to the United States to have a cornea transplant. Dr. Williams (from the States), who came this year to our conference, looked at the report and said I could stay for the conference, but then I should go home (to Kossuth), pack up everything, go home (to the States), get on a transplant list, and have the surgery as soon as possible. What a shock! I knew something was wrong with my eye, but I thought my lens implant had fogged over like it had done before. I expected to have laser surgery and come back to Kossuth until the end of my term.

I was in a state of disbelief, but I knew God's timing is perfect. Nothing happens that hasn't come from the Father through Christ, so I accepted it as coming from the throne. I didn't want to go home at that time, but it seemed I had no choice. Things were really going well, and I really hated to leave, but

I knew I would return to China as soon as I recovered from the transplant.

Now began the job of getting packed up, mailing some things home, storing the things I wanted to keep, and selling the rest. It was amazing what I had collected in two-and-a-half years. I wouldn't have been able to complete that huge task if I hadn't had the help of my good friends. Chin and Irene came over for several days and helped me pack up and take the boxes to the post office to mail. The organization cut my term short because they didn't know how long it would be before I could return. (The recovery period for the eye surgery was about two months.) They wanted me to return for a new term whenever I could get the medical clearance.

Sean and Sue are very good friends of mine. Sue had accepted Jesus, but Sean, who worked for the government, was scared of losing his job if he became a Christian. Since I was going home to the United States, a lot of my Chinese friends brought me gifts. Before I left, Sean called me and asked if he and Sue could come over, because he had a present for me. I agreed, even though I didn't feel that I needed another gift. When Sean and Sue entered my apartment, neither one of them had anything in their hands. Sean asked me, "I guess you are wondering where your present is?"

"Yes," I said.

"I prayed to receive Jesus as my Savior!" Sean said.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "that is the best present you could have given me!" All three of us danced around in a circle holding one another.



At the end of February 2002, I arrived safely in California and spent a few days visiting with Carol and other family members before flying back home to Mississippi. Carrie had called my eye doctor and made arrangements for my eye surgery, which was scheduled for March 12. All went well with the surgery. Praise the Lord!

During the months that I was home, several churches contacted me to come and share with them about what God was doing in China. I spoke at churches in Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, California, and Mississippi.

Before I returned to China, I needed to have some physical exams, so I made appointments with my other doctors. They discovered that I needed to have gall bladder surgery. I also found out that I had high blood pressure and high cholesterol.

The organization wanted me to sign a new agreement to serve three years. Due to my health issues, I did not feel that I could commit to a three-year term with them, so I decided to return to China as an independent. I would be in China for six to eight months at a time and would teach English at one of the schools. I began contacting the different schools where I had taught. Escatawpa No. 1 Middle School said that they would love to have me come and teach there. Since I didn't have a college degree, they hired me as an English Consultant, paid me one hundred dollars a month, and provided a furnished apartment for me.

Due to the SARS outbreak in China in 2003, I had to wait another year before I could return. Before I left for China, I flew to California to stay with my mother for four weeks. My mom was having some health problems, and I wanted to do what I could to help her. She agreed to sell her condo and move to my sister's house in Arkansas, which was a great relief to my mind. It was so hard being far away from loved ones, wondering if they were all right, and not being there to help them.

In 2004, I would start teaching English at Escatawpa No. 1 Middle School. The school paid for my apartment and all of the utilities. I was able to get my friend Marketa a job teaching at Taylor Middle School in Escatawpa. Her school also paid for her apartment and utilities. We met at the airport in Los Angeles and flew back to China together. It was so nice to have someone to communicate with on the long flight.

## Chapter 16

# New Beginnings



So we fix our eyes not on what is seen, but  
on what is unseen, since what is seen is  
temporary, but what is unseen is eternal.  
(2 Corinthians 4:18 NIV)

**M**arketa and I arrived in Kossuth in February 2004, and several of my Chinese friends met us at the airport. We only had a few minutes to visit, as representatives from my school were there as well to take us directly to Escatawpa.

The road to Escatawpa was rough with many obstacles caused by current construction and detours. We took Marketa to her apartment first, and when I got to my apartment (which was on the third floor), all of the windows were open, and it was very cold. I immediately closed the windows and turned on the heater. It took thirty-six hours for the living room to warm up. The first night, I took all of the bedding off my bed and slept on the couch. It was so cold I couldn't stop shaking.

My bathroom, which had no heat, was in a very tiny room off of a glass-enclosed balcony. Every time I had to get up and go to the bathroom, I would get colder, even though I was wearing my warm housecoat. The bathroom had a Western toilet (for which I was very thankful), but the light was broken. It was difficult for me to have much privacy because the door would have to be open a little in order to see.

A much larger room off of the balcony had a shower, a sink,

and the washing machine. There was no enclosure around the shower, and the electrical connection for the washer was just a little distance from the showerhead—I didn't wash clothes when taking a shower. This room didn't have any heat either, though it did have hot water for the shower and sink. After a shower, I would run through the balcony with a towel wrapped around me to get to the bedroom where there was a little heat. What an experience! I was so spoiled living in the United States.

My bedroom contained a bed, a small dresser, and a good-sized wardrobe. The two guest bedrooms were empty, though the school did buy beds for those rooms. Later, I purchased a small space heater for my bedroom.

The kitchen was typical Chinese. The low sink (freestanding on four legs) only had cold water, and the water drainpipe was not connected to the hole in the floor. The kitchen had no countertops or cabinets, but there were three pans, a teakettle, and a two-burner stove on a little stand. The apartment had a nice-sized refrigerator, which didn't have a freezer.

The living room was roomy and had a three-piece tan leather living room suite with a TV and coffee table, but no extra chairs.

My home church had given me some money, for which I was so thankful as my apartment was not furnished with towels, dishes, and so forth. I went shopping and bought necessities along with some plastic baskets on wheels and some little stackable shelves for the kitchen and my bedroom. Also, I bought a cabinet and hutch for the dining area and some stools for my students to sit on.

The school also bought me a small desk, a microwave, and several small items. My apartment was finally becoming more homey and warm.

Living in a smaller town was very different from living in the big city. You hear a lot of neat sounds: the bells of the pedicabs, the horns on the cars, the noise from the street vendors, and, of course, the school music blowing very loudly every morning. I actually had missed those sounds as well as the smell of the food being cooked on the street. It was great being back to my home away from home.

With my lesson plans all prepared, I was ready to go to work. Escatawpa No. 1 Middle School had two campuses. The high school was close to my apartment, but the junior high was eight short blocks away. I taught three or four classes every morning, one day at the junior high, and the next day at the high school. My afternoons were free to meet and make friends with the people on the street. I was excited about all that would be happening and knew that Father had plans for this “little” city of several hundred thousand people, the vast majority of whom had never heard the good news about Jesus.

My American doctors had diagnosed me with AFib, so I was on blood thinner medication. Since I needed to go into Kossuth once a week to have blood work done, Marketa’s and my school decided they would alternate taking us there to see the doctor. Marketa’s driver would take us one Friday and pick us up on Sunday afternoon, and my school driver would take us the next weekend.

The first time we went to Kossuth, we met with many of our friends. It was so great to see them and to hear how much they had grown as they studied God’s Word. I reconnected with my doctor friends as well. They wanted me to help them with their English on the weekends that I was in Kossuth. It was a wonderful reunion.

I had broken my toe at my mother’s house. A few days after arriving in Escatawpa, I re-injured it, and the next morning, my whole foot was swollen. Of course I called my doctor friends, and they said to come and get it x-rayed to make sure my foot wasn’t broken. I thought, *Since I don’t live close to the doctors as I did before, I had better obey what they suggest.* The result: just my toe was broken, but I had a lot of soft tissue damage. The doctor wanted me to stay off of it for three days.

The following are excerpts from emails that I sent during the first few months of 2004:

March 1, 2004

My foot is doing much better. I taught three classes today, and it went well. The junior high campus is about eight

blocks away. They picked me up in a pedicab, so that helped with the walking. They had a chair in the classroom for me, but I can't teach sitting down; I need to use the blackboard too much.

Right now I'm teaching about family, and we know which family is important [the family of God]. I tell them about all of my children and grandchildren. Then I show them my family pictures. They love it. I did have one class today that was very unruly, so I walked out. The teacher was not there, and I couldn't teach without yelling, so I just stopped. All of the other classes have been great.

March 15, 2004

It has warmed up, and I'm so thankful. It has really been great for the past few days. I hope it continues to stay warm. The pear trees are in full bloom, and the rape plants are just gorgeous. The yellow blooms make the countryside look like golden streets. I love this time of year with so much color and beauty.

The teaching has gone great. I have the same classes each week. There are from eighty to one hundred students in each class, but they are great kids. The Chinese English teachers basically only teach reading and writing. That is where I come in: to teach speaking and comprehension.

This weekend we went into Kossuth, and it was great. I saw so many of my "kids," and to see how grounded they are in Father was so exciting. I was walking on cloud nine.

Escatawpa is tougher than Kossuth was for me. Please pray for people to come. I know Father has me where He wants me at this time, but it is difficult for me to do His work here.

There must be some pr [prayers] going up, because last night I heard someone in the stairwell calling out. Didn't know whom she wanted, so I didn't respond. Finally she loudly called, "Frankie!" I went to the door, and it was a university student who wanted to study. Isn't that just like Father! When we get discouraged, He



sends someone our way. This really lifted my spirit and made me so joyful! I am just praying it isn't a plant. Don't think so, but we will see. I'm willing to take the risk when someone wants to study.

When I first started teaching at the Escatawpa school, the headmaster set up a schedule for me to meet with the teachers once a week to help them with their English. The second time we met, I used an article from a Christian magazine for my lesson. Each teacher was to read aloud a paragraph and then tell me what it meant. I talked with them about the article and explained words they didn't understand. One teacher read the paragraph perfectly, and then she said nothing, so I asked her to explain what she had read. Nothing. Silence. I asked her again. Nothing. Finally, one of the other teachers told me she couldn't speak or understand English. She could only read and write it. This fact was quite a surprise to me. I didn't understand how someone could teach a language without being able to speak it. Later, I understood when I learned how to read Pinyin (Chinese characters translated to the English alphabet), but didn't understand what I was reading.

The classes only lasted about four weeks, and then the teachers made excuses for not coming. Since it was against the law for me to witness to the students, I had thought my mission would be more with the adults. However, the teachers were afraid, and some were very cold towards me.

In March, I received an email from my daughter-in-law, Jill, telling me that my grandson J.T. had fallen and broken his wrist and had to have surgery to set the bone. I called and checked on him. His surgery had gone well, and J.T. had a cast on his arm. Being able to talk with family members was great.



In China, the high school students go to school from 7:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. They have a forty-five-minute lunch and an hour-and-a-half for dinner. About nine thirty in the evening, some of

the students would call me to ask me questions about English. At that time of night, I would have my pajamas on and be in bed, so I would tell them, "I'll see you tomorrow at school."

One night, around nine thirty, I received a phone call. I had already retired for the evening but went into the living room and answered the phone. A student told me he wanted to meet with me because he had a question. Thinking it was about English, I told him, "Do you know what time it is? I was already in bed. Check with me tomorrow. I'll talk with you then."

He called again a few nights later. I told him the same thing, "I'll be happy to talk with you tomorrow." I hung up and went back to bed.

A few nights later, he called again. I thought, *I'm not going to get rid of this young man, so I might as well have him come over.* I told him, "Come on over," and then I got dressed.

Soon there was a knock on the door, and Liam, a young man I had never met before, came in. When he sat down, I asked him, "So, what is your question?"

"I want to know how to become a Christian," Liam replied.

I felt so badly because I had put this young man off, thinking he wanted to ask me an English question, and all the time he wanted to know more about becoming a Christian. Liam had a Catholic friend who had been telling him about Jesus. I prayed right then out loud, "Father, I'm so sorry for putting this young man off. What if he had died without Christ because I was too lazy to get up and have him come over? I'll never do that again. Thank you, Father, for bringing him here tonight." I gave Liam a Chinese/English Bible, and we talked well into the night. Before he left, he prayed to receive Jesus.

Liam started coming to the study and brought several of his friends. I never refused to talk with students who called me at night again. Liam loved English. His English was very good, and I could always understand him. He helped me with translation many times. Praise God for nighttime and that Liam didn't give up but kept calling me. God is good!

As a result of that experience, I told my students that if they wanted to improve their English, I would be happy to

meet with them at my apartment. Several students came, and I used English/Chinese Bibles for my English lessons/Bible study. I would cook Western dinners on the weekends and teach them how to use a knife and fork. We would play games or watch Christian films on DVD. As time went on, more and more students came to learn English and to hear about the gospel. My Chinese was very bad, and the kids really couldn't understand me, but I kept teaching from the Bible, where they could read the English and Chinese side by side. After two years, many of them understood enough and wanted to pray to receive Jesus.

One of my students, Jacky, hadn't prayed to receive Jesus. He said he understood, but didn't want to pray, so I told him that was okay. Betty had sent me the DVD movie *Left Behind*, so I showed it to the students. After seeing this film, Jacky spoke up loudly and said he didn't want to be "left behind." He wanted to accept Jesus as his Savior! We were all so excited! Jacky prayed, and we prayed with him. We rejoiced for this new member of our family!

A funny thing happened that illustrates the language barrier. One Saturday, some of the girls insisted on doing the dishes; they wouldn't let me help. The apartment didn't have hot water in the kitchen, so I always heated water in my teakettle when I washed dishes. I told the girls to "heat the water."

"Okay," they said.

After a few minutes, I went back into the kitchen. The girls had not heated the water. I told them again, "Heat the water."

"Okay," they said again.

This happened three times. Finally, I put water in the teakettle and put it on the stove.

The girls exclaimed, "Oh, 'heat' the water! We thought you said 'hit' the water. We couldn't understand why you wanted us to 'hit' the water."

All of us had a good laugh at the misunderstanding. I love living here and having my kids with me.



A team from America would be coming in July to teach English in both Marketa's and my middle schools. I started coordinating things with Carl Meyer, the leader of the team. We prayed that God would send us those students He had prepared to receive.

Marketa and I met with the Foreign Affairs office regarding the summer program. We were trying to work with the schools, but it was difficult when they didn't understand English.

I continued to give out ribbon crosses when I told the Easter story. Kids from the university came to me and said they remembered when I told them stories about Christmas and Easter a couple of years earlier. They still had their stockings and crosses. Isn't that a wonderful reminder? I was so excited by all that God was doing.



In April, my school asked me to go to the countryside junior middle schools to teach and do some recruiting for them. (I also used this time to invite the kids to our summer English program.) Sometimes Marketa went with me.

Most of these students had never seen a foreigner before, so we were treated like celebrities. It was fun for me to go and teach them. I would teach two classes at one school in the morning. Then we would eat lunch with the headmaster and a few English teachers, and go to another school in the afternoon. A couple of the days were long, but I enjoyed talking with the kids and teachers.

The schools were very receptive. The teachers told me I was a great help to them. They used Chinese to teach English and, of course, I used English. My teaching style helped them realize that you could teach English using only English, motions, and pictures.

## Chapter 17

# Witnessing for Jesus



Sing for joy to God our strength;  
Shout joyfully to the God of Jacob.  
(Psalm 81:1)

Chen, a university student who planned to be an English teacher, often came to my apartment for English lessons. One day while we were studying, my supervisor, Christina, came to see what I was teaching, so I gave her my copy of the Bible. When the lesson was over, Chen asked if she could come to the middle school to watch me teach. Since Chen had graduated from that school, Christina said that she could.

The next day, Chen was with me in two of my classes. That afternoon, she came back to my apartment, and we continued our English lesson/Bible study. The weather outside was rainy, but it was a bright and beautiful day inside because Chen prayed to receive the most glorious gift of all!

It was so special to see how excited Chen was about her decision. She said that she was going to tell her classmates. One day, she came to my apartment and asked to see the *Jesus* film. When my DVD player wouldn't work, she said, "Tell me more about Jesus."

How refreshing! I said, "Of course I'll tell you more," and we talked for over an hour.

Just before one of the Chinese holidays, Chen came for study and accidentally left her Bible at my apartment. She came back

the next morning and said that she must have it. She was going to visit her parents in the countryside, and she wanted to tell her mother about her new Friend. Since Chen's parents were illiterate, she read the Bible to her mother every day. She also went through the Four Boys book with her, and her mother accepted Christ as her Savior!

After graduation, Chen planned to return to her hometown and teach at the countryside school. She wanted to tell all of her students about her Friend. She will be another Lottie; her love and desire are so contagious. I know God will use her mightily.



One of my students, LongLong, brought several of his friends for the English studies at my apartment. After the first few studies, he came to me and told me he didn't want to attend the classes anymore, and he returned the Bible I had given him. I told him that was just fine, and I appreciated his returning the Bible and not just throwing it away.

The following year at the beginning of school, LongLong came to me and asked if he could come back to the English studies. Of course, I told him to come, and after a year of study, he prayed along with about twelve of my students who all received Jesus as Savior. Today he is one of my kids who is bringing God's light to China. He is so on fire for the Lord and is working to share the gospel with others.



In April 2004, the weather had warmed up enough to go out in the evenings. One night, Marketa and I went to the park to watch the dancing (line dancing, Chinese style). The park had a concrete area where they line up and dance, and it was really neat watching them. As Marketa and I were sitting there, a lady came and dragged me in to dance with them. I danced one of the dances (thank goodness, it was an easy one), and when we were finished, a huge crowd stood there watching me. They

were all trying to talk with Marketa and me, but my few phrases didn't take us very far in the conversation. We had a great time, and I danced several of the dances, though it was difficult for me to hold my balance on some of the fast numbers. It was fun and good exercise, and was a great opportunity to meet people. I went several nights and learned some of the dances.

One Saturday, Marketa and I, with some students, went to Peony Mountain. The peonies were exceptionally big and beautiful there. It was a long hike up the mountain. After walking about two-thirds of the way up, I said, "Forget it." I went to the garden nearby and sat and waited for the others. While I was waiting and taking pictures, I heard this sweet voice saying, "Granny." Since there were no other English-speaking people around, I turned, and there stood a pretty, young gal (in her early twenties). Her name was Margaret, and she taught English in our local university. We talked a bit, and she now considers me her aunt.

Another day, Marketa and I went to the pottery factory, which was over two thousand years old. It was fascinating. I was especially interested in watching the potters mold the clay into different shapes. The designs were all done by hand, and the artwork that went into the pottery was so beautiful. Then they baked the pottery in a huge oven. I really enjoyed the visit and knew that my Father had to continue to work with me just as they worked to fashion the pottery.



I went to a dinner with the officials of my school, Zechariah, some head teachers, Marketa, and Travis and Kelly. (They were a young couple from New Zealand who moved into the apartment complex next to mine. Travis taught English, and Kelly was doing research for her master's degree.) At the dinner, I really lost it with my anger and had to apologize for my actions. Some Chinese feel that they cannot have a dinner without an alcoholic beverage. Travis and Kelly told them they didn't drink, but the Chinese men would not listen, and the more they drank, the

more they insisted that Travis drink. They were very insulting and verbally abusive to him. Travis is a quiet man and was trying not to drink and not to insult them at the same time. He accepted the wine and just put it to his lips but didn't actually drink. Well, two of the young men were actually trying to force him to drink. I finally said in a loud voice, "LEAVE HIM ALONE! HE SAID HE DOESN'T WANT TO DRINK. RESPECT HIS WISHES." That started a conversation about their custom of having a good time. I said a few more things to them about other customs and how you should respect other people once they have said, "No, thank you." I was so angry, and I was afraid I had made the Chinese lose face, which I didn't want. But I also didn't want to see them force Travis to drink when he didn't want to. I learned one lesson: you cannot try to be polite and accept their glass to drink. I don't accept their wine glass, and that solves that problem, even though they were trying to get me to drink the whole evening as well.

After we came home, I felt badly for losing my temper and thought I should have kept my mouth shut, so I called Travis and apologized to him. He said he was grateful to me for speaking up for him. Then I called Zechariah and said I needed to talk with him. He came over early the next morning, and I explained to him that I needed to apologize, not for what I had said, but for losing my temper. After much discussion about different cultures and respect for other people and their cultures, I asked Zechariah if he would forgive me.

"No," he replied.

I was a little surprised, but I said that was okay, because I had prayed, and God had forgiven me.

"No, Mama. I cannot forgive you, because you are right," he said. "We were wrong for insisting that Travis drink, and we should have respected his opinion." Zechariah asked me if I would still be his mama. Of course, I said yes, that he would always be my special friend and son.





Marketa and I went to Kossuth one weekend to a wedding of a dear friend. We knew both the bride and groom (Tina and Peter). Our former teammate, Meredith, is Peter's adopted mother. Peter was raised in the countryside, and his family is poor, so Meredith planned the wedding with mostly American customs. The pastor of Peter's house church performed the ceremony, and he wanted to do the traditional Chinese Christian wedding. So he and Meredith had differences of opinion. It was comical to watch, but very stressful for Meredith. I finally told Peter to honor God and do what he wanted to.

When Tina came in to the "Wedding March," the Chinese all clapped. At the rehearsal, Meredith had said, "No clapping." The Chinese couldn't understand English, so they clapped anyway. During the opening prayer, Peter's cell phone rang. He actually looked to see who was calling! Peter owns his own restaurant and is a very busy man, but to check his cell phone during his wedding prayer was quite funny. He did turn it off after that, though. They lighted the unity candle, exchanged rings, and repeated their vows. The pastor gave a very inspiring mini-message regarding marriage and how it is ordained of God. I sat by an American who spoke Chinese, and from time to time, he would tell me what the pastor was saying.

The choir from their group sang a couple of songs, and an American girl sang "The Lord's Prayer" and another wedding song. It was an interesting and lovely ceremony, combining attributes from both American and Chinese cultures. After the official ceremony was over, the pastor asked if anyone wanted to say a few words. Several went up to the front and talked about Peter and Tina. Then the pastor gave the mike to Peter, and Peter said it was great seeing everyone, many he knew, but some he had never seen before. He was so funny. At the reception, Tina threw her bouquet to the crowd. I was afraid it was going to come to me, so I ducked.



In June, Marketa and I went on a three-day cruise along the Three Gorges region of the Yangtze River, one of China's great tourist attractions. The trip was arranged by one of my former students, Kathy, who had wanted me to go with her on this trip since I arrived back in China.

I had a strange feeling before I left that something would happen. Didn't know what, but I made sure my children and Bonnie had all of my phone numbers. I had my cell phone with me and *on* all the time, not knowing that the ring on the phone was not working.

Marketa and I flew into Yichang, where our cruise would begin. Kathy's friends, Chloe, Shannon, and Shannon's sixteen-year-old son also were going on the cruise. The trip was wonderful. The Three Gorges are every bit as beautiful as they claim. During the cruise, we went through the largest locks in the world.

The ship's capacity was 110 persons, but there were only eighteen on board, comprised of a group from Europe and us. It was a four-star ship run by the Chinese government, but considered a ship for foreigners. The food was excellent, and the service was great. There was some downtime though, so we played Uno and talked. Kathy had shared with the ladies before, and Chloe wanted to know more about our life and how to become a Christian. I shared with her quite a bit, and the second day out, she and Shannon both prayed to receive the greatest gift: Jesus Christ. Our trip was not only wonderful for the scenery, but also for the reward of having two new sisters.

I checked my cell phone often, but nothing came up. As Marketa and I were on our way home, we both saw messages on our phones from a team member in Kossuth. I called him and found out that I had a call from the United States. I finally got hold of Carrie, and she gave me the very sad news that my niece Mindy had committed suicide. Mindy had suffered for several years from deep depression. This broke my heart to think she felt there was no other option. She seemed to be doing well when I last saw her. Being so far away was very difficult. I am so close to my family, and it hurts when you cannot be there

and grieve with them. Praise God! Mindy had made a decision to follow Jesus. I know she is in heaven, and I'll see her again one day. I thought it was so strange that I had had this feeling before I left for the trip that something was going to happen, but I had thought of my mom or one of my children, and was shocked to hear this sad news.



One block from the school, a lady had her sewing machine set up on the sidewalk in front of a hair salon. I needed a tailor to make adjustments on a skirt, so I took it to her, and she fixed it. When I asked her how much, she asked me if I had an American dollar. (She wanted the dollar for her daughter, Kelly, who went to Marketa's school.) I went home, got a dollar, and took it to her. She asked me for an English name, so I gave her the name *Ann* (my eldest daughter's middle name). We became very good friends. I started a Bible study for Ann, her husband (I called him *Baba*, which means *father*), Kelly, and Ann's sister-in-law.

I started getting my hair washed, cut, and blow-dried at the little beauty shop there, and the woman would only charge me fifty cents. When I tried to pay her more, she would say, "Friend." I gave out many tracts to the people I met along the street. So many sweet people. Even though the street shop owners didn't speak any English, and my Chinese was very poor, we had a way of communicating. It was great. If I needed to have something translated, I would take one of my English students with me to help out.

After coming to the Bible study for a while, Ann, Baba, Kelly, and Kelly's aunt and uncle accepted Jesus as their Savior. Marketa and I planned a swimming party (baptism) at Kelly's aunt and uncle's house. (They had a bathtub in their bathroom.) I was going to baptize Baba in the bathtub and then let him baptize his wife. As we were beginning, Baba took off all of his clothes except his briefs. I told him he needed to have on some pants along with his briefs. (They don't think anything about

this; it is our own inhibitions, I guess.) I told them the meaning of what we were doing and read from the Bible and showed them what they should do and what I would do.

They found some pants for Baba. (Later he would be returning to work.) I dunked him, and then Baba baptized Ann. Baba had watched the movie *The Gospel of John* and had seen how John the Baptist had baptized in the river, so he was just pushing Ann's head under like in the movie. I said, "No. If you are in a pool or river, that would be okay, but not in a bathtub." It was so interesting. You had to be there, but to see those two men strip to their shorts and get ready to get in the tub was very funny for Marketa and me. It made me relax and realize how much God must laugh at us and the silly things we do. The women were going to have just their undergarments on as well, but I told them they needed some clothes on. Kelly had her swimming suit on—thank goodness for that. After Baba baptized Ann, I baptized Kelly, her aunt, and her uncle. It was a wonderful service, and the aunt prayed a beautiful prayer.

If I ever have any more swimming parties, they could never compare to this one. I had tried to prepare them as much as I could and even had it spoken in their own language, but they understood very little. I wonder if they would have taken off all of their clothes, if I hadn't stopped them.

## Chapter 18

### God's Divine Protection



The Lord is the one who goes ahead of you;  
He will be with you. He will not fail you or  
forsake you. Do not fear or be dismayed.  
(Deuteronomy 31:8)

**I** was living in Escatawpa, teaching English at Escatawpa No. 1 Middle School, and I was about to see God work in wonderful ways I couldn't have imagined! Marketa, a friend of mine from Texas, was teaching at the Taylor Middle School.

In June 2004, as the school year ended, it was time for Marketa and me to begin preparation for the American summer team that would arrive in July. The team would be teaching English at both middle schools. As we prepared, we started to get the feeling that the school authorities weren't sure about having our team come. Previously, they had been very excited. They kept saying, "Yes, yes, we want a summer team to come," but when we would try to pin them down, they wouldn't give us a definite decision. As Marketa and I discussed the situation, I told her, "God is in control. I know that the team will come, and I know that we will have a school somewhere. God will work out something for us."

The Department of Education in Escatawpa made a new ruling that the schools would be fined heavily if they had a summer program with Americans. Christina, my supervisor, explained that the Department of Education was concerned

because there had been some foreigners who had come previously whose programs were not educational. To appease the education department, the two middle schools' authorities told us that they needed certificates from all of the teachers. It was very hard to understand why all of this was happening. Because of a rumor going around that the teachers were not American, Christina asked me for pictures of everyone on the team. I wrote an email to Carl and Tim (two of the team leaders), and they sent pictures to me right away. Christina then started advertising at the schools for the summer English program.

Christina took Zechariah, Marketa, and me to check out three or four hotels for the team to stay in. We decided on one and thought that everything was going along smoothly. One day, while Zechariah, Marketa, and I were sitting in my apartment, Christina called Zechariah on his cell phone to say that they needed to have a meeting regarding our summer English program. Zechariah told us about the phone call, and I said, "If you're having a meeting about the summer program, Marketa and I are going with you."

At the meeting, Christina and the headmasters said that they were not getting enough students to sign up. They were afraid that, with the expense of the hotel and everything, they would not be able to have the summer English program. "Could you please find another school that would have a summer program?" they asked me.

This was nine days before the team was to arrive, so I said, "That's going to be very difficult, but I will try." Our headmasters agreed that if we could not find another school for the summer teachers, they would bear the expense of the team's hotel and food, which I thought was very nice of them.

After I returned to my apartment, I started making phone calls. I told everyone that I talked with about the summer English program and said that the teachers would come to the first school that called me back with a definite "yes." Everybody that I called seemed very interested in the program. However, Mr. Jones, the assistant headmaster and a head teacher at a school in Tutwiler, was the first one to return my call and tell

me that he wanted the summer English program. By this time it was late in the evening, one week exactly before the teachers were to arrive, so I was praising the Lord for His provision. It was a huge answer to prayer.

Marketa and I went to Tutwiler, met with Mr. Jones, and saw the hotel where the teachers would be staying. It was the government hotel, which is a very nice place, close to the school, with large rooms and Western toilets. We would be able to walk to the school every morning. Also, the hotel was only two blocks from the town center, so we thought, *This is the perfect place.*

Marketa and I prepared to move from Escatawpa to Tutwiler. Since we would not need all of our belongings with us, we planned on storing some with a friend in Kossuth. Mr. Jones paid for a van to take the things we wanted to store to Kossuth and then to move us to Tutwiler. A day and a half before the teachers were to arrive at the Kossuth airport, we were finally getting settled in Tutwiler. We had gotten all packed up and moved in two days. Whew!

That evening, Marketa received word from home that her husband, Pete, was having heart problems. The next day, after doing some tests, the doctor determined that Pete needed heart bypass surgery. Marketa started making preparations to leave for home as soon as possible. That left me to be the facilitator of the summer English program. We had planned for Marketa to be the director because she had done it many times before. I had led several teams, but I had never directed a summer English program before. I was so thankful that we had everything down on paper. God gave me a peace that everything would work out all right.

Mira speaks English exceptionally well, so once I learned that the team was coming, I contacted her to be our translator. One reason I wanted Mira is that she is a like-minded believer. Another reason I contacted her was that I knew she would tell us exactly what the Chinese were saying. Most interpreters tell us what they think we want to hear. We really appreciated Mira being there with us. Without asking me, Mr. Jones had hired

a high school girl named Mary to help with translation. Both girls were very helpful. God is so awesome!

On the day the teachers were to arrive, Marketa was not feeling well. (I know a lot of it was due to stress; she had so much on her mind.) Marketa wanted to go with me to meet the teachers, but she finally decided that it would be best if she stayed at the hotel.

The team from America consisted of eighteen members, many of whom had professional careers. There were two ordained ministers, a nurse, and several teachers. Carl, the director of the Pearl River Association, and his wife were on the team. Tim was the headmaster of a private Christian school in Mobile. Rea was head of the Student Union at a community college. There were two university ESL (English as a Second Language) teachers and a retired couple (Charles and JoAnn) on the team. What a great team God provided!

Mr. Jones and I drove the hour-and-a-half long trip from Tutwiler to the airport in Kossuth to pick up the team. Marketa and I had explained to Mr. Jones that Americans bring a lot of luggage: "Each teacher will have two big suitcases plus one or two carry-ons." He rented a small twenty-three-seater bus. The team arrived safe and sound, but they were all very tired after their twenty-hour flight. As we started loading the bus, it quickly became apparent that the bus was not nearly large enough. The luggage by itself filled the whole bus! Three or four of Mr. Jones' friends had driven to the airport in their cars to meet the team (thank the Lord for that), but we still needed more cars. Mr. Jones started calling some of his other friends in Tutwiler.

While we were waiting for the additional transportation, I met with the team and said, "Guess what? You're not going to Escatawpa. You are going to Tutwiler. Meet Mr. Jones, our headmaster and sponsor." I proceeded to explain some of the trials that we had been going through the past week and a half. But knowing that God is in control, I told them, "We will have a wonderful God-centered time in Tutwiler."

We sat on the grass in the hot sun and waited. The other



cars finally arrived, and we started the long ride to Tutwiler. When we finally got to the hotel, I checked on Marketa, who was feeling much better. She and I started assigning rooms on the second and third floors so the team could get settled.

Marketa's son phoned and told her that Pete was having surgery in a couple of days. She then made arrangements and moved to Kossuth, so it would be easier to change her flight and leave as quickly as possible.

Several nights earlier, Mr. Jones had set up tables in the city square, and Marketa and I had registered fourteen or fifteen students. Mr. Jones had already preregistered several pupils. Our summer English program was set up for junior high and high school students, but Mr. Jones was registering students from five years of age all the way through to university scholars! When I realized this, I said, "No, no, no! We cannot do that. The five-year-olds are too young." We finally agreed that seven-year-olds would be our youngest students.

The team's flight had landed in Kossuth at eleven o'clock in the morning, so they were very tired when they finally arrived in Tutwiler. After resting and eating dinner, the team got their second wind and went down to the city square to meet people, take pictures, and build relationships. Some of us continued with the registration process. By the time school started on Sunday, we had eighty-four registered. I told Mr. Jones that he could continue registering until Wednesday. We ended up having a total of one hundred students.

At this time, very few Westerners had visited this area of China; therefore, the Chinese people were very curious about people from the West. When my team members and I went to the city square, people would surround us and want to touch us. They wanted to talk to us about ourselves and our families. They would also ask for our autograph. It made us feel like celebrities! This was a great opportunity to meet people and learn about their families. We could invite them to share a meal or tea in our hotel room or at a restaurant. This would eventually lead to us being able to share the gospel with them, which was our ultimate goal.

The second morning that the team was here, we had three police officers move into our hotel, two on the second floor and one on the third floor. They stayed around the hotel for about five days and followed a few of us around from time to time. That was really interesting. But you know, God isn't in a box. He blinded the eyes of the police officers, and they were oblivious to what was happening!

God is so awesome! Both Debbie and Gail knew how to test all the students to determine their English capability. They jumped right in and helped with planning. The team created English tests by cutting and pasting pictures and words from magazines. Our plan was to place students in classes according to their English ability, not their age or grade level. Mr. Jones wasn't too happy about that at first, but I told him, "This is the way it is going to be, since we have such a huge age difference." It worked out wonderfully in the end. The whole summer team was so excellent and flexible about all of the last-minute changes we had to make. I have never worked with a more godly group of people.

All morning, we worked at the school, testing the students so that we could place them in appropriate classes. After lunch, we went back to our hotel rooms and discovered that at least two of our rooms had been searched. God's protection was evident because my room had Bibles, tracts, and other Christian material in it, but the police didn't search my room. I had given some of the Christian material to each team member, but most of them kept the Bibles and tracts in their backpacks, which they carried with them wherever they went.

We had our students registered and placed in their proper classes, and we had given English names to students who had not already received one. Now we planned our opening ceremony, since school was about to begin.

Our opening ceremony was on July the fourth with all of the students and parents attending. The team sang some American songs, and Mr. Jones and I gave short speeches. It was a very impressive opening ceremony (if I do say so myself). I realized

then that we had a good choir, because everyone on the team could sing well. Later on, God used that also.

Every morning, we had an opening assembly in which Tim would teach the students songs with motions. This was also a time for teachers or students to share something (maybe something the student had learned the previous day). Because we only had one hundred enrolled in the summer English program, we had extra teachers: in the lower grades, we had more than one teacher in each room. Rea helped in Karen's class, and Tim helped wherever he was needed. The second week, Mr. Jones had Carl, Lori Beth, and Gail teach at a satellite school in the countryside.

Classes were held every morning. In the afternoons, the older students would invite their teachers to go with them to one of the parks or museums. Sometimes they went hiking in the mountains. Since the elementary students were too young to go on various excursions, their teachers had the afternoons free. Those teachers would go shopping, have facials, have their hair washed along with a head massage, or have a foot massage. This was a great witnessing opportunity, because you could offer a tract when you paid for the service. Every evening we would go down to the square to meet people, and the older students would meet with their teachers again.

Lori taught the high school kids. She also met with them in the afternoons and in the evenings. Her students didn't want to leave her. She started sharing about Jesus with them the third evening. Six of her students were ready to pray and receive Jesus, and Lori gave them Bibles. Evidently, one of the parents found out about the Bible and told Mr. Jones. I had just received some literature and Bibles from a friend in Kossuth. They were spread out on my bed, and I was stacking them up and putting them away. When I was almost finished, Mr. Jones walked right into my room. He didn't knock; he just walked in. The only thing that I had left to put away was *The Four Spiritual Laws* tract, and I had a stack of them in my hand.

"That's in Chinese," Mr. Jones said.

“Yes,” I replied.

“You’ve been giving away Bibles,” he said.

I responded, “Well, I haven’t, and no one on the team has given away a Bible to anyone, except to those who are interested. We’re not standing out on the street and giving away Bibles.”

“Well, you can’t do that,” he told me.

Mr. Jones was so alarmed about it that he went separately to both Tim and Carl and asked them to not give Bibles to the students. I told Lori to only have a few kids in the room at a time and to have her students play games in addition to the Bible study. She could also meet with the kids in the park or somewhere else to do further studies with those kids who were really interested. We backed off just a little bit, but we wanted to be sensitive to God’s leading, so we didn’t completely stop. Several students in both Lori’s and Vicki’s classes prayed to receive Jesus. The students were so on fire for Christ that they brought their friends to learn more about the Bible and about God.

Before the team came, I had suggested to them to bring Polaroid or digital cameras so they could take pictures of the people and then hand them a *Four Spiritual Laws* tract or a DVD of the *Jesus* film along with the picture. We could do this when we went to the park or the square. At this time, many of the Chinese had never had their picture made, so they were fascinated with watching the Polaroid picture develop before their eyes. After the picture developed, we would offer them a tract, sometimes even a Bible, depending on the situation. Many of the team brought Polaroid cameras, and Carl and Tim brought digital cameras. Carl also brought a printer to use in printing out the digital photos. They would show the Chinese the picture on the screen. Then Carl and Tim would print out the photos back at the hotel and give them to the people the following day.

One evening at the square, a young man came up to Tim and wanted to meet him. Tim introduced himself, and the other man said, “My name is James, you know, like James from the Bible.” James’s government job had just moved him to Tutwiler.

He knew the dangers of being a believer, so he had to be very careful. James had been reading his Bible and had a lot of questions. Tim and James developed quite a friendship. They spent a lot of time together, singing praise songs, worshipping God, and studying the Scriptures. Tim really ministered to James and lifted him up. Some of our students who had prayed to receive Jesus needed additional discipling. Before we left Tutwiler, we introduced them to James, who agreed to minister to them as long as he was in Tutwiler.

One day, the guard at the government hotel asked Mira for some of the literature that the team had been giving out in the square. Mira was afraid, so she said, "Oh, they weren't giving out anything." She told me about the guard, and I said, "Let's pray about it." After praying, we decided that Mira should give him a Bible. She did, and the guard stood at his post and read the Bible every day. Sometimes, the guard would ask Mira a question or two. The police who were there completely ignored him. This was God's protection, because the guard could have been arrested.

Mr. Jones was really good about taking us to different places to experience Chinese culture. One evening for dinner, he took us to a hot pot restaurant. (This is a very unique Chinese experience. A round pot sits in the middle of each table. Sometimes it's a divided pot with one half containing a very spicy broth, and the other half a mild broth. A flame under the pot heats the broth. The waiters bring all kinds of vegetables and meat to put in the broth to cook.) When Lori Beth stirred the broth at her table, she saw a chicken head in the ladle. Someone from Lori Beth's table came over and told me that there was a chicken head in their broth. I told them that was normal. Lori Beth became ill and had to be taken back to the hotel. When you come to China, don't be surprised to see chicken heads in your broth, or to find out that you're eating snake, squid, or octopus. I learned that the food goes down a lot easier when you don't ask what you are eating!

Carl suggested that we treat the students to an American lunch. He and several others went to the store and bought bread,

peanut butter, jelly, potato chips, fruit (apples and oranges), soft drinks, and fruit juices. After the morning classes, we set up an assembly line and made about 140 sandwiches, enough for all the students, some of their parents, and ourselves. It was fun to watch the expressions on the students' faces. Some of them liked the peanut butter sandwiches; some of them didn't. For all of the team members, a peanut butter sandwich never tasted so good.

The first week during our morning devotion time, Carl prayed, "God, I pray for the day when we can stand in the square and sing your praises."

After we had our devotion, I said, "You know what? We can go to the square, and we can sing God's praises now. We can form a choir. We'll have to sing some secular songs, but we can sing a variety of Christian songs as well."

Tim picked out some songs for us to sing, and we made plans to go to the square and give a concert a couple of nights later. It was drizzling rain that night, but we had our concert anyway. Singing with us, Tim was the leader of our choir. Rea accompanied us on her guitar. We really sounded pretty good together. We had a huge crowd, too. Mr. Jones came late, but he was there. He even had us sing "The ABC Song," something that everyone could sing with us.

Some of our students were there and were helping us sing. When we were singing "I've got the Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy," one of Debbie's students leaned over and asked her, "What does that mean? *Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy.*" Debbie took that student to a restaurant that was catty-corner across from the square. She shared with him about God and salvation. Although the student did not pray to receive, Debbie planted so many seeds, and her heart was so burdened for this young man. The concert was a glowing success. So, we were able to sing praises to God in the middle of the square in Tutwiler.

Near the end of the second week, we needed a diversion so that Carl could give out tracts along with the pictures that he had previously made. We decided to have another concert that night. In the square, there were some steps going up to a statue.

We stood on those steps, using them as a riser. Our concert included "Amazing Grace" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." We sang a lot of Christian songs as well as some secular songs. Some of our students came and joined the choir. Carl is tall and was wearing a big white hat, so he could easily be seen from all around the square. People crowded around him, and Carl was able to give out the pictures and tracts.

While we were singing, there was this one elderly lady who was standing in front. She had put her hands in prayer, and her face was so angelic, tears streaming down her face. I feel sure that she understood the songs we were singing.

The main street of Tutwiler comes right into the square and then turns around it. As we finished singing "Amazing Grace," I looked up, and way down the street, I saw a police car with flashing lights on top. It was several blocks away and coming slowly towards us down the main street. Behind it was the paddy wagon! I thought, *Okay, that car can turn any minute now.* It kept coming very slowly. I prayed, "Lord, make them turn." It kept coming. We kept singing.

Karen leaned over to me and said, "Frankie, do you think we ought to stop singing?"

"No," I said. "They know who we are." We kept singing, but I did turn to Tim and say, "Let's sing a secular song now." I knew that God was in control. The police knew we were staying in the government hotel, and they had all of our passport numbers. We were watching Carl, and he was oblivious to what was happening. The police car and the paddy wagon kept coming, kept coming. They turned right, to go around the square. As they got beside us, they stopped. After what seemed like an eternity (but I'm sure it was just a few minutes), they slowly continued around the square. Did I ever breathe a sigh of relief! Thank you, Lord! God put a shield around us. We were singing God's praises there in that square, and He protected us.

One of Charles and JoAnn's students was named Snake. He attached himself to Charles and helped Charles in his classroom. (During the two weeks, several members of the team got the flu.

Charles and JoAnn were very ill and had to stay in their room for a few days.) One day, Snake was missing from his class. We searched for him and discovered that he had taken food to Charles and JoAnn in their hotel room. Being sick doesn't seem like a blessing; but because they were sick in bed, Charles and JoAnn had the opportunity to have one-on-one time with Snake. Charles talked with him about God, the Bible, and spiritual things, and planted so many seeds. Those seeds took root and grew, and Snake prayed to receive Jesus. Since Snake was going to the university the following year, we introduced him to Elvis, a strong Christian at the university, so that Elvis could disciple and encourage him.

I can't say enough of how we saw God's hand move during those two weeks; everyone was so blessed. Of course, we hated to leave, but we knew our time in Tutwiler was coming to an end. We were sad, but as we departed, many of the students and adults came to see us off.

For this school year, I had been in China for six months, so I was going to return home with the team. We thanked Mr. Jones for giving us the opportunity to have the summer English program in Tutwiler. We took a bus from Tutwiler to Kossuth, then flew to Beijing. The team and I would have two-and-a-half days to sightsee in Beijing before heading home to America. My friend Lynn, who now lived in Beijing, made all of our arrangements.

Before we left Tutwiler, Lynn called me and said, "Mom, I've got great news."

"Oh, what's that?" I asked.

"Both of my girls have prayed to receive Jesus!" she said. "When you come to Beijing, I want you to baptize them."

"Okay," I said. "We'll talk about that when we get there." I mentioned the conversation to Carl and Tim.

"I'd love to baptize one," Carl said.

"Really?" I said. "I'd love for you to baptize one and for Tim to baptize the other."

When we arrived in Beijing, Lynn and her friend Mr. Smith picked us up in a tour bus. The bus was air conditioned (Praise



God!) and held all of our luggage underneath. It had a microphone, and as we were going to the hotel, Lynn gave her testimony about how God had worked in her life and how I had introduced her to Jesus (she gave me more praise than I deserved). She had almost everyone on the bus in tears as she shared. We went to our hotel first to put away our luggage and get settled. Then we went to Lynn's apartment.

With Lynn interpreting, Carl talked to the girls and explained to them about baptism and about Jesus. They were so sweet. We went into the bathroom to do the baptism and discovered that all Lynn had was a bucket of water! I thought she would have a bathtub. I said, "Sweetie, we can't baptize them this way." I explained about immersion.

"Mom, what should we do?" Lynn asked.

We went back to our hotel, ran water in the bathtub, and baptized Lynn's daughters. Tim baptized one of them, and then Carl baptized the other. It was such a wonderful service.

During our stay in Beijing, we went to the Great Wall, the Forbidden City, and Tiananmen Square. We also saw an acrobatic show and did some shopping. On Sunday afternoon, we went to the Temple of Heaven. Tim and Carl really enjoyed that. They took pictures of the plaque that says that China at one time worshipped the one true God, the God of Heaven, and that the Emperor came and worshipped the God of Heaven.

During our two weeks in Tutwiler, we gave out hundreds of tracts and almost four boxes of Bibles. God went step by step by step ahead of us. Everything worked out in His timing and in His plan. God wanted us to be in Tutwiler. He placed the right people on the team, and He directed the right people to us so that we could share with them about Jesus. God's protection of us was very evident throughout the whole experience.

Genesis 50:20 states, "As for you, you meant evil against me, but God meant it for good in order to bring about this present result, to preserve many people alive." With all the obstacles that came our way, Satan meant them for evil, but God meant it for good so that many people would be saved. To God be the glory!

Here is a portion of Carl's posted Pearl River Association newsletter:

The China English teachers team witnessed the moving of the Holy Spirit resulting from prayer. We arrived in Kossuth, China, on July 1 with news of a big change in the plans. The two schools in Escatawpa canceled one week before arrival, leaving Frankie and Marketa scrambling to find a place for the team to teach. They located a bilingual teacher/administrator, Mr. Jones, in nearby Tutwiler, who took the challenge of organizing a two-week English Summer School plan for the ten days. The teachers' previous plans of only teaching two lessons on each day was thrown out the window, and they had to prepare all new lessons. This change brought a dependency on God and bonded the team. Flexibility became the team's motto. But God had a great plan in the relocation to Tutwiler. He wanted a witness for Christ to be proclaimed in this city of 600,000+ people.

Because of an email, there was a scare in Pearl River County that several of us had been arrested. Your prayers were honored, for there were no arrests, but there were problems. Satan was throwing missiles and darts, for he was not happy. The spiritual battle was raging. The team grew closer from the challenge, felt the confirmation of the Holy Spirit, and was strengthened from our prayer time and devotion each morning. Thank you for your prayer support!

As the two-week school came to an end on July 16, the eighteen teachers departed Tutwiler tired, but filled with the Spirit from all the Lord had accomplished. The following statistics tell the story:

- 100 students enrolled in the two-week summer school
- 20 students enrolled in a four-day school at Technological School (two locations)
- 24 souls prayed to receive Christ

- 10+ new believers connected with a group leader for Bible study
- 2 eight-year-old girls baptized in Beijing

Distributed:

- 320 books of the gospel of Luke and Acts
- 125 *Jesus* film on DVD
- 125 Christian music CDs
- 100+ *Four Spiritual Laws* tracts
- 70 audio cassettes of *Jesus* film
- 60 cassette players
- 45 Bibles

## Chapter 19

### Laboring in the Field



And He was saying to them, “The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few; therefore beseech the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into His harvest.”

(Luke 10:2)

**I** returned to Escatawpa in early February 2005 to the same school apartment. When Christina and I arrived, we discovered the heater didn’t work, so Christina called the maintenance man from the school. He came over and worked on it, but there still was no heat. He called another repairman, and they tried to fix the heater to no avail.

Christina brought over her personal space heater. She also bought me a large electric pad to put on top of the mattress under my sheets. It was so warm when I went to bed. I snuggled up and went to sleep rather quickly. Suddenly, I was awakened, shaking. My body was twitching; my heart was racing. I was in a deep sleep and didn’t understand what was happening. After I woke up enough, I realized the electric pad had a short in it, and I was being gently—well, maybe not so gently—electrified. I unplugged the pad, put another comforter on the bed, and didn’t move the rest of the night. I had the space heater right by the bed, so when I did have to get up to go to the bathroom, I would hurry as quickly as I could. The rest of the night was uneventful as long as I didn’t have to get up.

I woke up at four o'clock in the morning. As I unpacked some things, I took the heater with me from room to room. The heater only helped if I was right in front of it. I was wearing three layers of clothes and my coat, and I was still cold.

Throughout the morning, I fixed myself some coffee and three cups of cocoa. After one sip, it was no longer hot. It was cool. Very cool. I had to reheat it several times, until I learned to set my drink in front of the heater, so it wouldn't cool so quickly.

I guess that was getting me used to working in the classrooms without heat. It seemed colder that year, but I guess it was because I had been away.



In Escatawpa, there was a very limited selection of Western foods available, so I would go into the city where I could get a greater variety. One day, while I was eating at a Western restaurant in Tutwiler, a young Chinese lady came up to me and said, "Are you Frankie?"

"Yes," I responded.

"I am a Christian," she said. "Do you know there is a church in Escatawpa? I have met the pastor and his wife, and they are very much in love with the Lord."

This was great news to me, because I had wanted to have a place where the new "babes in Christ" could grow spiritually. The lady couldn't remember where the church was, so once I returned to Escatawpa, I started asking people for its location, but no one that I asked knew about the church.



I looked up the family I had baptized (Ann, Baba, and Kelly), and they were now managing a bookstore where they checked out books or sold them if the person wanted to buy the book. (Ann still had her clothing alteration place there as well.) In addition to the regular books, Ann had been checking out some of the materials (the Bible and other Christian books) I had left

with her last year. I gave her some more Christian literature that they could read and then add to the items to check out. I was so excited about what they were doing, and prayed that they wouldn't get into trouble.

One day when I was visiting with Ann and her family at the bookstore, her sister-in-law made a phone call and then gave me the phone. The person on the other end could not speak English. The next thing I knew, a car pulled up and whisked me away. Two men (one was the sister-in-law's husband, whom I had met before) and a lady were in the car. They took me to meet with a banker and businessman from Hong Kong. I ended up having dinner with all of them. They wanted to show off their American friend. At the restaurant, I saw a friend of mine, who could speak a little English. He agreed to join us and interpret for me. For that, I was thankful. We had our dinner, and the men indulged in many alcoholic drinks. They were feeling no pain. We ended up at a karaoke bar, where they pushed the mike in my face and said, "sing!" I did, reluctantly. There was dancing as well, and I was able to refuse that until the last disco dance, when I finally gave in. I was wondering all that time, How do I get myself into these messes?



A Senior 3 student called me one evening at nine o'clock and asked if he could come visit. Even though that was almost my bedtime, I told him to come on over. He came with his Bible and wanted to know how to become a Christian. I was thrilled that I didn't turn him down and tell him to wait until another time. We talked for over an hour, and he prayed and received the greatest gift! He was so thirsty to know more about God.

One day, I fixed lunch for a group of teachers (one man and several women). I prepared deviled eggs, pasta salad, fruit salad, meat loaf, mashed potatoes, and glazed carrots. They had never eaten food fixed this way before. Levi ate everything and kept eating. The young ladies frowned at the deviled eggs and wouldn't even try them. (I thought they were really good

myself.) They didn't like the pasta salad either, but ate all of the mashed potatoes, fruit salad, and most of the meat loaf. It was interesting, seeing their reactions. I'm sure it was much like my reaction when I ate a lot of their food that I didn't know anything about. The lunch turned out pretty well. We had a good visit, and I thought I had made some good friends. But when I talked to them more about Jesus, most of the ladies didn't have much to do with me. They were afraid, I guess. Levi was still a good friend, although he didn't seem interested in learning about Jesus.

One Saturday, I went with Margaret and her husband to the countryside to see the flowers. The rape plants were in full bloom and looked so beautiful. It was like a sea of golden streets. I picture heaven looking something like that.

Our outing in the countryside was an interesting experience. Margaret's husband brought his kite, and I helped fly it in all of those lovely flowers. We walked about four or five miles along these little (and I mean little) trails amongst the flowers. The farmers would really stare at me and laugh when I would speak to them. I guess they had never seen an elderly white lady in their crops before, especially one flying a kite.

I was having more and more students and teachers come over. That was a good thing, because it gave me many opportunities to share about things that matter. Some are just coming to improve their English, but I always tell them something about my heavenly Father.



On Easter weekend, I went to Kossuth and met with my Chinese friends there. We had a glorious time studying and singing and sharing the story of Easter. (This was all in Chinese, but I understood.) I was walking on cloud nine, as they say. It was such a glorious time.

That Sunday I met with the international church. (This church was not for the local Chinese. A government official would stand at the door, and only those people who had a foreign

passport could enter.) It had really grown since I was there before. There were about four hundred, including children. The room had 340 chairs completely filled. The music was great, and the message was like being home: wonderful and Spirit-filled. Those worshipping were peoples from all over the world. I thought, *This must be something like heaven will be. Worshipping with people from around the globe.* How awesome! Of course, most of them were from America, but some were from other countries. I came away filled to the brim.

When I got home, one of my students came over, and we went through the Easter story. For him, it was the first time to really read it from the Bible. Last week, we had watched the film *The Passion*. My student was excited to learn and couldn't understand why I was so emotional and crying. When I went to bed that night, well, you can imagine my feelings. Father is so awesome!



Here are some excerpts from emails that I sent during 2005:

March 28, 2005

I received the package. Please tell everyone thank you. Everything arrived intact. One of my students brought it to the house for me. (I had fixed an American rice dinner for him last year.) When I opened the package, he said, "Where is the American rice?"

I said, "You told me last year, 'Don't they know we grow rice here?'" Now you are asking for rice. I asked them to send noodles."

"But I liked the rice," he replied.

Can't please them all the time. Maybe he will like it when I fix him a noodle dinner. Anyway, the plastic Easter eggs were not cracked, and everything is great. The hot chocolate is wonderful. I prepared some for the two students who were here at the time. They loved it, and I certainly loved it. It is cold here one day and warm the next. I guess it is somewhat like home. I have given



some Christmas lectures, but not to all of the classes. I will take the stockings today to class. I am putting some pamphlets in them, as I don't have candy canes, but it is better to have the pamphlets. I'm so excited to see what Father is doing. I wish it were more, but I know He is bringing the ones He wants, and that is wonderful. I know every day that this is of Him, and I couldn't be here (or not as comfortable) if it were not for our home group. Please tell everyone how much I appreciate their part in this work. Especially your class. I know I am covered by yarps [prayers] and by money.

March 29, 2005

I'm having a wonderful time, sharing about Easter. During my lecture, I have a student come to the front of the class to help me and to hold the plastic egg. I explain that an egg means new life, and that is why we use it for Easter celebrations. I ask them what happens if the mother hen sits on the egg for a long time. They tell me, "A baby chick." Then I explain how the eggshell is empty and that the little chick comes forth from the egg, and *that* is a little example of how JC was placed in a grave and came forth as new life. They love the egg, and I think a few actually understand what I'm saying. Earlier, I told them the whole story of JC and His death and being raised from the dead. It is so exciting! I yarp [pray] before each class for understanding. I haven't told them anything regarding the Easter bunny, only about JC.

April 5, 2005

Monday night, I received a phone call about ten thirty. Now most of you know I'm an "early to bed, early to rise" person. I got up and came into the living room to answer the phone. It was a student wanting to come over. I was already dressed for bed, so I said, "Not tonight."

"Can I please come over Tuesday night at nine forty-five?" he asked. (He is one of my Sunday students

who come for extra work in English.) Since I wasn't here Sunday, I felt bad, so I said okay.

The student came over at nine forty-five last night. We worked on his English for about forty-five minutes, and he told me how depressed he was and unhappy. I asked him if he knew about JC. He said, "Yes, you told us in class some about Him." I started talking to him more about JC. He told me he had checked out the Book [Bible] from the bookstore and read a little, but he didn't have a Book of his own. I went and got him a Book, and we started a study. After he left, I went to bed and had a P&W [praise and worship] service with Father and me. With all of the students at the school (around three thousand), it was amazing that he would be one of the students who had checked out the Book at the bookstore that my friend operates. I am constantly awed at how He brings people into my life. For me, staying up that late is unusual. I know that isn't late for many of you, but I didn't get to bed until eleven o'clock. The student had to return to school before they locked the gates. I thank all of you again for your support of helping with the Books and especially your yarps. Keep them up. They are working.

April 25, 2005

I have a team coming in June, and we plan to have a swimming party then. As of now, we have seven who need to go swimming, but I feel very strongly that, with your yarps, by then we will have at least nine, and maybe more. I'm not about to limit Father. Sometimes the one I expect least to believe is the one who wants to pr [pray]. Isn't that exciting! I tell them all about J, not knowing who will understand and receive, but sometimes I'm very surprised at some who say they want to pr. It is so true: We don't know their hearts. Only Father does.

One day, I decided to go for a facial. It only cost \$2.50, so I decided to treat myself. I was walking home from picking up

some pictures I had had developed, and I saw a new place to get facials, so I went in. The gal who served me could speak a little English. She brought me some hot water, and as I sat waiting, she came up to me and asked me if I knew Jesus Christ. I said, "Yes, I do." She kept telling me how much she loves Him and how much she talks to Him every day. It was the best facial I had ever had! As she did my facial, we talked and talked. I'm amazed at how God opens doors. It was awesome, and I'm always so humbled by those encounters that God arranges for me. Isn't He wonderful!

During this time, I kept asking everyone I met if they knew where the Escatawpa church was, and most of them would say, "We have a church here?" Unfortunately, there are no "yellow pages" in China where you can lookup *Churches*. For over two months, I asked and asked and couldn't find anyone who knew anything about the church. I even asked a government official, and he didn't know anything about a church. I finally stopped asking so often, but in my heart, I wanted to find a church where I could leave my new babies in Christ.

## Chapter 20

# Being Used by God



“For I know the plans that I have for you,”  
declares the Lord, “plans for welfare and not  
for calamity to give you a future and a hope.”  
(Jeremiah 29:11)

I love taking pictures, and I would get the film developed at a Kodak store several blocks from the school. On the way to the camera shop, I would walk past three retail motorcycle stores. Every time I passed one of the shops, a man would bring a stool out and say, “*Qing zuo, qing zuo*” (please sit). Since my Chinese was very limited, I would usually say, “No, thank you,” and continue walking. After this happened several times, I tried to avoid him by crossing the street and walking on the other side. One day I was in a hurry, so I didn’t cross the street. Sure enough the man came out and stopped me again, saying, “*Qing zuo.*” I said, “No, thank you,” and went into the Kodak shop. The pictures were not ready, but would be ready in about fifteen minutes, so I sat down to wait. God has such a sense of humor! The man from the motorcycle store had followed me into the camera shop, and he now sat down next to me. Not knowing what else to do, I took out my phrase book.

“Do you know where the church is?” I asked him.

“Yes,” he said, to my great surprise.

“Are you a Christian?” I asked him.

“No,” he replied, “but I used to live near the church.”

I silently prayed, "Lord, forgive me for not wanting to take the time to talk to this man."

After I paid for the pictures, the man and I set a time to meet, and the next day, he took me to the church. (The reason the man wanted to talk to me was he wanted me to teach English to his primary school daughter, which I gladly did.)

The church is a Three Self church (a government church). I met the pastor, Timothy, and his wife, Catherine. (Timothy's English was good, so we were able to communicate easily.) They are such wonderful people who love God with all their might. You could see and feel the Spirit of the Lord on them. We had a wonderful visit. I bought two Bibles from them and gave one to the young man who had taken me to the church. Timothy said he had been praying for the young people here for a long time. He and his wife had been here for four years and were planning to build a new house for the meeting place. The current church was only a three-and-a-half-sided building. The roof leaked, and dim lights hung from the ceiling. Timothy and Catherine lived in a room just beyond the sanctuary. They had no running hot water. No bathroom. No shower. Their kitchen was very archaic. But they were so happy serving the Lord!

Timothy asked me if I was teaching the Bible in my home. I wasn't sure if I should tell him, because I knew I could get in trouble if certain persons knew what I was doing. I quickly said a prayer and told him I was having Bible study in my home with some of my students. Before we left, Timothy asked me if I would pray for them and for their work there. As we were in a circle holding hands, I started crying while I was praying for God to move in our town and to give the pastor the wisdom to lead and grow. The Spirit of God was so strong in this little church. I left feeling so blessed and praising God for having found these wonderful Christ followers.

I had to work Sunday (go to the countryside and teach), but one of my students went to worship with the church. Afterwards, he told me, "There are only old people there."

"Once you kids start going, you will have your own youth group," I replied.

It was so exciting that I was continuing to be used by Father! I had nine who were ready for baptism. I asked Timothy how they did that special service, and he told me that at this time they just sprinkle, because they have no other means, but when they build their new building, they will build a place to do baptism by immersion. He believes that is the way God wants it done, and that is what he will do. There was a summer team coming here, and when they arrived, we would use their hotel room to have the baptismal service.

My “boys” were excited to be going to church for the first time in their lives. I had been praying for this for a long time. Now there was a place where my kids could receive spiritual nourishment. To think that I met this young man (who wasn’t a believer) in the cycle shop, and he was able to take me to the church. How awesome is that!

I had about seven students who came every Wednesday and Sunday. (Not all of them, but those who could get out of school.) I loved cooking for them. (Young people are somewhat the same. You can rarely fill them up with food.) We studied most of the time they were here. We also played a lot of games. It was so exciting to see how these students loved God so much! They would run across the campus to give me a hug and ask me about Joseph or Moses. They were eager to know more and more.

I was delighted that pastor Timothy had been coming for study. I asked him if he would teach the Bible lessons to the kids in Chinese so they would understand better, but he refused, saying, “I need to learn, and your teaching is helping me to understand the Bible more.” He was a big help interpreting the lessons from English to Chinese. He said he really was learning and growing. I couldn’t believe I would be used this way, but it was wonderful! I was so excited that I would be leaving my boys and girls in the hands of one who loved God so much. Timothy came to all of my studies. A little later, Catherine started coming also. Her English was very poor, so she had been hesitant to come to study.

I had one girl who came to my apartment around dinnertime.

Two of my boys were already there, and I told them to share with her and go through the Four Boys book while I fixed our dinner. As I listened to them, the tears flowed while I prepared something for us to eat. She received, and the boys were so excited that they had led someone to Christ. She had come to some of the studies, and I had given her a Bible, which she had been reading, so she was ready.



Pastor George was the leader of a team that came from Florida. They were all so passionate about sharing the good news. The school was wonderful about having the team members come and teach English in the classrooms. Pastor George was able to share with our headmaster, and the team members made many friends with the students. The school took us sightseeing and even allowed some of my students to go with us. It was wonderful for my kids to meet other Christians from America.

While the team was here, we were invited by Timothy to come to church on Sunday. There were forty of us, and it was a great experience for us all. The service was so Spirit-filled. Many of the church's neighbors came out just to see what the foreigners were doing there. Timothy hoped that this would open doors for them to grow more.

After the service, all of us went out to eat. Then we went to the team's hotel and had a baptismal service. Pastor George talked with each one who wanted to be baptized, making sure that the person understood. It was a wonderful service; we sang songs and praised God. We had eleven who were baptized. It was awesome! There were many tears of joy from the kids and the team. I was so moved by the kids and their understanding. What a glorious day!



My kids didn't get to go to church every Sunday. Sometimes the schools had special testing on Sundays. Also, some of them

lived in the countryside, and on the weekends that they went home, they didn't return to school until Sunday night. Timothy wanted to start a study on Saturday night (the only night the students had off from school).

Wonderful things were happening, but the enemy was attacking already. The boys who trusted Jesus were told by a school official that they could not study the Bible. Some of them even had their Bibles taken away. It was difficult for them, but they assured me, "They can't take Jesus away from my heart!" I asked my family and friends to pray for the following: Jimmy, Jacky, Fred, Tiger, Liam, Yolanda, LongLong, Ty, Ann, Alice, and Ice. These were ones who had received the gift and needed our support. They had one another, but many of them lived far apart, and it was difficult for them to get together often.

I planned to fly back home to the United States in July 2005 and then return the following January. There were five adults in the last Bible study. My heart was saddened when I thought of leaving China at that time, but Timothy would have study with the adults and students as often as they could go out to his group. We all had been shedding many tears for a week. Jacky told me that I was a very important grandmother to him, and he clung to me in tears.

I had an open-door policy with my students, and those who came to my apartment could always count on getting something to eat and hearing about my Best Friend. My goal in all I did was to create a desire in my students for my Best Friend to become their Best Friend. Jimmy received Jesus, began to grow in his faith, and shared his witness with other friends, who also came to believe. He was one of the eleven baptized by Pastor George. He has since led his mother to know Jesus and is faithfully serving in a local church, teaching children about his Best Friend. I longed to return to bring encouragement to the believers and to see other "Jimmys" join our forever Family.



In June 2005, Lynn (who would act as our interpreter) and I joined a group that was going to Inner Mongolia for a two-week teaching assignment. We met the summer team (Tim, Melody, and Gail) at the airport in Beijing, and we all took the train into Inner Mongolia. It was an all-night trip lasting eight hours. Lynn had reserved two sleeper cars, which sleep four people each. We had brought snacks to eat for the evening dinner. The train was slow, but the clackety-clack of the wheels on the track lulled me to sleep.

We arrived at our destination city in the early morning. The school officials, including the headmaster and some of the teachers, met us and took us to the hotel, where we got settled and had breakfast. Then they escorted us to the school. The students were all standing on the athletic field, waiting for the opening ceremonies. There was a stage with chairs and microphones set up for us. Tim and I were asked to say a few words. It was a wonderful greeting, very colorful.

The students were dismissed to their classrooms, and we were escorted to the teachers' lounge, where the headmaster introduced us to the Chinese English teachers and assigned each of us to different classrooms, where we would be teaching English to the students. Melody shared the Christmas and Easter story in her classroom. The morning went well, and at noon, they took all of us for a big banquet lunch with several of the English teachers and school officials.

After lunch, we went back to the teachers' lounge, where they separated us into smaller groups with the Chinese English teachers, so we could help them with teaching English to their students. In Melody's group, one of her teachers, May, burst into tears and wouldn't stop crying. Melody came over to me and told me about the situation, saying, "I'm not sure what I said that she is crying so uncontrollably." I asked Lynn to come with me to Melody's group and find out what had happened.

Lynn started talking with May, and her testimony was eye-opening. She told Lynn that a few years ago, she was very ill, and the doctors had told her to go home and get her affairs in order because there was no hope for her. She was going to

die. May said that her mother told her that there was “something up there” and pointed to the sky. Her mother prayed for her, and May said, “I started praying as well. I didn’t want to die. I wanted to get married and have a child.” (May and her mother didn’t know to whom they were praying. They just sensed that there was someone in control.) Miraculously, May was completely healed. She returned to the doctor, who asked her what she was doing there.

“You are supposed to be dead,” the doctor said.

“I’m not,” she said, and then told him what had happened.

That morning, when Melody had shared with the class about Jesus coming as God to earth as a baby, living a sinless life, being crucified for our sins, and rising from the dead, it had touched May’s heart. She finished her testimony in English by saying, “NOW I KNOW HIS NAME! **JESUS!**” By this time, Lynn, the summer team, and I were crying and rejoicing with her. We serve an awesome God! Jesus drew her to Himself even before she knew His name.

Lynn had been to this school before and had met some of the believers. She took us to meet with some of them, and Sunday we were able to go to the church. It was a couple of house churches, but the government had given them a building where they could meet. The service was wonderful, and afterwards an elderly Chinese lady come over to me in tears and said, “Now I know that soon Christ will return. The Christians from the East and West have met.” She was so sweet. We heard many stories about how God was working in this heavily Muslim area.

During the two weeks, we were able to share the good news about Jesus with some of the teachers and students. We gave out seventy-five Bibles and had twenty-seven decisions for Christ.

Lynn also had a testimony of miraculous healing. A few years before, God had healed her of stomach cancer. She is a wonderful witness for Jesus and has led hundreds of Chinese to the Lord.

When it came time for us to leave, about fifty teachers and students accompanied us to the train station to see us off. The students were crying and begging us to stay. Of course, we

couldn't, but it made us feel sad to leave them. We had made so many friends. We were crying; the students were crying. What a mess we all were! Finally, the train started moving, and the students ran along the side as far as they could go, crying and waving to us. What a wonderful experience to see what God was doing around the world. Praise God for allowing us this experience in Inner Mongolia!

The following year, Bro. John and his team from Roseland Park Baptist Church met Lynn and me in Beijing. From there, we took the overnight train to Inner Mongolia. We arrived early the next morning, checked into the hotel, then went to the school, and taught classes.

Unbeknownst to us, the government officials were apprehensive about our presence there. We had given out several Bibles the previous year, and some of the Muslim parents were not happy. By that evening, we heard that the government officials were debating about asking us to leave. It looked like our trip would be cut short. Several people at the school, one of whom was a Muslim vice principal, stood up for us and said, "Let them stay. Let them finish their work." Thankfully, we were able to stay.

In the classrooms, we could share about Christmas and Easter, because they were considered American customs. In the afternoons, we met with various teachers and students. I had to caution the team members about sharing publicly about Jesus because we could have been arrested.

One evening, each team member was assigned a teacher who took us to dinner with a few students. May, who had given her testimony the previous year, took her students and me to a Muslim restaurant. Not wanting us to be arrested or deported, I was cautious and prayed silently over my food.

May asked, "Frankie, aren't you going to pray before we eat?"

I said hesitantly, "Okay," and prayed out loud for our food. I trusted God to keep us safe.

May ordered fried chicken specifically because she knew Americans liked it. In China, they don't cut up the chicken the way we do. The chicken's head was fried, as well as other

parts. One of the students stopped the Lazy Susan so the plate of fried chicken was right in front of me. The chicken head with beady eyes was standing up and looking right at me. I chuckled to myself, and May didn't understand why I didn't want to eat the chicken head.

The team spent ten days in Inner Mongolia and witnessed two persons who prayed to receive Jesus. We planted many seeds and prayed that one day those seeds would be harvested.



Soon after the Inner Mongolia trip, I returned home to the United States. Here is a sweet email from one of my Chinese kids that I received in August 2005.

Dear Grandma:

I heard of you are ill. I am so sad to hear that! I am so thankful that you bring Jesus to us, which is very important to us. You give me chance to receive Jesus, and let me be baptized. You are so accommodate and so sweet. You often tell us story and make amusing action. It will be an unforgettable recall of my life, when I am old. I still remember there once a woman who teaches us Bible, which is my first time to be Christian!

I don't know how to describe my emotion to you right now! I hope you be healthy. Get stronger and happy every day. I don't want God let you go to heaven right now. I miss you very much. I need you to guide us, to teach us Bible, to come to celebrate spring festival with your sons!

I miss you very much. I believe you can overcome difficulties. I will pray for you every night and tell Jimmy, Tiger, Fred, and the pastor in Escatawpa also!

Have a blessed day!

Love  
Jacky

## Chapter 21

# Hurricane Katrina



My God will supply all your needs according  
to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus.  
(Philippians 4:19)

**B**eing home is always exciting. I love seeing family and visiting with friends. This year, after I returned from China, the most devastating weather event happened.

Every three or four years, a hurricane will come into the Mississippi Sound and make landfall. These are usually Category 1 or 2 storms and do minimal damage. Preparing for a hurricane can be routine in Picayune, Mississippi. The steps to prepare are as follows: First, make sure no refills are needed on your medications; Second, go to the grocery store for milk, bread, nonperishable food, and plenty of bottled water; Third, get extra cash from the bank; Last, but not least, make sure your car has a full tank of gas. These are the bare minimum.

### **August 28, 2005**

Picayune is far enough inland, so we usually don't have that much damage, but Katrina was predicted to be "the big one." Still, after it passed, I expected to come home, pick up tree limbs blown into the yard, clean around the place, and resume life as usual. I would normally go to a shelter for the night or travel north to evade the storm. Well, not this time.

My daughter Carrie, who is a Registered Nurse, worked at

Slidell Memorial Hospital. (Slidell, Louisiana, is about twenty miles south of Picayune.) All medical personnel were put on lockdown, so she had packed a little bag for a couple of days stay. Her husband, Lee, worked on the space shuttle engines at Stennis Space Center (about twenty miles northeast of Slidell), so I was able to go with him and their three boys to Station #3, where he worked. They had tied down the engine (which was ready for testing) and made preparations for the long haul. The tower had generator power. We stayed on the sixth floor with our air mattresses. (Mine deflated during the night, so I basically slept on the floor.) We had brought overnight clothes, a hand towel, a toothbrush, medications, a few snacks, and other items.

The towers where they test the space shuttle engines have four-foot-thick concrete walls and are elevated on stilts two stories high. (When they test the engines, the power from the thrust needs room to dissipate in the open space below.) The towers are nine stories high, with very steep steps going up to the first floor. Once you were on the first floor, there was an elevator (for which we were very thankful). On the third floor, there was the cafeteria and the break room, which had a TV, along with snacks and drinks that were made available to us. That is where we all gathered to eat and visit and keep track of the storm's progress. The restrooms and showers were also on the third floor. Many families of workers had come there for safety.

We stayed on the sixth floor, which was where Lee worked. There was also a TV on that floor, so we were able to watch Katrina. The edge of the eye of the storm came right over us. During this time of calm, we all went outside and saw some of the damage. It was interesting to watch the seagulls try to fly. The wind was so strong; it was like they were stationary in the air. We kept the kids occupied with playing games and going down to the break room for snacks. We finally went to bed and tried to sleep while the second half of the storm came through.

Early the next morning, a group of men went out and started clearing the roads and checking on our homes. After a couple of

hours, they finally returned and said most of our homes were damaged but still standing, for which we were so thankful to God.

I realized that I would have no power when I returned home, so I decided to go down to the third floor to take a shower and wash my hair. No one knew how long it would be until we would receive power again. The floor was already wet and slippery, as others had showered before. Since I only had a hand towel to dry myself, I didn't put it on the floor to use as a bath mat. I got into the shower and set the water temperature. When I reached out to get my shampoo, my foot slipped, and for the first time in my life, I did the splits. God is good, though. Just outside of the shower, a young lady heard me fall.

"Ma'am, are you okay?" she called out.

"No," I answered, "I have fallen and broken something. Please go up to the sixth floor and get my son-in-law. But before you go, please come in and give me my tee shirt and hand towel so I can cover myself as much as I can." Suddenly, I had an onset of diarrhea. What an embarrassing moment! I kept telling the young lady, "I'm so sorry."

"No worries," she said.

The young lady went to the sixth floor, but Lee, along with other men, was on the eighth floor clearing out the water that had come in from the strong winds blowing the rain through those four-foot-thick walls. She had told some others that I had fallen, and they had called an ambulance. Finally, they were able to find Lee, and he came down to check on what had happened.

The ambulance arrived, and thankfully, they had a sheet to put over my naked body. Getting me on the stretcher was quite a chore. Taking me down the steep steps without me slipping off wasn't easy either. Finally, we were on Interstate 10 on our way to Slidell Memorial Hospital. Suddenly there was a bang, and the engine died. The ambulance was able to coast onto the side of the interstate. The back of the ambulance became very hot, so they took me out and placed the gurney beside the road. Thankfully, there wasn't any traffic.

From the way they positioned the gurney, it looked to me as if I could roll down the embankment into the water-filled bayou. I asked Lee, who had followed us in his car, if he would stand at the end of the gurney so I wouldn't roll down into the water. I told him, "I can see the headlines now: **Woman Breaks Leg. Ambulance Dies on Way to Hospital. She Rolls into Bayou—Gets Eaten by Alligator.**"

Just then, the EMT came over and said, "Ma'am, you have two choices."

I laughed and thought, *I'm here on the interstate, only covered by a sheet, with something broken, and I have two choices. Wow!* "Well, what are my choices?" I asked.

"We have another ambulance, which we can call to come," he replied, "but this gurney will not fit into it. We would have to move you to another gurney, or we can put you in the back seat of your son-in-law's car to take you to the hospital."

I thought about it a second and then said, "If you have to move me, then go ahead and put me in Lee's car."

I don't remember this being a painful move. I do remember being on the gurney, and then I was lying in the back seat of Lee's car. Later, I was told that the pain was so excruciating, I let out a bloodcurdling scream and blacked out for a few moments. When I came to, the EMT was kneeling on the floorboard right beside me. Talk about crowded! When we arrived at the hospital, my son-in-law was still shaking from seeing me in so much pain.

Even though the interstate was cluttered with debris, it had been partially cleared, so Lee didn't have too much trouble driving along it. Once we turned onto Gause Boulevard (in Slidell), it was a different story. The street was an obstacle course of downed trees and other debris. Thankfully, Lee was able to drive over some of the debris and maneuver around the huge trees.

Finally, we arrived at Slidell Memorial Hospital. The military were there, with what looked to me like AK-47 rifles, guarding the hospital. (There had already been attempts to rob the place for drugs, and other valuable supplies.) What a welcoming



committee! The hospital had their triage set up just outside the ER and in the street. My daughter was working triage, even though she was an OB/GYN nurse. The doctors and nurses were under extreme stress from caring for the injured and witnessing so much death and dying. Lee went in and found Carrie, and she came out screaming, "Mom! Mom!"

"Everything will be okay," I told her.

Once again, they had to move me. This time, however, the excruciating pain was almost unbearable. I am afraid you could hear me screaming a block away, but I didn't pass out this time. My precious Carrie was still sobbing uncontrollably. This time I remembered the pain.

The hospital only had limited generated power in the ER, with only one elevator working. The first thing they did was put in a catheter and clean me a little. There was not enough power for them to do an x-ray, but they were able to perform a sonogram and discovered I had broken my left femur in four places. The doctor said it was like a knife had sliced my femur in three places, completely leaving the bone floating and another smaller break on the side.

They took me to the third floor, which had no electricity or generated power. The one male nurse kept me as comfortable as he could for six days. Carrie came up to check on me as often as she could. (Remember, Hurricane Katrina made landfall in August, and as usual, it was very hot and humid.) They brought in a battery-powered fan to keep me as cool as possible. They had given me morphine for the pain, but as long as I didn't move, the pain wasn't bad. (I tried not to take a morphine shot unless I really needed it.) After two days, they put my leg in traction, which helped relieve the pain.

A sweet black lady bustled in one day to help me with the bedpan, and she was horrified to discover I had not been cleaned very well (of which fact, I was blissfully unaware). She fussed and fussed at the others. As her gentle hands carefully bathed me, her tongue was going nonstop: "Why didn't they clean you better. You know you could have gotten an infection and a bad rash. You have enough problems. You don't need

any more." She was still grumbling as she walked out of the room. I was so thankful to God for this lady who cared for me so lovingly.

The meals consisted of a cold sandwich with a small salad and drink. The hospital had no phone service, so that made it difficult for them to find a hospital that had power in the area. Some of the staff had sporadic cell phone service. The social worker came in and talked about airlifting me to Houston for surgery. Finally, they were able to contact St. Tammany Parish Hospital and get permission for me to be admitted for surgery there. (This hospital is located in Covington, Louisiana, about twenty-eight miles west of Slidell. It was fairly new and had full generator power.) Praise God for His provision.

They had the surgery all set up at St. Tammany Hospital. The problem now was, How were they going to get me there? The ambulances that brought the injured to Slidell Memorial Hospital had other calls and weren't able to take me. One afternoon, an ambulance from Florida brought a patient to the ER. Carrie was still working triage, and she asked the ambulance personnel if they had another call. They said they were waiting for their next assignment. She asked if they could go to St. Tammany Hospital, and the ambulance personnel said yes. Carrie bolted into the hospital, found her supervisor, and asked her for approval for them to take me. (If they hadn't been able to take me, the next day I would have been in a helicopter on my way to Houston.) Approval was immediately granted, so they collected all of the information and put me in the ambulance.

Thankfully, the drive to St. Tammany Hospital didn't take long. Some of the roads still had debris, but not as much as before. Once there, one of the nurses came to me and said her cell phone had service and asked if there was anyone I would like to call before I went into surgery. I told her, "If it is okay, I would love to call my children." At that time, my family and my church family didn't know what had happened to me. Except for Carrie and Lee, no one knew where I was. My family and a few friends had tried to call the Red Cross to find

out where we were and if we were safe, but they hadn't been able to receive information regarding us. Watching Katrina's path and effects on TV and seeing the mass destruction, they were beginning to panic, but knowing God is good, they were praying and praying for our safety. I was so thankful to be able to call my children. I knew that God was there with me. Jesus said in John 16:32, "I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." When God is with you, you have peace! I appreciated that nurse so much for her generosity. I took her phone and called my daughter Carol in California. When she heard my voice, she started crying. We talked for a few minutes, and I told her everything was going to be okay. God was in control, and I knew, even though there was going to be a long recovery, that God is faithful. He would walk with me every step of the way. I called my daughter Deborah in Oklahoma and then my son, Jerry, in Oregon. It was wonderful hearing their voices. I told them I loved them, and I was sure everything would work out and God would be glorified through it all. It was late evening before they were able to perform the surgery.

The surgery went well (they put a steel rod in my left leg), and I spent three weeks in the hospital rehab. When I returned home, I found my house in disarray and began assessing the damage. Thankfully, Carrie had emptied my refrigerator before I arrived home.

My sister Rowina, from Kentucky, came to help me the first week I returned home. I was still in a wheelchair, and as much as I could, I used my walker. I wasn't able to drive, so she had to take me to church, stores, and continued rehab. The following weeks, I had help from Carol, Deborah, and my sister-in-law Jane. They took turns coming and helping me with my care. It took several weeks for me to be able to drive again and be able to take care of myself. My physical therapy took about six months. Having stayed in touch with the school in Escatawpa, I decided God was leading me to return to China.

## Chapter 22

### Reaping Some Harvest



Do you not say, "There are yet four months, and then comes the harvest"? Behold, I say to you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, that they are white for harvest.

(John 4:35)

**W**hen I was finally able to return to China in February 2007, I stayed a few days with my friends Sean and Sue in Kossuth. My kids started calling me the day I arrived. One of Jacky's friends wanted to know more about Jesus, so one evening at five o'clock, Jacky's friend (also named Jacky) came and brought one of his friends. We talked for about an hour, and I gave them both a Bible and other books to help them. Some friends of mine from Singapore (Chin and Irene) came a little after six o'clock. (In the past, Chin had helped me a lot by translating and explaining things to my kids.) Chin took over and shared with the boys until ten o'clock and then turned it back over to me. I talked with the boys and asked if they understood. They did, so they prayed to receive the greatest gift they could ever receive. Chin worked at the university where Jacky was attending and promised to follow up with the boys and get them into a study with like-minded people.

I had set up a bank account where my friend Betty or my family members could deposit money that was donated for me. I used the money to buy Bibles and Christian books that

had been translated into Chinese. There now was a Christian bookstore in Kossuth, but they weren't allowed to sell Bibles. Go figure! All of my kids wanted the Chinese/English Bibles, so a friend of mine in Kossuth would buy them from the church for me, and then I would pay her.

The church in Escatawpa wanted to start a library, so about once a month, I would go to the Christian bookstore in Kossuth and buy books that would help the people grow in their Christian walk. I also bought several Christian DVDs. When I arrived in Escatawpa, I gave some of the books to my kids, but most of the books I donated to the church.

My work here was much the same as in the previous years. I taught English in the school and continued to have a Bible study in my apartment for my students and adults. My kids were growing so much, and they were so hungry and thirsty for the Word. I was so proud of them for hanging on. They were teased because of their faith, and even their parents made fun of them. I knew it was very difficult for them, but they continued to share with their friends and family, even though they were ridiculed.

One of my kids had been sharing with his classmates and had led one of them to Jesus Christ. The new one (I named him Matthew) came to study and to church. After church, my kids came to the apartment, and I fixed red beans and rice. After we ate, I showed them the film *Facing the Giants*. When the movie came on, I was surprised and pleased that it had Chinese subtitles. I had watched the film in the United States, and there were no subtitles. What a mighty God I serve! After the film, I asked them several questions. They had enjoyed the film and really understood its meaning. Tina, who had come a few times, was here, and she received the gift. Since Matthew was going to be baptized the next Sunday, Tina wanted to be as well.

I had already made arrangements with Timothy, the pastor of the church, to hold the baptism on Sunday after lunch. (I had purchased a bathtub and had it sent to the church so they could use it for a baptismal. I wanted my kids to be immersed.)

But Timothy was called to go to another village to do a service on Sunday afternoon, so we met at the church that evening at seven o'clock. Most of the kids had to be back at school, so only about ten people were able to attend. Matthew and Tina had to miss school, but they did not want to wait. When Matthew came up out of the water, I thought he was going to start shouting. He was so happy and full of the Spirit! It was a glorious time! The Spirit was all around us. Timothy said that when Matthew was baptized, he heard thunder. "God was pleased," he said. I agreed wholeheartedly.

On Easter Sunday, some of my kids and I were going to sing during the service, so we planned on rehearsing at my apartment that morning. Two of my students, who have been coming for study but had not received yet, wanted to sing with us. They arrived a little before eight o'clock, and we practiced the song "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today." I asked the two students if they understood the words. They had seen *The Passion of Christ* the night before, so I explained the meaning of the song and talked with them about all that Jesus Christ had done for us. Before we left for church, both of them prayed to receive God's gift. What a glorious Easter!

I was doing more discipling, which was wonderful. I was growing as well as the people. Also, I felt as though I had gone into counseling. So many people called me with problems, usually related to marriage or boyfriend / girlfriend problems. Who would have thought!

The discipleship / leadership training I had given to the boys was really working, and I had the privilege of seeing it in action. It was so wonderful seeing my boys after they had led someone to Jesus. I am so proud of them. Jacky, Jimmy, and Fred have grown into wonderful Christians.

Jessie came to visit me one weekend. One of her students came over to my apartment for lunch with four of his friends. Jacky lives across the street from me, and each morning he would come over to see if there was anything he could do for me. He came over that morning, and we told him that Jessie's kids were coming, and their English wasn't that good, so we

would need him to help us in sharing. Jacky was happy to do that, but he needed to return home for a few minutes. On his way, he noticed a lady, who had put a chair on a table, trying to pick some buds from a tree. The chair was very unstable, so Jacky asked her if he could help her. In the course of their conversation, he learned that the woman, whose name was Sara, lived in my complex, and her daughter was home from Kossuth. (Her daughter worked there and needed to improve her English for her job.) Jacky said he knew a foreigner (me), and she was welcome to come with him to my home for lunch and to meet me. The lady came, and while Jessie and I were preparing lunch, Jacky, Sara, and the kids watched the movie *The Prince of Egypt*. Jessie's student and his friends were not interested and were quite rude, but Jacky got his Bible and showed his new friend Sara where the story came from.

After lunch we shared at the table with all of the kids, but only Sara was interested. The other kids went home, but Sara stayed. Jacky told me to share with her about Jesus Christ, but I replied, "No, you share with her about Jesus Christ, as you speak the language."

"I've only shared with my friends and family, never with anyone I just met," he said.

Jacky shared with her for over two hours, and then we saw a movie about Jesus. Before the day was over, she prayed and accepted Christ as her Savior. Jacky was so excited; he was about to go through the ceiling. He kept saying, "My first one! My first one!" I was so proud of Jacky. He did the whole thing himself. I knew it would be just the beginning for him. We could feel God all over the apartment. What a mighty, awesome God I serve!

Jacky wanted his family to believe, and I kept telling him, "Patience. Just live a life before them that would exemplify Jesus Christ. In time they will see." When Jacky first started sharing with his father about Jesus, his father would yell and curse at him. Now, his father just listens to him and doesn't say much at all. Jacky feels called to go into the ministry, and I certainly think that is his calling.

My adult classes had been going great. I asked the group if they could come back on Thursday night for a movie night. They all came, and I showed them the movie *Facing the Giants*. Xie, our new member, came very early, and had questions and four pages of words he didn't understand. I had given him a Bible, and he had read six chapters in Genesis. We talked, and I answered his questions as best I could with my limited Chinese and his limited English. When Jacky came, I turned Xie over to him.

The adults really loved the movie, and we spent some time afterward discussing it. One of my Tuesday night adults was a teacher in another school here in town. He shared with us that usually his classes are unruly. But this week, he had been reading the book of Genesis to them, and they were as quiet as they could be. After reading to his class, he talked with them about creation. He borrowed the film *Facing the Giants* and showed it to his students. He said the kids were the quietest he had ever seen them.



One evening, the school called to inform me that the next morning we would be going to a middle school in the mountains. I was delighted to go. An assistant headmaster, one other English teacher, and I are usually the only ones who go to the outlying district schools. Imagine my surprise when I arrived at school, and there were five cars, plus a van full of students going to Shuqualak! I think every headmaster went with us.

I loved going to Shuqualak. Before the Cultural Revolution, they had a wonderful Catholic church and seminary there. It is in ruins, of course, especially the church. Only the front is there now, but the classrooms and the upstairs are still standing. It is built on the side of a mountain and so beautiful. We didn't go to see the ruins on this trip; we just went to the middle school there. The sky was so clear, and the mountains were so beautiful that I felt like breaking out in song like in *The Sound of Music*. I was praising God and wondering how,



with all of the beauty of His creation, so many could deny His existence. I thoroughly enjoyed the trip going up to the school.

The school in Escatawpa asked me to go to a museum opening, which was an important event for the city. Jessie and I attended, and the vice headmaster's son, John, went with us to interpret for us. We went to lunch with the group, and for some reason, they put us out on the patio by ourselves. I had talked with John about Jesus several times before, but he wasn't really interested, so I had quit sharing with him. Jessie, on the other hand, didn't know our history and started talking to him about Jesus. Praise the Lord! John received the gift and prayed right there in the restaurant. What a great beginning! John was someone I had given up on, but this experience showed me that God is never finished with anyone, and I should gently continue to share with others.



In June 2007, a couple of weeks before I went home to the United States, a team from Wisconsin (Tim, Marilyn, and their teenage son, Adam) came to teach English in the school. They taught all of my classes. I would go over for a few minutes in the mornings, make sure they were settled, introduce them to the kids, and tell the kids goodbye. Tim, Marilyn, and Adam each taught their own classes. Their teaching schedules were larger than usual, but they loved the kids as much as I did.

My boys and Adam bonded in an unbelievable way. They wanted to spend as much time as possible together before Adam went home. Fred came over early in the morning and stayed with us most of the day.

I had "Baptist pallets" all over the place. One of my "girls," Kiko, was staying with me. She said she would sleep on the floor in the alcove if that was all the room I had. Mitch had come home and spent a couple of nights as well. I only had three beds. My apartment was full with the team, plus all of the others. Jimmy said he wanted to stay as well, and he would sleep on the chair.

One morning, I asked the headmaster and Christina about my returning to teach the next year. They weren't sure and expressed concern about my health and age. I resigned myself to having to find another place. The school officials took us out for dinner one night, and one of the toasts given by the headmaster was "We invite Frankie to return to the school next year." He also personally invited Tim, Marilyn, and Adam to return. Marilyn and I were about to jump out of our seats. I was so excited because I felt that God wasn't finished with me in this place.



This is an email from Jacky that I received after I returned home to the United States. I am so proud of him.

Dear Grandma:

How can I miss you so much when you are not here! Empty windows came into my sight when I got up from my bed. I've already kept a habit of staring at your apartment. How wish I could see your smile again when you open the door. People here you know all miss you.

Recently I was studying the book of Jonah. The book Marketa gave to me was so powerful. It give me a blueprint of the whole book of Jonah, for example, the purpose, author, to whom written, setting, key verse, key people, and key places of the book. Praise the Lord! What a good powerful study tool! Even illustrated with maps, pictures, comments, and detailed explanation for some verses!

I understand the background of the book written in that period when the Hebrews fear the atrocious Assyrians, and the Hebrews were grown up hating them! So Jonah do not want them get the salvation from the Lord, 'cause he know the Lord is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, abounding in steadfast love, and ready to relent from punishing! So he run away from Him to Tarshish and

accidentally found a boat to Tarshish when he went down to Joppa! Lord, in order to make him turn around, sending a tempestuous storm upon the boat, and crews prayed to each of their gods to rescue them. Of course, they failed. Then they found Jonah fast asleep in the hold of the boat and awaken him. In order to found out on whose account this calamity has came upon them, they cast lots, and the lot fell on Jonah. Jonah told them all about this calamity and the solution to it. They struggle awhile to row to the shore, but they can't do it 'cause of the storm. Then finally, they pray to Jonah's Lord not to punish them for this innocent blood. They picked him up and throw him into sea. The sea then ceased. They make a sacrifice for the Lord. God is able to use our mistake to help others to come to know him. That's pretty amazing!

Even from inside the fish, Jonah was heard by God. We can pray anywhere and at any time! Cool!

How dare he got angry with God. The comments said he may be more concerned about his reputation than God's, 'cause he might feel embarrassed for his prophesy not fulfilled if God save the people of Nineveh. And God used a bush to tell him how He loved the people He created! I can't understand this man opening his mouth and shut it down to say it's better to die than to live! What's wrong with him?

Any grammatical mistakes, please point them out. Thanks, Grandma!

Love you,  
Grandson Jacky

This email is from Tim, Marilyn, and Adam, who came to share that summer.

Hi Mom!

We arrived home safely this past Saturday. In the midst of unpacking and adjusting to the thirteen-hour time

difference, we are in awe of what Father is doing in China and that He has invited us to participate in His work there. We are deeply thankful that He introduced us to Lynn and then to you. It was a privilege and a source of great joy to stay at your home in Escatawpa and teach at the school. The accommodations were great, and the hospitality was so loving and wonderful. It was a great blessing to be in the midst of all the activity. Thank you for inviting us to come and stay with you. We already miss everyone and know in our hearts that we want to return if He calls us back . . . and we feel the calling. Could we make a reservation at Frankie's [Escatawpa Edifice] at about the same time next year?

We were able to order all of the books that Pastor Timothy wanted. We shipped them to him last Friday. It is a blessing to be able to help in that way. We also have a DVD for you, the one that you wanted. We will send it to you when you get a new address. We will also send Kiko pictures from our visit. She is such a sweet girl, and she now has a special place in our hearts. It will be great to keep in touch with her. I'm so glad to hear that Jimmy and Jacky are doing well with their English classes. We are proud of them too!

Adam had a fantastic time in Escatawpa, and he cried on and off for a day and a half after we left. Again, thank you for hosting us at Escatawpa. We are so glad that our teaching was pleasing to the school. It was a great blessing to participate in the program and all of the other activities that took place during the remainder of each day and evening. We love the people! And we just loved our time with you! You are a blessing to us and so many others. We look forward to meeting again in Escatawpa, Father willing. We too will be praying for that.

With our love and deep gratitude,  
Marilyn, Tim, and Adam



I continued to serve in China for several months each year from 2008 through 2011. While home in October 2010, I was diagnosed with breast cancer. At my age, I did not want to undergo radiation or chemotherapy, so I chose to have a double mastectomy. After my recovery from the surgery, I returned to China in February 2011 to teach at a private English school. On April 25, 2011, I received a phone call from Carol, who told me that my brother Donald and sister-in-law Helen, who lived in Springfield, Missouri, had been murdered in their home. I was in a state of shock for a couple of days. I went home for the funeral and stayed about a week to be with family members. Back again in China, I had an accident and broke my right femur in May 2011. Those were three major things that happened to me in nine months' time. I drew closer to God, who brought me through each of these. God was glorified in each of those things that Satan threw my way. I will eternally rest in Him.

## Chapter 23

### The Miracles of the Missed Step



Let the morning bring me word of your unfailing love,  
for I have put my trust in you.  
Show me the way I should go,  
for to you I entrust my life.  
(Psalm 143:8 NIV)

**D**o you believe in miracles? I'm here to tell you God is still on His throne, and is still in the miracle-working business. Here are some of the miracles of my missed step. This past year was an exceptionally unusual year. I was teaching at a private English school in Escatawpa and living in Wendy's (one of the headmistresses) apartment. My evening Bible studies were progressing nicely. Three girls from the local college had come, and Jacky and Yolanda (two of my "adopted" Chinese grandchildren) helped translate for me. After a few studies, the girls were eager to accept Christ as their personal Savior. They couldn't wait to get involved in the church activities, including singing in the choir.

Each year, teams come to China to minister in various ways. This spring, Johnathan (a team of one) had come from America to help. (Johnathan's wife, Ayana, usually came with him, but she had just given birth to their first baby boy.) Working with the Escatawpa church, Johnathan, Yolanda, and I went to different areas sharing what God has done for us.

**May 2011**

Living in China is interesting, and this year was no different. Yolanda had come to stay with me while she continued her self-study for her master's degree. For some reason, the gas had been turned off in the apartment, and we had no hot water. This was the sixth day without gas. I was okay with taking cold sponge baths, but to wash my hair in cold water wasn't a pleasant experience, so I asked Yolanda if she wanted to go and get our hair washed. It was a special treat to have my hair done, because I could get a forty-five-minute head massage with a wash and blow dry for about \$3.00. It is a wonderful "perk" of living in China. I tried to have my hair washed at a salon at least once a week, but Yolanda and I had been so busy that it had been about a month since we had had a chance to have our hair done.

We went to our regular salon, but they were busy and wouldn't be able to take us for an hour. No problem. We went around the corner to a new place. In beauty salons in China, you lie down to get your hair washed. In this salon, the table that you lie on was elevated. They did a wonderful job of washing my hair and gave me a super head massage. After getting up, I missed the step down and fell. I knew I had broken either my upper femur or hip in my right leg. I asked Yolanda to have the proprietor call for an ambulance. Yolanda also called Jacky and Johnathan, who met us at the hospital. The ambulance arrived in a few minutes. They brought in a metal stretcher, placed it under me, and snapped it into place, and we were off to the hospital. They allowed Yolanda to ride in the back with me to translate. The hospital x-rayed my upper leg, which revealed a gapping break in my femur along with three smaller breaks.

Since Johnathan had a satellite phone, I asked him to call his wife and have her call my church in Mississippi. The church could call my friend Beverly, who had my children's phone numbers. I fell about two o'clock in the afternoon in China, but, with the time difference, it was the middle of the night in Mississippi. Ayana would have to call the church the next morning.

The doctor decided, in order for me to get the best care, I would need to go to Kossuth for surgery. As they were putting me back in the ambulance, Beverly called me on my cell phone. I said, "You heard fast. Did Ayana call you?"

"Heard what?" she responded. "It is the middle of the night here, and God woke me up from a sound sleep and told me to call Frankie. What's the matter?"

"I'm on my way to the hospital for surgery," I told her. "I fell and broke my right femur. In the morning, please call my kids and the church to start the prayer chain."

Deciding not to wait until morning, Beverly immediately called my daughter Carol in California. Carol had awakened and couldn't go back to sleep. She had just prayed, "God, who is it I need to pray for?" At that very moment, her phone rang. It was Beverly, calling to tell her about my fall. Carol told her, "Now I know who I am supposed to pray for: my mom." Immediately, Carol texted her siblings regarding my situation.

When I am in China, Beverly usually calls me once a week. This year, because of health issues, she had not called once. God is so wonderful. What a miracle for God to wake both Beverly and Carol to pray for me on the other side of the world! As the ambulance made its way through the crowded streets of the city (hitting every bump in the road), I prayed for God to use this for His glory. I also realized that, for the first time since coming to China, I had not purchased trip insurance.

For reasons unknown to me at the time, when Yolanda and I left the apartment that morning, I took all of the money I had on hand. I always had my passport with me, but taking all my money was "a God thing," because usually I would never do that. In China, when you go to the hospital, you have to pay before they will perform any services. I had given Yolanda my purse, and she paid for everything as we went along: the hospital where they took the first x-ray, the ambulance rides, and the ER. We finally arrived at the Kossuth hospital ER with my x-ray. They checked me in, and thankfully, they did not require money in advance for the surgery. Another God thing.

They were able to get me settled in a semi-private room,



which was a blessing because most of the rooms had eight to twelve patients. The doctor came to my room, looked at the x-ray, and said they would do surgery later that evening. By the time I arrived in my room, word regarding my fall had gotten around to many of my Chinese kids. (My kids were adults and university students who had received Jesus in my home in Kossuth and Escatawpa.)

Many others came later to visit me in the hospital to make sure I had everything I needed. Because I didn't have a nurse call button, Jacky and Yolanda stayed with me 24/7 the first three days to make sure my IV was dripping correctly, and to get a nurse if I needed one. The China hospitals provide no food and little nursing care. You either pay for a professional caregiver, or have family stay with you. For the eight days that I was in the hospital, at least two of my kids stayed with me 24/7.

The church that I attended in Escatawpa was founded before the Cultural Revolution. The granddaughters of the church's first pastor lived in the city. Upon hearing of my plight from Catherine, they brought me food every day.

All things considered, I had good care, though the hospital didn't take my medical history or bring my medications. The nurse took my blood pressure for the first couple of days, but since it was normal, she stopped taking it. They did, however, continue to take my temperature every day. A young man would enter my room with thermometers in a small bucket. Thankfully, he put a thermometer under my arm. I definitely didn't want to put it under my tongue!

Wendy went to her apartment and brought my medications, clothes, Bible, and everything I could possibly need for the next three weeks. Surrounded by many of my kids, Johnathan said, "We need to have a prayer meeting." They prayed for me, the doctor, and the surgery. It was a wonderful prayer meeting. The caregiver of the lady next to me asked Yolanda whom we were praying to. Yolanda was able to share with her about Jesus. Later that evening, the doctor came into the room and said they didn't have any tongs in the surgery room, so I would have to wait until the next afternoon for my surgery.

The next day, an orderly came to take me for another x-ray. The thing that hurts so badly when you have a broken femur is when you move. They had not given me any pain medication, so I felt every move. The orderly put the gurney next to the wall and told the guys who were there that they would have to pick me up and carry me over to the gurney. Johnathan tried to tell him to put the gurney next to the bed and lift me up with the sheet and place me on the gurney, but nothing doin'. The orderly had five other guys help him, and they picked me up and carried me over to the gurney.

The hospital had given me some pajamas, and I had put the top on, but not the bottom, because of the catheter. Just before they moved me, I put a towel over my front, but it left my backside bare. Of course, one of my kids had my bottom, and he said, "Grandma, I got your butt."

"I DON'T CARE!" I said. "JUST GET ME OVER TO THE GURNEY!" They heard me scream all the way down the hall; I was hurting so badly.

Yolanda was holding my head and kept saying, "Grandma, it's going to be okay."

Later that afternoon, they took me to surgery. My kids followed the gurney to the surgery room. The surgery went well, and after five hours, I was alert and had no nausea. When they wheeled me out of surgery, all of my kids were there, waiting for me, in addition to others who had come later. They had sat on the floor outside the surgery room the entire time, praying me through. I was in the hospital for another six days.

People were curious to see the ol' white face foreigner. They would come and peek into my room. My bed was the one closest to the door, so I received a lot of attention, not only from the Chinese patients but also from visitors and nurses. Several nurses came in one day and asked to have their picture taken with me.

When I asked the doctor about physical therapy, he told me to move my foot up and down and raise my knee up and down. So much for physical therapy. The day before I left the hospital,

a nurse came to help me walk (using the walker) around the foot of the bed *once* without putting pressure on my right leg. *That* was my physical therapy.

I would need a wheelchair and a walker after I was released from the hospital, so I gave my friend Jennifer money to buy a walker with wheels in front. She also found a place where she could rent a wheelchair (which she wouldn't allow me to pay for). Jennifer used my debit card to get me checked out of the hospital. I don't know what I would have done without Sean, Sue, Franklin, Jennifer, Yolanda, Jacky, Fred, Kiko, and so many more it would take a page to name them all. I went home from the hospital with my good friends Sean and Sue. They had just moved into a modern apartment on the twenty-eighth floor. Thankfully, it had an elevator. Sue didn't speak English, so Yolanda came to stay with us and help take care of me.

Franklin, Jennifer's husband, picked me up in his car. It was large and would hold the wheelchair, walker, and all of my belongings. The hospital wouldn't allow him to park at the hospital door. He had to park a block away because of construction. The nurse who took me from the hospital to the car almost dumped me over a few times. If Christopher (Jennifer and Franklin's son, one of my "Chinese grandsons") had not been with us to help lift the wheelchair over debris, I probably would have been out on the ground more than once.

Finally, we arrived at the car, loaded up, and were on our way to Sean and Sue's apartment. Once there, Sue and Yolanda settled me on the couch in the living room. Yolanda took the spare bedroom. I wasn't able to get up to use the facilities, brush my teeth, or anything. Yolanda took excellent care of me. Every morning, she would bring me water, a toothbrush, a bedpan, and whatever else I needed. I forced myself to get up a couple of times a day and walk down the hall and back, but that was about all I could do. Sue fixed my meals, or she would go to KFC or McDonald's to get me something. I didn't have much of an appetite, so believe it or not, KFC and McDonald's actually tasted good.

The doctor told me not to put any pressure on my leg for three months. I already had my airline ticket to go home in fourteen days. I knew there was no way I could travel on my own, as I had to have help with everything. I started making phone calls to the American Consulate to see if I could get Yolanda a temporary visa so she could accompany me back to the States. The lady said Yolanda would have to go through the regular process of applying, and she spoke very positively.

Sue drove Yolanda to her hometown to get her passport to apply for a visa. Early the next morning, they went to the US Consulate and stood in line for over an hour. We were so confident that the consulate would allow Yolanda to take me home that I gave money to Jennifer to buy a ticket for Yolanda on the same flight with me. I was sure the consulate would be helpful. Was I wrong!

A couple of days later, we learned the consulate had turned Yolanda down for her visa. They thought that Yolanda would stay in the United States! I told them she was just going there to help me get home. I explained the situation that I was in a wheelchair and couldn't walk, but they had a deaf ear to my pleading. I wasn't sure what to do. We were all praying for God to make a way. I called the consulate again and asked them how I was to get home. The lady at the consulate said I could get someone who had just returned to China from the United States to accompany me home.

While I was in the hospital or at the apartment, sometimes Yolanda and the others had things they needed to do. When that happened, they would send Christopher to have "grandma duty." Christopher, who is strong and tall, had just come home from the United States, where he attended high school in Florida. He was so sweet. I knew he wanted to be with his friends, since he had been away for ten months, but he would come and stay with me. I asked Christopher if he would mind taking me to California to my daughter Carol's home, and he said he would love to. Again, it was another blessing because Christopher was much stronger than Yolanda. He was able to pull me up and help me walk, and he took excellent care of me.

Now began the task of getting the ticket changed from Yolanda's name to Christopher's name. Sue, Jennifer, Yolanda, and Christopher all had to return to the Air China office, and for a small fee, they were able to get the ticket changed. Praise the Lord! Things were finally looking up. Except that when they told the airline that I needed special care because I had broken my femur and was in a wheelchair, Air China said I would need a special signed document from the doctor. The doctor who had done the surgery said he wouldn't sign a document like that. As my brother Jim always says, "It's not always *what* you know, but *who* you know that counts." Sean's brother had gone to medical school and knew the director of the hospital. He contacted the director, who agreed to sign the document. Sue went to the hospital to get the document signed, and then she, Yolanda, and Christopher took it to the airline office to get me the additional help I would need to get home. I could have never made it without so many wonderful Chinese families.

The day finally arrived for Christopher and me to make our journey to the United States. I was in the wheelchair, and all of our luggage was out at the elevator. The problem was: there was no power. We would have to use the stairs. Since it was very difficult for me to walk, I could just see myself being carried down those twenty-eight flights of stairs. Sean came back to the apartment and started making phone calls. He called the maintenance man to see what was happening, and they told him that the electricity would be off for thirty minutes to an hour. Sean told them to turn on the emergency power because I had to catch an airplane. They wouldn't do that, so Sean called the supervisor of the complex and related the story to him. The supervisor said that he would make sure the electricity would be turned on in the next thirty minutes. So we waited.

Thirty minutes later, the power was turned back on, and we were able to use the elevator to get me and our luggage down to the cars. We loaded some of the luggage into Sean and Sue's car and the rest into Franklin and Jennifer's car. (Franklin and Jennifer had brought their car to help transport everyone and the luggage to the airport.) When we arrived at the airport in

Kossuth, we met with Catherine, who had brought the church van with ten people. About forty persons from Escatawpa and Kossuth met us at the airport to give us a big sendoff and pray for a safe journey.

When we checked in at the ticket counter, they took our luggage and told us the flight had been delayed in Beijing. In fact, the flight had not even *left* Beijing yet. After about forty-five minutes, the flight still hadn't left Beijing, so Sue and Jennifer went to get our tickets changed to another flight. They had to return to the original desk, retrieve our luggage, and then get us on another flight. It was interesting to watch Sue and Jennifer talk with the personnel regarding the situation.

The tickets were finally changed, our luggage was checked, and a lady came to take me in the wheelchair. Goodbyes were said, tears shed, and off we went. The gal pushed me to some chairs where Christopher could sit and rest, and then left us.

Christopher and I heard them calling for our flight to board: first call, second call. I asked Christopher to go to the desk and ask where the gal was who was supposed to take us to our gate. They checked and discovered that she was asleep in a back room! After they woke her up, she told Christopher to go to the gate; she wouldn't allow him to come with me. She took me down in the elevator, told me that someone would come take me to the plane (our plane was parked away from the terminal), and then left. I waited and waited.

Finally, a bus came to take me to the plane. A young man wheeled me out. I thought I was going to fall when he leaned me back so far to get me onto the bus, but I didn't. The bus drove me out to the plane, and the young man put me on the elevator lift they use to load the food onto the plane. As I went through the doorway, I heard Christopher telling the airline attendant that his grandma was supposed to be on that flight, and they couldn't leave until I arrived. How sweet! They put us at the bulkhead close to the bathroom. After the plane took off, Christopher took his backpack down out of the overhead compartment for me to prop my foot on, and we were off to Beijing.

When we arrived at Beijing, a young girl wheeled me through the maze to get to the flight for the United States. God is good. So many people went above and beyond the call of duty to help me get home; I can never thank them enough. After many hours, we arrived at Carol's home in Southern California. It was great to be back in the good ol' USA! Christopher stayed with us for a few days, saw a few sights in the area, and then returned to China.

Carol took me to an orthopedist, who told me that the surgeon in China had done a great job on my surgery, which was wonderful news. I praise God for His provision and for all my friends who were so helpful.

We know that God causes all things to work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose. (Romans 8:28)

## Chapter 24

### The Cross



Many, O Lord my God, are the  
wonders which You have done,  
And Your thoughts toward us;  
There is none to compare with You.  
If I would declare and speak of them,  
They would be too numerous to count.  
(Psalm 40:5)

**F**rom 2012 through 2015, I returned to China for only short periods of time (two to eight weeks) each year. Many times I went with a team. I went to Escatawpa and was able to see and work with the teachers at the private school and the church. One summer, I was so elated when three of my grandchildren were able to go with me on a team.



One Sunday evening in 2014, a couple from the church (they were professors at the university in the city) wanted to take several of us out for dinner at a nice restaurant. We were in the van ready to go when a car drove into the church parking lot. Catherine got out of the van to see what the lady wanted, and they talked for several minutes. Then Timothy went over and started talking with them. When he returned to the van, I asked him what was wrong. He told me the lady had left her



home early that morning in search of God. She was going to the mountain where one of the Buddhist temples was located. This particular temple was easy to find (even I could find it), but she could not find it. After driving around most of the day, she was returning home when she noticed the cross on top of the church. She said to herself, "Surely God is there, because of the cross." She followed the cross to the church. Catherine witnessed to her and gave her a Bible and some other materials. I got out of the van and gave the lady a DVD of the Bible. The lady said she would come to the service the next Sunday.

We went to dinner, which consisted of many, many dishes. We had a lovely fellowship, sharing and laughing with one another. When we returned to the church, the lady was still there talking with the caretaker of the church. I'm so thankful she followed the cross. We never know what will attract people when God is calling them to Himself.



I have been so blessed with having different teams come to China and work with me to share the gospel with the Chinese people. Some of the teams went to Escatawpa, and some went to Inner Mongolia. Over several years, many teams came to serve, including three teams from my home church (Roseland Park) and one from Japan. All of the teams worked diligently as they served the Lord.

Over the years I have seen God perform many miracles. As I made myself available to God, He gave me the privilege to serve Him. He uses ordinary people who are willing to be shaped and used by Him. I'm thankful I answered the call to go to China and serve Him there. I had several Chinese people ask me if all Americans were Christians. I said no. They then asked why I was coming to China to talk to them about Jesus. I told them, "Americans can go to any grocery store or book store and buy a Bible, and there are radio programs and TV programs where sound doctrine is taught from the Bible. There are many churches in every town where people can go to

hear God's Word, but *here*, you only have one church for eight hundred thousand people. I felt God call me to go to China, and this was where He wanted me to share."

I praise God every day for allowing me to be used by Him. It was nothing of me. It was all God. I am humbled and amazed that my heavenly Father would use me, being insignificant. Then I remember who I am in Him. I am His princess. When I look around and see how God has blessed me through all of my American and Chinese friends, I praise Him.

My heavenly Father blessed me by allowing me to lead many people to faith in Christ. A lot of times, I would start with the gospel of John and Genesis, and explain how we are separated from God and need a Savior. I always included these important things:

God loves you. That is so amazing! The creator of the world loves you and wants to have a personal relationship with you.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life. (John 3:16)

For as high as the heavens are above the earth, So great is His lovingkindness toward those who fear Him. (Psalm 103:11)

Are not two sparrows sold for a cent? And yet not one of them will fall to the ground apart from your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. So do not fear; you are more valuable than many sparrows. (Matthew 10:29–31)

All people sin against God. Sin is disobeying God's commands. Since God is holy (perfect and sinless), your sin separates you from God.

For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God, being justified as a gift by His grace through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus. (Romans 3:23–24)

Therefore, just as through one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin, and so death spread to all men, because all sinned. (Romans 5:12)

For the wages of sin is death, but the free gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord. (Romans 6:23)

God sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to pay the penalty for your sin. He lived a sinless life and died in your place on the cross. Jesus rose from the dead so that you might have eternal life with Him.

But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. (Romans 5:8)

For I delivered to you as of first importance what I also received, that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried, and that He was raised on the third day according to the Scriptures. (1 Corinthians 15:3–4)

You need to repent of (turn away from) and ask forgiveness for your sins. Accept what Jesus did for you on the cross and have faith that He will save you. Pray with a sincere heart, and ask Jesus to come into your life and be your Savior. He will welcome you with open arms.

But as many as received Him, to them He gave the right to become children of God, even to those who believe in His name. (John 1:12)

For by grace you have been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not as a result of works, so that no one may boast. (Ephesians 2:8–9)

If you confess with your mouth Jesus as Lord, and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved; for with the heart a person believes, resulting in righteousness, and with the mouth he confesses, resulting in salvation. (Romans 10:9–10)

You are then a new creation. Turn from your old way of life and live for Christ. Study God's Word, the Bible, and seek Him in all you do and say. This is the beginning of your new life in Christ.

Therefore if anyone is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things passed away; behold, new things have come. (2 Corinthians 5:17)

I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself up for me. (Galatians 2:20)

For He rescued us from the domain of darkness, and transferred us to the kingdom of His beloved Son, in whom we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins. (Colossians 1:13–14)

Truly, truly, I say to you, he who hears My word, and believes Him who sent Me, has eternal life, and does not come into judgment, but has passed out of death into life. (John 5:24)

If you have never accepted Jesus as your Savior, the time to do that is now. Jesus died for your sins and rose from the dead, so that you might live. Accept Jesus as your Savior. When you die, you will go to heaven. Heaven is a place more wonderful than anything man can imagine. God loves you and wants to save you.

The Lord is not slow about His promise, as some count slowness, but is patient toward you, not wishing for any to perish but for all to come to repentance. (2 Peter 3:9)

The Lord your God is with you, the Mighty Warrior who saves. He will take great delight in you; in his love he will no longer rebuke you, but will rejoice over you with singing. (Zephaniah 3:17, NIV)

## Epilogue



**I**t breaks my heart to see what is happening in China today. The Chinese government is tearing down churches, which they allowed to be built, and arresting and detaining Christians. The Three Self churches are totally under the control of the government. In spite of that, these churches were growing tremendously. Now, government officials are asking the pastors to give the names of their parishioners. If they refuse, they are in danger of being arrested.

The Chinese government considers house churches to be illegal. Therefore, those believers never had the freedom to worship openly; they had to meet in secret at various locations. The churches grew quickly, and some of them were very large, so the government is shutting them down, and arresting or detaining the believers.

Please remember in prayer these and all persecuted Christians around the world. Satan is fighting furiously because he is a defeated foe; God won the victory on the cross of Calvary. We believers, being the bride of Christ, need to be ever on the alert to Satan's attacks. The persecuted church is growing tremendously in numbers. The gospel cannot be stopped.