

Small Paul Young

# My Story

75 Years and Counting

Paul and Vicki Young

PUBLICATIONS OF PAUL YOUNG

CAPE TOWN

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Publications of Paul Young

Cape Town, RSA

## Comments on *My Story*

Your transparency is so refreshing, as is your pointing to the great value of your parental training and the Lord's leading you in a consistently plain path...loved every minute of it.

Cecil Beach  
Longtime Christian School Administrator

I...give my wholehearted endorsement and witness that God will use this book! No doubt God's fingerprint is on it.

Frank Penley  
Pastor and Missionary

It is a great encouragement.

Chris Burt  
Christian School Administrator

Have really appreciated reading your manuscript... I believe it will be of much interest and appreciated by many folks around the world.

David Short  
Missions Leader





## Looking Back on My Life

“...Remember all the way which the Lord Thy God led thee...” (Deut. 8:2).

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“...As you were a curse...so will I save you,  
and you shall be a blessing...”

(Zechariah 8:13).

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## BEGINNINGS

### Early Memories

My first memories were of happy times when we lived in a little former slave cottage on a plantation in South Carolina—watching horses galloping by or climbing up the ladder on the windmill or driving the truck down the country road at the age of three or four. I was in the driver's seat steering, with Dad jogging along ready to reach in and correct any steering errors.

God gave us that panel truck in answer to prayer. Not mine. Dad prayed for it when we had no money to buy a car. Well, we had ten cents, but you can't get a very nice car for ten cents. Dad and Mom had worn out their old 1934 Plymouth in their missionary work of driving over dirt roads preaching the Gospel in many, many, Black schools. God moved on the heart of a friend far away, so he gave us this bigger, newer car for our growing family. Now Dad sold the old car for \$95. Years before, he had bought it for \$90!

But even before God gave us the newer car, He kept the old one going in answer to prayer. One of the wheels made a loud, embarrassing squealing noise. Dad took it to a mechanic. The mechanic told Dad he ought to just junk that car. Besides, it would be weeks before they could get the needed parts. But we needed the car, so Dad prayed. He started the engine and drove off with the wheel still squealing. A mile or so down the road he hit a pothole. The squealing stopped. What the mechanic could not do, God did in answer to prayer.

Prayer was a big part of our lives. When I was born, Mom was having a hard time delivering me. If you know me you might guess why. I was a big baby. Someone asked how long I was when I was born. I'm not sure, but I heard I was born January 27, 28 and 29, if that gives you any clue. :-) (I'm 6 feet 10 inches now or 207 centimeters). Actually I was born on January 27, 1948.

As I was being born Dad was in the next room, and he heard Mom crying and the doctor counting, "One, two, three, four." No, it wasn't four babies; the umbilical cord was wrapped around my neck. That's dangerous, sometimes deadly. But it was wrapped around my neck four times! So Dad prayed. Hard.

But he began to wonder, "What right do I have to expect God to preserve this child?" So he reasoned with God (as Moses did when he prayed that God would spare Israel). Dad prayed that God would spare me so I could grow up and preach the Gospel so that thousands would be saved. Some of you brighter readers may have figured that the baby lived.

But why would we as servants of God live in a little slave house? At that stage we were poor—at least by American standards. God was preparing us to bring His love and salvation to many very poor people. Ezekiel said, "I sat where they sat." You can help people more when you have felt what they feel.

But you follow Jesus whether you have nice things or not. Jesus said to someone considering following Him, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man has no place to lay His head" (Luke 9:58).

## Mom Meets Dad

Mom had grown up in a well-to-do home and attended church, but didn't know the way of salvation until she was 18. She finally heard an evangelist preach the Gospel at a youth meeting. She believed. As a new believer she

loved the fellowship with these young people who really believed the Bible, and she soon joined them. She saw her duty to serve God and began teaching different groups from age 4 to 50. She headed up the Young People's Society, the social committee, the music committee and two missionary societies. She also directed and taught vacation Bible schools in both White and Black churches. She helped in street meetings, mission programs, hospitals, jails, child evangelism and taught in the Industrial Home School. By the time she met Dad she was already planning to serve as a missionary in Africa.



*Wedding Day for  
Mabel and E. B.  
Young*

How did they meet? I think they were both studying at Washington Bible Institute and were both teaching Bible at the same outreach. Also they were both planning to serve God as missionaries to Africa. They liked each other, but Dad thought he could serve God better single, so he wrote a letter to Mom's dad to end the relationship.

[Mom told me this story.] Mom had a dream that Dad's unopened letter was in her father's coat pocket. I think she slipped in and got it while he was shaving. She also asked a guy friend to take her out. It worked. Dad got jealous, and they were engaged and married within a short time, Valentine's Day, 1941. She was 26. He was 22. (Fifty-one years later Vicki was also 26 when we married, but I was not 22. I was 44.)

## A Simple Life Style

As a young man Dad worked as a messenger for the Secretary of the Navy in Washington. As he walked and carried messages along the Washington Mall he was memorizing the Sermon on the Mount, Matthew 5-7. God's

Word was shaping his life and future, and ours, especially the part where Jesus told us not to lay up treasure on earth or worry about the future. If we would seek first His kingdom, God would provide.



*Dad walked along here day by day memorizing the Sermon on the Mount.*

By the time Dad met Mom they had each determined to serve God, and were both willing to live simply rather than lay up treasures on earth. They obeyed the rule, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33). So our family lived simply, but we had enough. For some time we spent less than three cents per person per meal. It helped that we had a productive garden and a family cow and later had some high-producing milk goats.



God feeds the birds.  
He has fed us  
As He said.



God clothes the lilies.  
He has clothed us.  
No worries.

## Answers to Prayer

As a young man, Dad was a pastor near Rochester, New Hampshire. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Beverly and their son were in the church but left the area for mission work with the Navajos in Arizona. Mrs. Beverly wrote back and asked for prayer for their son, Paul, whom they called Buddy. He had two serious illnesses. The doctors didn't know if he would live or die.

Dad prayed, and on that occasion I think he fasted. He wrote back that he believed God would not only heal Buddy, but that Buddy would also grow up to be a foreign missionary. Dad showed the letter to a fellow pastor. The pastor told him he shouldn't send the letter, "What if God doesn't heal the boy? What will that do to the mother's faith?" Dad did send the letter, and God did heal Buddy. Buddy did live for the Lord and served for many years as a missionary in East Africa.

My dad's father was heavy and had several heart attacks. My mother told me he was declared dead by the doctor four times. My dad (his son) prayed, not only that his father would live, but that he would live fifteen more years. That is how much longer my grandfather did live.

I think I know why Dad prayed for fifteen years. The prophet Isaiah told King Hezekiah to get his affairs in order because he was about to die. Hezekiah began to cry and pray. God told Isaiah to go back and tell the king, "I have heard your prayer, I have seen your tears; I will add fifteen years to your life." So God added fifteen years to the life of King Hezekiah and fifteen years to my grandfather, both in answer to prayer.

It is important that our children see the works of God. Twice the Lord tells us that the Israelites served the Lord all the days of Joshua, and all the

days of the elders that outlived Joshua, who had seen all the great works of the Lord, that He did for Israel” (Judges 2:7; see also Joshua 24:31.) Then a new generation arose who did not know the works of the Lord; they turned away from following God.

It has been easier for me to believe God and follow Him, because I heard and saw the works of God in answer to prayer. My children have also heard and seen a good many of the works of God in answer to prayer.



*Dad holding me in our garden with Grace,  
Faith and Daniel*

## Childhood

Next, we moved to a housing project in Greenville, SC, for a few years. I made a profession of faith there when I was almost five. I remember kneeling with Mom and Dad by the couch and crying and praying to be saved. I went for ten years thinking I was saved. I had very little doubt about my salvation, but I didn't catch on about repentance. I'm just glad God didn't let me die during those years!



Curiously, at age four, I remember Eisenhower defeating Stevenson to be president of the United States. I also remember being chased by a rooster. He pecked me on the back of my calf. Dad caught him and told me to chase the rooster. I did.

It was at Greenville, SC, that our youngest sibling, Joy, was born. That made six of us: Grace, Faith, Daniel, Paul, Joseph and Joy.

Dad and Mom helped in some Black churches and hundreds of schools preaching the Gospel using filmstrips and flannelgraph stories. We also had sort of a Vacation Bible School in our apartment with Dad showing Gospel filmstrips to crowds of neighborhood kids.

I was a dishonest boy. Once Mom was away from home a few minutes so I stole some butter and ate it. When Mom got back she noticed some butter missing and asked if I took it. I denied it. A little while later I vomited the butter on the floor. My sin found me out. She spanked me. Later, when she caught me in another lie, she made me copy a lot of Bible verses on the punishment of liars. I still remember one of the verses I had to copy, "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burns with fire and brimstone...." I'm glad she loved me enough to tell me the truth and give me fair warning! And I'm glad Dad and Mom loved me enough to give me spankings like the Word of God commands, "Thou shalt beat him with the rod and shalt deliver his soul from hell" (Prov. 23:14).

During this time Mom and Dad took a trip to Pennsylvania to visit the West Indies Mission headquarters, I suppose to see about working with them. They took along Faith and the two little ones, Joseph and Joy. So Grace, Daniel and I stayed in Greenville with a Christian family. I remember banging on the wall of a shed there and stirring up a wasp nest. I had no shirt on and got a lot of stings.

I often thank God for my parents. They showed us how to seek first God's kingdom, how to get our prayers answered and gave us a happy and interesting childhood. And I'm glad they guided us into a vocation of serving God!

## Country Life

Later we bought a **little two room country school house that had been for Blacks** on four acres in Newberry County for \$800. We divided up the two rooms, added another room and lived there for three years. We sold it for \$1600. There was some stigma that went with helping Blacks, but there has always been a reproach in following the One who was despised, rejected and crucified. However, I never remember Dad or Mom complaining about being poor. Jesus said, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me... to preach the Gospel to the poor" (Luke 4:18). We had no plumbing so we used an outhouse. We drew our water from a well and heated it over a wood stove for washing.



*Grace, Faith, Daniel and Paul*

As we were bricking in and improving our well, Dad wrote a Bible verse in the soft concrete as he often did when we put in new concrete. I noticed but didn't understand the twinkle in Mom's eye when they wrote the verse about drinking water from your own well (Prov. 5:15).

But we had a lot of fun in that country place: climbing trees, swaying in the wind up near the tops, sliding down some trees, swinging down from the top to the ground from some saplings, finding bird nests (in trees, in a tin can in a trash pile or in the mail box by the road), jumping out of the tree into the sand below, finding a big snake, a baby quail, lots of lizards,

walking around on homemade stilts, playing with cats and dogs, watching them give birth.

Mom would read us interesting books. I especially remember one about the life and martyrdom of John Hus. Picking blackberries and beach plums was fun and rewarding. Blackberry pie is one of my most nostalgic foods. The smell of sweet gum leaves immediately transports me back 67 years to my childhood.

We learned the anatomy of chickens by plucking and cleaning them, and we learned about the facts of life by seeing animals mating and giving birth. Mom taught me to cook, sew, plant and weed the garden and helped me learn to read.

In that country place we had to walk about a half mile to the school bus stop. One day Mom and Dad had already left for a preaching appointment in a school, and we walked to the bus stop. It started to rain, and we got soaked! It was embarrassing to get on the bus soaking wet. After we got to school the principal gave me a ride home to change.

One day as we had a carpenter adding a room to the house, he asked me for a match to light his cigarette. What was I to do? I knew cigarettes are harmful. I got him a match but first dipped the tip in water so it wouldn't light and gave it to him. My idea of righteousness.

Each year at school I liked my teacher better than the one before, up through grade five. My first grade teacher made it pretty easy for those who followed. :- ) Actually, she wasn't that bad. She did repeatedly insist, though, that we answer correctly her question as she cupped her hands around each child's face, "Who do you love?" The required answer was her name. I self-righteously answered, "God."

## Small Town Life



*First day of school 1958: Grace entering 12<sup>th</sup> grade, Faith, 11th, Daniel, 8th, Paul, 5th, Joseph, 2<sup>nd</sup> and Joy, 1<sup>st</sup>.*

In 1957 we bought a house in Newberry, SC, for about \$4000. It was in good condition, had eight rooms and a nice bathroom, plus enough land to keep a cow, later goats, then a horse. It was nice.

We had fun there: riding a huge billy goat, breaking and riding a horse, playing soccer with two balls at the same time, touch football, basketball and volleyball. Sometimes in the evenings we would see flying squirrels zooming remarkable distances from tree to tree. Once we found in a fancy tea cup a nest of tiny wrens in a cabinet on our screened-in back porch.

Our family cow produced about five gallons of milk a day, so the calf had plenty and we had plenty. I remember drinking a gallon of milk before noon one day. Later we had goats. One produced two gallons of milk a day for a while, maybe the highest producer in the state. The goat kids were a lot of fun. One buck was so good at getting out of his pen that we named him Houdini, after the famous escape artist.

We kept about 30 hives of honey bees, but they didn't cause much problem since their yard was surrounded by a wall and a hedge which raised the flight of the bees above people. One year we got about 100 pounds of honey per hive in the spring plus about 50 more pounds per hive in the summer when we took the hives to the mountains.

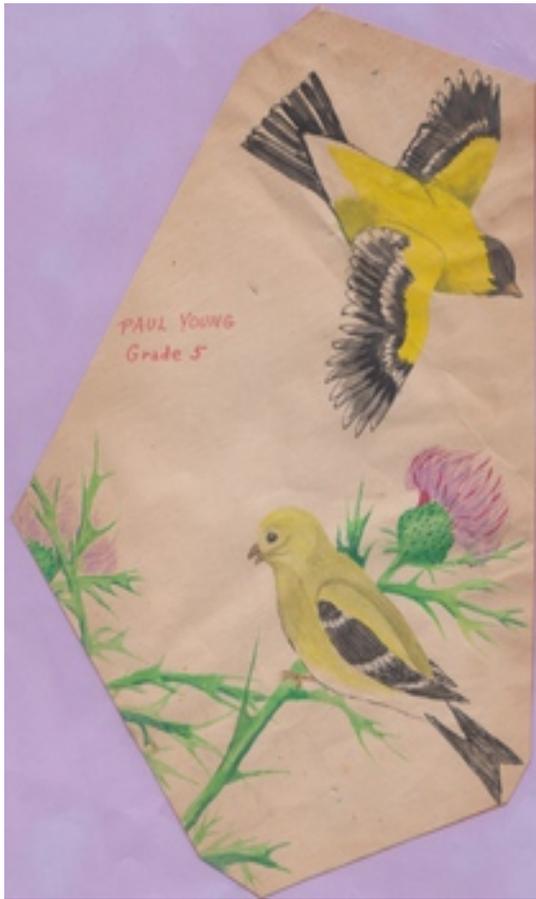
To take them to the mountains we would get up before dawn and put screen wire into the hive entrances to keep the bees inside and load the hives into the trailer and drive them to the mountains where a friend let us put them. We gave him some honey. It was pretty strenuous work carrying the big, heavy hives, and it was hot wearing the bee veil, elbow length gloves and two layers of pants and long sleeve shirts to protect us from the stings. One year we killed a poisonous copperhead snake by the hives there on the mountain. When we were done we were exhausted and sweaty, and we would stop on the two-hour drive back to get big cartons of ice cream to eat and celebrate on the way home.

We repeated the trip six weeks later to get the hives and harvest the honey, uncapping the honey combs with a big, sharp electrically heated knife to skim off the bees' wax cappings of the honey combs. Then we would extract the honey from the combs and bottle the honey. One day I got 86 stings. By that time though, I wasn't wearing so much protection, and I was immune enough so that the 86 stings didn't really bother me much.

One year it snowed so much even there in South Carolina that we made an igloo. A few of us could get inside it together, so Dad took some

movies with trick photography that made it appear that quite a number of us plus some goats were in it together. He filmed us as we all came out the entrance and lined up outside the igloo.

Sometimes Dad would drive an hour to Columbia to the State Farmers Market where he could buy fruit and veggies in quantities cheap. Then he would drive around to some poor friends and distribute peaches, watermelons, etc. There was a large Christian family Dad would share with. They lived in a housing project in Columbia then, but over the years they came up in the world. One reached a high position in the state government. They started donating to our Christian school, like expensive office equipment. “Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure...” (Luke 6:38).



For a few years some of us siblings entered **art work in the county fair** and would win some ribbons. God gave us some art ability which we were later able to use in His service. All my brothers and sisters were gifted musically. Music became an important part of our lives and ministries.

When I was 10 Dad took me on a memorable trip to Washington, DC, to visit some friends who supported our work. Dad and Mom had met and married there. Dad had helped start a church there.

A highlight for me on the way up was staying a little while with Uncle Jim, Aunt Jan and little Jim. Uncle Jim was a chaplain in the army and took me to see the paratroopers jumping out of planes. I wrote back to my fifth grade class about it. I brought my school books along and was gone for six weeks. I remember reading my school books high atop a parking



garage overlooking Washington. Staying with another uncle and then some other friends, I saw more TV than I had seen in my whole life or would see for years to come. We didn't have a TV at home. I think that was wise.

Once, at least, while Dad was driving he had me read the marked passages in his Bible. He marked his Bible with a pencil that wrote red at one end and blue on the other. Years later I marked my Bible with a pencil like that, marking promises in red and commands in blue. I could check at a glance what commands were on a page of the Bible and consider whether I was obeying them. Jesus said that if we love Him we will keep His commandments.

## A Teenager

Another memorable trip was a trip with Mom and Dad and my sister Faith to Maitland, FL, to see my mother's parents. I was thirteen. I remember climbing up in the orange trees. One night I got up and walked around the house in my sleep. I woke up in the dark out in the yard.

We attended various churches that might be called lukewarm or “having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof.” They weren't enthusiastic about Dad's ministry of preaching to Blacks either. I felt superior to the others in Sunday School because I knew the Bible better, but my life wasn't much, if any, better than theirs. My sinful life didn't really bother me much, though. I was mean to my younger brother and bullied him. I did a lot of other evil things. I stole food from the fridge, candy from a little store near the junior high and elsewhere and did other evil things with a close friend.

But I certainly thought I was saved. I was a chameleon; I could act like a knowledgeable, spiritual Christian around Christians, and I could fit right in with ungodly friends. Some people might call that social skills.

I'm ashamed of some of the things I said and did, especially in junior high. Once I got into a fight with Steve Mitchel until our teacher, Mrs. Amick, stopped us, fortunately for me. He was a better fighter than I was. He told her, “He called me a very bad name.” It was true, but I denied it.

Another time Robert Dowd and I got into a fight after school. Our teacher saw us and called us in. She stepped out of the room for a minute. While she was gone we decided to lie and tell we were just playing. She was skeptical, but it sort of made us friends. I wondered later if she went out of the room just to give us a chance to make peace. “Blessed are the peacemakers....”

I was always tall for my age. In junior high they called me “Paul Bunyan” after the mythical giant American lumberjack. Being tall certainly didn't keep me from getting spankings! They were an important and necessary part of my upbringing. When I was in the third grade my teacher gave me a paddling of three little taps. As she dismissed me to recess I was almost walking on air. I had just discovered that a spanking didn't necessarily hurt! News to me!

When I was in the fourth grade, Joseph and I headed for school four blocks away. On the way it started to rain lightly, so a car stopped and

someone offered us a ride with them to school. I knew Mom and Dad forbade us riding with people they didn't know, but I didn't have the courage to say we'd be fine. They took us to school, but went somewhere else first. Dad saw them leave and go the wrong direction, so, of course, he was concerned. He had come to give us a ride since it started raining. I had done something dangerous, and I had disobeyed. Later that day Joseph got five whacks. He was in the first grade. I was in the fourth grade; I got more. Dad made a spanking count! No chastening for the present seems to be joyful but grievous; but afterward it yields the peaceable fruit of righteousness to those who are trained by it (Heb. 12:11).

I don't know if I got any spankings that I didn't deserve, but I did a lot of wicked things that I never got spanked for. I was pretty deceitful and sneaky.

Some students from Bob Jones University would drive to our town for their Christian service assignment to lead Young People's Fellowship Clubs on Sunday afternoons. The clubs were small, but we enjoyed them. We won some prizes in Bible quizzes at the regional competition at BJU. One year the quiz was on Elijah and Elisha and another year on the book of Acts. Some of these youth leaders from BJU became our lifelong friends and partners in ministry years later.

But the real highlight of my life each year was going to Bible camp. I started going when I was about nine, having learned the 300 Bible verses to get a free week of camp. Then I earned a second week by sweeping the dining hall each day. Pretty good pay! We loved swimming, ball games, hikes, crafts, tournaments and skits. I endured the preaching and Christian teaching, but liked the singing. I really liked missionary hour. Each year we had a different missionary tell about his ministry in Japan, Bolivia, New Guinea or some other country. That was interesting! Besides, at camp we met some young people who really did want to follow the Lord.

When I was fifteen I achieved the status of junior counselor. I also heard that some people who thought they were saved realized they were not. The issue of repentance was not emphasized, but at this stage I may

have really come to repentance. I started to read the Bible carefully each day without just pretending to read the chapters. It was two years later that my younger brother saw a change in me from being mean and bullying him.

Mom had started me reading the Gospel of John each morning when I was in the first grade. She would have me try to read a verse, then she would read it, then I would read it again, then again. Then we went to the next verse. We worked our way through John. When I got to Acts she let me do it on my own. I soon found it was a lot easier to just say I had read it, sometimes reading, sometimes not. That dishonesty continued for eight or nine years until that year at camp when I was 15.

So when I was 15 I set out to be careful not to skip any in my Bible reading. In the next few years I began memorizing and meditating on Scripture a lot more. I noticed that my grades went up, I did much better in basketball, and I did a lot better socially. I was happier and more confident. God was blessing me like He said He would do if I meditated on His Word to obey it (Joshua 1:8 and Psalm 1:1-3).

I believe that having a daily time of Bible reading and meditation has been by far the most important means of grace in my life, in teaching me, edifying me, inspiring me, correcting me, warning me and keeping me balanced. The Bible has been the source of a thousand blessings for me, including finally getting victory over personal secret sin.

Another camp had a Bible memorization plan to earn a week at camp, too. And they had a voluntary contest of quoting a lot of verses at camp. My sister Faith entered and won. She entered each year which pressured us to do so too. It was a chore, and I did poorly and dropped out. When I was about 15, I started studying and reviewing the verses for the special recitation again, willingly this time. I added about 100 verses each year, so that in a few years I could quote several hundred verses at once.

Reviewing the same verses each year (as well as memorizing new ones) helped me really know them. Now for the past 59 years or so of trying to heed Scripture, life has gotten easier and easier and happier and

happier. God has certainly given me more than I ever expected and has made me more successful in His service. I found I could enjoy the victory God has provided. So for many years victorious Christian living has been a major emphasis in my preaching.

My sister Faith had gotten us started into more thorough memorizing of hundreds of verses at a time. She led by quiet example, not by nagging. But I remember one time she reproved me. I was about 18, and I think I was unkind to someone. She said, "That was small of you." That little comment shamed me. And helped me.

My eighth-grade history teacher shamed me too, publicly, for my misbehavior. I hated it. But I started behaving, and after a while I started liking him. The public embarrassment was good for me.

A few years later when I was well over six feet tall, I walked along close to the high school just outside the history classroom. I was out of view of those in the class, but Edwin Wicker was riding on my shoulders flapping his arms like wings. The students inside could only see Edwin flying along just outside the row of windows. We didn't get into trouble for that mischief.

In high school my brother Daniel made a miniature steam engine for the science fair and got us brothers started entering science projects each year and winning sometimes. One year I made a solar stove; another year an observation beehive with the theme of how honey bees tell the other bees where to find nectar. Another year I built a water tunnel to test which shapes cause the least drag when moving through the water.



*My science project in the ninth grade: a solar heater and a solar stove*

I enjoyed pole vaulting and high jumping on the track team, but I didn't excel. I especially enjoyed basketball which was useful later on in youth ministry. In the band I did poorly because I was too lazy to practice. I didn't have to study much in my other classes and still got good grades, and I didn't work much at playing the trumpet either. Having a little higher IQ can have bad side effects if you find you can excel without working. So you get into the habit of not bothering to work, but you're considered successful if you make good grades. That's not good preparation for life.

My Christian testimony in public school was weak at best. I suppose I was at my worst in junior high. I remember being mean to a younger boy named Bobby. We were playing a game of throwing our pocket knives and sticking them up in the ground, but I deliberately threw my knife to stick up in his foot. I pretended it was an accident.

A few years later in high school several other boys were bullying Bobby in the locker room, and a Christian boy named Larry York and I defended him against the class. I had a guilty conscience for what I had done to Bobby back in junior high.

My younger brother, Joseph, said that as a boy he looked up to me. I was a lot taller than he was. But there was one thing he did not look up to me about. I was so mean to him. I was a bully. Finally, when I was about 17, he saw a change in me.

## God Provided

Our family had a friend named Charlie Williams who was a favorite of ours. He had contacts at a big clothing store and could get clothes that had been returned because of minor imperfections or whatever. He would mail us big boxes of nice, new clothes that we saw no problems with usually. And they fit Daniel and me even though we were well over six feet tall by then. We would look over the clothes and take turns picking. It was great, wearing classy clothes to school that cost us nothing. God was providing nice clothes for us because Dad and Mom were seeking first His kingdom. Jesus said that if God clothes the lilies that are out in the field for just a short time, won't He much more clothe us, even if we have only a little faith? (Matt. 6:28-30). Dad and Mom showed me that Matthew 6:33 works.

Charlie Williams also gave us hundreds of big silver backed poster boards. We printed Bible verse mottoes on them. One verse we printed was "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33). Some of the poster boards were too imperfect for printing, so we used them sliding down a snowy hill. They were slippery. I also used those silver poster boards to make a solar stove for a winning science project.

One of our family ministries was printing Bible mottoes and bumper stickers. For a few years we printed with little letter press printing presses, then with some big motorized presses, then with a much bigger printing press that was donated to us.

Besides spending a certain amount of assigned time printing, there was a lot of other work to do: building, plumbing, painting, roofing, putting up fences, milking and other care of the cows, goats and horse,



*Five siblings preparing to lay concrete for the car port*

concrete work, mowing, car maintenance, cleaning, shaking pecan trees and picking up the nuts, cleaning out the chicken coop or barn or picking up horse droppings to fertilize fruit trees, bee keeping and gardening. It was useful and good training. We loved every minute of it! :-)

## Good Influences

I didn't sense discontent in my parents. They also both taught and practiced the importance of daily Bible reading. As a little boy I remember seeing a green cushion by Dad's bed. He knelt on it as he read the Bible each day. He read the whole Bible through on his knees.

He had a reputation for getting his prayers answered, too. In little things and big things. Several times he asked God to give us \$1,000 in the mail *that* day. Now how is God going to answer that prayer—when it took two or more days for a letter to get to us. But it happened. That was a lot of money, too! Especially for us. One time it was \$5,000!



*We bought this house next door for \$2600, I think, when it was run down, vandalized and overgrown, and we renovated it somewhat.*

When I was 17 we went to the Bill Rice Ranch for a week. It was fun and life changing. Bill Rice was a colorful cowboy evangelist who had the ranch and conference center. Evangelist John R. Rice was his more famous older brother. Through his life, preaching and books, John Rice impressed on me (1) the urgency of soul winning. He also helped me (2) understand the importance of the fullness of the Holy Spirit and (3) encouraged me to have faith in praying and (4) in following God's way in the home. He set an example of preaching plain, easy-to-understand sermons filled with Scripture. Our family really enjoyed our times of sports and horseback riding at the Bill Rice Ranch where he preached at a crucial time in my life, my late teens and early twenties.

It was about this time that our family took in my mother's parents for two years until they died. They were about 90 and had been staying at a very nice nursing home in Florida, but they were lonely. I was assigned to take care of some daily medical procedures with my grandfather. It was not pleasant, but it was good for me. Grandpa and I had some good talks.

1966 was an important year. I graduated from Newberry High School. I entered Columbia Bible College. I began preaching. And my future wife was born in 1966! But you'll have to wait for that story. *I sure had to wait!*

Columbia Bible College was a huge help to me—the friends, the fellowship, missionary speakers and the teachers, especially Frank Sells and Robertson McQuilkin. Both were very practical and had fruitful ministries outside the class room and were both thorough, scholarly and interesting. They both helped my life and ministry a lot. Mr. Sells was also very generous to me and to many others, then and many years later.

At CBC we had godly teachers. I don't remember seeing anything unchristian in the teachers. While at CBC I came to see that I could have victory over sin in my own life.

I also saw that there were some things that I needed to make right from my past. In junior high I had stolen from a little store, so I went back to the store to repay the store owner. The store was empty now, and the owner was dead. I went to his widow and repaid her. I went back to the junior high to confess cheating in one of my classes. The grade they had recorded was too high. I wrote to someone else I had wronged to ask forgiveness. Also I had to go to a place where I had worked briefly and pay for something I had stolen. And there were other things I had to make right.

I also asked my dad who had baptized me as a child to rebaptize me since I didn't think that I was really saved when I was first baptized. I knew that baptism is supposed to be for disciples (Matt. 28:19). Of course these confessions were embarrassing, but I needed to have a clear conscience.

A strength of Columbia Bible College was that they required students to do Christian service outreaches. One of my assignments was preaching in a local jail each week. Fifty years later prison preaching was still an important way for me to obey the Great Commission.

Some of the papers I was required to write at Bible college turned out to be valuable in my life and ministry, especially one Mr. McQuilkin assigned. The paper was to answer the false teaching that everyone, or almost everyone, will be saved, regardless of faith in Jesus. A huge emphasis in my preaching has been Jesus' warning of everlasting fire and everlasting punishment for those who do not repent (Matt. 25:41 & 46).

One chapel speaker told about how when he was in love, he liked to talk about his girlfriend and be seen with her in public. I realized that the reason I was timid about speaking about Jesus in public was that I didn't love Him much. I was embarrassed to be seen as following Him. I bowed my head and confessed that sin. That didn't solve everything in being a successful soul winner, but it was a step in the right direction.

A group of us from Bible College went to the state fair to help with an evangelism booth. I asked a boy about any sins he needed to turn away from. He claimed he didn't have any. I prodded. "Mama says I don't." he said. It turns out his mama would tell him, "You ain't got no sense!"

One prank I played at Bible College was in science class. The teacher had a display of fossils, so I made some "fossils" by mixing different shades of sand with mortar in layers, and while it was still wet and soft, I pressed a leaf or fern or made some kind of footprint to make it look like a fossil. On one of them I wrote the name of a prehistoric comic character and put a date like 30,000 BC so everyone would know for sure when he lived and made his mark. Probably one of the most important geological finds in history! :-)

I quietly dispersed my fossils among the real ones and went to another part of the room. The teacher was puzzled about them and asked the class about them. After a while I confessed. She actually rather liked them and asked how I had made them.

Another time she assigned us some little unborn pigs to dissect. We had to name and label our own pigs. I wanted an appropriate name for this science project pig, so I came up with the name Francis Bacon. The name,

Bacon, was appropriate for a pig, and Francis Bacon is known as The Father of the Scientific Method. Just right! As I proceeded to dissect little Francis I found that it had some male parts and some female parts. Pretty unusual! And Francis sounds both masculine and feminine. So I labeled him/her, “Francis Bacon: The Father *and Mother* of the Scientific Method.”

With more than fifty years of perspective since graduating from Columbia Bible College in 1970, I can say that my time there was very profitable for me and my ministry. However, the fact that I had a degree has not been a factor in more than 2,000 doors to churches and schools that have been opened to my ministry. That is, the people I preached for almost never knew whether I had a degree or not. Jesus opens, and no one can close (Rev. 2:7,8). Diploma or no diploma.

Also, I saw again how God would provide if I would seek first His kingdom. I was busy trying to serve God rather than just earn a living throughout my Bible College years, and I saw how God supplied money from an unexpected source to pay the college bills.

My brother Daniel and I each took a short summer course at Moody Bible Institute in Chicago in 1967. An important lesson I learned there has helped in the many booklets I've written: make it clear and concise. That lesson has been especially valuable since many of my readers know English only as a second or third language.

I realized recently that most of the input of others into my life and ministry was not one-on-one mentoring but rather group situations, messages to groups and books I have read or audio messages I have listened to. Maybe that's appropriate. Aside from discipling my own family, almost all of my ministry has been to *groups*, or by my books, TV programs and DVDs we have produced, rather than by one-on-one training.

Two speakers that I only heard by recording a few years after Bible college were a special blessing to me, Otto Koning and John Wimber. Koning was a missionary to New Guinea who is famous for his “Pineapple

Story.” I suppose he is my all-time favorite speaker (and I've heard a lot of good speakers.) He is funny, very interesting, memorable and helpful in ways most other speakers offer no help. Even when our children were little they loved to listen to Otto Koning. On the internet we found about 16 other free audio messages by Koning that are just about as good as “The Pineapple Story.”

John Wimber demonstrated that when God works miracles, many more people often come to the Lord. These men encouraged me to believe the plain sense of the Bible and obey it.

Generally, biographies of great Christians have been my favorite reading. One of the most helpful books I ever read was *Deeper Experiences of Famous Christians*, by James G. Lawson.

## BEGINNING TO PREACH

Dad had a ministry of preaching with visual aids in the public schools of South Carolina each month. Mom would go with him and play her autoharp and sing. When we, their children, entered Bible college, Dad would have us go to the schools like he had been doing and give pictured Bible lessons in the assemblies. Many school principals trusted Dad enough to allow whomever Dad sent to conduct the chapels.

I commuted an hour to Columbia Bible College on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, and preached on Tuesday and Thursday in the public schools. Dad didn't ask if we wanted to do this ministry, or if we felt called to this work. He just sent us. If Jesus commanded us to preach the Gospel to every creature, then that settled it. Dad and Mom didn't ask if we felt called to bathe or brush our teeth or work or eat the food on our plate. They decided what we needed to do and saw that we did it.

They had willingly forsaken all to follow Jesus and preach the Gospel, and they wanted the best for us, too. So they guided us into the Lord's service. Now I've been preaching the Gospel for over 55 years with increasing blessing, knowing that all who've heard and turned to Jesus for mercy have been saved from everlasting fire to eternal pleasure in Heaven.

I'm glad my parents guided me into wise choices. "He that wins souls is wise" (Prov. 11:30). God liked it that Abraham commanded his children and his household after him to go God's way (Gen. 18:19).

At the beginning of my second year of Bible College, Dad assigned my older sister, Faith, and me to conduct the evangelistic services in some of the public schools he had been bringing pictured messages in for years. A Gospel chalk artist visiting our home was the nudge I needed to use chalk art in my new preaching responsibility.



I checked out a library book on chalk art by Phil Saint, a famous chalk artist missionary to Argentina and brother to martyred missionary, Nate Saint. I copied his series of pictures about the **Prodigial Son** and practiced it several times, then preached it in the seven schools that month. Faith and I went to the schools where she would play the accordion or autoharp while she and I sang, and then I would preach with chalk art.



*My sister Faith and I were an evangelistic team in the schools.*

I've mentioned several men who helped me the most. Some people, however, have helped me in a negative way. Just like we learn faith and obedience through the lives of great men and women in the Bible, so we learn sins to avoid through the stories of Samson, David, Saul and others. Also, I

myself have seen up close, some men who have had great promise and whom I have admired, but they made shipwreck of the faith. They have

brought years of pain and suffering to themselves and on many others. It has helped me fear certain sins that I have been tempted by. I have seen the consequences! Marriages ruined. Children despise their dad and rebel against God. Ministries disgraced. “His reproach shall not be wiped away” (Prov. 6:33).

In some cases we have separated from close friends. We have been criticized for doing so, but the Word of God commands that we avoid those who cause divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine (Rom. 16:17) and in some cases not to associate or even eat with those who claim to be Christians but continue in gross, flagrant sin (1 Cor. 5:11).

## Full Time Ministry

Several important things happened shortly after I graduated from Columbia Bible College (now called Columbia International University.) Ten of our cousins came to live with us for about six weeks. The oldest was Becky, 16, and the youngest was Phebe, a few months old. With seven of our family still home, we were cooking for 17 per meal. We really loved it.

We had just gotten a horse. He added to the fun. He was supposed to be broken in when we bought him, but he wasn't. He wasn't trained, and we weren't trained in riding, so we all learned together. :-) But it worked. It was a fun challenge. And nobody got seriously hurt.

We were just beginning our Bible clubs, and we brought the Bible club children over to give them horse rides sometimes. Besides the fun for the children of riding a horse, I was able to talk to the children individually about salvation as I led them on horseback around the pasture. Some of them asked the Lord to save them as they rode. At least once it started raining when it was time for the horse rides. I prayed that God would stop

the rain so the kids would not miss their rides and so I could tell them the Gospel. God stopped the rain.

Sometimes we would have a rather tame rodeo for the Bible clubbers. With all our escapades with the horse, we never had any serious injuries, thank the Lord! We did have some close calls.

Our horse, Silver, is the only horse I know of that had a jail record. One morning Mom heard on the radio that a horse had been seen loose and was caught and put into the local jail a few blocks from our home. Mom checked on Silver. He was missing. She told me to go to jail and get him. I went with a bridle, put it on him and rode him home bareback.

## Bible Clubs

When the doors to preaching in public schools closed to us in 1970, we started several Bible clubs in different areas of town. In the Bible clubs we used Bible filmstrips, puppet shows and other visual aids. I had only a few chalk talks, but one day my brother Joseph brought home a set of pictures drawn at a seminar by a man called Uncle Hank. He was good at quickly drawing stick figures of people as he told Bible stories on TV. He could convey moods of the people in the stories by the way he drew their posture. Drawing a person would only take two or three seconds. When I saw the pictures Uncle Hank had given to Joseph, I realized this type of art could be effective in my ministry. Now with that style of quick drawing, I could illustrate any story in the Bible.

About that time I heard Evangelist John R Rice preach on, "**The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.** Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest"



(Matt. 9:37). He pointed out that the problem is not with the harvest; the harvest is plenteous. There are plenty of people who could be saved. The problem is that there are not many people really working at soul winning. That night, after hearing him preach, I set out to spend a certain amount of time each week soul winning.

Having the four Bible clubs each week fit nicely with my new obedience to the Great Commission. I could go out to neighborhoods around Newberry and either invite kids to the evangelistic Bible clubs or try to win them to the Lord on the spot. We had contests and incentives to encourage the children to come and bring their friends. In a few months we had about 300 total each week in the four Bible clubs.

I am so glad I had this wonderful opportunity, these four Bible clubs each week! I had the responsibility and the freedom to work together with God and with my siblings to win these children or to be careless and lazy. We were loving and discipling many children, and it turned out to be such a good training ground.



*A game at Bible Club*

The Bible clubs were a family affair. To gather the children for Bible Club, Grace and I would each leave in a van with Faith and Joy going along as door keepers. We might each pick up 20 or 30 packed in each van and come back to the chapel and leave them there where they could play basketball or tether ball while Grace and I would each go gather another group. Joseph would oversee those left to play.

When both vans had arrived I would call everybody in. I would lead the singing as Grace played the accordion or keyboard. Some of the songs were Bible verse songs so that they were learning Scripture without much effort. Then we had a quiz that did three things: review last week's story/sermon, see how well the kids had listened and see how well I had taught. Quizzing people on what you've tried to teach them is a good way

to learn to make things plain. Then one of us would teach or preach with chalk art or a Gospel filmstrip or an object lesson or some other interesting way to get God's Word across.

We insisted on good behavior. Fighting was not allowed. We sent troublemakers home. "Cast out a scoffer, and strife and contention shall cease." During Bible club we had a "good row." At the end of the program we gave a treat to the row that sang the best, answered the questions best and was most orderly. So the children pressured the others on their row to behave and participate. With 100 or more in some of the Bible clubs, order was a huge challenge. When fighting and discord are allowed, "You come together, not for the better, but for the worse" (1 Cor. 11:17,18).

Jesus said that we would receive power to witness when the Holy Spirit came on us. That's what I needed, power to keep good order and get the message across effectively! Jesus said God gives the Holy Spirit to those who *ask* Him (Luke 11:13). I asked. He kept His promise.



*"I will pour water on him that is thirsty...My Spirit... (Isaiah 44:3).*



*Children Listening Attentively*

I had been a failure at winning others for years. As a young man I heard about how D. L. Moody and others were greatly empowered to obey the Great Commission when they were filled with the Holy Spirit. I heard that after Moody was filled with the Holy Spirit, he preached the same sermons he had been preaching, but instead of having five or six professions of faith, he would have two hundred!

I was inspired by Elisha who asked for a double portion of the spirit of Elijah. Elijah was not just an ordinary prophet, but one of the greatest! Twice as much as Elijah? And God gave Elisha the double portion!

I saw the amazing promise in John 14:12, “Truly, truly I say to you, ‘He that believes on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go to My Father.’”

I knew that all Christians are indwelt by the Spirit (Romans 8:9), but not all Christians are filled with the Spirit (Ephesians 5:18). I knew I needed that power to effectively win people from the power of darkness

into God's kingdom. I was hungry and thirsty to see God's power in saving and transforming people. I believed what Jesus said about the lake of fire for those who do not believe the Gospel. I needed this power for their sake... and for God's sake, who loved them!

I could see that it is not enough to witness; I must witness *with power*. Jesus said that we would receive power when the Holy Spirit came on us, and we would be witnesses. That's what I needed, the power of the Holy Spirit to witness.

I found Jesus did not make it hard or complicated to be filled with the Holy Spirit. He said, "If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?" (Luke 11:13). The power of the Holy Spirit is not earned or deserved, but a gift! I found I could rest in the fact that God would do what He had promised. As I said above, I asked. I had no remarkable experience at first. But in the coming days and months, I was able to lead many others to a public profession of faith in Jesus.

Over the next 50 years of preaching and serving Jesus, there has been increasing satisfaction and power to bless others and win the lost. Many times, over the years, I have seen hundreds of people make a public profession of repentance and faith in Jesus in a service, sometimes several times a week. It is not the ability to just bring people to say they are believing, but a power that effects a change in those who believe.

Here's an example. After a public school assembly a teacher came and told the principal that the kids hadn't been back in the classroom for one minute before they started giving back stuff they had stolen. I had just preached on repentance.

God was empowering me to bring His salvation to these school kids. He used someone who had been sort of a fake, someone who had been defeated and weak, to bring mercy and salvation and victory to many others. God's Spirit is a gift, not deserved, not earned.

One Saturday evening I had not done the time in soul winning for the week I had set out to do, so I walked a few blocks toward the town center. I saw a man standing there and handed him a tract and talked to him.

A few days later I was visiting at a house and the lady was happy to invite me in. I was able to share the Gospel with several of the children. She told me why I was so welcome. Her husband, James Davis, was that man I had talked to that Saturday night. He had come home that night and poured out his liquor, and the next morning he rejoined the Baptist church and "paid up his back dues."

He had the sense to know that when you turn to the Lord, you start turning from sin. "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return to the Lord, and He will have mercy on him" (Isa. 55:7). A good many children and grandchildren from the Davis family came to our Bible clubs in the days and years to follow.

That Saturday night when I was talking to James Davis, I didn't sense anything wonderful. But his wife saw a big change in his behavior after he got home.

I kept track of how many hours I spent visiting and explaining the Gospel to people. Sometimes I would go walking on Saturday night trying to find someone to witness to so I would meet my quota for the week. If I got behind I would make it up the next week. This simple practice changed me from occasionally seeing someone make a profession of faith to regularly seeing people pray and ask the Lord to save them.

That November in 1970 when I made the commitment to spend a certain amount of time each week obeying the Great Commission, we were having about forty children in two Bible clubs that our family organized. By May there were about three hundred a week coming, hearing preaching and Bible teaching, being quizzed on previous lessons, singing, and bringing others. Many of them asked the Lord to save them.

## Opposition

A good many children used to come to one of our Bible clubs from a housing project called Bethlehem Gardens. The man in charge of the housing project questioned us about what we taught the children. He didn't want the children to come. We could smell liquor on his breath. Finally he told me not to come back.

I had a legal right to go there, so I went. He was angry and threatened me. My dad told me not to go back (for the sake of peace), but to pray that God would remove the man in charge. I wanted to go back and preach the Gospel to those lost children! But Dad said not to, so I didn't. I did pray, though, that God would remove that enemy of the Gospel.

Shortly after that, the Bible clubbers told me that he was hospitalized because of a car wreck. Then his own church ran him out of town for cursing in the pulpit! He was a pastor! Later, another pastor, Rev. Means, was put in charge of Bethlehem Gardens. He was a very gracious man. He would encourage the children to come to the Bible club. He let us use the community center for an adult Bible study, and he would come himself. His own son, Edward Means, who was very talented musically, came to the Bible clubs and asked the Lord to save him.

About this time I joined a city league basketball team and played for a short time. We did well, but it was too much. I was exhausted. So I dropped the good (the basketball team) for the better, the urgent, the eternal (the Bible clubs and soul winning.)

We continued the four Bible clubs on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, each day catering to different areas around Newberry. Most of the doors to public schools had closed to our preaching

the Gospel in them around 1970 except that a school for special needs children welcomed us for several more years.

In addition to the four Bible clubs each week I preached at Boys Farm, a Christian home for boys, each Saturday for several years. Many times I was asked to come spend the night to fill in when they were short of staff. It was pretty draining with all my other duties. Several years later most of the boys came to our Christian school.

I would push myself until I got sick. I think I was sick more often at 23 than I am now in my seventies. I had the idea that if you are really serious with the Lord, you will burn the candle at both ends. I thought the ideal was to push myself til I was nearly sick. I had to learn that it is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late... for so He gives His beloved sleep (Psalms 127:1 & 2). I had to learn to believe God enough to take a day to rest each week. It's good. "The Sabbath was made for man" (Mark 2:27).

## Go to Those Who Will Listen

There is a great harvest, but not all kinds of people are equally responsive. I've tried to concentrate on the most responsive. One day I spent an hour or two trying to win people to the Lord, but the people were not interested. Then I went to a housing project and told a few black kids how to be saved. They were interested. As I was talking to them several others walked up and listened. Some of the kids asked the Lord to save them.

Then I asked the bystanders if they wanted to make sure they'd go to heaven. Some of them did. While I was telling these new ones about following Jesus, the first group was getting a soul winning lesson. Some in the second group asked the Lord to save them, and I told them to be ready Sunday when the van would come by and that they needed to obey the Lord to be baptized.

While I was talking to them others were curious and walked up to listen. I would tell them how to be saved. This process went on and on. As I recall, 22 people asked the Lord to save them in about an hour and forty minutes. I try to focus on the most responsive.

In the last few years God has led us to the most responsive harvest I have seen anywhere in my life—in the schools and prisons of Africa. Many times I have seen hundreds in a day make a public profession of repentance and faith in Jesus.

## Venture of Faith Camp



An evangelist friend recommended our family to Gene Wishart who had started Venture of Faith Camp near Valdosta, GA. Pastor Wishart invited Dad to come preach for a week at the junior camp. As usual, Dad sent whom he thought appropriate; this time he sent Joseph and me. The first evening was awkward. I made a couple of social blunders, and a guy said, "Where is this Dr. Young?" All they got was Joseph and me.

However, after the first service things went well, and by the end of the week, they invited us to come back for two weeks the next year. We continued for about 30 years at Venture of Faith Camp, usually two weeks a year until we moved to Africa.

Venture of Faith is an important part of my story: beginning in 1974, and all those 30 years of preaching to thousands, learning, seeing God work, finding many good friends, having so many fun times and meeting many pastors who invited me to preach in their churches. Joseph and I would teach the campers about thirty or more Bible verses by singing the Bible verse songs that he, Grace and I had set to music. Later we made a cassette tape of over 50 Bible verse songs.

The leaders of VFC were always generous to us. They encouraged other churches to support us many years later when God called us to go as missionaries to South Africa. The first few years Joseph and I worked together ministering at VFC; later, Vicki and I went. She would write the puppet shows that she and I did together.

Friendships at Venture of Faith Camp opened doors for Vacation Bible Schools and revivals, in addition to our work at our Central Baptist Church, Central Christian School and Bible clubs that continued year round back in Newberry, SC. Often in the vacation Bible schools, I did most of the program myself, for up to three hours—singing mostly Bible verse songs, a chalk talk sermon, a quiz on the previous lesson, a Gospel filmstrip, an object lesson on a Bible truth, a puppet show and prizes for those who brought visitors. The one who brought the most visitors got the chalk picture.

One song I taught was John 10:27 & 28. I pointed out from the verse how safe we are if we are Jesus' sheep, that is, if we follow Him: 1. He gives eternal life. 2. We will never perish. 3. No one can pluck us out of God's hand. So I asked, "How safe are Jesus' sheep? There are three parts to the answer."

A boy stood and said, 1. You get eternal life. 2. You will never perish. 3. No one will steal your feathers. (The Bible says no one will *pluck* you out of His hand!)

One game we would play in the meetings was an “Honor Your Parents Bee,” similar to a spelling bee. We would get a line of volunteers to see who could name the most ways to honor their parents. The last one standing would win. Some ways to honor parents are pretty basic. Obey them. Thank them. Pray for them. Don't talk back or complain. After a few rounds the ones left in would get creative and get us laughing: “Don't roll your eyes at your mama.” Some people doubled over on, “Don't roll your hips at them.” One boy said to be good to your father even if he is a drunkaholic.

The first “revival” services I preached were for Pastor Gene Vinson in Trinity Baptist Church and Rose City Christian school in Thomasville, GA, in 1975. He had helped me as a boy, and I was honored to preach for him.

One December I had a weekend meeting in southern Georgia. I was staying with the pastor and his family in their nice home. We had a really fun time. A missionary couple stopped in to visit. They stayed in a Sunday school room. Not so comfortable. I thought I should maybe give them some money, but I didn't. The next night as I was driving back home Sunday evening the van broke down. I spent the night in the van, but it was very cold, and I couldn't sleep well thinking about how I had refused to help that missionary couple and them spending the night in a cold Sunday school room. The next morning the repair bill for the car was about one and a half times what I had considered giving to the missionaries.

A few months later I was with some other Christian workers in need in that same area. I remembered. I gave them something to help. Almost immediately someone gave me one and a half times the amount I had just given!

# Fishing

Our family occasionally traveled with a tent trailer to hold meetings or to attend conferences. Early one morning as we were camping beside a river, I was being distracted from my Bible reading by a large trout entering the cleaner water of a small stream running into the river. I thought I would try to catch it. I got a long stick and tried to nudge it upstream into shallower water. It went. I tried to grab it. I got it! But it slipped away into the now muddy water. I didn't think there was much chance now. But I did get it. It was the biggest fish I ever caught. Barehanded. Mom fried it for breakfast, and it was delicious!

A few years later my brother Daniel took me dip net fishing in the James River in Virginia. I waded out about thigh deep and tried. I caught one. First try! Then Daniel showed me how to do it. I caught 19 the next time. That was more fish than I had caught in my whole life! I guess in half an hour we caught 15 gallons of fish. 57 liters! It was great!

But cleaning them was another story! It would take forever to clean all those fish! We gave some to a neighbor who was good at cleaning them in a jiffy. I caught 'em; he'd clean 'em.

Those fishing experiences are sort of a parable of my ministry. Jesus said, "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." Catching fish from the lake is fun and good, but rescuing people from the Lake of Fire is infinitely more important and more urgent!

I've caught some by personal soul winning, but have caught far more by preaching to groups. That's like fishing with a net—preaching to a group and winning a lot of them at a time. Also when I preach at a church a number of people make a profession of faith. I don't stay around to train them. I'm gifted as an evangelist. The pastor is gifted at caring for them.

So after many have made a public profession of repentance and faith I leave and preach elsewhere. I don't stay and disciple them. That is the job of the pastor and the church. I catch 'em. They clean 'em.

We got a letter from a lady who told us that many years ago she and her husband arranged for me to preach to some boys in jail, mostly for crack cocaine related crimes. She said that when 10 or 15 of them made a public profession of faith when I preached, she and her husband looked at each other. They knew that these boys would need a lot of discipling. That couple started going regularly, and went for years. They saw the need and stepped in and did what needed to be done. I caught 'em; they cleaned 'em.



*These fishermen, near our place in South Africa, are pulling in their nets. Another team, a few hundred meters up the beach, are pulling in the other end of the net.*

## Starting Our Church and School

Back home in 1976 we started regular church services as Central Baptist Church in the chapel we had built for the Bible clubs. After a while many of the Bible clubbers who hadn't been attending any church began to come to our church. I taught the adult Sunday school class, and Dad preached. After Sunday school I preached in the youth church. When I started preaching on obedience to the Lord to be baptized, there was some opposition, but the church started to prosper much more when we obeyed the Lord about baptism.

We tried to follow the Bible pattern of obeying God in baptism *promptly*, as they did in the Bible. Sometimes during the week when people asked the Lord to save them, we would go immediately to the church and I would baptize them. For a few years we baptized about 100 people a year. That's about two a week. One summer as there was a dip in attendance at church, one of the teens who from childhood preferred to be called by his nickname, Pathetic, asked the Lord to save him. During the lull in attendance that summer we went two or three weeks with only one person baptized; that was Pathetic.

In 1977 we started Central Christian School. The school involved a lot of work, but it was also a lot of fun. We enjoyed field trips, basketball games, also freeze tag, capture the flag and kick ball. Several of the students really excelled academically. Like Carl.

Carl had a sullen attitude at first. He was lazy and lagged in his work. One day his grandmother, who was raising him, said he came home and told her cheerfully, "Mr. Paul loves me. He gave me a spanking." After a while, and with a lot of encouraging from my sister, Grace, Carl did well over two years' work in one year!

A highlight of the school year was going to the Accelerated Christian Education State Convention, competing in track and field events, arts and crafts, platform events, spelling and Bible memory. Our students won first place in the state. They majored in platform events such as one act play, speeches and illustrated Gospel storytelling; all of which were done to be interesting and edifying. After doing well in the State Convention, the students did these same events in our four Bible clubs. These prize-winning events were used to teach, inspire, entertain and try to win the hundreds of Bible clubbers.

In the second year of our Christian school Joseph felt he should finish his Bible College studies. He left suddenly. Joseph and I had worked together as a team at Venture of Faith Camp and elsewhere. His leaving hit me pretty hard. I missed him a lot.

One time I was preaching at the state Christian school convention. I was making the point that “No man can serve two masters.” Make up your mind if you're going to serve God or money. You can't serve them both. I called on a teenage boy from the audience at random. He got up and came toward the platform.

Joseph stood up and sternly told him to sit down. The boy was startled and confused. Joseph again said authoritatively, “Sit down.”

I calmly said, “No, come on up.” He sat down. He was more intimidated by Joseph than he was by me. The crowd was filled with tension!

I paused. Then I said, “No man can serve two masters.” A few people caught on. The young man had showed that he could not serve two



*Joseph and I as an evangelistic team*

masters. He had to obey either Joseph or me. It was an object lesson. Then there was a little nervous laughter. As others caught on there was more laughter... with relief!

Dad told me afterward, “Don't do that again.” It was *too* dramatic! :-)



*Back row: Dad, Daniel, Joseph and Paul.  
Front: Mom, Joy, Faith and Grace.  
At Joseph's graduation from CBC*



*Our Christian school took a lot of fun field trips.*

Those 11 years at Central Christian School were enjoyable and challenging. That time was also important in preparing me for preaching in hundreds of Christian schools across America, then

to hundreds and hundreds of public schools across Africa. I found from experience the problems in schools and what the students needed. Many years later a principal said after I preached, “You covered everything.” At

a German school in South Africa the principal said, “God must have told you what to preach; it's just what we needed.”



**Graduation at Central Christian School**  
*The little boy in red is James, my nephew, who has been helping us in Africa for 20 years*

One of our students went on to the Bible college we attended, did mission work in China and teaches with her husband at a famous Christian school.

Friends are some of the greatest blessings in life. One of the little girls in Faith's class had parents who became our special friends. Even when they moved to another city, they would drive all the way back to get little Kathy under Faith's teaching. They had me over for supper and we had special fellowship

together. They were far more serious about studying and memorizing Scripture than most Christians. He told me about several *amazing* answers to prayer God had given them.

They were helpful in several ways including arranging a meeting for me with a beautiful Christian lady. Even though that idea didn't work, the thought was nice. Now we haven't seen them for many years, but he contacted us recently to say that although we don't hear from them, they pray for us every day!

## Scatter Your Enemies

I was certainly aware that the Enemy fights us and our work of bringing others to Jesus! As I go to preach I always pray that God will scatter the unseen enemies of the Gospel. The Spirit of God inspired David in many of the Psalms to pray against his enemies. But our enemies are not primarily people, “for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against... the rulers of the darkness of this world.”

One day as I was laying carpet in our church building, I got word to come help a lady in need. My sister Grace and one or two others were trying to help this lady with some serious moral, emotional and family problems. She was distressed and moaning.

I'm not an expert in the subject of demon possession, but I pretty well knew the enemy was involved. I felt helpless. I remembered the prayer written by the Holy Spirit, “Let God arise. Let His enemies be scattered” (Psalm 68:1). I prayed that prayer aloud.

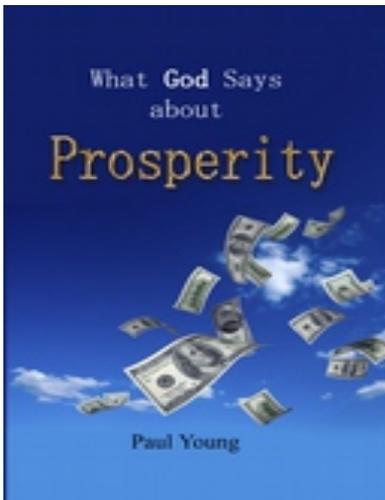
I didn't know what else to do, so I went back to the job my dad had assigned me to do. Later I heard that shortly after I left the lady settled down and went to sleep.

## Departures

Mom went to Heaven in 1982 after several months of pain from colon cancer. In the final months she was so weak that I had to carry her when she wanted to go recline on the front porch. She asked me to pray that God would take her pain away. I had been reading in the Gospels about Jesus healing a lot of people, so I prayed, and God took her pain away.

But the pain came back. So she asked me to pray again. I did, and the pain left again. But it came back. Different times she would ask me or Dad to pray. And God did take the pain away again and again. But it came back.

One day she asked me to pray that God would take the pain away so it wouldn't come back. I wasn't so sure about that, but Mom said to pray, so I prayed. She said that the pain never did come back in the last six or seven weeks here on earth. I'm sure it hasn't come back in Heaven.



I am greatly indebted to her. A few years before she died she instructed me to read a chapter in Proverbs each day. I've been doing it for 48 years now, and I have been blessed. Here's why. Proverbs is especially a book of wisdom, and it says if we will go in the way of wisdom, there are some blessings that come: happiness, longer life, riches, honor, pleasantness and peace, just to name a few (Prov. 3:13, 16, 17).

Years later I wrote a book, *What God Says about Prosperity*. I found over thirty kinds of prosperity for those who obey God's commands. My main source was Proverbs. I have been finding those promises fulfilled for me and for my family. Yes, I am indebted to my mom.

My sister, Faith, taught kindergarten and first grade at our school. Her students loved her. A lot of people did. She was kind. She also won a lot of prizes as a distance runner. Dad and Mom got into distance running through her influence. She was generous and baked a lot of cookies, pies, and other nice treats for people. She worked very hard. Maybe too hard. She died in 1984, serving others to the final hour. She was missed by many!



*Joseph, Faith, Joy, Daniel, Mom and Dad, plus five children from our school at a road race*

## More Answers to Prayer

A deaf boy named James Moore used to come to our church. He dropped out in his teens. One day I got a call to visit him in the hospital. A chicken bone was stuck in his throat, and the doctors had not been able to get it out. When I arrived I could see from the verses he had marked in the Gideon Bible there that he was convicted about his sinful life. I wrote notes to him asking if he wanted to turn from his sin and ask forgiveness. He said he did. Then I prayed (with only a little faith) for God to heal his throat. I left. Later, I was told he got all excited and was pointing out the window. They found a nurse who knew sign language. (His grandmother, who took care of him, didn't know sign language nor could she read or write!) The nurse said James said he saw Jesus! No one else saw Jesus, but they could not deny that Jesus healed his throat!

## ANSWERS TO PRAYER FOR OUR FAMILY



*This little booklet has about  
70 stories of how God has  
answered prayer for us.*

A lady in our church, Alice Culley, asked me to pray for a friend she worked with. Her friend, Mr. Martin, was diagnosed with leukemia. My sister Grace and I went to see him. He was very feeble and seemed to be near death, though he was only in his 40's, I think. I told him how he could be saved. He asked the Lord to save him. I was about to leave when I remembered I hadn't prayed for him. I prayed something like this, "Lord, I don't know if it's Your will to heal this man or not. I know You could, and I wish You would!"

Grace and I left. About two and a half weeks later I returned. Immediately, I could see a change in Mr. Martin. He was more energetic and had already gained weight. He went back to work on a strenuous job. Before, he had been so feeble he would take a few steps and have to stop, get his breath, and recuperate before taking a few more labored steps!

My sister Joy and I went to see a lady who wanted to have a baby. She was about thirty, and she seemed to be saved. I reminded her that God gave a baby in answer to prayer to Isaac and Rebecca, also to Elizabeth and Zacharias, and to Hannah and Elkanah. We prayed she'd have a baby. About a year later we saw a big pink ribbon on her door! "It's a girl!"

One day one of my sisters told me that a certain man who was very angry at me was coming to see me later that afternoon. My stomach was tied in a knot! I remembered the Bible promised something about peace that passes understanding, so I looked up the verses.

“Be careful [anxious] for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passes all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus” (Phil. 4:6,7).

So I decided I would try not to worry: “Be careful for nothing.” Then I made a few requests about the situation: “Let your requests be made known.” Then I thanked the Lord for a few things: “with thanksgiving.”

Then I went back to work. In a few minutes I realized I was calm! I was tired so I went to bed and took a nap. Now God has helped me sleep many times in answer to prayer, but that seemed like a very unlikely time! As it turned out, there was a bad scene when the man came. But God had given me peace, even though I didn't know how things would turn out. That was “peace that passes all understanding.” My peace did not come from knowing how things would turn out.

Actually, after a long time that man came around and was quite friendly to me and began serving the Lord.

## My Departure

In 1988 God led me to leave my family's ministry to be a traveling evangelist full time. I stayed for a while with my older brother, Daniel, and his family in Richmond, VA, then with my younger brother, Joseph, and his family in Valdosta, GA, and had a good, fun time at each place. At that time I started calling my chalk talk ministry Drawing Others to Christ. Someone suggested, “Chalking Up Souls.” Another said, “Draw Me Nearer.”

A few months earlier I had prayed for a car. I had almost no money. While I was with Daniel's family he gave me one of his cars, my first car.

A year or two later God gave me another car. This one was also a gift. God was providing in answer to prayer.

He also provided by my working. For a while I mowed lawns, then a couple of men asked me to paint their houses. I liked that better. It was not so tiring, it was peaceful, I could listen to interesting tapes as I worked, and it paid better.

Then I was able to preach with chalk art in churches, camps, and Christian schools. Not only were the people often generous, but it was something I liked to do and had 20 years experience. Most of all, it was an urgent necessity of rescuing people from everlasting fire and helping them to know and love God!

My brother, Daniel, is talented in many ways including finding good stuff really cheap. On Saturday evenings he would go to one of the big grocery stores, and for a small donation they would let him have a lot of products that were barely out of date. He would drive off with the car loaded with maybe hundreds of dollars' worth of food that he gave \$10 for. He would share it with neighbors and friends. Or he might buy a mountain bike at a yard sale for \$5 and sell it for \$185, and the buyer was actually still getting a good deal.

Another friend would brag about how much he paid for something while Daniel and Joseph crowed about how little they paid. Finding good quality stuff at very low cost was a useful skill. I learned from them. A little later I had fun furnishing my first house very inexpensively with nice stuff from yard sales.

Later we were visiting Charleston, SC, with Daniel and his family at a craft market. I asked Daniel how much he thought the basket made from reeds cost. He guessed a figure. It was far too low. I asked him about another one. Again he guessed far too low. He's good at finding good stuff at very low prices. We were shocked at how much these cost.

A huge lady selling them overheard our conversation and began to loudly scold me for acting like these baskets were overpriced. My teenage

niece, Louise, was offended that anyone would scold her Uncle Paul. The rest of the day as we passed many other stands selling these baskets, I would say, “Wow! Those sure do look nice!”

While I was staying with my brother Daniel and his family in Richmond, VA, I didn't have many meetings yet, and I often fellowshipped with a good pastor friend, Ron Tally. We had a fun time going soul winning together. Sometimes when we'd go to a basketball court, I'd sit off to the side, and my nephew Andrew and Pastor Ron would challenge a group of black guys to a game of three on three. Ron was a good player but was prematurely gray, and Andrew was skinny then, and they didn't notice how tall I was since I was sitting on the ground. We didn't look like much of a threat, and they would take us on. It was fun! I don't remember any scores, but afterward we'd ask them if they knew they were going to heaven if they died. They would respectfully listen as we shared the Gospel, and several prayed to receive Christ right there on the court.

## Traveling Evangelist

The first summer after leaving Newberry I was busy preaching because I was already scheduled in several places. One place I preached was in the scenic little fishing village of Steinhatchee, FL. I had preached there several times before and had good friends there. This time I met Bro. R. V. Stanley and his wife who were just visiting church while they were there on a fishing trip. He invited me to come preach for them as they were starting a Christian camp in the hills of north Georgia.

The next summer was the first of many years of preaching at that camp. They bused in a lot of kids, and we saw hundreds of children make professions of faith. It was the most evangelistic camp I preached at. I had really good fellowship with the Stanley family. Later Vicki and I made a lot of memories there. We met one of our supporting churches at that camp.

Mrs. Stanley gave me a list of pastors and their phone numbers from her son's college singing group itinerary. That list opened up new areas of the country for me, including New England. One of the first pastors to schedule me was Jim Townsley of Central Baptist Church and Central Christian School of Southington, CT. I preached many times for him, and 29 years later my son Joshua went to New England Baptist College there. And going to New England opened the way for me to meet Vicki.

Another person who helped enlarge my ministry was Colin Duncan and his wife. Shortly after I left our family ministry in Newberry, SC, I was driving by a rural church in Georgia. I noticed it had a Christian school. I had never done this, but I stopped, went into the school and introduced myself as a chalk artist evangelist. We had some mutual friends so he scheduled me to speak in the church and school in a few months. After I preached there for a few days, his wife gave me a list of pastors and principals and phone numbers of schools that were on their basketball schedule. That was a big break for me as a traveling evangelist starting out. One year later I had preached in 18 of those schools and churches.

The one who especially enlarged my ministry was Carol Lewis. Glenn and Carol Lewis invited me to work at their church in Westville, IN. They fixed up a nice apartment in their large house for me, and we had a lot of fun times with them and their six children. I worked in their church, but I had freedom to travel as God opened doors in other churches. It was a nice arrangement for me. In addition, Carol scheduled me in hundreds of schools and churches across America with pastors and principals that did not even know her or me! She was gifted and generous.

Carol found a Christian doctor who gave medical treatment to pastors free of charge. He diagnosed me as having low blood sugar, so I had to start avoiding sugar and being careful to get proper rest. About this time and for a good many years I preached about 12 times a week and drove about 1000 miles a week. It was a great help to be able to take a day off each week and just rest—with a clear conscience! A day of rest is a nice gift. Jesus said that the sabbath was made for man. We can destroy our health by overwork, failing to get proper rest or fasting too much. God's Word tells us not to be righteous overmuch and so destroy ourselves (Ecclesiastes 7:16).

While I was in Indiana I drove over to Wheaton, IL, to visit Youth for Christ headquarters. A pastor friend thought I should connect with them and work in South Africa. At that time Youth for Christ had teams ministering in South African high schools. After talking with the leadership I concluded that I was not a good fit for their ministry, and they might not be comfortable with my ministry. But 10 years later God did guide me to South Africa in a ministry that fit me, and, I believe, a ministry that fit many schools, churches and prisons in South Africa.

My brother Joseph located a mobile home for me in Indiana that was in good condition that would be large enough for my future family for a few years. It was located in a beautiful, secluded spot, but still close to shopping and major highways. It cost a whopping \$2,400!

A couple of years after moving to Indiana, Daniel's son Andrew came to stay with the Lewis family and started traveling with me for about a year. He quickly learned to drive and was a good help, as well as making trips more interesting. He was instrumental in my meeting my future wife, Vicki.



*"Freely you have received. Freely give."  
Let's pass on the gift of salvation to many others!*

3

## LIFE WITH VICKI

### Our Love Story



When Andrew and I were in Maine we met Vicki Clough. We were staying in a church guest room across the hall from Vicki's fifth grade class room. On Sunday I preached at the church, and on Monday I preached for the school. Andrew saw Vicki overseeing a gym class because the regular gym teacher was absent with a broken nose. Andrew offered to help with some basketball instruction, and she was glad for the help. At the same time, he started to get acquainted, asking her a lot of questions.

He found she had been a missionary to Peru for two years and loved it. She'd had a happy childhood in a Christian family and in Christian schools. An important part of her life had been mission trips to Mexico. She was fun loving and wanted to have a life of adventure serving God and helping others.

She thought it was a little odd that Andrew, several years younger than she, would be quizzing her like this. She didn't realize he was checking if she would be a good wife for his Uncle Paul! Andrew came and told me about her and that I should date her! It didn't take me long to get interested!

I stepped over to her class room after school and had a short chat. I found we had a mutual friend, Carlton Allen, a missionary to Peru where she had enjoyed two years of teaching in a school for missionary kids. I had met Bro. Allen years before when he was camp director at Venture of Faith Camp. Then I stayed in his home when I preached revival meetings at his church, and I led his son to a profession of faith in Jesus. Bro. Allen was a good friend. Later when a close friend of Vicki was worried that Vicki was making a bad choice in marrying me, the friend asked Carlton Allen about me. He spoke well of me. Thankfully.

I was a little nervous, but I asked Vicki out. She declined because she was scheduled to teach at a children's meeting and then to eat with her grandmother. I had one more possible day. Fortunately, Vicki accepted that one. When I showed up and she saw the flowers and box of candy, she realized this was a real date, not just a time to chat about missions.

As it turned out this little date had a lot to do about her mission in life! I had been so busy I had not dated much, and I was not going to be in her part of the country long, so I asked God to show me what she was like on *this* date. We went to an Italian restaurant and spent just an hour or two together. God answered my prayer to show me what she was like; in 29 years of marriage there haven't been many surprises. I got a pretty accurate picture of what she is like in that short time. We had a fun time. We still do.

She gave me her address so I could write her, and I wrote in a few days. She waited a while before answering in order to signal me that she was not romantically interested. She was involved with someone in Peru. I didn't get the hint and kept writing. And she kept answering. Over the next few months I was traveling a lot and still getting to know a few other young ladies. By the end of summer I was interested only in Vicki.

Andrew and I were now scheduled to be in her part of the country, and her parents invited us to stay at their place for a few days. We had a fun time as she took us to a famous lighthouse and to a place where you could jump into a pool from a very high rock (called Indian's Last Leap, where someone was running for his life and came to this chasm and desperately jumped across to safety, but the pursuing Indian tried and fell to his death.) We also had a memorable hike up Mount Major to a magnificent view.

As we were taking a walk, as good friends but not yet lovers, I told her I wanted a simple life style so I could concentrate on obeying the Great Commission. Also I mentioned that I don't borrow. If I don't have the money for something, I don't buy it until I do.

I asked her what she envisioned for her life. She said she wanted the things I had said, but she also wanted to laugh a lot and have kids. We have lived our dreams of serving God, living a fairly simple life style (at least by American standards), having kids and enjoying fun and laughter.

Actually, having kids has brought us a lot of fun and laughter. I often quizzed our children during family Bible reading. One time I asked about

the time Jesus said that it is easier to get a camel through the eye of a needle than to get a rich man saved. Evangel was little, and she said that it's easier to poke a camel in the eye with a needle than for a rich man to be saved. A couple of details misplaced!

When we read that the Queen of Sheba asked wise King Solomon hard questions, little Timmy said that a hard question for Solomon, who had 700 wives, would be, “Who is your favorite wife?” Also, when Timmy was little he revised the lullaby,

Hush little baby, don't say word,  
Mama gonna buy you a mocking bird.  
If that mocking bird don't mock,  
Mama gonna knock 'im in the head with a rock!

When Joshua was about eight he answered the phone, and someone wanted to speak to “Pastor Paul.” I was off preaching in prison, so Josh said, “He's in prison.”

The caller said, “I'm so sorry!”

Actually Josh knew what he was doing. Our children have brought us a lot of laughter.

One thing that set Vicki apart from other good Christian ladies I was interested in was that she had already given herself to serving the Lord in a sacrificial way. She had served two years teaching in a mission school, living a simple life style. And she loved it.

She has been a fun loving person. That's been so good for me! And the children. And a lot of others.

She wanted to live a meaningful life, but also wanted adventure. God has given us our desires, huge responsibilities in rescuing thousands from



*I found a thing of beauty along the path of duty.*

everlasting fire as well as bringing them joy and peace and victory. And along with many challenges we have had tons of adventures and lots of fun.

So I tried to put the Lord first, and He blessed me with a beautiful, loving wife! Delight yourself in the Lord, and He'll give you the desires of your heart. Without putting social concerns first, **I found a thing of beauty along the path of duty.** We have a happy life together! Ecclesiastes says to live joyfully with the wife whom you love all the days of your life, for that is your portion in this life. Vicki has helped me have a happier, more contented, more fruitful life and ministry. God said that it's not good that the man should be alone and that He would make a help fit for the man (Genesis 2:18). Vicki has fit me nicely!

We recently reconnected with a friend who was a teenager at a camp we helped with in the '90's. Now he's a successful pastor. He said that one reason he decided to serve the Lord was that Vicki and I made serving God look fun.

## Vicki's Version of Our Meeting (told in 2012)

We're celebrating 20 years of wedded bliss this month! It's nice to be in Maine, back in the same places it all began, right around the time of our anniversary. Paul will be speaking in Seacoast Christian School, the school where I was teaching 5th grade when we met.

A tall, dark, handsome evangelist came in as a special chapel speaker, and my first opinion was, "He looks lonely." I did NOT flirt with him. In truth, his nephew Andrew had to play Cupid and do a little pressuring to get his Uncle Paul to ask me on a date. When he did ask me out, I didn't realize it was a date! No other evangelist has ever asked me out, before or since, so it was a little shocking. I felt very short, as you can imagine.

Paul was not one to rush things. He waited until the 4th date to ask me (in a cemetery!) to marry him and being a demure young thing, I waited until the 5th to accept. We had nearly a year of being engaged to learn about each other, and we felt like we spent the year well, reading books on marriage, asking lots of advice, and financing the phone company's rise to wealth by all our long distance phone calls.

I thank the Lord for a happy marriage! We have tried to go God's way inside and outside the home. We have traipsed around the world together, always on a mission to "Draw Others to Christ." (In 2022:) I'm very grateful for my great guy. He's an answer to many prayers. I'm just grateful I followed the Lord in marrying Paul.

## My Side of Our Love Story

I had dated other young ladies—all attractive, good women. I noted that Vicki had already forsaken a comfortable, American lifestyle for sacrificial missionary work. We were open and at ease with each other. But for a while I thought there was no future for Vicki and me. We had said our goodbyes, but that weekend as we were far apart, I found I really missed her. I prayed, and I believe God showed me that Vicki was better than anyone else for me. I think time has confirmed that Vicki was a good fit for me and the ministry God has given us. One indication of that was her reaction when I told her years later that God was leading us to South Africa. There was no argument, no complaining or bad attitude.

Anyway, I drove back to Rochester, NH, where she lived and found her in her yard picking pears. That was appropriate since I thought we would make a good pair. I asked if we could go for a drive to some place quiet. She didn't know what I had in mind, and she guided me to a cemetery. I proposed to her there. Her first question was, “What about Mitch?” Mitch was her dog, a Schnauzer, and she knew that if she married me and traveled with me, the dog could be a problem. I told her we could take Mitch. She wanted to think about it. Then she said, “We don't know each other very well.”



I said, “What can we do about that?” We decided to go together to the church youth outing she was directing that Saturday, canoeing down the Saco River in Maine.

The canoe trip started nicely. Vicki,

Andrew and I were in one canoe. Andrew was paddling up front, Vicki sat in the middle and I paddled in back. In steering the canoe I had to switch sides with my paddle from time to time, so a few drops of water got on Vicki. She started to splash me back. At first I was a gentleman and didn't retaliate, but when I saw that she wanted to play, I poured a bottle of water on her.

Vicki didn't want the teens in all the other canoes to get bored so she tried to tip someone's canoe over. In the process she fell into the river herself. Andrew and I laughed. So she tried to tip over our canoe, too, but Andrew and I just leaned away, and she couldn't pull it over. Then she let go. Of course we flipped over backward. Andrew's wallet was soaked, baptizing the pictures of some girl friends.

About an hour later we stopped for a break on the bank. I was nearly dry. Vicki scooped up some mud, threw it at me and splatted my shirt. *Well, if she wants to play...* I started to take her down to the water. She begged me not to, so I let her go. She immediately fell down at my feet and tried to tackle me. This time there was no mercy. I baptized her!

*Maybe Paul would not be so boring after all.*

That evening I wanted to talk to Vicki. It had been five days since I had proposed to Vicki, and she still hadn't answered. I was getting a little jealous, too, because Andrew was chatting with her in Spanish, obviously leaving me out. They were both fluent in Spanish. Andrew had picked up Spanish in Guatemala when his parents were missionaries there.

So I asked Vicki to go for a walk. I asked her what her answer to my marriage proposal was. She said she thought the answer was yes, but she didn't feel it. After a few minutes she said she felt it. I shocked her by giving her a diamond ring that evening. That was a happy moment for us! We've had a lot of happy moments over the next 30 years. (The ring had been in our family for a few generations, and it fit Vicki!)

The day after our engagement I wrote Vicki a poem, the first of about 50 poems I wrote during our engagement. She awakened a streak of poetry in me. But the favorite poem I gave her was not even one that I wrote:

Sure as a rat runs a rafter  
You're the gal I'm after!

I wrote in my prayer letter:

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? Paul Young is engaged! To Vicki Clough who is presently teaching in a Christian school in Maine. "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me." ...We plan to be married on August



29. I consider myself happy, fortunate and blessed to be marrying someone so loving, dedicated, beautiful and fun!

Vicki had just signed a contract to teach Spanish at the Christian school, and I had preaching appointments for about a year, so it was a year before we could schedule our wedding. But we had a few wonderful days to see each other while I was preaching in her area before I had to drive off to a week of meetings in Kentucky.

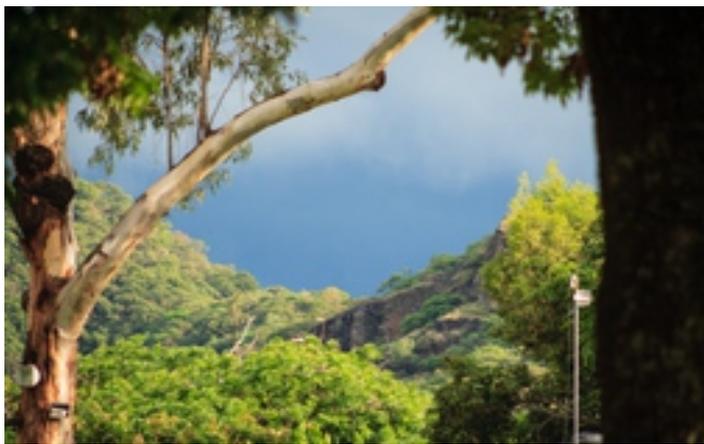
## Away to Guatemala

Vicki continued teaching at Seacoast Christian School, while Andrew and I crisscrossed the States for a few weeks preaching and then headed for

Guatemala on a mission trip with Pastor Lewis and his family and my brother, Daniel, and a couple of other kids. We were driving an old church bus and a pickup. It was an adventure. Daniel had taken his family to Guatemala a few years before with a very small amount of support but lived cheaply and had a good ministry helping widows and orphans.



*Mexico...*



*...so scenic!*

In Mexico we came to a place where the road was flooded six or seven feet deep. The current was too dangerous for us to cross in the bus. We didn't know how long we would have to wait for the water to subside, so we headed off another way through the mountains. It took us two extra days and the extra expense of gas and hotels. But the hotels only cost about \$10 a night. Some of us stayed in the bus to save money and to guard the bus. The drive through the mountains was beautiful. And scary. The drivers there didn't mind passing on the mountain curves. Pretty soon we started driving like that, too.

As we approached one city where the police had a reputation for stopping cars to extort money, we decided to go through the city rather than go far out of our way as we had done before. We figured we could pay a \$20 fine and maybe lose an hour rather than spend a day or two off on some

other route and pay a lot more money for gas and hotels. In America you have hundreds of options on which route to take. In Mexico we didn't.

As soon as we entered the city we were stopped, but since we didn't know Spanish and the policeman couldn't communicate with us, he gave up and let us go on. Soon some other police stopped us. I saw them just take some stuff from the pickup truck ahead of us. So I prayed that God would bless the police (because God commanded us to pray for all who are in authority). Also I prayed that God would give us favor with them. I have made it a practice for many years to pray these two things as we approach police stops in foreign countries. Usually things do go smoothly.

One of the police asked for my license, and I gave it to him. He kept it and started asking me questions. I would just talk in English. Finally, he gave up and gave me back my license, and we drove on.

At another place a policeman stopped us and said, "Invite me to your whiskey." Daniel informed him that we don't drink. The policeman said it makes you a big, strong man. Daniel brought me out of the bus. I'm 6 feet 10 inches. The policeman was sort of a miniature.

Later, I was driving the pickup with Daniel's son, Jonathan, who was about eight. The police stopped us. I couldn't speak Spanish, but the policeman was impressed and amused that little Jonathan was fluent in Spanish. The police didn't bother us.

We had some trouble with the bus in Guatemala, and a Mennonite mission kindly fed and housed us while the bus got fixed. The last 40 miles of our trip took about four hours. It was a pretty bad road.

We visited a really cheap backpacker farm/hotel. Daniel was talking to the owner who was an American. I thought about giving the guy a tract, but since I was not feeling well, I didn't bother. I thought Daniel, who was moving to the area, could become his friend and disciple him properly. A week later the man was beheaded in an argument with some soldiers who were stationed nearby. I hope I'll be more obedient to God's Spirit in the future. I don't have to wait and earn their friendship before I have a right to

obey Jesus' command to preach the Gospel to them. But I do try to win people's friendship when I can.

## Back in America

When we got back to America we were especially thankful for two things: nice highways and decent bathrooms!



Now as we traveled around the states I called Vicki often. Long distance calls were expensive, but we believed it was worth it. We were reading books about marriage and in the evenings we would discuss the issues during our phone conversations. We were able to sort out some of our differences before marriage, thankfully!

Several times I was preaching close enough to Vicki for us to get together. In fact Vicki scheduled me in a number of schools in her area a few months before we were married. One day she took a day off from teaching to go with me to my services. We left before dawn, drove 360 miles in three New England states. I preached five times in three schools and one church and got home late that night. Some day off! It was fun but tiring! We stay pretty busy, but not usually *that* busy. Anyway she had a foretaste of life with me as an evangelist.

Her letters and our phone conversations were highlights of my life for the next 12 months, except even better were a few wonderful visits!

Vicki, at Venture of Faith Camp: On Saturday we decided to get some inner tubes and float down the Alapaha River, which forms part of the border between Georgia and Florida. I don't remember what we did all day to make us get such a late start on our float, but it was really late in the afternoon when we put our tubes in. Mr. Miller, the camp caretaker, had given us a ride up the river, and the plan was to float back to the camp.

We made memories that night! The river was low and running slowly. My tube was deflating as we went, dragging lower and lower in the water, as it got darker and darker. Snakes and alligators were in those waters, so I was screeching over every leaf that touched my foot.

Finally it was totally dark. The stars were beautiful when we could glimpse them through the tree tunnel we were floating under. It could have been a romantic trip, but it was feeling more like a survival trip. I wondered how we would know when to get out of the water since there was no building or marker at the camp. The river was way down at the end of a trail, far from the camp.

We floated for about four hours. I wondered if we'd shoot out into the Gulf of Mexico at any moment, but finally, a LIGHT! The Millers had decided we needed rescuing and had come down the trail to the river to shine their headlights out onto the river so we could find our way out. I was SO glad to see these blessed people. It was way above and beyond the call of duty for them to rescue us. It was their only day off, with no campers to rescue, and the Evangelist and his fiancée got into trouble. We don't know how long they sat waiting for us. Sweet people!

Paul: Vicki flew out to see me twice during our engagement, to Chicago and to Des Moines, IA. It was wonderful! She laughed at me for getting lost in the airport or in town when she was with me. I was oblivious to everything except her!

## Our Wedding...



Our wedding day finally arrived! We were married in True Memorial Baptist Church where my father had preached almost 50 years before. The

wedding and the reception were happy, relaxed and fun. Our ring bearer marched up the aisle but forgot the ring. When he realized it he slipped out a back way and came back in without being noticed much. Someone made a fancy little kissing stool for Vicki to stand on while we kissed. The kiss lasted a while, and the pastor made some comment to try to hurry us up. To no avail. We had a lady sing and yodel, “Jesus Put the Yodel in My Soul.” We had heard her sing it at a church where I had preached and asked her to sing at our wedding, but as the time drew near Vicki wondered if anyone would be offended at someone yodeling in church. There was no problem. The reception was fun. We were asked to kiss every time someone rang a bell. There was a lot of ringing and kissing.



*Off on Our Honeymoon!*

I preached morning and evening the next day, and then we had a delightful, romantic two week honeymoon in Maine.

When we married, Vicki was 26; I was 44. So we had a pretty big age difference. Vicki's dad was 15 years older than her mom, and they were both in favor of our marriage. More importantly, one of the clearest cases in history of God's guidance to the right spouse is the story of Isaac and Rebekah. The story is so important that it takes up the longest chapter in Genesis. Isaac was forty; Rebekah was a damsel, a girl. God clearly guided them together in answer to prayer. The story of Boaz and Ruth is similar.

My preaching took us to most of the states so we saw a lot of interesting sights just “in the line of duty.” Shortly after our honeymoon we were in southern Georgia so we took a little time to go to the Okefenokee Swamp. We rented a little motor boat and launched out among all the wildlife into the scenic swamp. Sometimes the boat's little motor stopped, and I had to reach down and pull out the seaweed from the propeller and crank it up again. One of my brighter moments was *not* when we pulled up along side a big alligator, and I poked him with the boat's paddle! He didn't budge much. Fortunately!

It was fun taking Vicki around the country and introducing her to old friends (some of them thought Brother Paul never would get married.) We had a lot of fun, memorable times traveling around preaching the Gospel, also swimming in the jungle in Guatemala, a ride on an outrigger off the coast of the Philippines, walks through the mountains, around lakes, along the beach, over the hills and meadows of Iowa, around castles in Germany, through quaint neighborhoods, at Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon, by the Washington Monument and the White House and hundreds of other places.

In our traveling we sometimes stayed at people's homes and were often guests at meals. There were two questions I would ask that made for interesting conversation: “How did you two meet?” and “How did you get saved?” I know people better when I know those two things.

## Back to Guatemala

We had planned three major trips in the first few months after our wedding: to Guatemala where my brother and his family served, to the Philippines for evangelistic meetings, and to Peru where Vicki had already served as a missionary.

We kept traveling a lot after we were married. We drove about 50,000 miles, flew 33,000 miles and preached about 650 times in 1993. Our niece asked her dad what a hobo was. He said it's someone who travels from place to place and works a bit in each place. So she said, "Oh, you mean like Uncle Paul."

Vicki and I had a lot of fun in Guatemala, eating local tasty food really cheap. She was fluent in Spanish, I enjoyed trying to make myself understood, causing a lot of laughter. We taught some of the children some English. Let me share my accomplishments in Teaching English as a Second Language. I told the kids that if you want to be really friendly to an American, you throw up both hands and say, "I'm crazy!" :-). They figured me out pretty quickly. As we were leaving at the end of our visit they were dancing around with their hands up, laughing and saying, "I'm crazy!"

The kids loved to go with us to town to buy licuados, sort of banana milk shakes, or to beat the heat we would go to the swimming hole in the jungle. After the walk through the bushes Vicki would check me for tiny ticks. Once she found dozens of very tiny ticks. (She also found what makes me tick.)

Sometimes when I preached, one of Daniel's children would translate for me. When I was preaching about answers to prayer, I told about how I prayed for God to guide me to the person God had for me. In translating,

James, about 16, said I prayed for God to guide me to the right señora, that God would guide me to the right *married woman*! Oops! I also told how God spared my life in answer to my dad's prayer when the umbilical cord was wrapped around my neck four times at my birth. James said the *hose* was wrapped around my neck.

Another time I was preaching with chalk art in Daniel's patio. I was preaching about Noah's Flood, and a thunder storm hit us. I was enjoying shouting above the storm, and Vicki was holding a mic and translating into Spanish. But when lightning struck, Vicki got shocked up her arm. Then lightning struck again, and she was shocked all the way to her feet. So Daniel wrapped the mic in a handkerchief, and he held it for her. After the storm we heard what sounded like motorcycles racing around a track. We were told it was monkeys in the nearby jungle.



*Vicki and I had such a delightful time climbing up on the ruins of Tikal!*

Vicki and I took a little time off to go to Tikal where we climbed up some famous ancient **Mayan temple towers** that had been discovered in the jungle. Climbing the rungs was a little scary, but the view of 100 kilometers of jungle all around was impressive.

# Philippines

Daniel had a friend named Kendra who traveled a lot. She had extra credits for frequent flying, so she used her credits to pay for tickets for herself and Vicki to accompany me to the Philippines where I had been invited to preach. I did a lot of preaching in the Philippines. The pastor had started a Bible study that grew into a large church of 1600 just in the English service when I preached. Another service was in Tagalog, the national language.

His people followed his example, starting Bible studies in their homes or work places. These had grown into hundreds of mission churches throughout the country. I would preach in restaurants, a dental office, the revenue collection service and a handbag factory where his people had started Bible studies.

A young man named George had made a million dollars dealing in jewelry in his twenties, but his bodyguard stole his fortune. Through this setback George turned to the Lord. Then he made another million dollars by the time he was thirty. He had a beautiful mansion where he also had a Bible study. He asked me to preach at his house.

After I preached Vicki and I took a swim in his pool then went to relax in the luxurious bedroom assigned us. It had a polished stone floor so Vicki was sliding around on it with her feet powdered. Then she came and pounced on me as I was lying on the bed. Suddenly, there came a knock at the door and George came in, announcing, "Time to close the curtains!" He assured us, "But we didn't see anything."

The next morning George asked us if we liked a light or heavy breakfast. Since I had low blood sugar and need more protein I said "heavy." He fixed eggs and chicken and rice and marlin steaks! That was

the first of six meals that day as we went from church to church. Everyone wanted to feed us! Fortunately, one church gave us bag lunches that we could eat on our way to the next church. We saved them for another day.

We came to one town in the Philippines that had been buried in ash from the volcano that had recently erupted. One church without a roof had a service interrupted by a fruit bat falling dead into the service. It had a wing span of about three feet. It's called a flying fox.

The people of the Philippines are some of the friendliest people we have ever met, and expressive. Clerks in the store would come up to me, amazed at my height, saying, "How tall you are?" The church hosting us had its own basketball league and wanted me to play on their team. They were playing the championship team and thought it hilarious when the other team saw me walk out on the court. The men were pretty good players, but they were so short and slim that I could pretty much do what I wanted under the goal. In America I was good enough at basketball to impress junior high boys, but in this league I was a star.

## Miami, a Rough Start

Later that year we were invited to a large church and school in Miami, FL. Great blessing came there, but we had challenges getting there! Just before leaving our home in Indiana I totaled our car. My brother Joseph lent us a car which we drove to South Carolina, but the clutch was slipping so our friend, Darryl Wood, lent us a minivan. I drove it to southern Georgia where we spent the night. The next morning I checked the water and oil levels but forgot to put the radiator cap back on. So, near St. Augustine, FL, the engine overheated so bad that it was ruined. Later, I found a Christian mechanic to replace the engine, and when I gave Darryl the check to pay for the engine, he didn't let me pay for it.

But that night we needed to get to Miami. We didn't use credit cards then so we couldn't rent a car. We took a bus through the night. Some riders near us were discussing prisons where they had served time. You can imagine the ambiance was classy, and we had a good night's sleep! :-)  
But, of course, that would only be imagination! We arrived at the bus station at about 4 AM and had to wait for our ride. The bus had lost some of our luggage—my chalk equipment! The pastor was gruff. Vicki was about to cry.

Thankfully my stuff arrived barely in time for me to preach. The Lord blessed the services, especially in the big school where I preached many times that week. I promised I would give my chalk drawings to the people who brought the most visitors the next Sunday. The first Sunday we had two hundred and something in church. The next Sunday we had over six hundred. One of the students brought 40 visitors and still did not win the first picture. Someone else brought 44!

Also one of the teachers there gave us a car to replace ours. Another couple who were teachers there have been supporting our ministry ever since.

We found out 21 years later about some of those who made a profession of faith that week. In 2014 we got an email from a principal of another Christian school in Miami who said she and two others of her staff got saved at those meetings in the Christian school many years before when we came. They were children then. Now she wanted me to come and preach for her school. So the trip had a rough start but ended in a lot of blessings.

## Peru

The other foreign trip we made in 1993 was to Peru where Vicki had served as a missionary. The first thing that impressed me was how dry and barren it was. We were by a mountain, just a huge pile of dirt with nothing green to be seen. But Vicki loved Peru, introducing me to her friends and translating when I preached. She took me to her youth group, and as they arrived I would stand to greet each one. They were amazed at my height and would watch expectantly and laugh when I stood to greet the next person who arrived who was also shocked looking up at me.



*It's always special when we go to Peru where Vicki was a missionary.*

One of the young people was Cecilia. The next year she won a scholarship to Bob Jones University where Vicki had graduated. Cecilia came to the States a few months early to become more fluent in English, so she traveled and lived with us for a while. She loved riding through the forested mountains of Tennessee, so different from

Lima, Peru, which is nearly desert. She almost never saw rain, so in a summer downpour she wanted us to stop the car so she could get out and dance around in the rain. When we arrived at Vicki's parents' place Cecilia loved to sit out by the lake. When I came up behind her, she was so startled she said, "I will kill you!"

I chuckled and said, "Go ahead."

She meant to say, “I would lose.” But in her less-than-perfect English, she said, “I will lust.”

When I laughed she said, “What?”

I said, “Ask Vicki.”

I have teased her about that one ever since.

Cecilia was proud of the fact that she had learned from Rick, Vicki's brother-in-law, some slang words for vomit. She slowly, carefully pronounced, “Up chuck, barf, puke and toss your cookies!”

She was with us again for Christmas holidays, and as we were driving to my home place, I prayed that God would guide the conversation. It was plain that she was homesick for her family and friends in Peru. It was tough being in a foreign country and especially tough to be new in university studying in a second language! She wanted to be at home! I quoted a little saying I had seen—it had helped me—“Home is where God leads me.” When we arrived at my former home, Cecilia randomly took a book off a shelf and opened it and read this line, “Home is where God leads me.”

Later in our visit I teased her about being homesick. She slowly enunciated, “Home is where God leads me.” God had answered my prayer and guided in our conversation.

Later, when we were driving north, we had to stop for repairs, but she didn't want to get out of the car into the cold. It never gets very cold where she was from. Here, it was 12 degrees F with a biting wind. She moaned, “I will die!”

When we arrived at church, I jokingly told the pastor, and he announced to the people, that Cecilia was an exchange student—that we had exchanged her for a beagle. She is a good sport. And she's still our friend.



*Two of my earliest chalk talks: "Zacchaeus"  
and "The Brazen Serpent"*

That year we drove more (60,000 miles) and preached more times than ever, but had no foreign trips. Vicki and I often read to each other interesting books and played games as we drove on those long trips. I started writing some of my booklets that year, but it was about ten years before I published them.

## Evangel's Birth

In 1995 we considered adopting since we'd had no pregnancies in over two years. I read in 1 Timothy 5:10 that widows are expected to bring up children if they are to be considered as someone to be cared for by the church. I deduced that God expects married women to bring up children even if they don't bear the children themselves. So I decided that if we did not expect a child that year, we would seek to adopt children. We found we were expecting later that month!

When Vicki found she was pregnant she looked at our calendar and saw that we were to be in Arizona or New Mexico when the baby was due. We had never been there. The baby was due on October 20, but that was

right before we were scheduled to start the 1800 mile trip back east. Vicki wanted a little more time to recuperate before that trip so she prayed the baby would come on October 9, 11 days before the due date. Also I was not scheduled to preach anywhere on the ninth. She told only one person, Carol Lewis.

When October 9 came, I suggested we go see the Grand Canyon, since I had the day off from preaching. She said OK. As we drove, Vicki started having contractions! I asked if she wanted to go back. She said no. She thought it was false labor.

The Grand Canyon was impressive! We took a flight over the canyon, and during the 45 minute flight Vicki had seven contractions while I was taking movies of the scenery below.

Then we headed for Gallup, NM, where Vicki had made arrangements to meet a midwife. On the five hour drive we listened to some interesting tapes we had just gotten from Focus on the Family to take Vicki's mind off the pain. One of the tapes told the story of a lady who had eight miscarriages! Great choice of tapes! :-)



*Evangel in my basketball shoe*

The midwife was a 65-year-old Mexican lady who, at the age of 10, had delivered her first baby—helping her own mother have her baby. The midwife let me help, and Evangel was born about two hours after we arrived. It was so special! Only then did I find out that Vicki had prayed the baby would come on that day, 11 days early. We had so much fun breaking the news of Evangel's birth to everyone—first to Vicki's mom.

The next morning there was another birth; I was a midwife for a midwife, explaining salvation and helping her to be born again. With tears in her eyes, the midwife asked the Lord to save her.

I was such a proud dad! I loved holding my tiny daughter in my hand as I took walks with her, showing her off. A few days later we took a picture of her sitting in my basketball shoe.

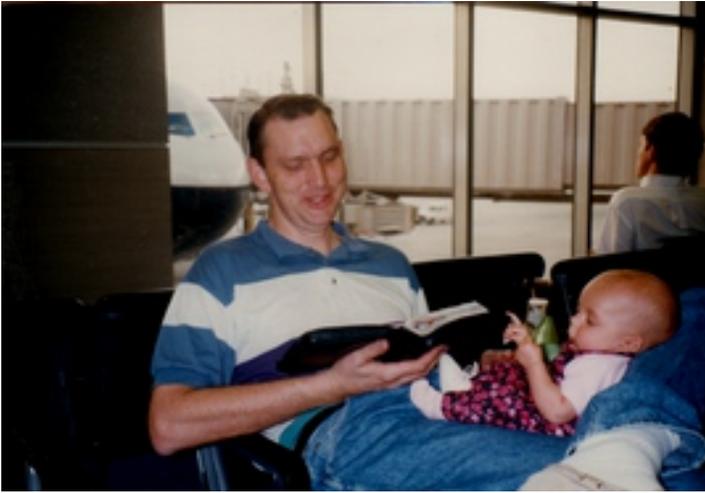
The Navajo people were excited with us about our newborn, giving us gifts, including a cradle board to carry her around on our backs. A few years later these Navajo churches became our supporters when we went as missionaries to Africa.

Two months after she was born we flew down to Guatemala to preach and visit with Daniel and his family. Evangel traveled in many states and several countries before she got to our own home in Indiana. I sang to her often, and when she was three months old I noticed that she smiled when I sang to her. She was daddy's girl. She looked to Mommy for food and to Dad for playing.



*Monument Valley, near where I was preaching when Evangel was newborn*

## AFRICA



*Quiet time with Evangel at the airport*

When Evangel was four months old we flew to Africa. Ernie Hack, a South African friend since Bible College days, arranged nearly a month of meetings in South Africa after we had preached for a few days in Kenya. After an especially long and tiring trip of

two nights and a day, we were glad to finally get a little sleep in a mission guest house in Kenya. But no, Evangel started wailing. Let's just say it was a low time for all three of us, the lowest of the trip. But we did get a little sleep, and I got to preach several times in the Bible Institute and in a church and two schools there in Kenya. Little Evangel, being a white baby, was quite the attraction, especially at a girls' high school. We were thankful God gave us a portable baby who traveled well, also a friendly baby. She often smiled at strangers, African and American, and let them hold her.

I was impressed at how well the Kenyan babies behaved in the long, packed church services. We had nice fellowship with the people after the services, but they were embarrassed by a beggar who would come repeatedly asking for money. One time after I gave her some she insisted on more. The local pastor told her rather sharply, “Tell him, 'Thank you very much!'”

One of the schools gave some money for us to go to a restaurant, but the restaurant said they had no food. The next one had one thing, collards with pieces of meat in it. But it was good.

Vicki saw a crowd of children peering at her through the bushes and tried to chat with them. “Where do you live?”

“Yes.”

She asked a child, “Where do you live?”

“Tomorrow.”

They had me preaching a lot in the few days we were there. Someone would translate for me if necessary.



When we took a walk a crowd of kids from the orphanage started following us. Many of them had buckets. When we got to a dry river they joined others in digging holes in the dry sand until they could get a little water. It was a serious drought.

I preached at the **girls' boarding school**. The girls loved holding Evangel and passing her around. She was pretty patient with them.

Vicki: Evangel and I lasted about one hour and 25 minutes [in church] and then had to leave because of pure wiggleness and fussiness (mostly hers).

It's raining! Not pouring, but a nice steady rain to water the earth and put a few inches in the water tanks. God is good. I don't know when I've ever been so excited to see rain.

We were scheduled to leave for the airport at 11 A.M. but they wanted us to stay for tea. Finally we could leave, but then the driver stopped for gas and air. We left at 11:58. We felt pressured, but the driver did not. He was cautious. We had several delays on the way to the airport.



*Vicki and Evangel near Cape Point, South Africa*

Then we were shocked by an overweight charge of \$142. We managed to talk them down to \$44. Then there was a surprise airport tax of \$40! Then as we were saying “Goodbye” the pastor informed us that there was a \$400 rental car fee. So we had almost no money now, but we still had almost a month of ministry left in South Africa.

We found that our luggage was out on the airfield, and we had to identify it before they would take it. We boarded the plane two minutes before it was scheduled to take off.

South Africa was much more modern. Our South African friend, Ernie, scheduled me in dozens of churches and schools from Johannesburg to Cape Town. The first church, Honeyridge Baptist Church, was the most beautifully landscaped church we'd ever seen. Things were strange and awkward as we entered, but cheery and satisfying as we left. God had blessed. His Word was meeting their needs.

When I preached at a Bible institute the young translator was embarrassed because he could not understand my Southern American

accent. Fortunately, the head of the school had studied at Columbia International University in South Carolina where I had gone, so he understood me fine. Some people don't realize it, but English was invented in England, improved in New England and perfected in the South!



*Paul and Evangel in the Indian Ocean*

Many South Africans treated us very nicely and arranged for me to preach in so many schools and other places. The response was very good, especially in the public schools. Money did not run out in South Africa that month; God provided through the generous Christians

there. We were invited back repeatedly to Kenya and to South Africa. We are indebted to Ernie Hack for being used of God to get us started in South Africa.



*Ernie and Joyce Hack and Family. Ernie got us started in South Africa.*

We found a lot of English words mean something different there:

Gas is petrol.

A stroller is a push chair.

A traffic light is a robot.

A diaper is a nappy.

A pacifier is a dummy.

The car's trunk is the boot.

The hood is the bonnet.

The windshield is the windscreen.

A swim suit is a costume.

The nursery is the cry room.

A period is a full stop.

Toot is hoot.

Stealing is pinching.

Fries are chips.

Carry out is take away.

A good spanking is a jolly good hiding.

Later is just now.

Now is now now.

If you want to have a baby you're getting broody.

An eraser is a rubber.

A child's bed is a cot.

Cookies are biscuits.

A flashlight is a torch.

A clothes pin is a peg.

A truck is a lorry.

Flip flops are slip slaps.

A water heater is a geyser (pronounced geezer).

Rummaging is scratching.

After we'd been to Africa a couple of times people would ask, "What's it like" or "Isn't it hard" traveling with a baby. It is true that Evangel demanded a lot of attention, but she was a good traveler and a help to our ministry with her friendly ways. After the beach in South Africa she missed it in Kenya, but she was content to play in the sand of the dry river bed. In Kenya she learned the word for cat which we didn't know. Unfortunately it sounds like a word we don't want her saying in English. Hope she forgot it. She made lots of friends in Africa.

## Who's On Top?

Every summer for about 30 years I preached at Venture of Faith Camp in south Georgia where we have so many happy memories. This time brought a not-so-happy memory. This year they had some horses for the kids to ride. That's pretty exciting for kids, except that one horse named Misty needed to be calmed down before they allowed the kids to ride her. They asked me to ride her and tire her out a little before the kids rode. As soon

as I got on she reared up and fell over backward on me. It could have killed me, but it just knocked the breath out of me. I got right back on her, determined to be in charge. Vicki and I rode off, and we had an exciting time galloping around camp.



*A chalk drawing I do that illustrates that we must keep our bodies under control.*

That horse was a lot of fun—as long as I was on top and in charge. It was not so nice when I was under the horse. The Apostle Paul said he disciplined his body to keep it under. Our bodies are wonderful things, but we'd better rule them, keep our bodily desires under control, not let them get on top and rule us! Letting our bodily desires rule us can ruin our lives.

Vicki: During the summer of 1996, we were scheduled to stay with Greg and Sherrie for two weeks while Paul preached at the camp. We were supposed to eat in the camp's dining hall, but Sherrie opened her own kitchen to us, stocked especially with peanut butter and eggs as she knew Paul needed them in his diet. I'd call that going the second mile, but none of us realized how much further than that she'd go!

On Friday of the first week of camp, Paul and I decided to squeeze in a horseback ride before I had to be at the pool to lifeguard for the girls' swim time. We made sure seven-month-old Evangel was asleep for her afternoon nap, then we rather breezily asked Sherrie if she would mind if we left Evangel sleeping while we went horseback riding. She easily agreed. She might not have been so quick to agree if she had known I wouldn't be back for three days.

It was a typical hot, steamy Georgia afternoon. The horse I was riding was not in the best of moods. He was used to being ridden Western style, so I tried to ride Western, but kept reverting back to the English style I was used to. It seemed to irritate the horse, and finally he had had enough. He ran under a tree, planted his feet and sent me tumbling over his left shoulder.

Paul saw my glamorous fall and hurried toward me on his horse. He was having troubles with his horse too—a retired race horse who wouldn't deign to go faster than a plod. Paul soon realized he'd get there faster by using his own legs so he jumped off and ran.

I lay stunned for a moment, then felt around for my glasses. I found them unbroken, and waved them at Paul in relief. I wanted to hurry to assure Paul I was OK as I could hear him running toward me, but his first words ended my illusion that I'd be all right in a minute. He took one look and said, "You have a broken arm." Late that night my arm was pieced together with a plate and 12 screws. The bone had broken into five pieces.

Sherrie kept baby Evangel along with her own one-year-old from Friday afternoon until I finally got out of the hospital on Monday. My parents drove 1400 miles to arrive in Georgia on Monday to take care of me and Evangel so Paul could go preach at his next week of meetings. Even after we moved into the trailer next to hers, Sherrie continued to help us in many ways, including bringing us the best pound cake I've ever eaten.

Paul: We had never been apart so long as those few weeks. While I was in the beautiful fishing village of Steinhatchee preaching, I was staying with Richard and Gwen Carmichael by the river. As I was swimming back across the river I noticed Richard watching me. He informed me that alligators stayed on the far side of the river where I had just been.

When Evangel was not quite two, I taught her to say “56” when I asked, “What is 8 times 7?” or “28 times 2?” Some people were impressed with her vast mathematical knowledge, for a while, until I continued with, “What is 128 divided by two?”

We were eager to show off her knowledge to her grandmother as we were just arriving back in New Hampshire. It didn't go over so well. Her uncle Rick had just broken his back and was paralyzed for life.

That year, 1997, had some other dark places. My dad died. Different close relatives were losing their marriages and families. But through it all God was blessing with the free gift of salvation in hundreds of schools and churches and camp meetings in the USA, South Africa, Kenya and Nicaragua. And God was guiding us and answering our prayers.

One day I took our car to have it serviced, and the mechanic said I needed two jobs done costing several hundred dollars. As usual, I was far from home, so I didn't know the mechanic or whether he might be trying to cheat me. I asked God to guide me. I'm not a mechanic, but “the Lord preserves the simple,” and He promised if I'd trust Him with all my heart and not lean on my own understanding (I didn't have much to lean on!) that He would direct my paths (Prov. 3:5,6).

I was busy that day so I took the car to another mechanic later. I told the mechanic to do both jobs. He agreed and told me to come back that evening. That evening he told me he didn't do either job because neither job was necessary. God had guided me! He preserved the simple and saved me hundreds of dollars.

Now, how do I know the mechanic was right, since I'm not a mechanic? (Actually, he could have done both jobs and charged me, and I would not have known the difference. In fact, he could have done nothing and still charged me, and I still would not have known the difference!) Even though I'm not a mechanic, I know now that neither of those things needed to be fixed, because I drove that car about two hundred thousand more miles and didn't have a problem with either thing!

Before we moved to Africa, we were continually on the road in the USA. We had to do a lot of telephoning to schedule me to preach an average of over 12 times a week! One day Vicki prayed that people would call us instead. People did start to call us for appointments! What a relief! As well as saving us a lot of time and money!

Once when I was preaching in Tiftonia, TN, Vicki prayed that she could lead someone to the Lord herself. She had been so busy helping me in lots of ways that it had been a while since she had personally led anyone to the Lord. That night when I gave the invitation, many responded, especially among the young people. She led several to a profession of faith in Jesus. She was excited.

A man in Anderson, SC, told me two answers to prayer he had after he had heard me preach on answers to prayer. His job was changing oil in a lube shop. We'd had an unusually hot spell, over 100 degrees F, I think. He had it worse because he was under these hot engines just off the highway. He said, "Lord, would You just cool it off?" By the next day it had dropped about 35 or 40 degrees and gotten windy besides!

He also asked God to help him find where he could get chalk supplies like he saw me using in my chalk art sermons. He wanted them for his daughter. That night at church, as soon as I saw him at the door, I hurried back and gave him an order form for chalk art supplies. He was amazed. He thought, "This guy sure is in touch with the Lord!"

Actually, what happened was another man had called up that very afternoon, asking how he could get the chalk stuff. He said he couldn't stay for church because he had to go to work, so he'd meet me in his work clothes at the church door. So when I saw the first man (in work clothes, and he looked somewhat like the man who had called) I rushed back to give him the things he'd prayed for. God used my ignorance to answer his prayer!

# Nicaragua

We were invited to join a medical mission team to Nicaragua for a week in September. I was to draw and preach; most of the others would help in medical aid. There were more mosquitoes than I had ever seen. People were continuously swinging towels in the services to drive the mosquitoes away. As we were eating and I was holding Evangel (her feet were sore), a teenage girl came up and started fanning us to drive away mosquitoes. That was kind so I reached in my wallet to give her a dollar. At that time a dollar was a days' wage there. Vicki got my attention (in English) that it was a *hundred* dollar bill. I quickly snatched it back and gave her a one. I'm not telling what I *should* have done; I'm just saying what happened.

That night we set up our sleeping bags and mosquito nets in school rooms. It was hot, day and night. It was the first time I ever looked forward to going home on the first day of a mission trip! We wondered if it would rain. Vicki prayed it would. Her prayer was answered. But the roof leaked badly, so people had to get up, untie strings holding mosquito nets in place, move sleeping bags to dry spots and tie strings in other places to hold up the mosquito nets.

In the morning I was already wet with sweat again 30 minutes after my shower because of the heat. I preached and drew in a crowded school room and a lot of people were also standing outside at the big windows trying to see and hear. Vicki would translate into Spanish. It was fun working as a team.



*Friendly Evangel*

I noticed that as we walked through town passing out tracts, our friendly two-year-old Evangel, opened people's hearts to us. The same thing happened years before when I went on visitation for Fellowship Baptist Church in Westville, IN. Some of the littlest Lewis children went with me and opened people's hearts there as well.

That year I called a friend to talk to him about a debt he had owed for years. I had forgiven him in my mind—several times. So now I told him to consider the debt paid. That month our income suddenly went up, a lot, and stayed up!

## Special Delivery

Two years and two months after Evangel's birth, we came back from a trip to Africa, and Vicki felt pretty bad. She took a pregnancy test, but it came out negative, so we figured she had picked up some African bug. Timmy turned out to be our African Bug. This time we had a midwife lined up in New Hampshire where her parents lived, and were planning to be all settled in there for a more tame birth this time.

Again, 11 days early like Evangel's birth, we were traveling in western New York State when Vicki's contractions started. I had preached that morning while Vicki packed at the hotel. Then we took a walk in a mall around noon, and Vicki started having worse labor pains.

We drove to the little guest house of the church where I would preach Wednesday. The pastor's wife met us to help us set up. She said she could tell the baby was not coming soon. Vicki went to bed after we covered it with plastic and prepared for the baby's arrival. And we prayed.

I had helped with Evangel's birth, and I had read on home delivery, but I was not planning to do it myself! I had the home birth book in my hand. Timothy came in about 20 minutes! After I had cut the cord, and washed him and given him back to Vicki, I got alone, bowed down on the floor and thanked God for keeping Vicki and little Timmy safe! God gave such a smooth, quick delivery! After a while it occurred to me that God had also saved us a lot of money, maybe thousands of dollars! Since we didn't use a hospital or midwife.

Evangel usually slept about an hour each afternoon; that day she slept three hours. She slept through the whole thing. That was an answer to Vicki's prayer. A curious little two year old didn't need to be right with us just then!

The pastor's wife came by again and asked how Vicki was doing. I said she and the baby were doing fine. "We have a little boy." In shock, she dropped her bag and her jaw at the same time. It was rather fun. The



*Evangel loved to care for Timmy*

people at the church were happy and excited that the baby was born in their guesthouse and gave us a baby shower. A pediatrician from the church checked Timmy and said he was perfect!

A few days later we went to the local municipal office to do the paper work about the birth. The lady,

also named Vicki, handed me the form to be completed. It was about Vicki's pregnancy. I was reading it aloud and asking my wife questions from the form so I could write the answers. One question asked for the date of the mother's last period. So I said, "Vicki, when was your last period?" The lady was rather startled that I would ask her that question! Then we all laughed when we remembered they were both named Vicki.

## Ash Wednesday

One night a couple of months later we got a phone call from my sister, Grace, that the house where I grew up was burning down. We were staying there at the time except that for this night we were away at a hotel in a distant city where I was to preach the next morning. Some of our stuff was burned, but we were safe, and people were generous in helping us replace our loss. The house burned down on Ash Wednesday. We were glad my dad was already in Heaven so he wouldn't suffer this loss. He and Mom had lost almost everything in a house fire about 50 years before. Vicki and I were able to be with my sisters, Grace and Joy, to help them sort things out. They lived in the house next door.

When Tim was about eight months old he was crying and getting Vicki up as many as six times a night. We read a chapter in Proverbs each day, so on the 29<sup>th</sup> of July Vicki noticed Proverbs 29:17, "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest...." She took God's Word to heart. That night when he cried and she was confident that he was not in need, she told him to hush. When he didn't she spanked him. He quieted down. I was impressed the next day when he hushed when we told him to. From then on he would be quiet, day or night, when we said, "Shhhh." He needed very few reminders. "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight to thy soul." Timothy has given us rest and delight.

## TRAVELING EVANGELIST FAMILY

### Being Guests



*The Frazier-Pressly House near Greenwood, SC, where our family was allowed to stay for a while in the 1940's*

About the time I was born our family was allowed to live in an old mansion built before the Civil War. Next we lived in the little former slave house beside it! We were fine there, too. My earliest memories were at that plantation.



*Grace, Daniel and Faith by  
the Pressly House*

Years later as a single evangelist, I spent the night in my station wagon a few times, not because I couldn't afford a hotel, I just thought I could use the money more wisely than spending it for a few hours in a hotel. I had a comfortable bed in the back of the station wagon, and it worked fine several times.

After I married Vicki we stayed in quite a variety of places. Once a pastor's wife in Iowa protested to her husband who had invited us to dinner, "But I've never met them! I don't know what they like or don't like." To this he calmly replied, "Don't worry, they've been to Africa. They'll eat anything."

We found this amusing, and pretty much true, though I don't know that Africa had much to do with it.

Vicki: Another couple apologized when they showed us where we were to sleep. They had a cozy den, with the most comfortable fold-out couch we have ever slept on, (queen size and thick mattress) with a bathroom right there, which is always nice. We could see nothing to apologize about, but the host told us he had a clock collection. We assured him we were not bothered by clocks. We didn't realize what we were saying! The entire wall was covered with dozens of antique clocks. They whirred, bonged and donged, chirruped, coo-cooed, clanged, and buzzed, on the hour, on the half hour, and some of them were even on the quarter hour. He went around and stopped all that he could, but some of them would just have to wind down. It would take more than a dozen clocks to keep a tired evangelist awake, we discovered. But this evangelist's wife, who didn't have children yet to tire her out, spent a memorable night listening to one of the nicest clock collections we have ever seen or heard!

Paul's sister Joy has welcomed us many times with a fire blazing in a romantically lit room, artistically arranged and so cozy.

Then there was a little cabin next to a dam outside of Port Elizabeth, South Africa. I was sick and discouraged when we arrived, and after a week in that rustic beauty, complete with donkeys to play with, I was perky and ready to go again!

The Klopfensteins in Alabama took us into their beautiful home when we were newlyweds, and remain one of the very few families who have ever shared their family devotional time with us.

Deb H. in Indiana inspired me with being one of the hardest workers I've ever met. She and her husband would welcome us to their huge farm, treat us like kings, and manage to help family and neighbors at the same time.

In Standing Rock, New Mexico, the Foerster family took us on a memorable hike, mostly down in the bottom of a deep gorge. It felt like a step back into a Western movie, complete with Indians! The Foersters are missionaries to the Navajo Indians, so some of the Navajo kids came on the hike with us. The rock formations were stunning, and our whole family was thrilled with that experience.

The Wescos in Indiana invited us into their big home, where the mom sat and talked while some of her ten children prepared a huge meal for about 20 people. That bit of hospitality gave me some higher goals for our own children.

In New Bloomfield, Pennsylvania, the pastor's kids took our kids fishing and four-wheeling while Dad and Mom relaxed under some tall pines. Ahh! Missionaries in Mexico and Peru have welcomed us with a place to stay and a ministry to do while there. We have some wild memories of both places, and would love to return.

One place we received hospitality in a home sealed with cow dung. That got my attention, but it wasn't bad.

## Prophets' Chambers

Vicki: Some churches have guest rooms, or “prophet’s chambers” inspired by the lady who kept a room for the prophet Elisha to stay in when he passed by. These are wonderful places to stay in, to come apart for awhile, to not feel like you’re bothering anyone, and to have no hotel expense, and we have been so thankful for them.

We had our favorites as we traveled across America. Out in Kansas there’s a church who keeps a whole duplex for missionaries. They built it especially for that, and entering it is like stepping into a model home, complete with a gift for the family! What a delight after a long trip in a car, to come to a place where the family can spread out, and relax!

In New Hampshire, two homeschooling families wanted to teach their sons carpentry skills, so they volunteered for the job of readying a house for missionaries. A derelict house was moved to church property, and transformed. It was gorgeous! We got to stay in it for nearly two weeks. The first week we were struggling with jet lag. No one, not even the grandparents, would have wanted us then! We were all very wide awake around 3 o’clock the first morning, and the kids were bursting to get out into the new fallen snow. (You’re not used to snow when you live in Africa!) We would not have been the best visitors that time, and I’m so thankful we had our own place to stay in until our internal clocks got on the right time zone.

That church and others also stock these delightful guest rooms with books and videos or DVD’s, as well as lots of food, which show their consideration for those of us who travel as families.

One church in Georgia has a guest room with a king size bed. (Yippee! Paul is 6'10" tall!) Just outside the door is the gym. It's always a treat to get there and let the kids run wild chasing balls for awhile.

Another Georgia guest room won our prize for the prettiest lighting. It was so romantic. It also had a bulldozer parked outside which fascinated our boys.

It seems every prophet's chamber has its perks, something special that endeared it to us. We like being close to the church so that there's no travel time, and we're right there ready for anything. Some guest rooms have been as simple as a foldout couch in a Sunday school room. You just have to be sure you don't lock yourself out of your room when you run across the church to use the rest rooms...as Paul discovered once when he was single. One feels a bit conspicuous in bare feet and a towel in a church.

In Germany an American military church has a guest room right in the church, and our kids slept on inflatable mattresses in the church nursery. We thought that was nice, but then they did more: they sent us on a trip to Bavaria! We traveled through the Alps, slept in a chalet, and toured two of King Ludwig's castles that could have come from the pages of a fairy book. We feel so blessed, and thank God for these perks which come "out of the blue." It is all His mercy, sent by His people, and giving us fresh visions which help in more tedious times or when it's our turn to do more of the giving.

In Warner Robbins, Georgia, a church kept a doublewide trailer free for their missionaries way back in a field behind the church. Being in a field made me feel free to walk around in bare feet without danger of shocking anyone, but we were still close enough to town to walk over to a bookstore for a browse.

“Don’t forget Megan’s church!”

“And Casey’s church!”

“And Southington!” call my children and my husband when I ask which prophet’s chambers have stood out to them. “Megan’s church” in Albany, Georgia, has let us use their prophets’ chamber even if Paul’s not speaking in their church. Once or twice when we asked if it would be okay to use their prophet’s chamber, and they’ve said, “Come ahead,” we arrived to find it full, and they put us in a hotel as their guests. They were generous!

A dear church in Southington, CT, puts up with a lot from us. We always seem to be arriving late at night, and some longsuffering person lets us into their bright, beautiful, well stocked guest room.

We know two churches which have had people die and leave their homes to the church. Each has a special story.

In Michigan, a poor woman got saved through a nearby church, and continued following the Lord, while her miserly, tyrannical husband made fun of her at home. She obeyed 1 Peter 3:1, “Likewise ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives.” It took many years, but that gruff, stingy man seems to have turned to the Lord while watching Billy Graham on TV just a few days before he died.

With her husband gone, the widow was left with very little money, but at least she was now free to begin cleaning up their little home that he had not allowed her to clean before. The yard was overgrown with weeds and full of rusty remains of old vehicles and other junk. It was a huge job and her friends from the church came to help. Someone was getting ready to tow away an old truck out from the overgrown field that should have been the lawn beside the house, when he found \$20,000 in the glove

compartment! From then on, the cleaners cleaned as though they were on a treasure hunt. They found more money stashed in hiding places, and the poor widow found she had plenty to live on.

She lived in that house, and served in that church for the rest of her life. She willed it to the church when she died, and they kept it much as she had it, neat, nicely furnished, and with the traveling woman's dream: a washing machine and dryer in the basement.

I loved hearing the story of that house when we stayed there. I felt like I could get a little acquainted with the widow lady as her books and cassettes were left there for missionaries to enjoy. This is the clearest example I've ever seen of the truth of the Proverb, "The wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just."

In New York an old man died and left his little house to the church. They named it the Charity House and keep it nice for evangelists and missionaries. We've stayed there several times, and that's where Timothy was born!

## Taking Our Home with Us



*Our Motor Home and the Little Car We Towed behind it*

Paul: We were usually away from home about 11 months a year, so we had always lived out of a car, staying with our families, at motels, church guest rooms or as guests of someone in the church where I was preaching. We had just gone 13 days staying at a different place each night. So if I had to preach at 8 A.M. at a Christian school an hour away, we had to all get up early enough to all get dressed, eat, clean up, pack the car by 6:30, drive for an hour and get there at 7:30 for me to set up to draw and preach at 8. Then everything stayed packed in the car until we located our next stopover. Then it would take quite a while to unpack everything and set up in whatever kind of place we were staying.

So we got a motor home at a good price that fit our family and was actually tall enough for me to stand up straight in. Now traveling was more

efficient. We only drove 30,000 miles a year instead of 50,000, and it was much easier on us.

Then for the next three years our home was a motor home, so our backyard might be the Appalachian Mountains or Amish country... or a church parking lot! It was pretty handy! Now, with everyone sleeping in the motor home, I could get up at any early hour and start driving, and have my quiet time as I drove. When Vicki got up she would fix my breakfast as I was driving, then take over driving while I ate, showered and got dressed. We would arrive at the school, I would go in and preach, and the kids could get up at their leisure, eat and go play on the playground. The motor home was such a blessing! It was much more restful, and we all loved it. We have so many happy memories in the motor home and camping in a great variety of beautiful, scenic spots.



***The Grand Canyon***

*We have been blessed with so much scenic travel in our work for the Lord.*

And we had privacy. One missionary told us how he disciplined his child when they were guests in someone's house, and his host told him not to ever do that again. At another house when one of his children did something, the lady of the house handed him a rod and told him to feel free to use it on his kids. You never know what people will think. Actually God commands us to use the rod to discipline our children. But it is uncomfortable to have to watch it. For many reasons the privacy the motor home provided was nice.

The Lord says, “Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor’s house, lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee.” (Proverbs 25:17). Now with the RV (recreational vehicle) we felt more confident that we wouldn’t wear out our welcome, especially with long-suffering relatives who occasionally got long doses of our wonderful company.

Vicki: We laugh now at the memory of our maiden voyage in the motor home from Phoenix toward the East. We set off before sunrise, as it was beginning to storm, with all the windows open. The noise in that RV was startling! Everything was shaking, rattling, and bouncing. Cupboards popped open, spewing the few contents we had stored there. I assumed a position like a surfer and surfed around shutting windows while Paul drove. We worried about a bad smell and wondered if it was a gas leak. We finally figured it out. The windows opened caused a draft from the sewerage system!

We drove east for three days, and were quite in love with our new home by the time we were on the east coast. The kids wouldn’t even bother to get out at rest stops any more. We made good memories in that cozy home. Not all my cooking attempts turned out well. My parents gave us a microwave oven for the RV, and we were traveling in Tennessee, I think, when I got inspired to make microwave popcorn while Paul was preaching in a school. We were parked in the parking lot, and I started the microwave and then went to the back to help someone get dressed. Suddenly I realized yellow smoke was pouring from the microwave! I wrenched it open, and the popcorn bag was on fire in our brand new, shiny clean microwave!

With a pair of scissors, I pulled the bag out and charged out the door of the motor home into the parking lot.

The entire line of parents picking up their kindergarteners was treated to the sight of a wild woman bursting through the door of a previously peaceful looking motor home, chasing a flaming bag of popcorn out into the parking lot, and stomping on it as nasty looking yellow smoke billowed in the air from the flattened bag as well as from the door of the RV. We survived, but the microwave was never so perfectly white again. The problem was that we had failed to remove the plastic, nearly invisible, wrapping around the new microwave so it overheated.

Another memorable moment was when I was resting up in our bed over the cab with the curtain closed. I heard our kids come in with a bunch of other little kids to give them a tour of our home. In general, I thought that was a good, friendly thing to do because I know I've always been nosey about the inside of other people's motor homes. But that time I just lay there, waiting tensely, hoping I would not be on display as part of the tour. Luckily, they just pointed up at the curtain and presented it as, "My parents' bed is up there." Then I could just relax and giggle at the candid comments about the contents of our home, even what was in the fridge.

At one place Timothy was attacked by ants. He was two. About 4 AM Timothy cried. I couldn't see anything wrong, but he wanted me to sleep with him, so I did for a bit. He hugged my neck and said, "Mama, you're my fwend."

After a while he complained his hand hurt, so I turned on the light (finally!) and saw the ants! Many ants! I went outside our motor home, and saw that they were coming up the water hose.

Paul: Fire ants are pretty aggressive and painful. So Vicki and I battled the ants in the motor home until we destroyed all we could find, then told Timothy stories of David and of Noah until he finally went to sleep.



*Playing between the kids' beds in the RV*

We drove and lived in our motor home for about three years, when Evangel was three to five years old and Timmy was one to three years old. Vicki recorded some cute, funny things they did and said.

Evangel was excited to go to a bridal shower, but afterward she thought it was sort of dull; the bride got ALL the presents!

She told Timmy, “We went to a sprinkling.”

Evangel and Timmy liked to put a balloon under their shirts and pat it saying, “Tummy, tummy.” They saw a man at a restaurant who had a large tummy, and Timmy went up and patted it, saying, “Tummy, tummy!” Vicki grabbed him and rushed him into the ladies room to escape the scene!

One day as I was leaving, Evangel and Timmy enthusiastically gave me good bye hugs and kisses. Evangel returned and told Vicki rather smugly, “Boy, Daddy sure had a treat today!”

When I asked Evangel to make a sandwich for me, she also brought me some apple juice and said, “I gave him more than he deserved.”

When Vicki asked Timmy if he was hungry or full, he said, “I'm filled with compassion.”

Once he heard in our Bible reading about concubines, he said, “I need my concubine now.”

As Evangel was learning the alphabet Vicki asked her to write it all without looking. Evangel sputtered and complained that she couldn't do it. Vicki said to just try. After a while Vicki noticed that Evangel had only written A and B. She was closing her eyes or looking over her shoulder, writing the alphabet “without looking!”

While Vicki was busy with something she told Evangel to babysit Timmy while he was sleeping. Evangel went to Timmy to inform him she was babysitting him. (A generation later Evangel's four year old, Clarity, went to her sleeping two month old sister and hugged and kissed her.)

Evangel told her Sunday school teacher that she got her good looks from her dad, but her mom still has hers. (She'd heard me say that.)

When another little girl saw Vicki shortly before Joshua was born, she said, "She's overdue!"

When Vicki was dressing up Timmy with a tie, she said, "You look spiff!" He replied, "Now I'm a cutie pie!"

In our work of traveling around preaching, we make a point of taking walks together almost every day. Along beaches, in mountainous scenery, along highways, dirt roads and trails, along the Freedom Trail in Boston, through malls and airports, through caves, around lakes and by waterfalls, by horse farms, or cow pastures, orchards, cotton fields, corn fields, meadows, forests and deserts, through beautiful gardens, jungle and African bush, in sunshine or brilliant sunsets, under the stars, through snow, by shacks, huts and hogans, through squatter settlements and by mansions, castles, cathedrals and forts, in villages, and cities, surrounded by wild animals in game parks, at the Grand Canyon, Niagara Falls, in most of the States and in over 20 other countries. We are privileged!

## Inconveniences and Complaining

Of course, we do have inconveniences and challenges. For example after two months on African roads in 2016, Vicki mentioned frustrations, loneliness, can't lose weight, melancholy, lack of friends nearby, boredom, no electricity, hormones, feeling weepy, rain, mud, language barrier, heat, mosquitoes, can't do projects, can't do much to improve the place, Josh's disappointments, and then the cold. She also mentioned we had some good, necessary verses in our Bible reading that day.

Count it all joy when you fall into diverse temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith works patience (James 1:2,3).

Then she mentioned some of the perks: meeting new people, people appreciate the tracts, time to read, write, study, enjoy Josh, help him with his algebra, ANIMALS—that's a big one, open doors for Paul's preaching, aerobics, blogging. My prayers have been answered here! Evangel called! (By that time Evangel was married.) We talked like an hour. We prayed we'd be a blessing to the missionaries here, and them to us, and boy, did that work. They scheduled Paul to speak five or six times in two days.

We played with their kids as it was getting dark. We climbed their “castle” and played Frisbee and enjoyed the cool of the evening. I loved talking to the two ladies. The kids really enjoyed it, and their mom appreciated it.

Vicki wrote: In any rough moments, I found that books we have read help put our “sufferings” in perspective. After reading the Apostle Paul’s list of tribulations in the Bible, I feel rather petty moaning about “sore-bottomitis” after an 11 hour drive in our comfortable car.

We read *Mountain Rain*, the story of missionary James Fraser. He hiked up and down steep mountains in China for many days to reach the Karen people for the Lord. He was chased and bitten by dogs, shot at, and ate very skimpy food. How can I complain about a cramped car and food not quite as I would have chosen?

If I begin to moan about how often we are far from friends and family, it does me good to remember that in Hudson Taylor’s time, every letter took about two months to go from China to England, and another two months to get the reply. He had to endure the torture of that wait to find out if he had permission to marry his beloved Maria. That story makes me thank God for email, and should shut my lips from complaining about a “slow” connection.

In 2 Corinthians 11, Paul tells that he had so many beatings, he couldn't count the stripes.

“Once was I stoned.” Paul saw a man (a thief) who was stoned to death in Kenya, and just hearing about it was shocking.

In Peru, we got stoned ourselves. We dared to travel in the Andes Mountains on a day when some political party didn't want us traveling. As we crept up the winding mountain road, they threw stones at the missionary's car, smashing the back window. We didn't know how ugly things would get on that dark night, and were thankful to arrive with only a smashed window and some dents.

“Thrice I've suffered shipwreck,” Well now, there again I can compare with the Apostle. Paul and I got engaged partly as a result of a canoe flipping over! If that counts as suffering shipwreck!

“In journeyings often.” I'm right with the Apostle Paul! We were away from home 9 out of 12 months last year. But not walking.

“In perils of water” Yes, we have to be careful what we drink too.

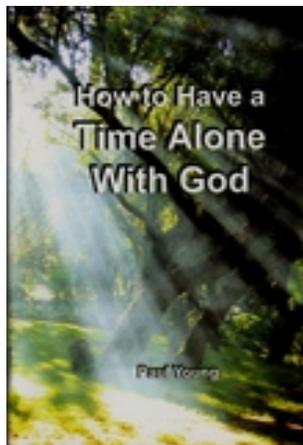
“In perils of robbers” We have been robbed many times.

“In perils by mine own countrymen” No, thank the Lord, we have never had our lives in danger by our own people, though they do present perils such as trying to lure us to live couch-potato lives.

If a lack of privacy bothers me, I need to remember Rosalind Goforth, also in China, who lived with tour groups going through her home from morning to night, so that the Chinese could see that the “foreign devils” were regular people.

Darlene Deibler Rose is another one whose testimony makes me ashamed of petty complaints. She was captured by the Japanese when she was a missionary in New Guinea and spent four years in a prisoner of war camp, was charged with being a spy and was nearly executed.

## Having a Time Alone with God



Vicki: Paul and I both believe in having a time alone with God each day. In fact, Paul has written a concise little book called *How to Have a Time Alone with God* to help others get started.

However, in our travels, as you can imagine, it's sometimes challenging to get alone with the Lord as we sometimes have only one room for the whole family (like in a hotel), or sometimes just two rooms.

Let's just say we have spent a lot of times in hotel bathrooms, not because of plumbing problems, but in order to be in a place where we can use a light. If we stay in bed, we're liable to fall asleep in the middle of a prayer, or bother the sleeping spouse. Bathrooms are not bad places if you remember to bring a pillow.

The place is not only important, the timing is important. Even a bathroom loses its sense of solitude if four other people need it. Paul is often up at 4 A.M. until 5:30 or 6 A.M. with the idea of catching a nap from 6-7 if there's time. I try to get up around 6, so we're often a tag team passing with a quick peck.

Why don't we just share a room and a time? We do occasionally. We did yesterday, in fact, but we're like two best friends in school who can't be seated together or they'll whisper. We get to fellowshiping instead of worshipping. But we also make time for fellowship with each other—close fellowship!

Paul has a plan for days when he must be on the road very early or for long hours. He listens to an audio Bible as he drives which makes the drive more interesting and profitable. One time his Bible reading tapes got him out of hot water.

Paul was driving in Kentucky when a policeman pulled him over. Paul had not been speeding and asked why he had been pulled over, but the police officer was acting very cautious toward him, and was obviously trying to sniff his breath to check if he had been drinking.

When the highway patrolman saw the box with the four containers of cassettes with HOLY BIBLE in big black letters down their spines and found Paul was a preacher, his manner changed abruptly. He was very respectful to the man of God. That cop's respect for the Word of God and for the man of God spoke well for Kentucky.

In thinking it over afterward, Paul wondered if he had strayed toward the side of the road while he was making a sandwich, and maybe a truck driver reported him as a drunk driving suspect.

For years, the biggest interruption to our time alone with God has been our own children. Both of us hated to just brush them off so that we could be alone, knowing it looks selfish to them. We help each other, so that one is more "on duty" with the kids while the other is hiding behind a closed door.

Another thing we have done occasionally is to just include them in our time alone. Paul's favorite spot, when we're in Cape Town, is in his big black recliner in the living room. He would just scoop a little one up on his lap, and change his Bible reading to a section that the little one might appreciate the most, like Daniel or Jonah or especially Elijah or Elisha.

In the early days of our marriage, on a trip to Guatemala, we were spending the night in an “elegant” hotel that cost about \$5.00 a night for the two of us. This story has fun shock value. I love sharing about it with some pampered people who have never traveled.

The sound of a drunk spilling his supper just outside our door can become something to giggle about with Paul, as we congratulate ourselves on the charming hotel we have selected. We really congratulated ourselves on our wisdom in buying large, colorful, exotic towels as souvenir gifts for our family, as the single blanket was too small to cover us both, and too thin to warm us. We hoped the family wouldn’t mind if their Christmas gifts were slightly used.

As with other mornings, Paul and I were a tag team. He got up for his Bible reading, while I dutifully kept the bed warm for his return and caught a little more sleep. A short while after he came back, I got up to go where he had been, sitting on a little bench outside our room facing into the communal courtyard. It worked for him, but by the time I got there, our neighbors were starting to stir. A pretty young woman came out of the little room across from us and saw me reading the Bible. Her opening line, in Spanish, was, “Oh, are you a Christian? So am I.”

You’ll excuse me for being skeptical, but this girl had obviously either never read what the Bible has to say about a woman being modest, or she chose to ignore it. A few minutes’ chat revealed she was also a dancer in the topless club adjacent to our charming hotel, and she was spending the night with a customer. This meeting left me flabbergasted because of her opening words. How could a person, living as a prostitute, who could quote many verses, call herself a Christian? “Be not deceived: neither fornicators...nor adulterers... shall inherit the kingdom of God” (1 Cor. 6:9,10).

I did keep in contact with the young woman, Doris, by letter for months, until she quit writing after we failed to supply \$500.00 to get her brother out of prison in Arizona.

## Back to Africa



*Samson giving our kids a ride*

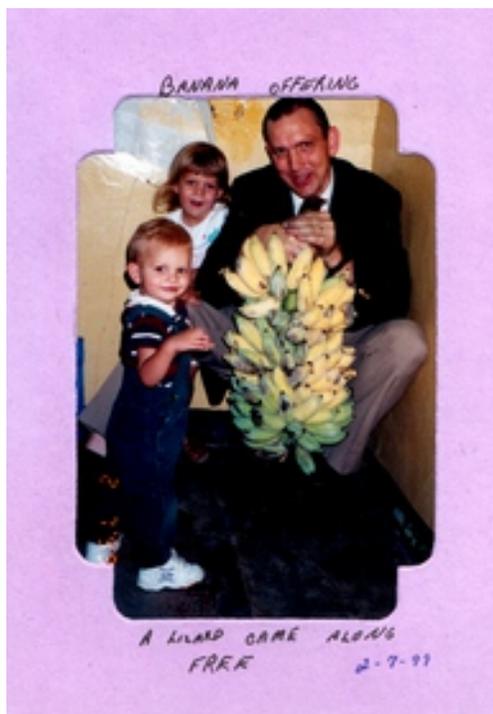
In 1999 we took our longest foreign trip yet, four months in Africa, the first three months in Kenya. No running water. You have to boil the water. And filter it. No refrigerator. Outhouses. Laundry by hand. No car. Primitive cooking. Simple food. Cooking from scratch a few kinds of food on a temperamental stove. We lost a lot of weight in Kenya.

No hearing or watching news. Staying in one house for three whole months. Since our marriage we had rarely stayed in one place longer than a week at a time, often just a day or two. Many times just a night. So for three months I taught several subjects in a Bible institute in Kenya, along with preaching in many schools and churches.

A man named Samson was a Kenyan school official who had gotten me into a lot of schools. He would ride me on the back of his motorcycle, which would have been fun except that I had to hold my big bag with all my chalk drawing equipment, maybe a ten minute ride or an hour ride. He told me that in his culture if you have an appointment for 10 A.M. and you get there at noon you are still on time.

Evangel was excited to ride with him on his motorcycle around the mission property when he delivered me back home. At the house I hung a

rope from the ceiling so Evangel had a swing indoors. She loved when I put her into a suitcase, zipped it up and rolled her around the room pretending we were at the airport.



*The offering someone gave us at church*

I was also invited to speak at another Bible institute. So a friend and I went to catch the bus at 7 PM, but there was a mechanical problem so we waited and finally left at 11 PM. After a very jolting, crowded ride through the night, we arrived at the place at about 3 AM, but no one was there to meet us. The welcoming committee had given up after three hours of waiting. Phones were rare then. We sat down at an outdoor cafe, put our heads on the tables and slept for an hour.

Later that morning the pastor found us there, took us to freshen up and get some breakfast and took us to the graduation service. It lasted four

hours and was in the Swahili language, except for my sermon which my friend translated. You'll be happy to know that I did draw my picture in Swahili. I have drawn in quite a few languages.

I was impressed that in its 12 years the little school had graduated 53 students of which 51 were serving the Lord. The other two were already in Heaven. Perhaps some Christian colleges in America could learn from this tiny school with a mud dormitory and a library that fit in one bookcase!

## Mexico

Back in the States we got some encouraging letters from a third grade class in a Christian school in Massachusetts:

Are hole class and I have bean praying for you every week. Even when I go to bed before I go to sleep I pray for you. When I was in first grade I got saved because of you and God. I am saved from Hell. (underlined three times)

When we were driving from Wisconsin to Ohio, about a nine hour trip, I thought a break in the middle would be good, especially for Evangel and Timothy, so we planned to stop at the big, free zoo in Chicago. But when we got there, the parking lot was full. I thought, “We’ll just park along the street.” But we couldn’t find a parking place. We drove and drove.

Evangel said, “I’m praying we’ll find a parking place.” By this time we were too far away from the zoo, anyway, but I was embarrassed to stop looking now, since she said she was praying. We circled around heading back. We still couldn’t find a parking place. But really we needed several parking places in a row, because we were traveling (and living) in a motor home and towing a car behind it.

Finally, just as we got back to the zoo, they were reopening the parking lot because some cars had left. If we had returned a little sooner, it would have still been closed. If we had come just a little later, it may have been full again. God gave Evangel what she asked for.

Later, when we were driving through heavy rain to our motor home parked at Watermelon Creek Baptist Church in Georgia, Evangel said she was praying the rain would stop so we would not all get wet. Sure enough, the rain stopped, and we all got indoors dry. Then it started to rain “cats and dogs” again!

One night Evangel came to our bedroom crying because her legs were hurting, and she couldn't sleep. I asked her if there was any sin she needed to confess. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me" (Psalm 66:18). She confessed two sins, disobeying her mom and doing something bad a few weeks before. We prayed. In a few minutes her little legs were fine, and she was able to go to sleep.

Later that year we drove to Mexico. It was memorable, even the drive down! Shortly after heading south a tire on our motor home blew out, destroying our sewer tank. "Sorry about that!" to the car following us!

Fortunately we had just emptied that tank. It took us four hours to get the tire replaced. Soon after that a driver pulled up and signaled to us that another tire was going flat. Another delay. We got to our destination very late that night. The next morning I noticed that another tire was flat. I suspect there was some vandalism at the last place where I had preached.

When we got to Mexico, I had fun preaching with chalk art in the open air market with Mark Ernst, the missionary translating. Mark's wife, Cindy, and Vicki and their kids passed out tracts. About 10, mostly adults, made a public profession of faith. We saw a beautiful, high **waterfall**, but while we were there, a teenage boy fell



*Pony riding in Mexico*



from a cliff above to the base of the falls a few feet from us. We carried him to get help, but he died on the way down the trail. The image of his death was with us constantly for days afterward and reminded us of the urgency of helping people prepare to meet God.

Sometimes we have spent 12 or more hours a day driving, but good books make the miles go faster. Besides family Bible reading we have enjoyed lots of fun, educational and edifying books. It was a happy day when Evangel was able to start reading to the family as well. Audio books are even more convenient. We often make sandwiches to eat along the way rather than stopping to eat. For many years our children car schooled, doing their school work as we traveled. Often they did better when we traveled than when we were at home.

At the end of 1999 Vicki wrote:

## The Youngs' Year

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
The thrilling :-) story of the Youngs' past year.  
'Twas the first of **January** in '99,  
We flew to Kenya on African airline.  
We stayed three months in that land so hot  
While Paul disciplined and sweated a lot.  
Vicki kept house like an African wife,  
Cooking goat meat, had the time of her life! :-)

Evangel hated those African ants;  
They bit right through the seat of her pants.  
Mom was glad when Tim learned to walk,  
And we all learned a bit of African talk.  
South Africa was our **April** destination.

After Kenya it seemed like a luxury station!  
Paul preached in churches, prisons and schools.  
Many repented; they were not fools!  
Back in the States by the month of **May**  
Night and day showing the Way.  
As a family we roam in our motor home,  
Wherever Paul's preaching is where we call home.  
**June** brought camps and VBS's our way  
After a neat revival in Renovo, PA.  
In **July** we tried scalloping out in the sea,  
And preaching in lovely Steinhatchee.  
We found we're expecting a third child soon,  
And Mommy felt sick each day until noon,  
With meetings in South, Midwest and Maine.  
Driving in **August** our gas tank did drain.  
The month of **September** was somewhat rough  
A miscarriage and car troubles were very tough.  
But God gives comfort to us below.  
By the end of the month we hit Mexico.  
We stayed until Evangel had just turned four,  
And Paul enjoyed preaching in the great out door.  
Back in the States there was so much to do!  
"The harvest is plenteous, the workers are few."  
Paul preached about 58 times in November,  
And Thanksgiving was the theme to remember.  
We're glad for the work God gave us to do;  
And thankful for family and friends like **you!**

While we were in South Africa a family hosted us during a medical crisis. They had a beautiful house overlooking the Indian Ocean, and they let us stay in the apartment at the back. We scarcely saw the family at first, until an emergency forced us together.

Vicki: I was newly expecting a baby at that point, but things were not going well. It looked hopeless to me, but I went to bed to try to give things a chance to heal. Paul took our Evangel and Timmy, then four and two, in the car to the beach to play and to help me rest. I did rest too, for an hour or so, then the sun started to set, and I began to wonder what had happened to Paul and the kids. Fear began to set in, and I could not stay in bed any longer. I got up and got dressed with visions of something terrible having happened to one of the kids. I could clearly see (in my imagination) Paul desperately searching the waves for the body of Timmy or Evangel, unwilling to come home without finding them.

I cleaned the whole apartment, I prayed, and I cross-stitched until it got so dark I couldn't see any longer. Finally, I went to the people who owned the house to ask for help. I hadn't really met them properly at all, but when I began to talk to them, I just burst into tears and couldn't talk. They were immediately kind and helpful. They waited until I could explain, and then they took over; the husband loaded me up to head for the beach.

Before we even got to the beach, Mrs. B. called to say that Paul was just stuck at the beach with car troubles and had no phone. What a relief! Now I was just so embarrassed about my panic, but Paul and the kids really did need to be rescued because of car trouble so we continued on to the beach and brought them home.

Because of this, we got to know the B's a little. I explained that I was probably more emotional because of the physical problems I was going through, and they jumped in to help on that. Mrs. B arranged an appointment with a doctor who confirmed that I was having a miscarriage and helped get me sorted out before we flew off to Kenya a few days later. Their help may have saved my life as there was a chance of infection setting in.

In 2000 as our ministry continued to expand to more churches and schools in the USA, Vicki wrote: Our children are doing well in our travels. Timothy (2), when asked if he's mommy's baby, answers, "No. [I'm a] Man." So they are growing up fast, though maybe not as fast as **they** think they are. Evangel got to go on nursing home visiting time with her aunts Grace and Joy recently, and that was just her style with her outgoing personality. She enjoyed the attention of the elderly, and they enjoyed her chatter. One dear lady was not doing well at all, and Evangel said, "Mommy, let's pray for that lady; she can't even talk!" Not being able to talk is about the worst thing that can happen to anyone, in Evangel's estimation.

Recently the kids and I had lunch in a laundromat during the drying cycle. As I folded clothes, I listened to the kids talking as they were eating strawberries. Evangel emphatically told Timmy that the big ones were for Daddy, and she began making a pile to save for him. Timothy responded by saying, "These are for Mommy!" and making a pile of his own. I was so pleased with their sweetness and generosity! Then I looked at the piles, and discovered that there was a large bite taken out of each one on the Mommy pile. :-) Have you ever surrendered something to God, and then taken part of it back?

We thank the Lord for those we saw saved this month, though we don't know an exact number of souls truly saved since we can't see their hearts. Recently a youth pastor in Florida emailed us and reminded us that he was saved under Paul's ministry about 10 years ago! By now it seems safe to count him. :-)

In Kenya Evangel gave away about half of her toys and clothes that she had with her, particularly to Cornelius' family when I told her about Cornelius' son's death. One day she just carried two bags on a walk and hunted for people that would fit her clothes or enjoy her toys. I finally had to curb her giving as Timothy was howling as she tried to give one of his favorites away.

## MISSIONARIES

### Our Call to South Africa



*Table Mountain in Cape Town, South Africa*

In June, 2000, God called us to move to South Africa. We had visited there a few times and seemed to have had the most fruitful time of any place we'd ever been, especially in the prisons, but even more so in the schools—

public schools. We were able to reach far more people with the Gospel in South Africa than we did in the USA. And many in the high schools were so responsive. Sometimes as many as half the students would make a public profession of repentance and faith in Jesus.

If you were trying to rescue people from a burning building wouldn't you go to the part of the building where you could save the most people? If you were fishing wouldn't you go where you could catch the most fish?

I did an object lesson in some American churches. I asked the people in each row to pick a nation and call their row by that nation: one row would be France, Russia, Peru, Congo, China, America or whatever they wanted. Then I got a bag of candy and started to give candy to each person on the row calling themselves America. The candy represented the good news. Then I gave the American row more candy. Some of the other rows were getting restless. Some said, "That's not fair!" When I started to give the American row a *third* helping, many were shocked at my injustice. Maybe some of them got a glimpse of the selfishness of not bothering to share the Gospel with the neglected ones.

Evangel and Timothy had seen this object lesson before and had tried to get their row to be America so they could get the candy. It didn't work. Their row chose to be Peru. So Evangel and Timothy slipped away from their row and quietly sat with the Americans (they became illegal immigrants) and got a load of candy. Then they took some back to their friends in Peru. That part was good. One way to reach other nations is to share the Gospel with foreigners in the USA.

We had commitments in America because we were already scheduled ahead for about a year, so I asked God when we should plan to move to South Africa. The answer was October, 2001. Here's a nice prayer to pray when you need clear guidance, "Lead me in a plain path" (Psalms 27:11).

So we had about a year to prepare. We don't ask for money, but it was exciting to see churches starting to support us. We were not on strike, refusing to go until we got everything we might want. I told people that if we get a little, we are still going. I've lived simply before, and I can do it again. If we get more we will be able to do more in spreading the Gospel. I had learned from my parents and from personal experience that if we seek first God's kingdom, all our needs would be provided.

Therefore take no thought, saying What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these

things do the Gentiles seek: for your heavenly Father knows that ye need all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you (Mt. 6:31-33).

We were still independent as we had been as we had preached in the US, the Philippines, Peru, Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Kenya and South Africa. I had been preaching 35 years and was 53 years old. Who sent us? God sent us. How is a missionary like a penny? A penny is one cent. A missionary is one sent.

Jesus sent us.

- by His Great Commission
- by the huge need of rescuing people from hell to eternal life
- by his specific guidance
- by Africans inviting us and asking for the help that we could give
- by scores of American churches, schools and individuals who know us and recognize the rightness of what we do and support us.

Vicki wrote: I remember on a previous trip to South Africa, Paul took Evangel, our 4 year old, out into the waves in the Indian Ocean. The waves were sometimes taller than she was, but Evangel was laughing and loving it. She would be yelling at the top of her voice, “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me!” before another wave would come in on her. I'd like to have the same happy, excited attitude yelling, “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me,” as we plunge across the Atlantic Ocean into a new “wave” of ministry for us.

We realized that South Africa was in a season of harvest. When the harvest is ripe, you drop other things and REAP. We had a special sense of *satisfaction* and *confidence* as we prepared to move to South Africa—*knowing we were doing the will of God.*

I wrote to friends that Vicki is a very sweet wife and a good mommy in spite of all the travels, pressures, morning sickness, and responsibilities in this Gospel work!

Evangel, now five, is learning to read, is Mommy's helper and Dad's special little girl! Her grandmother gave her a little backpack that looked like Snoopy. She loved it! Shortly after that we went to Kenya, and she impulsively gave it to her friend, Daniel, also a missionary kid. (She had just learned about tithing and wanted to give something to God.)

Then she wanted it back. Daniel's mother offered to give it back, but I said, "No, she needs to learn to live with her choices." Evangel cried. Vicki reminded Evangel of God's promise, "Give and it shall be given you" and suggested that Evangel pray that God would give her another backpack. But in Mulango, Kenya, you can't just go to the store and buy a backpack! Soon we were flying to South Africa, and a flight attendant gave Evangel a nice, colorful backpack filled with interesting things for a child! I told her, "You gave God an empty backpack, and He gave you a full one!" A month later, we were flying to the USA and another flight attendant gave Evangel another backpack! I said, "You gave God an empty backpack, and God gave you TWO full ones. "Give, and it shall be given you, good measure..." (Luke 6:38). God answered little Evangel's prayer for a backpack. I've never seen flight attendants give backpacks any other times.

Timmy (2) when asked by Evangel to share his candy, said, "I'm going to share it with myself!" But later he came on his own and donated three candy bars "for visitors." We were giving candy to visitors at VBS.

Vicki wrote at the end of 2000: I like the funny memories the best, like when the Cobb family in Georgia took us to see their pond. Paul tried out their rope swing that went out over the pond, but the rope broke.... I *tried* not to laugh until I was sure he was OK, but I don't think I was entirely successful.

## Best Year Yet

2001 had us driving and preaching from Maine to Florida to Arizona, plus flying to Kenya and Uganda, and finally moving to South Africa. It seemed to be the happiest and most fruitful year of our lives in America and in Africa.

In January we drove our motor home to northern Arizona where our water pipes would freeze by 10 PM, but we slept well under lots of blankets. The Navajo Indian Christians were very generous to us. When I preached the interpreter consistently took four times as long as I did for each phrase that he translated. For example, the word *white* is *the color of the inside of an apple!*

Alcoholism is a huge problem there, so I used the beer bottle trick to illustrate how the Bible warns against intoxicating drink and how it will deceive you. I had shared that object lesson with Vicki on our first date, and she shared a good object lesson with me that we have since used many times. As summer approached Evangel and Timmy went out to pick “Daniel Lions” as Timmy called those yellow flowers. They don't get tired of traveling, even 12 hours in a day since we are riding in our motor home.

Vicki wrote: Josh was on the way before we knew it, and we always laugh at how we found out. I had told Paul that for an anniversary present for him, I'd eat no cookies, cake, or candy til I lost five pounds. I didn't realize I was already expecting Josh, but I went well over nine months before I lost those five pounds. I find it interesting that Josh is now our healthiest eater of the kids.

My parents provided hospitality for his birth, and it was a special family affair with my sister and her family also on the scene. My sister thought perhaps Joshua would be as special as John the Baptist because the whole house shook in the last few minutes before he was born. We wondered if it was an earthquake to announce this special birth, but it was just that the garage got hit by a car! Names will not be mentioned as to who hit the garage and why, but they know who they are.

Paul: So on May 21, 2001, Joshua was born. Two midwives attended her so I only helped a little. I did catch Joshua, though. When Timmy saw his new brother he just laughed and said, “We got the wong [sic] one! That's a doll, not a baby.” Evangel, five, was thrilled and wanted to help, holding, changing, babysitting or anything else she could think of.

We had another special new girl; a little third grader in an Ohio school where I preached asked the Lord to save her. We often see people profess faith in Jesus, but we're not around long to see the fruit, the evidence of saving faith. “And hereby we do know that we know Him, if we keep His commandments.”

This time we were in a church twice, about a month apart, and we heard several reports of a dramatically changed life and a new sweet spirit in the little girl. Her teacher said, “That made my year!” because that girl had been such a trouble maker all year, but was now so peaceful! Even the girl's mother wanted to know what had happened to her daughter.

In September Vicki wrote: I thought Tuesday, September 11, was going to be a memorable day because it was the day Paul met a skunk as he was jogging in the early morning darkness out on a soccer field. Instead, the day became memorable to the whole world for the terrorist attacks.

After preaching twice in a large Christian school in North Carolina that morning (as the terrorist attacks were happening), we drove to Pennsylvania for our next appointment right near where one of the planes was crashed by terrorists.

As our departure for South Africa approached, I wrote to our friends: Someone asked if we are afraid to go to South Africa (10 million are expected to die of AIDS this decade in South Africa, highest rate of murder *and* rape in the world, fears of flying because of terrorists....) The truth is, I'd be afraid not to go! When God calls you to go, it's not very bright to run away! Remember Jonah?

We are looking forward to more and more mercy and blessing! In 35 years of preaching, I have been enjoying serving God **more and more!** “The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day” (Pr. 4:18). And it's nice to know you are doing what you are cut out to do! (And Vicki is doing well at what she was created to do!)

Also I have found serving Jesus to get easier and easier! Jesus said if you're having a hard time, “Come unto Me... and I will give you rest. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light” (Matthew 11:28-30).

## Move to South Africa

We made it to South Africa on October 26, 2001, a few weeks after the terrorist attacks of 9-11. So people realized there are dangers in America, too.

Our good friend, Delgun Steele, immediately organized a lot of meetings: in a crowded prison of 8,000 inmates, a school, a homeless shelter, some churches and the squatter camps—23 meetings in the first two weeks. The next week he and another friend scheduled me 20 times, mostly in public high schools!

The Lord gave our kids a quick adjustment. “He...shall gently lead those that are with young” (Isaiah 40:11).



*There are hundreds of penguins at Boulders Beach, not far from our house.*

Vicki wrote: Let me count a few blessings with you.

- 1) We have stayed in one guest house since we arrived.
- 2) We are within walking distance of a playground and the ocean.
- 3) We've seen whales!
- 4) There are snails around to have snail races with.
- 5) South African ice cream is yummy!
- 6) We all hiked up the mountain overlooking the ocean and

our town of Fish Hoek! 7) Guy Fawkes Day was our first South African holiday. It commemorates a man who tried to blow up Parliament with dynamite on November 5<sup>th</sup>, 1605. The people in this town head for the beach after dark and set off firecrackers. Our kids loved it, but I felt glad to get home safely.

Paul began Thanksgiving Day by saying, "This may be the most unique Thanksgiving we've ever had," which set us to remembering other

outstanding years. There was the one back in 1992, our first one as a married couple, when we were in Guatemala. That was memorable for being "in charge" of Daniel and D'Arcy's place in their absence, and for killing the fatted turkey for the big event.



*Lots of fun stuff near our place!*

Paul remembered 1999 when we had our new (to us) motor home, and I cooked a turkey as we drove across some mid-western states. That was a special little family memory. Then, of course, there's last year's Thanksgiving, when the house next door burned down.

This year we are in a beautiful spot with gorgeous weather, but not very many others are celebrating Thanksgiving. There are two other Americans at our guest house so we all wished each other a Happy Thanksgiving and told of our plans to call our families. Evangel was thankful that she is getting a surfing lesson on Saturday morning! Paul was thankful for the preaching opportunities...for the new car, house, and many other things.

God not only guided us to South Africa, but He guided us when to move. We didn't know it, but October, 2001, was the ideal time financially to move. Hundreds of thousands of Whites had recently left the country leaving many houses for sale at a lower price. Also the value of the dollar against the South African Rand was high for a short time, so we got an extra good deal on our house, furniture and car.

Vicki's home church very generously gave us money to buy a nearly new car that was a good fit for our family and ministry in South Africa. It lasted a long time and for a lot of miles! Delgun located a house that was a bargain! It cost us about \$19,000! It would have cost several times that amount in America. It has been suitable for our family, in good condition, near two major roads leading to 100's of schools and churches I've since preached in. It's half a mile from shopping, half a mile from the beach, three blocks from a lake and a big park with a playground, and it's in a quiet neighborhood! Vicki said, "It seems too good to be true." Our home is located in Muizenberg, a suburb of Cape Town.

Our supporters continued to send checks to Vicki's parents' address. Vicki's mom deposits them, emails us the info every couple of weeks, and we get the money in South Africa with our debit card. Pretty handy. Vicki's mom is a big help!



*Famous Muizenberg Beach, a quiet beach a half mile from our house, where we also evangelize on New Years Day when ten thousand or more show up.*

## First Mission Trip from South Africa

A few months after we moved to South Africa we took a preaching trip to Kenya.

Vicki: It was a BUSY six weeks for Paul! As I write, Paul is out hiking to a school ...50 minutes away, carrying his chalk equipment. He

also hiked over trails to two other schools this morning so should have a total of three hours 30 minutes walking in the heat, with three times preaching. He'll be tired tonight. Usually, Paul has been able to go in a car, motorcycle or bus to each of the 61 schools where he preached. He went to a few schools two or three times.

Evangel had an answer to prayer that encouraged us, and also made us laugh. She prayed that our hen (which Paul had received as an offering) would lay an egg so we would not eat the hen. Not only was her prayer answered, she got "special delivery." The hen sneaked into her bedroom and laid the egg behind her door! "Musungu," the white hen, has been a beloved pet for all three kids since then. (The Swahili word, *musungu* is what the Africans call Whites.) She won my heart by eating some scorpions near the house.

Paul: We lost about 34 pounds during our stay in Kenya between us without even trying. One old pastor said he saw me preach three years before and was about to retire, but after he heard me preach he decided to stay in ministry.

Back in South Africa I came to the conclusion that in 35 years of preaching I had never seen such a good response to my preaching as in the schools and prisons in South Africa. I was enjoying life.

My sisters, Grace and Joy, came to South Africa for a few weeks most years. Grace would give short Gospel talks in the schools, as she had done many years before in America. Joy, who has a ministry of writing to prison inmates, would go to prison with me.

For the first few years of my ministry in South Africa, my main ministry was in Pollsmoor Prison there in Cape Town. But when we traveled to other parts of South Africa we had more opportunities in

schools. The main city we went to for a while was Port Shepstone where I was scheduled to preach 23 times in one week in June, 2002. It is about 1000 miles northeast of our home in Cape Town.

I was amazed at how responsive the people were, especially in the schools. I found that many of the churches had been having a special season of prayer and partial fasting for a month. But in one high school I noticed that the students were not so responsive when I preached. However, during the following year a number of the students died from various causes. Several died when a youth group van crashed, a girl was crushed when a cave collapsed and several died from unusual diseases. That next year the students were very responsive to the Gospel.



*James and his family with some of our family*

In August, 2002, my nephew, James, and his wife, Gloria, came for a few months. James was a help in the prison as well as helping in producing chalk talk DVD's, a DVD presenting our ministry, the booklets I started publishing and with computer assistance. He also set up our website.

James greatly enlarged our ministry. In addition, James began a ministry of filming the dramatic life stories of a thief and another of a murderer who were saved in prison and are now serving God. Also Gloria was a big help to Vicki, and our kids loved both of them. Those few months have stretched into 20 years with God's blessings.

# Beggars

One issue you face in Africa is what to do about beggars. Quite a few have come to our place, many times. We do try to love our neighbors as ourselves. But we always need wisdom. Two young men came often. Their mother was very sick. They needed money. Later that day they were back; someone had stolen the money we had given the mother. Please replace the money.

Then there was so much shooting in their neighborhood that they had to move and needed money. Then their mom died. They needed money for the funeral. They were collecting a good bit of money. I went back to their old place to check on things. Would you believe it? Their mother was raised from the dead and was living back in the old place! ;-). Actually the beggars had told me a series of lies. If a ruler hearkens to lies, all his servants are wicked (Pr. 29:12).

A more sophisticated beggar said that it's easy to get people like missionaries to give to you; just tell them what they want to hear.

One beggar came to the gate telling Vicki a tale of woe. She hesitated, and he quickly said, "And...I have another story."

One beggar at an intersection appealed to our sense of humor. He had a sign that said something like, "Please help. Kids have gone to Disney World, Porsche is in the shop."

I met Dirk and Chantel at a parking lot where they were offering to wash cars along with begging. We gave them work at our house every Monday, and they got us into some churches. They went with us to the different churches where I preached, and they both made a profession of faith.

Without our knowing it for a while, they continued in drugs, and when they got into trouble we would get phone calls at any hour. If one of them got mad at the other he or she would tell on the other. He told us how she stole R200 (at that time about \$30) from us and hid it in her hair. She didn't deny it. She just told on him.

One day Dirk arrived at our door with this greeting, "Good morning, Auntie Vicki, you are getting fat!" She isn't, but fortunately, she did not knock him back down the steps. Actually, he was trying to be nice. In African culture fat is a compliment. If a woman is fat that means her husband is taking good care of her. If a man is fat his wife is taking good care of him. Dirk and Chantel were both extremely thin, I suppose because of their drug use.

There was another cultural difference. We had a white South African couple over for lunch, and the lady saw Chantel's tiny, underweight baby and said, "What a cute little nigger!"

Vicki was shocked speechless! She came running and told me what happened. She wondered what she, as the hostess, should do.

I said, "Well, what did Chantel [the mother] say?"

Vicki thought back and slowly said, "She said, 'Thank you!'"

No crisis, after all.

They finally quit coming. Chantel left Dirk for someone else, pretty much lived on the streets, was in and out of jail until she died in her 30's.

Her daughter, who was about Evangel's age stayed with us for a while as she had done from time to time before. Then she was assigned to live with foster parents. Dirk disappeared. They were not one of our success stories, but they did sort of educate us in some areas.

# Not Cool

There are a good many ministries that help homeless people with meals and lodging. I preached to hundreds at a huge shelter for the homeless and gave an invitation for sinners to get saved. No one responded. Then I said, "I think I know what the problem is: Christians need to get right." So I gave an invitation for Christians to turn from sexual sins, drunkenness and other sins. Many responded. Then I gave an invitation for people to be saved, and there was a new freedom. Now about eight adults publicly, and quite readily, professed to turn from their sins to follow Jesus. It is often true that the sins of Christians hinder the unsaved from coming to Jesus for salvation.

At Christmas time we started a tradition of going to Pollsmoor Prison for a Christmas outreach each year. We would prepare hundreds of treats and tracts for the prisoners and I would preach to large groups instead of just 50 or so in each cell at a time. Usually, they were pretty attentive and responsive. We could reach the whole youth prison of 1000 or 2000 in just two or three days. We had to be careful. If one or two got away with stealing candy bars there could be a feeding frenzy in a few seconds.

The first two years all of our children went along. Amazingly, the prison officials allowed our little children in. Evangel helped pass out treats, Timmy would climb the bars and Joshua was just cute. But the prisoners could see a family serving God together. Most of the guys had no father at home. The inmates and guards were appreciative.

Vicki's Mom, Dad, sister Wendy, and Wendy's two daughters came to visit for our second Christmas here. Since South Africa is in the southern hemisphere, the seasons are reversed so that Christmas is in the summer with long, sunny days. Vicki tried to show them all the beautiful sights of Cape Town. They saw lions, penguins, ostriches and baboons. Mom's favorite may have been when a big baboon snatched my sandwich away from me right at the picnic table.

We have a very beautiful, long, quiet beach near us, so we all walked over on New Year's Day. What a surprise! Ten or twenty thousand people from the squatter settlements were crowding the beach.

I thought, *I'll go set up my chalk equipment and preach to them tomorrow.* But the next day there was only a trashy beach. We found that the people swarm in every New Year's Day. So the next year I started a tradition of doing 10 or 15 chalk talks to the ever changing crowds, while Vicki, James, our kids and some others would go around giving out hundreds of little comic style Gospel tracts. We would leave by late afternoon as more and more people were getting drunk. We would walk home tired, sweaty, sunburned and telling each other our exciting adventures.

Our next big driving trip took us a thousand miles up the coast of the Indian Ocean. I preached 72 times the first month. It was so hot that I was dripping wet and had to change two, three or four times a day, which illustrates that reaching young people does not require “cool.” Being 55 and dripping with sweat is not cool, but God was blessing anyway by His mercy.

When I saw that most of the people in the group made a public profession of repentance and faith in some of the services, it reminded me of Acts 9:35, “And all that dwelt in Lydda and Saron turned to the Lord,” and John 15:8, “Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.”

So Vicki was very busy too, with extra laundry, on top of her mothering and home schooling. The kids loved it when we were near other missionaries' kids and could play with them on their trampoline or when they watched some dogs fight a huge four and a half foot long monitor lizard or got to feed wild monkeys.

When we got back home our children were excited to participate in a homeschoolers' fair where they sold homemade candles at their booth and passed out tracts. We had a good testimony until one-year-old Joshua stole balls from a neighboring booth.

Right after we arrived home we received Charles (28) and Stephen Wesco (19) from Mishawaka, IN, as guests. These talented brothers had immediately responded to our call in our recent newsletter for helpers. Charles, the oldest of 10 children, who played the accordion and harmonica, and Stephen, a chalk artist, plunged into the ministry right away—still in jet lag and did well.

We teased them about some slip-ups, though. Stephen said that the curse on women for Eve's sin was to bring forth children in pain **all the days** of her life, and Charles said that a little girl's daddy “died several years before she was born.” They didn't mind being teased, though, and we had happy, sometimes hilarious, mealtimes with all nine of us at the table. In one service there were probably 30 men who made profession of faith after Stephen and Charles ministered.

A few months later Stephen emailed us that he was back in America preaching with chalk art. After the message he asked if anyone had ever seen a chalk artist before. One boy said, “Yes, I don't know his name, but I pray for him two times each day.” Stephen asked how he prayed if he didn't know the man's name. The boy responded, “Well, I don't know his real name, but I just pray for Small Paul; that's his fake name.” Wow! A boy still remembers and prays when it has been well over three years since we went to his school in Indiana.

## Ladies' Bible Study

Vicki began hosting a ladies' Bible study on Thursdays where as many as eight nations would be represented by these ladies seeking to become better wives, mothers and witnesses. They were mostly wives of men in ministry

or men studying for the ministry. Our kids loved it as some of the ladies brought their kids, and they played games together.



*Ladies' Bible Study*

Vicki was good at hosting the Ladies' Bible Study. She's a good example of a wife and mother. She demonstrates that serving God and following His way as a wife and mother is fun and practical. To me she is a good lover, companion, fellow worker and my best friend.

Besides all the responsibilities of guiding

the household, training the children, secretary of our ministry, hosting the Ladies' Bible Study, writing our monthly prayer letter and our blogs and doing about half the driving on our many trips, she home schooled our children all the way through high school.

## Family Life

Vicki: Our family holidays are nothing to write about. We just rest! We travel so much as part of life and work that free time is a “stay put” time.



*We take family walks most days  
and see a lot of pretty places.*

However, we do get to see and do many holiday and educational things while we're on evangelistic trips.

Paul: Our kids ought to be good at geography. They've spent so many months traveling and seeing the sights across South Africa and

America as well as many other countries in Africa, Europe and Latin America. We often played quiz games on geography.

When Evangel was seven and Vicki was pregnant with Cherish, I assigned Evangel to cook breakfast of grits, eggs and toast for our family each morning at 7:30. She had that job for several years until Tim got it for a few years, then Josh for a few more years. The children learned more cooking skills and responsibility, it relieved Vicki of a big job each day, and it gave Vicki and me a wonderful, uninterrupted time together each morning (except when I had to leave early to preach.)

We were about to go to a birthday party, and Evangel and Tim continued on and on with an argument. I told them to get out of the car and go back into the house. No party. Vicki said she was shocked, but admitted that she knew in her heart I was right. She said they never had an argument like that again.

We noticed that some of the sweetest times we had with our children was right after they were disciplined and had prayed and confessed their sin.



**Victoria Falls** *We see lots of interesting things in our ministry.*

to see. In the evenings we loved to read fascinating and entertaining books together as a family, or listen to audio books on long drives. Enjoyable trips!

At the park we had a lot of games: chase (win a prize if you catch Dad,) kick ball, dodge ball, hide and seek, capture the flag, swimming at the beach which is about a half a mile from our house and hikes on nearby mountains. Then on our travels we had so much interesting variety on walks and things to do and sights



*A kind friend took our boys tubing.*

Another time we went we saw some policemen on horseback patrolling the beach. They stopped some guys and checked them for stolen stuff. Timmy noticed the policemen took a knife from the sock of one of

When Evangel was nine she made a fish hook, attached it with a string to a stick, put it into a bag with some of her things and took it to the beach. After a long swim she forgot it and left without it. The next time we went she couldn't find it. She prayed she would get her stuff back.

the men, but Evangel saw that one of the men had her bag that she had been looking for. Josh was crying because he had just been stung by a blue bottle jelly fish, so I was carrying him and went back to the car.

Vicki approached the men and noticed that one of them not only had Evangel's bag but also had her watch on his wrist. Evangel was walking around praying she would get her stuff back. Vicki told him that the watch belonged to her daughter and managed to recover the watch and the bag.

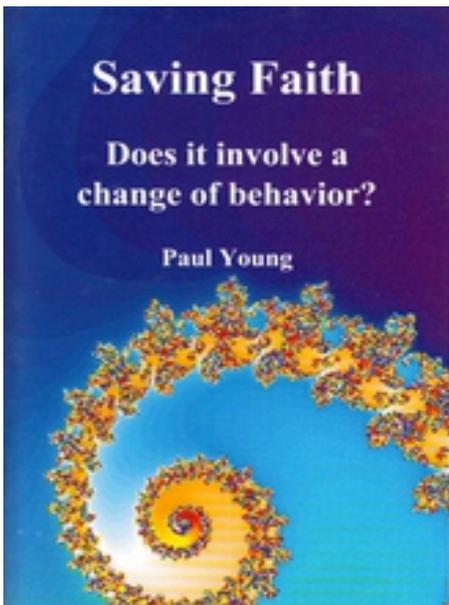
Vicki: Things I never want to forget today are: the way Cherish [about 18 months] arranged and rearranged the laundry again and again on our roof top clothes dryer. She sang, bustled and climbed like a busy little homemaker. She climbed on the wood like a gymnast.

Vicki and the children were able to go ice skating once a month and kayaking each week with other homeschoolers when we were in Cape Town.



*Vicki's mom's camp is a wonderful place to relax,  
have fun and be with family.*

## Our Publications



After 36 years of preaching throughout America, Africa and elsewhere, I came to suspect that the most serious doctrinal threat to Bible Christianity over the past 100 years is the teaching that repentance is not necessary, that saving faith does not involve any change of behavior.

How many thousands, or millions of people have been inoculated against being really saved, by being given only part of the truth? And when they make this empty profession of faith they are then told to never doubt their salvation!

A pastor friend said, “This is such a grave issue. It is frightening to think about the eternal tragedy of easy believism [the kind of faith that has no repentance].”

So I wrote a little booklet called *Saving Faith Does it involve a change of behavior?* A pastor and evangelist from Pennsylvania said that this little booklet was the best treatment he had ever seen on this vital subject. It gives more than 50 Bible verses or passages that clearly show that saving faith does involve a change of behavior.

Here's a quote from page 22 and 23:

When Christian workers promise life to those who do not repent they not only give them false hope, they strengthen them in their wickedness! “Because with lies ye have... strengthened the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life” (Ez. 13:22).

We distributed many thousands of these booklets in churches, schools and the prison, as well as to other missions. Shortly after this first booklet, we also published:

*Who Are the Real Christians? The essentials of Christianity*

*Principles of Church Growth*

*Women Serving Jesus*

*Answers to Prayer for Our Family*

*How to Have a Time Alone with God*

*Power from on High The Fullness of the Holy Spirit*

Eventually we added:

*A Happy Home*

*Prophecy According to Jesus*

*What God Says about Prosperity*

*In His Service and Loving It!*

And DVDs of my chalk talks

Plus the tract, *Which Way Are You Going?* in English, Afrikaans, Xhosa, Chichewa and Spanish.

## CHERISH

### Cherish's Birth



On September 30, 2003, Cherish Faith Young was born at our house. Vicki says Cherish was our quickest, easiest birth and was a blessing from the beginning, smiling at only three days old. Vicki said she had had a battle with depression and anger during the pregnancy, but with Cherish's birth it lifted. Cherish was an American born in Africa, so you could say she was our little African American baby.

## India

I was invited to preach in India, so in April, 2004, James and I went. Back in South Africa Vicki's parents came to visit while James and I were gone. Little Joshua was upset when Vicki kept calling her father Dad. Barely holding back his tears, he finally said, "That's not my dad!"

For a while in India there were only a few meetings. I prayed that God would send me forth into His harvest. In the meantime I made progress writing some needed booklets. Then when some boys came up to our room to see my chalk drawing, I took them up to the flat housetop where it was cooler to draw and preach to them. People in the neighborhood could see us up there, so about 50 started coming up there in the evening. Also others from other housetops and from the streets below would watch and listen. I called it the community stage. People invited me to their houses where I would draw, preach, and act out the message. The people didn't know much English. Finally our host scheduled more meetings. I preached 12 times one day. The final week I preached 35 times (often dripping wet, it was so hot). We would walk up to two hours carrying all the chalk art equipment to and from the street meetings each night.

The Indian open air audiences were very responsive! Hundreds made a profession of faith. One night we were invited to a feast served on banana leaves provided by a family who they said was converted at the meeting the previous night. After preaching for about 30 minutes or more and giving an invitation, I would think I was done. The crowd would sometimes just sit quietly waiting for another chalk talk (and maybe another.)

As I would try to gather up my equipment after drawing and preaching, people would throng me asking for prayer. The line of people might be from ten people to seventy. I never announced we would pray or

asked them to come; they just came, children, young adults and old, for healing, for employment, for exams. Some came back later to tell of healing in answer to those prayers. One lady's arm was healed, another could see in her right eye now, someone else's back was healed, also her digestion was better! Another old couple followed us (walking) about a mile to our next service to tell how God had just healed one of them in the first service! I certainly didn't plan to have healing services, but I did pray when people asked, and God was merciful. He gives good things to those who ask Him (Matt. 7:11).

## South Africa Again

Back in South Africa we began getting the chalk talks filmed for broadcasting on TV. James did most of the filming and production. We had to pay for the first few stations, but after a while we were able to find stations that would broadcast for free! Most of these stations are in Africa, especially Kenya. As a result of the TV programs several church leaders invited me to preach and train pastors.

Over the years we continually commented in our monthly prayer letters that we had just had the most fruitful weeks or months in our lives. It kept getting better and better. The path of the just is as a shining light that shines more and more until the perfect day (Proverbs 4:18).

I felt that way again when we started to go to Port Elizabeth. We had a rough time making our first appointment in a school there, but the principal was pleased and started scheduling me in other schools in Port Elizabeth. Then another principal gave me a list of about 35 schools with phone numbers and said I could tell them that he recommended me. In a short time I scheduled most of those schools.

Once, on the way to Port Elizabeth the car started to lose power a little. Then it got worse. Finally, it couldn't even move up the hill at all. I prayed we would get it fixed well, inexpensively, and in good time. We were able to turn it around, and we drove/coasted it back down a long hill to the city in the valley. Several mechanics would not even touch it since it was a French made Renault.

My sister Grace called me from America while we were stranded, and I told her the situation. She prayed and got others to pray. A man walked up to where we were parked at the service station and tried to help. I noticed he was racing the engine. It wouldn't even do that before. I decided to try it out. It worked! We got to Port Elizabeth that night on schedule and to Cape Town the next day, doing the speed limit of 120 km/h (74 mph) quite easily! I didn't know what happened, but God answered prayer and got it "fixed well, inexpensively and on good time." The family also got a nice break, a little walk, and a relaxing meal during the two or three hour delay!

When we came back to Port Elizabeth, we found an inexpensive place to stay and loved it, The Willows, right on the coast. (It's too rocky to be called a beach.) The Willows became one of our favorite places to stay. The kids would chase me, and I would try to get far enough ahead to hide (and rest). It was a very strenuous game. For a few years I could outrun them. Then I had to try to outsmart them. A couple of times I would carry two-year-old Cherish, and she would hide with me.

When we returned to the Willows from preaching, we found some intruders had invaded our cottage. They slipped into the bathroom window and caused a disaster in the kitchen spattering tomatoes, eggs, grits and stealing most of the bananas. Who would commit such senseless acts of vandalism? It was a local troop of monkeys. So our kids had fun trapping them under a big garbage can (and letting them go again.) But we shot some of them (with a camera.)

Vicki wrote: September, 2005, brought even further enlarging of our ministry. Our schedule was arranged by a 21-year-old lady named Lizelle. She had watched a DVD of Paul's preaching with chalk art and felt that the Lord wanted her to ask Paul to preach in the public schools in her area. Her dad is a pastor, so between the two of them, they scheduled some busy times for Paul!

Paul wrote: One principal where Lizelle tried to schedule me was reluctant at first, but after the assembly, he became enthusiastic. He told Lizelle how he met with some other principals over a beer (!) to discuss their rugby schedules. They started talking about the assembly I had preached at, and FOUR other principals wanted to sign me up for special assemblies! (The pastor's comment was, "God can use a crooked stick to draw a straight line.") We saw *hundreds* of students responding to the invitations.



**The students are often quite responsive!**

Lizelle went on to schedule us in hundreds of schools and churches across South Africa with principals of schools who had never heard of her or me. She was talented and used her gift for God's kingdom to help bring many thousands of students and teachers to a public profession of repentance and faith in Jesus.

When we were gone James and Gloria would continue the ministry in Cape Town and take care of the place and animals. In May several of us were sick. Cherish would wake up at night and say, "It hurts! Pway, Mommy, pway!" After the doctor gave us antibiotics we all recovered.



*Joshua, Cherish, Evangel and Timothy*

## Sick

In August little Cherish got a little sick. It didn't seem so bad as before, but that Saturday night she started vomiting and couldn't keep anything down. She would say, "Hold me, Mommy." We took her to the doctor who didn't know what the sickness was, so he sent us to the big Red Cross Hospital.

She had been a happy little girl. Different people said she was the happiest child they had ever seen. And she was so lovable! Her

Aunt Joy called from the States and told Cherish she loved her. Cherish said, "I love Daddy T – H – I – S much" as she stretched out her arms. She often said to Vicki, "I love you SO much!" At family prayer she would thank the Lord for each person in the family by name and sometimes her toys and pets. She often wanted to thank God at meal time. She would look around the table as she prayed thanking the Lord for the bread... and potatoes... and beans... and chicken....

Vicki wrote: One thing I enjoyed about her, was that she actually liked to take naps. Before she was a year old, she would go to bed hugging a book to her chest. I envisioned her learning to read as a three year old. When she awoke from a nap, she wouldn't always cry quickly to be picked up, but instead I'd often find her playing happily alone in her crib. She enjoyed her own company.

Cherish always wanted to be involved with whatever we were doing. When we played our homemade version of Balderdash, a game much too old for her, Cherish would grab one of the little slips of paper and scribble a little bit on each one. She would hold it up to my eyes until I felt cross-eyed, and then demand, "Read dat. Read dat." I would make up something like, "I love my beautiful Mommy," and she was pleased with her writing results.



I had visions of Cherish being a nurse when she grew up, as she was such a motherly little person, and so sympathetic with anyone who was hurt or even sleeping. She would pat her big brother Josh's brow when he fell asleep at an odd time or in an odd place and try to help him to bed. She was a precious little one, a very loving child, and the beloved baby of our family.

Paul: When I asked her if she had ever done bad, she said, "No." So I said, "Tell the truth." She said, "The truth." But another time she came to Vicki to pray with her to ask the Lord to take away her sin.

One day when she thought she was alone, I saw her looking up to the sky and saying over and over, "Help me, God! Please help me!" In the final few weeks she would say, "I'm God's girl." Then she went to be with Him.

On a Saturday night Cherish got sick. We took her to the hospital. She was dying before I even knew it was serious. When I laid her down in the hospital, I saw that she was not breathing! I called her, "Cherish!" She gasped a little. I called out for the doctors to give her some oxygen!



*Cherish, Joshua and Timothy*

In a little while seven doctors and nurses were frantically working over our little girl. They shooed us out to another room. We couldn't even be with our own little girl while she was dying! In about 20 minutes one of the ladies came and told us they could not get our daughter to breathe. I felt so helpless! We cried a lot that night! We've cried a lot of times since then!



The morning after she died, I wrote this short letter to our friends:

Little Cherish Faith Young, two years and ten months, died at the hospital last night

(Sunday) here in Cape Town, South Africa. She started vomiting Saturday night, we took her to the doctor Sunday, then after several hours he sent her to the hospital where she died as we entered. They don't know why she died so suddenly.

We all are so shocked and miss her so much!

The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away.

Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Thanks for your love and prayers!

Sowing in tears,

Paul Young & family

Vicki: In Cape Town, friends arrived to comfort and cry with us. They came from my Bible study and book club, prison workers showed up, and friends from churches and schools where Paul has preached. Fellow homeschoolers brought food, and our dear friend Delgun helped with funeral arrangements as neither of us had a clue on how to go about that.

Our friend Zelda had already learned how to comfort from the comfort she had received. She had lost her husband to cancer earlier the same year. She showed up at our house with a huge cookie mix on the second day, and she comforted our children as no one else. She and her daughters led them in making beautiful decorated cookies in the kitchen while the grown-ups cried in the living room. I wouldn't have known how to reach out to someone's children at a time like that, but now I do. It is still a great memory for our kids, and was a great example for me.

Every day e-mails poured in, and I remember sitting with tears pouring down our faces reading dozens of letters from friends who were hurting with us. Most cards and paper letters didn't arrive for weeks, because they were sent to our American address, my parents' house, and our parents were not there. They were busy comforting us too! My mother and niece flew over from America to be with us for two weeks! So the cards and letters arrived when we were on a preaching trip, and the comfort continued even though we were far from close friends.

It continually helps to remind ourselves of where Cherish is, Who is caring for her, and that "In Thy presence is fullness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Psalm 16:11).

That heavenly home is sounding good! And we'll finally be like Him, free from this nagging sin that plagues us now.



Paul: The pathologist told us on the day of the funeral that it was meningitis. Timothy (8) got sick that day, and Vicki rushed him to the hospital, missing the service. Later Joshua (5) got a high fever, and we rushed him to the hospital as well. We were afraid they had meningitis, too. They both got better, thank the

Lord, but it was a rough, scary time! We all took the antibiotics, the neighbors, too. It was a dark, painful, and heart searching time for us! Vicki and I were each wondering if there were things that we did or did not do that may have led to her death.

But Cherish is not crying in Heaven. Vicki and I are looking forward to Heaven more now to see and hold and play with our little girl again!

Just a few days after we buried Cherish I was scheduled to preach in Port Elizabeth again. Some people suggested I take some time off to heal. I didn't. I knew I would be hurting whatever I was doing. More importantly, I did not dare lose the huge opportunities to rescue thousands of boys and girls and teachers from a far worse pain—everlasting fire!

In addition to our loss, I damaged my leg while playing with the other three children when we arrived at the Willows in Port Elizabeth. Now I had to hobble around for several days. Vicki and I had bad colds, and in a storm the thatch blew out of the roof.



*After the death of Cherish I drew and preached on Heaven 100's of times.*

As it turned out God used my pain and little Cherish's short life to touch the hearts of thousands of people and get them to think about eternity. Over and over I drew the picture of the narrow way to Heaven and the broad road to Hell. I had never seen so many people turn to the Lord as in the days and years after losing Cherish.

I knew that our happy little girl was now far happier in Heaven, but we could also see that God was working all things together for great good (many more people going to Heaven) out of a very bad thing (the death of our beautiful child). Also Vicki and I could now help others who had lost a dear one.

Those three weeks in Port Elizabeth turned out to be perhaps the most fruitful time we had ever seen! God turned the curse into a blessing (Nehemiah 13:2). We had already been impressed with how the Lord had opened the doors to 28 public schools totaling about 12,000 people hearing the Gospel. In most cases no one even knew us before I came to the schools. In almost all the schools, churches and mission services, people's

hearts seemed to be unusually open to the plain preaching of God's Word. A school principal, who had lost her son, told me, "I can't believe the peace you have."

A lady emailed us after I spoke to her church:

Paul,

God spoke through you to so many people that night—I wish you would get to hear the feedback I am getting!!! I have heard you speak before, Paul, but Sunday night was such a testimony of God's will for us to be in the Promised Land, and just listening to you speak of losing your precious Cherish, I was in AWE of God!!! God has begun a new work in you.

Vicki, I LOVED chatting to you afterwards! I found it SO INCREDIBLY humbling that even though your Cherish has died, you were making me laugh—I could see the strength of God shining through you!

I will pray for you all to be satisfied, early, with His mercy, so that you can be happy ALL of your days!

And God continued opening doors to the Gospel! In the next few months I was able to preach in scores of public schools that I'd never preached in before. God opened their hearts in such a remarkable way—the students, teachers, and principals! The death of little Cherish still helps open the hearts of thousands of people to turn from sin and trust Jesus to take them to Heaven. The Bible says about Abel, who died prematurely: "He being dead yet speaketh." We sowed in tears, but we are reaping in joy! God has given us songs in the night. God is still worthy of praise through all the ups and downs of life.

A few weeks after we lost Cherish, someone stole our car, with money, credit cards, camera and other stuff. We found it in a couple of days, but the police kept it for weeks. But after losing our child, losing a car was a rather small thing.

That year completed 40 years of preaching for me, and Vicki had been living for 40 years. Some people who study numbers in the Bible say that 40 is the number of testing. That year certainly was a year of testing and trials for us! It was also a year of getting to know “the God of all comfort” better. It was a year of sowing in tears and reaping in joy (Psalm 126:5). In 2006 God opened a lot of doors for me to preach the Gospel: 95 new places (mostly schools) and three new TV stations.

At the year's end I wrote, “Vicki has been sweeter to me than ever!”

Vicki said at the end of the year: Our four children are doing well. Cherish, of course, is doing GREAT, in fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore in heaven! We're obeying Colossians 3:2 better now: “Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.”

Joshua is five now and is just learning to read. He is the bounciest five-year-old we know and loves bike riding, swimming and his Daddy!

Timothy is much more cautious than his brother, so it was a great victory for him to also conquer bike riding. He is enjoying a new science kit.

Evangel, 11, is enjoying an art course and shows God-given talent. She is delighted in new friends, especially her “big sister” Lizelle, (our friend who scheduled so many schools and churches). She has set up a little store in our garage and has helped Mom find new homes for outgrown things by selling them to people who need them. She is a big help with the little kids when we have Ladies' Bible Study. Our children are our nearest and dearest ministry.



## UPS AND DOWNS

### Good News

Paul: In early 2007 we flew to America. A man emailed us from Africa that he overheard a girl at a rugby match tell her friend about “a really tall guy” who had preached at her school. She repeated my entire sermon to her friend.

We were also encouraged when we heard that after I had told a lot of answers to prayer when I preached at Vicki's home church, that they prayed for one of their ladies with cancer, and the Lord took her cancer away. Also a German lady said she had watched all the chalk talks on our DVD, and they had helped her marriage.

While in America Vicki prayed we would see a moose. She had grown up in Maine which is famous for moose, but she had never seen a moose. We saw our first one on the way home from church.

On the way back from America we got to preach in Germany in churches, a Christian school and on the streets. Vicki said she liked my preaching on the streets the best, because she and the kids could pass out tracts there. But it was different from passing out tracts in Africa where we rarely had someone turn one down. In Germany many people would not even take one.

The US military church there where I was preaching, generously provided us a car and a three day holiday in Bavaria. The car had a GPS (which was new to me). The German lady explained to me how it worked. I jokingly told her I didn't want the GPS to have a woman's voice telling me what to do. So she said, “Just say, 'Shut up, Darling!'”



*Neuschwanstein Castle we visited in Germany*

We were impressed touring the magnificent castles at the foot of the beautiful Alps. We thought, *If man can produce such splendor, what is little Cherish enjoying in heaven!* It's going to be good!!!

When we arrived back in South Africa, Lizelle did really well! She scheduled me in 19 new places in Pretoria, plus 30 other schools, 21 churches, a camp, an orphanage, a mission and two other kids' groups. What an opportunity for harvest!

We got this email after I preached in a high school:

My son... came home from school yesterday very excited about the "talk" you gave them yesterday. We watched some of the DVD last night (two stories) and will be doing the same until we've seen the whole thing [16 chalk talk sermons].

A lady showed her family one of the chalk talks when they came for a visit. They wanted to see another. Then another. They stayed to watch four sermons. Another lady got a video CD to play the chalk talks continuously at her guest house. She also wanted us to send DVDs to her daughter in Greece so her English speaking friends who have no English church could use them for sermons. So I can preach even while I'm resting!

Vicki wrote: In one school as Paul drew the first picture in a few seconds, the whole place burst into applause! This was going to be a *really* responsive school! They were—all the way through the invitation!

Paul: An 11<sup>th</sup> grader emailed me after I preached in his school:

Your speech on choosing the...narrow road...really inspired me...and I instantly decided to give my body and soul to Jesus.... I'm making a few copies of your DVD for some of my friends....

A neighbor told us she was enjoying one of our books she got from a friend who had gotten it from a friend! Three families can benefit from one booklet! A teacher gave copies to fellow teachers in the public school and told of a lady reading until 3 AM. A teacher told me he made a thousand copies of my chalk talk videos for the students in his high school to watch.

## Dumped

Around the end of 2007 about a dozen churches stopped supporting us. We had traveled the USA for five months and offered our booklets freely as we do in Africa. Some of the church leaders were not pleased with what I wrote in one or two of the booklets. I write on crucial issues and try to clearly show the Bible teaching on each subject. I knew that the Word of God contradicts some popular traditions, but if I just try to please men, I cannot be the servant of Christ (Gal. 1:10). So I wrote the booklets and made them available. I knew that we might lose money because of what I wrote. But Jesus said that you can't serve God and money (Matt. 6:24). We did lose a good bit of support.

But within a few months other supporters started helping us, completely out of the blue, more than enough to make up for what we had lost. They didn't know any churches had dropped us. I didn't mention our loss of support, and I never ask for money. But God sees.

It was shortly after these things that God opened up far more opportunities in schools than I had ever had, especially in Cape Town where we live. Now I was often preaching to several thousand people a week with very little driving. There are over 600 schools within about a 40 minute drive from our house. Within the next few years I would preach in over 400 of them. Some of them many times.

At that time, I wrote: I have been amazed at the preaching opportunities I've been having! So many new schools! Such attentive and responsive children and teens! Such enthusiastic teachers and principals! As I preached at a new school twice, they called a third, impromptu chapel

for more of the high school! They gave me the phone numbers of four other schools they wanted me to preach at. By the time I got back to the family, Vicki told me another school had called wanting an appointment!

One school had the chalk pictures I drew there before, framed in front of the auditorium. At another school where I preached on repentance and drew a narrow road to Heaven and a wide road to Hell, the principal said that he was going to use the picture again when he has the next chapel. The principal in another school said she would try to arrange for me to preach in the two schools where her own children went. A man at the bank told us the DVDs of the chalk talks were really in demand at his high school where I had recently been.

All of these opportunities reminded me of how God had been preparing me for this all of my life. As Mom was having a hard time at my birth, Dad prayed, not only that Mom and I would live, but that I would grow up to preach the Gospel and bring thousands into the Kingdom. When I was about five I remember waiting out in the car or waiting back stage while Dad preached in black schools in South Carolina. I started preaching with drawing in the schools there in 1967.

## James And Gloria

James Young is my brother Daniel's son. They were missionaries in Guatemala for several years. James married Gloria there in Guatemala, and they came to visit and help us for three months. They were such a big help that we welcomed them to stay. They did. Gloria helped Vicki a lot with the house work and with our children. Our kids loved James and Gloria. James helped a lot with tech stuff, getting our books printed, producing DVDs of my chalk talks, producing TV programs and was a general handy man! He also helped Hope Prison Ministry at Pollsmoor Prison.

Jonathan Clayton, the head of the prison ministry, invited James to a church where he was presenting his prison ministry. But James didn't have the directions or the address or even the phone number. He started off into Cape Town (with over two and a half million people and many hundreds of churches) praying he would find the church. James drove almost directly to the distant church! Jonathan Clayton eventually realized James didn't have the directions yet and was shocked to see James and Gloria already at church when he arrived!

Then God answered another prayer for them. James and Gloria had been helping us and living with us for several years, and they had no pregnancies in 11 years of marriage. We had special prayer that God would give them a child. Then on New Years Day, 2008, Gloria took a pregnancy test. It said she was pregnant! She didn't believe it. That August little Daniel was born. Connie came in 2011.

All four of them were sleeping in our "maid's quarters," a small room behind our house. We began looking for another place for them to live. We found a house for sale, just five houses away from our house! They moved in April 2012, and almost immediately were expecting child number three! Nathanael was born in 2013, followed by Jedidiah in 2015. Then Caleb was born in 2020.

Gloria's mom from Guatemala had not seen Gloria or James for many years, so they arranged for her to fly to South Africa.

Vicki wrote: I imagine everyone wants to know how our niece Gloria's mom, the wonder woman who flew over 10,000 miles without being able to speak any English, and without being able to read or write, is doing. She arrived in fine style, calm and composed, and then made me laugh when her first question for me was, "Y la nena?" meaning, "And the baby girl?"

That would be Evangel, at that time 18 years old and six feet tall. Evangel was two months old the last time we were in Guatemala, and Consuelo wanted to see her again. Gloria's mom stayed with James and Gloria and their three kids for three months. It was quite a reunion after not seeing her for 14 years.

Gloria's mom made it back home to Guatemala! She certainly went out with a bang though. There was a shooting at Cape Town Airport (one dead and three injured) as she was about to depart, and the whole family ended up in a heap on the floor, covering the little ones with their bodies. We learned later that an off-duty policeman shot his "significant other" in a restaurant. What a dramatic ending to an otherwise peaceful three month visit.

About that time our web site suffered an Islamic cyber attack, but James helped us get it fixed.

James and Gloria were on hold about their visa situation, but while we were gone, they got called in to the Department of Home Affairs and put in jail! Thankfully, that only lasted an hour, (each of them about 30 minutes while the other one held the baby) and then they were released and told to go to court the next day, where they could be fined R15,000 (over \$1000 at that time) for applying late for their visas. But they were late because they were waiting on police clearance paper work from the government. As it turned out, they didn't have to pay anything! And they were told they don't have a criminal record. Plus, they are now free to start all over again to apply for their visas.

Then we had an eight year old prayer request answered with a yes! James and Gloria finally got their visas from South Africa, for the first time since 2005.

In the many, many times James has had to go to the Dept. of Home Affairs over these years, he has boldly witnessed and passed out tracts and DVDs to the dozens of people waiting there from many countries trying to get into South Africa.



*Vicki and Josh taking the children camping*

He was also thrilled to have finished a new testimony video! "Desire accomplished is sweet to the soul."

Paul: Vicki often takes their children shopping and on other fun outings. They love her!

## Pollsmoor Prison

I first started preaching in jail as a student at Columbia Bible College in 1969. Preaching in jail was good for me; I had to get the prisoners' attention. In church people often at least pretend to listen, but in the jail I was right where the guys stayed all the time. The men might be reading or playing checkers or talking with each or contradicting my preaching or sitting on the toilet—all in the same room. I was the intruder in their territory. It was up to me to get their interest in God's Word.



*Pollsmoor Prison Where I've Preached Hundreds of Times*

In South Africa preaching in prison was my main ministry until I was able to preach in schools most of the time. I often came home telling the family of enthusiastic prisoners making decisions for the Lord. As I entered one cell of about 40 inmates and went around greeting each one, one of them went around getting others out of bed and telling them they had one minute to gather for the service. They came! I suppose he was a gang leader.

I wish you could see the welcome I often get from the young men in prison and hear the enthusiastic male voices singing and watch them as they listen attentively as I tell what Jesus has done for me and will do for them, and then hear many of them praying together as they turn from sin to Jesus. Most of them don't have a dad at home, and when I come in and greet each one with a handshake or a punch, they're happy to see me and often most of them come over where we have a little service, and they are quite happy to get some reading material that's interesting and helpful. They often tell me they pray for me, and they know I pray for them.



*Preaching in a prison cell to 40-60 guys*

As I sing with them and preach to these prisoners with so many sinful, harmful habits and ways of thinking and so many problems, I often remember that God's Spirit is there with us and that He is more than enough to transform these young criminals into useful men of God.

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the LORD has anointed Me to preach the good news to the poor... to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound... (Isaiah 61:1).

Yesterday a former prisoner came to our gate wanting help, and today another came. Both of them got help in more ways than one. In one cell there were nine countries represented, counting me from the USA. One day a prisoner doing some gardening asked me to pray for him. He said he wanted to repent, so I led him in a prayer calling on the Lord to save him. Then the guy beside him did the same.

One Christmas we did our annual prison outreach to about 1000 guys, ages 18-22. A few years before when we went, there were 2200. Many have made a public profession of repentance and faith in Jesus, and a good many have not returned to the prison. But that year we were asked to do a similar outreach to a prison of 900 adult men—a great opportunity. The next week I preached to the officers. As I entered the prison and gave a guard a tract, another guard said, “I wish I could have one.”

Something like this has happened many times: three young men asked me to have prayer with them. They said they needed to turn away from their sins! I explained the Gospel. They prayed. “Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.”

At the U.S. Consulate (near the prison) after I gave a guard a tract, another guard said, “Would you issue me one of those books?” When I asked the South African lady in charge there if I had given her one previously, she said, “Yes,” and she said she had every single person there read it!

Sometimes after we have given out tracts on a train, we have noticed most of them reading them a few minutes later. Just yesterday as we were passing out tracts, I was joyfully greeted by guys who remembered me from prison years before. A few days ago a man asked me to come with him to his house to pray for his family. When we arrived he gathered his extended family, and they listened as I told them how to be saved. Most of them prayed for the Lord to save them.

Another time while passing out tracts in a crowded squatter neighborhood I got lost. A former prisoner who remembered me helped me find my way back to the car.

More recently when Vicki, Tim and I were passing out tracts, we met a former prisoner who was so happy to see us again. Now he's trying to disciple kids in his neighborhood and was happy for me to preach to them in his church. We had a good time.

Vicki wrote: After Paul left the Department of Home Affairs, he noticed a group of young men by the road—the type of group that makes me walk faster and hold my purse tighter. Paul went to give them some tracts. No need to worry. These were old buddies of his from Pollsmoor Prison, and they called out "Pastor Paul!" in joyful recognition. That happens often. Reminds me of an old country song, "I got some friends in low places."

## A Cool Service!

We certainly had a happy, fruitful and busy year, 2008. Besides so many open doors in Cape Town, we traveled throughout South Africa, as well as to Peru, Zambia, America and finally I went alone to Nigeria.

I was having the time of my life, usually preaching twice a day, sometimes to a thousand or more, with many openly turning from sin to Jesus. Back when I was a teenager I was a bad testimony and a bad influence. I was often defeated and was powerless in winning others. "And it shall come to pass, that as you were a curse... so will I save you, and you shall be a blessing" (Zechariah 8:13).

One service was really cool! Do you remember the story of how God blessed and many teens turned to the Lord even though I was definitely not cool? Dripping with sweat! But this time I was cool! The owner of the local Fruit and Veg City had me preach and draw for his workers—in the large, refrigerated storage room! People were all bundled up, but were not too cool to respond to the Gospel!

That year we lost our web site (through our negligence), but Charles got it back for us! Who is Charles? He used to come to one of our Bible clubs in Newberry, SC, as a boy, 25 or 30 years before. A few weeks previously he had said, "I googled your name and actually found your sermon... on the internet. I was happy to listen to it and considering that it was my birthday, it was for me like opening a birthday gift."

When he found our web service had expired, he contacted the owner of the server and had it reinstated. We were so relieved and happy! Charles said, "Thank you for leading me to Christ."

## A Scary Time

We almost lost Evangel in 2009. We were on a preaching trip in the northern part of South Africa when she complained of pain in her stomach. We took her to the doctor who checked her and ruled out appendicitis but gave her some pain pills. We traveled the next few days to meet appointments. She was still in pain. Several other doctors checked her, but they didn't seem too concerned.

Finally, we checked her into a hospital. Even there the first doctor didn't know what it was. Then another said it was appendicitis. They operated and found that her appendix had already burst, maybe a week before. Then later they had to operate again because it got infected. It was scary. Exactly three years before, our younger daughter, Cherish, had died.

During all this crisis Vicki was with Evangel a lot at the hospital, and they got closer. I was somewhat sick myself, but I was also preaching a good bit and taking care of Tim and Josh. Thankfully, we were staying at Skogheim, a Christian conference center, so meals and housing were taken care of.

It is a nice fact that we get good medical help and dental work in South Africa at a fraction of the cost in the USA. South Africans are proud to tell you that the first heart transplant was performed in South Africa.

Evangel asked me to baptize her again that year. She had prayed to be saved as a little girl and was baptized, but sometimes had doubts and asked the Lord to save her several times. So, since she wasn't sure that she was really saved when I had baptized her before, and since we know that baptism is for disciples (Matt. 28:19), she asked me to baptize her again. (I'd had a similar experience myself as a young person.)

That same year she read a book that challenged her, *Do Hard Things*. Also that year she did her first two chalk talks. She also started a craft class for little girls in conjunction with Vicki's Ladies' Bible Study. Later on, she dedicated each Sunday as *brother day*, to help her younger brothers, Timothy and Joshua, with their projects.

2009 seemed to be our most fruitful year yet. God enlarged our borders in answer to prayer again. I preached in 171 new places and more schools than ever, 225, and some of the largest yet. Lizelle scheduled me in most of the schools that year enabling me to preach to probably more than 100,000 people.

## Crime

South Africa is a world leader in crime. We recently added security measures to our place and to James' place as well. The other night during a severe storm, thieves stole some of our bikes and power tools. A few weeks ago they got into our car and got our GPS and some tools.

At least four other times our cars have been robbed of suitcases and other valuables. They stole our car and a good many other things. My sister, Grace, who comes often on ministry trips has been robbed several times. Another time recently a guy got Vicki's phone from her pocket while we were delivering food for those in need.

One Sunday morning I preached for a pastor whose own son had been murdered for his cell phone that very morning! Another pastor announced that 13 people had been murdered in their area the day before, and seven had already been murdered that morning.

It is common for houses to have walls around their yards with razor wire and/or electric fencing. Guard dogs are very common. Security companies are big business in South Africa. Not to mention the

political/racial murders of thousands of farmers, thus putting many, many thousands of other Africans out of work who had worked on the farms.

Early one morning James caught a guy stealing from our garage. James brought him upstairs to our place. I let the police deal with it.

There is so much crime in some of the neighborhoods that one principal told me that their school was getting burglarized so often that the staff started praying each morning and asking preachers to come preach every week! When things get *so* bad, some people have the sense to turn to the Lord. "God turned the curse into a blessing" (Nehemiah 13:2).

One day Vicki was impressing the ladies from our church in Maine with horror stories of her scary or dangerous experiences on the mission fields where she had served. Vicki didn't notice that her mom had walked in, and was shocked at the dangers Vicki had been in. Until then Vicki had tried to protect her mom from worrying. Too late to backpeddle now!

Then, on one of Mom's trips to visit us, several bad things happened while she was here. A shark bit off a swimmer's leg at the beach we have all visited many times. Also, near our place fifteen criminals with AK-47s forced an armored car off the road to rob it. But they were scattered by a lone, off duty officer when he fired a hand gun!

Mom, herself, got a robbery story while she was here. We were at a food court at a mall, and a cleaning woman walked off with Mom's shopping bags as though they were trash that needed to be cleared from the table. Mom chased her down and retrieved her stuff.

Later, Vicki wrote: I heard that two ticket takers on a train were stoned, one of them to death, for trying to stop people who didn't have tickets from entering the train (just doing their jobs). Our next door neighbor's house was broken into during the day. Our downstairs neighbor helped catch the intruder. There was a shooting and looting at the grocery store where I usually shop. Happily, I was chasing a sale at another store

and missed that one. Paul and Timothy were blocked from coming home by a blockade of a major highway near us because of a taxi war.

A school principal recently said that in view of children being killed in their area, a gang war and the taxi violence, it was *God* who led Paul and Timothy to his school. Teachers in this area have begged through the media for help. So we are concentrating on preaching the Gospel in this especially troubled area (about nine minutes from our home).

Also we had a check stolen. The name of the recipient was changed and the dollar amount was greatly multiplied, so we lost a major chunk of money to some thief. When I was on the phone with the fraud department of our American bank, the helpful lady was asking me, “So why is it that you live over there?” (She had just seen a documentary listing some of the most dangerous places in the world to live, and our beloved South Africa was on the list.)

Why indeed! The message of “repentance unto life” (Acts 11:18) is needed now more than ever. “God commands all men everywhere to repent” (Acts 17:30). People need to change. “Let him know, that he who converts the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins” (James 5:20).

Paul: More recently we had to stop on a major highway because a truck ahead was forced by “protesters” to stop. They burned the truck. I don't know what happened to the driver. Just a few months ago when a former president was arrested for contempt of court, his supporters took to the streets looting and burning 200 malls!

Here's a sample of problems in some school families here. Kids are stealing their father's drugs, and fathers are stealing their kids' drugs. We heard that in an area near us the gangs had caused so much trouble in the schools that the schools asked for the army to come in. But many are hearing the Gospel, believing and repenting.

In some neighborhoods the kids not only have absent dads, but also moms on drugs. One principal said some of the kids were bullying their parents. Now, I did a lot of evil things as a kid—but that was not one of them! Bully my dad?! That one never even crossed my mind!

Vicki wrote in 2016: Gang war has started again at Lavender Hill, a high crime neighborhood near us, or maybe I should just say a "hood" near us. A pastor where Paul preached told this story: One of the church boys was shot as he was bike riding. He was a gangster's brother. The police called the pastors into the police station to talk about working together for a solution to the gang violence. *While the pastors were at the police station, some of the pastors' homes were raided, by the police!*

Some people are afraid to even drive near the area, but Paul is going into Lavender Hill more aggressively. He has just scheduled four schools there and preached in two so far.

In the news, March 10, 2021, three gangsters shot a 17-year-old and a four-year-old was also shot. The police were stoned when they arrived.

Paul: Recently, Vicki, Tim and I have been walking through this area many times handing out thousands of tracts. And many are happy to get them. Actually, Vicki, Tim and I get pretty good respect in these high crime neighborhoods as we walk through passing out tracts. Many have made public profession of repentance and faith with others around watching.

Just last week when I was in Lavender Hill passing out tracts I saw a crowd of people down the street. Someone had been shot. Instead of everybody running for cover, it drew crowds of curious people to see what was going on. Turns out I was able to give a lot of tracts there!

In 2020 we were robbed nine times, but in 2021 and 2022 none (that we know of.)

Vicki wrote: God says, "Preach the word; Be instant in season and out of season...." So I know this is the right season to preach, or maybe it's out of season, but it's still the right time. Paul preached 61 times in the month of October, not counting his own little personal sermons just for me, or our family Bible studies each day. One of the nine churches had Sunday school teachers from about 20 other churches who were there for training.

## Surprises

One school Lizelle scheduled for me was The Leadership College. When I arrived I saw that it was at a mosque! So I phoned their number and found they really were expecting me. Actually those students were very respectful as I drew and told them the necessity of turning from sin and trusting Jesus. Many of them were eager to get the free booklets and DVDs I offered.

I had a funny experience. I went to a school near Bloemfontein, to find them unusually well prepared for my coming. In fact, the students were already in the meeting hall. Some girls left the stage to make way for me, and the older guys helped set up my equipment. I preached and was very well received. I apologized for being late, thinking they must have started 30 minutes before the appointed time. Only afterward did a teacher confess they had no idea I was coming, and they had been rehearsing for a musical program. The principal, who did know I was scheduled there, wasn't there, and hadn't told anyone. Do you suppose we could just skip all the work of scheduling and just drop in to any school we like, any time? Sounds nice! *That* school, at least, said, "You're welcome back any time!"

I was about to preach at another school when I noticed there was a commotion near the back of the crowded room. Then another. Two

students had just deposited their most recent meal on the floor. The teachers decided it was time to move to another location for the talk. Then a little girl put in her two cents worth. Other kids just tried to stay out of it! We moved outside. I continued the talk. Similar disturbances followed. Pink vomits. Some yellow. The teachers said that if the kids need to, go ahead to the bathroom. Girls were zipping off one way, boys the other. Some not quick enough. We moved again. Near the end another boy tossed his cookies, too. I did my best to get more people to pay attention to my preaching the Gospel than to the vomiting! I did manage to finish my sermon.

The grand finale: the pigeons came down to clean up. Now you know why the first three letters of pigeon spell pig. I thought there were about 20 upchucks. Somebody from the school said it was more like 50. Fortunately, no other schools have had that particular distraction.

But at another school someone threw rocks at the assembled children, scattering them right near the end of the preaching. At another school it started raining hard right at the end of the outdoor service, but many had already made decisions to turn from sin to Jesus. There are many ways the enemy tries to keep people from hearing the good news, or distracting, or turning them away. We pray, "Let God arise; let His enemies be scattered!" (Psalms 68:1).

Vicki: We counted speed bumps on the way to church and discovered there are about 90 speed bumps in the hour and a half drive between Vryheid and New Castle, and 90 again on the way home; but they were worse in the dark on the way home.

Paul has been preaching this week on farms. These must be HUGE farms because he'll have as many as about 300 workers listening to him at a time. The first day, he came home with a box of avocados (yum!) and a jar of honey (double yum!) that they had given. The next time he preached at a chicken farm and arrived home with two packs of chicken. Another farm

gave him SEVEN large bags of sweet potatoes! Sweet potato casserole, here we come! Now he wants to know why the explosives factory where he preached last week didn't give him any explosives. :-)

This morning Paul had to get up really early to drive for an hour before preaching to the workers at three farms at 6:00 at the first farm, 7:00 at the second and 8:00 AM at the third! And that night at a church. We read in our family Bible reading about the farmer who went out into the vineyard to hire workers early in the morning, and throughout the day, and said to the people, "Why do you stand here idle all day?" So many Christians are idle when there is such a huge harvest that must be gathered! How urgent is it? "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3:36). This is not the time to stand around idle when there is such a ripe harvest!

Paul: In 2010 I preached fewer times than I had in perhaps 20 years, but may have preached to more people than ever. Bigger schools. Smarter scheduling. It was the year South Africa hosted the World Cup with people from all over the world here for the soccer games, so James produced DVD's of my chalk talks in several languages: Korean, Congolese French, Spanish, Afrikaans, Chinese, plus subtitles in Turkish, Hindi, Filipino, Arabic, Persian (Farsi) and German.

That year Evangel broke her nose, but she also produced a DVD of our family and ministry. Vicki had a foot operation and was told to stay off it for three months.

More recently, at Boksburg, we had a shocking surprise at 2:37 A.M. when we were awakened by an earthquake—the strongest one in South Africa in 60 years. Vicki said it “left me trembling in bed. I wasn't scared enough to run outside as it was too cold.” Thankfully, there wasn't much damage.

## Biggest Opportunities Yet

Vicki: We drove north to the Limpopo province of South Africa at the invitation of our friends Koos and Jeni Basson who are also missionaries. They arranged for Paul to preach 10 times to the workers on some of the huge farms around Mokopane. Paul preached to the orange pickers, the meat slaughterers, the ceramic creators, and even the wild game workers, to name a few, usually at dawn before they went to their work.

He went with Pastor Johannes who would translate for him into the local language. He loved the responsiveness of the people. Sometimes he mentioned the sin of laziness in his preaching, and was rather encouraged when the men and women openly confessed this sin, even though their boss was right there with them.

He also got to preach in 16 schools. We were three days later getting back to Cape Town than we had planned, and missed our nephew's fifth birthday on the 27th. But Paul was able to preach the Gospel to about 4900



extra people because of the delay, (plus preaching two more times on the radio.) Most of those groups were very attentive and responsive.

We moved to Jivannadi Mission on Tuesday, and Paul told them he was available, so they filled his

schedule! He spoke five nights in a row at their Mission Church, and preached a bunch of times on their Christian radio station, and did a Bible club and managed to keep himself out of trouble, preaching 20 times in those five days. I got to speak on the radio, too, and our kids may get interviewed next week. Evangel is to be interviewed today for a youth program, about the videos she has made.

It's been so special to be able to fellowship with other full time Christian workers at the Jivannadi Mission. We have met two young boys who may be future chalk artist evangelists, too, and they are off to a good start by copying Paul's pictures. We met them as we all gathered around to watch a night adder try to swallow a toad whole. (Ewww!) The boys had only seen Paul on his chalk talk DVDs, and were pleased to meet the real deal. We enjoyed them and their family.

We met many godly people in Pretoria including principals and headmasters who welcomed him into their schools. One principal arranged to have Paul back to preach to the rest of the high school the next week. He said, "That was the best chapel presentation I've seen in 30 years of teaching." That was certainly encouraging!

Another high school principal spontaneously called in the rest of the school so Paul could preach to them the same day. Another high school principal asked him to come back again later to preach to the whole school again this year.

Another principal wrote, "We received so much positive feedback from the staff and children. The Lord surely blessed us as a school through His message you delivered and we are sure the Good News will continue to be spread through the CDs and books." At one high school the principal said they show our chalk talk DVDs to the students. At another school Paul *saw* them showing one.

Through many trials and pressures we were probably able to reach more people face to face in September than any other month, ever, about 26,000. Most of Paul's preaching in September was in the Cape Flats, called South Africa's drug capital, but in almost every place the students were attentive, respectful and responsive, and the principals were appreciative. One principal said, where Paul and Grace ministered, "You are welcome here any time!"

## New Year's Day Tradition

On the next-to-the-last day of the year, we took our usual family walk. As we entered the park we could see flashing blue and red lights down at the other end, so we walked that way to investigate. Turns out two boys, cousins, ages 6 and 8, had drowned near the bridge. There are signs there, saying "No Swimming." But it's hot, and that spot remains a popular spot for boys to swim in their underwear. Maybe they had heard the Gospel from Paul. He's preached in over 400 of the 700 schools in the Cape Town area. We heard that someone else drowned near that same place yesterday. Tens of thousands come to the beach here for New Year's Day.

We just LOVE our New Year's Day tradition. We, the entire family, slop on the sunscreen, grab piles of tracts, and head out with Paul's chalk equipment for New Year's Day in Muizenberg near the beach where ten or twenty thousand come. Paul sets up his chalk equipment and preaches.

He had groups of spectators stop to listen almost constantly, though he lost a good crowd once when three ladies got into a fight just around a corner from him. He had a heckler grow his crowd up big at one point with the question, "If Jesus loves us all, why are black people poor and white

people rich?" The crowd was very interested to hear the answer to that one, and another man took up the shout, "Yeah, why?" Another black lady called out, rebuking the first lady. The crowd swelled to hear what was going on.

Paul was quiet for a bit, then told how his family had been well off, but had left that life style to live in a little, two room house when he was a boy to be missionaries to tell poor people how to be saved and live in a golden city forever. He then launched into the telling of the rich man and Lazarus, who are both black, the way Paul draws people, and pointed the crowd to the more important question: Will you be in heaven or hell—forever?

Our grand-nephew, Daniel, seven, was the youngest one actually passing out tracts. He got hit in the ribs by a little tormentor when I wasn't looking. I told him to rejoice! He was persecuted for Jesus' sake! He wasn't too impressed. He answered, "It was the third rib." I think it was still hurting. He also suffered the indignity of being in selfies with people who thought he was cute. He had rough moments, but he hung in there for the chance to be out with his cousins and the fun of a swim and some watermelon afterward.

There were thousands of people there—maybe 20,000, and many eager to take a little comic book with clear directions to Heaven. I met one poor man holding a plate of chicken. He was willing to talk about the Lord, but he couldn't take the tract because he couldn't figure out how to hold it with his food. He shook his head and told me what I already knew, "I am so drunk. I am soooo drunk."

It was exhausting because of the heat, but exhilarating when we could find people who were interested. Back at home we all hashed over our adventures. James felt like he had the most success with children, while Tim had gathered a crowd of young men with his pink and blue optical illusion tracts. These "debriefing" times are great fun as we confess the

dumb things we did and laugh at our own mistakes. Josh got involved in a few selfies that made him blush.

Paul told of how he closed his eyes, leading some people in a prayer of repentance and faith, and felt someone hit him on the shoulder. He opened his eyes to see a big black man giving him the thumbs up. Evangel assisted Paul in his chalk talks and in giving out candy to people who answered quiz questions on his preaching. The quizzes with prizes certainly drew a bigger crowd than usual! Also the crowds participated more and responded much better.

Evangel's new husband, Ryan, told us about two guys he witnessed to who said that when they were coming to the beach area, they started talking about God, and they never do that. I think God was preparing them to hear the Gospel.

When some other people near Paul's preaching started singing loudly and disturbing, our friend Aquilla prayed that the noise would stop. Immediately it did. Later when a loud fight broke out, I remembered how God answered that lady's prayer, so I quietly asked God to stop this fight. Suddenly it stopped. In the evening we collapsed to watch a Christmas gift, the movie, *War Room*, and were reminded in a most enjoyable way, that we need the power of God through prayer on our lives and outreaches.

Paul: On some earlier outreaches Evangel had at least three guys ask her to marry them in one month, as she was giving out tracts. Her shocked comment to Vicki, her mom: "And one of them wasn't even drunk!" She wasn't the only one. In one high school, a teacher met me with the words, "Are you married?" When I told her I was, she responded with, "I need a husband, man!" (She wasn't much of a temptation.)

One year at the New Year's outreach, someone tried walking off with part of our sound system. Gloria (about five feet tall) tracked the thief down, and James retrieved the equipment.

## Prayer Of Jabez



*Prayer of Jabez Chalk Talk: "Enlarge My Coast"*

Many years ago my dad challenged me to pray the prayer of Jabez: “O that You would bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast...” (1 Chr. 4:10). God gave Jabez what he asked for, and God said that Jabez was more honorable than others. I prayed that prayer, too, and God has blessed me indeed and has enlarged my areas of ministry and influence.

One of my chalk talks illustrates this prayer. I start by drawing an island, then add flowering bushes symbolizing God's blessing. Then I extend the island more and more and add hills and then mountains in the background to illustrate how God has blessed me by His mercy and enabled me to reach many, many other areas with His love and salvation.

My first public ministry was being a junior counselor at Bible camp. Then preaching with chalk art in several public schools. Then the Bible clubs. Then our church. Then the Christian school. Then traveling as an evangelist. Then to Africa: preaching in prisons, schools, churches, pastors' seminars, along with producing booklets, DVDs and TV programs.

Vicki: On New Year's Day we often pray the prayer of Jabez for the coming year. We got a BIG answer to that prayer right on New Year's morning. We are literally expanding our territory! As we mentioned earlier we are buying an additional house. James and Gloria have been crammed into our "maid's quarters" room for the past nine years.

It was tight, but workable when it was just the two of them, and then got *really* tight when Daniel was born in 2008. They have made it work, without complaining, but when Connie was born last February, we knew we needed more space. There are nine of us living here now, not just sleeping here, but homeschooling, producing DVDs, and a lot of the other stuff that we do. Not only that, but we have a good many nights with overnight guests (over three months in 2011). Praying each step of the way, we made an offer on a house about a block away, and the offer was accepted!

Our borders were enlarged numerically as well. In 2011 Paul probably preached to more people face to face than ever before: to about 120,000 in 263 schools, 15 or 20 other times in open air, in 46 churches, many times in prison and four times on the radio; PLUS weekly TV broadcasts and daily Bible study, singing and prayer times. We were on the

road about five months, ministering the rest of the year around Cape Town. Paul preached at about 175 places he'd never preached before. In 2011 we distributed about 20,000 books and booklets, 6,000 DVDs, plus thousands of tracts and other pieces of Gospel literature.



*School teachers getting our books and DVDs*

Vicki, May 2013: Come to think of it, we've had another long term prayer request getting answered. Jesus said that since there is such a great harvest of people who could be saved, that we are to pray to the Lord of the harvest that He would send laborers into His harvest. So we've been praying that our own children would be "harvesters". We've prayed that for over 17 years, and this month Evangel and Tim joined Paul more than ever before in the schools. Evangel has been telling a flash card story, gaining poise through practice. She was pleased to survive having a translator for the first time.

Vicki, Dec 2014: I think you'll all be thankful with us, as we announce Evangel's long awaited video *Star of Light* is completed! (Google "Evangel Young, Star of Light.") It's about 107 minutes long, and has a strong salvation message in a sweet story of a little blind girl and her big brother who rescues her. Paul is usually our guy in the front, but in this movie all nine of the rest of us Youngs act in it, even baby Nathanael. Paul is the only one you *won't* see. You might have a hard time spotting us all behind our various costumes of turbans, cocoa, or hair dye, but all nine of us are in there somewhere.

In 2016 Paul preached in 271 schools, 171 of them for the first time. We've been talking to other Christians here, and three times recently, from different sources, we've heard how the schools are closed to the Gospel, or to their ministries, so we know that the way God is opening the doors for us is not to be taken for granted.

Paul: God often uses others when He enlarges our ministries. I called a large Christian school in Florida to see if I could speak there. The secretary not only scheduled me in the school herself, but the church, too! Plus several other schools! When the pastor found out about what she had done, he was pleased! My all time favorite school secretary!

God repeatedly says, "Seek the Lord and His **strength**, seek His face **continually**."

Jabez, who was more honorable than others, prayed, "Oh that You would bless me indeed, and enlarge my coasts, and that Your hand might be with me, and that You would keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested" (1 Chronicles 4:9,10).

We are following his honorable example.

## Special Challenges

At the beginning of the year, which is also the beginning of the school year here, there are sometimes special challenges. Our enemy is not happy with tens of thousands of young people hearing the good news of salvation. A special challenge in the beginning of 2011 was that I injured my finger playing volleyball. Not just any finger, but the index finger on my right hand—so important for drawing while I preach! The tendon ripped off from the bone, tearing a small piece of the bone off with it.

I wore a splint, but the doctor didn't give much hope of healing without surgery because the gap was too big. But after a few weeks I took it out of the splint, and it worked again. So the tendon 1) re-attached to the bone. 2) God healed in answer to prayer. 3) We saved some big bucks! That surgery was going to be pricey.

Then, in the beginning of 2014 it was a different kind of challenge. Vicki wrote: Paul came home from his first school preaching appointment of 2014 looking very tired. I asked how it went, and he shocked me by saying, "In 47 years of preaching in schools, that was the worst school ever." He was left alone with about 1000 students, in an outside courtyard, with no one else to keep order. Many of them were eager to hear—so eager they started pushing to get closer to see, so the kids in the front were getting knocked down and crying, and the ones in the back were enjoying the pushing. It was bedlam!

Since then, he has a renewed appreciation of the good order of many South African schools. He normally has very little problem with discipline. We are reminded that we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against powers in the unseen world.

Paul: The beginning of the next year presented another challenge. In January, 2017, I preached 31 times in the first three days, mostly short chalk talks in the open air, but with extra strain of trying to be heard above all the noise. That afternoon I noticed my left hand didn't work for an hour or so. We went to a specialist who confirmed I'd had a mini stroke.

I guess a light stroke could be called a putt. Fortunately, it was just a light stroke, not a hole in one. A hole in one is when you go to the grave on your first stroke.

The specialist found that a blood clot had loosened and gone to my brain. I told people that it destroyed my brain, but not to worry; so far, nobody has noticed any difference.

It was a wake up call to get more rest!

Vicki wrote: He is supposed to take it easy, though he does not have to stay in bed. We need wisdom on how to walk through this, especially since there is such a great, ripe harvest and so few laborers. The Apostle Paul said he had a great and effectual door opened, but there were many adversaries. Here too. "The great and effectual open door": Paul and Tim set a record of preaching to about 13,000 people in one week. Paul preaching in several schools while Tim is preaching in several others.

"But there are many adversaries." There are many challenges of various kinds.

Paul: On the first day of preaching in schools in 2018 there was a whole series of unfortunate events. When we got to the high school, they told us where to set up. That took a while. Then they said to set up in another area. So we took down our equipment and set it up at the new place. Then we waited and waited for them to send in the students.

Finally the auditorium was full. I had to step into the bathroom. As I was about to leave a girl walked in. Oops! I had gone into the wrong room. I hope not many of the students saw!

But we were not allowed to speak to this assembled group. We had to go back to the first area and set up. We waited and waited. The students finally came in. I had been sitting for a while with my legs crossed and didn't realize my foot had gone numb.

When it was finally time for me to speak, I stood and suddenly found I had no feeling in my left foot. I fell down. The high school students were staring. I staggered up the steps to the stage, gripping the railing. I probably looked drunk. I didn't explain anything; I just preached. They responded well at the invitation.

Tim and I were pretty tired and hungry at this point. We ate at McDonald's, and I made an embarrassing mistake as I paid for the food. Then as I was walking out I bumped my head on a glass wall, thinking there was no wall there! It was a series of unfortunate events, but when we are humbled God gives grace. "God gives grace to the humble."

The beginning of 2021 had its own challenges, COVID school closures, delays and other restrictions. This time the new challenges began just before the new year with a tire blowing out on Christmas morning as we were trying to get home from a ten thousand mile round trip to Kenya and Uganda. Then the new spare tire and wheel were stolen on New Year's Eve. They were hard to replace. One month later and we were still not sorted out from all the problems starting with that blowout.

Then we got exposed to COVID 19 and were down sick for a few days. But we tested clear of COVID, and we were ready to go back into the schools when they opened a month later than usual. We had a very busy, fruitful time giving the good news every day for a while in the schools.

## Renewing Visas

Vicki: We have to renew our visas every three years, so Paul goes to the Department of Home Affairs to renew them. On one trip he gave a tract to a car guard. The man glanced at the booklet, then asked if he could have more. Paul gave him about 15 in three languages, and went on his way. When he came back after a frustrating time in the DHA, the car guard had given them all out and was ready for more. The Lord had more in mind that day than just our visas.

## FUNNY STUFF

Paul: Vicki told me back when we were dating that one thing she wanted in life was to laugh a lot. We have. “Then was our mouth filled with laughter...” (Psalm 126:2).

We had an 11-year-old girl translate for us at a camp for the deaf. Her parents were deaf, but she was not. When Vicki asked why we say “in Jesus' Name” before we say “amen” at the end of a prayer, she said we're letting the Lord know we're almost done praying!

Over the years I have had translators for many languages. One of the more difficult languages is Navajo. The translators took four times as long on a sentence as I took in English.

I had a Navajo translator named Teddy. I was preaching about David's sin and its consequences and was describing Absalom, David's son, who was very handsome. Usually after describing his good looks, I say, “Men, if you want to know what he looked like, just stand in front of a full length mirror and gaze a while!”

This time I said that if you want to know how good looking Absalom was, just look at my translator, Teddy. The audience laughed. I was teasing him and wondered what he would do. Then he translated and said that if you want to know how good looking Absalom was, just look at Brother Paul! Then the audience *really* laughed!

One time after driving for much of the day we arrived early for the evening service, and as usual we took a walk. The pastor's little boy looked out of their window and saw us out walking and told his mother we were getting our wiggles out. That was a cute way to put it, and has become a family saying ever since, as we try to “get our wiggles out” daily.

When Timmy was six someone asked him where he was from, he said, “I grew up in America, but then we moved to Cape Town.” We moved to Cape Town when he was three!

In one school where I was about to preach, they sent the Muslims and the Jehovah's Witness students to the back of the auditorium and told them not to listen. :- ) Can you think of a better way to get young people to listen to the preaching?

Vicki: One morning Paul had a unique situation in a school where he went to preach. There was lightning, thunder, wind and a little rain, so the principal told Paul to preach first to the school staff, for about 15 minutes, and then address the student body over the P.A. system because of the bad weather. Huh? Chalk art over the P.A. system might, um, lose a little in the telling.

If it had been me, I might have had a hissy fit, but happily, Paul doesn't do hissy fits. He went ahead and preached and drew for the teachers, and then mentioned to them that the students might see better if they could see. The teachers chimed in their support for an assembly, and it was suddenly arranged. He had the whole school together outdoors; by now it was sunny. They were very attentive, and many responded to the Gospel. Afterward, the principal called another school to see if Paul could preach there. The principal also called her church.

One principal introduced "Small Paul" and said that he was called that because in America he is small compared to the rest of the people. The principal was joking, but the students accepted that news with wide eyed wonder.

Someone asked Paul if he had ever met anyone taller than him. He said, “Yes, back in the '50's most of the people there in America were taller than me.” Of course they were; Paul was a little boy in the 1950's!

Paul: When Josh was 12, he made us laugh in family devotions one morning. I was saying that when they murdered Stephen by stoning him, they were actually giving him a shortcut road to heaven. Josh said, "It was a rocky road." But short.

I asked Timothy to find a phone number for a certain school where I had preached before. Tim got it, and I called to see if I could speak there. They acted like they didn't remember me so I reminded them, "I've been there before. You have one of the pictures I drew up in your office." Turns out Tim had given me the phone number of another school by the same name, but we didn't find that out until after school #2 had scheduled. Oops! But a good oops.

In one church they sang during the offering: “Why Don't You Dig a Little Deeper?”

There's a high school in Cape Town with a name you'd never see in America: Bosman's Dam High School.

I was preaching in a large high school, and at the invitation I invited them to bow their heads and pray. I said we bow to Jesus because He is the Lord! Wouldn't you know it—a sudden gust of wind blew the chalk board, the stand and all my chalk to the pavement! What a distraction! Right at the invitation! So I said, “See, even the chalk board bows to Jesus!”

Starting in about the seventh grade I was bad about arguing with teachers. In the tenth grade when I wanted to argue against evolution, the teacher's standard answer was, "I am certified by the State of South Carolina to teach...." I continued to argue with teachers until about my second year of Bible College when I got convicted about it.

I don't think I ever argued with my teachers again. There have been plenty of times I have had to forcefully and repeatedly correct, humiliate and show the utter stupidity of numerous people who persisted in blabbing their misguided opinions. But I have been a man of peace. :-)

In South Africa a traffic light is called a robot. So I told people in America that I actually saw a robot 20 feet high at an intersection, and there was a long line of cars just stopped and staring at it. And the people going the other way were in a big hurry to get away from it! True, but misleading.

A water heater in South Africa is called a geyser, but it's pronounced geezer. They're often in the attic over the bathroom or kitchen. So you might hear someone say the old geezer has been in the attic for 20 years! So Americans would certainly have a different mental image!

The word toilet in South Africa means the room, not the fixture. So a missionary who had been in South Africa for a while went back to America and was telling how he stuck his head in the toilet (the room) to investigate. The Americans sort of got the wrong picture. His wife was mortified.

When I turned 65 Vicki wrote, "If anyone wonders if he's planning to retire, yes, he thinks re-tiring means putting new tires on the car and taking another mission trip to Botswana or Zimbabwe."

Vicki: One story he told me had me howling laughing. One man refused the tract. That happens. A lady told me "no" the other day; she was an atheist. But this man, contemptuous of Christianity, said with a group of guys around him, "No, I'm a politician." Paul said, "That's why you need one!"

At one church Paul was enthusiastically teaching the youth class, and he whacked his knuckles on the ceiling. I was just grateful there was no light-bulb in the way, but he was concerned he had left chalk marks on the ceiling. After the kids left, he was gazing gloomily up there, trying to figure out how to get black chalk off the creamy white ceiling, when a youth leader yelled, "**Don't touch that!**" He explained that he was going to use that mark on the ceiling to remind the class to pray for Small Paul each week.

Vicki's pick for "Quote of the Month" about my chalk art: A teacher said, "Up close it's nothing. Back there it's a work of art." Notice how the Lord supplies our needs, even down to the details of keeping us humbled and humored. Paul humbled, me humored.

If that wasn't enough humbling, he was introduced as the "chicken" in the service one Sunday. Actually it was a compliment, I think, like he was going to give the meat of the Word, and the songs were compared to Breyani (rice dish) and the children's program was potatoes, so "chicken" is OK.

Paul walked into a school to try to schedule a meeting and told them he had a talk that helps with the students' behavior. The lady in charge sounded like a little kid as she eagerly begged, "When? When? When? When?"

I'm still smiling about the boy in Georgia who told Paul enthusiastically, after seeing Paul preach and draw, "That's the coolest thing I ever saw..... Well, it's the coolest thing I ever saw a preacher do."

We were doing a puppet show once, and the puppet stage began to collapse. So we had the puppet say, "Hey, the world is coming to the end. You better get saved in a hurry!" Another time the puppet stage began to collapse at Venture of Faith Camp, and Pastor Keith Smith came up to hold it together as we continued the puppet show. Vicki had her girl puppet flirting with him and commenting on how cute he was. He was stuck. He just had to stay and hold the puppet stage together... and blush.

Timothy presents the beer bottle lesson. It's a magic trick with the bottle suddenly suspended from a rope—illustrating how people become addicted to alcohol. He was doing very well until one time when he was swinging the bottle around on the rope, the beer bottle slipped off, crashing into the wall, and smashed in front of 100 kids. Happily for him, the dad he's apprenticing under is a pro. Paul stepped right in there without missing a beat and said, "And that is what happens if you get addicted to alcohol. Your life will crash! Your marriage may crash. Your car may crash." The school didn't know the crash was not part of the act.

When a high school principal asked how many of the students remembered "Small Paul" from a previous year, Paul raised his hand with the others. They laughed. When he stood up, he said, "Some of you laughed at me for raising my hand. Hey, at my age you're happy for anything you can remember!"

At a high school Paul was sitting on the stage just before preaching when his chair collapsed under him, leaving him lying on the stage—no damage, except to his dignity. After laughter from the students and apologies from the faculty, the school was quite attentive and responsive as he preached the Gospel.

Our niece, Gloria, gave a lady one of Paul's new tracts, and said something like, "Here's a little book for you."

Four year old Jedidiah piped up with, "That's not a book, that's a tract. So you don't go to hell!"

What would the lady say to that? The lady said, "Thank you."

Paul: I often call myself Small Paul. There are three questions people ask when they see how tall I am, and the questions come in this order.

"How tall are you?"

I put my hand on top of my head and say, "This tall."

Then I say, "Oh, do you mean 'How many feet?'"

"I have two feet, I keep one in each shoe."

The second question they ask is, "Did you play basketball?"

"I'll have you to know that I was the first round draft choice... in my back yard."

The third question is, "What size shoe do you wear?"

"Size 16."

So they say, "Do you have a hard time finding your shoes?"

I look down at my feet and say, "Not really. It is a long way down there, but they are big enough to find."

One of my relatives, mercifully unnamed, was repeatedly impressed when I told her I rated in the top 99% academically—even when you figure in foreign languages and advanced mathematics. It's true. I am in the top 99%. But that's not really anything to crow about! Maybe if you're in the top *one* percent....

Have you ever gotten bored with long church services? A young man from Kenya, also mercifully unnamed, took matters into his own hands. He set the church clock ahead one hour! I asked if he had ever done that before. Yes, many times. (I couldn't tell if it made any difference in the length of the service.)

When Vicki and I were engaged we were far apart most of that year and really missed each other. A letter from her was really a nice treat to get! So in one of my letters I wrote this Bible reference, Proverbs 25:25, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." But I just wrote the reference.

So when she looked up the verse she accidentally looked at verse 25 in chapter 26 rather than 25. It says, "When he speaketh fair, believe him not, for there are seven abominations in his heart." She was pretty perplexed as to what I was trying to get across...until she noticed she was in the wrong chapter.

So as we come across that verse in family Bible reading, we remember, "That's Dad's verse to Mom!"

The Apostle Paul spent time in prison, and we spent the night in jail! Actually someone had bought an old jail in Britstown, South Africa, and turned it into a guesthouse. It was in the right place, at the right price, and we thought it was terribly fun to tell our kids we spent the night in jail. It was a pretty comfy jail, thankfully.

Our daughter, Evangel, went with two of her cousins to the fair. For the three little girls the most memorable thing was a horse that did a poo. They were shocked. Yuck!

One of them said, “At least it wasn’t a girl horse.”

I asked, “How could you tell?”

She said, “If it had been a girl horse, it would have sat down.”

“A merry heart does good like a medicine” (Proverbs 17:22).



*Principals and teachers sometimes want photos with me.*



10

## OUR CHILDREN



*Our Family in 2005*

Our children are a huge part of our life and ministry!

At one church I was preaching on “the gift of God is eternal life.” As an illustration I offered \$3 for whoever believed me enough to come and get it. Evangel (6) and Timmy (4) had seen this before, so they both raced up to get it. Evangel barely won. Timmy struggled to hold in his tears, but got back to his seat and cried. Evangel gave one dollar to him and one to her cousin who was there.

A boy at the back of the church was taking the offering, and he shook the plate saying the offering wasn't enough. Actually it was a big offering. After church a lady gave Timmy another dollar. He put both dollars in the offering.



*Holding Lion Cubs*

One year Vicki wrote to a supporting church that our kids got sent to prison on Christmas Day—by their father! Evangel helped in the ministry by helping give out treats. They were excited to go. Timmy's ministry was swinging on a prison gate!

Here are some notes by Vicki about our kids when they were teens.

At the place where we're staying there's a tennis court, so each day instead of our usual family walk, Paul and I have been renewing our interest in tennis, while Evangel and Josh are trying to conquer a unicycle. Twice I've seen whales spouting in the sea near us, so it's not ALL work and no play; there is joy and refreshment in the journey.

Ask our kids to list their favorite people to stay with, and very soon one of them will yell out, “Pastor Hicks!” He and his wife have endeared



*The boys at their weekly kayaking*

swing, on a high tree on the side of a hill so you swing out over the valley!) or “Do you want a ride in my [little army] JEEP?”

Pastor Hicks has taken our kids fishing and taught them to watch for satellites in the night sky. He inspired Evangel in the idea of raising rabbits, though she has never arrived at the point of eating them like he does. He and his church touched our family very much by planting a cherry tree in memory of our little Cherish.

Josh has just finished 9th grade, and then got a course in roofing as the car port at James and Gloria's house had rusted through. Tim and Josh are learning carpentry and repairs as they help James in other jobs, too. Their physical education includes running two miles a day, kayaking, basketball, sword fights and family walks when our German shepherd goes berserk with excitement to go with us.

We also liked it when another principal told Evangel and Tim how lucky they are to be home schooled. She told them how most kids don't get to travel so much with their fathers. Nice to get a little back-up from the schools.

themselves to our children more than nearly any other pastor. He understands that kids who have been in the car all day do not want to sit and hear their elders talk. He'd help unpack, and then say, “Do you want to see the rabbits?” or “Do you want to swing on the swing?” (It's a huge

Paul and Evangel went to a school recently, and a teacher said afterward that she had been afraid the kids would not understand because they were special education students and because we were not talking in their home language. But afterwards she said the Holy Spirit had helped them understand everything. We knew they understood because they enthusiastically answered Paul's questions as he preached.



*Josh, Vicki, Tim, Paul and Evangel*

Evangel especially enjoyed and profited from a short nursing course and a course on movie making at a Christian ministry in America after her homeschooling.

At 4:40 this morning Paul walked in on Timothy in our office reading and memorizing from *The Chocolate*

*Soldier*, a pamphlet by C. T. Studd, pioneer missionary to Africa 100 years ago. *The Chocolate Soldier* is about Christians who melt in difficulties or opposition, lukewarm Christians who are content in their comfort zones, tepid in their service to Jesus, fearing people more than God.

### **The Song of the Chocolate Soldier**

I must be carried to the skies  
On a flowery bed of ease,  
Let others fight to win the prize,  
Or sail through bloody seas.

He and Paul take long walks and talk theology that Tim has been studying at the Bible Institute (and other things of interest.)

Our Lord answered amazingly with our son Josh! He had injured his left foot. We went to see an orthopedic surgeon who said it looked like a ruptured ligament. That's not nice! It meant surgery, nine months of healing including three months completely off the foot, and as a friend said, "It's never quite right again." That was on a Monday.

Tuesday we called a good friend who has a reputation for getting his prayers answered. He had special prayer for Josh, and the Lord healed his foot! Suddenly. He had not walked on it for 16 days, and immediately after prayer he could walk on it! Healing began there, and has been quick and steady since then. He's been careful of it ever since, but "normal" is nearly here. Today he walked and ran in the weekly Park Run much faster than last week.



**My three guys are having chalk art preaching lessons.** It's sweet to hear the laughter and good fellowship as Paul trains Tim and Josh, and the results are good! They are learning and practicing a new chalk talk each week. Tim has a few preaching appointments on his own coming up, and both boys have been going and preaching with Paul when he speaks.

April was a month of new beginnings! We have no greater joy than to hear that our children walk in truth, and ours are doing that. Tim and Josh are getting into schools and preaching more and more. Tim started scheduling schools without Paul! I'm driving him, so it means we go out in teams of two, Tim and I, and Paul and Josh.

For example, next Monday, each team is scheduled to go to two schools. On Tuesday each team goes to two more schools, reaching about 6,000 people with the Gospel in those two days. When we get home, we have a delightful time telling each other the day's adventures...there are ALWAYS adventures. In one high crime area a school postponed the service because of shootings nearby. A few days later a church did too. Two other schools in the same area responded by scheduling Paul there SOON instead of later. Because of the shootings.

Tim has taken over scheduling and preaching in one large area and Paul in other areas. In the schools Paul is known as “Small Paul” and Tim as “Tiny Tim.” He's 6 feet 7 inches, or two meters tall.

Tim had a Muslim principal ask him to speak to a troubled student. Tim talked to the boy (14) about his soul. He mentioned, “Honor your parents,” and the boy poned back with, “My dad left before I was born, and I didn't know my mom was my mom. I thought she was my sister.”

When our children had their friends over for birthday parties we often played capture the flag at our nearby beach and other fun games in our house.

Our daughter Evangel's movie, *Star of Light*, has had over 26,000 people watch it on YouTube!



*Joshua Preaching and Drawing at a High School*

## Home Schooling, Car Schooling

When Evangel was a little girl and she saw the school courses she was about to take, she said, “English! I don't need English! I already know English!” She certainly isn't the only kid who has thought that.

As we drive across South Africa and elsewhere, our kids learn quite a bit of geography first hand. They see more of South Africa than most South Africans do. We've visited a good many museums and historical sites. We all have a lot of happy memories of traveling not only through South Africa, but also Botswana, Zambia, Kenya, Germany, Peru, America and several other countries.

So they're not just home schooled; they're car schooled, and schooled in a lot of other places, too! Actually, they often make more progress on their academic work when we are on trips. There are fewer interruptions from friends and other extracurricular activities. School work occupies

some of their time on long drives, but we also like to read good books aloud to the whole family (as we do at home) or listen to audio books as we drive.

The command to diligently teach our children God's Word and to talk of it throughout the day underlies the educating of our children ourselves. If we are to talk to our kids throughout the day, they have to be with us. So we home school them.

“And these words which I command you this day, shall be in your heart: and you shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk of them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise up” (Deuteronomy 6:6,7).

The Great Commission—Go... make disciples... teaching them to obey all of Christ's commands—reinforces our duty as parents to train our children to obey whatever God commands. Whether church workers or other professional educators help in this task or not, it is still our duty to teach our own children to obey God's Word.

And we shouldn't fool ourselves: evil companionships do corrupt good morals (1 Corinthians 15:33). This fact further adds to our duty of protecting our children from unhealthy companions. When I was a child I had a lot of good Bible teaching. I could quote hundreds of Bible verses. But I was a chameleon—around Christians I acted spiritual; around my ungodly friends at school, I acted like they did. I'm shocked when I remember some things I said. So we shelter our children. We don't even have TV in our home, and I'm pretty particular about what DVDs they watch.

For a while they were sometimes embarrassed to be around other kids, but by the time Josh, Tim and Evangel were 12, 16 and 18, they had become leaders. A lot of other kids came to our place because they had fun here.

When Evangel was in the tenth grade she was already working at university level in some areas. She had already scripted, directed, filmed and edited several movies by her mid teens. She occasionally taught girls' classes in crafts and did some chalk talks for children. She and the boys did puppet shows teaching Bible lessons.

As a boy Tim was slow to start reading, but got interested when I read him some war stories like the story of Sargent York, a Christian in WWI who captured dozens of German soldiers almost by himself. We loved to read good biographies as a family and other stories from history.

When Tim was little he liked to tell himself stories. Then there came the time when his stories from his history reading were really interesting and entertaining as we took long walks. He became quite knowledgeable about military, economic and missionary history. As a teen he wrote some historical novels.

Vicki, Sept. 2015: Our son Timothy, 17, showed a new boldness on this trip. He has been taking an evangelism course from [www.livingwaters.com](http://www.livingwaters.com) for about three months. He said he felt so full of teaching on evangelism, "I soon felt that I must go out that very afternoon and seek someone to share with or else some calamity would befall me." So off he went to talk to 19 people at a market the first day! One of them prayed [for salvation] with him!

He was gone so long, we got worried about him, but it was a case of, "I must be about my Father's business." We were not nearly so worried as Mary and Joseph must have been when Jesus, at 12, was missing for three days! Thankfully, at 6' 7" and wearing a bright green shirt, he stood out enough that we were able to find him before we had a total panic, but he was fine. We left him there to finish with the ones he was talking to. That time Timothy preached to more than Paul did at his youth meeting where only 11 showed up. (Evangel and Joshua stayed at the hotel to edit a Christian film.)

He graduated from The Bible Institute of South Africa in 2018. All during his schooling, he was also helping in our ministry. In his friendships with other young people he has demonstrated a gift of leadership and mediation.

Paul: With Evangel married and living in America and Tim studying at The Bible Institute, Josh traveled with Vicki and me several years throughout South Africa, as well as Zambia, Malawi, Rwanda, Germany and elsewhere. Along with finishing up his homeschooling, he was quite helpful to us in the traveling and ministries.

One game we played was based on the book, *Operation World*. It has a lot of facts and figures on each country of the world, especially from a missions point of view. So I would look up a country and ask the size, population, what countries border it, how many languages are spoken, average income per person, what the major religions are, what percent of the people are evangelical, etc. Whoever got the closest on each question got a prize. They enjoyed it, and they learned important facts about world evangelization.

My nephew, James, who works with us, taught our children a lot of computer use. Timothy sold some video games he programmed. The boys also made Adirondack chairs with direction from James.

Of course, there is a lot of work in educating our children! I have the date marked on my calendar when Evangel finished geometry! What a relief! She scored a 100 on her final test, too, but sometimes it was a struggle! Helping our kids can be a big job, but a basic fact of following Jesus is that we must deny ourselves, not just do what we feel like doing.

Our son Timothy recently wrote a long letter to a friend describing our adventures, assuring him that our lives as missionaries are not boring. They've learned a good bit about missionary life first hand. In the Bible Paul said that Timothy had worked with him as a son works with a father.

(Philippines 2:22). It is right and proper that my children learn from Vicki and me about how to serve God as missionaries.

My goal is not just for them to excel academically, or just learn to make a living, but to seek first God's kingdom and to work successfully at winning many into God's kingdom! Then, God promised, all their needs would be added to them.



*Those in white are our family, including Evangel's husband, Ryan, and their daughter, Clarity. The others are James and his family. He's been helping us since 2002.*



## HUGE OPPORTUNITIES



*Joshua drawing and preaching*

Vicki: One school was going to let Paul speak and draw only for the 7th grade, but he asked to speak to the whole school. They immediately arranged it. He preached to about 1700 of them! They had to meet outdoors, but they were very orderly and receptive. Then one of the teachers recommended Paul call another school. The principal there scheduled him, too.

So Paul typed the name of that school into the GPS. The GPS directed him to the school, and he went in with his equipment over his shoulder and said he'd come for the assembly. The principal had not arrived yet, but they gathered the 1200 students who listened well and responded to the Gospel.

Afterward, the teachers were very excited to get the books and DVDs of Paul's chalk talks. By this time the principal had arrived and mentioned that Paul had never called. Paul showed her the number he had called. She said, "That's not my number." Oops! He had gone to the wrong school! Another school with the same name.

She must not have been too upset, though. She recommended some other schools in the area for him preach at.

Then Paul called the "real" school (with the same name,) and the principal said, "You were supposed to be here this morning!" Paul apologized and said, "I know; I thought I was." She kindly made another appointment with him, and he finally preached to 900 very attentive students in that other township.

Paul: God used my mistake to reach 1200 more students! "And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God..."

Vicki: We've been excited recently about international opportunities right where we live in Cape Town. South Africa has millions of legal and illegal immigrants. Paul preached in two churches, one filled with immigrants from the Congo, and the other with immigrants from Malawi. It's encouraging to know that we can reach other countries even when we don't travel to them. We do have a mission trip to Malawi planned for July and August. We also had two young Congolese friends named Praise and Worship come to the Lord.

When Paul asked Worship if she needed to be saved, she answered, "I just need someone to help me give my life to Jesus." She was not a hard case!

Paul's been having school adventures. He went to one large high school to see if he could schedule a meeting there. The principal was in a meeting, so Paul had to wait and wait and wait. It seemed like such a waste of time, but then an official told Paul, "It was my turn to teach at church, and I showed one of your DVD's. They liked it." We're always encouraged to hear that some of the many DVD's we give out are going to good use. Then this guy recommended Paul to another visiting principal who scheduled Paul to come preach and draw at his school.

One of Paul's schools got postponed a week, so he checked "schools" in his trusty GPS, and it told him where another school was nearby. He walked into that one, a high school of about 700 in a very poor section, which is special because we bought our German shepherd there when she was a puppy. :- ) Paul explained his mission: his message can change the behavior of the kids. "How soon can you come?" The lady had him preach that very same morning!

In some of the schools the kids chorused "Good morning! God bless you!" as a greeting before Paul and his sister Grace began to speak. We contrast this with another local school where a teacher friend was recently asked to resign for answering some students' questions about Sunday School.

Paul found his "dream principal" this week. He stopped at a local school and the principal said, "I'm not even going to ask 'How can I help you?' I know what you want, and I want that, too." He quickly scheduled Paul to come speak in his school. Paul says he wants this guy to be the speaker at a principal's conference and tell ALL the school principals that *this* is the proper way to treat the man of God.

## Adventures

Paul: I was confronted by three huge Great Danes and another big dog as I was out walking. As I saw them running toward me, I picked up three egg-sized rocks. I think just one dog against me might have been a fair fight—one on one. But with the four of them, I really didn't know if I would survive. My first rock hit one of them in the face. That scattered them. But they regrouped. My next two throws were not so good, but they bought me enough time to get past their territory. It was pretty traumatic. I think the Lord sent His angel to help me.

Vicki, June 2016: Paul made me a bit nervous. He went out to an ATM after dark, and five men from Delft asked him for a lift back to their car that was out of fuel. If you haven't heard of Delft, just google "Delft, South Africa, shootings," and you will see why he gave me the goose bumps, telling me afterward, but it turned out well. Besides, their car was several miles away on a lonely road. When Paul heard they were from Delft, he said, "Oh, I'm going to a school there tomorrow." They wanted to know what Paul tells the children, so that was a great opportunity to tell them why we need a Savior. We have sinned. Paul mentioned lying, stealing and lust, and they agreed that they were guilty. One of the African men asked if it is all right if they tell a white lie. Paul said, "That's a racist question." They laughed. They were very appreciative of his driving them several miles back to their car with some gasoline.

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## TRAVELING

### South Africa



*Our Children, Joshua, Timothy and Evangel have traveled a lot since infancy.*

Vicki: Really, we were having such a nice trip, averaging about two great outreaches a day. My favorite was at the Police Academy at Oudtshoorn, where Paul preached to about 200 recruits and was met with a very enthusiastic response.

Paul: A favorite place to stay and minister is with the Goosen family in East London, South Africa. They are missionaries to the amaZioni people, especially training pastors. I help Luaan Goosen in some of his teaching, and Luaan translates in some of the schools for me. But I am free to go to as many schools as I want. The harvest is plenteous there. I preached 29 times in 17 days to about 15,000 people in 16 schools, and in some churches and home meetings, including one in a cool, round Xhosa house. It certainly looked and felt like Africa.

Luaan and I enjoy our times when we can be together, but he doesn't have to be at all my meetings, and I don't have to be at all of his. He did find that he can go into schools like I do and preach the Gospel. Now he has a much wider ministry available!

Vicki and Suzanne Goosen enjoy being together. The Goosens let us stay in a little apartment behind their house. Mostly both families can go about their own ministries and family life, but each evening Suzanne and Vicki take turns cooking the evening meal for the two families to enjoy together. Josh and Tim enjoy the Goosen children. It has been a nice, mutually helpful arrangement!



*We spend a lot of time on the road!*

Vicki: Our young pastor friend, Joe, married Blessing on the last day we were with them, and we had a good time with them in a tent meeting crusade. Joe's niece Sarah made a good start on writing a dictionary for me of Northern Sotho, the local language. I thought of taking my Sotho

talents on the road as a comedy act, from the way my speaking produced such laughter, people doubled over, with tears streaming down. Paul wisely used a translator in his communication.



*The Big Hole, a former diamond mine, is the largest hand dug excavation on earth.*

We're having our usual and unusual adventures and misadventures on this trip. I got attacked by a chicken yesterday! I don't think it'll get me a martyr's crown, but it was unusual, and I have two little scabs to prove it.

## Botswana



*Josh at a termite hill in Botswana*

Vicki: Our recent trip to Botswana was a delight. We went with nothing scheduled, and no one helping, but by the time we left 15 days later, Paul had preached in 29 services in schools and a church. We passed out thousands of tracts while there, and, as far as I can remember, not one person refused them!

Most of the schools we were in were in the town of Mochudi, population of over 36,000, so by the

end of the two weeks there, most of the school children had heard the Gospel. One little girl hanging out her mom's car window yelled, "Hi Teacher" across the parking lot, and I just felt so at home.

Our first trip to Botswana several years earlier was also special! It was the last mission trip we would take as a family while Evangel was still with us. Her wedding was a few weeks away.

The theme of the 12 days there, seems to me to be a new boldness in two of our family: Paul Timothy and Timothy Paul! Paul tried scheduling schools by phone and was told the schools were on holiday just when we planned to be there. That seemed like a big "oops," as schools are our #1 target. We did have a few friends with Botswana contacts who scheduled five meetings in a 12 day visit.

Off we went, wondering if there would be much to do. We drove for two days, from Cape Town to Gaborone, the capital of Botswana. The next morning, Paul set off to see what he could do. He found government schools were in session after all, so he would walk into the school, ask for the principal and tell him he does chalk talks that help the students with their behavior. (Paul does emphasize practical repentance, a change of



behavior, in his preaching.) Most of the schools he asked scheduled him. We were there 12 days, and he preached in 19 schools to about 12,000 people, plus a few other meetings. He had to use a Tswana translator a few times, but most of the the meetings were in English.

Then when we crossed over the border back into South Africa, he tried four schools in a row who did not schedule him (rather discouraging!) so he prayed for specific guidance about which schools to try for. So he scheduled six of the next seven or eight schools! While we were there in Kimberly, South Africa, we saw the Big Hole, a former diamond mine, 700 feet deep and one mile around.

In Botswana we also had the thrill of seeing 13 elephants as we drove south from Zambia, and 19 giraffes and other wildlife. A lady arranged for us to see where David Livingstone's mission station was when he lived in Botswana. Something tells me he didn't have an air conditioned Jeep when he was crossing Botswana. Part of the time he had an ox named Sinbad as his luxury mode of transport.

Learning about our predecessors certainly makes us thankful, and inspired. Yesterday, May 1, was a holiday in Botswana, as that was the day David Livingstone went to Heaven, in 1873. He built the first church in Botswana, and the first four-cornered house. The government tour guide was very respectful and appreciative of that pioneer missionary, David Livingstone.

Paul: When we got to Nata, Vicki wrote that I had guidance to get ready to preach in a school if it would take me. “So here we are in the parking lot, and he is supposed to speak at 9:30. We'll see if it is one school or more. That man is audacious! I love him.” I did preach in two high schools.

Vicki said we're following the cloud like the Israelites did in the wilderness. Or following God's leading like Abraham did, who went, not knowing where he was going.

# Zimbabwe

Vicki: Just a few more days, and we should be crossing over into Zimbabwe for our first time. We have had some rather trying things happen as we worked our way toward the border. The most dramatic was when our car died a smoky death on the way to preach at the University of Johannesburg. Ironically enough, we left our totally broken down car at a Total service station at Brackendowns, and then began working on Plan B. We rented a car until Paul's nephew, James, could drive nearly 1000 miles with our smaller Toyota up from Cape Town. Then we bought a small second hand trailer to fill with books and equipment.

Paul: Our next prayer letter was titled “Total Breakdown,” about the breakdown of our car at the Total station in the town of Brackendowns! Some people thought it referred to me having a total breakdown, others, more astute, thought it was Vicki. :-) I'm not sure who got the most votes.

Vicki: Phew, that trailer has been a learning experience! We saved some money, but it's costing us hours and hours, and driving to lots of places trying to register it. Not only that, but somewhere in the registering, I lost my driver's license which took more hours at the traffic department.



We're celebrating our arrival back in South Africa after more than a month in Zimbabwe. Our car must be celebrating, too. It took quite a beating with so many pot holes and really rough roads. I guess it was a successful month because our kids came back with \$5,000,000,000!

Five billion Zimbabwean dollars each! Of course, all of that together wouldn't buy a banana, but it's a neat souvenir from a kind pastor.

Just a few years ago Zimbabwean dollars were worth more than American dollars, but the government policies brought about 230 million percent inflation, so the money is worthless, and they use American dollars now. I have a fifty trillion Zimbabwe dollar bill! It would not buy a loaf of bread now.

Paul reminded our family that every government leader is put there by God (Rom. 13:1) and that God often uses oppressive governments to help turn people back to God (Judges 2:11-23 and elsewhere). So our duty is to help people turn from sin to Jesus; then He will heal their land (2 Chr. 7:14).

## Rwanda

Paul: I was invited to Rwanda by a bishop and by someone who wanted me to teach a pastors' seminar. We drove north toward Namibia and were planning to spend some nights in a tent we brought, but the desert was HOT. Our thermometer said 108 F! 42 C! In the evening! The wind felt like it was coming out of an oven. Fortunately, our Jeep has air conditioning so we just drove on instead of setting up a tent in 100 plus degrees heat, lying there sweating and trying to sleep! We saw a nice, little motel with air conditioning and a little pool for a surprisingly low price. It was so nice.

The long days of driving were so much more fun as we were listening to Otto Koning's missionary stories from New Guinea. Josh also got his school work done as we drove. We left Tim back at home as he was a student at the nearby Bible Institute of South Africa, on his own for the first time in his life for about two months.

I had a good time passing out tracts at the border where everybody wanted one, and another for a friend. Border crossings are easy places to give out a lot of tracts. But we have to be careful to get our passports stamped properly. They failed to stamp Vicki's, and they stamped mine twice. At the border of another country they failed to stamp mine, then threatened to jail me for their mistake. It was important to have Vicki along—she has better hearing, and she understands their English better than I do.

Over the border into Zambia we went on a paved road so full of potholes that we went a long way without even being able to pass a guy on a bicycle! A while later a bag of corn (maize) fell off a truck and burst, and the ladies came running, screaming for joy to scoop it up.



*Heavy trucks make ruts in the hot asphalt.*

We heard missionary Otto Koning tell about divine appointments, so when we were delayed in a long line for gasoline, we took it as an opportunity to pass out dozens of tracts that the people were happy to get. It was also fun seeing the zebras, giraffes, antelope, elephants, kudu and warthogs along the way.

It took 11 days to drive to Rwanda, not counting the days we stopped to preach in Zambia. In the strain of all the traveling and inconveniences the real person is exposed. Vicki was still sweet, so I wrote her this poem.

#### VALENTINE'S DAY POEM TO VICKI 2016

I thank the Lord for you each day.  
You've loved me still, let come what may.

You've followed me from place to place  
To fix our meals and grade a PACE.

With cheery smile, exciting touch,  
You make me want you very much!

With pleasantness to Josh and me,  
You have my heart; you have its key.  
You show the women how to be.

You lift me up when I am down;  
You make me smile instead of frown.

You've changed, adjusted to my style  
Beliefs and schedule without guile,

Filled in my gaps in socializing,  
Tech stuff and economizing  
Kissing, flirting, fraternizing!

You turn me on; my heart you mend!  
You are my best and closest friend;  
The one on whom I most depend.  
I want to love you to the end!

Your Paul

(I'm leaving out some of the best parts of the poem—too personal to publish!)

We stopped for a few days in the capital, Lusaka, Zambia, for a few days, and I found some schools where I could preach. The camping place where we stayed, Eureka, had giraffes, zebras and a lot of other wild game right around us where we stayed. Vicki was excited she got close enough

to a zebra to touch it. The monkeys robbed most of our bananas. The local dogs would try to chase the zebras. If they got too close they got kicked. Vicki almost stepped on a cobra, but Josh killed it. Josh also got ahead in his school work there.



We slept and worked under mosquito nets. The malaria preventive drug we took, Mefliam, had some very unpleasant side effects including insomnia, agitation, feelings of desperation and irritability. Electricity was on and off. Wifi was often missing.

But communication was far better than a few years before. Back home Tim was sort of lonely, but his long, funny letters made us laugh.

The main road we took through Tanzania was pretty good but had so many speed bumps we would go only two to three hundred miles a day, about 400 km. We'd buy tomatoes or grapes or roasted corn on the road as the vendors came to the driver's window. We spent the night at a little hotel with plenty of water, just no running water. Vicki did the laundry by hand, and it was dry by morning. The two rooms cost a total of \$9. We had fans so we were cool enough.

There were lots of mosquitoes, but we had mosquito nets, and we switched to another kind of malaria preventive. It seemed like every night we camped near the mosque, so in the early morning darkness we were awakened by the loudspeaker call to prayer. I took a walk up the highway passing out tracts, and suddenly a bunch of men on foot, bikes or motorcycles came stampeding toward me wanting tracts. I gave out the last 20, then threw up my hands signaling they were gone. It would have made a nice video!

We finally made it to Rwanda! The bishop didn't schedule us much, so I went around and scheduled four schools the first day, with no refusals. Our height made a sensation, but also Joshua's age. Only 14?!

In one school Bob, the translator, asked the students, "How are you?"

In unison they replied, "We are humble and obedient."

Bob scheduled us in a lot of places. When speaking to a pastor or principal to try to schedule us, he would say, "When we find something good, we like to share it."

One night someone reached in the window right near my head as I slept and stole some valuables including our car keys! When the thief tried to open the car, the alarm went off, and then he dropped the key and fled, evidently. We found the key on the ground.

The pastors' seminar was well attended and very demanding. It was scheduled to go from about 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. I was happy to sit down to answer questions for the last hour or so! It was an interesting and stimulating time. We took turns being sick. Once Vicki called out for me to stop the car so she could be sick by the road.



Another translator, Jane, booked us in a very nice hotel for a good price. She scheduled me to preach in several places including the Rwanda Supreme Court.

Rwanda became infamous in 1994 when one tribe massacred 800,000 of another tribe! While we were there we visited their holocaust museum.

Vicki: Paul preached 81 times in the 28 days we were in Rwanda. I spoke once :- ) and about six ladies fell asleep. Sixteen of Paul's 81 times were preaching to pastors, helping them to be more effective in obeying the Great Commission. Plus there were long sessions where the pastors asked Paul many practical and Biblical questions. He was glad to sit down for those sessions!



*Linda translating for Paul*

# Zambia



*Evangel and Josh crossing the Zambezi River on a ferry on an earlier trip*

Vicki: We drove about five hours in Zambia toward our first meeting and stopped to buy gas. There were three gas stations in the town of Mpika and NONE of them had gas. So we got a hotel and slept over there, and in the morning, Paul went to the station early to get in line with dozens of other impatient drivers to wait for the gas to be

delivered. He had to wait well over two hours before we were able to get gas. Josh and I had joined him, to bring him breakfast and take a turn waiting in the line while he handed out tracts that helped to soothe mounting tempers. There was shouting and pushing and cutting in line, but no bloodshed.

We could be home in 5 or 6 days, but we're planning to stop to preach in at least three areas on the way home, and we will see how many doors God opens before we see Cape Town again. Paul drives around to schools and tells them he gives a message with chalk art that helps the students behave better. Most of the schools have scheduled him. Other times people that have just heard him have scheduled him to speak in new places.

Some schools would only give Paul 15 minutes to speak to the students, and one principal said when he finished, "That was to the point," while one principal said, "We need what you have. We need at least an hour for each group." Paul emphasizes repentance. Jesus said that repentance and remission of sins should be preached among all nations (Luke 24:47).

Traveling in Zambia was wild! At some places we could only average about 10 kilometers per hour. We went right to the northern edge of Zambia, near the border with the Congo, to set up camp in the little



*Giraffes came right up near our room.*

town of Puta. Koos and Jeni Basson, our South African leaders, led intensive training seminars for the church leaders, while Paul was the free ranging evangelist, going out to the local schools and also doing open air evangelism. We had to use translators into the Bemba language, but still felt like much was accomplished, with Paul seeing many make public decisions for the Lord, and we all saw the Christians encouraged.

After Puta, we went to do some pioneering work in a very neglected Pygmy village. The government will not give them identity cards, so they are not able to buy land, have no police protection, no schools, and no hospitals or other medical help. The poverty was shocking. When we threw away a tin can, a fight would erupt over who got to keep the can. In this sad little village the children wear clothes I wouldn't save for rags.

Everyone seems to hang around with nothing to do except stare at us, except the ladies working hard pounding out the cassava into powder.

When we first got to the Pygmy village, Paul, Tim and Josh started to throw a Frisbee back and forth. It was great entertainment for the village! If a Frisbee went wild a bunch of Pygmies would chase after it, and whoever brought it back triumphed gloriously! The Frisbee was quite the ice breaker.

Paul ranged about to find groups of people nearby, and had some very good meetings. It rained a lot while we were there, and our tent leaked. It's quite a different feeling to watch a storm approach when you have uncertain shelter. Much more suspenseful!

Paul: One morning at about 3 A.M our bed got wet from the leaking tent, so I thought, "When I was a little boy I could sleep in a wet bed, so I guess I can do it again."

Vicki again: Anyway, with all the rain and inconveniences, we were pretty relieved when this "last phase" of ministry was over. Wrong! We were only 45 minutes into our six day trip home, when the Land Rover we were using quit in the midst of the tall elephant grass still miles from the nearest dirt road. From there, it took us two weeks to get us and the vehicles back to Lusaka, the capital of Zambia.

Paul used the extra days well, preaching in the different breakdown areas. I think the rest of the family did pretty well, with only brief slumps into glumness. We had another breakdown after that, and finally had to abandon the Land Rover to cram all our stuff into the Land Cruiser and arrive back in South Africa just in time for Easter.

We liked our family having the experience of roughing it together. We laugh about the breakdowns, also the night when we drove 'til well after

midnight, with Paul and Evangel singing together to keep Paul awake, the outhouse adventures, and lots of other shared memories.

Outhouse stories? Yes. One night we heard a loud crash, and the next morning we saw that the outhouse had collapsed into its pit. Fortunately no one was in it. Another time a bat flew up out of the hole!



*The thatched roof on the ground is where an outhouse just collapsed into its pit.*

Paul: On a recent trip there was a bad, three-truck crash that delayed traffic two hours, so Vicki and I were able to give out hundreds of tracts to the truckers, bus riders and local villagers who came to see the wreck.

More recently, we have found many opportunities to preach the Gospel in schools in Zambia when many other places were restricted with COVID regulations. A pastor scheduled us, drove us and translated for us when necessary in up to five or six schools a day.



*Paul Preaching and Drawing at a Zambian High School*

## Peru

When we arrived in Cuzco, Peru, there was a national strike demanding that no one travel, so the missionary waited until dark to drive us out to his area. We saw a lot of big rocks placed as road blocks, but the missionary just drove around them. After a while though, we got stoned. The back window got broken. The last part of the drive we were in a convoy with police. Josh slept through it. For the rest of us it ranged from exciting to scary.



*Flying over the Andes  
Mountains of Peru*

One day we drove over the Andes down to the jungle far below. It was awesome, looking down at many hairpin curves ahead. The missionary's son got nauseated. Fortunately he was by the window. Vicki was impressed at how neat and efficient he was. I was up front so the missionary asked me to keep an eye out for traffic as he took pictures while driving on this winding mountain road! But it was fun preaching open air in many places. The missionary was a good, enthusiastic translator.

Vicki wrote: We've been from the heights of the Andes to the depths of the Amazon jungle. Our altitude changed by about 11,000 ft. We learned that Paul doesn't do so well in the high altitudes, and he found himself gasping for breath. Actually we all gasped, but he would gasp after something as strenuous as kissing me! Must have been SOME kiss! Carrying his big chalk equipment bag was daunting. So I was relieved for his sake when we came down to the jungle.

I used to live in Lima, the capital of Peru, back in 1988-1990, so it is always a treat to get to come back here to see dear friends. Peru certainly has changed! It has prospered, and Lima is a booming, bustling city of about nine million. My friend Nancy wonders if the Lord is blessing because Peru has remained staunchly against abortion and homosexuality. It is still illegal here to marry people of your same gender. On the other hand, Peru is now the world's highest producer of cocaine. It is freely available in shops and markets in the tea or leaf form, which is not intoxicating like the processed drug.

In Cuzco temperatures were below freezing in an unheated church where we stayed. We used mounds of small wool blankets pieced together to get through the cold nights, but the ceilings and doors were all irregular, so poor Paul had a scarred and scabbed head from whacking it so much. The cold bothered me the most. There was no hot water—it feels like it's straight off a glacier. But we had some exciting outdoor preaching.



*A Parade in Peru*



**Macchu Picchu**, the ancient city built atop a steep mountain, was a special highlight, emphasis on high! It was impressive. And beautiful. The weather was perfect, and you couldn't miss on taking pictures. I even called a llama and it came right to me! There are LONG lines at Macchu Picchu, so we got to pass out tracts to bored people which is such a nice combination.

# Malawi

Vicki: We are grateful for the McGrath family who allowed us to stay in their guest cottage at their home. It's nice to come apart after a ministry and be refreshed. Josh has made new friends here too.

Paul got one day off from preaching, yesterday, so we decided to go see a tea plantation. Wow! It was beautiful! We drove around through the fields, to a picnic stop high on a mountain, and then we tried to leave. It started raining, and we started sliding! Then we got lost and meandered around in between tropical tea plants til we were longing to get back to



*Community water pump*

Blantyre's traffic jams. Eventually we did get back to tar roads, but far from where we had first gone in.

This week Paul has pastor's conferences. FIVE of them. That's some kind of a record for him.

# Lesotho



Paul went to Lesotho last week, the Mountain Kingdom, surrounded by South Africa, and preached out on a hillside, with only the light of his car headlights to

light the chalk board. He drove on the rockiest, worst roads he has EVER driven on (and that's saying something!). The roads were even worse early the next morning at 5 AM as he was leaving in the dark, rain and fog, with the car sliding all over the road. It was the Lord's mercy he even got out! He left Lesotho thankful again for paved roads, electricity, running water and indoor toilets!



A few years later we returned to Lesotho and had a very fruitful ministry in two or more schools a day.



*Josh Preaching and Drawing at a School in Lesotho*

## Swaziland

Vicki: We're very much enjoying the doors the Lord is opening! What opportunities here! Three times we have driven to schools with no appointment, and they have let us preach with chalk art immediately. Two of them had never even seen us before.



## Kenya

A child darted in front of the van, the pastor/driver swerved out of the way, then the child turned back and was hit. Paul was afraid the child was killed. Thankfully only a few stitches were needed, but that night the police impounded the van and all the pastors in it, so at midnight Paul preached about repentance and the gift of eternal life with some pictures of Heaven and Hell glowing under the black light. A man from the area said, "You were sent here so we would repent."

## Back Home in Cape Town

The kids and I are thrilled to be back home and with friends. Paul is glad to be home to his own recliner that fits him, and his own bed that's long enough, but he is already planning the next three trips. He was so, so delighted with how this last trip went.

Paul and I have discovered a fun date night activity on these long winter evenings. We got on Pinterest and started collecting pictures of places we've seen in the line of duty as we've been cruising around the world. We rarely take vacations, but were surprised at how many beautiful, interesting places that we have seen just in obeying the Great Commission.



*South African towns are so beautiful  
when the Jacaranda trees bloom.*

## Low Budget Mission Trip

Paul: We went out for our daily walk with our dog and saw a bunch of guys digging a trench for fiber cables in our neighborhood and found that many of them are from Malawi. We hurried back to the house and got a bunch of *This Was Your Life* tracts in their language. They were quite happy to receive them! The foreign mission field may be in your neighborhood, too.

Another time I was working at my desk and noticed a big truck with about 30 people on it. It stopped right in front of our house with some problem. I rushed to get some tracts. They were happy to get them. Then the truck drove off. A divine appointment!



*Cape Town has a lot of tourist destinations.*

## Visits Back To The USA



*Our family with Vicki's sister, Wendy, and her family and parents*

We come back to the States every year or two for up to a few months at a time. In 2003 we conducted a Vacation Bible School in Vicki's home church. That week after I preached and drew the narrow way to Heaven and the broad road to Hell, eight-year-old Ryan Ford asked the Lord to save him. I certainly didn't know he would one day marry our daughter Evangel.

One of the object lessons I did that week taught about binding the Enemy. Jesus said that no one can enter a strong man's house and get all his stuff unless he first binds the strong man, then it's easy to get all his treasures. So when we try to tell people the Gospel and take people from Satan's Kingdom into God's Kingdom we need to first get Jesus to bind Satan.

Here's how I illustrated that fact. I let one row of seats in the church represent Satan's Kingdom, and I chose a little boy to represent a Christian trying to lead people out of Satan's Kingdom. I chose a bigger boy to represent Satan guarding his kingdom who would push the little boy away as he was trying to lead people out of the row that represented Satan's Kingdom. The boy I chose for Satan that time was Ryan Ford. He was bigger and stronger and could keep the little guy away. But the little boy asked me to come help him. I represented the Lord. So I grabbed "Satan" and held him over my shoulder. Then the soul winner could easily lead the others out of "Satan's Kingdom." So when we pray against Satan and God holds him down, we can lead many out of Satan's Kingdom much more easily.

Some of you may feel that your daughter has married a devil, too! Actually, Ryan is a good son-in-law and husband and father.

Twelve years later Vicki wrote: We are thankful to report that our daughter Evangel Lynn Young married Ryan Ford October 24th! The young Ford couple went off to honeymoon deep in the woods of Maine for a week, and seem to be very happy in their own company. They had their first kiss during their wedding ceremony, and enjoyed it too!

For the four of us left, traveling in the motor home meant pretty close fellowship with THREE guys with size 15 or 16 shoes, floor space has become a precious commodity.

One highlight this month for Paul was preaching in a church his dad had pastored over 70 years ago in Center Strafford, NH.



*We see lots of interesting places on our travels. George Washington left his mark here, high up on the rock.*

We're enjoying our kids' observations of their "home" country, like when they are in America they say, "Where are all the people?" (In Africa you may see hundreds of people in the streets) and "Wow, no walls around the yards." When Evangel and her husband went to pass out tracts at the St. Patrick's Day Parade in Boston, she said she had never seen so many white people in one place!

In the nursing homes in Newberry, SC, Paul's hometown, there were many professions of repentance and faith, and many of the caregivers were formerly in Bible clubs that Paul led with his family before he went out into full time evangelism on the road. Some people would get choked up, remembering their Bible club days, 30 or more years before.

In Sumter, SC, Paul gave a tract to the lady who set out the breakfast foods at the hotel. She came to our table a few minutes later, so appreciative and with tears that we showed her how to be saved. Wow! A good many others along the way were also glad to get tracts.

Also in Greer, SC, Paul preached with good response to several groups of public high school students. They were taking Bible as an elective at a place near their school during school hours on release time. There is a harvest in America, too!

After both Paul and I spoke at a Christian school in Florida, the pastor gave an invitation for those who would be willing to be missionaries. About 40 stood.

We traveled over 20,000 miles in the past month! Phew! To America and back is roughly 16,000, and then we drove more than 4000 miles to have meetings from Maine to Florida. We had our first Christmas in America in 15 years, and it was precious to have the time with family.

## ENCOURAGEMENTS

A pastor's wife wrote us telling how their three-year-old son, Brandon, asked to be baptized. She told him you have to be saved first. He said he was saved. She wanted to know when. "When Paul Young came." Since no one talked with him personally at the invitation, he, on his own, asked the Lord to save him. Years later he went to Albania for mission work.

A missionary friend showed us this testimony her son Ben wrote:

One night a missionary named Paul Young came to church and did a chalk talk. The picture was two paths. One was going to Heaven, the other was going to hell.

I knew I was going to hell. The next Tuesday, I got out of bed and told Mom "I can't sleep," and Dad took his Bible and showed me John 3:16. He told me that Jesus loves me... and showed me that I had to ask Jesus to save me. Then we prayed. The next Sunday I got baptized.

Now that I'm saved, I read my Bible every day. Now the Holy Spirit lives in me.

Jesus said that the kingdom of God does not come with observation. Many times God is working, but we do not observe it for a while.

Another lady wrote that she met our family 37 years ago at a Bible camp. Her five-year-old son, Scott, became a Christian when he saw the chalk talk about the broad way and the narrow way. Now he has taught Old Testament and Hebrew for about 15 years at Covenant College at Lookout Mountain, GA. Now the lady is watching a DVD of more chalk talks and is giving out our tracts that have the same picture of the broad way and the narrow way.

God can even bring good from my ignorance. I went to one school by mistake. It had a similar name to the one where I was scheduled. (This story is similar but not the same as the story I related earlier.) When I realized I was at the wrong school, I called to apologize to the other school which was a few hours away. That principal said to go ahead and preach where I was, as it's a bigger school, and come to his school another day. The principal of the "wrong" school agreed, and many responded to the Good News!

Here are several other encouraging incidences Vicki recorded:

A lady from South Carolina encouraged us by telling how she has used the DVD she has of Paul preaching and drawing. She said, "I am scheduled to teach this Wed. night at church for AWANA, and when I teach, I always do a chalk drawing. I use one of Bro. Paul's videos.... I watch it over and over until I can memorize the way he draws it."

"I am certain that there was improvement in the behavior in the kids after Paul was here last year," a principal told the school as he introduced Paul.

Today when a principal saw how well the students listened and responded to the Gospel, he told Paul the power of God was really with him.

The other day a principal told Paul how much the preaching helps the school. He said, "Our doors are always open. We are just a phone call away."

As Paul was setting up in a high school, one of the teachers asked Paul if he is the guy who goes around drawing in schools? His daughter was excited that Paul came to her school, so Paul handed him a DVD of chalk talks (24 sermons!). After Paul preached the guy came back and said, "This is the kind of stuff our students need. We don't get enough of it." Then he continued, "I'm a Muslim."

At another school the principal told Paul he could come back *anytime*. He asked the kids when Paul should come back. They said, "Tomorrow!"

Paul was discouraged when three different schools canceled assemblies this week, one after he had driven 129 km to get there. So it was more precious to him to hear another principal say, "Come every year, not just every other year." (Even with the cancellations Paul still preached to about 4000 people this week.) The principals see how attentive and responsive the children are when he preaches, and they see the good effects afterwards. We are not ashamed of the Gospel; it is the power of God to salvation.

Paul preached 51 times in May, and 22 were in new places! He loves what he's doing, and was a little shocked by the following. An appreciative principal told Paul that he enjoyed Paul's ministry. He went on to say that he had asked local pastors to have spiritual input into his school, and not one of them had responded to his invitation. Sad.

At one school he was greeted by a lady who exclaimed, "I told Lizelle [our scheduler] we can't have you this time." But the principal walked up and welcomed him and had him preach to several hundred students!

Today a principal was so appreciative of Paul's preaching on turning from sin to Jesus, that he called another principal of a large school who also

scheduled Paul to preach. The principal also asked Paul to pray with a girl involved in Satanism who had tried to commit suicide in front of the class. The girl asked Jesus to save her. Of course, she and hundreds of others who have professed to turn from their sinful way to trust and follow Jesus will need a lot of God's help in the days to come!

One principal heard on the news that South African Schools ranked 96 out of 100 (with 100 being the lowest). The principal said we should not be surprised since they took Bible teaching out of schools. He was pleased that Paul came, and said to him, "I thought you had forgotten us."

Another principal told Lizelle, "I know I'll get into trouble, (for having "Small Paul") but I don't care." (Sometimes we get these little reminders that this great open door might not be open for that much longer.)

A little boy about 8 came up after Paul preached sort of crying. The teacher wanted him to tell Paul what was wrong. The boy was just sad that his brother had missed the school assembly. The brother was home with a bad back. Happily Paul was able to give him a DVD to take home to his brother.

At a school Paul went to after we got back, some cleaning staff, who remembered him from their school days, said, "If you don't know Small Paul, you didn't have a nice childhood." We thought that was sweet, as well as funny, and had to share it.

## Prospecting

Paul: We worked hard to build our Bible clubs and church in the '70's and '80's. (I know that Jesus said, “I will build My church,” but God's Word also says we are co-laborers with Him.) We did a lot of visitation to find houses where the people would be interested in hearing the Gospel. Now, instead of trying to find a house where people will listen, I walk into a *school* to make an appointment to preach to the whole school. Instead of finding a fraction of homes interested, and only a fraction of those people willing to turn to Jesus, the *majority* of the schools I have gone to across Africa have scheduled me to preach. And then sometimes hundreds in one school make a public profession of repentance and faith in Jesus.

So I set the GPS for schools, and it takes me to the nearest school. I walk in. I don't know them; they don't know me. I ask to see the principal. I've prayed about this first. I introduce myself as “Small Paul.” Since I'm 6 feet, 10 inches (207 centimeters), the nickname “Small Paul” is sort of an ice breaker. Then I tell them that I go to hundreds of schools with a talk with artwork that helps the students behave better. Improving behavior is a big deal with principals. I tell the principal which days I am available to speak for the school. Tim has scheduled schools successfully, too. I showed a missionary friend what we do. He found he could do it in his area, greatly enlarging his ministry. We call it prospecting.

Vicki: We're about 18 hours drive from home right now, doing an outreach to Johannesburg, South Africa. Johannesburg was the very first place Paul ever preached in South Africa way back in 1996, but there has been about 10 years since we've spent much time here, and the schools didn't open up as easily as we hoped. It's exam time. The first day was a discouraging trip from school to school where many gave the polite form of “No” which is “I'll call you back.” None of the 12 schools scheduled. The second day was better, and the third day scheduling day was 100% ! Every school we visited scheduled him. Paul has never preached in any of these

schools he just scheduled. Most are in townships. Jesus said there is a great harvest. One big key is to find where the responsive ones are.

Just before Josh left Africa to begin studies at New England Baptist College, he went with me to preach in a school. After we had both preached with chalk art, we drove to a new area to see if we could speak to some schools in those last few hours before leaving the area. The first school was a high school. Josh reminded me that high schools are harder to schedule. I said, “I know, but let's try.” I had prayed about doing this early that morning.

We saw the principal standing at the gate with a paddle (I think for latecomers.) I told him we could give a short talk with art that would help the students behave better. He immediately hollered for someone to gather the grade 12's for a chapel...now. We had a good impromptu service, and many made public professions of repentance and faith.

We then went across the highway to a primary school and told that principal the same thing. She told us we could speak to her school after a while. While we waited we found another school very close by and told the principal the same thing. She said the seventh graders needed it the most and called them together immediately. They were very attentive and responsive. Then we rushed back to the other school. The school gathered outside and we preached to our fourth school that morning—three scheduled that same morning!

We used to make most of our school appointments by phone, but now visiting in person is more effective for us. Fairly recently I called 51 schools in one day, and only one school scheduled me! I think the *majority* of schools I have visited in person have scheduled me.

## While We Sleep

Vicki wrote: Paul was chatting with a black couple in America in a restaurant and found they were from Kenya. He asked, "Do you ever watch Family Television?" The lady said, "You're the guy that draws those pictures!" That was encouraging to meet someone around the world who watches the TV program of Paul's chalk art sermons! So thousands can be reached by TV, even while we're preaching elsewhere or even while we sleep.

Paul got an email from a teacher in a monastery who has been watching Paul preaching on TV. He said he is afraid that if the seminary discovers that he is following Paul's gospel message, they'll kick him out. He says he has been disturbed for a long time and needs "your prayers and advice." Paul is helping him.

Paul was happy to hear a teacher tell him she used his DVD of chalk talks for her class and that two of her students got saved after watching them! The older and more tired we get, the more exciting it is to hear of people coming to the Lord through our ministry, even when we're not there.

A principal told how her teachers were bickering in the staff room until one of them pointed to the picture on the wall of *Two Ways* that Paul had drawn in their assembly.

James found a couple of places online that are putting Paul's chalk talks out for people to see. One of the chalk talks had more than 4000 views. A thrill again to see seed going out, bearing fruit while we sleep!

We just got two letters telling how our little booklet, *A Happy Home*, has helped families. One of the letters was from a mom in South Africa, another from a pastor in Kenya.

Paul has been spending hours and hours at the Department of Home Affairs lately, trying to get our South African Visas. It's not his favorite way to spend time, but both he and James use the time and pass out tracts there to many people from other countries. People wait there for hours, so are thankful to get a little comic book to read to pass the time, and then they can learn about Jesus. Paul handed one man a tract near there, and the man looked up at him, and said, "What! I can't believe it's you! My son watches your DVD before he goes to sleep at night!" How nice to hear of one of our gazillions of DVDs in circulation, preaching in places we never go.

We just got word from a young pastor that had read our book, *Principles of Church Growth*. He said the Bible principles in the book really helped him as he started a church when other churches were not even meeting, because of COVID fears. He had about 60 attending—after only seven months.

## Finding Out Later

Vicki wrote: A lady told Paul her son heard Paul at a Christian school years ago, and he got the picture Paul drew. He's 29 and still has the picture. He was the only one saved then in his family, but it was part of what led the whole family coming to the Lord. The family has sent occasional gifts, and we wondered who they were.

We've seen so many people who, as children, saw and heard Paul years ago and are now serving the Lord. A car dealer who used to come to the Youngs' Bible Club in the '80s arranged a meeting one evening for Paul

to do a chalk talk at his place of business. We also had a fun time at a Young family reunion with about 100 present; most were descended from the 10 cousins who came to live with Paul's family for six weeks during a family crisis in 1970. It was such a special time then of having those 10 cousins visiting. And the reunion was special!

One day as Paul took his sister Joy to the airport, a clerk profusely thanked Paul for giving him a *This Was Your Life* tract—years ago at that airport.

A young lady in Warsaw, IN, came up after church and told Paul she got saved when he preached in her school when she was six!

A boy in Indiana who used go on visitation with Paul continued on with the Lord and became a pastor. "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

Paul gets a special encouragement by seeing people from his years of preaching in Bible clubs in Newberry, SC, (1970-88) who are continuing on with the Lord. His sister Joy sent us a Facebook page where some of those former Bible clubbers were reminiscing about "the good ole days".

One lady said, "Yea I remember them [Paul and his family] and yes they were a blessing and they did it from the goodness of their heart never ask for a dime we use to love to go."

Someone responded, "Like yes sister they used what God had blessed them with to help the children and for some of us that was all the church we had at the time. The seeds they planted were a blessing."

The reminiscing got funny at times, "And when Mr. Paul said "Every body in" you best believe Everbody came in...Wasn't nobody on cell...talking back or nothing and if you sat on somebody row and made them loose the cookie for talking...Omgoodness."

When we visited Newberry, we met former Bible clubbers “every day at a store or gas station, or on the street.”

Paul: Sharon was a 12-year-old Bible clubber in the early '70's. Her younger sisters and brother also started to come to Bible Club. We took her to Bible camp one summer. One of the things she liked most there was the quietness at night. Her home and neighborhood were not peaceful. Her little brother saw his dad murder his mom.

When she, as a girl, saw me draw the Prodigal Son chalk talk, she was peeved that the prodigal son was welcomed back home after wasting all the inheritance from the father. She said that if the prodigal son had been her son, she would have tied him to a tree and beaten him. But in the years ahead she wandered from the Lord herself. When she was in Newberry High School she and her boy friend broke into the school office one night to change the record of her grades.

Years later she told us how she came back to the Lord, and she often mentions the songs we taught and other things from Bible Club about 50 years ago. In fact, she became a generous supporter of our ministry.

A lady from Florida wrote: I stopped being scared ... and finally understood salvation in the 3rd grade when Tall Paul came with his chalk art .... 20 years ago... when I was 9 years old.... Your talk made a deep and lasting impression on me... So Thank You! You have and are making a difference!

Another lady wrote: Small Paul used to come and speak at my school when I was growing up. Faith Christian School in Lancaster, SC. He was always one of my favorite people. I remember when he found his pretty, little wife. I was so happy. Recently, I began to look him up online so I could show my own budding little artists the man I had told them about.

Another SPECIAL letter we got in Africa:

Dear brother Small Paul,

I don't think you remember me, but I remember you. You shared the gospel at my school in Oudtshoorn [South Africa]... in 2009, and as a result of that and the Lord dealing with me, I marvelously got saved... in 2010.

It was another two years I lived with no Bible, yet seeking God. I went to study Mechanical Engineering in Potchefstroom at the university in 2013 and found a Bible believing Church (Bible Baptist Church Potchefstroom).

Today I have been discipled, went through Bible school, win souls to Christ and have been called to be a missionary [in a dangerous country].

If you had not shared the gospel, I would have never heard it. Even unto this day nobody has tried to win me to Christ. Thank you oh thank you! My life has been changed by God. I am so happy to see you are still alive and still doing the Lord's work.

I went to my old school and found your picture [that you drew] framed from which I understood the gospel, and I have attached it in this email. All these years I have forgotten your name, until yesterday when my old principal remembered your name and sent it to me.

Keep on sowing the seed and fighting the good fight!

I hope to see you one day before heaven....

The receptionist at a large Christian school in New Hampshire recently told Paul what a big influence he had been in her life in two other Christian schools she had attended as a girl. Of course, he never knew any of this for all these years.

Paul: Another lady just wrote to Vicki and me:

As I sit here and type this, I have tears in my eyes and thankfulness in my heart! You used to come to Venture of Faith Camp when I was a young girl. I am now almost 40. I found you all on FB and then found your

videos. My husband pastors...in...TN and we have 3 precious children. Upon finding your videos, there is now another generation of children being blessed by your ministry. I sat with thankful tears in my eyes as I watched my children sit captivated and begging to watch more videos. I just wanted to say “thank you” for staying faithful. I have reaped the benefits, and now my children are doing the same.

Our most recent letter of appreciation came yesterday.

I am a second-grade teacher.... First, thank you for your ministry and your family's ministry to so many. I first heard you speak when I was in middle school at Grace Baptist Academy in Chattanooga, TN, in the '90s. I still remember how impactful your Bible teaching was and how engaged I was to hear and see the Bible come alive through chalk art. I was able to share two of your YouTube videos with my class when we were in distance learning....

It would be a great privilege to have you speak to our students.... May God continue to further your ministry so others may know about Him.

It's so nice when you find out how God made you a blessing to someone, and you had no idea! In Botswana we were waiting to see a principal, and a lady was just bubbling over with excitement that we had recently been in her son's school, and he was so excited about it. Her teenager had come home and told her the whole story, and when she saw us she realized we were the people who had taught in her son's school.

Just today we met a young lady here in Cape Town, actively serving God in her church, who told me she came to the Lord at the age of five when she heard me preach.

## WHICH CHURCHES WILL I PREACH AT?

I've preached at quite a variety of churches. Well, I preached in a beautiful cathedral recently in Malawi and in another part of Malawi to a church that was just people sitting under a tree. I preached in one of the biggest churches in the Southeast, USA, but more often in just a garage (with speakers the size of a fridge!), in a round hut with a cow manure floor, mud walls and benches, or under some plastic held up by sticks. I preached in a church that had a chocolate fountain. I preached in a nice church that was a converted factory, in a Zoom church where people watch and listen from several locations, or in a church in a living room. I've preached in White, Black, and in between, Chinese, Filipino, German, East Indian and American Indian from several tribes, many African tribes, Hispanic, and integrated churches.

I preached in a racist church (I won't say where, but it was not in the American South or South Africa). I mentioned in my preaching that Moses married an African woman, and God struck Miriam with leprosy—turned her white, for criticizing Moses when he married that African woman. It's almost like God said, “You like white so much I'll make you really white with leprosy.”

After the five days of meetings there, preaching 11 times and driving 10 hours, (they offered no accommodation), they gave a whopping \$50.

(I've preached thousands of times for nothing, but this church was fairly wealthy.) We were told that a guy on their staff couldn't remain on their staff if he continued dating an Oriental lady.

It is interesting that several Navajo churches began to support us as missionaries when we left for South Africa.

One church in Normal, IL, was *not* unusual, it was a Normal church.

I grew up in independent Baptist circles, but I preach in a lot of kinds of churches. I have a policy that I will only preach in churches that need help. Independent Baptists certainly need preaching that will correct and inspire, but they are not the only ones that have problems and need help. Jesus said, "They that are whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick."

## SOUL WINNING

Our daughter, Evangel, as a young mother asked me about my first experience as a soul winner, also about memorable instances and about progression I have seen in winning souls. Here's my answer.

I think the first person I led to a profession of faith in Jesus was a little blond boy about nine named Edward during cabin devotions at a Christian camp. I was in my teens, and I was his counselor. It is pretty easy to talk to people about salvation if it's an arranged situation like cabin devotions, or a Bible class. In other situations I was often too much of a coward to talk about Jesus and salvation. Occasionally, I got up the nerve to speak to random people where I had to bring up the subject myself.

As a teenager I knew I should tell others the good news of salvation, and I wanted to do so, but over and over again I was overcome by fear. It's not that I was afraid to talk to people; I was the president of the high school Debating Club. But when it came to talking about Jesus and salvation, I was a first class chicken. I found a prayer in Acts 4:29 and prayed it: "And now, Lord, behold their threatenings: and grant to Your servants, that with all boldness they may speak Your Word...." God answered that prayer, but He was pretty patient with me.

As a young Christian I knew I should love others enough to share the good news that saved me from everlasting fire. Fear, laziness and being busy with less important things kept me pretty useless in this area.

Then I got a big boost. My dad, who preached in lots of Black public schools, assigned me to preach in seven schools each month when I was 19. I continued in this great opportunity for a few years. Then I had opportunities in jails. In all these cases the people were gathered for the purpose of hearing God's Word. It seemed more natural in those settings to bring up sin, salvation and Jesus.

A further step in effectiveness was when I set out to spend a set amount of time each week soul winning. I went from occasionally winning people personally to regularly winning them. We started several weekly Bible clubs where we could disciple these children. The Bible clubs provided a great way to preach salvation to 20 to 120—several times a week.

Another step was asking for and receiving the fullness of the Holy Spirit like Jesus promised (Luke 11:13) in order to have power in witnessing (Acts 1:8). After that I was able to hold the people's attention better and get the message across so that many were willing to make a public profession of repentance and faith in Jesus.

A step still further was going *full time* in evangelism as I crisscrossed America preaching in hundreds of churches, Christian schools and camps. Usually I preached six days a week. Of course, you can get more done when you're working at it full time than when you're only working at it part time.

One time during this time I went out to do personal soul winning with a friend. In one house we talked to a lady, her mother and her child, three generations. All three of them made a profession of faith in Jesus. As we were driving away my friend said something like, “Wow, I sure felt the

power of God.” I didn't feel anything. I just trust God's promise to give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him, and tell people what they need to hear—regardless of feelings. God will do what He has promised.

Then when we moved to Africa I could win many more people, because I could reach so many more people in the large public schools, *and* they were more responsive. Also using more hooks improves the fishing. I could not only preach in schools, churches, prisons and on TV, but also distribute thousands of books and booklets, tracts and DVD's. And I'm trying to encourage and train my children and others to win souls as well.

But often, I still wonder if I could be winning more if I were not so lazy or embarrassed or busy with lesser things.

## Giving Out Tracts

### Sharing The Gospel The Easy Way

When I was a teenager I saw a tract with comic style pictures, *This Was Your Life*, in a bookstore and read it. It was eye catching and memorable and more likely to be read than other tracts, so I've used it for over 50 years. Many people are happy to get this tract, especially in Africa. On my first trips to Africa it was a new experience to offer tracts and have a group of young men come running up to get one.



*Our tract in English and Afrikaans.  
It's also in Xhosa, Chichewa and Spanish.*

Bus and train stations and lines of waiting people are good places to give them. It's been pretty easy to pass out a hundred or more at border crossings. On New Year's Day we pass out many hundreds to the throngs who gather at the beach. When Africans are walking home from work it's easy to give out 100 in 10 or 15 minutes to the crowds of

people leaving the train station. In the squatter areas or townships we give out hundreds in an hour.

One of my favorite times of giving tracts was when Vicki and I were taking a walk one evening in Malawi, and we saw about 40 security men in uniform standing in formation. I walked up to the man in charge and gave him a tract. He accepted one, and so did all the others.

It has been nice when almost everybody on the train car accepts the tracts, and I come back through a few minutes later and see the majority of the people reading them. Sometimes people want another for a friend, or maybe a bunch of tracts for family and friends.

While we're passing out tracts we sometimes find others who are serious about reaching the lost, and they are encouraged to spread the good news. I recently offered a man a tract, and he told me I had already given him a bunch of them, and he had given them to others so that he had a group of people he wanted me to teach.

As I was giving out tracts to a long line of people, a man thanked me profusely. He used to operate 13 night clubs, and shortly after he got saved,

someone gave him a DVD of our chalk talks. He watched them a lot and was greatly helped. Now he's headed to the Philippines as a missionary.

We were recently driving home after giving out a lot of tracts, but we saw a long line of people. So we stopped, and the people received them nicely. It turns out it may have been a Muslim feeding program. :-)

Often adults and children want more tracts for their family and friends. Some children like to help us give them out and advise us where more people are or places to avoid because there are dogs that bite. When I get lost in the township they can guide me back to my car.

One little girl was helping me pass out tracts, and after a while asked me if I remembered where I had parked. When I said I did she left. I think she sensed that I might need guidance. A day or two later I did get lost.

As I was passing out tracts in a crowded township a truck approached with a lot of boys in back. I quickly held out a little pile of tracts, and one of the boys grabbed them in passing. I turned back to see him distributing them to the other boys.

I saw a young Muslim couple sitting in a car with a sun roof. I handed the tract down through the sun roof and said, "A message from heaven!" They laughed and received it with thanks.

Recently we have been producing our own tracts with color pictures that many kids recognize from my chalk talks. These tracts, emphasizing repentance, are more compact and much cheaper to produce than the ones we used for many years.

It's not just the unsaved who are helped by our giving out tracts. Christians are also helped and sometimes inspired to do the same. We got two emails the same day from men who had received tracts in long lines of

people needing employment. These men wanted many more tracts to give out themselves.

Vicki wrote in January, 2022: Christmas Eve was memorable. We were tired, and I assume that's why Paul asked the Lord if we should go at all that afternoon. "Yes!" came the guidance.

Should we go now? "Yes!"

Then he began to ask about certain neighborhoods, and got a "Yes!" on Lavender Hill, which has one of the highest crime rates in the world. We set off, and as we entered the neighborhood, we saw a big crowd. It was a sober crowd, around a dead teenager on the sidewalk. I later read on News24 that he was 15, and a 14 year old was also injured, and it was gang related. We passed out a lot of tracts in a short time and talked to some of them. May there be revival in that neighborhood. So many changes need to happen.

Another day I met a guy in a wheelchair and asked him what happened to him. "Crossfire. 2018." His legs are paralyzed. He gratefully received the tract and spoke in such a way that I thought he knew the Lord. Apparently he came to the Lord as a result of his paralysis. "All things work together for good...."

I wish I'd taken a photo when Paul had a little meeting on the steps in a group of tall apartments in Lavender Hill. I think 10 boys, ages 10-20, for a guess, sat right there and listened to Paul speak, and they answered questions. Some ladies were giggling out the window two stories above, but the boys ignored them. He led them in prayer, and I think all of them prayed to be saved. May the Lord bless that stair step group. They could change the world.

So many young people in these neighborhoods know Paul. They call out to him "Small Paul" and I tease him about being a rock star. They've seen him and "Tiny Tim" preaching and drawing in their schools.



*Typical Community Where We Give Tracts*

Another day, Paul prayed again for guidance. He got guidance to go to a certain area of Lotus River. He passed out tracts to a group of about eight kids, and then started to drive off. A boy followed on a skateboard, and passed on the message, "The Uncle asked you to come back and have prayer with us."

We don't pass up invitations like that, so Paul went back. "The Uncle" was another believer who had started a church in his house nearby. Paul spoke to him, and the little group which was larger now, and a bunch of them ended up praying with him to be saved. Be-thorough (That's what Paul heard for his name. We guess his mother was trying to instill that good character trait.) said he wanted Paul to come speak at the house church.

Today Paul prayed for guidance. He had a destination that the Lord had guided him to. And a specific time he should go. So he arrived at the spot to find a feeding program going on! Many people gathered for free stew! He went down the lines, passing out many tracts. The people serving the food also happily received the tracts. A few minutes later, the crowd was gone. God had guided to the right place and the right time. We're thankful.

We just got home from another "tract meet" where we meet to pass out tracts. We really got into it. We parked by a mosque and set off into a VERY people intensive street! I doubt it was more than four blocks long, but it took us nearly an hour to get all the way to the end and back, with stopping to pass out the tracts and talking to people. I had English, Afrikaans, and Chichewa tracts to offer.

Paul had a group of guys who prayed with him to be saved! Plus, he gave out three or four hundred tracts.

I gave two tracts to two cute young teen girls who were very obviously scoping out the guys. They started reading “Which way are you going?” in a rather loud, mocking tone, and then suddenly Paul stepped up behind them! Scared ‘em so bad, the reader ran out into the road and nearly got hit by a car! Being girls of this age, this made them laugh all the harder. Paul was SO thankful they didn’t get hurt. Tim and I got laughing at her fright, and I saw others across the street taking in the drama.

Vicki: Last night I got home from Joy Club just in time to see the tail lights of our car disappearing down the street, so I missed the tract meet. Paul and Tim had a great time. Paul said the people were coming home from work so fast and thick he couldn’t pass the tracts out fast enough! They went to a train station that deposits hundreds of people coming home from work every afternoon. Somebody called to Paul from a pickup in the stopped traffic, so he went out into the road and gave a bunch to the riders.

As usual around here, a bunch of boys recognized Small Paul and ran out to greet him, some of them wearing robes and white hats which show they had been to a meeting of another religion. Not important to them, they were glad to see him. Some of them wanted to “share out” the tracts too, but Paul thought that wasn’t the wisest this time. It would have been a rather mixed message going out there.

Rough time today. Tim got bitten on the leg by a dog. Some blood, and lots of bubbles when we cleaned it with peroxide.

The neighborhood where this happened was one of the druggiest I’ve ever seen. Small boys with eyes sort of glazed over really upset me. On the busiest corner by the shacks is a local outreach, led by a brave lady who gives out meals and teaches people. She invited Paul to speak to her people, so he and Tim went back the next day after a school meeting and set up his chalk equipment on the sidewalk. The people were in chairs on

the sidewalk, and he talked to them. Some passersby stopped to watch too. It was a neat opportunity.

At the next place the sewer was overflowing. Charming. My ardor for tract passing was dimmed by the stench, but the wind was up and so things improved as we got moving. Tim and I went one way, while Paul went another. The streets were SO busy. Paul was standing still for awhile, passing out tracts as fast as he could, and still not getting everyone coming down the streets—both ways! He ran out of English tracts and went back to the car for more, and then ran out a second time! That's a lot of tracts!

Someone offered me their daughter for Tim's wife. He may be our last son to get married, but it's not for lack of options! :-)

I loved having Chichewa tracts with me! The Malawians who have moved to South Africa are so surprised and delighted when we can give them tracts in their own language.



## LOCKED DOWN

Paul: We really felt frustrated when much of our ministry was shut down by the lock down for the COVID 19 Pandemic beginning in March, 2020. For the rest of the year I was able to preach in only one church in Cape Town and only a few schools. We used to get into hundreds.

But the command to preach the Gospel is still in force—even when it's not convenient, so we had to figure out other ways to reach people. I tried the social media. We reached hundreds day by day with chalk talks on social media, especially in areas of Africa and Asia that we had not been able to reach in person before. We did a little preaching with local and international Zoom meetings.



One day as restrictions were loosening, Vicki and I came to an intersection, and a man shouted from his car that our DVDs were an encouragement to him and that he was using them in starting a church.

We printed and distributed many thousands more tracts, especially in the extremely poor townships. They didn't bother much with COVID restrictions. In passing out tracts we especially target the very poor neighborhoods for two reasons. They are often more appreciative of the tracts, and we are able to give them to far more people in these neighborhoods where so many people are out in their little yards and in the streets, especially in the evening.

We have a lot of interesting things happen as we go into these very poor areas. Sometimes we are on pathways only two or three feet wide between the tin shacks. A few times people have been appreciative of our efforts and given generously from their meager means. We never ask.

One little girl wanted us to come to her place, so she took me through her gate and squatted in front of the dog house brandishing a switch to keep the dog inside from bothering me. I have been bitten a few times. And I'm not above getting lost after wandering for an hour through the maze of shacks heading for wherever there are more people.

A dog unexpectedly jumped up and bit the tip of James' finger off as James was passing out tracts. Thankfully it healed nicely in a few weeks.

Usually the people are happy to get the tracts, and as I come by a few minutes later, I often see numbers of them reading the tracts. Sometimes people want to know what the tracts are about, and I can sense that they want to listen, so I briefly explain the gospel, and some of them make a public profession of repentance and faith. Then they often want several more tracts to give to their friends.

We have several languages to offer, English, Afrikaans, Chichewa, French, Swahili, Zulu and Xhosa. If someone wants one in Shona, a language I don't have, I say, "This one has words in English, but all the pictures are in Shona." Sometimes they laugh. Sometimes they don't get it. Most people in Cape Town actually do know English, even if it's not their first language.

Sometimes people are startled at my size (6 feet, 10 inches or 207 cm), especially if they suddenly turn a corner and there I am! Their nose at my stomach! One guy said I was like an angel. I said, “A good one or a bad one?” He said, “A good one. You are *so big!*”

Later in the year of COVID restrictions we were able to preach in several other churches and many other schools in other parts of South Africa and in other African countries.

We drove to one large city and went to some schools to see if we could preach and draw in their schools—schools where we had been welcome before. They not only turned us down but led us to believe that *no* schools would let us come because of COVID restrictions. Someone suggested we try another area not far away. We did, and *almost every* school we went to let us preach!

Then we drove to Zambia and found few restrictions and many open doors. I was able to preach to several schools a day, plus teach at three pastors' seminars. After such good opportunities I determined to return to Zambia as soon as possible. So in a few months we headed back to Zambia and preached at 55 schools, churches and orphanages in 23 days! We were exhausted. But God protected our health.

Later, Tim flew alone to Zambia, the first time preaching in 50 schools and six churches in two weeks. A few months later he went back and preached to 85 schools and churches in four weeks. On one of the days he preached to about 8,000 in one day. I've never preached to that many in a day! It took him a while to recuperate.

Recently, a whole group teens left their soccer game to crowd around, get tracts and listen as Paul told them the way of salvation. At the same time James was giving out tracts to students as they were coming out of class. A lady saw us and got out of a taxi to ask what we were doing, and didn't we know we were in a very dangerous area. She then called the police to escort us safely out. It was getting late, and we didn't argue with the police. She and the policeman were friendly and helpful.

Another time, Paul and James had to leave a school a different way to avoid gunfire. A few minutes later there was gunfire near another school where Paul was. It's like the wild west sometimes.

At one school the gatekeeper told us we'd better park inside the fenced area. He told us that carjackers had followed us to the school. After Paul's preaching the principal called the police to escort us to the next school. The police kindly did so and even hung around to escort us out of the area after Paul preached. It was kind of exciting.

There are other problems. Tim had one of his most challenging meetings when the wind was so fierce it blew down his art board three times, his clips got all mangled and his hair must have been a mess, but he did get the whole message preached.

One day when I went, we left 15 minutes early in case of heavy traffic, not knowing we'd be cruising around for an extra hour as we kept getting detoured by protests and tires burning and blocking the road. At the last one, we saw another car just scoot around the edge of the burning pile and get through, so Paul told me to drive through too. It was a heart thumping moment, but we made it through! We had been able to call the school to tell them we were having adventures, and they waited, and Paul was able to speak to a very receptive crowd!

## OUR CHILDREN NOW



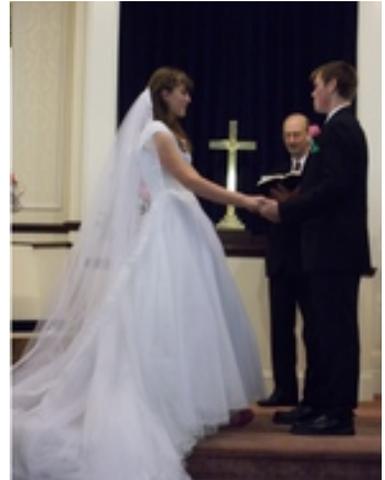
*Evangel and Ryan*

Evangel and Ryan live in Maine where he is self employed and often makes time to go soul winning. They have three little children, Clarity, Cyrus and Acadia. Vicki helped with Evangel's difficult most recent pregnancy, the birth, caring for the three little ones and the family's move to a larger place. Vicki and I are happy to be back together now!

Timothy and Joshua recently spent about a month in Kenya preaching in schools and churches, with no Dad or

Mom around. It was a stretching time with some uncomfortable and very demanding situations, but after a while they managed and enjoyed aspects of it.

Then Tim traveled with Vicki and me in the States for 12 weeks helping as he went. Next he flew to Zambia where he helped me a lot as he preached 41 times in three weeks in schools, orphanages, a Christian university and several churches. Then we flew back to South Africa to see what opportunities God would entrust us with there. We have been happily surprised at the doors God has opened.





*Some of the children like to help us pass out tracts.*



*Tim is helping us in South Africa in tract distribution and preaching.*

Vicki: In today's school, Tim and I waited a while before the learners came in. It was noisy! I wondered if Tim was going to be able to handle the throng of wild sounding teens. Grades 8 and 9 came in together, about 250+ teens, and the principal shouted at them and got them somewhat settled, then he enthusiastically introduced Tim as Small Paul's son and turned it over to Tim. From the first stroke of chalk on the board, those students sat mesmerized. I got tears in my eyes, realizing that holy hush had to be the Spirit of the Lord.

In June, 2021, Joshua married Holly Ford, a sister of Ryan, Evangel's husband. They have one little girl, Harper. Joshua graduated from New England Baptist College where he worked in children's ministry at Central Baptist Church there.



Our children love to be back all together. We do too! Evangel said that in a group, Josh tries to be the most intelligent one present, but Tim really is. Tim tries to be the kindest one there, but Josh actually is.



## MANY HAVE HELPED



Many people have helped and enlarged this ministry! Vicki has been a lovely help to me in many ways, including helping a lot in the ministry of our children and in the outward ministry! Vicki's mom has handled our American mail and our banking for us. Our children, Evangel, Timothy and Joshua grew up helping and have all ministered in many schools.

Back in the '80's and '90's Carol scheduled me in hundreds of Christian schools and churches in America. A decade later Lizelle scheduled me in hundreds of public schools and churches in South Africa. Ernie and Delgun were crucial in getting us started in South Africa.

James multiplied our ministry by producing DVDs and TV programs and teaching these skills to our children, as well as helping us in many other practical ways. George persuaded many TV stations to air our chalk talks free of charge. Sherry and her church got us a world wide outreach on Trans World Radio. Grace and Joy flew over many times to help minister in the schools and in prison.

Many children in the townships have helped us give out tracts. Others have distributed books and DVDs or scheduled us in schools or churches. Some who have been blessed by our social media posts have shared them with many others.

We are so grateful to those who have helped us with generous gifts! Some regularly, even for many years!

Who can measure the supernatural working of God in people's hearts in answer to those who have prayed for us?

Not to mention the training and godly example I received from my parents and other servants of God to whom I am so indebted!

The Lord gave me everything I have. These friends who benefited me so much have been wonderful gifts from God!

Jesus Himself took my punishment on the cross and rescued me from everlasting fire! He's given me a home in Heaven! He gave the Bible that has given me saving faith, guidance, correction, reviving, strength.... He has led, provided and kept all His other promises. He's really been very generous and pretty patient with me!

He has given me a happy life.

I like serving Him!

## EPILOGUE

### STRANDED AT NIGHT IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE !

A new adventure. It takes four long days of driving to get from Cape Town, South Africa, to Lusaka, Zambia. We drove through two locust plagues, many miles of red, poisonous, hopping locusts turning the road red, then the bigger flying locusts splatting on our windshield. But bigger adventures were to come.

We certainly didn't plan on driving after dark. There are too many cows without brake lights out there, never mind the occasional elephant! So we drove as planned 10 or 12 hours a day for the first three days and then came to the border between Namibia and Zambia around 3 P.M. on that third day. We had three hours of hassles to get through the border.

The sun was setting as we drove off to look for lodging. We had problems! We didn't have the right currency (Kwachas), the ATM was out of order, the guest house we used before was being renovated. Other places were already booked. So we headed off down the highway straining our eyes in the dark looking for a sign for lodging. Nothing. Then the road went bad! Thousands of potholes!

We finally turned in at a driveway leading to some kind of lodging. We tried not to bog down in the very sandy path two miles long. The lodge was all booked so we headed back to pothole highway. But our engine overheated! It was now after 9 P.M. and we just had to sit in the dark and wait for it to cool. I squeezed in a nap during the wait, which proved to be helpful as the night wore on.

We used all of our water and some coolant to refill the radiator, and then went foraging in the dark for more water. Tim got very freaked out by barking dogs as he had been bitten a few days before while passing out tracts, so he guarded the car while Vicki and I walked through the darkness with the empty containers. Vicki had her umbrella ready to scare off dogs. Not sure if that would have impressed an elephant if we had met one.

We got water from some helpful people, and then had to find our way in the blackness back to the car. THE STARS WERE BEAUTIFUL!!! It was a moonless night and there was no local electricity to compete with the stars. So it was unusually dark. Vicki used her cellphone light to find our footprints in the sandy path, or we might still be wandering out there in that maze of paths.

We got that tank filled with water, and then realized we were locked out of the Jeep! 10 PM and two miles off a forsaken highway in the African forest! Now things were getting serious. I began to pray out loud. While I was praying, a light began to shine on the bushes, and a van slowly, slowly worked its way through the sand toward us. The only vehicle we had seen at all on that path. But the driver drove right past us! Oh no!

But it occurred to him that maybe we needed help. We did! And he was willing to help us. Bless him! He called a friend who brought a wire and fashioned it to unlock the Jeep. They advised us of a place to park for the rest of the night, near a cell phone tower, so we took their advice and parked there and slept some in the car from 11 PM 'til just after 3 AM when we decided to brave this terrible road to continue on to Livingstone, Zambia. A descriptive word for that road is “moonscape”. Think *craters*. It was rough. It took so long to get such a short distance, about four hours to go 40 miles! And a beating to our Jeep (and our bottoms). But the sunrise was BEAUTIFUL!!!

We did eventually arrive in Lusaka where Tim and I preached 44 times in the next two weeks in 19 schools, 10 churches and two pastors' seminars. We had a good, faithful Zambian pastor who scheduled four or five places a day, guided us to them and translated for us when necessary. God blessed. The students and teachers, the churches and the pastors were very responsive to the preaching of God's Word. Thankfully, Tim helped with the preaching.

Since I was preaching four times a day, Vicki did most of the driving. But it was frustrating with so many traffic jams and taxis blocking traffic by stopping right in the road. Near the end of our time there she got hilarious relief—an army truck with soldiers and guns and with siren blaring came roaring by. Of course cars moved aside to make way. Vicki pulled in behind, and we had clear sailing for quite a while. For Vicki, it was the highlight of the week! She felt thankful, happy, blessed!

Vicki and Tim were also a blessing to some missionaries and their children who were staying in the apartment next to us. The boys liked to talk to Tim and watch him practice a new chalk talk, and the girls loved to slide notes or treats under the door for Vicki and get her replies—dozens of times! It was fun.

Some schools had over 3000 students with 80 or 90 to a class, and the some schools met three shifts a day! Other small schools had less than 100.

After Lusaka, we had another pastors' seminar. While I was preaching to the pastors, Tim and Vicki went to three nearby schools that were hastily scheduled. It's so nice when people are pleased to do things impromptu like that.

Vicki: Then, as we drove through Malawi, we got trapped in a protest. Protesters were setting fires, throwing rocks and bricks, hitting our Jeep, and the police were shooting. When we saw the protesters ahead moving forward toward us, we turned and headed back to find an alternate route. But now the protesters were behind us, too. We barely got off to a side street to hunker down to wait it out. We used the wait to pass out some tracts, and later received an email from a man who received one.

We finally followed a medical vehicle along back roads on a wild ride for over an hour until we could get back on tar and finish the journey, though we had to make several stops to try to cool the engine. We arrived in the dark several hours late.

We had several more pastors' seminars in Malawi and LOVED them! The seminars were very well received, and there was such a lively, fun, joyous spirit in them. Paul would teach them with volunteers playing the parts of a soul winner, the Devil guarding his domain, and the rest of us played the part of sinners who need to be rescued from Satan's kingdom. But Jesus said you can't take a strong man's goods unless you first bind the strong man. Paul played the part of the Lord. (He says he always gives himself the best parts.) The soul winner was to take the hand of an "unsaved person" and lead him out, but the "Devil" would physically try to stop them. The pastors really got into it! We had big wrestling matches right there! Paul usually assigned the larger man to be the "Devil," so when the "Christian" couldn't get the people saved, Paul had him call on the Lord for help. Well, that was Paul in the lesson, and he was the biggest! So he'd grab the "Devil" and hold him, so the "Christian" could get people out of the "Devil's" kingdom. The pastors were cheering and clapping every time the soul winner led another sinner out of Satan's kingdom!

Not only did the pastors get into it, Paul did too, and one time he started spanking the "Devil." Two things we did not know: the volunteer "Devil" was a Bishop, and he was our host where we were sleeping! (We had arrived when the power was off, so it was dark, and we hadn't really seen him.) Our VERY shocked translator saw Paul spanking the "Devil" and exclaimed, "He's beating the Bishop!"

We had a little worry there, if the Bishop was going to be OK with the whole thing, but we shouldn't have worried. As I said, he was really into it and enjoyed playing his part and appreciated the teaching.

The lesson is, before we go to a school to preach or before other efforts to win people, we always pray for God to rebuke the enemy. There are a lot of prayers like that in Psalms.

By the end of our stay we were exhausted. But it was satisfying.

Paul: Back home in Muizenberg, our son Joshua and his wife, Holly, visited us for a few weeks, and we had a lot of family fun together! Day by day, Tim, Josh and I each preached in one or more schools, going off in different directions. What a harvest! What opportunities!

### EMBARRASSED

We had just arrived at our missionary friends, the Goosens, in East London, South Africa. I thought I should go try to schedule some schools for the next two weeks. As I got out of the car to open the gate I left the car in reverse but thought it was in park. After I got out I reached back in to switch off the ignition. The Jeep immediately started rolling down the hill, and I couldn't stop it. It crashed through the Goosen's gate, crossed the street and crashed through the neighbor's bigger, heavier gate, taking the gate off and smashing it into the neighbor's car. The Goosens were both amazingly gracious. So were Vicki and Tim. The neighbor was nice enough. Of course it was my fault, and I paid for all the damages.

Thankfully nobody was hurt, though I was just recovering from a damaged rib. It was humiliating (along with some other embarrassing things that happened about that time)!

For example, a teacher followed me out to the car after I had preached. She had a tissue in her hand. I couldn't understand what she was saying, and when I bent down to try to hear she wiped my nose. Unprecedented! I hope it was just a smudge of my black chalk. I don't think Vicki has stopped laughing about that one.

Then a pastor asked me to sit up front facing the people, but the back legs of the plastic chair splayed apart on the slippery tile floor. So there I plopped, sprawled on the floor with my feet up in the air! The very essence of dignity! And there were other embarrassing things that I'm not telling you about that sort of go with getting old.

But God gives grace to the humble. I probably wasn't humble enough, so I got a few nudges in that direction! Anyway, God blessed especially as Tim and I went to 12 schools on Monday morning, and all 12 scheduled us to preach. So in the next nine school days we preached in 21 schools to about 12,000 people, plus several other meetings.

What other challenges, trials, temptations, adventures, answers to prayer, victories and blessings will we meet? God will be there with us.

For this God is our God, forever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death (Psalms 48:14).

## OTHER PUBLICATIONS BY PAUL YOUNG

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*How to Have a Time Alone with God*

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