



**“In All We Do
and Say...”**

All We Do

By Rachel Potter

“My hat is over on the couch,” Sandy Stock said when I asked to take her picture. “But I look more pathetic without it.” She tried unsuccessfully to pull a long face. She was enjoying every minute of activity in her normally quiet home.

Dr. Cook organized us volunteers into two groups.

A crew of five ladies cleaned Sandy’s bathrooms, wiped the refrigerator, vacuumed the floor, dusted the furniture, and mopped the kitchen tile. Mrs. Wiginton giggled over the rubber duckies in the guest bathroom – especially the ones with miniature shower caps – and Mrs. Cook struggled with the unique mechanisms of Sandy’s Rainbow Vacuum. They had the easy job. The house was clean to start with.



The out-door crew mowed Sandy’s lawn, trimmed her bushes, power washed her deck, weeded her flower beds, and painted her front door. All of those were activities Sandy could not keep up with by herself.

Brush in hand, Matt Keck joked that for a small fee, anyone could help him give the front door a new coat of paint. Phillip Dahlhausen unearthed a garden ornament reading, “Weeds will be prosecuted.” (Too bad it did not say, “Fire ants will be prosecuted.” Allie Giampapa and Brian Tojdowski came away with evidence of the ant’s displeasure.)

Heidi Talbert, an upstanding member of the weeding crew, brushed aside an offer of a glove. “My hands wash,” she said with a mischievous glance.

She uprooted piles of weeds and also relocated a small brown spider without even glancing at the gloves again. I think she knows the difference between brown spiders and brown *recluse* spiders.



After the outdoor crew filled a large trash bag with weeds and emptied two wheelbarrow loads of bush trimmings, Sandy's yard looked much better.

"We finished a lot faster than I expected," Dr. Cook checked off items on his list.

Since there was time leftover, the combined cleaning crews attacked Sandy's Jeep with sponges and rags.

"I have never washed a car before," Danae McKenzie admitted. She got in some good training with a large sponge and a bucket of soapy water.

Quite a few people came away from the flower beds with dirt-smearred hands and clothes. The car-washing group came away wet – the result of getting too near Steve Kidd while he hosed down the Jeep.



Sandy assured us that our labors passed her inspection with flying colors. If anyone else wants to prosecute her weeds, I am betting she would welcome them.



All We Say

By Gina Magaruh

“Are you headed home or going on vacation?” I asked my airplane seatmate, a young, athletic-looking lady.

“I am going to visit my dad whom I haven’t seen in 10 years.” She replied.

“10 years?” I asked with a bit of amazement.

“Yes, 10 years. Can hardly believe it myself. My mom and dad got divorced and he moved to North Carolina and remarried and has his own family now.”

That started an in-depth conversation on my travels from Austin, TX to Charlotte, NC. Ann was a sophomore in college and played volleyball at a California University. It was clear that the Lord had arranged that I sit next to her. I tried to get to know her a bit and waited for the Holy Spirit to open up an opportunity to share the gospel with her.

The fact that we both had volleyball in common was of the Lord. I laughed when I told her that I once played college ball at Michigan State University. She looked at me with a bit of amazement. I could just imagine her thinking, “You have got to be kidding me. What century was that?” The levity of our exchange gave us an instant bond and opened up the dialogue to places one typically does not explore with a perfect stranger.

I asked her how she was feeling about seeing her dad, step-mom, and half brothers and sisters. She immediately began to speak of her step-mom and said that “she is always giving me these pamphlets about religion.”

Chuckling, I reached down in my bag

and pulled out a gospel tract and asked if that was the type of pamphlet she gave her.

Ann replied, “Well it wasn’t exactly like that one. But I know it was of a religious nature.”

I responded by saying that – not knowing the exact nature of the pamphlet she received from step-mom – I could not comment on the tract’s content. But I could tell her that if her step-mother was a Born again Christian who has received the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Savior, the contents may have been similar to the tract I had, and her step-mom was concerned about her soul.

We began to read my tract together, and then I pulled out my Bible and began to show her passages in John, Romans, and Isaiah. She took great interest and actually began to read some of the passages out loud. Led by the Holy Spirit, I explained the plan of salvation. Ann listened intently and had several questions. I encouraged her to read the Bible for herself and said that if she was genuinely interested in knowing the God of the Bible, He would reveal Himself to her.

The several-hour flight raced by and we were soon landing. When we departed, she encouraged me to buy a volley ball and start practicing again; and I encouraged her to read her Bible.

As I was retrieving my luggage, I watched the awkward reunion of a 20 year old that had not seen her dad in 10 years. I noticed the step-mom and the kids in the background. I prayed that the Lord would open Ann’s heart to respond to the gospel just as He opened Lydia’s.



How God Saved Me

By Yongguang Xue

My English name is Max and I was born in China. China is officially atheistic. Atheism, socialism, and, evolution are not only part of school curriculum, but also are included in the entrance examinations for high school, college, and even graduate school. Therefore, as a student in China, I had to be serious about these subjects, or I would have been denied an education. On the other hand, I never had opportunity to hear about Jesus or Christianity from anyone around me.

During my second year of college, I had an English teacher from America – the first Christian I had ever met. She often invited us students to her apartment on campus and shared with us her belief in Jesus Christ as the Savior of man from sin. To me, at first, it sounded really strange that some people could still be so religious, even in the 21st century. But despite my mocking thoughts, there was something about her faith that I could not explain away.

Just before Christmas 2003, a group of American college students came to visit my teacher. They threw a party for the English class. At the party, one American student was asked why he became a Christian at such a young age, since most church attendees in China are old people. The American student shared his faith by telling his testimony, though he was challenged by an unfriendly classmate of mine on the basis of the atheism indoctrination we all received in school. Even though she was ignorant about what she was arguing, she was still trying to discredit another's sincere belief. That bothered me. I couldn't restrain myself from siding with the American student. After I observed my classmate's attitude and response to a belief that she didn't know but kept rejecting, I thought I should think about it seriously and at least make some investigation. The American student spoke with me in private, but I was not ready to make a decision then.

One or two days later, my English teacher asked me to come over to her house. She learned that I began to have a desire to know God and I told her I was reading the Bible that she gave me. She was overjoyed. She then showed me several passages in the Scripture and explained to me again why we need God's salvation and how to become a Christian.

Here I also need to share something that I didn't tell you earlier. That's about what kind of person I was. I was a good child when I was young, thanks to my father's spanking; but things started to change when I went to a junior high school away from home. I almost did every bad thing a juvenile at that age could do. So it won't surprise you I got a very bad reputation at school. I really tried to reform myself, and my effort was successful to some extent: I learned how to be hypocritical. But even though I succeeded in making myself look good outwardly, inwardly I was still very miserable.

So, after all these struggles, when my English teacher asked me to make that decision, I was ready. I accepted Christ as my Lord and Savior and asked him to help me become the kind of person that He wanted me to become.

