

Isaiah 52:7

那報佳音、傳平安、報
好信、傳救恩的、對錫
安說、你的神作王了。
這人的腳登山何等佳美



Isaiah 52:7

How beautiful upon the mountains
are the feet of him that bringeth
good tidings, that publisheth peace;
that bringeth good tidings of good,
that publisheth salvation; that saith
unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

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Beautiful Feet Ministries

Well, Deborah and I have had quite the adventures of late. On one fine Friday evening, 01/19/2007, I was eating some of my lovely wife's banana bread. In fact I had just eaten a whole loaf (Imagine that!) It was really good, the kind with lots of chocolate chips in it. I can remember thinking it tasted so good, but it did not sit very well in my stomach. I didn't sleep much that Friday night, or Saturday morning for that matter. Well, Saturday afternoon I commented to my lovely wife that I had the worst stomach ache I think I have ever had. What in the world was in that banana bread? Well not only did God give me a lovely wife, He gave me a very wise one. She suggested the maybe there was something else wrong, something like the appendix? Well we proceeded to look up the symptoms of appendicitis on the internet (wonderful thing the internet!), and guess what? I had every one of the symptoms. Well by this time we knew it was time to pray. And pray we did.

In my state of denial I suggested that we go for a walk and maybe it would work itself out. We walked in the direction of the North District Hospital, and by the time we got to the door, I knew we would not be able to walk back.

We checked into emergency, and waited about 45 minutes to see the ER doctor. After the doctor poked and prodded in places I am not going to mention, she said that her diagnosis was acute appendicitis. Then she said Do You understand? Oh yes, I said I do.

They promptly admitted me to the surgical ward. I shared a room with 6 Cantonese speakers, and 1 Mandarin speaker, and from my broken understanding of Cantonese, they weren't particularly glad to see a foreigner (me) sharing their room with them. Most Cantonese people are very friendly toward westerners, but there are a few that don't like westerners at all. Well I made the best of it knowing that they couldn't understand me, I prayed for them all one by one. Made me feel better anyway. So about 8:00 PM the Dr.

(Surgeon) came to visit, and explained all of the things that could go wrong, and then explained what he hoped would happen, and I felt a little more assured. Then came the anesthesiologist, he actually spoke great English, as he lived in Seattle for 15 years. He proceeded to tell me what happens to you when they put you under general anesthesia, and then he asked me if I wanted to continue. I laughed (it hurt) and said do I HAVE A CHOICE? He said no, not really. So I agreed, and they started to ready the operating room.

I had sent Deborah away for some food, as she had not gotten to eat at all that day, so when they came for me I made sure to have them phone Deborah, so she could be waiting for me when I got out. They wheeled me into the ready room and prepped me.

One of the nurses asked me what I did, and why I was in Hong Kong. I proceeded to tell her that My wife and I are Christian missionaries, and we take Bible's to our brothers and sisters in China. At first I did not think she believed me, she just had kind of a puzzled look on her face. But just before they wheeled me in, she turned to me and said you will be fine, you serve God, I am a Christian too.

Well they wheeled me in and started up the procedure for general anesthesia, I remember thinking that I might be going to see Jesus. I was totally at peace with that, I could finally see His face, there is an amazing peace that happens to us Christians in times like that.

But then the thought came, Deborah, my beautiful wife, how could I leave her so soon, God just gave me her, and I waited 46 years for her. So I asked Jesus if it was His will to bring me home now, so be it, but please let me serve You here along side my wife for a while yet. But your will, Lord not mine be done. Then it was like a switch went off in my body, everything went black I remember nothing (thankfully). Then as quick as it started the lights were going on,

they were ripping things off my face (mask, and tape), and all I could feel was HURT BELLY. The doctor, nurse, and anesthesiologist put there faces right in mine and said how do you

Psalm 150:6

Let every thing that hath
breath praise the LORD.
Praise ye the LORD.

continued ...

feel? I screamed IT HURTS. They all said in unison, MORHINE! Then they asked how does that feel, I said it still hurts give me more, they said we can't, you will stop breathing. Oh I said, OK...

Then I vaguely remember music, they were playing the Beatles in the recovery room! Finally they wheeled me back to the surgical ward with my Cantonese friends. But the best part was there was my wife, waiting. I cannot thank God enough for the precious wife He has given me. I just wanted to jump out of my gurney and hug her, of course that was not possible. I think I cried. The next few days were very blurry, but there were no complications, infections, nor did I even get a fever the whole time I was in the hospital. God is Amazing! The surgery took place Saturday evening, and they released me to the custody of my wife Monday morning.

One more interesting note, the man next to me in bed was a Mandarin speaker, he was very ill. I prayed for him frequently during my stay. I did not sleep all Saturday, or Sunday night because of the meds they had me on. So I prayed, prayed, and prayed some more. I prayed for everything I could think of, I prayed that I could communicate Jesus to this man in bed next to me. Monday morning as they were preparing to release me, I called Deborah and asked her to bring a Putonghua, (Mandarin) Bible. The Cantonese speakers in the room cannot read simplified Chinese, they are only able to read traditional Chinese script, so none of them knew what it was other than a book. Mandarin speakers read only simplified Chinese script, and are not able to decipher traditional Chinese script. All of our Bibles are simplified Chinese for Mandarin speakers on the mainland. So in God's perfect timing while we were waiting to be released, they wheeled my friend out of the ward, and into surgery. We waited until they were out of site down the hall, and I proceeded to take the Bible, and leave it on his night stand. I knew he would not accept a gift from a foreigner, so we stashed it next to his bed. Please pray for him, we don't know his name, but God does.....

Praises ...

Praise Him ...

That I received my Chinese Drivers License (lookout!).

Praise God for meeting our every need.

Praise God we were in Hong Kong when I needed surgery (The week before we were on the Chinese Mainland)

Praise God for His perfect Timing.

Praise God for Wives ...

For WYOMING!
(We miss you ALL)

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You may send us letters or packages to either address.

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Our dear brother in Christ Tim Henze, (We Really, Really MISS you Tim!) is picking up our mail and sending it to us in Hong Kong twice a month or more as needed.



John 12:24

Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.

Prayer Requests ...

God's clear direction for the new year.

For God to grant Deborah and I Hong Kong citizenship. (LCI and New Life is working on it for us, pray fervently, it is difficult).

Resources for us to continue with LCI for another year.

Resources to come home to the US April, May, and June. The Surgery wiped out our bank account, but the surgery is paid for! PRAISE HIM!

God's favor here with the Hong Kong Government, and the banking facilities. (Has been great so far, but keep praying)!

That God would give us favor with the government of China that we are able to get visa's in the time that we are back in the States. (China Visa's are getting more difficult to get.)

That we are able to connect to some Hong Kong Christians in a close and personal way. (Christians are very rare here).

Someone to be our mail and US liaison. (Forward our mail and the like.)