

Phyllis Newby

*O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.
O give thanks unto the God of gods: for his mercy endureth for ever.
O give thanks to the Lord of lords: for his mercy endureth for ever.
To him who alone doeth great wonders: for his mercy endureth for ever.
To him that by wisdom made the heavens: for his mercy endureth for ever.
To him that stretched out the earth above the waters: for his mercy endureth for ever.
Who remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever:
And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for ever.
Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.
O give thanks unto the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.
Psalm 136:1-6, 23-26*

6 November 2013

Beloved Co-Laborers,

I greet you using the wonderful words of the Apostle Paul: *“Grace and peace to you from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. I always thank my God for you because of his grace given you in Christ Jesus. For in him you have been enriched in every way—with all kinds of speech and with all knowledge— God thus confirming our testimony about Christ among you. Therefore you do not lack any spiritual gift as you eagerly wait for our Lord Jesus Christ to be revealed. He will also keep you firm to the end, so that you will be blameless on the day of our Lord Jesus Christ. God is faithful, who has called you into fellowship with his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.”* (1 Corinthians 1:3-9)

What love, what depth of caring, what faithfulness, what confirmation of trust and faith you have manifested toward me. Thank you from the depths of my heart. I have been writing portions of letters to you almost every night in my heart. God helping me, this letter will be completed.

At the beginning of February, I fell and broke my right wrist. It was 11 days before the wrist was put in a cast, which had to be removed early as it was cutting into my flesh. Nine months later it is painful to make a fist. It's painful and slightly swollen, and there is a displaced bone. Many deplore the fact the wrist has not healed, as it should. Many blame me for using the hand when I shouldn't. However, I can say with joy, the same God who saved me from a broken neck when I fell, will heal me in His own good time. (The Haitians say, “He parachuted me down the stairs.”)

There have been some wonderful reminders of how the body remains one. My brain spent more time defending the ailing right arm, than helping me do what I wanted with the unaccustomed left arm. Many times the medicine needed had to be given somewhere else and not at the place needed. The rest of the body will “close down” in support of the ailing part.

Learnt some great lessons: For a while it was what it must have been like for the Israelites needing to supply a quota of blocks without being given straw. I learnt it did not hurt to be slower than normal. The real pain was not being able to function at all. Dependence on others may not be a preference, but an essential necessity. A great lesson was patience with others and myself.

It was painful to watch the days go by and realize I was not able to get in touch with loved ones. But, oh the joy, loved ones just kept on keeping in touch. More people visited than they have done for quite a while. Those who usually wrote to me kept on writing. In and through it all, I could hear the Lord saying to me, “I hope you are getting the message clear and plain, Phyllis; Child of Mine, be careful not to claim

any responsibility for the work that is being done. If you will let Me, I will use you, but I really don't need you. I will never share My glory. But remember: Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which I, the Lord, have prepared for those who love Me. I wait so that I can be gracious to you." How utterly stupid not to harken!

Praise the Lord! He continues to bless His work in our hands. Souls continue to come to the Lord. Some evil persons closed the Guitton church and after it reopened said it wouldn't last 3 months. In October they celebrated a year, and they have had a baptismal service for new converts.

This year we have dedicated 2 new church buildings to the glory of God. We have already built 35 homes at the Tent City. We continue to trust the Lord for more as long as there is a need.

About 20 years ago a couple donated money in memory of their son. We used the money to construct a huge building in Pignon to be used as an orphanage/home for the aged. For one reason or another we were never able to complete the compound. The German Church, led by Beate Tohme, has added a mission house, director's quarters and office, additional rooms to the orphanage structure, a well, and other needed facilities. The whole compound was dedicated to the glory of God this past September.

What can be more than the faithful day-to-day support of the work – pastors, leaders, teachers, orphanage, children, hospital, etc? The Lord continues to use you to meet our needs, despite the economic stress the world over. How we give thanks and bless the Lord!

The children in the home are doing well, Praise the Lord! In April God sent us a miracle; the little girl, 6 days old, weighed 2 ½ pounds. Her mother died the day she was born. She was number 8 in the family and her youngest sibling was 14 months old. Ruthie-Ann, now at 6 months, weighs 12 pounds, and is a very happy baby, sure to charm even the coldest hearts. She is a princess. My prayer is that she will be a great woman of God.

Last in line of great blessings: I turned 75 years old on October 24, 2013. All praise and thanks to God!

Please pray for:

- 1 – Dave McPhail – eye trouble
- 2 – Sister Bertha Terry – knee operation – unexplained weight loss
- 3 – Dr. Mark and Kathy Fulton – two very ill grandchildren
- 4 – Mr. Patrick Beland – salvation / kidney transplant
- 5 – We have many sick leaders – especially Pastor Julien, who has a serious heart condition
- 6 – Pray for a couple to work at the orphanage in Pignon
- 7 – Pray for me to know the mind of God concerning decisions

My reason for writing is my overwhelming great need to say to each of you how much we love, appreciate, and thank you for your constant love and support of this ministry. How you bless us words cannot explain. Our gratitude comes from the depths of our hearts. Our prayer is that the Lord continually keep you as the apple of His eye.

Sister Phyllis