



August 2025

FUNDAMENTAL BAPTIST MISSIONS INTERNATIONAL

J___ and A___: The Hindsight of His Oversight.

This is a once-in-a-lifetime prayer letter. Within two weeks, we will officially be “empty nesters.” Many of you already know what we will be facing. Others are still years away from the same transition. Whether your nest is full, empty, or not yet “feathered,” I want to thank you for the part you have played in the construction of our family. Much could be said about how you have blessed Jessie and me, but we would like to focus on two college-bound “kids” for the moment.

Your prayers, your giving, and your encouragement have helped bring J___ and A___ to a decision to follow God into ministry. A___ is about to enter her freshman year at H___-A___ College. J___ is entering his sophomore year at P___ Baptist College. I believe missionary kids are a composite of many influences. Ours entered deputation as little kids, homeschooled in the back of a 2006 Honda Odyssey. We drove through 42 states, and neither child was called of God. I was the man, husband, and father who was called. My wife surrendered to Africa years before even I was, but our kids were along for a VERY long ride—no votes and no guarantees that they would love life on the field in two very foreign worlds: Turkey and Morocco.

Our kids grew up around soul winners and have become soul winners. But they also grew up around laughter and music, and they have become adept at both. I think both would say they were loved by their parents but also loved at some very influential churches. This was foundational: J___ and A___ learned the love of Jesus, even during times that were tedious and discouraging. On deputation, we sometimes had to pack suitcases tightly around them in the van. Hearing young, disembodied voices behind those suitcases tell us they had to go to the bathroom was . . . interesting and tedious. Then, watching the terror in my children’s faces after being arrested in Morocco for the crime of sharing the Gospel is something none of us will ever forget. My wife suffered most, because she was at home, helpless. And yet, somehow, all four of us knew a God Who was bigger than our disasters. And because of that, they love Him and trust Him.

How does such a thing happen? Some of it is due to churches that have welcomed us, prayed for us, called us, written to us, even cheered for us. Memory after memory, a quick visit to your church, 48 hours—we are there and gone. Curious church kids gravitated to our kids for a blessed Saturday and Sunday together. Then they waved goodbye, with tears, through a van window. **You see, when you have loved our kids, you have loved my wife and me too.** Somehow, our kids, to date, have become kids who can’t envision life outside of ministry. Because good churches who love missions, like B___ Baptist Church, G___ Baptist Church (our home and sending churches), **and SO MANY OTHERS (YOU!)** made sure to send us out with love. Thank you so much for the part you have played in helping two kids surrender to God. We need loving churches. And we need “kids” who surrender.

Gratefully in His service,

Missionary #6505

LOCAL CHURCHES MULTIPLYING LOCAL CHURCHES

SERVING AT
507 State Street
Hammond, IN 46320
219.228.2850 | fbmi.org

SERVING UNDER
First Baptist Church
219.932.0711
fbchammond.com

SERVING WITH
Hyles-Anderson College
219.365.4031
hylesanderson.edu