

What belonging to the Pakistani Group means to me.

I love the Word of scriptures and have always longed for the opportunity to visit with people about our hope and future as believers. I belonged to two different organized religions. The first one was a lot of sitting down, standing up and a verse read from the Bible from this pulpit and then later a verse from the Bible read from the other pulpit, a couple songs, and really a lot of fluff and not much of anything besides a weekly ritual that left me wondering about the martyrs of old, what was so vital about this that they were willing to die for? I sure couldn't see it?

The second church I belonged to was a serious Bible believing church, but there was a lot of "works" also attached in that church, and as time passed the standards of scriptures fell, and a lot of worldliness flooded in. Or maybe it was me who was still a serious Bible student while others just went with the flow of compromise. Whatever the case I found myself raising questions to those who were my senior in the faith, but not in Bible knowledge. I was told, that's not important to know, why do you want to know something like that? I was bewildered as many times the statement was made there was not an idle word in scripture.

The more I learned the more exciting scripture was becoming, the more I wanted to share. Absolutely no one wanted to hear, not my children, not my church friends, I finally saw the light and left after three weeks of praying and fasting. Now I really didn't have a way to tell others, I was alone. A friend from the church called, come and study was her request. We studied, but not scripture; current events was the topic. This went on for some time until I was about to burst from excitement relating to when the day started. It was not at sunset, it was not at 6 PM, it wasn't at sun rise, it was at the very first light, that light we see at the crack of dawn. I was able to run off my last two friends with that message.

Kevin Moses had this group in Pakistan going on and I didn't know one thing about him or this group in Pakistan when he appeared on Covenant Calendar Club asking for help. I loved different nationalities! I grew up in a community of international students at the University and at Ft. Riley, the second church was an international church and loved listening to what home was like for them. I drove an hour to go to the second church when I could have walked 8 blocks to one in my town. This plea for help appealed to me so I chose to check it out. Poor Kevin Moses, he was so swamped he told me I was on my own, he was too busy to sit in on my first class of teaching. From the first time of teaching the widow and orphan children, I was hooked! They were like sponges, really hungry! I really couldn't believe they were catching on to what I was trying to get across (because it was my first time and the language barrier) so I used the same subject matter the following week. They looked sad, so I asked the interpreter why they looked that way. She said they understood that from last week and thought that I thought they were not paying attention. WOW! REALLY!

One class this little girl sitting in the first row started blowing me kisses – I couldn't go on, who is that little girl? So we had a "get acquainted session". Every child stood up one at a time. Those Children counted to 20 in English, recited several American poems to my astonishment! To be truthful, wild horses could not pull me away from the love I now have for those in our Pakistan groups. These people are loving, smart, very personable, hard working, resourceful, oppressed because, like me, they didn't want the organized religions, making them a 2nd class citizens, and hungry for Yahuah's truth. They have received sewing machines – a hand up so they can support themselves. Water so they won't suffer from belly aches and sickness. My two interpreters have been college students until the forced locked downs. They are far from the welfare cases in the United States, they are not lazy, they are a loving people and their children are smart as a whip! My first interpreter lost her Father, her Uncle to starvation leaving her brother to escort her and her mother from place to place. They chose to visit the slums to spread the gospel where the heat and bad water rendering them sick, the brother hospitalized. The rains came down so strong that two widows and

one of our interpreters lost their homes. It is a poor country but they are rich in faith. I've not seen anything like it. When all else fails you in life we cling to our Creator. I admire them!