

“Bible For Today UPDATE”

April/May 2003

from

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*Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord, nor of me his prisoner;
But be thou partakers of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God.*

2 TIMOTHY 1:8

THE IRAQI WAR IS ON OUR MINDS

AT FIRST, I WAS GOING TO APOLOGIZE, BECAUSE IT HAS BEEN SO LONG SINCE WRITING TO YOU. NOW, I AM WONDERING IF I SHOULD WRITE AT ALL OF OUR TRAVELS BECAUSE OF THE WAR IN IRAQ. ALL OF US AGREE, THAT WAR IS A SERIOUS MATTER! Hopefully, by the time you read this letter, the war will have quieted down--perhaps, even be over. But, WAR IS UNCERTAIN ONCE IT IS DECLARED. I remember World War Two! the Korean conflict! and Vietnam! How about you?

AS I WRITE, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ARE DEMONSTRATING IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY & CHICAGO, in Paris & London--and who knows where else. I, personally don't understand it. Some of the street marchers say they are supporting the troops; but are against the war. How can such contrary statements be true? It is like a man who says he loves his wife, and is hanging around with another woman. Or like the teenager who claims to be obedient to her parents but disobeys the house rules. Or a church member who says he loves his church but attends someplace else, or stays home. Or a Christian who says he loves the Bible, but never reads it. Both things cannot be true.

PERSONALLY, I SUPPORT THE PRESIDENT! I know you may not. I feel that he must know something about Saddam and Iraq that I can't possibility know. I feel, though George Bush is an internationalist one-worlder who sometimes favors obedience to the U.N. Charter rather than our U. S. Constitution, President Bush appears to be an honest man--well, as honest as a politician can be. I know the military personnel respect our president immensely. (Personally, I wish his wife would wear a dress at public functions. That bothers me.) I read an article on my radio program how the military men salute President Bush, not only as he approaches them, but also as he walks away. They did not do this for President Clinton. (“*When Mercy Touches the Soul*, #JFW/35 @ \$4.00 + \$1.00 S&H) They had not the respect for Clinton that they have for Bush. I don't blame them. **WE MUST PRAY FOR PRESIDENT BUSH DURING THESE HEART-WRENCHING DAYS!** How easy it is to become trapped in our petty, personal differences & problems and forget to pray for him, our fighting forces, & our country.

America will never be destroyed from the outside.

If we falter and lose our freedoms,

it will be because we destroyed ourselves.

-ABRAHAM LINCOLN-

THANKS FOR THE MEETINGS

FOR SOME REASON, THE LORD HAS BEEN BRINGING MEETINGS, LIKE RAINDROPS ON A SPRING DAY, INTO DR. WAITE'S SCHEDULE THIS YEAR. I don't know what there is about 2003, but his calendar has been filling up. This is all well and good--KEEP THE MEETINGS COMING--but I have a hard time keeping up with him. You try it sometime and see what I mean. Then, too, we have our **Bible For Today Baptist Church** in our home. Pastor Waite preaches forty-five minutes each Sunday. He moves right along, taking half a chapter each week. He doesn't take time out to yell a lot like some preachers do. That takes preparation! Right now, we are finishing up Paul's letter to Titus.

Are you a letter-writer? (The other day someone told me she didn't want any more of my letters.) I got to thinking, “*If Paul were not a letter-writer, we would have 14 out of the 27 New Testament books missing.*” I've been personally blessed by our Sunday messages. I KNOW YOU WOULD BE, TOO. **You can order the sermons on video or audio--**just call 1-800-JOHN 10:9, or click on to our website (BibleForToday.org). **As you know, my husband has been writing books!** **Right now, we have finished proof-reading Philippians--Preaching Verse By Verse.** If all goes well, Lord willing, this hard cover book will be ready for you May 7th! (BFT #2977 @ \$10.00 + \$5.00 S&H) It's at the printers now! WHY NOT PRE-ORDER?

LIVING WAS CHRIST--DYING WAS GAIN

PHILIPPIANS 1:25

"Paul knew that for him to abide in the flesh was more needful for the Philippians. He said that he was going to stay right there in the flesh for now, but he was ready to go at any time. Should not a soldier of Christ always be ready to report to His Commander-in-Chief? After the job is done, after the Victory is won, after the battle is over, you report to the Commander-in-Chief, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. Paul's battle was not yet over. Your battle and my battle is not over yet either, as of this hour. It could be over in the next hour, but for now, our battle is not over."
 (Philippians--Preaching Verse By Verse by Pastor D. A. Waite, Th.D., Ph.D., page 28)

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES GRACE BAPTIST CHURCH IN OXFORD

IT ALL STARTED WITH GRACE BAPTIST CHURCH (1191 Limestone RD.) in Oxford, Pennsylvania on January 8th. The pastor there is PASTOR TERRY MOORE. He had been one of the students who attended our KING JAMES BIBLE SEMINAR a few years ago. That was the second one we ever had. Now we have had eight of them. At that time, Pastor Moore lived in South Jersey and, I think, he attended Northeastern Baptist School of Theology in Downingtown, Pennsylvania, when he heard my husband teach a series of lessons on the defense of the King James Bible and its underlying Hebrew & Greek texts at the school. (I may have that mixed up!) That was a few years ago when Pastor Moore was a student. Now he teaches a course or two at the school himself.

HOSPITALITY WITH GOOD FRIENDS

Our good friends, VICKI & ED SMITH (former career Navy people) have moved into the Oxford area and are attending the church there. So it was delightful to spend the night and following day with these friends, as well as my husband's teaching in the church's Wednesday night service on a one-hour **"DEFENSE OF THE KING JAMES BIBLE" (BFT #3107 @ \$4.00 + \$1.00 S&H).** While there, Ed (who had been to one of our KING JAMES BIBLE SEMINARS here in Collingswood a few years ago) agreed to help Dr. Waite with getting my husband's books in shape--like the one I told you about in Philippians. After our daughter transcribes my husband's messages on to the computer, one of our sons, (we have four), from his Maryland home had been doing much of the preliminary work for his father's final touches. That had to stop because of his work-load and because we couldn't afford to pay him anymore. **(Remember I told you about our financial needs after "9-11"? Your offerings are still welcomed, by the way).** So now Ed is doing this work for us. Right now, he is working on the sermons from Colossians. Dr. Waite is trying to keep up with Ed, too. So that means more proof-reading for our BFT secretary and me. Now you know one of the reasons I don't get much done around here!

ONE HUNDRED & FIFTY MILK COWS LOOKING AT ME

An interesting side trip: Ed took us over to one of his dairy-farm friends to see all the cows. There were one hundred and fifty altogether. I was fascinated! It brought back Ohio memories of my teenage friend, MARGE CARPENTER, and her father's farm. Of course, in those days, there were no milking machines. I remember Margie's having to get up early in the morning to milk the cows with her father and little brother. Was it ever cold on the top floor of that farm house! I remembered seeing my breath in front of my face as I tried to snuggle back under quilts when Marge headed for the barn. But, not so at DAIRY FARMER HERR'S farm there in beautiful Pennsylvania! I'm sure they have to rise early, but milking machines are a far cry from the old pull and push method.

Hey, those cows were huge with their big bodies on spindly legs. They looked at me and I looked at them. They bumped into one another without human manners, as you may or may not know. I didn't think they were too attractive--and I'm sure they thought the same of me. We saw many new-born calves. So dear! I felt sorry for the male little ones. Soon they would become a veal specialty at a gourmet restaurant! What good is a male calf on a dairy farm? Mr. Herr showed me the computers where the history of every cow was kept. I remember one called GLADYS and saw her history--when she was born, how much milk she gives, when she had her last calf, etc. etc. If I remember--it's been awhile--I don't think a good milk cow lasts more than two years. I may have that wrong. I don't think it was that way on Margie's father's farm. How terrible for the cows! Soon we will be eating them at McDonald's or Wendy's!

HAMBURG, PENNSYLVANIA ON A TUESDAY NIGHT TEACHING, QUESTIONS, & A BOOK TABLE

We drove up to FAITH BIBLE BAPTIST CHURCH early for the January 20-21st meetings on 138 Maple Drive in Hamburg, PA. That's near Harrisburg. We were all mixed-up. We thought we were going to Allentown until a friend of ours said, "Dr. Waite,

that church is in Hamburg! Well--anyhow--we arrived early. I guess we may have taken PASTOR ERICH SCHMIDT by surprise for he was in his work clothes, working on some church carpenter project. He apologized for such casual attire; but personally, I liked seeing him so. He's a very enthusiastic man for the Lord! I wish you could meet him. He's taken a country church, that was practically down to nothing, and brought in people from the surrounding areas. He's filled the place up! They are excited to learn more of the Word of God. Both nights--Tuesday & Wednesday--my husband spoke for seventy-five minutes, using his power-point presentation. (The seventy-five minutes teaching periods were the pastor's idea. I don't know what the people thought. Usually Dr. Waite speaks forty-five minutes.) His presentation looks beautiful in yellow, white, red, and black. The two-hour audio tape is **BFT #3116/1-2 @ \$7.00 + \$2.00 S&H**. You should hear it! Then both evenings, there were forty-five minutes of questions & answers at Hamburg. Those people got a full dose of a quick KJB Seminar! We had a book table, as usual; and, there was interest in the books, too. We are always glad for this, as it shows that the people are eager to learn how to defend their belief that the King James Bible is the best English translation there is. Of course, you and I know this already, don't we? The answer being that the KJB is based on the best Hebrew and Greek texts, and the other "modern" translations are not.

A RUDE AWAKENING

The pastor had us stay in a motel far from the church on a complicated access road. At first, we had a hard time finding it. I noticed, the night before, that there was no chain on the motel door, and mentioned it to my husband. As you know, a chain is a protection against someone entering the room without warning. Guess what? **Sure enough, the next morning in barged an Indian man!** He wasn't a native American, but a man from India. Fortunately, we were in bed sleeping. I tell you, we woke up fast!! His "*excuse me*" was not sufficient to erase the shock of such a startling entrance! It all reminded me of the time we were in Switzerland and the man-servant would bang into the chained door every morning calling, "*Service?*" (pronounced "*ser-veece*" with a French accent) Or, there was the time somewhere in the Midwestern USA--I think it was IOWA; the man of the house was deaf. One mid-afternoon, we came into his house, talking & making the usual door-opening noises. As we started up the stairs, we stopped in amazement. Right there, before our eyes, streaking from bathroom to bedroom was our host! Seeing us, with his peripheral vision, he exclaimed, "*Scooze me!*" I was embarrassed for him--and for us. Ever since those days, those two phrases, "*scooze me*" and "*ser-veece*" have been incorporated into my husband's and my personal vocabulary. That's how it is with marriage. It is full of experiences and words that make up our lives!

A LIFE'S WORK LEFT BEHIND

After the rude awakening that Wednesday morning, we were ready for breakfast at a nearby eating spot. After which, we treated ourselves to "ROADSIDE AMERICA." It is advertized as the "*greatest indoor miniature village*"! I don't know if it were or not, to tell you the truth. Because it was off season, we had the whole place to ourselves. We learned of a man named LAURENCE GIERINGER who had a hobby since he was ten years old. He made little houses, churches, schools, & bridges, etc. Sixty years later, a huge miniature village had become a tourist attraction--a tiny land with lights, bells, and whistles. The craftsman had died long ago, leaving his handiwork for his granddaughter to display for people like my husband and me. It made us wonder what we will leave for others to see of our life's work. Mothers leave children & grandchildren with memories of good days, needle-work & recipes. Fathers leave the tenets of their faith and the fruit of their daily labor. Young people, who died prematurely, leave memories of their youth, their childhood toys & songs, and their sudden deaths. I guess I will leave my clutter, my unfinished projects, & my radio tapes.

One of my grandmothers had an obsession. She always wanted to leave her house with clean, good underwear--just in case she died in a car accident or something. At the end of her life, she was rushed to the hospital dressed in her everyday clothes and gasping for breath. My husband's desire is to leave his sermons on audio and video to see and/or hear and as many of the works of his pen as possible for each family member to hold in his or her hand. His books & tapes represent his faith and love for the Lord Jesus Christ and His Words. His desire is that his children and grandchildren follow in his train. Who knows if they will. I ask you, "**What are you leaving behind?**"

RACE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH'S ANNIVERSARY TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS STANDING AGAINST APOSTASY

RACE STREET BAPTIST CHURCH is at 610 Race Street. When I was younger, my father always said that a church should have the name as the town or the address in its name so that people would know immediately where that church was. Sounds good to me! PASTOR GARY L. FREEMAN has pastored this Catasaugua, Pennsylvania church for twenty-seven years. He and his father began the church together. In fact, that Sunday night on February 2, 2003, was the church's twenty-seventh anniversary. They had invited Dr. Waite to speak on "**THE ANTIDOTE TO APOSTASY**"! My husband took his texts from 2 Timothy 3:1--4:8. **You must get this message! (BFT #3112 @ \$4.00 + \$1.00 S&H)**

MRS. FREEMAN TO THE RESCUE

Sunday is an extremely busy day for us Waites. February 2nd was no exception. My husband preached in the morning at ten o'clock to our church people here at 900 Park Avenue, Collingswood, NJ. After lunch, we had our usual Bible discussion/teaching

period at 1:30 P.M. in the book of Acts. After a quick nap for me, and a turn-around in preparation for Dr. Waite, we were off in our Toyota to the Allentown, Pennsylvania area. Traffic was heavy and we were running late. As we approached our destination, the fact hit my husband, "I left my suit coat on the hall rack at home." With all the packing of boxes and books to get to the meeting, he had left his coat behind. We called on our cell phone. MRS. FREEMAN came to the rescue! She brought a selection of her husband's coats to the church. The black blazer fit Pastor Waite perfectly--and it matched exactly to his black pants. It was as if he had gone to the haberdasher and picked it out especially for him. Though younger than my husband, Pastor Freeman and he are the same size!

THE VERSATILE BLACK BLAZER

Recently we saw the FREEMANS at the FUNDAMENTALS OF THE FAITH Bible Conference in Elkton, MD. It was good to see them again. Guess what? Pastor Freeman looked spiffy in that same black blazer with the shiny gold buttons! In fact, it looked as good on him as it had on Dr. Waite the month before. You may remember that Dr. Dickerson and his church, Maranatha Baptist Church, have had that gathering for fifteen years now.

"TRUTH SHOULD BE WELCOMED AND EMBRACED, EVEN IF IT HURTS US."

--Pastor D. A. Waite--

A SWEETHEART BANQUET IN WESTMINSTER, MD A CONVERTED FEED & TRACTOR STORE

My husband and I drove to Westminister, MD on February 14th to be with Pastor & Mrs. Mike Roadcup. Their church on 613 Uniontown Road is on the other side of Baltimore-- from us, that is. The church building itself was unique. You see, it was not originally built for a place of worship. Years ago, it was a feed & tractor store. That was why the floors were stronger than the average floors. Heavy equipment had been displayed upon them. Now the building has been converted. Now the name of Jesus is proclaimed where farmers and planters of seed came to make merchandise. Get this message (BFT #3117 @ \$4.00 + \$1.00 S&H).

PASTOR ROADCUP ATTENDED THE KJB SEMINAR

We first met the Roadcups a few years ago when Dr. Waite was speaking on the textual issue at the Fairhaven Baptist Church's Bible Conference. (That's the church & Bible college in Chesterton, Indiana, near Chicago.) At that time, I told Pastor Roadcup about the KING JAMES BIBLE SEMINAR (BFT #3069/1-13 @ \$39.00 + \$5.00 S&H) that would be held that year in our church/home here in Collingswood. What do you know? He decided to attend.

A NEW BOOK FOR A SWEETHEART BANQUET

So it was with pleasure that my husband accepted the invitation to speak at the Community Baptist Church at its annual Sweetheart gathering for members & friends. The date was set many months ahead of time. This gave Dr. Waite an idea! He began working on his *MAKING MARRIAGE MELODIOUS* book immediately, dropping other writing projects to complete the marriage manual by the 14th of February. How glad we are that he did this! So when Dr. Waite spoke on "MARRIAGE" (BFT #3006 @ \$7.00 + \$3.00 S&H) to the people gathered in Westminister, he was able to give every person attending one of the books. What a pleasure!

A LETTER FROM A PASTOR ON THE NEW BOOK ON MARRIAGE by Pastor D. A. WAITE

"I received. . . your latest book entitled MAKING MARRIAGE MELODIOUS. I find that I am not excited about reading, but I spent the next two evenings reading your book. It was one of those that you did not want to put down until it was finished. I believe that it is one of the best books that I have ever read on the subject of marriage and I am going to use it with every couple that comes to me for marriage. Thank you for writing this book. It certainly has much to say and is needed by both married and those contemplating marriage in the future." (PASTOR G. D.)

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE NEW BOOK?

MAKING MARRIAGE MELODIOUS (BFT #3006 @ \$7.00 + \$3.00 S&H) is a 112-page, perfect-bound book with Scripture verses, index, & commentary for the benefit of the reader, all married couples, or future married people. With all the marriage problems and conflicts that are faced today, you will be helped by this new book! We all know how easy it is to forget & forsake Bible teaching when it comes to being a Biblical husband or wife!

FROM THE "INTRODUCTORY COMMENTS" OF THE BOOK

"God Himself is the COMPOSER of MELODIOUS MARRIAGE. He has committed married people to a lifetime of practice together with one husband and one wife until death parts them. He is the Composer--the One who sets forth the principles of how to make a marriage melodious. We must realize this. . . . In some MARRIAGES, there is a LOST CHORD. There is something missing. It's up to the couples to find the harmony." (page 1)

DEFENDING THE KING JAMES BIBLE IN THE BAHAMAS FEBRUARY 18-25

If you live on the East coast here in the United States, I don't have to tell you about our winter! Every time we turned around, it was snowing & snowing. PASTOR DAN WAITE was out with the snow-blower every day, it seemed; and on week-ends my husband was pushing that powerful machine around the neighborhood also. Between us and our neighbors, the Jones, we could keep our sidewalks fairly clean. Of course, the borough's snow plows would come along and destroy, with their giant plows, much of what we did, by pushing snow on to our cleared sidewalks. Why am I telling you this?

Well, between a couple of those storms, Dr. Waite and I went to The Bahamas! It wasn't necessarily to escape the snow, but we didn't complain. He had meetings! Our plane was one of the first to leave the Philadelphia airport after a runway was cleared. So, even though we arrived at the Philadelphia International airport the morning of the flight, we became part of that long line of folk who had been camping out over several nights waiting for the weather and the runways to be cleared. For some reason, our tickets routed us to Charlotte, instead of a direct flight to Nassau, and we had more delays there in North Carolina. Nevertheless, we finally arrived in the capitol city of the seven hundred islands called THE BAHAMAS. Only twenty-five or six of those islands are inhabited. Some of those unpopulated islands are dangerous because drug runners plot and use those lands for underhanded activities.

Our host, PASTOR DAVID ADAMS met us at the airport. We wondered if we would know him, and he wondered if he would know us. He told us later, that he felt he could spot Dr. Waite, but he was not sure what Mrs. Waite would look like. He said, *"I hoped that she was old enough to be dressed like a Christian!"* I don't think he was disappointed.

DR. WAITE SPOKE TEN TIMES PLUS TELEVISION & RADIO

My husband spoke ten times on the DEFENSE OF THE KING JAMES BIBLE at the New Testament Independent Baptist Church there in Nassau. Pastor Adams often referred to it as "New Providence." I never did understand --perhaps it was the area where their church building was, I don't know. I read in a hotel book that *"Most of the approximately 300,000 Bahamians live on either New Providence or Grand Bahama Islands. The remainder are scattered throughout the "family Islands."*

Pastor Waite spoke ten times in that church (besides radio and TV) to a people well READY for such messages. I must say that Pastor Adams had prepared his people excellently in the rudiments of the defense of the Authorized Version. I don't think we have been to a church better prepared anywhere. So it was a delight for my husband to build upon the home pastor's teaching and to take the people of NEW TESTAMENT INDEPENDENT BAPTIST CHURCH deeper in their study. But, I also must say that my husband worked hard. You try teaching for forty-five minutes and then receive questions for about the same time period, over and over again for ten meetings. We brought our power-point computer and video projector with us from the states. My, how the pictures focused beautifully on their mural at the front of the church. Why not get his verse by verse expository Sunday morning sermon on **Ephesians 1:1-10 entitled "Made Alive in Christ Jesus" (BFT#3124 @ \$4.00 + \$1.00 S&H)**

I know you will want to hear the messages. My husband has all of his teaching & questions on audio tape for you to hear. (BFT #3135/1-6 @ \$18.00 + \$4.00 S&H). Many of our friends listen to our tapes as they drive to and from work or other places. It makes the time pass quickly. We didn't take our video--it's getting too much for me anymore. At first Pastor Adams was videoing, but someone bumped into the tripod and the camera popped off. It must not have been screwed on tightly or at all. So the Bahama meetings are not on video. **BUT WE HAVE ONE VIDEO OF THE TELEVISION PROGRAM THAT WAS TAPED IN THE CHURCH AUDITORIUM ONE NIGHT.** It is called *"TV QUESTIONS & ANSWERS ON TEXT & TRANSLATIONS OVER ZNS-TV, NASSAU, BAHAMAS"* (BFT #3120TP @ \$15.00 + \$5.00 S&H). The church collected almost \$5,000 for one hour TV time. (The pastor has a vision for this subject, that's for sure.) So one night, professional people were there with big cameras and a crew videotaped a panel discussion with Dr. Waite, Pastor Adams, and Mr. Marvin Smith. It is very informative and I know that you will like it. **Be sure to order this video today! The program is one-hour long.**

THE WONDERFUL BAHAMIAN PEOPLE

I loved the people at the church! They were blacks. They reminded me somewhat of the West African friends we had made years ago in Liberia and Sierra Leone. Only these people were dressed like I dressed in American-type clothes, had good jobs, and held responsible positions. I loved the babies! I enjoyed hearing the congregational singing and the special music. Pastor Adams

has very strict music & dress standards. Some days I was able to see the school children from their daily school playing in the school/church yard. They wear attractive, bright blue and golden yellow outfits. We were told they were the colors of their national flag. Everything costs more in The Bahamas, we were informed, because most everything has to be shipped to them from the states or other countries. Everyone was kind and polite to us. It made us feel as if we were a part of them.

THE FUSE BLEW & IT WAS HOT

From Tuesday night, when we arrived, until Saturday afternoon, our room was a rented room from a woman in a near-by community. This lady (I'm sorry I have forgotten her name) needed the money, so she rented rooms. The area reminded me of the two years that we lived in Opa Locka, Florida, when my husband was a Navy chaplain. (I lived one year with him there and one year, with four children, while he was overseas in Okinawa. That was in 1956-57, if I remember correctly.) We had a nice-sized room in that house with a king-sized bed. The bedroom set was most beautiful, made of mahogany--a lovely design. I've never seen a prettier one. The temperature was in the middle 80's or higher. My husband worked in the heat of the day in that room, sitting on a lawn chair with his computer on his lap and his "mouse" in a drawer. I would sit on the bed reading. I had brought two books from home. One book was Spurgeon's sermons on Heaven, and the other was an old-fashioned history book. I would have gone out to sit in the yard, but I didn't see any chair out there.

One day the fuses blew out, and my husband loaned the woman \$38.00 to get new ones. He was working on his **Philippians--Preaching Verse By Verse** book (BFT #2977 @ \$10.00 + \$5.00 S&H). He didn't want to use his computer battery in case it was needed at night in the church. When the man fixed the fuses, he also fixed the bathroom sink so we could brush our teeth and wash our hands with water pressure. I was extra hot. I have hot flashes, you know; and the hotter the weather, the hotter I am. I used to take hormones but due to a health problem, I can't anymore. I asked the doctor about natural hormones and she said that to take enough of those to help me, would be the same as the hormones I used to take and shouldn't anymore. So I was doubly thankful for the tall, corner oscillating fan. (I'd like to get one like it myself.)

BOTTLED WATER, A CAN OF PEANUTS & A HUNK OF CHEESE

After a couple days, we had a small refrigerator in our room. That was good to keep our water cold. We had to buy bottled water as the city water is not good for drinking--something about the pipes being bad. Pastor Adams said he was going to buy us a five-gallon jug of water but he didn't. So I am glad that we bought water on our own--along with a can of peanuts, & a hunk of cheese--whenever we "escaped" from our room. Ha!. Sometimes we were there hour upon hour, even when we should have been eating. I think the pastor forgot us. We were grateful for the fruit-basket in our room, and the flowers. I was contemplating eating the flowers in desperation, but my husband called the church office after a few days, and asked, "*What about eating?*" We reflected upon our trip last year to Chesterton, Indiana. We fondly remembered how MISSIONARY JOHN KENDERDINE was assigned to care for us. Our wish was his command. Even when we didn't know we had a need, he was there.

CURT, TYRONE, & ROSE TO THE RESCUE

One day MR. HANNA asked me, "*Mrs. Waite, how do you like our beaches?*" I blinked at him and said, "*I may have seen a beach from the distance when Curt took us to lunch.*" After we had called the office, CURT, one of the assistant teachers at the school, took us to the FISH HOUSE for lunch. I was hungry for real food. We had been having McDonald's and Wendy's, whenever & not too often, up to this point. I appreciated every morsel, as well as the good conversation with Curt. He is a dear man, a graduate from Landmark Baptist College in Haynes City, Florida. We appreciated his punctuality. Another punctual man was TYRONE. Another day, he took us to Shoals--or some name like that--for a fish dinner. We tasted a shrimp dish with a special name--maybe something about prawns. It's been so long ago, I can't remember. Tyrone drove us in the church bus. It was fun.

PARADISE ISLAND AT LAST

By this time, the word had gotten out that we had to eat food to keep going. ROSE JOHNSON, who teaches at a near-by Christian school, picked us up several times at the hotel. (I'll tell you about that lovely place soon) and treated us to a sumptuous buffet at a hotel--can't remember the name of it. She was a graduate of Trinity in Jacksonville, Florida, and was an "on time" woman of her word. We appreciated her. She drove us around Paradise Island and showed us Nassau--the Nassau that tourists found attractive. We saw cruise ships in dock. They looked like lighted giants of grandeur. Saw one as it left the shore--a beautiful, inviting sight, making one want to go on a cruise some day.

A SURPRISING BUFFET

When we got to the buffet, there was so much food there that I had a hard time choosing. The only problem with that restaurant was that as soon as we came into the lobby, we had to walk through a million slot machines to get to it. I felt strange! Slot machines and gambling tables are not my "cup of tea." I hoped the Lord wouldn't come to rapture me and find me in a gambling den! But all was forgotten, as we sat down and fellowshiped with Rose. My husband and I appreciated her hospitality. It was most generous and delightful!

TRANSLATED TO THE SHERATON GRAND HOTEL CHARGE IT, MRS. WAITE, CHARGE IT

I FELT LIKE ELIJAH AS HE WAS TRANSLATED TO HEAVEN IN A CHARIOT OF FIRE! IN AWE! Some of the men of the church decided that Dr. Waite and I should have a taste of Nassau--The NASSAU that people come to see when they vacation in The Bahamas. So Rose was designated to transport us from our room, with the pretty bedroom set, to the GRAND HOTEL ON PARADISE ISLAND. I tell you, it was exciting! The room was beautiful! No longer did my husband have to invent a make-shift place for his computer & its "mouse." He had a desk. We had chairs! We had room service (which we didn't use). And, we had food! I could have breakfast! We had a glass door that opened on to our own balcony. Instead of a clothes line, WE HAD A VIEW! I wish that you could have seen the ocean with me! Yes, it is as blue/green as the picture post cards your relatives have sent you. Lovely--is not the word for it. And guess what? There were restaurants right in the hotel and we could eat without waiting for someone to pick us up. We were told, "*Charge it, Mrs. Waite. Charge it!*" And, we did. But, we were so busy going to church meetings, we really didn't have time to get too used to the comfort of it all. That hot weather we had in the rented room turned into rain and colder winds while we were at the Sheraton Grand. So, the few minutes we had, that we could have walked on the beach, we could only touch the white sand with our presence for a few minutes. Even then, we walked between the raindrops & the wind. But, it was beautiful and I loved it! Thank you, New Testament Independent Baptist Church for letting us act like tourists for three lovely nights.

NASSAU'S FAMOUS STRAW MARKET

On the Monday before we left for home and the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Hanna took us around to see some sights. It was very thoughtful of them. In fact, without their guidance, we would not have had a flavor of the pulse of the city. One of their first stops was the STRAW MARKET. I understand that the original STRAW MARKET burned down on September 10, 2000. Cheryl Hanna told me that fire was on international news, and her American friends showed great concern. I remember nothing about such news on TV. Perhaps it was because we were in the air flying home from Ohio that day, or it could be that the next day was the infamous day when three airplanes crashed into our buildings and field. That was the day our country declared war against the Terrorists!

A BLACK RAG DOLL

I enjoyed the STRAW MARKET. It reminded me of the Farmers' Market in Opa Locka, Florida, again. There were booths full of hand-made goodies--like straw bags and hats, etc. *What would you like, Mrs. Waite?*" the Hannas asked. I chose a black rag doll, with pig tails. I really love the children of color. I really do. "Cheryl" sits on my dresser here at home. I named my new doll after my hostess. Fond memories! Some of the women at the market commented, "*You are church people!*" When I wondered how they knew, one said, "*By the way you are dressed.*" One woman, at the far end of the huge market, recognized my husband from the TV program--as did others--and at the airport, too.

THE ATLANTIS HOTEL

Before the STRAW MARKET, we drove over to one of the largest hotels in the world--if not the largest. You know the one I mean--the big pink ATLANTIS with its 2,392 rooms. I'm sure you have seen it advertised on television. I read in the *Bahamas Handbook* that the ATLANTIS "*represents an \$850-million investment and contains the world's largest man-made marine habitat, housing more than 200 species of fish--including sharks, barracuda and stingrays. The 34-acre water scape surrounding Atlantis includes 11 swimming areas . . . An underground maze shows what Atlanean life may have been like. . . years ago with fierce sea creatures protecting ruins and artefacts.*"

A CHANGED MAN IN CHRIST

I can't really describe that fabulous building. It is huge. The lobby seems skyscraper tall. There are LARGE pillars holding up the ceiling. It reminded me of Samson's taking hold of the pillars in that godless temple. Remember? It was decorated in Egyptian decor--seemed heathen to me; but why shouldn't it be? I didn't realize it, until I looked in the *Bahamas Handbook*, that the Atlantis was a casino. (That shows how uninformed I am.) We had eaten in one of the restaurants there on the main floor as the guests of PASTOR & MRS. GARY SWEETING. He is a native of the islands, has his own exterminating business, and has a missionary heart. He was one of the few white men we met while there. Pastor Sweeting is a trophy of God's grace. She married him out of the will of God, for she was a saved person and he an unbeliever in capital letters. Before his salvation, Gary was a heavy drinker and very abusive to his wife. When God took hold of his life and heart, Gary Sweeting became a changed man. The difference in his treatment of his wife is like night and day. Truly, he became a new creature in Christ Jesus!

A PRIVATE LUNCH IN A PUBLIC ROOM

After seeing all the fish swimming about us in their huge room-sized water tanks--an awesome sight--and after getting tired

out from walking the tunnels over to the shark tanks, I was exhausted. It was raining and we were glad for our umbrella as we dashed from one building to another. Then the Hannas drove us over to the Hilton Hotel, which was decorated with American and British flags. (I think American flags were there--maybe not.) The Bahamas belong to Britain, you know. Yes, we were in another country! At the Hilton, we were treated to a lovely lunch. It was buffet-style and full of food. It seemed like we had gone from the ridiculous to the sublime, as far as eating was concerned. But, I was not complaining. (I don't live to eat, but I do have to eat.) How we enjoyed ourselves that afternoon at the table in a private area of the dining room. The Hannas are very interested in the Word of God. Refreshing!

AMOS FERGUSON

Close to where Philip Hanna's plumbing business is located, lives a humble black man named AMOS FERGUSON. To be truthful, I had never heard of him; but then, I'm not into "the arts" like you may be. We drove up to a small house on a very common street, and Mr. Hanna, called from the car, "Mr. FERGUSON, I have some friends here that would like to meet you. May we come in?" We walked passed the vine-covered white wall into one of the most humble homes that I've ever seen. There, standing in the doorway was Mr. FERGUSON! The eighty-plus year-old, elderly gentleman apologized that he couldn't get around too well. He said, "I broke my hip." He pointed and said, "See here!" Yes, we could see the bone out of place. I showed concern. He continued, "It happened ten years ago."

PAINTINGS WORTH \$200,000

Then he took us into his bedroom, and there on the bed were some of his pictures. They looked nothing like portraits that I've seen on the walls of famous art galleries. They resembled children's drawings--primitive & challenging to the eye. I, myself, handled some of his cardboard folk paintings that were priced in pencil on the back of the artwork, that read, \$3,000. But, that sum was a mere pittance compared to the ones in the locked room. Then, Mr. FERGUSON took us to another room, unlocked the door, and showed us two stacks of paintings. One stack had no frames. The other pictures were beautifully framed. (Mr. Hanna estimated that framed group was worth over \$200,000!) The man who was to have purchased them died unexpectedly. Soon after the now-deceased buyer had completed a big business deal, he had been gunned down. Maybe it was a shady deal--I don't know. I read about it in the papers before I met the folk artist. The day of the man's death was the very day that Mr. FERGUSON expected the man to pick up the paintings and pay for them. "Someone else will buy them," Mr. FERGUSON said of his lost sale.

ENAMEL PAINT & CARDBOARD BLESSED OF GOD

"What do these works of art look like," you are wondering. Well, everyone of the paintings are painted on cardboard. The same kind of cardboard that we find in our common cardboard boxes--some big pieces, some small. The artist used hardware, common paint. (Mr. Hanna remembered years ago, when he was a boy, that Mr. FERGUSON bought his paints at his father's hardware store.) Amos Ferguson's folk-art paintings have been recognized by renowned art critics all over the world. In fact, on the wall of Mr. FERGUSON's little parlor, was a large framed commendation from England's Queen Elizabeth. Other famous people have his pictures in their homes. I think one may be in the White House. His works are full of black faces of children, or trees, or squares and circles. It's a mystery why they bring in so much money, but they do. Look up this artist on the Internet and see for yourself the simplicity of his work. Just remember this: before AMOS FERGUSON goes out on his rickety porch to put one stroke of paint on the cardboard canvass, he prays to God, and asks Him to guide his hand. He is quoted as saying, ". . . To paint, the Lord gives a vision, a sight that goes by. But you have to see and check that Bible and don't forget God. And the more you keeps up with your Bible, and get the understanding, the better you paint."

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