

Aguascalientes
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Farmstead Baptist Church, Jasper, Alabama
Creien en imposible / Central Baptist Morelos, MX
Principe de Paz Monclova, MX

“Ask the Lord ... to send out workers into **His harvest field**” (Matt 9:38)

For several years now, some of you have been praying this prayer in regard to CrossVision. In the last few months many more of you have been earnestly praying specifically for the teams chosen to go to the Black Heart of Mexico. This report is the continuation of how God used and answered your prayers. Please hear me when I say there is no more important person in this ministry than those of you who earnestly and regularly pray. These testimonies will thrill your heart as you read of how God prepared His harvest field for the workers He sent.

Aguascalientes is a city of more than one million people. The city spreads out and covers almost the whole state that bears the same name. Most of those living in the city are doing fairly well. Very few people are unemployed and most live in nice homes and drive good cars. Their children have great schools and the city has almost no crime. Sounds like the perfect place to live, right! Not so fast. If you want to worship God you will have to drive a while, and if you are an evangelical Christian your choices drop to five or six churches. It has been estimated that four to six hundred Christians live in the city.

God planted our team in the midst of a local Baptist Church Dios Todo Poderoso (God Almighty). It is always so beautiful to me how God calls out the workers and they turn out to be someone totally different than who you would pick. I became more and more excited as I worked alongside of Liliana Gonzales in the mornings and her husband Nacho in the evenings. Liliana appeared to be the quiet type, but let me tell you, by week's end she became a bold evangelist and spoke the Gospel to many, and most opened their hearts and received. Our team began on the apparently affluent side of town in a neighborhood where not everyone wanted to hear from strangers sharing the good news. Thank God we already knew that! My team ended up in a park where we found the teenagers hungry to hear. Most of these young people had attended a Catholic Church but had never heard the Bible read and had been led to believe that Christians do not believe in the Mother Mary. I think it was Abel who I first heard say to a young man, “sure we believe Mary. We do exactly what she tells us to do.” Then he opened his Bible to John 2 and read the story of Jesus turning the water into wine, at the wedding, and how Mary told the servants to do everything he tells you to. We learned early on that when witnessing to a Catholic you must use your Bible, or better yet, if they have a Catholic Bible, then use it. Many folks came to salvation during this week through the reading of their very own Bibles.

The second morning was an extremely huge blessing for all of us. I want to share about one family in particular with you. Her name was Anna and she was the first person to open their door that morning. She was a young mother with a child hugging each leg. As she listened to the Gospel through the CD and watched the evangelist I found myself praying with a deep passion; there was just something about her face. Soon her eyes filled with tears and as she began to pray she lifted her hand and we rejoiced with her. Pastor Rodolfo (Fito) Gomez was with us and he gently showed her in his Bible how to know that through her repentance of sin, her belief and her confession she could know that she had eternal life. About this time her husband, Gustavo, came to the door and began to ask many questions. He invited us into his house so we can talk. Fito

talked and talked and talked. He presented the Gospel three or four different ways but right after asking Guz (Goose) if he wanted to pray he would start all over until finally Guz said, “Be quiet! I am ready to pray and make Jesus my Lord!” The rest of the group and I were brought to tears as we witnessed this man pray and accept God’s salvation openly in front of his whole family. That alone would have been enough for this missionary. But Guz said, “I need to take my family to the church—do they have a service today?” We shared with him, “tomorrow the church will have a prayer meeting and we would love to come and get your family and take you to church.” The next evening, when we arrived at 4:00 pm, Guz and his family were ready and waiting even though the service did not start until 6:00 pm. It doesn’t get much better than this, get saved and go to prayer meeting, **watch out now!**



The church was about half full when we arrived. God put it on the Pastor’s heart to have Fito bring a message to the church. He might as well yelled “sic ‘em” to a hungry dog! He challenged them to adopt this family immediately and cherish the fact that God was at work in their midst and get off their seats and join this team in sharing the good news. At the conclusion five church members said that they would go with us tomorrow to Palo Alto.

Palo Alto, we were told, was a hard, cold place where people just did not care about anything. It was apparent that the Pastor was afraid and very unsure of our being there. God had told them a year earlier to go there and they did go, but I am not sure how much work had actually been done. Nevertheless, we split into our street witnessing teams broke out the swords (Bibles) and the cubes and stopped, dropped and prayed.

From the very moment that we entered that little town of seven to eight thousand, I knew in my heart God had prepared this place. The first woman we approached immediately identified us as Christians. She said, “You all are Christian aren’t you?” Before we could answer she said, “Well, I am too, at least I think I am.” There were two older teenage girls sitting in the office with her and they agreed to listen to the cube while Fito continued to speak with this woman. It seemed that a young man had been coming once or twice a month and reading the Bible to this lady. He had given her one and she had also been reading during her slow times. But, she had never really been presented the Gospel. When Fito began to explain in depth what the girls had heard and walk back through the Gospel to make sure they fully understood I noticed how attentive all three became. When he asked, “would you like to pray your own prayer of confession and ask Jesus to be your Lord?” All three said yes and then prayed. As we walked back out into the street, all around us we saw our co-workers with headsets on two or three folks. Yes, the workers were in His harvest field! Our team only made it one more door and no one answered but a group of folks came to see what we were up to and as one listened the line grew longer as we stood in one spot all morning.

That morning I witness one of those divine appointments that many missionaries are not ready for and often miss. I was praying for a young mother who was listening to the CD when an older woman walked by with a curious look on her face. I looked up as she passed by, and God said, “speak to her” so I told her if you can wait for two minutes I would like for you to hear a beautiful story about Jesus Christ. Her name was Dona (Mrs.) Chuey and soon Ken, a contractor, and big Bill, a coal miner, both from Alabama, had the head sets on her ears. Half way through

the CD, Dona Chuey broke down, her knees buckled, and she weeped great tears. She buried her head in Ken's chest and Bill held her up as she finished listening. Great joy filled that moment as she lifted her hand to say, "I accept! I accept!"

The divine moment was revealed when she told us she was a widow who had been forced to raise her children alone, all nine of them. She prayed for them daily but they had gone off in the world and she had only the youngest boy and two daughters near by. God had called thirteen from Alabama but only one's mother was a widow who had prayed for him to return to the Lord for thirty five years. That's right—big Bill. With his white beard and jolly face, Fito dubbed him Santa Claus. Dona Chuey believed it she had just received the gift of all gifts.



We were expecting an attack from Satan to come from within the Catholic church, but I was reminded of how God had prepared this field when one of the locals told us about the old Priest that taxed the people and only spoke Latin in the church had been removed a few weeks earlier and replaced with a younger Priest. Some of the people had gone to the new priest just after we arrived and told him what we were doing. He simply told them, "if they are sharing God's Word, listen to them." It is so hard to explain how much of an extraordinary blessing it

is to be a worker in the Lord's harvest field. It seemed as if each soul reaped was a brighter and sweeter fruit. The more we picked the more we wanted to pick!

Our plan and trip culminated on Friday when we spent all day in Palo Alto. Our goal was to reach the whole city by going door to door and ending with the presentation of an evangelistic movie. When we arrived at the town square many folks were already there. Some who were waiting asked, "Can my sister hear?" or "This is my friend. He did not get to hear yesterday—can he hear about God's salvation?" Some came and said, "We heard you were praying for people to go to heaven. Will you pray for me?" Most of the team never got very far from the square all day.

That evening I witness one of those miracles that you remember the rest of your life. During the first morning one of our teams had encountered and witness to a man who we latter learned controlled most of the shady business in the town. He had been labeled "BAD," a Mafioso type guy. His name was Adam and I would describe him as muscular, strong and a little on the ugly side. Adam had been playing a game with God though and I sensed that God was dealing with him. He had agreed to arrange the use of the city auditorium to show the movie. To do so he had to agree to stay with us and close up the building when we finished. Probably 125 people showed up to watch the movie and we took 65 children to a nearby house to teach them the Gospel and do crafts. We only had sixty or so chairs at the movie. I stood in the back with Adam. Around half way into the movie his little gang came in. Riding their bikes they circled the crowd and then lined up behind Adam and me. He had refused to let me share Christ with them earlier, stating that they were bad kids and they wanted to stay that way. In the movie it is revealed that one of the characters has played like he was a Christian his entire life, even pretending to say a prayer with his friends. But after his death he cannot change how he lived or the choice he made, never to accept Christ. At this point Adam gets right in my face and says to me, "**I am not going to hell!**" I knew he was under great conviction. The movie came to the final judgment. I looked at Adam. His hands were clutched behind his back, his head slightly bowed and tears were literally

pouring off his face. At the conclusion of the movie, Pastor Arrango stood and explained what true repentance was. He then gave an invitation to make Christ Lord over your life. Adam's hand was the first one up. He was still crying but now he was unable to control the emotions even in front of his gang, one of which had joined him by raising his hand as well.

I have to add this note—before a full week had past, Adam called Luis to make sure someone was going to come and start a Bible study. He said, “I am not the same person and I have changed. Someone has to help me learn the Bible!” He was so glad to learn that Nacho, Liliana and others from the local church were coming the next day to begin the Bible study.

I have witnessed hard, strong men come under conviction before, and seldom do grown men break down and weep in public. Many times we have seen large numbers of people give their life to Christ. But this harvest field was different. I have never seen people so hungry to just hear God's Word being read. This was the first time I have ever seen God literally turn a city upside down with the Gospel!