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## MY CALLING — I AM A RESCUER —

In the last few months, I have had the opportunity to rescue some people who needed help and encouragement. Also, I have recently received a note that reminded me of a time many years ago when Barbara and I were asked to meet with a young man who was not a member of our church.

This young man needed help, but he did not feel he would get it in the Church. He saw the Church as a harsh place of condemnation. He was certain that all preachers would stomp on him for an error he had made. When we talked, we saw his sincere desire to do that which was good. We went from a counseling mode to a loving mode. We began to tell him God loved him and that we loved him—that he had made a mistake, but he had not sinned against the Holy Spirit. We began to tell him about a God who would show mercy and not destroy him.

When we prayed, he had tears. Barbara and I had tears. His were tears of thanksgiving; ours were tears of victory.

Today, many years later, this young man has a beautiful and Godly wife. He has great children and a high profile job. He is loved, respected and trusted by many, and his family relationship is solid. He is touching thousands of young men and women. He recently sent the following message: He had seen a report of some of our recent activities, and he wrote these words over our picture.

**"The reason I am a stronger Christian is because of these two people, Charles and his beautiful bride took me in when I needed it and made my family the success it is today. Thank you for accepting me and letting me know how great God is."**

Receiving a report like this is better than any offering we could receive for our ministry. When I was a little boy, my father and mother got saved at a little church with a sawdust floor. It was the depth of the Great Depression, and people were crying out to God for help in every way. They would come to the little church without salvation, food, money, clothing or a job. We would "close ranks" and rescue them. During those days, we sang a song we should start singing again. It says....

### Verse

*Rescue the Perishing, care for the dying.  
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave.  
Weep 'ore the erring one, lift of the fallen,  
Tell them of Jesus Who's mighty to save.*

### Chorus

*Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,  
Jesus is merciful; Jesus will save.*

What a beautiful song; what a glorious message. And this brings me to my real message in this report. When I look back over mine and Barbara's ministry and our life together, I believe we have truly been Rescuers! We saw that God was merciful, and we became merciful to those who had failed, made mistakes and sinned. In doing this, we have followed the pattern of our Lord.

**Psa. 103:8** *The LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.*

**Matt. 5:7** *Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.*

We have had people tell us, "You can't overlook sin." We don't, but we believe in the forgiveness of sin. When God made the New Covenant with humanity, He knew He was dealing with people who would sin...and fail. Here is what He said about that.

**1 John 1:9** *If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

**Heb. 8:12** *For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more.*

If you have failed and have been put out of the circle, contact us and we will draw a larger circle—a circle of mercy, grace and forgiveness. If you will trust us, believe and act on the Bible, we can rescue you.

The picture in the upper right hand corner is from our meetings in Lima, Peru. You can see part of the crowd, but from my position on the platform, the people went back so far I could not even see the last few rows.

When I first went to Lima, they had a small church with a dirt floor and 400 people. Today, they own a city square in downtown Lima that is worth millions and have thousands of people. God has supplied every need.

When you give to Harvest Ministries you help me to help God's great people like this.

## **CATCHING UP ON OUR TRAVELS**

Since our last mail to you, we have traveled to many places—such as Baltimore, MD, Jacksonville, NC, Lima, Peru, Temple, TX, New Orleans, LA, State College, PA, Farmington, CT, Port Arthur, TX, Hattiesburg, MS and much more.

The Temple, Texas trip was to see my old friend Bill McCann. I met him in a soldier's uniform when I was eighteen and he was twenty-nine. Now I am 85 and he is 96...and still going.

The New Orleans trip was to perform a wedding ceremony for Ryan Aucoin and Crystalyn Scott. These are wonderful young people. The Aucoins have been close personal friends for over 25 years.

The trip to Hattiesburg was to bury my sister, Marjorie Wallace who had just turned 90 years old. We were separated a great part of our lives, but the miracle of God brought us together many years ago. We enjoyed a great fellowship.

My final trip in August was to Jacksonville, Florida for the funeral of my dear friend of forty years—Harold Shafer. In 1961, our church in New Orleans was very small with hardly any money. Harold walked in the door one Sunday night, gave his life to God...and for the next few months he gave 50% of our total income. He moved to Jacksonville many years ago, but from that "Salvation night" until he went home to be with the Lord, Harold and I never had a break in our relationship and friendship.

All of these Airplane tickets and hotel expenses would not have been possible without you. Thank you so much for your faithfulness and your offerings for our Harvest Ministries to the World.

### **GROUND ZERO...SHORTLY AFTER 9/11**

My Father was a Fireman. So, on the Saturday after 9/11, when I saw a NY Fireman make an appeal for people to come to New York and attend funerals of Firemen, which they could not attend because of their emergency work at the site, Barbara and I flew out of New Orleans to New York on Sunday afternoon. When we landed we went straight to Washington Square Park, near Greenwich Village.

There we saw hundreds of people showing pictures of loved ones, saying, "Have you seen my [relative]? They were in or near the Twin Towers. We stayed there until well after midnight, comforting and praying for people.

Early Monday morning I went to a large Fire Station and asked the Captain, "I am a Pastor from New Orleans, come to attend the funerals. Where do I go?" He told me, "You can do that, but I know where you are needed much more. At the Javits Center, there is a Chaplain who has been there night and day for 3 days. He needs help." I took a taxi to the huge center, headquarters for FEMA, on 11<sup>th</sup>

Avenue, between 34<sup>th</sup> and 38<sup>th</sup> Streets. I had brought my Passport, and used that to get in to see the Chaplain. Ten minutes later, I had an ID hanging around my neck with my name and picture. It was now 11:00 AM, and I told him to go rest off site. He wanted to sleep there so he came back at 8:00 PM that night.

I came back at 8 AM Tuesday and took over again. One hour later, a NY State Policeman called me over to the phone. A Lieutenant at the Fire Station at Ground Zero was calling.

"All of the other Fire Stations have flowers on the front. We have none." I heard a broken voice, and it broke my heart. I told him people could not get there. I asked him, "How many flowers do you need?" He said "Come and see." The NY Officer put me in his car, and we passed 13 check points before arriving at the station. When the blasts came, the front and rear doors of the station were open, so the building was saved. The building behind the station was totally destroyed. I told the men I was a Fireman's Kid, and they warmly embraced me. Being just across the street from the towers, many of their men had been lost.

I measured the front of the station, went back to the Javits Center, called a Florist and ordered a huge amount of flowers, charged to my credit card. They came 2 hours later and FILLED the police car. Flowers rubbed our heads as we went back to the Fire House. When we got there, Firemen came to help us, and as we unloaded the flowers, we were all crying. They stretched all the way across the building. A big sign said NO PICTURES, and I did not attempt to take any. But when we were finished, the Lt. said, "If you had brought a camera, we would help you take pictures." I pulled 2 "throw-away" cameras out of my coat pockets that my daughter Cyndy had given me before I left home. While the policeman guarded me on one side and the fireman on the other, I took over 30 pictures. When I got home they were more dramatic than anything I had seen on TV. We walked all through the horrible area in a grey mud.

When we got back to the Center, the other Chaplain arrived about 5 PM. I said a Goodbye to him, got all his information and walked out toward the street. The policeman said, "Where are you going?" "To take a taxi back to the hotel" I answered. He said, "After what you have done for us, you will not take a taxi. Get in my car." He delivered me to the hotel with this warning, "Take off your shoes before you go in your room. Put them in a plastic bag or throw them away. You have been walking in human flesh." I cried all the way to my hotel room, told Barbara and then we cried together.

God sent us to New York. We did our job and came home. I did not push myself into any sacred place. I was invited every step of the way, and I still cry when I try to tell this story...ten years later.

***Harvest Ministries to the World***

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