The Time is Short!
1 Corinthians 7:29
It was more than 40 years past when a young couple came by the church I pastored, seeking support. That couple, Bob and Gail Huffman, were going to Paris, France, to share news of the Redeemer. Through the years, I have visited Bob and Gail and preached in their church in Paris.

When BIMI celebrated its 50 years of ministry, there were nearly 800 people present under the big tent. Missionaries from all over the world converged on the campus of BIMI for that grand occasion. One of those was Bob Huffman. Bob and Gail had traveled all the way from Paris to be there for that special time. Bob and Gail had journeyed through 40+ years of missionary ministry. They still radiated the same spirit as the young couple I had met in 1969. There was, however, a difference. Bob, once the picture of health and vitality, now stood in our midst with a tinge of sadness in his eyes.

His frame was no longer the vibrant and energetic form I always knew, but thin and weak, although still upright and bold. Bob for a time had been battling cancer. He knew his days were now limited. A few days earlier BIMI had presented Bob with a special award for the faithful and tremendous work he and Gail had accomplished in France. In the midst of our joyful reunion with Bob, we all rejoiced but felt foreboding emotion of “last times.”

Bob and Gail returned to Paris. As Bob neared the gates of eternity, he thought of those friends and churches that had stood with him throughout the journey. He picked up his pen and wrote to his friends:

“You were there when we had physical and spiritual needs! You were with us when two young Christians with two little girls, only 2 and 6, left all they knew to go to a foreign country, language, and culture. You stayed with us as we labored to learn French. We were aware of your prayers as we witnessed to neighbors, fellow students, and later to merchants in the open market where we held a Bible and bookstand. You went with us through each step of the ministry. You stayed by us as the children grew up, through our son Lance’s meningitis, our daughter Lauri’s bout with Hodgkin’s disease, through my wife’s Parkinson’s disease, and now with my having been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. We know the Lord holds the future in His Hands.”

A handful of weeks from that letter, Bob Huffman died. On December 3, he made his last journey to the church in Paris that he had started so many years ago. The young man who had come by my church to tell me of his vision for Paris so many years ago had at last reached the end of the journey.

Gail stood lovingly by his side as she had throughout all the years. His children were there cherishing last moments and remembering all the events of last times - his last words, his last prayer, his last witness to the nurse who attended him… and yes… You, his friends and supporters, were present since the day you met him and supported him—and became with Bob… labourers together with God.
One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh.

Ecclesiastes 1:4
We are each one speeding toward the finish line—day by day.

GRAVES EVERY DAY!

The howling desert winds, sweeping across the plain, dried the tears of those people huddled around graves of loved ones. The children of Israel had turned back right at the brink of the Promised Land. Because of their lack of faith, they would wander in the desert for 40 years until that generation had died. Every day there were graves, tears, and heartaches.

Moses, who penned Psalm 90, was eyewitness to the sorrow. He lived in the midst of a people doomed to die in the wilderness. His words drew a graphic picture of the brevity of life. He had watched these people live—and DIE. Their experience was as a short story. We spend our years as a tale that is told.

Every Day—I am reminded that *MY LIFE* is ebbing away—that soon my voice will be silent—and my life will be but a memory, but God keeps good records.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

Psalm 90:9

By James Ray

Life is the shortest story ever told. Moses suggested that (baring early tragedy) man might live on the earth 70 and perhaps 80 years. Seventy years consist of only 25,550 days. Think of that! Moses is saying that our lives are only a handful of days. He emphasizes in Psalm 90:12,

*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom—our days...not our YEARS.*

continued on page 6
James, describing the uncertainty of our lives, wrote:

*Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away* (James 4:14).

Moses declared that our lives were only a “handful of days.” James declares that our lives are but “vapors of time.” It seems that all of the prophets and great Christians of the Bible were gripped with the fact of having SO LITTLE TIME. Realizing this should lead us to weigh carefully the days of our lives.

Every day should be considered a jewel, which can never be replaced. I am a lover of history. I have a conviction that for us to fully understand the day in which we presently live, we have to examine our yesterdays. We are the product of GENERATIONS PAST.

Recently, I stood at a grave in a little cemetery across from the house where I was born. In fact, my six brothers and sisters were all born in that splendid old farmhouse. As I glanced across the road to that house, a thousand memories passed through my mind. There had been seven of us who played in that yard and grew up in that home with a loving mother and father. The years had taken them all away except me. All the years of time seemed as but yesterday...a tale that is told. I was saying goodbye to the last one that day. I, alone, was left to cherish those memories across the way.

In my travels around the world, I have taken time to visit museums, cemeteries, and archives where our past lies buried. It has been an incredible journey to follow the steps of those who made a difference.

In England in the greatest cathedral of them all, Westminster Abbey, I stood at the grave of **DAVID LIVINGSTONE**. David Livingstone left his home in Scotland and explored the depths of dark Africa. Through the jungles, he walked more than 29,000 miles, administering medicine and preaching the Gospel of Peace. ONE MAN MADE A DIFFERENCE.

**JOHN BUNYAN** was born in Elstow Village near Bedford, England, in 1628. Imprisoned for his faith, he sat down in Bedford jail and wrote Pilgrim’s Progress—a book that has touched the world for more than 300 years. ONE MAN MADE A DIFFERENCE.

**ALEXANDER BELL**, a man from Edinburgh, Scotland, gave us the telephone and seven billion people are touched every day by his invention. ONE MAN MADE A DIFFERENCE.

**THOMAS EDISON** invented a thousand things, including the electric light bulb. Every night cities and villages, housing billions of people in every country of the world, have LIGHT in their darkness. ONE MAN MADE A DIFFERENCE.

**CLARA BARTON**, a nurse, saw hundreds of soldiers dying on the battlefields of the Civil War for lack of attention. Untold thousands bled to death. She was HEARTSICK with the condition of these dying men. She secured a wagon, equipped it with medicine and first aid. The officers in charge refused to let her go—a WOMAN on the BATTLEFIELD—UNHEARD OF!

**CLARA BARTON** would not give up. She approached the general
Your friendship for the unreached nations of the world and for the servants of God is priceless. In reality BIMI is an organization of FRIENDS—friends working together to share the Good News of Jesus Christ. What can you do?

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Survey the list of names at the bottom of this article and ask God to lay a country on your heart. Pray for that country. Gather data on the need. Ask God to send men and women there to evangelize.

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For further information or available speaking dates, contact:

JAMES RAY
The 100+NATIONS MINISTRY
INTERNATIONAL BIBLE MINISTRY
PO Box 9, Harrison, Tennessee 37341
Cell Phone 423-802-5198    BIMI Office 423-344-5050

Edgar Guest had it right.
A few strike out without map or chart,
Where never a man has been,
From the beaten paths they draw apart
To see what no man has seen.
There are deeds they hunger alone to do;
Though battered and bruised and sore,
They blaze the path for the many, who
Do nothing not done before.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.
Psalm 90:12

Eternity
—Thomas O. Chisholm

A few more years to sow and reap
A few more years to smile and weep
A few more years to wake and sleep
And then—eternity.

A few more miles for weary feet
A few more trials yet to meet
A few more lessons to complete
And then—eternity.

Our life how soon it will be past
The golden hours are going fast
This very day may be our last
And then—eternity.

As fades the mist before the sun
As song that dies as just begun
So passes life so quickly gone
And then…

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Eternity
—Thomas O. Chisholm
My heart was greatly challenged recently when I visited South Africa. Missionary Adam Lewis and I drove up to the country of Botswana where we were able to see one of David Livingstone’s old mission stations called Kolobeng.

I was disappointed to see that the area had been grossly neglected, and all that was left was some foundation stones of the home and the church that Livingstone personally built by hand. This was the first church that later doubled as the first school that was built in Botswana. It was there that Livingstone had one of his few salvation decisions—a chief named Sechele, the first convert in Botswana.

Situated near what would have been the front door of Livingstone’s house is the large flat rock where he sat to preach, teach, and doctor the hundreds who visited this mission station during the five years he lived there. Farther down the hill from the remains of the house, I was sobered at the sight of a large pile of rocks; and the burial place of one of Livingstone’s children, a “bonny, blue-eyed lass” named Elizabeth.

History views Livingstone’s time in Kolobeng as a failure. The only convert was Sechele, who was also the area “rain maker.” After his conversion, no rain fell for over four years, and locals blamed his conversion to Christianity as the cause.

Famine, draught, and disease nearly destroyed the young missionary family. In despair, the Livingstones left—never to return to Kolobeng.

Four hundred and fifty kilometers to the southwest in present-day South Africa was the mission station of Livingstone’s father-in-law Robert Moffat. The sta-
tion is in an area called Kuruman where Moffat and his wife, Mary, labored for 50 years. This mission station, although also neglected, still had a few of its original buildings, namely the house that the Moffats built and lived in, the home of their colleague Robert Hamilton, and the stately old church. Kuruman, in contrast to Kolobeng, was a success story. It was there that Robert Moffat translated the entire Bible into the native language of Setswana. This was the first Bible translated into a previously unwritten African language and the first Bible ever to be printed on the African continent.

Moffat’s original printing press is still there! Although there are some records, it would be impossible to determine the tens of thousands of Africans who were reached through the efforts of this humble missionary couple.

Throughout his lifetime, Moffat was truly able to reach the villages he saw many years before when he said, “I have seen, at different times, the smoke of a thousand villages—villages whose people are without Christ, without God, and without hope in this world.” However, this supposedly “successful” mission station was not without its cemetery.

In a small grove of trees were the graves of several of the Moffats’ children and several of their fellow missionaries. One grave, a very large one, held the wife and five children of William Ashton, the man who printed Moffat’s Bible.

I was overwhelmed in both places of the immense sacrifice that was made. Standing in the little grove where so many heroic missionaries were buried (some of whom I have never heard, but thankfully, our Heav- enly Father knew each one), I choked up and told the other missionary that in contrast to how these people lived and ministered, we as God’s servants today know nothing of sacrifice! Yet, it was this sacrifice that became the catalyst for the great missionary endeavor that continues today.

How true was Tertullian’s observation that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church! For with each life given and with each seed of sacrifice sown, a bountiful harvest of souls has been reaped. However, how much more sacrifice is needed! How many more laborers are required! How many more souls are waiting to be won!

May we never allow—through neglect—the sacrifices of those who have labored before us to reap a less bountiful harvest. May God grant us the grace to continue the precedent of sacrifice for all those who have yet to hear.
JOHN WYCLIFFE
TRANSLATED THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE IN 1382.

Young men called “Bible Men” or Lollards were sent throughout England, reading the hand copied Bibles to the common people in a language that could be understood.

Pray for those workers in the United Kingdom and Ireland who once again are engaged in spreading the Word of God.

PHOTO BELOW
British Pastor Thomas Britten, Marcia Kittleson, Mary Ray, Reta Burns, James Ray — Market Harborough, England
RECLAIMING A LOST GENERATION

This great land is endangered by the onslaught of pagan religions. We must bring the Word of God back to those who brought it to us.

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Silently, she followed the solemn funeral procession to the gravesite. Hiding behind the tall shrubby, she watched as careful hands placed the body of the nine-year-old girl into the cold earth. Selina thought, “She is the same age as I am.” The scene was embedded into the young girl’s serious mind, and she often went back to the quiet churchyard to gaze at the small grave.

Selina Shirley was born on August 24, 1707, at Staunton Harold in Ashby-de-Zouch, Leicestershire, England. Staunton Harold is a stately Georgian mansion surrounded by 150 acres of peaceful woodland. As I stood on the small stone bridge in front of Staunton Harold and looked back at the imposing mansion, the beauty of it all overwhelmed me.

Selina’s grandfather and father had impressive titles. She could trace
her ancestry back to Edward the Con-
fessor. Visitors to Staunton Hall were
members of the English aristocracy. Princes, dukes, earls, countesses,
kings, and queens were frequent guests
in the Shirley home.

Washington Shirley, Selina’s fa-
ther, was a kind man and had a gener-
ous spirit. His friends knew him as a
man of integrity. As one of his three
daughters, Selina had a secure and
privileged childhood. A child of no-
ble birth, she was trained in manners
and deportment so that she would be
equipped to take her place in society.
She was highly intelligent and had a
keen memory. She had the ability to
learn quickly and was a good judge of
character.

While other young women of
noble birth were enamored with par-
ties and social functions, Selina was
not at all impressed with the lifestyle
that was hers because of her family’s
royal titles. In fact, she would rather
find a quiet place, read her Bible, and
pray. One prayer she often prayed was
that she would marry into a serious
family. She felt that God answered
that prayer when she married Theo-
philus Hastings, who was the ninth
earl of Huntingdon. While many of
the English aristocrats married for the
convenience of matching titles, rank,
and wealth, the Hastings’s marriage
was one of deep love and respect for
one another.

Theophilus had studied at Oxford

Because of her
compassion for the
poor and needy,
they referred to her as
“Lady Bountiful.”

Mary Ray at Staunton Harold
and had traveled throughout Europe. His family had more titles, more rank, and more wealth than Selina’s family, but he, like Selina, was a “homebody.” After their marriage, Selina became Countess of Huntingdon and moved with her husband to Donington Park, which was his family home. Donington Park is a beautiful ancient mansion surrounded by huge oak trees.

Although Selina had to travel to London where she mingled with those in high society, she felt that frivolous parties and empty chatter were all useless time wasters. She was happiest when she was at home in the quietness of Donington Park where she took great interest in the lives of those who lived on the estate. She was concerned about their physical, material, and spiritual conditions. Because of her compassion for the poor and needy, they referred to her as “Lady Bountiful.”

Selina was known for her “good works” and although she was religious, she knew nothing about salvation by grace through faith. She became very ill, and for a while, the doctors did not know whether she would live or die. She could no longer do her good works so she became very despondent and depressed. At that time, God was using some preachers who were nicknamed “Methodists” to start a mighty revival in England. Their preaching was affect ing even the English aristocracy.

Lady Margaret Hastings, the sister-in-law to Lady Huntingdon, was converted and became an outstanding witness for Christ. Selina recognized that Lady Margaret had a peace that she herself had never had. Her serious illness along with Lady Margaret’s radiant testimony caused Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, to realize that she was trusting in her good works to save her. She finally understood that it was only through the blood of Jesus Christ that she could be saved. She was gloriously converted and became a bold witness to everyone she met.

Soon after Selena’s conversion, John and Charles Wesley preached near Donington Park. She sent a message to them and told them of her determination to live for Christ.

George Whitefield and the Wesley brothers were preaching all over England and held the crowds spellbound. Lord and Lady Huntingdon often attended the meetings, but many of the aristocracy were not impressed. The Duchess of Buckingham was insulted when George Whitefield and John Wesley preached that members of the English aristocracy were as sinful as common people were.

The Countess’s friends thought she had lost her mind and called her a fanatic. Many of them encouraged her husband to restrain her. Although the Earl did not approve of her zeal, he admired her courage. At one time, he suggested that she talk to the Bishop of Gloucester. She agreed to meet with him but the Bishop soon discovered that he was no match for Selina’s knowledge of the Scriptures. Before the Countess left his office, the Bishop lamented that he had ordained George Whitefield whom he held responsible for her fanaticism.

Because of her position in life and her polished manners, those of high society sought her presence. Her home was often filled with poets, musicians, doctors, and lords and ladies. The great musician Handel gave concerts at Donington Park. Selina used every occasion to share the Gospel with her friends. Through her efforts, many members of the English aristocracy heard the Gospel, and some of her distinguished guests came to Christ. As I walked through the beautiful rooms of Donington Park, I tried to visualize what it was like when Lady Huntingdon hosted parties where the Gospel was presented.

Although she had many great sorrows in her life, Selina remained a radiant testimony through all of her grief. Of her seven children, only one daughter outlived the Countess. Lord Huntingdon died an early death and left Selina a widow at age thirty-nine.

In 1749, Selina’s son assumed ownership of Donington Hall, and she moved back to Ashby where her home was often used for evangelism. George Whitefield preached twice a week to those of noble birth in her drawing room. She was not only concerned about the spiritual condition of the English aristocracy but also the spiritual condition of common people. She was fearless when it came to presenting the Gospel, and she was fearless in confronting evil.

On one occasion, she reprimanded the Archbishop of Canterbury for his extravagant lifestyle and frivolous parties. When the Archbishop ignored her warning, she asked for an audience with the king and queen. The king was very impressed with Selina and assured her that he would take care of the problem. Within a few days, the Archbishop received a letter of reprimand from the king.
Since many of her “Methodist” preacher friends were dismissed from their churches for their zealous preaching of the Gospel, Lady Huntingdon decided to build chapels in different locations where they could preach and could teach their converts. During her lifetime, she was responsible for providing over 200 chapels and preaching stations throughout England. She even sold her jewels to help defray the cost of building the chapel in Brighton.

Oxford and Cambridge Universities were the only places where ministers of the Gospel could be trained. When six students were expelled from Oxford because of their “Methodist” enthusiasm and because they spoke too much about inspiration of the Bible and personal regeneration, Lady Huntingdon bought Trevecca House in Beaconsire, Wales. It became a theological college to train evangelical preachers. George Whitefield preached the official dedication sermon.

Lady Huntingdon took great interest in the students. She prayed for them and with them, and after they graduated, she corresponded with them. She gave her time and money to maintain the college. She also had friends who gave their financial support. Lady Glenorchy from Scotland was one who contributed generously to the college.

The Countess was close friends with George Whitefield and John Wesley. While God used both of them to awaken England from spiritual indifference, they were entirely different personalities. They were also different in their doctrine, which eventually affected their friendship and their fellowship. Lady Huntingdon took Whitefield’s side and her association with John Wesley ended.

The Countess of Huntingdon, was generous in her giving to missionary endeavors. She supported a school for American Indians that was founded by the man who established Dartmouth College. When Whitefield started an orphanage in Savannah, Georgia, she supported it, and when he died, he deeded it to the Countess. She took great interest in the children in the orphanage.

She encouraged the students and graduates of the theological college she started to consider missionary work in America. Several students were commissioned for missionary service on October 27, 1772. Preparation for their arrival was made for them at the orphanage in Savannah. From there they
preached to settlers, African Americans, and Indians. Lady Huntingdon’s purpose in life was to share the Gospel, not only in England but also around the world. Shortly before her death, she spoke of her hopes of sending two missionaries to Tahiti.

In 1789, Selina’s health began to fail. She became frail in body, but her mind was still clear. In spite of her pain and suffering, she remained cheerful. She had no fear of death and looked forward to going to heaven. She often said, “My work is done; I have nothing to do but go to my heavenly Father.”

When Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, closed her eyes in death on June 17, 1791, there were children in an orphanage in Savannah, Georgia, being taught the message of salvation. There were preachers being trained in a Bible college in Breconshire, Wales. There were converts rejoicing in their salvation in Sierra Leone, Africa. There were local churches all over England proclaiming the story of Jesus. The touch of her gentle hands had reached onto continents and to dark corners of the earth where no light had ever shown.

One of the Countess of Huntingdon’s Chapels
Built in 1878, Manchester, England

She was buried in the family vault at Ashby-de-Zouch in Leicestershire, England. Thousands mourned her death. Her chapels were draped with black, and ministers all over England preached sermons honoring her.

Selina Shirley Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon, lived an extraordinary life. The most distinguished people of England admired and respected her. As I visited Staunton Hall where she was born and Donington Park where she lived with Lord Huntingdon and as I saw chapels all over England that she had built, I pondered how one woman could do so much for the cause of Christ.

Could it be when Selina followed the funeral procession to the gravesite and saw the nine-year-old girl lowered into the ground that the future Countess of Huntingdon had the solemn thought that she must live somewhere “forever”? Is it possible that as she visited the small grave “eternity” was stamped on her heart and all of her good works before her salvation were for gaining her eternity in heaven?

It was a glorious day when Lady Huntingdon realized that salvation was by grace through faith and not through the good works that she had done. Henceforth, all of the great work she did thereafter was for the love of Christ and for what He had done for her on the cross of Calvary.


Adoniram & Ann Judson

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This DVD should be shown in every Baptist church. Use it in Sunday School and church services. It would be great to show before upcoming mission conferences. (Also included – David Brainerd, John Eliot)

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Sechele
LIVINGSTONE’S ONLY CONVERT AT KOLOBENG

By the Editor

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.

—William Cowper, 1774

The man was brilliant. It was recorded that Sechele learned the alphabet in two days. After this, he compiled his own spelling book. Soon he was reading fervently the Bible, which was the only book in the Tswana language. He also taught others in the tribe to read. In the years following his baptism, Sechele proved to be a great influence for the Gospel. He became a leader and pioneer among his fellow Africans.

After the departure of Livingstone, Sechele organized church services for his own people. He taught reading to his people and then they too became interested in the Bible. Many of the Bakwena people eventually became Christians. Over time, Sechele traveled great distances witnessing to other tribes and sharing the news of Christ. He allowed many Africans fleeing persecution to find refuge in his region. At the time of his death in 1892, there were 30,000 people under his rule.

Sechele still struggled with some old tribal ways and was considered by some European missionaries as a “mixed bag.” However, in spite of every failure, one thing he knew—Jesus loved him and died for his sins. Many regions of Africa were touched by his witness. With all of his shortcomings, he was a streak of light across a dark, dark sky. When Livingstone confronted him about his failures, he told Livingstone, “Do not give me up because of this. I shall never give up Jesus. You and I will stand before him together.”

In the course of his wonderful career, Livingstone served three masters. As a missionary, he was the sincere and zealous servant of God. As an explorer, he was the indefatigable servant of science. As a denouncer of the slave trade, he was the fiery servant of humanity.
Dear BIMI,

I really enjoy reading the NATIONS MAGAZINE, especially the articles by the Rays. I was touched by the story of when they first went to England and the opposition they encountered. I enjoyed Mary Ray’s story about Latvia. Your magazine is a real tribute to missionaries. Thank you.
—Al Mjaanes, Bridgeville, Delaware

Dear Dr. Ray:

I enjoyed reading the last issue of the NATIONS MAGAZINE. I especially enjoyed the article about Charles Darwin. My wife and I were missionaries in Argentina for almost 40 years. Once, one of my sons and I made a trip to Tierra del Fuego. We went on an excursion to where they showed us where some of those primitive people lived. They said they lived in holes in the ground and, to keep warm, they wrapped moss around them that they pulled out of the sea. Very interesting.
—Russell George, Silva, Missouri

Dear Dr. Ray and BIMI:

Thanks so much for sending us the NATIONS MAGAZINE. It is the only magazine I read from cover to cover. God bless all of the ministries of BIMI. Enclosed is our gift for this work.
—Albert and Rebecca Watkins, Clayton, North Carolina

Dear Dr. Ray:

We recently received the latest issue of the NATIONS MAGAZINE. As always, it is educational and inspiring, and we love to “visit” those places that you and Mrs. Ray go to. Of special interest to us are the Bible distribution projects that you initiate. We would love to be a part of the reseeding of the United Kingdom. Enclosed is our contribution.
—John and Terry Cross, Lucas, Ohio

Dear Dr. Ray:

Our son, John, lost his 15-year battle with colon cancer on January 12 of this year. He is now with the Lord, and we rejoice that he is not in pain and suffering any more, even though we miss him.

We gave John our copy of Journey to Eternity and it was a blessing to him and his family. I have a friend who has some questions about eternity. I promised to get him a copy of your book if possible. We thank the Lord for you and for Mary and your wonderful ministry. We are praying for you.
—Susan Lord, Macon, Georgia

Dear Brother and Sister Ray,

I need to let you know that we are blessed by the NATIONS MAGAZINE and your DVDs. Harry so loves the Cherokees. He is the great, great grandson of Humphrey Posey and has the same picture you show in The Trail of Tears DVD. As far as we know, he is the first preacher in the family since Humphrey Posey. We pray for you daily and your wonderful ministry.
—Harry and Joyce Ramsey, Waverly, Ohio

Dear Dr. Ray,

I wanted to tell you I enjoyed the NATIONS MAGAZINE I received this week. Keep up the good work, my Brother.
—Pastor Lanny Tate, Way of the Cross Baptist Church, Dunlap, Tennessee

Dear James and Mary,

When I read about Latvia (the article Mary wrote in the NATIONS MAGAZINE), I was reminded that I should help with a donation. Sorry I have been late. The article brought tears to my eyes because I have several Bibles and helps from other books. May God bless you in your work and give you health and strength to do His work. I will pray for you.
—Lula Mae Wright, Hendersonville, North Carolina

Dear Brother Ray,

We received the shipment of New Testaments on Thursday, 28 June. Everything went smoothly. The shipping company was very good and communicated with me, giving me an update of their arrival time every few days, leading up to the delivery date. They even called me afterwards to verify that I had received the delivery. Many thanks.
—Leonard James, Woodhill Baptist Church, Colwyn Bay, Wales

Dear Dr. Ray,

Marsha and I received the magazine. We are thankful for being part of your team. The New Testaments were beautiful and a first class evangelistic project. We have people coming to our church as a result of this. We had a few folk who made calls and sent emails FULL of hate, but that was because the message of these Bibles could not be avoided.

We have about 600 more of these to distribute and we will get that done very soon. The harvest from these Bibles is not over.
—Arvin and Marsha Devers, Kilmarnock, Scotland

Dear Dr. Ray,

We love your NATIONS MAGAZINE and the articles you share. We learn so much and pray for you.
—Don and Shirley Pruim, Leslie, Georgia

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