

# BORDER CROSSINGS

April 2008



The Schierkolks



Jerez, Mexico

*"We must put real work into our praying."  
-Martin Luther*

Dear friends,

The problem with our toilet had been a frustration for a long time but when water flooded through the ceiling down into the bathroom below and water damage began to appear in the stairway we knew it had to be fixed. The landlord sent the plumber who lives next door to him, a young guy named Ramiro. They had to dig up some tiles in the floor but they found where the leak was. They were at our house on a Thursday during the Kid's Club and Ramiro heard all the joyful commotion and asked if we had a party going on. "No," I said, "we have a Kid's Club where we teach the Bible." That opened up a conversation about how he tries to teach his kids about spiritual things but he doesn't really know a lot about the Bible. He asked if his kids could come next week.

Ramiro came to finish up the job the next Thursday and brought his family as well. We had a good time visiting with them and when Ramiro left I gave him a copy of the Small Catechism explaining that I used it to help answer questions with my own children.

Unfortunately, though the major water leak was fixed, the toilet kept leaking at the base. So I went to his house and asked if he could come back and take a look at it. He said he'd be there in the next couple of days. The next couple of *weeks* went by and he never showed up. I thought that maybe the catechism and the club were just too much for him so I ended up calling another plumber who came to repair the leak. But a few days later we realized that the toilet was still leaking.

I then began to wonder (and be frustrated) if there were something more going on here. We began to pray that our toilet would get fixed and that if Satan were trying to put obstacles in the path of Ramiro and his family that God would remove them. I went back to Ramiro's house and his wife said emphatically that she would bring him tomorrow . . . he did not come. A week later there was a knock on the door and lo and behold there was Ramiro. He came back that Tuesday afternoon with his wife and three kids to help. The kids played in the garage with our girls while I

made plumbing talk with the mom and dad. While his wife went back home to get the correct size screws, Ramiro told me his life story . . . how he was kidnapped and robbed by Mexicans when he was trying to get to the United States; how they held a gun to his head and stuck him with a screwdriver. Then his wife came back and we returned to plumbing talk. But the washers weren't the right size so she had to leave again for another half-hour and Ramiro picked up the story where he'd left off and then he asked me, "Are you afraid of death?" The rest of the time I told him MY life story and my testimony about knowing the One who conquered death. Then his wife returned and they finished up the project.

The next day, much to my dismay, I realized that the toilet now had a different leak. "Lord, this is too much! Ramiro and his wife will be humiliated!" I checked it again the next morning and the leak had stopped.

Emboldened by our spiritual conversation, I stopped by their house the next week to invite the two oldest kids to our Adolescent group the next Saturday. But I found out that the second child was only in second grade and their oldest girl was hoping that our girls would be there. We salvaged the invitation when Danny Giles suggested having the youth group and the adolescents meet together for that day. The end result was that we picked 8<sup>th</sup> grade Lizet up with the adolescents and after a very good meeting, Danny and the youth group dropped her off, looking forward to the next time they would get together. Now I understand why I had a problem with our toilet☺.

Please pray for Lizet and her family. Satan prowls around seeking how he can devour these new contacts. And thank you for all of your prayers for us and for your continued support of this ministry.

We greatly appreciate each of you.

In Christ,

**Todd, Barb, Rachel, Megan and Kirstie  
Schierkolk**

