



For though I be free from all men, yet have I made myself servant unto all, that I might gain the more. 1 Cor. 9:19.

Dear Supporting churches and friends,

Late again, have I said that before. We know that we have said that before and no matter how I turn it or from which direction I look at it, there is no excuse. We have had a busy summer and going into the next year there doesn't seem to be a break.

The last couple of months have been busy as always, and we have accomplished much. We spent some time with the missionary village in Bradenton, Fl. in the middle of the summer. Don't know if this is a secret or not, but it gets hot in Fl, the months of July and August. Ann and I fared well, or at least survived. We were looking forward to a trip north. Our plans were to take us as far North as Theresa, NY. Then start back south before cold weather set in. The decision was made to just bring the truck and leave the majority of our tools in FL. Lesson learned the hard way, never leave my tools behind again. We had brought some tools with us, but as always it was not the right tools at any of the stops.

Borrowing tools at every stop we were able to accomplish much. There was more painting to do than I like, and electrical and mechanical work at every stop. One of the mechanical jobs sent me to Wal-Mart to buy a set of wrenches. I was always told by my father that I could tear an anvil apart with a screw driver and a pair of pliers. Those I had. September was a tough month for our Family. Ann's grandfather went to be with the Lord, and her aunt followed closely behind. Next was our daughter's father in law and then finally my sister. Cancer had taken over my sister's body, and we knew her time was short. We were able as a family to be at her side as she took her last breath here. Knowing that the cancer was gone at that point was comforting, and knowing that next time I see her, she won't be carrying the scars of this life.

I am guilty of not walking through every door the Lord opens, and sometimes we walk through doors and find ourselves in a hallway with many doors that are open. Lord, which one. You know as well as I do, and most will do, as we do, the closest most appealing one is where we go. And that is OK. We know the Lord opened the doors. But we need to remember that there were others opened also. Uncertainty is at every threshold.

I picked up a copy of Golden Nuggets a while back for the year 1970. "The Preachers Goldmine". The question is "what can we expect in the coming year" 1. It will be a year of vast opportunity, 2. It will be a year filled with Biblical obligations, 3. It will be a year of heart stopping uncertainty, 4. It will be a year of unspeakable joys, 5. A year of unparalleled apostasy, 6. A year of unequaled violence and blasphemous living, 7. A year of scriptural expectancy for Gods people. 1970 or 2015. Same doors and thresholds.

Our prayer from here and forward is Lord don't let me linger in the Hallway. All is good for us. A rush back to Fl. for a cardiologist checkup. This was nowhere near what I had expected. What I received for a checkup could have been done at any fuel dock at any truck stop along the way. I am relying on the great Physician anyway.

Our next letter will detail some changes we will be making in the coming year. We ask that you pray for these changes. To keep this at a single page we will stop here for now. We will send a detailed letter before the end of the year. In His service, to be a Help. Richard and Ann Bibey