

THIRD QUARTER NEWSLETTER...2014

Dear Friends, far and near,

For years Bob wrote and called you “Dearly Beloved and Longed for.” That was scriptural. but I started to address you as I have above. Only yesterday did I learn I am also using a scriptural wording. In Ephesians 2:17, Paul says “...and He came and preached peace to you who were far away, and peace to those who were near.” Paul, of course, was speaking of the Jews and Gentiles who were made into one body, the Church.

I think you will identify with me when I tell you I have had a series of dilemmas lately that left me in a quandary and decisions had to be made. Paul said he was hard pressed. David cried out to the Lord often with a heavy heart. We pray and seems no answer comes. As we grow in grace we learn that some of His greatest mercies are His refusals. We are promised wisdom if we ask so we ask and He answers. This letter is late and I am trusting you to understand. Augustine said, “The very pleasures of human life are acquired by difficulties.” He is conforming us to the image of His Son and that should make us rejoice as we press toward that mark.

In my last letter I was in Corumba, on the border of Brazil and Bolivia and would fly the following Saturday to Robore where I would find my sweetheart. The pilot of the plane, Dick Torrence, had gotten to know Bob because the missionaries always went to see a plane come in...the one excitement in town. He decided he would take my arm and walk me off the plane to the arms of my love. We landed...no Bob. How I wanted to cry but there were three missionary ladies there who had not seen their husbands in over a year because they went in the jungle to meet a savage tribe and had never come out. Only much later on did they learn they had been killed. Those Indians later came to know the Lord and have even reached other tribes. There was also one single lady. There was no way of knowing when Bob and the other man travelling with him would return. There was only one thing to do...wait and see. That evening, after dark, I was outside washing dishes in a pan near our outdoor kitchen. We were all talking and my head was down when I heard a voice say, “Seniorita Julianita, buenas noches.” I looked up and there was Bob sitting on his horse about four feet from me. I dropped whatever I had and he jumped down and we were together again. It had been three years!

The next day we would make our plans. We had to post a ban on a public post near the town office where the officials met. That was there for 20 days so if anyone objected, they would have their chance. My wedding gown was still on a ship someplace in the Atlantic and didn't arrive until six months later. One of the women whose husband was missing loaned me her gown. I was the third person to use that gown. A truckload of missionaries came from another town for our wedding. They brought a pump organ and one gal played it while another sang “Saviour like a shepherd lead us” which Bob had translated for our wedding. He had everything planned. He arose on our wedding day

and at 4 AM he and a young man cut palm branches and decorated our mud home. The missionaries from the other town brought flowers. He sold one of his two horses so we could have a honeymoon in that border town. We would fly to Corumba and return free by riding in a boxcar, a part of the railroad they were building between Brazil and Bolivia. As we walked to the airfield a friend ran up to Bob to tell him his horse had fallen in a hole and they had to shoot him. He so loved that horse whose name was traveler.

My next letter I will tell you some of what our life was like as we began our lives together in that far away place.

There is a verse in Hebrews 13:7 that I often read when I am thinking of you. The author of the book says "Remember those who led you, who spoke the word of God to you: and considering the result of their conduct, imitate their faith." So many of you have impacted my life in many and different ways. You have been examples I want to follow. Thank you for your faithful lives which have been lived for His glory. Thank you for your prayers and a thank you to all those who have helped me financially. I had my 91st birthday last week and I have known you and Him for a very long time. May I close with a chorus Bob wrote years ago and our friend Harry Bollback did the music. Bob translated it into Portuguese so it was sung all over Brazil...

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus,
Even so, come Today. ,
Even so, come, Lord Jesus,
Catch up Thy bride away.
Oh! how my heart is yearning,
Longing for Thy returning.
Even so, come, Lord Jesus,
Even so, come Today."

Thank you for your friendship, our relationship and for every expression of your love for me and for Bob for so many years. I love you and treasure every memory.

In His Care,

Julie Collins