Dear Friends, far and near,

The Psalmist asked, "Who is He, this King of glory? The Lord Almighty, He is the King of Glory." We know who He is and we know Him, our Lord and Savior.

In my last letter I said how incomprehensible the incarnation is. It is a mystery but God has told us all He wants us to know...

I know you have all experienced what I have experienced these weeks...You think a thought or learn a new word and it then keeps appearing over and over again. The incarnation has come up over and over and is ever more glorious. Philipians 2:5-11 is the classic passage on the incarnation. He did not give up His divinity but laid it aside when he became a man. Even so, as a man he exercised His divinity so often to reveal Himself to those who believed and also to those who would not believe. When He went to the cross He was a man and even forfeited his intimacy with His Father. I think this was probably the hardest part of the "death on a cross." The passage goes on to tell us that one day every knee will bow and every tongue will confess that Jesus is Lord. What a day that will be!!!

I am sorry that I am late again in writing. Thank you for praying for me these weeks. I've had some health issues that continue to plague me. With my doctor and some medicine I know all will be well very soon. In the meantime, I will attempt this letter to you dear Ones.

We have entered a new year. Even 25 years ago we couldn't have imagined our world as we now see it. We cannot be discouraged because God is in control. He knows us all and every situation. We know He cares for us as the supernatural, heavenly, and everlasting and eternal Shepherd of His sheep. We can trust Him. Peter told us to "cast all our anxieties on Him, because He cares for you." Look up...Our redemption draws nigh.

I have sorted through many papers and the most encouraging ones are my prayer lists and the dates and answers to prayer...goals accomplished, needs supplied, God healing loved ones and the many that have gone on before... Just the words "gone to heaven" written beside the request. One of those was my beloved Bob who is with the Savior but the 65 years of life together are treasured and I thank the Lord for them all.

I ended one year saying, "The Lord specializes in turning ashes into beauty.. Your life - either right now or at some time in the future - will seem like a cheerless muddle. At that precise moment you must remind yourself of God's faithfulness in the past and that He specializes in turning ashes into beauty. Remind your self of this towering truth and hang on. Cling to the rock of your salvation."

I ended my last letter telling you our mission leader had divided us in teams and we were allocated to a different part of Bolivia. We went first and the family we were going to work with would come a bit later. We went to a sparsely settlled place along the river that divided Bolivia and Brazil in the northeast part of Bolivia...Guayaramerin! We found the only empty house which had been built by an American who had a lumber mill several miles down river. To find a house to rent could only come from God. The little town had one store, an airport where small planes landed, a "pension" (pen-see-own) where one could stay overnight and served good food...steak three times every day! Our money had not arrived yet. It would come with the plane pilot. We asked the pension owner if he would give us credit for a month and he was only too happy to help us out.

It was just after the war and the U.S. government had a rubber agency in Guayaramerin which had a long building with lights and running water. Most of the guys had already left so Ed, the boss, offered us rooms and oodles of cans of tuna fish that the Americans had on hand. It was pretty rough but

more than adequate. We had a room with two beds...2x4s nailed together but the mattresses weren't bad at all and we were so happy to have that place to stay until we could move into the house we'd rented.

I neglected to say that I was pregnant and the birth not too far off..
When we left Robore, we really didn't have any money for travel but God gave us free plane rides all the way to our destination. Some of the lay-overs were long and inconvenient but one doesn't complain when God so wonderfully supplied.The planes were government planes running business travelers.
They had bucket seats along the side and the rides were rough. We passed a different sort of bucket from one sick passenger to another.

Because the rubber operation was still in operation but the guys wanted out, they asked Bob if he would help them weigh rubber until they were finished. He was happy to get involved and it also helped us financially. One of the nights he came home tired and said, "Don't have that baby tonight. I'm worn out." Guess what? About one o'clock the water broke and Bob jumped up and had to explain to me what had happened. I was the pregnant one but didn't know about water breaking.

This is rather scatter- brained but I forgot to tell you that through a field near where we were living was a small hospital run by some Peruvians. Bob ran to tell the doctor...Doctor Careno and his Argentine nurse. He went downstairs to tell the other missionaries. They loaned us their kerosene lamp...no lights at night. He came up and he and Bob put my bed on top of an old army box which helped the doctor in the delivery... I think I just stood there wondering what was next. They put me in bed and the doctor came. I hadn't felt any thing yet and had no idea what a birth was like. The doctor then told me to yell (or scream or whatever). The word he used was "grita". So I yelled and didn't know why. It didn't help. I kept yelling. A few hours later yelling helped but by that time the baby was on his way out into the world. Steven Anthony Collins. We were deliriously happy. We had hoped it would be a boy first .

In those days the mother laid on her back for ten days before she could even sit up. It was a happy day when I got out of bed and did the many things that needed to be done. In a very few days we would be moving into our own home that we had been able to rent.

Back to the present...I lost my glasses this morning someplace when I was out with Cherry so will bring this to a quick end after a few more lines.

We had a wonderful Thanksgiving at Cherry's. Our whole family was there except for Ken who is pastoring in Indiana and has two children in college. Since I last gave any family news, we have gotten two new great-granddaughters and a great-great grandson. The family gets bigger and more scattered...Michigan, Indiana, Tennessee, California, Ohio, Virginia and Florida.

I continue to ask God to show me the weak areas in my own character that could hinder my Christian growth. I want my proper and godly responses to irritations and trials to become automatic out of obedience to the Word.

As always I have several books that I am reading. I recommend anything about Spurgeon and hope you all have the book of Puritan prayers callled VALLEY OF VISION. I'm also reading, for the second time, The Agony and the Ecstasy, the great biographical novel about Michelangelo.

Thank you for your friendship, our relationship and for every expression of love for me. How you have blessed my soul.
"Show me your ways, O Lord; Teach me Your paths." In His care, Julie Collins