

A Missionary's Experiences in
Mexico



Carrie L. Sheppard

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By

Carrie L. Sheppard

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Forward

In September of 1963, Sister Carrie Sheppard heard the call of God to take the gospel to the souls in Mexico. She labored in Baja, CA., Mexico, about nine years among the Mexicans and Indians. Although she is no longer on the foreign mission field, Sister Carrie feels a burden for lost souls throughout the world and is a faithful prayer warrior.

This book contains selected stories and letters that Sister Carrie wrote to her family and friends while she was in Mexico. The writings give a touching insight into the lives and needs of the people of Mexico. These writings are from the 1960's, but Mexico is still the materially depraved country today that it was then. Let us remember though, that life is not in "the abundance of things" a man "possesseth," but is the spiritual outlook of the inner man.

The last command that Jesus gave on earth was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." This is as much a command to each Christian today as any command Jesus gave His disciples. It is Sister Carrie's and our desire that this book stir the soul of each Christian with the question, "Where will you have me go, Lord?"

"Only one life, 'twill soon be past;

Only what's done for Christ will last."

—Publishers

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Chapter I

God's Dealings With Me

It is with great pleasure I write my testimony of some of the wonderful things our precious heavenly Father has done for this unworthy servant.

Like hundreds of church members, I attended church regularly and paid tithes from childhood, but I had a sad and lonely feeling inside. On the invitation of a girlfriend, I found myself in a church where the members felt free to testify. Psalms 34:1, "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth." Never before had I heard testimonies like these of how God had saved them from their sins and sanctified them holy. 1 John 3:4-8, "Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law: for sin is the transgression of the law. And ye know that he was manifested to take away our sins; and in him is no sin. Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen him, neither known him. Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning." Heb. 11:25, Moses chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

I was hungry for the approval of God in my life. Convicted of my sins, I knelt, and prayed to God. I will never forget the peace and happiness that filled my longing soul that night, and it is still with me today. Matt. 1:21, "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins."

I began seeking sanctification, for I wanted all God had for me. When I was praying at an altar of prayer, God showed me a wrong

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to make right. It was an untruth I had told. On a certain record I had stated my age being younger than I actually was. I did not want to face that person and admit I had lied. I kept going to the altar of prayer for over a week, weeping and praying, but God still showed me what He required.

One night a group of young people were praying with me, when one said, "What you are holding out on God, I would probably not mind doing at all." Right then I decided I would not mind it so badly either, as I was determined to be sanctified.

The very next morning I started on my way to see the girl in the office to make my wrong right. (I want to warn dear ones who are seeking God that the devil will put every obstacle in the way he possibly can to keep you from being saved or sanctified.) The devil told me that morning that I would lose my job, and that the girl in the office would be angry with me. God was surely helping me that morning. When I asked the girl to correct my age on the record because I was trying to get right with God, she smiled at me. I thanked God for that smile! It showed the devil to be a liar and God to be true. The devil puts worries in our minds, but praise God, Jesus can take them all away! Isaiah 26:3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee."

As I left the office and was walking back to my work that unforgettable morning, the glory of God fell on me. I knew I was sanctified! Praise God! I cannot tell the glory of that blessed event as fully as it occurred. I have often said in my testimony that it was like a great calm bringing beautiful music, flowers, peace, joy, and glory down from above. There are no words on earth to describe the beauty, glory, joy, and wonder of this beautiful blessing God gave me that morning. Although many years have since passed, it is still fresh in my soul. 1 Thess. 4:3, "For this is the will of God, even your

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sanctification, that ye should abstain from fornication.” Heb. 13:12, 13, “Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.” Titus 2:13, 14, “Our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.”

Being quite anemic, two vacations were given me during my last job in order for me to gain strength enough to continue working. I can see now that our gracious Lord was leading me out of this job, as He had other work for me to do in His service. At this time I had not found the true Church of God, but was praying to be led by God, as I wanted to be pleasing in His sight. Psalms 37:23, “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way.” Psalms 32:8, “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.”

At this time I was taking about four different kinds of medicine, but was still weak and ill. The trial was hard, as my money was going fast and I was not able to continue in my work. I spent hours before God in prayer on my knees, asking Him to help and lead me. Often in the midnight hours I prevailed in prayer. Genesis 32:28, “As a prince thou hast power with God” (prevailing prayer).

Finally God led me to the Church of God. The morning I was fully persuaded to worship with the saints in the Church of God, it was then God spoke to me and plainly revealed these words: “This is your people.” Then I had no doubts. John 7:17, “If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.” Romans 8:14, “For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.”

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In God's dealings with me I found myself at home in Jena, La., alone, and my medicine in Alexandria. I knew God had a hand in this, as I was usually careful to keep the medicine with me, for I took it three times a day. I was in much distress, and thought of how God had healed others. James 5:15, "And the prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise him up . . ." James 5:16, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." I knelt in prayer and earnestly called on God to touch and heal my body. It was then I felt God's touch, and my body was strengthened. I praised God! Then I felt that I was not completely well, so I knelt again and prayed. It was then I felt God's second touch, and the strength going into my body. It seemed as if a heavy load were lifted from me. I was well! This was wonderful to me. I felt better than I had for a long time. I have not taken medicine since. I have testified of this often, but I feel it is pleasing to God to write my testimony to help others. Since that time God has touched my body many times.

I had an infection on the back of my hands, which was painful and embarrassing, as I worked in the public. Before I trusted God for my healing, the doctor had prescribed a salve and advised keeping my hands out of water. The salve helped somewhat, but the red sores would always come back. I went to God in prayer concerning the healing of my hands. God touched them, and to this day there has been no sign of the infection.

For a period of about two weeks, my mother was in bed with the flu. I cared for her, and of course, was exposed to this disease. One evening after my mother was unable to be up, I felt I had taken the flu, as I had a temperature and was not able to stay up any longer. I went to bed, but could not rest, as I was in pain. I told no one but

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God. Oh, how I called on Him that night! God came to my rescue. The next morning I was well and able to be about my work. Many times God has taken away headaches and strengthened my body in answer to prayer. We serve a wonderful God!

Since the time I was sanctified, God has laid a burden upon my heart to visit and do personal work. I find joy in praying with the sick and seeing souls receive help.

I had been praying much and asking God to show me my place in the body of Christ. While others were sleeping in the midnight hours, I prevailed in prayer before God. One morning soon after this, as I was sweeping the floor, God spoke to me. He gave me only two words, but oh! the joy these two words gave me because that was the very desire of my heart. The words were, "Learn Spanish." The very desire of my heart was to be a missionary, but I had never thought of studying a foreign language. Before this, while in prayer, God had given me the word "missionary," but I thought at that time I was only called to do home mission work as I was doing. Psalms 37:4, 5, "Delight thyself in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." After God spoke to me, I ran to the telephone to call and ask if Spanish was being taught in school that year. I was not encouraged to attend the Spanish classes. With God's help, I got a "Living Spanish Course," and I am studying the language. Please help me pray that as our precious Lord works out my missionary call, I will be able to follow. Romans 8:28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Philippians 4:13, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

In my life I have had much trouble with my feet, as so much of my work required standing and walking. I was compelled to wear a

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certain kind of shoe, which was expensive. Since I will be a missionary, and want to learn to live as inexpensively as I can, I called on God to help me. To my great joy, God touched my feet and healed them! Now I can wear an inexpensive, low-heeled oxford. 1 Sam. 2:9, “He will keep the feet of his saints . . .” God has done many things for me that are not written in this testimony.

Dear ones, you have never found the meaning of life unless you have learned to follow the Spirit of God. Col. 3:2, “Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.” Rom. 8:14, “For as many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God.” Only God can open your eyes to the great darkness you are in, if you have not been born again. (1960)

Chapter II

Baja, Ca., Mexico, in Early 1960's

Baja, California, Mexico, includes vast dimensions and embraces brisk teeming cities and primitive forests. There is mile after mile of ocean-drenched shoreline, then acre after acre of desert. There are creeping, tortuous, sea-cliff roads, and well-constructed highways where traffic fairly shrieks and jams. Handsome estates are seen surrounded by flourishing gardens next to old Spanish missions. Also, this beautiful land has flowing wheat fields, cotton plantations, and many beautiful ranches with flourishing fields and healthy animals. There are religious fanatics and witch doctors found here and there.

The Mexican government is quite different from the government of our fifty states, and sometimes encounters serious problems. In these teeming cities of old Mexico unwanted children are found sleeping on the streets; old people go begging from street to street; dirty little children are seen looking through pretty iron lacework fences at the more fortunate children on their way to school. Rolling carts are seen everywhere, from which are sold drinks and tacos of burro and turtle meat filled with hot peppers. Young boys have been known to get entirely separated from their families when it was necessary for them to find odd jobs such as shoeshine boys or cart rollers. Some Mexican men are known to work from sunrise to sunset for only \$12.00 a week, yet many are often found sitting in a circle, usually in the shade of a tree or in an old shack, gambling with Barajas cards. Groups of wandering Mexican people are seen sleeping huddled together on the ground; mothers are often known to give their children away due to difficult circumstances. One can tell he is in Mexico when he sees the women

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bending over rubbing boards washing clothes. The Mexicans usually sleep in the same clothes that are worn all day. Mexican women who do not intend to marry again, go into mourning the rest of their lives after their husbands die by wearing black from head to foot.

Mexico has heavy dust storms and uncontrolled volcanos. Wild beasts roam on the cactus-covered mountains, and this includes wild horses and burros which are often caught and used by ranchers. In one incident one hundred wild burros were ordered by a meat packing company in the United States.

Nearly fifty years ago about one hundred Chinese worked in the gold mine at El Alamo, Baja Mission, California. Today Chinese traits such as slanting eyes and yellow skin are easily seen in some of the Mexican people. The gold vein was lost, however, and now the little gold that is found only calls for a few workers. Even some of these workers have left, due to low pay.

The school children can tell you the names of these three men who made history in Mexico:

1. Senor Don Miguel Hidalgo (the priest who rang the bell)
2. Senor Benito Juarez (the Indian)
3. Senor Francisco Mades (the Mexican)

These three famous men helped to save their land from invaders.

Just south of the border and over a high, heavy wire fence which separates Mexico from the United States, lies a beautiful park. Looking along this fence is a treat to your eyes as you view the lovely refreshing hedges and gorgeous colored flowers. Walking through Mexicali, Baja, California one sees Heroes de Chapultepec

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Park, which is in this popular tourist town just across the border from Calexico, California. Wandering along the yellow and rust tile curving paths of this garden of paradise and through the different specimen of shapely shade trees, one can forget the worry and tension of the day. Beautiful colored spray fountains can be seen, which add to the coolness of the refreshing park. Mexico has some beautiful spots.

Chapter III

Life in Santa Catarina

Dearest Home Folks,

The five of us left Pacoima, California about 5:00 a.m. yesterday (Thurs., Sept. 5) for Mexico. We passed through San Diego before sunrise. We drove for some time along the coastline. I could see the pretty ocean—the waves were so refreshing to my eyes and the seagulls flew majestically overhead. We left the U. S. and passed over into Mexico at Tijuana, and traveled 15 miles to Rosarita where we visited the James Huskey family who are missionaries working there. They have bought a tract of land and built a brick house near the ocean. They have one large room in part of their house where they hold services for a crowd of Mexicans.

We traveled 65 miles from Rosarita on very good highways to Ensenada. There we got our passports with no trouble, only producing our birth certificates and six dollars.

From Ensenada we traveled another 65 miles through mountainous country and along the coast some of the time until we reached Santa Catarina. Here the Pai Pai Indians live. They gave us land on which to build this missionary cottage. It is a nice, rather rough building with four large rooms and a long bamboo porch. We have hot and cold running water, a modern bathroom, and wood and gas stoves. There is a bamboo garage and fences made of long sticks to enclose the flower and vegetable gardens. Lovely morning glory vines are running just outside the windows. There are low mountains all about here and huge rocks everywhere we look. We walked over the huge rocks to a spring of running water. The water cress we use in our salad grows in the spring water. The water flows down the

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mountainside and a cement dam has been built to hold the water to be used to water gardens. Cacti are growing all about. Some of the cacti are used to eat. I will send you some seed. Some of the cacti produce beautiful flowers out here in the desert. Where we are located here in Santa Catarina is 3700 feet above sea level and 130 miles from the border. It is a desert land.

Indian families live just over the hills from us. They lend us horses to ride. The Indian chief does not live far from us, only one-half



Santa Catarina Mission Station

mile. He has a cattle ranch and the Indian boys ride by and come to visit us often.

We held services in a nearby village last night. One of the Mexicans preached. He came here from Rosarita. One of the Indian men who is at the door now, said that he rode his horse four miles up into the mountains yesterday hunting.

The coyotes are heard here at night. At one time they were rocked away from the door in the night. This is a land of desert and

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coyotes. When are you coming down to see us? Ha! It is very pleasant here—quiet, peaceful, restful, and beautiful country.

Love and prayers,

Carrie

April, 1965

Santa Catarina, Old Mexico

Location: 145 miles south of Tijuana

Dear Ones:

Greetings of much love in Jesus' lovely name.

One day when making visits in Indian homes with a Mexican family, we had a shakeup. We were nearing our missionary station when the brakes of the truck seemed to give away. The driver lost control of the car, and we plunged down the side of the mountain. We were blessed not to have hit one of the many huge rocks that covered the mountain. We were all shaken up but not hurt. Gladly we walked the rest of the way home, about one mile. The moon was shining brightly, and I had the privilege of helping lead the little Mexican children. We enjoyed the walk. The scenery was beautiful in the moonlight.

Until we moved to different missions, we four American missionaries were living in the Indian reservation in a mission with a Mexican family. It was a beautiful setting with huge rocks covering the surrounding blue mountains. In the spring and summer months the sandy desert bloomed like a garden.

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Desert Indian dwelling near Santa Catarina

There was danger there because of coyotes and mountain tigers. Dogs belonging to the Indians were kept inside closed fences and were sometimes quite wild and hungry.

One night when I was trying to feed our dogs, a pack of these wild Indian dogs came running toward me. One big dog jumped at my throat. At first I was petrified with fear, and I thought I was gone. Then I screamed and ran. The Mexican man and his family were inside the station. He grabbed a gun and ran out to shoot the dogs, but they had grabbed the pan of food from my hands and disappeared into the dark.

I was teased for feeding the Indian dogs and even sending a gift to the Indians as the wild hungry dog had snatched the pan and all, and had run off into the dark night. I did not think it was funny, as I had come so near death. Only the mighty hand of God protected me from sudden death. I am still afraid of wild Indian dogs behind those fences that are the usual protection of the Indian family.

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The family of the ex-chief lives just across a deep ravine from us. They have a separate cactus stock shack for different members of the family. The girls have a shack by themselves and the boys have a separate one. The ex-chief and his wife have one to themselves to sleep in. They usually cook outdoors together inside the fence that surrounds their several places of abode housing the family.

On one of my visits to this home, in which the mother was ill, there was a huge tin oil drum, hot with live coals from the bonfire outside, placed by her bed for heat. When her baby died, I had the honor of marching with the group down a long narrow pass between mountains to the Indian burial place. As they walked along they chanted in a sad and serious manner. No one spoke a word. White paper flowers covered the little brown body that was in a small wooden box, and toys were placed on the little grave.

Please continue to pray with us for souls here. May our God of love ever bless you.

Your Sister in Christ,

Carrie Lee Sheppard

The Little Green School House (April 1965)

On this narrow peninsula where an earthquake is felt or heard every day, the strong winds blow swiftly from the oceans on both sides. In this land of huge rocks and cactus-covered mountains we see a "little green school house." On this spot blessings have been received which have helped translate this rough land of once wild Indians living in caves, into a land of God-fearing people. Some now know the wonderful blessing of being washed in the cleansing blood of Jesus! Praise our God forever!

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As we look more closely, the missionary house can be seen in the distance. This simple, rough, wood structure looks so different from the Indian dwellings of dirt floors, cactus-stock sides and willow limbs for roofs.

As I sit here in the missionary home, it is easy to notice the wonder still on the faces of the different ones who come to our door asking for beans, flour, sugar, etc. Probably this is the first wood house of this sort they have ever seen. An active young Indian boy walks briskly up to the door; he asks for flour for tortillas after standing there for a while. When he receives the flour in his sack, he just stands there and looks in wonder and amazement all around the room. He is a little embarrassed when I look up into his big dark eyes and smile. The Indians never say much—only a few words, cutting their sentences short.

Then comes the ex-chiefs son—a handsome young lad standing with his hands in his pockets. One cannot but feel admiration for this noble boy who was so kind to his ill mother and grieved so over the death of his week-old brother.

Two little dark-faced dirty Indian boys come on horseback with their long sacks for flour and beans. With their mouths open they look in wonder about the room. An Indian woman comes with her sack. The Indians like to sit for a long time before they state what they came for, speaking little or not at all—just looking.

Two days ago we made a dress for one of the little Indian girls. She came to our missionary house wanting something to eat. She asked, "Have you eaten today? I haven't. We do not have anything in our house to eat." She was barefoot and wearing only a cotton dress. She was so happy to get something to eat and a new dress and a little jacket. She shivered and put them on. The wind outside was cold. Having been shown kindness, the little girl did not seem to

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want to leave. Later she disappeared into the darkness saying, "Gracias," meaning "thanks." Today she made two visits to see us again.

Pedro, an elder Indian man we see walking stooped, comes up to our door. He is happy to be offered a chair. There he sits for hours and just looks around, and now and then says a word. The missionaries have a special love for this elderly man. He seems to take a fatherly attitude toward them. He was so helpful in getting cactus stocks from the desert to build the fences around the vegetable and flower gardens. As we were making cinnamon rolls, I said, "Pan," which means "bread." He made the sign with his hands and said, "Tortillas I make," and laughed. This elder man helped us also in getting wood. This was a big sacrifice for an Indian man to lower himself to help women get wood and be called "Squaw man" because getting wood is a woman's job.

Two dark-skinned young Indian women come for a visit, one after the other. Then a young girl comes to study English. Later the ex-chief's daughter comes for a long visit. These all came one day on Thursday.

On Saturday the car goes to El Alamo for mail and supplies. Sometimes two trips are necessary for the number going. The Indians feel free in asking the missionaries to take them here and there. They never take a lunch or extra wrap. Sometimes they are seen on the road by a campfire waiting for a ride. If an Indian has a liking for a person, there is nothing that seems to be too much for him to do for his friend. A young Indian boy drove for miles over rough roads and sat up all night keeping up a campfire to help a grieving family.

The Indian people live very simply, eating principally beans and tortillas at each meal. Some of the more fortunate ones have

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cows, sheep, or goats. They make cheese to sell or they sell an animal, in order to have a little spending money. The Indian men make coffins of wood for burial. They make white paper flowers to cover the dead body and they cover the graves with rocks. They show great respect for their dead, and keep the place of burial neat



Indian family in desert

and clean. Toys are seen on the graves of children and beads on the graves of older people.

Very little farming is done on the Indian reservation due to the lack of water in this desert land. The women have a hard life, while the men seem to be lazy.

One morning we saw about four young men just sitting and playing on their banjos while others stood around and looked on. Some of the Indian boys capture wild horses from the herds in the mountains. These horses are hard to tame. In capturing the wild ones several fresh horses are used, as they tire quickly in the chase. The wild ones are tied fast and left alone for a while.

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The Indian people seem to keep warm inside their shabby dwellings by fires in each room on the dirt floors. Sometimes live coals of fire are placed inside a large can and put near the bed of anyone who is resting or ill.

The Indians have odd names which they get from their calendar. The Spanish calendar has a person's name for each day of the year written by each date. The day of the month a child is born determines what the parents will name their child. There is a large, dark, mean-looking Indian boy named "Angel." It is pronounced "on hill" in Spanish. A tall, rough-looking Mexican man is named "Louise." Several are named "Jesus," which is pronounced "Hay sue."

In the springtime this desert land blooms like a rose. The green willow plants, palm bushes, and shrubs take on new leaves. But the cactus blooms are a dainty beauty. These different kinds of cacti give food to the people. The little grey-green cactus plant that grows on the mountainside is cooked like a vegetable. The tall cactus stock of the desert is roasted over a bonfire. It seems something like a banana. Some of the cacti are sliced and fried; some are used in salads. The Tuna cactus is red and very tasty and pretty in pineapple salad. The animals, too, eat some of the cacti.

When one of our workers finished building an adobe house of mud bricks for one of the poor Indian families, he told them they would have to stop moving every time a tragedy occurred. The Indians think they get relief from the evil spirits which they believe hang around after a death by burning their house and moving. The grieved family goes to the desert and burns a certain kind of weed to blacken their faces. They cut their hair to keep the evil spirits from getting them by the hair of the head. The witch doctor charges them for the messages she claims she gets from the departed ones. The witch doctor claims to form the body of the baby before it is born.

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She treats by putting raw eggs in the hair, hanging dead birds over the head, and by giving herbs to drink.

Getting back to the “Little Green School House,” our school teaching has done much in teaching these children against these harmful superstitions. The Holy Bible is taught every morning before their regular lessons begin. On the school ground during the playtime one can hear, “I want to be like Abel. Oh, do not be like Cain!” Then, “How could Abraham count the stars?” etc. Most of the little Indian children learn fast, not having other attractions to take their interest from their studies. After school hours the pupils come to the missionary homes and wait around for anything we have for them.

The missionaries have made dresses for almost all the girls in the school. They have also made clothes for the little Mexican children in the missionary home. The little Indian children behave well in services accompanied by their parents or older brother or sister.

Looking inside the “Little Green School House” on Sunday morning we see a row of dark-skinned Indian men squatting on the floor and leaning against the wall to give the benches to the women and children. The heavy set Indian men look different, not being shaved and with their black hair not cut closely. They only wear short jackets for coats in very cold weather. The dark-faced Indian women hold their babies in their laps all wrapped up to keep them warm. The women, too, only wear short jackets for coats in the winter. The Indian people are accustomed to the cold and to exposure and some of the children go without shoes. The children are usually very thinly clad. They wear the clothes given them by the missionaries, and it always looks funny to see pajama legs showing from under the little girls’ dresses at meetings. The pretty

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young girls wear their long black hair loose. They have few clothes and are glad to receive something new to wear from the missionary boxes sent down. They usually sit on the front benches in services and seem to pay close attention to the speaker.

Looking back in the “Little Green School House” we see some changes made by the cleansing blood of Jesus.

The Indian people like to sing and select one song after another, singing for a long time. We hear testimonies and Scriptures read one after another. These people do not have places of amusement to attend, and seem to like meeting together in worship. They do not seem to mind the cold weather, hard benches, or long services. The Mexicans and Indians meet together in worship even though it is said they each think they are better than the other. One Mexican man used to walk for miles and carry heavy tools, etc., to fight with. Now, since he has been saved, he goes to tell the wonderful love of Jesus, traveling from one little village to another. Through prayer a little lady who loves God was helped and her faith increased. She has seven sons and some of them now attend our services. A little slim Mexican mother trusted God and jumped into a deep well to save her baby boy who had fallen into the well. She prayed and waited for hours to be pulled out, since her other little boy could only pull out the baby who was placed in the bucket let down into the well. Some of the older Indian women are now turning from superstition to serve God after being saved. Several Indian and Mexican men are looking to God to lead them after being saved from a life of sin. One Indian boy stayed off days alone in the mountains under conviction. Another one on his sickbed begged God to let him live, and he would serve Him. A pretty young Mexican girl got saved and stayed in the home of the missionaries a week to learn to live for God. Another young Mexican girl in tears testified at an altar of prayer that she

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wanted to live for God. Several homes with a little help are now turned from begging into good citizens. God is working in this land. He is surely dealing with the people.

It would take too long to tell of the Mexican man the missionaries picked up nearly frozen and who asked to be visited again; the men in jail who found God sweet to their souls; the very sick lady who was healed instantly; the elderly sick man who was so happy to get the new quilt and is now well; the witch doctor's daughter who asked for prayer; the girl who was healed by prayer from unconsciousness and bad injuries when thrown from a galloping horse; the Mexican men who got saved and now have good jobs in the States; the young Indian boy who is sweetly saved and looking to God to lead him into a life's service for Him; the young Mexican man who is saved and seeking sanctification; how God led an Indian's daughter to find her missing father through prayer; how God led to find two small boys who were lost and who were brought back to their parents through prayer; the wonderful healing of the very ill lady who was delirious with high fever; how God healed a lady from pain and illness. The wonderful hand of God has moved over a period of time.

Last week three Mexican men in Valle Trinidad services came to seek God. They wanted to be saved from sin and have Jesus' love in their hearts.

God is surely working through prayer and work in this desert land. Remember us in your prayers always.

Love and prayers to all of you,

Carrie Sheppard

The Indian Boolie Dance

One dark night in Santa Catarina, Old Mexico, I was awakened about midnight by the dull continual beating of tom-toms or dry gourds filled with pebbles. The noise was coming just over the hill from our cottage. As everyone seemed to be sleeping in our cottage, I ventured out by myself to find the cause of the excitement.

I felt the cold wind of the dark winter night as I climbed the hill. The high white rocks were the only things visible as I passed. I could hear the shrieking laughter of the excited young Indian women as the men and women chanted the old Boolie dance song.

On the top of the hill I hid behind one of the high rocks and peered down on the sloping hill to the lighted grounds around the thatched shack houses built of willow and long cactus stocks. The Indian men and women were tramping one way then the other way, picking their feet up high and looking down as they danced together by the dull sound of the beating that was heard above the loud chanting of the natives. A weird feeling crept over me as I watched these natives perform the old, old dance of their forefathers.

As I began to descend the hill, I met the other missionaries who were also awakened by the noise and were coming to see the Indian dance. After we had watched for a while, thinking we were hidden behind the rocks, we heard one of the Indian girls say, "They are gone now!" Then another one said, "No, they are still there." We knew that we, too, were being watched! I have learned that it is almost impossible to hide from an Indian!

When one of these Boolie dances is performed, due to the superstitions of the Indians, they start dancing at sunset and do not end until sunrise. We heard that the young Indians would rather perform other kinds of dances. They have intermissions and some

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drink Keelo. This is some kind of drink they like. If they drink enough of this, they become drunk.

The Mexicans and especially the Indians are very superstitious. They usually go to the witch doctor when in trouble, sick, or have death in the family. The witch doctor claims she can talk to the spirit of the dead, etc., and get messages from them for the loved ones left behind. A short time ago the witch doctor claimed the spirit of a dead person met her in the road and talked to her in Pai Pai—the Indian language, so she would have to wait longer until this could be interpreted into Spanish. The witch doctor leads the sick person to think he can be cured by strange ways. Some of our seemingly intelligent ones go to these witch doctors for treatment.

When a member of an Indian family dies, the Indians think the evil spirits are angry and are hanging about the place. Due to this belief they either burn the house wherein the one died or tear it down and move to a different location. This is one reason why their houses are not built very substantially for they think they may have to move. We can see pretty locations where pieces of houses are scattered and the Indians moved to a different place.

We are praying God to help us teach these dear people about Jesus and His precious blood to save from sin.

—Carrie Sheppard
Old Mexico

The Real Santa Catarina

Riding over the dry desert lands surrounded by rock and cactus covered mountains, we passed droves of quail. At times we see horses, sheep and goats which are driven about to find the small amount of feed available. They eat the red plant growth that covers the sandy ground in places. As we passed an Indian village, we saw

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a blind native woman sitting in the sunlight by the side of her thatched cottage. It is said that she is over a hundred years old. She and other older Indian natives tell this story of the real Santa Catarina. This mother states that her mother was a small girl when this tragedy happened. As one views this beautiful land and feels the peace and quietness of the atmosphere, also observes the friendliness of the natives, this tragedy would never be thought to be true. But the quiet winds that blow over the desert and mountains tell another story.

This event took place nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. At that time a particular tribe was dwelling in caves in the mountains and was considered to be wild. However, at the present time this tribe is considered to be extinct. Only the Pai Pai and a small number of two other tribes are left in and about this Indian reservation area marked off by large square blocks. These tribes in Santa Catarina are scattered about over the rocky desert lands having the beautiful mountains in the background. They do not seem to have much future. Even attending school to the third grade is counted a great blessing and privilege. That, however, is just when the Mexican government happens to find a teacher who will stay in Santa Catarina. The Pai Pai Indians seem to be content to dwell in these cactus stock thatch huts, some having mud brick sides. They use huge rocks on which to grind their corn for making patties, and they beat their meat with rocks to make it tender. They make rich cheese from cow and goat milk. Once in a while an Indian gets to go to the United States, which they call "the other side," and it seems to them to be almost out of this world. They can be heard playing their banjos and singing almost any time of the day. It is not any news to hear of an Indian boy staying for days alone with his horse and goats on the mountainside.

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Into this beautiful setting of the quiet cliff-dwelling, peace-loving Indians came the Roman Catholic workers. This procession set up dwellings in which to live while having their cathedral and monastery built. In their need for men laborers to build these, they captured the Indians by promising them gold. In order to keep them working, they would lock the Indians up at night.

As the story goes, a beautiful Catholic monastery and cathedral were completed on a leveled-off peak. A high brick wall surrounded the buildings, except the kitchen which was separate. Against this surrounding wall were small cells with barred windows where the Indian slave men and women bunked at night. The cells were locked at night to keep the Indians from escaping. When the slave laborers would rebel, they were beaten and treated cruelly. Many died under this cruel treatment, knowing, too, that they could never return to their homes. A large gaping hole in the nearby graveyard is left to tell the tale of the fate of those who died. They were buried in a common grave and some kind of substance poured over their dead bodies before they were covered with dirt.

The sad story of these unhappy laborers grew more grievous as it reached the ears of the remaining tribe which had escaped the capturing. One fatal night the Indians went on a war dance. They gathered guns, knives, hatchets, etc., and climbed the monastery walls. They murdered every Catholic inside these walls—nuns, priest, and all—and then burned the buildings. The locked bunks were broken open, and the remaining prisoners released.

This little village is still called Santa Catarina, which was the name of this Catholic mission. Today when the sightseers visit there, they can see the deep holes dug by the Indians who are still hunting for the gold that was promised to the slave laborers. The largest hole is seen at the highest point where the priest's quarters were located.

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The gold hunters think the priest could have had the gold in his possession. As far as we know, no gold has ever been found in these ruins. The brick oven is still left a space from the ruins of the main building. Many broken pottery pieces are scattered on the sloping peak, although many of these pieces have been picked up for souvenirs. A few feet away we visited the Indian graveyard. This fenced-in space is kept clean and neat. Waist-high piles of different colored rocks cover the graves. These rocks were gathered by the slave laborers and piled up on the mountainside, and to this late date, they are still used by the Indians to cover the graves. The story is that when the Indian prisoners had nothing else to do, they were kept busy gathering and piling up these rocks.

It is noted that some of the Indians still hold to the Catholic belief, having the sign of the cross on their graves, and some hang their crux over the cross on the grave. They make the sign of the cross with a handful of dirt at a funeral.

—Carrie Sheppard
San Ysidro, Calif.

Chapter IV

Patzcuaro

A Night in an Indian Village

Edith Cole felt faint as the jeep which brought her to the Indian village drove out of sight. She said to herself, "I have waited five years for an invitation to visit this tribe at night; now I feel afraid, alone with the Indians, and night coming."

The Indian mother was one who had been saved at our meetings at Santa Catarina. Her home was built of willow branches, grass, and poles. She invited Edith into her kitchen, which was a separate shack of the same material, for supper. The dirt floor was swept clean, and things seemed in fair order with a clean smell. Edith helped make tortillas of flour, water and salt. Then they were rolled out into round flat pieces and flapped back and forth on their hands, then cooked on top of the stove of hot mud bricks. The Indian boys brought in wood from the desert. When the tortillas were all done, they sat down on boxes, stools, or the dirt floor to eat. Fresh, unstrained milk was heated and served. Edith said the warm milk was hard to swallow, as there were lumps in the cup. There was another dish which looked like little cotton balls and was hard. She said she was in doubt what it was. After supper the boys played string music. Some went to put up the horses.

Later the mother asked Edith if she was ready to go to bed. Edith followed her to a separate makeshift structure of willow, poles, and grass, with long looping holes. This was the women's sleeping quarters. Edith called it the girls' dormitory. The mother and small girl slipped off their shoes and climbed into the bed without changing their clothes. Then Edith said she did the same. They

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talked awhile; then they heard the Indian boys going to bed in a shack a space from theirs. The bed had no sheets, but they slept under quilts. Edith said the beds were hard and the quilts were heavy, and the moon was shining in her face, but finally she went to sleep. The Indians make their beds of grass and sticks on the ground. But some have mattresses the missionaries gave them.

Edith, one of our faithful workers, is teaching the little Indian children Spanish. She has won the love of the people with her loving ways and good works. She would rather make a dress for one of the little Indian children than for herself.

Please remember to help us pray for souls in this land.

—Carrie Sheppard

El Alamo, Baja, Calif., Old Mexico

Life in Patzcuaro

Patzcuaro is a little farming area in Mexico. After driving about thirty-two miles from Mexicali a right turn is made off the main highway onto a dirt road which leads to this little community where the little mission is located. This highway takes you by a huge black mountain which was once an active volcano. The noise is terrific, and rolling steam can be seen shooting and boiling from a huge pipe from the ground. The workers here use ear mufflers to protect them from the noise. Men from a construction company in Oklahoma are working on this project. They hope to put this terrific amount of energy to good use.

West of Patzcuaro are paths through the low rolling mountains. Along these paths are large pools of boiling and steaming mud of different colors. Some of the pools are cool and sparkling blue. Mothers are said to bathe their babies in the yellow pools for good

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health. In the large blue lakes in the distance, wild ducks are seen lighting and swimming on the sparkling blue water unmolested. The natives here earn too little to buy shell to hunt ducks.

Patzcuaro, this little farming settlement of Baja, Old Mexico, is located thirty-two miles from Mexicali, and one hundred sixteen miles through the beautiful Rumerosa rock mountains is Tecate. Then it is one hundred sixty-two miles to Rosarita Beach. The Rumerosa Mountains have a striking beauty with their black and red rock formations against the glistening white sand in the desert far below.

Patzcuaro has open flowing canals which run into the cotton fields, and the water is siphoned into the long rows by rubber hoses. This water is also used to water the vegetable and flower gardens. Sometimes it runs right in front of the houses where colorful flowers grow. In these little adobe houses children are often seen playing with chickens, pigs, goats, rabbits, dogs, cats, and burros.

A ride or a walk of three miles from Patzcuaro takes you to the quaint little picturesque town of Delta. One has a sense of walking through a quaint old picture storybook as he sees open tropical fruit stands, curio shops, blacksmith shops, open (ferreteria) hardware stores with pots and pans, "Tlapaleria" and sombreros hanging everywhere, and children swimming in the large flowing canal. Rolling carts of candied fruit, glasses of drinks, and rolled tacos, boiling pots of meat, peculiar looking fried and baked bread ready to eat are seen on the crooked streets. Men call bread Pan de dulce (Bread of sugar), Pan de sal (Bread of salt), and Rosquitas para los ninos (Cakes for the children).

Selling their ware also are the weavers and the basket vendors. There are outdoor markets. The Mexican mariachis play music. Now we will take a siesta—Adios! —Carrie Lee Sheppard

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Jan. 10, 1965

Patzcuaro, Old Mexico

Baja Mission

Dear Ones,

Greetings of love in Jesus' lovely name!

Sister Edith Cole and I are now in our new home here in Old Mexico. It is about 32 miles from Mexicali, a little village called Patzcuaro.

It is early morning and the men are working on the chapel and living quarters. It is very nice. We have a gas cooking stove top, also a wood heater and sink in the kitchen. They will bring a refrigerator later. They are making it quite nice for us. The Mexican lady, Celia, and her husband, Angel, next door, are cooking breakfast for us. We brought things to eat. Celia is making tortillas. Brother Harland Smith brought some turkey that was left over at Camp Meeting.

It is a beautiful day here and warm in the sun. I am sitting by an adobe house. These Mexicans here have all kinds of animals about their houses. Horses, goats, chickens, pigs, pigeons, doves, burros, dogs, and cats abound. They also catch small wild animals for pets. They have vicious wild animals in the woods, too, and we can see many wild ducks flying from a large lake located on a long sloping hill near here. Most any time of the day wild ducks can be seen flying to and from this lake unmolested, because the natives here have no money to buy guns and shells. Every now and then tourists find this spot and pay to camp there and shoot ducks. The little children in these homes are not afraid of the animals about the house. I guess they are accustomed to them.

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I see the children coming to our services now. I want to try to describe this scene in a Mexican backyard I am watching.

The mother has a large pot of water and keeps putting more wood on the fire under the pot. The little dirty children are playing in the yard. One by one the mother takes a child and splashes it in a tub of water, washing head and body while they cry. Public bathing? They come out one at a time ready for church. The father carries the water from a distant canal on a long pole across his shoulder, with a large bucket on each end. They are beautiful little dark children and seem so happy with so little. The birds and animals in the yard seem to go unnoticed. Occasionally one ventures inside the house. In one place of worship there was a rope across the door to keep the goats out.



Congregation at Patzquaro. Sis. Carrie Sheppard on far left, Bro. and Sis. Whittenborne on right.

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Some of these people are very superstitious. This morning Brother Harland Smith and Sister Virginia Whittenborne were praying and counselling with a young Mexican boy about 16 years old. He told of a Spirit talking to him and getting him to do a number of unorthodox things.

One of the things he did was to go to a graveyard at midnight and dig a large hole and stay there many hours looking for gold. He said that he was afraid not to obey this voice. The Bible was read and counsel given, until he wanted prayer to be delivered from this awful thing of torment and fear. We were glad to see this lad receive wonderful peace from our Saviour, Jesus Christ, the beloved Son of God who said, Matt. 11:28-30 "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Not long before we came there was a heavy rain that washed holes in these adobe huts. Some of these dwellings are made of only mud dabbed over a cane and limb structure, which leak and wash away in time. The roofs of these thatched shacks have to be changed often and new willow limbs and brush used to replace the worn ones. On some of our missionary stations we have patios made in this order.

We have fences around our yard made of limbs and brush tied together with twine strings. This makes it very comfortable and private and keeps our chickens, dogs, and cats inside the yard. The Mexicans taught us how to make this fence. They have this kind of fence and tie different colored strings around their chickens' feet, so they will know theirs from the neighbors' chickens. We also have pretty white pigeons and pretty Siamese cats.

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In our yard we also have a pretty bougainvillea, a fan palm tree, and fig trees.

Love and many prayers,

Carrie Lee Sheppard

Mexico Mission Report

Calexico, Calif.—Our dear Sis. Marie and co-workers in the print shop, and all the saints: Greetings of much love to you in Jesus' lovely name. Praise His holy name! He has been so good to us.

We want to thank all of you again for the much love shown to us through your prayers and offerings given to us for the work here at Baja Mission, Lower Calif., Old Mexico. Edith Cole and I are enjoying working among the needy Mexicans here in Patzcuaro. This little "Ejido" near Mexicali, Old Mexico, is surely alive with many, many teeming souls bound for eternity. Friday we visited in about five homes, inviting them to services and giving out tracts and praying for the sick. Saturday, after children's classes, we visited again, traveling about 35 miles across the hot desert land, accompanied by some of the native workers. We rejoiced over the good crowd in services on Sunday. In the gathering were some new faces. I do hope they come again. On Sunday is the day we spend more time in prayer for souls to be saved. After services Sunday we did some more visiting, giving out tracts, and talking to others about their souls' needs.

We want to tell you about one home we had the privilege of visiting. The "casa" house was made of cactus stocks and mud. The roof was covered with limbs and grass. We sat on a bed made of sticks with only a few covers over the hard sticks. Most of the family sleeps on the dirt floor. The small amount of water they use is carried in buckets from a canal. Many of them pick cotton all day in the hot

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desert sun for the bare necessities of life. In this home was only one light made by a rag placed in a bottle containing coal oil. This gave a flickering, smoking, dim light. They wash their clothes in a small amount of water kneeling by a small tub on the ground. These people seem very happy, although they have a hard life. They ran out to meet us, inviting us to stay for supper.

One of these Mexican women whom we contacted had been visited by us before, and God had gloriously healed her of a disease which caused her leaders to draw her whole body out of shape. We gave her some clothes and encouraged her to come to meeting. Last Sunday she was in services, and we are praying for her and for others to be saved.

We had prayer with these natives. For supper they served us hot tortillas and beans mixed with very hot chili, which burned our mouths. The fresh dates from nearby trees were delicious, but the fried pig skins and dried fish were hard to eat. The goat cheese was good, and they make it themselves.

We are much encouraged in the work for God here. We surely want to do the will of our heavenly Father and we feel deeply the need of your prayers.

Love and prayers to all the saints,

Carrie Sheppard

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

Ejido Patzcuaro, Mexico

Dear Ones,

The run of a day below the border:

Seems the days are so short here. The sun goes behind the low blue mountains so quickly.

Edith is studying this morning. I fixed breakfast of eggs, toast, hot cocoa, jelly and fruit. Now and then hot tortillas are brought to our door. Sometimes they have a brown sugar mixture poured over them.

A young Mexican man came to get a copy of his English lesson and words. A Mexican lady came and brought us a pretty dish towel she had embroidered with bright colors. Another lady came to get her sewing hours straight and gave us some spice and garlic which was good in the stew I cooked.

There are many little children in Mexico who need a home. A grandmother came and showed us two darling little children who were given to her. We wanted them so much, but the grandmother said that she would keep them. We had them in our services as they lived near. We loved them and did things for them. Celia, who lived next door, was given a little girl.

A Mexican lady who was passing through on a train had many children and tried to give some of them away here while she was waiting for the next train. We were in Mexicali that day. Very young girls, who have no husband often, give their babies away.

I knew a young mother whose husband left her with four young children. She gave the three oldest ones away and went into Tijuana carrying her baby. We would have helped her but knew nothing of

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this until she was gone. Sometimes when her children come by the Mission Station they say, "Mother has not come back yet."

I believe "Chata" loved her children, but she had no way to make a living for them in Mexico. We visited families where they all worked in the field nearby and would leave the little baby in a swinging basket on the back patio. Later we heard of a wild beast destroying one of these babies.

Sister Edith and I like working with the Mexican people much more than with the poor uneducated Indians. Sister Edith said, "Oh, what a little education can do for people!" These Mexicans have little education at that. Here in Patzcuaro a Mexican man and his wife teach up to the fourth grade until noon and then school is out for the day. They teach on Monday and Tuesday and sometimes on Wednesday, and then usually take off the rest of the week. The Mexican government does not pay their teachers regularly, sometimes not paying them at all. No wonder the teachers often leave the schools!

It is almost impossible to get Mexican teachers to stay in the Indian Territory to teach, as the Mexicans think that they are better than the Indians. The Indians think themselves better than the Mexicans.

This is Wednesday. The missionary truck driven by Angel (on-hill) came from Delta bringing the people for Wednesday morning services at 10:30 a.m. We had good services with good singing and testimonies of how God had saved them from their sins (John 1:29) and of some healing. After services a group of women and children stayed to visit awhile. For dinner we ate the stew I had fixed that morning. After dinner, Edith and I went to Celia's bamboo topped "casa" house and had fun washing our clothes on a rubbing board. Celia and Angel are wonderful to us. They help cook for company

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

and carry water from a canal for us, filling our tub and buckets. We use canal water for everything except for drinking. We bring drinking water from the States. After supper we planted three fig trees that were given to us by a Mexican lady. We have one date tree that is very pretty. The ground here is salty and also has sulphur in it and will only grow a few things. One can see the salt shining on top of the ground. Near here the people get big cakes of white salt to use right out of the ground. Some spots have grown cotton and they have large cotton crops, and even wheat in some places.

The Spanish class came and Edith is teaching some of the men to read and write. She said that she would much rather teach Spanish than English.

All is quiet now and Edith has gone to bed, and I will go soon as it is cold. The volcano is surely roaring tonight. The large one is about a mile from here, but there are two smaller ones about one-fourth mile from here. We can see the hot steam pouring out hot lava and gas up into the air. An American company is working with the Mexicans on these volcanos, trying to get the volcanos under control to use the energy for a good advantage.

One evening we drove near the volcano and the noise almost broke our eardrums. The men from Oklahoma who work there use ear covers. The hot steam comes at a most terrific speed. It was really scary to see. It is the first huge volcano I have ever seen. At first the ground all around was covered with pools of boiling, steaming lava, gas, water or whatever, bubbling into the air. But now they have most of this steaming from one place. It really steams out hot and fast. They finally got this into large round pipes which produce electricity.

Two Sundays ago we were asked to pray for a little sick boy. He was crying and had fever. The Lord performed a miracle and

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healed him! After prayer he began to smile, run, and play. It was during the services and they all noticed the change. One night we were called to pray for two little sick boys. We went to their homes and prayed for them by their beds. The next morning early they came to our door and told us that they were healed. We were glad that it was the Lord's will to heal them.

Over a period of time we are so happy for the goodly number who have given their hearts to Jesus to live for Him.

We rejoice, too, for:

The young man whom the Lord healed from almost total blindness and called to preach through earnest prayer.

The blind man's wife who was healed and saved, then able to travel with her husband and preach.

The mother who gave her heart to Jesus after her little girl died, because she learned to love Jesus and wanted to follow her little daughter to heaven.

The man who was comforted by Jesus from great grief for his little son who drowned during a flood.

The young man who found great joy in Jesus after being delivered from an evil spirit that was torturing him day and night.

Your sister in Christ,

Carrie Lee Sheppard

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A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

October 4, 1965

El Ejido, Baja Calif., Mexico

Dear Co-workers in the Lord's Vineyard,

We greet you today in the precious name of Jesus. He has been so good to us. We are grateful to report to you victory over the enemy, not by our own power but by God's faithfulness to us. We praise His name today.

After some time of being away from the work here in Patzcuaro we have returned to the place of labor that God has given us. It seems that through our absence here the people seem happy to have us among them again. This, of course, helps us out, to know that we are accepted and wanted. We also feel that we have been greatly benefited by being able to be in our homes, among the saints and friends, and in meetings in different places. I am glad that the Lord told His disciples to "come aside and rest a little while." For my part, I feel that I have come back with a wider vision and a deeper burden than ever before for lost souls, even though we see so many of them indulging in sinful things, using the little money they earn on things that keep corrupting their souls. Seeing this, our hearts are heavy and long to see them know the One who can set them free from all sin.

Services last Sunday were well attended, but the baraja circle (gambling cards) was, too. The Lord met with us in the services and we felt His sweet presence. Wednesday evening service had very few out, for at this time of the year most everyone, old and young, are in the cotton fields. They go at sunrise and come back with the sun setting behind the mountains far to the west. Therefore, they are too tired, hot, and dirty to come to services in the evening.

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

Since we have been back we have devoted most of our time to prayer and study of the Word, and have visited in places where some were at home and not picking cotton. Tuesday we visited in a home which was quite different. As we drove up to the stick and adobe dwelling, there didn't seem to be anyone home, but soon we were greeted by a seemingly young woman and were told to get out for a while. In our conversation we asked her if she attended services anywhere. To this she replied, "Services—I have no time for anything except to cook, wash, and mend rags." Later we understood more why she answered us this way. She is the mother of fifteen living children. Thirteen are at home and the youngest is a girl of three months. She said their picking cotton barely earned enough money to buy food and hardly any for clothes. Therefore, the children do not attend school. Their home was so small and poor and surely must be sad at times from hunger and cold. The mother seemed to accept us and invited us back. We gave her some tracts and some of the Luz de Esperanza papers. We asked her if she had a Bible and she said they did, but she had no time to read it. We told her that maybe sometime soon we would return to read to her and teach the children some songs. Another open door for the gospel!

Sunday afternoon we were privileged to read some of the Luz de Esperanza papers to two people who did not know how to read. As the doors open to us to bring the gospel, we earnestly need your prayers that we will have love, knowledge, understanding and wisdom to deal with eternity-bound souls.

Your sisters in the harvest for souls,

Edith Cole and Carrie Sheppard

Chapter V

Rosarito

December 9, 1966

Greetings to one and all:

We greet you in the Name of Jesus. Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4:13. "I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist. Luke 21:15. "He is a rewarder of them that DILIGENTLY seek Him." Heb. 11:6. It is with joy I write this letter to you, trying to tell you of some of the wonderful things the Lord has done for us.

Sister Edith Cole still has the burden for the work in Patzcuaro. She is very brave and courageous in her work there for the Lord. I enjoyed the time the Lord permitted me to work with her. I am now working here in Rosarito with Sister Opal Kelly, where the Lord has given me a burden for souls. I rejoice in visiting the people and inviting them to service. With the help of your prayers, the Lord has surely worked, by moving thirty-five hogs from a pen so close to the church building that the odor has kept some from attending. Also, we are thankful for the healing of a baby that was badly burned by fire that destroyed a home. By prayer, a family has not been overthrown and kept from attending service. Many other things also have been worked out by prayer. We still stand in need of your earnest prayers. "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say rejoice." Phil. 4:4.

Your sister in Christ,
Carrie Sheppard

Mexico Mission Reports

Dear readers of the Faith and Victory: Greetings once again in the wonderful name of Jesus who has saved and washed us in His own blood.

It is with joy that we send this report from the mission field in Mexico. God is blessing everywhere the Word is preached. Conviction is heavy upon many souls. Some react by signs of hatred and malice. Others respond with tenderness and request prayer to be saved. Love and more prayer are applied to all alike.

Two weeks ago this writer was privileged to be in Sunday service in Rosarito where Sister Carrie Sheppard is laboring. More than 50 were in attendance. The sweet Spirit of God was prevalent. A fine group of children sang in almost perfect unison and harmony as Sister Carrie directed them. God is giving her rich messages each week. Different ones help her in translating them into Spanish so she can read parts of the message as needed. However, God is giving her more and more knowledge of the language each week. We are so grateful for Sister Carrie and Sister Esquer, the native sister who lives in one part of the building with her family. The oldest Esquer girl, Ramona, is soundly saved and a real help in many ways. Also, the youngest girl, Chachita, is really helpful and attentive to Sister Carrie. Recently, the Lord sent a Mexican brother, Manuel, who is being used to preach. He has a humble spirit, and so far has preached clear, straight doctrine. Pray that the work in Rosarito will prosper to God's glory.

Sister Edith Cole is as happy as ever in Ejido Patzquaro, near Mexicali, as the Lord continues to work with the people.

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

Bro. Tomas and family are well and encouraged in Valle De La Trinidad. He has been making weekly visits to an Indian tribe high in the mountains.

David Rosas, the native preacher whom the Lord raised up recently, is conducting services in El Alamo and other villages close around.

The Huskeys are building a new house in La Mission where they have lived the past year. James has been asked to conduct services in the orphanage on Sunday nights. Afternoon services are held in the Huskey home. Charlotte and children are doing fine.

At last the building site in Ojos Negros is staked out so we can proceed with the chapel construction. One really learns much patience in Mexico. Some things take so much time to get done. God is blessing the Word in La Huerta, also. Several are desiring to be saved. Pray for them.

We see great things ahead in Mexico. Pray on and believe God. We are so grateful to all for their prayers and finances. May God richly bless each one.

Your servant in God's vineyard,

Bro. Harland Smith

(Nov. 3)—Greetings of love to you in the mighty name of Jesus, whom we love to serve. We are much encouraged in the way that the Lord is blessing here in Rosarito Beach. Some are deepening down in the Lord, and prayer meetings are held here nearly every night.

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Our Sister Cristina Esquer is a faithful worker with the children. There were around forty children in her class last Sunday. It would do your heart good to hear them sing!

We were all happy that our Brother Manuel was back in services after the Lord healed him of his illness. He is a promising brother and takes interest in teaching the Bible truths.

Bro. and Sis. Esteven were made happy with a new son, whom they named Seth. The other boy is named Noah. Elodia, the little daughter, also has a Bible name. This family of five were all sleeping in the same bed until Bro. and Sis. Woodhull brought them a baby bed.

Before Bro. Ruben and Sis. LeElnore left, they testified with many tears. LeElnore asked for prayer that the Lord would help her establish a house of prayer in their new location.

I am very thankful the Lord helps me bring a message to the people in Spanish.

Everyone enjoys the regular visits of our Brother Harland Smith, and we are praying for his healing.

We are glad that the food poison scare seems to be over. It was reported that 17 died in Tijuana and a number here due to poison in the bread. The border was closed for a while. We are having a dust storm now. The high wind is blowing much dust into the houses and has covered everything. It is very difficult to walk against the wind.

Rosarito has good weather. It never gets very cold, and in the summer months we always have a cool breeze from the ocean.

Please keep praying for the work here.

Your sister in Christ, Carrie Sheppard

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

The Fields Are White Already Unto Harvest

From Baja mission, Rosarito, Old Mexico: May our God of love bless each one who reads this and give them more of a burden to pray for souls! We are much encouraged by the mighty blessings of the Lord and so thankful for new ones who find their way to the service here. Our Brother Manuel is proving to be a good worker and interested in the truth. Our faithful Sister Cristina Esquer is doing well teaching the children. We had 23 children last Sunday who answered the Bible questions well.

Almost every night here is prayer meeting night as different ones come in for prayer. We are so thankful for their burden to pray and their interest to walk closer to the Saviour.

The bean pot is on, and we are looking for Brother Tomas and family who will hold a few nights' meeting here.

So thankful for the messages the Lord gives me. I am thankful for the way the Lord is helping me in Spanish.

Your sister in Christ,

Carrie Sheppard



Most cooking done outside, mostly beans and tortillas

Voices From Mexico

Just a note from Old Mexico in praise to our wonderful God of heaven and earth and skies. Last night (Dec. 14, 1967) some of the ones from Rosarito went with me to attend services in San Diego, Calif. The beautiful spirit of God was so felt throughout the spiritual service until I could not hold back tears of joy and much happiness as the blessings were so sweetly pouring down. The spirit of God was in the singing, in the testimonies and in the prayer. It was good to call such precious ones my sisters and brothers. How marvelous to be changed by the Spirit of God into a tool useful in His hands.

Our dear Sister Ramona Esquer is one, too, who has found the truth and been changed into a tool useful in His hands. The Lord helped me to interpret her precious testimony for the saints there last night. They rejoiced with her throughout her testimony. I am sending her testimony.

We are still very much encouraged and thankful to God for His mighty blessings.

Your sister in Christ,

Carrie Sheppard

Thank you, Sister Carrie. We are glad that the Lord is blessing and using you at your post of duty. We hope that God may continue to shed forth His light in Mexico to the hearts of those who are eager for the truth.

Ramona Esquer is only sixteen years old, and she has proven quite helpful to Sister Carrie. The Lord is blessing her young life, and we rejoice with her that she has found peace and happiness in a life surrendered to Christ. Following is Ramona's testimony which has been translated into English. We are passing it along to our

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

readers with the hope that it may cause them to realize both the joy and possibilities of spreading the gospel.

(Bro. Willie Murphey)

I want to give thanks to God in the first place for the salvation which is very important and very precious! After I received Christ in my heart, my life was changed much, thanks to God, because He gave me a humble heart, and I fell at His feet in order to become one of His sheep.

Also, I want to give thanks to God for the Holy Spirit which guides me anywhere and fortifies me and gives me courage in my problems and afflictions. Thanks to God for His grand and faithful promises! Thanks to God because always when I am in tribulations and I have confided all in the precious hands of God, He always hears me, and at that moment I have the victory. I remember one day that I had a very hard pain. At that moment I was very frightened because never before had I had a pain like that. I was praying but always with fear. When I said, "Lord, all powerful, Thy will be done. If you want me to suffer this, please give me patience and grace." At that moment all pain disappeared, and I was singing a hymn with a smile on my lips. Never did the suffering return. Praise to our great God! Glory to His holy name!

Always we can confide our all in the powerful hands of God. He hears us and helps us and has joy in us when we confide in Him. My desire is to do always His will, although sometimes it is difficult for me . . . but the things that God has for us are better than the worldly riches.

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

Please do not forget me in your prayers, and I also will pray for you, as I am doing now. God bless you! Always be faithful and follow the footsteps of God each day closer.

Ramona Esquer Villa

May 10, 1968

Mexico Baja Mission: Greetings of love through God the Father, who made us partakers of Christ!

“Today if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts.” Heb. 3:15.

God wants to lead us on to do greater things for Him. I often tell the ones here that there are many false spirits in the world, but only one true Spirit to lead us on to more faith and more love for God and lost souls!

We are so thankful to have a little part in the meeting here in Rosarito Beach. The big tent was filled for most every service. We had seekers at the altar of prayer. At one service the altar was filled with seekers. Some received glorious victory. Sister Manuel said that the Lord blessed her greatly at the altar.

We had good services this last Sunday here. Then at 3:00 p.m. we met for worship with the saints in La Mission. The meetings were well attended and good testimonies were heard.

Our precious sister Ramona is still very faithful in the work here. She had a ringing testimony in both services Sunday. She is going through some trials now and needs your prayers.

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We still have prayer here most every night, and young people's meeting on Friday nights.

Ramona is improving much in the teaching of the children's classes on Saturdays. We are thankful for the good group of children coming to these classes. After class they enjoy making different things to take home with them.

Love and many prayers,

Carrie Lee Sheppard

Rosarito Beach

Mexico Baja Mission

Dear ones: Greetings of love in our Saviour's name!

Rosarito, 15 miles from Tijuana, is at sea level, and floods cause houses on the beach to float away into the ocean. This happened one time while we were living there. About midnight one dark rainy night we were awakened by a loud knocking on our front door. It was a frightened young Mexican man, wearing only shorts. He asked us to come quickly and help keep his family from drowning in the flood. He said that his house was about to float off into the ocean.

We rushed off to help and the water came up so high on our truck that the motor stopped. We were in the middle of surrounding high water, waiting for help.

The Mexican man jumped out and waded into town to get help. The authorities there offered no help at all for their helpless people.

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Finally some friendly natives came by and pushed our car out of the deep water.

The people were rescued from the water, but very little of their belongings could be saved. Bed clothing, etc., could be seen floating off. The little children were brought out by being held high over the heads of the grown people.

Our missionary station was crowded with these refugees. We managed to put enough beds down in the chapel room for all of them to sleep. On the days following, the men brought in things to eat: meat, fish, and vegetables. The women were glad to help cook, and made lots of hot tortillas. We really enjoyed their company and were amused at their eating fish heads, eyes and all.

The chapel room was cleared for services on Sunday and our beloved Sister Opal Kelly was glad to deliver a good message to all who came. The little children were not hard to entertain and I enjoyed babysitting with them at times when needed.

Please keep praying with us.

Your sister in Christ,

Carrie Lee Sheppard

Chapter VI

Ojos Negros

Mexico Mission Reports

Ojos Negros, Mexico (Nov. 3)—Dear Sister Marie, Greetings of much love in Jesus' precious name! He has been very good to me. I am happy to be back in Mexico according to the Lord's will. Praise His holy name forever! I want to serve Him.

After camp meeting in Pacoima, Calif., I came to Mexico and worked with the Huskey family in La Mission. They are a busy family, having three Mexican boys they are helping, besides their five children. They have services in their home each day, then in a little chapel on Sundays, also in some ranch homes. We visited in a number of these homes at different times. We all went out to some of the ranches and helped gather fruit and vegetables, and taught them how to can. The boys were much help.

One night Charlotte Huskey and I were called to pray for a very sick lady. When we arrived, she was sitting on her bed in so much pain that she could not talk. We prayed for some time for her. Then all at once she fell off the bed on her knees and with her hands reaching up, and with many tears said over and over, "Gracias a Dios," meaning "Praises to God." For some time she cried and praised God. Then she told us that all the pain had gone and that the Lord had blessed her wonderfully. We praised God, too, for His wonderful blessings.

Then about three nights later a little girl came running to call Charlotte and me to pray for her sick mother. The sick lady was standing up, turning from one side to the other, screaming with pain.

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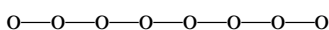
The atmosphere seemed heavy and hard to pray in, but we kept praying for quite some time. Then finally the lady sat down and stopped screaming, which was such a relief to us. She sat quietly, not saying anything. I told her to give thanks to God. Then she said quietly, "Gracias a Dios." She told us that she was dying, but God saved and healed her. We surely give thanks to our wonderful God for His love to us.

The Spirit of God is so precious in the brothers who are called to preach here in Mexico. We do appreciate them in the Lord. I was glad I had the privilege of working with the Huskey family awhile.

I am now working with Sister Opal Kelly in Ojos Negros. We had good services there Sunday after visiting in many homes. This is a new station and needs much prayer for souls to see the light. I do appreciate the Lord leading me to work with Sister Opal. We believe the Lord has souls here we can help. Remember to pray for the work here, please.

Your Sister in Christ,

Carrie Sheppard



Ojos Negros, Mexico (Nov. 3)—Dear Sister Marie and all, greetings in Jesus' name: As this leaves our hands, we are encouraged to press on for the Lord.

While we were on vacation in Oklahoma, we were blessed in innumerable ways. God sees our needs before we ask and supplies abundantly.

I am very grateful to Him for each and every precious lesson He taught me, both last year in Mexico and while I was at home. He

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knows just how each of us needs to be equipped for that which is ahead. Praise His name!

I want to take this opportunity to thank each and every person who had any part in helping me to return to Ojos Negros. I especially appreciate all the prayers which have ascended in my behalf. I know there have been many. God has blessed me with a good prayer warrior and working companion, Sister Carrie Sheppard, for which I am truly grateful. My material needs—a pickup truck with camper shell, wood stove, sewing machine, etc.—have all been supplied, and more abundantly than we could ever imagine. This gives us a greater responsibility, but also through these we can give more time for the actual contact with souls with the gospel.

The Lord had blessed us last Sunday in the first meeting since our return, and as several have visited us we have had many opportunities to testify to the goodness of God, for which we are grateful.

Please, everyone who can reach the throne of grace with your prayers, pray for every worker in all mission fields, also for those to whom we impart the gospel, from the pulpit and through personal contact.

Yours for winning souls in Mexico,

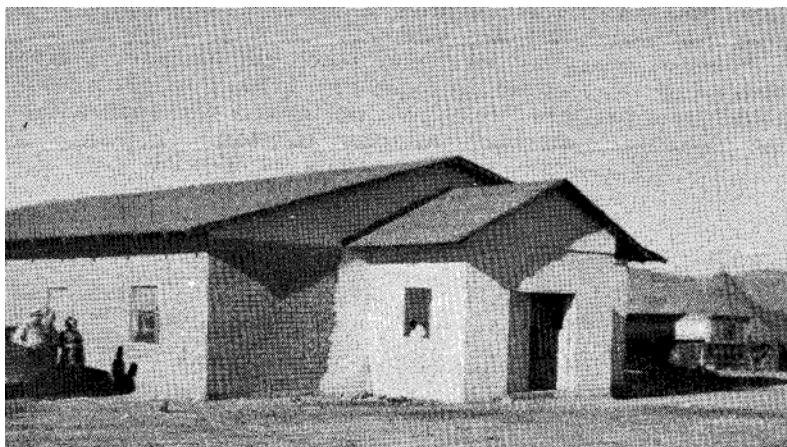
Opal Kelly

Ojos Negros, B. C., Mexico (Aug. 30)—Our dear Sister Marie and all at the Print Shop: Greetings of much love to you in our Saviour's wonderful name. Oh, how precious He is! I want to thank all of you for your kindness to us. It was so good to be with the saints. Some day we will not have to part any more. I am living for

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that day. I surely want to take as many with me as I can. The gospel work here seems to be getting better all along. Praise our God! We had real good services yesterday here in the chapel. As I was going after the ones who live far off, one family said they couldn't come as a young mother was sick in bed. One of the children came running to us and said, "Mama feels very sad because she has to miss services." We went for them again and the sick mother got up from her sick bed and came, too, after prayer was offered for her. These people seem interested in hearing the Word. We are so thankful for the new ones in Christ; thankful, too, for the new ones we are reaching and who are coming. Tuesday we had services in a ranch home and visited in other homes. Keep praying!

Your sister in Christ,
Carrie Sheppard



Chapel at Ojos Negros

Ojos Negros, Baja CFA., Mexico—Dear ones: Greetings of love in the mighty name of Jesus, our Savior and God who daily gives us strength:

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The sleet came down fast on our pick-up truck for a while. Then the snow started falling, as we visited families in these mountains. We were on the road called “The Brutal Baja.” This runs from Ensenada to La Paz along the brutal Baja California peninsula in Mexico. It is a rugged stretch of about 850 miles. We had only come from Ojos Negros on our way to Valley Trinidad.

As rough as some of these trails are with no sign of a road in some places, it is easy to lose the way. Yet they're still established routes used year-round by Mexican traffic.

On one of those pikes we looked down the dirt trail and saw through the snow falling, a long line of trucks coming up the mountain trail. The only thing we could do was get off the trail and let them pass.

Two men were in each vehicle. They looked at us in much surprise. The long line of trucks was stopped when the driver in one stopped his vehicle and smilingly asked, “What are two women doing up here?” We told him that we were missionaries working in that part of the Brutal Baja. That did not seem to satisfy their curiosity as they kept looking at us, through the snow. As the trucks passed by, another driver stopped and asked the same question.

These stretches follow a series of sand, rock, silt, and dirt trails through Baja central desert. They are beautiful in the spring and summer. We drove on about 75 miles to Valley Trinidad and visited a family of Mexicans who were working with us in the gospel work. The little children came out to greet us. They welcomed our visit and we worshipped with them. The brethren prayed earnestly with many tears.

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When bedtime came, we were led to a bare chapel room to sleep on the hard benches. We were tired, so we lay down on these benches in the clothes we had on, but we slept.

The Mexicans feel it a privilege to have even a roof over their heads at night, and it is a custom among most of them to sleep on the floor, not changing clothes. When we returned to our missionary station in Ojos Negros one night, we found the man whom we had left in charge of the station, with his wife and little girl, all sleeping on the floor. The wife got up and opened the door for us, then lay back down on the floor.

While working in the Indian reservation in Santa Catarina, one of our preachers had a memorable experience. He was crossing the low flat land after passing over the mountains on his way to El Alamo for supplies. His truck bogged down in the mud and stopped. It was late evening and the weather was getting colder. All his efforts failed to get the truck to move, even after much exertion. Night was coming on and he was sleepy. He tried napping some in his truck, but having little cover, he was too cold to sleep much. Off and on during the night he kept praying and working to get his vehicle started, but still failed.

Very early in the morning when the sky lighted up with the beautiful rays of the first light, he saw movement in the sky. Then he saw a most magnificent figure in the likeness of **Jesus, the Son of God**, walking across the sky. He said that he could not tell of the beauty of this divine scene on that memorable morning, but said that this moment was worth all the trials of that tiresome night, and gave him courage to press on. Then when he tried once again, the truck started right off and he was on his way—singing praises to Jesus. Praise God!

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The story of this beautiful scene must have been related also to the Indians whom he later visited high in the mountains. He could only reach them by foot or mule-back.

The Indian tribes usually locate in the mountainous districts here in Baja, Old Mexico. From Ojos Negros, we visited them there in the mountains. After passing through a desert section and climbing up the side of the mountain, we came to "Huerta," the Indian village.

This mountain range is spectacular where we pass through the part of it called the Romero's Mountains. The huge walls are beautiful red rock. Far below this passage one can see the low sandy desert land, which blooms like a garden in the spring and summer months. The Indians use a number of these desert plants for food.

They have droves of goats which they drive around in these mountains to find grass, etc. It is an interesting picture to see in the distance these long droves of white fluffy animals passing slowly over the mountainside. One young Indian boy spent two or three days alone in these mountains meditating on whether or not he could serve God.

Rejoicing and praise was always heard from "Anoka," an elderly Indian man, who had given his heart to Jesus. He found great joy in serving God. The last time that we visited him he was very ill. He told us he wanted to go to be with Jesus, and that God had given him a beautiful dream of heaven in the night. He rejoiced and said, "Heaven is **beautiful**! It is so **green** and lots of things are growing there." His desire was to stay in heaven he said. Then he gave his covers a kick and said, "But when I woke up this morning I was still in this old bed." The next we heard of him, he had gone to be with Jesus.

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Sometimes when I tell Bible stories with my flannel board to the Indian children, the elderly ones come, too. The older Indian woman who seemed glad to open her little house for our services got saved, too, when she prayed and gave her heart to Jesus. She was so very happy. She rejoiced and wanted to tell everyone of her **wonderful salvation**.

One morning when I was traveling alone through these beautiful Rumerosa Mountains, I had a scare. I drove right up to a pile of large rocks that was across the road. The only thing I could do was to stop. I didn't know what would happen next. Soon an officer in uniform came, carrying a long gun. He asked a few questions, then after searching my car, he said, "Pase." I was very glad to pass.

A small Indian man got saved in our services. Although he suffered much persecution from his parents, he kept living for Jesus. This Indian man made a very zealous preacher and traveled to many places with the glorious gospel that **Jesus saves!**

“Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.
Since nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.”

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

The Indian village which is located in these mountains is only about 17 miles from our station. We enjoy visiting there and holding services, usually in the shade of a large veranda. We sit on benches, rocks, and some sit on the ground during services.

After visiting an Indian woman in this village one day, she reached up to the top of her little thatch shack and lifted down a large hunk of rock formation that glittered like many diamonds, saying, "This is for you." At other times we were given pieces of rock formation that shined like rubies. Some of the Indian men worked in these mines that were within walking distance from their village. The Indians invited me to join them in visiting these mines. They said to come really early in the morning and bring lunch and plan to stay all day and return to the Indian village that night. They showed me the starting place from their village, which was a high and steep mountain over which no car could pass. We would have to go by foot. It sounded very interesting. I would have loved to have gone, but found no time for this back pack field trip. I hope someday in the future time can be found for such a trip.

Please continue to join us in prayer for souls here.

Your sister in Christ,

Carrie Lee Sheppard

Ojos Negros, Baja CFA, Mexico—Dear ones:

I am so thankful that the Lord has led me here to work among the Mexican and Indian people. The ones who have been saved from their sins are so precious. At one time I was left alone to work with the natives at this mission station and with the Indians in the mountains. It was getting dark as I was taking them to their homes

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after services that evening. I had returned from taking a load home, and found a group of natives in the road wanting me to take them to the grocery market. As they were getting into my station wagon, two young Mexican women came running and asked me to take a sick man to a hospital in Tijuana which was one hundred miles away. It was night, but they said that the man was dying. I told them that I would be glad to come and pray for him. They agreed. Then after I took the rest of the people to their homes and took the others to the market place, I started for the ranch where the Mexican man was dying. A beloved saved Mexican woman went with me. Her name was Jesus, which is pronounced "Hay Sue" in Spanish. We did not like to call anyone by that sacred name, so we called her by her nickname which was "Chewie."

When we entered the ranch house, there was a crowd of natives having a get-together. They were making tortillas to go with the baked beans.

I asked where the sick man was and they showed us to a little back room which had a dirt floor and a small window where some of the smoke could escape from the cooking. The man was lying on the floor with a little cover over him. He was rolling from one side to the other, groaning and in much pain. This Mexican man had traveled by foot from the Southland where they were on starvation. He came trying to get food to take to his people.

When we entered the sick man's room, I felt the presence of the **Man in the seamless robe**. I had the assurance that healing was coming. The man seemed glad to see us. He knew that he needed help and his body was swollen due to starvation. He was at the point of death, and was too sick to eat. They were looking for him to die and wanted to get him out of the house, because if anyone died in a house, that house was haunted, according to their superstition. The

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sick man was of Catholic belief. It was our desire to help anyone in need. We talked to him asking if he believed that Jesus would heal him. He said that he did. Chewie and I began to pray earnestly for his healing. We prevailed in prayer for a long time. Then we stopped and talked to him assuring him of God's love for him and that Jesus was able to heal, that he need only to believe and pray with us. He said that he did not know how to pray.

He was in much pain and kept rolling and groaning. The Mexicans from the front of the house would peep in now and then to see how things were, but then would go away quickly. We kept praying into the night. The Mexicans in the other part of the house finished eating and the visitors left. The children were put to bed and the grown people put the lights out. We could hear them going to their beds and then all was quiet. Only the groans of the sick man could be heard through the still house.

This was a cold, rainy night in December. The wind could be heard blowing around the dark house. On into the night we kept praying. Later we heard that some of them said, "She just kept praying." I do not know what time it was, but all at once the sick man stopped rolling and groaning and said that the pains were all gone. We surely thanked our loving heavenly Father that night. Then we asked the man if he wanted to be born again. (St. John 3:7) He said "Yes," so we told him to pray with us. He said again that he did not know how to pray. We told him to talk to Jesus. We agreed in prayer for the salvation of his soul. The Lord saved him and he was so happy. Then we left the ranch for our home.

We were told later that right after we left that night, he sat up in bed and called for something to eat. The keeper of the ranch was so glad that he could eat, that he gladly brought him food.

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Sis. Carrie in the home where the Indian man was sick on the floor

Our visits to this house later showed us his rapid recovery and that his needs were taken care of. They told us that as we were praying for him that night, he saw a horrible monster hovering over his sick body and he was afraid. But as we had kept praying, this monster left. Then a beautiful angel appeared over him which made him very happy.

The Sunday morning following this healing of the Mexican man we saw a boy running up the long, sloping hill to our missionary station. He brought a note from his mother, saying, "Since this man from the South has been healed by Jesus through your prayers when he was dying from starvation, my husband says that he sees now this is the right way to worship. He will let me and the children come to services this morning." You can be sure that I went for that family that morning. It was a large load, filling my station wagon.

A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

A few days before this Sunday morning, we had stopped by the ranch house to take some fruit and a Bible which the man from the South had asked for. I ran in to ask the manager of the ranch where the man that had been sick was. He said, "Over there." I looked across the porch and saw a nice, slender young Mexican man. I thought, "Could this be the same man?" In his illness he had been much swollen, due to starvation. I gave him the fruit and the Bible and said, "The Lord has done wonderful things for you." He agreed. I asked him to come worship with us in the large mission station chapel room. He said he would like to but he didn't have suitable clothes to wear. It didn't take long for us to have clothes sent to him, as there were clothes at the mission station most of the time.

As I exhorted to the people that memorable morning, I saw him sitting with other Mexican men in the chapel looking fine and with interest on his face. We had a large chapel and it was about filled that Sunday.

The day before he left to go south to his home we gave him supplies and clothes to take. He realized that the Lord had done wonderful things for him. When I think of him I pray, "Oh, Lord, do help this man to keep living for Thee."

Your sister in Christ,

Carrie Lee Sheppard

