

RUSSIAN MISSIONS

April 21, 2007

Serving Christ in Russia since 1996



The Plaster's
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P. O. Box 336
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NEW SENDING CHURCH

Cornerstone Baptist Church of Amarillo, Texas, has sponsored Russian Missions from its inception. They have allowed us to work and conduct this ministry to the best of our abilities and let us follow God's leadership. It's been an awesome journey for my family and me. We are so grateful to Cornerstone for all they have done for us and the cause of Christ in Russia.

However, on Sunday, March 11th, First Baptist Church of Ranson, WV, pastor Mike Withem, voted to take on the sponsorship of Russian Missions. Offerings for Russian Missions should now be directed to:

Russian Missions
First Baptist Church
P.O. Box 336
Ranson, WV 25438

BACK ON SPEAKING TERMS, or,

My first day of evangelism after I returned to Russia in March.

When I returned to my favorite post for passing out tracts a lady asked, "Where have you been?" I told her I spent six weeks in America. She wanted to know how everything was, just being as nice as could be. She passes out fliers for a pawnshop and during December and January was as mean as a snake to me. One time she called somebody to beat me up (he was a bean pole and no threat at all) and another she stood right in front of me so nobody could see my tracts. I told her I was glad she was so wide because she was blocking the cold wind. She moved and the wind was just too bitter. So I told her to go with me to McDonald's, get breakfast and get out of the cold for awhile. She didn't, but I guess that's what put us on friendly terms.

There is a man that carries a sandwich board advertisement for a shoe company. I waved a tract at him to show I was back passing out tracts. He promptly gave me a good cussing, so I guess that meant we were still on the same speaking terms.

One lady came out and she was none to friendly. She told me to get my religious material and go "you know where." I told her that I was going to heaven and it was going to be a really nice place because people like her would not be there. She also left. I'm not sure if we're on speaking terms or not.

One thing that surprised me that day was an old lady I had never seen before. She continually walked past me telling me to go to the morgue. I really had no idea just exactly what she meant but I understood she wasn't friendly. Eight days later I saw her and stood at least twenty feet from her while passing out tracts because I didn't want to be around her. Shortly someone was behind me saying all kinds of things. I turned around, saw that old lady and said, "go to the morgue." She acted like I spit in her face and left. Now I now how to react next time someone tells me to go to the morgue.



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GUARDED THIEVES

I had a big Russian van called a Sobol and parked it in a guarded lot. My gas cap was stolen along with the gas two times in November and December. It broke down and I decided to do the repairs myself right where the thieves kept stealing the gas. Men pass through at all times of the day, and I did my best to witness to the guards and anyone else who would take time to talk to me.

By the time I finished the repairs on the van I had witnessed to most of the guards, lots of men and a few mechanics. When I started the van, the gas gauge read empty. I looked and sure enough, someone had stolen yet another gas cap and all my gas. I decided to sell the van.

HAIRCUT

I go to a salon in our apartment building for a haircut. When I last got my haircut there I went to pay the cashier. I noticed that under the glass on the countertop there was only one thing – a gospel tract I had left several months earlier. I was surprised but didn't say anything. The lady that cut my hair walked up to the counter as I was paying and said, "If I remember correctly," she said pointing to the tract, "you are the one who gave us that." I said that I was indeed. The cashier just beamed and said, "You'll have to come back more often."



TAG TEAM

One day I was passing out tracts. Right in front of me a policeman caught a teenager that was running from him. The cop grabbed the young man's shoulder and spun him around. The teenager then grabbed the cop's shirtsleeve and the cop said, "Let go of my arm." The kid put more twist and pressure on the shirt-sleeve and the cop kicked him right between the legs and the kid doubled over. Just then another cop ran up and put his left knee in the boy's stomach and he went down hard. They jumped on top of him, handcuffed him and carried him away. That boy was tagged twice.

Another day Shaye Fountain and I were out witnessing and one young man, about 20 years of age, became ugly and belligerent and said he did not believe in God. Reasoning with him was out of the question so I asked, "If I say I believe the moon is made out of cheese, does that mean it's made out of cheese?"

At that time another young man jumps into the middle of our group, smiles and says, "What's going on?" He had a hole in his ear, called a 'tunnel' in Russian. I immediately turned my attention to him (bad thing about me being ADD) and asked, "Do you know the first mentioned occurrence of the tunnel?" He said no and I explained Deuteronomy chapter 15 to him and how it pictures Christ showing us mercy when none was deserved. It was evident that the message got through to him.

Meanwhile Shaye picked up where I left off with Mr. Belligerent and said, "What Kevin was telling you is that just saying you believe something doesn't make it true..." Shaye knew where I was going with the thought and continued explaining truth to that young man. I like my version of a tag team best. It's nice having partners to share in the work of the ministry.

Your prayers and support are greatly appreciated. Your friend, Kevin Plaster