

RUSSIAN MISSIONS

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Serving Christ in Russia since 1996

THE PLASTERS



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EIGHT IS NOT ENOUGH

The Coffee and Tea Festival

One Thursday evening I was at the fountain plaza on Moscow Prospect doing evangelism. Preparations were being made for a weekend Caffeine Festival and I called friends to help me do evangelism during the festival. (Free Coffee and Tea, you know.) My friend Oleg, a Russian Pastor, agreed to come with his family.

I arrived early and went into the designated festival area. Upon entrance three policemen asked what I had with me and I gave each of them a tract. When Oleg and his family arrived we left the festival and went to pass out tracts on the street while we waited for the crowd to arrive.

On the street two policemen passed by and took our tracts to see what we were doing. When we went back into the Festival three other officers were at the entrance and wanted to know what we had with us, and we gave them each a tract. So far, eight officers had examined our reading material.

The Rude Dude

After we tried some free tea and coffee samples and witnessed to a few people we went back to the street. There an OMON officer (something like S.W.A.T.) approached. He was not in uniform so he flashed his documents and told me to leave the area immediately. He didn't like what I was doing and wanted to throw his weight around.

His rude demeanor and words surprised me. He told me if I didn't leave immediately he would forcefully have me removed and carried off to the Ural Mountains (last stop before the prison camps). I told him I was not breaking the law and chose not to leave. He said he would be back.

Arcenia, Oleg's son was with me when this happened. Oleg was in the Festival with his wife buying tea. When he returned I asked what they bought and he was telling me when someone tapped on my shoulder. I turned around and saw three OMON officers in uniform and the rude dude standing behind them. I asked, "What, I can't even talk with my friends on the street?" The largest officer waved his index finger from side to side and said, "Don't give me that, give me your documents." They not only took documents from me, but from everyone in Oleg's family as well.



Oleg



Arcenia

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Whenever I get stopped like this, I stand there quietly and do what they tell me to do. Oleg made me quite nervous when he approached the rude dude and reproached him for scaring his family. The rude dude asked Oleg why we were doing evangelism. Oleg told the man we were obeying scripture which says to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

The old Russian translation of the word “creature” now means beast or scum in today’s language. Rude Dude says, “Are you calling me scum?” Oleg laughed and said he was quoting the scriptures, but in this context he was using the word to mean “person.”

The OMON returned our documents and did not forbid us to do evangelism. Evidently eight officers examining our evangelistic efforts was not enough. God just wanted three more officers, men I would not have met without the rude dude, to read our tracts concerning sin, righteousness and coming judgment.

CONFRONTING THE CULTURE

It’s been said that either we confront the culture, or the culture will confront us. I’ve been working the streets of St Petersburg long enough for many people to recognize me and know what I’m all about.

I offered a tract to one young lady and she looked at me and said, “I am an unbeliever” and walked off. Another time I gave a tract to two young men walking together. One asked the other, “Is it a new one?”

Mean Old Ladies

Mean old ladies can be very interesting. They have scolded and mocked me so many times. You would think I would be used to it by now, yet they can still put fear in me. The old lady



shown in the pictures is a “terror.” She takes pleasure in saying mean things and running her dolly either across my feet or into my legs while I’m doing evangelism.

This happened to me again on Monday, September 22nd. An old lady I had never seen before took me by surprise. This “unknown” old lady started yelling at me, and as nicely as I could, I told her to leave.

“Unknown” approached the “Terror” and asked about me. Terror expressed her opinion of me (she was able to do this without using any kind words) and told her I was a believer among other things.

Unknown returned to me and said, “There’s only one God, you know.” I said, “Yes, I know.” Then she said, “Give me some of your tracts and I will give them to my neighbors and friends.” I never really know what to expect on the street.



VISAS

Our biggest prayer concern at the moment is visas. We have one month left on our present visa and hope to get another 90 day visa. Then in January we hope to get a one year visa. Do keep us in your prayers. Thank you for all you do on our behalf. We are very grateful. Kevin