

RUSSIAN MISSIONS

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Serving Christ in Russia since 1996

THE PLASTERS



Kevin and Tammy

FIELD ADDRESS:
Kevin & Tammy Plaster
Moskovskoye Shosse
Bldg 16, Kor 1 Apt 56
Saint Petersburg,
Russia 196158

STATESIDE ADDRESS:
Kevin & Tammy Plaster
P. O. Box 8887
Amarillo, Texas 79114

Sponsor:
First Baptist Church
P. O. Box 336
Ranson, WV
25438

BAD LANGUAGE, BAD WOMAN AND BAD SMELLS

(Originally entitled **POOP** but Tammy wasn't comfortable with it.)

BAD LANGUAGE

I was doing evangelism at the subway station Narvskaya. Two young drunk men stopped in front of me as they were passing by. Each took a tract and one asked what the booklet was about. I told them the booklet was designed to prove that God exists.

Immediately these two men became aggressive, got in my face and said that if God existed why was life so, well, poopy. I smiled and said, "I was told that only my first 100 years in Russia would be difficult and then things would be easier."

The drunks then took on the role of teacher and said, "That's because you'll be dead in 100 years. You won't live that long."

I answered with utter disappointment, "That's what people mean when they say that?" "They felt good about themselves for teaching me such a valuable lesson, took the tracts with them and left with smiles on their faces."

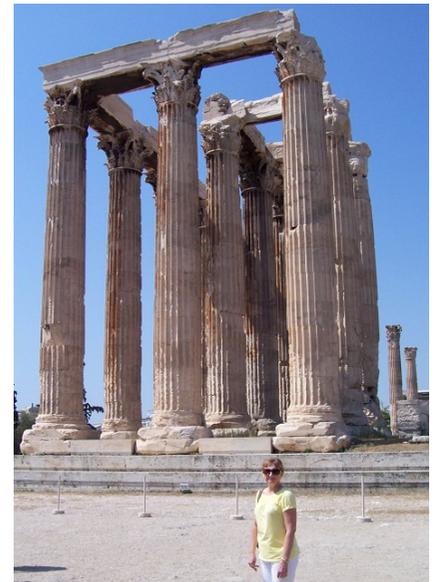
BAD LANGUAGE AND A BAD WOMAN

I was doing evangelism at my favorite spot at the subway station near Senaya Square. Since I was advertising our English classes, I was speaking English.

A man, along with his wife and toddler, approached. He got my attention when he got in my face, (veins were popping out on his neck) and said, "You expect me to buy that poop." I smiled and told him that I did not have anything to sell, everything I had to offer was free.

He became even more aggressive and I noticed that each time he looked to his wife, his threatening gestures got worse. Seems to me she was provoking him into a fight. I decided my winning smile and quick wit was not working with him so I looked at him a little differently. I thought he was going to beat the snot out of me so I measured him up and chose where my first punch needed to land. I knew he could whip me, but I just wanted to keep him from enjoying it. And, yes, I know this did not go according to the principles of NT evangelism, but I was stressing a little bit.

Thankfully nothing happened. As he was leaving he said he hated America, George Bush and me and had plans to kill me.



Tammy at the Temple of Zeus.
Athens, Greece September 2009

BAD SMELLS

Shortly after that altercation I was back in the same place doing evangelism but not speaking English. A large crowd of people passed by and I stepped back to make room for them to pass. There was a bad smell and I looked around to see if any bums or street people were near but couldn't see any. The smell didn't just linger, it got worse. I finally realized that when I stepped back to let the people pass I had stepped in a pile of dog poop. It looked like I had been waltzing in the stuff. I didn't do much evangelism that day.

MORE BAD SMELLS

The church and office floods about three times a year. The sewage from five floors backs up and floods through our facility on the first floor. There have been times where I just pick the poop up and throw it in the trash can. It's a mess (pardon the pun) and usually takes two days to clean everything up.

This happened again Thursday, September 17th. The men responsible for the plumbing in our building said it happened because I was greedy. I told them that I had personally paid to replace the pipes in the basement to keep this from happening. How could they say I was greedy? I demanded they tell me what they were talking about and would not leave them alone. They said, "Hidden things will be revealed."

I followed them into the dark basement so I could see the hidden things. "The overflow pipe had been plugged. They simply removed the plug and said it shouldn't happen any more. I've been dealing with this for *nine* years because they wanted me to pay them to remove the plug from the overflow pipe. If I had only known.

IN SUMMARY

Life on the mission field is not all poop, but there seems to be plenty of it!

AEGINA, GREECE



Tammy and I are standing on the infamous Marris Hill in Athens, Greece. The Parthenon is seen in the background next to Tammy's right shoulder.

In September Tammy and I were privileged to attend the 14th Annual International Missionary Retreat in Greece. Lynn Raburn put together a great team that ministered to a large group of foreign missionaries. It was a time of great fellowship and spiritual refreshment. Tammy and I were able to attend because of the generosity of our sponsoring church, FBC of Ranson, WV.

THANK YOU

The work that Tammy and I do in Russia is made possible by those who support us both prayerfully and financially. We understand that and are extremely grateful. Do keep us in your prayers.