

RUSSIAN MISSIONS

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Serving Christ in Russia since 1996

THE PLASTERS



Tammy and Kevin

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FURLOUGH

I have anxiously awaited this break from the stress of ministry in Russia.

Missionaries usually schedule a one-year furlough every four years. I thought I could avoid this by returning to the states for a month each year. In 15 years of life in Russia we are now on our second one-year furlough, the last being in 2003.

Please pray that our furlough will be a time of rest and restoration.

FURLOUGH FOLLY (and a lot of sweat)

I passed out, i.e. I lost consciousness.

On June 8th I worked in the hot East Texas sun all day long building a well house. June 10th I continued the work with the help of my youngest son, Jared. We started at 7 am and shortly after 12 noon everything went black. My assumption was that as long as I was drinking plenty of fluids and sweating that everything would be ok. I was wrong.

I thought it rather interesting that what Jared saw, and what I saw were very different. When I passed out, I experienced a deep and restful sleep and dreamed of Russia. Jared said my body went into tremors and convulsed.

A special "thank you" to Jared and his friend Austin Creel for finishing the well house. Heat exhaustion got the better of me.

FURLOUGH FANCY (best part of furlough so far)



Jared and Arina with the bride & groom at the reception.

Jared and Arina came to the states for the purpose of raising their level of support. A friend of theirs, Lila Negrov, from high school at the International Academy of St. Petersburg, Russia, married June 26th in Santa Monica, California.

Tammy and I are good friends with Lila's parents, Alexander and Zina Negrov, so we took a road trip with Jared and Arina and attended the wedding. It was a great time to get to know our daughter-in-law and spend time with Jared.

RETURN TO RUSSIA

Tammy and I returned to Russia August 6th. The purpose of the trip is for Tammy to get the school year started for International Academy. We return to the states the first week of September.

SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

Can you believe it? We need your prayers and support even on furlough! Tammy and I both know that without your participation in our ministries, life would be very difficult. Our hearts are full of gratitude for everything, big and small, that allows us to serve Christ. May God richly bless you is our constant prayer. Kevin

SPRING EVANGELISTIC EFFORTS NARVSKAYA SUBWAY STATION

“What kind of love is that?”

A Jehovah’s witness was disturbed by one of my tracts that deals with eternal hell and confronted me about it. He said God is love and could never do such a mean thing.

I explained that God was indeed love, and gave His Son as a sacrifice for us so that we could be reconciled to Him. I told the young man I also have children; and if he murdered them, I would prove my love by forcing him to pay to the full extent of the law for his actions against my children. I continued saying that God will prove His great love. But the love expressed will be for His Son, and judgment will be passed on all those who refuse to submit to Him.

This young JW left saying he could not believe that a Christian would ever preach such a message.

TECHNOLOGY SUBWAY STATION

“I will see you in paradise.”

I was doing evangelism when a Muslim man walked up to me. His objective was to mock and belittle using all sorts of bad language.

When he had his say and shut his mouth, I began reasoning with him of sin and its consequences. He “made a mock” of sin and immediately I knew he was a fool, Proverbs 14:9.

As he was leaving he said, “I’ll see you in paradise.”

“No, you won’t.” I replied.

“Why not?” He asked.

“Because that is not where you are going.” I answered.

Would you believe he cursed me out again? As he walked away he continued looking over his shoulder and cursing me.

STARBUCKS

Stateside

I went into Starbucks to get some information. On the way in I noticed a girl digging through the trash can. She found a Starbucks cup and cleaned it out.

I was waiting behind some people in line and this girl goes straight to the cash register and slams the cup down on the counter with her right hand. At the same time, she puts her left hand into the tip bin and grabs a handful of money.

I stepped up behind her and with a firm voice said, “Put it back.” She hissed in a demonic voice and said, “Snitch.” Again, with a firm voice, I told her to put it back. Again she said, “Snitch!” but was yelling at the top of her lungs.

She put the money back and cursed me loud enough for everybody in the shop to hear. Then she threw her coffee cup at me, the one dug out of the trash. It hit me in the center of my chest and got a little coffee on my shirt. I was really glad she was thorough when she cleaned the cup. However, I thought she could have done a better job when I saw the coffee stain.

The folks at Starbucks regretted the incident and offered me a free cup of any coffee they had available. All I really wanted was information, no coffee, no confrontation, nothing. I do not know how I get myself in such predicaments!