

Dear Pastor and Praying Friends,

It's tough to write these letters sometimes. I guarantee you that there are two thoughts that go through EVERY missionaries' mind before he starts to write the monthly prayer letter. 1) How can I write something that will really matter? 2) Who really cares? Probably not too many are going to read it anyways. I confess. As I sit here, thought one is more prevalent. Thought two is almost always drowned out by a couple or more who write me back with very encouraging words. It is a blessing to have such faithful supporters.

It's not that there is nothing going on here that matters, or that I have no way to tell you, it's just difficult sometimes to put into words what makes up a missionaries life and summarize it neatly in a simple letter. My thoughts jump from the ministerial, to the personal, to the trivial, to the spiritual, to the routine, mundane, bizarre, and back and forth. All in an attempt to convey that sometimes life is boring, hard, breathtaking, simple, incredible, fun, amazing, and something only God in His wisdom could have planned. Whatever life you have I hope you realize at least this about our ministry. We do what we do because of God in you. I don't just mean financially either.

Your prayers matter here on the mission field. I have heard pastors say before that the missionaries are the ones on the "front lines" and I really doubted whether or not it was true even as a missionary. Going into our fifth year on the field I can tell you with absolute certainty IT IS! Not that that elevates us or the work here, but I hope it stresses the importance of YOU!

The spiritual battles here not only don't end but very often overlap, and infiltrate from all angles through friends, family, and even people back in the states. I started a camp this month and Jen and the boys stayed home. The day I got down there Jen called me and was a bit flustered. Our youngest son had an accident and had the wind knocked out of him. As Jen got to him he collapsed and began to convulse. She laid him on the ground and began CPR. Fortunately, on the second compression he opened his eyes and began breathing on his own again. I drove back home and comforted her the best I could but she was really shaken as you can imagine. He was and is fine and we had him checked out at the hospital to be sure. The next day I drove back to the camp and one of the other leaders' uncle passed away that next day. Then on the third day a different leaders' brother in-law had a stroke. The camp turned out to be a great week, but there were some serious attacks taking place.

I got the opportunity to drive with my boys all the way down near the Romanian border to deliver some boats to a church wanting to use them for their camp. Since having the truck here it has gotten its fair share of very practical use. On the way back I did something I have never done (and do not recommend) and picked up a hitchhiker. Turned out he was a train conductor coming home from work. He was only in the truck for about ten minutes, but we were able to witness to him and leave him with a tract. As he got out he said he felt grateful that someone so nice had stopped to give him a ride. All because YOU gave and prayed that we would be sensitive to minister to those God puts in our path.

Thank you.

In Christ,

Tim Bagwell and family, missionaries in Ukraine!