



Mary E. Herman

Missionary Teacher to the Regions Beyond

June 2018

Dear Pastor and Praying Friends,

I am home again after a busy and blessed missionary journey to England and Ukraine. That means I am trying to get the fall schedule figured out and tickets bought for the next trip.

Meantime, I had a few days with my family in Oklahoma, time to get my gardens in and the opportunity to attend the Missionary Reunion. What a wonderful time of reunion! I get to see many missionaries with whom I have served, former students and lots of friends. The next journey is to Richton Park, MI to do a Sunday School Seminar for my friend, supporter and consistent encourager, Bruce Humbert. I look forward to that for sure.

I want to share a few highlights of the past trip. In Ukraine, right away I learned to enjoy Vitali and Natalia, his wife. They are such giving people, have a lovely home, and made me feel so welcomed. I had my first bowl of borsht at their home. Borsht is served with every meal except breakfast and sour cream is a staple that goes over pancakes and in your bowl of borsht as well.

Church on Sunday was packed and, oh my, how they can sing! Only one song was recognizable to me as they sing hymns written by Ukrainian Christians. They sing robustly and joyfully.

A lady attending one of the conferences asked my interpreter and me to see the most beautiful of all the Ukrainian Orthodox Churches. It is called Pochalv located in Radyans'ke just 20 miles away. It is as beautiful as she said. It is built over an ancient cave church. After the steps to get inside, I didn't feel it good to do the many steps needed to see the cave church, so while they took a look, I sat on a bench in the main church where a service was going on.

Two little grannies came to share the bench with me and decided I needed to be healed; the water from the Virgin Mary's footprint would do it. I was not about to drink as I had no idea of the purity of the water, but agreed to take a bottle with me. The whole place was silent except for the priests' activities and two grannies who were sure if they spoke loudly enough I would suddenly be able to understand their language. It seemed to me that if I got up and walked in the naves, I could see the paintings there and the distraction would settle down. Oh dear, when I stood, it seemed to be a signal for the grannies to get me to the golden rail that separated the people from the priests and monks - who were spreading incense. They grabbed my arms and began pushing me from both sides and moving people out of the way as I protested. **I learned that Ukrainian grannies on a mission are not easy to detour!** They are stronger than they look for sure. Thankfully, my English-speaking friend arrived just before they moved the last row of people out of the way. **I have reflected on this event many times since then. I have the Truth, yet, do I work as fervently to get needy souls to the altar as they?**

Joyfully Serving,

Mary
Mary Herman

Gratefully Received:

April \$100 May \$100

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“Committing the things I have learned to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also.” II Timothy 2:2