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Dear Friends,

We thank you for standing with us as we come to the end of another Summer. All around us multitudes could echo the words of Jeremiah:

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.

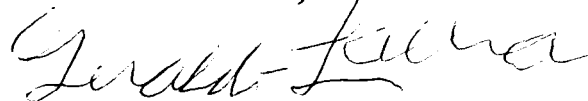
This Summer, I chose a good day each week, to be a rover at large. One week it was a Friday. When I got off the bus, I called a class-mate whom I had not seen for a couple of years. He lives near the terminal. I did not get him the first time, but later. He said: "You woke me up, I do not get up until noon."

I talked with him in the afternoon and to his cleaning lady, who is Roman Catholic. Please pray for Gilbert. Outside the building, I talked to three older folk: one was open, and took a tract, but another said: "I am paying my way to hell." So many sad cases. Just across the way in the Mall, I stopped to talk with a blind man with a dog. Then a lady came along, and we had a long chat. None have come to church. One man did come, his name is Ray. Please pray for him. I went on from the Mall to see Nancy at the nursing home. I was able to talk with the bus driver, several at the bus stops accepted tracts. I have become familiar with two more bus routes that I might be more independent.

We were encouraged by the folk who joined us on Song Night on September 19, for a time of praise and fellowship.

We continue to pray for you and appreciate every prayer for us.

Yours in Christ,



Gerald and Laura Mosher