



THE SHAW FAMILY IN MEXICO

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October-November 2007

Greetings from Beanland:

We want to thank all of you who prayed for my immigration problem. Everything has worked out better than I could imagine.

Most of you probably know that I tried to upgrade my status. Usually each year I submit my paperwork every September and it is sent back to me by late October. Last year I submitted my papers as usual and was told not to leave Mexico. I then made my plan to visit most of our supporting churches from June through September. But when June rolled around I still had not received the paperwork from Mexico City. Well, I thought eight months ought to be enough, but try as I might I could not get anything done about it. I got the same song and dance, "mañana", that we have labored under for 35 years. "Mañana" never came! I left the country! But upon leaving, my passport was stamped at the border stating that I had left Mexico. I cannot tell you how much I was bothered by that act as it had never been done before and I knew that I had to present the passport to the Mexican government upon my return to Mexico City. In July, I was notified that I had to report to Mexico City by September. We drove back to Guadalajara and hired someone in Mexico City to represent me before the authorities there. I knew that the trip and the representative would cost approximately \$1,000.00. The lady I hired is a Christian lady and is an Independent Baptist, who I had previously counseled about her marriage and family. She met us at the airport and took us directly to the Department of Immigration. We were all surprised as we arrived one day after the big Mexican Independence holiday and no one else was there. She knew exactly what to do. She told us to set down and to give her my passport. She took it and went to the counter, opened the passport, putting her thumb and forefinger between the pages she wanted the government worker to see. The official never saw the page that was stamped showing that I had left Mexico and I had my papers within two minutes!

My representative then told us that she wanted to do more, something I had not even paid her to do! We then drove to another federal building where I was asked many questions and had several photographs taken. We then went to another building and mind you, I still did not know what is going on! We were the only customers in that building as well. She again told us to set down and wait while she talked to the government official. Within just a few minutes I was called into the office and was asked another bunch of questions. I was surprised to find that they had a folder on me that contained what looked to be about 500 papers. More than 100 papers were about my marriage to Delia! WOW! My representative pulled me aside and told me I was going to be fined \$500.00 because I was living in Mexico but had failed to register that fact with the Mexican government, even though we had been married in the U.S.A. We had never been told about this law but we were told that ignorance of any Mexican law is not an excuse to break them. Of course I did not have \$500 to pay the fine. But I found that I didn't have to pay it until I got back to Guadalajara. In the meantime, I waited until they typed out another "official paper." They called me into the office again but without my representative and I was to read the last "official paper" and then swear or make an oath that all the declarations and dates were correct. I quickly saw a problem on the last paragraph and asked to talk to my representative. I turned my back to the official and pointed my representative to the "error" they had made. She understood, told me to "shut up" and go back in the office. The paper, instead of saying, that I was married to a Mexican said, "cassado con Norte Americana," (Married to a North American). When are people going to understand that Mexico is in North America? Delia is a North American even though she is a Mexican! I did not lie when I swore that everything was true on that paper! The error was on their part and I did not have to pay a fine of \$500.00 AMEN!!! I was then handed a little card, which is comparable to a "green card" that the American government gives to legal aliens. I can now come in and go out of Mexico without any other papers. This is so new that I doubt that the border guards even know about it. I will cross that bridge when I get to it.

I offered to give my representative more money for the extra work she did but she refused to take it because, "a few years ago you helped my family overcome a horrible problem."

In the circumference of His matchless love:
We are Jerry and Delia Shaw, serving our Lord in Mexico

Don't forget about the Annual Field Conference to be held January 14-18, 2008. For information, contact Fred Daniel at (336) 327-6047, or Randall Parker at (317) 462-5850.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

Titus 3:5



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This is not a prayer letter nor is it a facsimile of what should be one. This is more like a confession of a poor old man that saw one too many late night news commentaries that turned into a personal disaster.

I recently arrived home very late and decided to see the Fox news events of the day. The reporter was saying that the Iranian president Mahmud Ahmadineyad would be visiting the U.S.A. I can't understand why someone who hates America so much would want to visit it. Neither can I understand why we would allow such a person the privilege of putting his dirty feet on our soil. Then when I saw that he wanted to visit "Ground Zero", I found myself balling up my fist and shaking it at the television set and even yelling at it. Just to think that our forefathers fought and bled and died to give us the freedom and liberty that we enjoy and we allowed such a thing as he to wipe his feet on that precious blood was more than I felt we should tolerate! I had already had a bad day and that news really befuddled me. I thought someone ought to stomp that guy! I was not having what you would call a sweet Christian spirit.

Delia was already sleeping soundly when I crawled into bed and even though I was very tired, I had a terrible time getting to sleep. I seldom dream (that I know of) and I cannot remember of ever having a nightmare. Sometime during the night that ugly bearded mans face came before me. The nightmare was very vivid. He was taunting me when I finally saw my opportunity to stomp the guy! I don't know how many times I kicked him. I think I got in several good licks but I thought I kicked him right in the mouth! All of the sudden I felt a terrific pain! The pain was so excruciating that it went from my toe to my brain. My foot was hooked into the wall and I couldn't get it loose. It was so dark I could not see a thing but finally got a hold of the flashlight I keep under my pillow. Somehow I had gotten crossways in the bed and had kicked in the sheetrock and my foot was stuck in the wall! The problem is, we have a solid brick wall in back of that sheetrock. I would like to relate about the pain I suffered in my toe but I have never named my toes. Well, I have a big toe that I call, "my big toe" and of course the little toe has always been the "pinkie toe." The pain was not in either one of those so, the pain was centered in my, "this little piggy stayed home toe." Sorry, I don't have another name for it. I was just about to yell when I heard a kind of whimpering noise somewhere between the wall and the bed and I shouted, "Praise God, I got the rascal!" I really was awake then and was quite excited, so I flashed my light down and was brought to reality. I saw two eyes looking straight up at me, and a face that had no beard. I heard a very calm, controlled, clenched teeth voice asking, "Jerry... Jerry... what... have... you... done?"

I could only answer, "I think I broke my 'this little piggy stayed home toe'."

"Yes...and...I...think...you...broke...my ...leg...too."

It took us both working together a good while getting her out of that little space. I thank the Lord her leg wasn't broken, but it took her about a week before she could walk without pain.

Me? Well, my "this little piggy stayed home toe" turned black and a big knot has come up on it and now the doctor wants to break it and set it straight. I am not letting anybody touch that poor toe! Also, I am no longer permitted to see a late-night news forecast ever again.

I may have been away from the United States for thirty five years but I feel the same patriotism for her that I have always had. We need to fight for her, even if it is in a dream.

Jerrel K. Shaw

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.

Titus 3:5