



# Jerrel & Delia Shaw

## Missionaries to Mexico



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Greetings from Beanland,

### **Special Notice**

Mexico has always been a dangerous country for those of us who have to do a lot of driving. The last three years, this country has become exceedingly dangerous. Several missionaries have been killed, and many others have been harmed bodily, robbed, and have had their identities stolen. Several retired Canadians and Americans who lived in the once tranquil Chapala area have been killed, and some have been tortured. Because of what is happening, **we will ask that our prayer letters not be copied, put on Facebook, or on church Web sites.** Electronic devices can be good tools, but they are also putting our lives in danger. **This is very real.**

### **A Precious Moment**

I was walking in a dark alley next to a church, when I heard someone from the street yell, "Pastor! Pastor!" I did not pay attention, because I am not the pastor of that church. He yelled again, "Pastor Jerry, is that you?" This time, I turned to see a handsome, smiling young man running towards me. I answered, "Yes, it is I. How may I help you?" He gave me a big Christian bear hug and said, "I have been looking for you for two months, but nobody around here knows where you live. You do remember me, don't you?" I had to admit that I did not know him. He said, "Look at my face, brother. You led me to Christ and baptized me twenty years ago when I was 10 years old." "I am sorry." I replied. "Please forgive me. I have led hundreds to the Lord and have baptized so many. Your face looks somewhat familiar, but I just cannot remember." With much enthusiasm, he continued. "I am Cesar. You led my mother and father and several of my 13 brothers and sisters to the Lord." I then remembered him. How many families have 14 kids? One kind of remembers things like that. He began to tell me why he had been looking for me. "I looked for you because I wanted you to attend my College graduation ceremony. I wanted you to stand by my side. I am an architectural engineer. I just graduated three weeks ago, and I owe it all to you." Very flattered and very surprised I said, "No, son, I never helped you financially or helped you in any way. I didn't even know you were in school." He continued, "Well, you were my pastor and I remember you preaching through the book of Revelation. You always gave us a preview of your next sermon. I always ran home and read the Scriptures trying to figure what you would preach next. Then, I could hardly wait to get back to church. When you explained those Scriptures, I was so excited because you made everything so clear, even to me, just a little kid."

"One day, you announced that you wanted to talk with all the kids in the church from 10 years old and up. I was 10 years old, so I got to be in the group. Your talk changed my life forever. You talked about our future, our education, and what God expects from us. You know that my family was the poorest of the poor. We only had a tar paper roof over our heads and a dirt floor. Many times, we didn't have food enough for everybody to eat. When we kids got out of the sixth grade, we were expected to quit school, get a full time job, and help the

"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

family. I wasn't the oldest, but I observed what was happening to my older brother and I did not want that happening to me. I remember you telling us that day, "Do not allow poverty to hinder your future plans. You can accomplish anything in this world you want to do, but you must let Christ lead you. Put Him first in your life, be willing to make sacrifices, sometimes many sacrifices, and you can be successful. I realized my brother did not put Christ first in his life, and he was defeated. I knew I would have to make more sacrifices than anybody else there, but I was determined to do it. I never forgot those words. I got out of the sixth grade and got myself a full-time job to help the family, but I never quit school. I was ridiculed by everybody, but I never quit school. I kept my eye on my Savior and just kept on going year after year. I could not keep a full-time job and carry a complete curriculum so, I took just one half of the course. I should have graduated when I was 23 years old, but I am 30 years old and just now graduating. I never allowed myself to have a girlfriend, and had to make many sacrifices. Many days, I went hungry. Many times, I didn't have the .15 cents for the bus, and had to walk several miles just to get to class. Then, I had to walk about 10 miles to get back home. The government requires a blue print drawing for the final test. My church asked me to make a blue print of a dormitory for children they are planning to build. This drawing was submitted both to the university and to the government. It was received by both, and I passed with 96%. I did not charge the church anything for the plan, but did it with much joy in my heart. How could I have done anything less for Him who saved my soul and has guided me all these years? My only disappointment was not having you by my side for graduation. I just pretended you were standing on one side of me and that the Lord Jesus was standing on the other side."

Serving our Savior with Joy,  
Jerrel K. and Delia Shaw