



THE SCHLEHLEINS

Missionaries to the Tsongas of South Africa



THE BASS NOTE OF TRIAL

God's work of providence extends to doctors, dinners, and Delta airlines

The flight from Johannesburg to Atlanta takes 16 hours and covers over 8,000 miles, putting it in the Top Ten of longest non-stop flights in the world.

When our Boeing 777, 300-passenger plane was somewhere over the Atlantic, our five-year-old whispered to us: "I can't breathe."

We originally thought it was asthma, but later learned it was a virus that swelled his throat to the size of a string. The Atlanta doc said it was the most severe case of croup she had ever seen.

When God is about to play the chord of grace in our lives, he often starts with the bass note of trial. Because several of you have asked about an update on Owen, here are four ways God showed his gracious providence.

Four Marks of Gracious Providence

1. Two MD's — An intercom call was made for medical doctors on board. There were two, one of whom with the fitting name of Gabriel. These weren't a duo of sawbones or fluttered pulses either. They were caring and skilled. Melinda took the lady doctor out to lunch several days later in Atlanta and shared with her the gospel.
2. Familiar faces - Our friends who also minister in South Africa (the De Bruyns) "happened" to be on the same flight. I was able to pass off our crying infant to Erin in order to attend Owen and the other children and David and I prayed in the aisle.

3. Delta - The EMT's took Owen off the plane and rushed Melinda and him to the hospital. The baggage was piled high and I was left behind with little children that, as the King James would say, were "not a few." Delta heard about it and on their own dime put us up in a hotel, complete with taxi and meal vouchers. The only downside was that the taxi drivers became so enthralled with our story and gospel message that they kept getting lost and taking wrong turns.
4. Friends - We don't know many people in ATL but God's people came to our aid. Jesus' hundred-fold promise holds true (Mk. 10:30). One MD friend of Melinda drove four hours to be with us in the hospital for several days while Owen received intensive care type treatment, even though she has many small children of her own. Her sister brought us food. Several other previously unknown friends met with us and heaped love and prayers upon us.

Where We Are Now

After a couple days in the hospital, Lindy and Owen flew on to Wisconsin and I took the five other children on to LA for a few days. We're now reunited in Wisconsin and Owen is doing well. Thank you for your concern and prayers.

In previous days, when missionaries took months to cross the ocean, such children were buried at sea. What a mercy! What a Christ!

Yours in Jesus,
Paul & Lindy