



THE SCHLEHLEINS

Missionaries to the Tsongas of South Africa



A FRÄULEIN FOR A SCHLEHLEIN

God said yes, yes, yes to three recent prayer requests

Yes...Cool Hand Luke

We asked for prayer that baby wouldn't come mid-flight. Thanks to Morningside Baptist that bumped up my preaching engagement one week so we could return to South Africa earlier.

Melinda was nine months pregnant on the Delta return flight. Don't ask. Don't tell.

Luke Ivor Schlehleins was born on 5 October. Stats: 7 lbs, 21 inches, 10 toes, 1 happy family.

His middle name "Ivor" is Welsh and is in honor of a dear friend and godly pastor in Johannesburg.

The Tsonga and Venda nurses couldn't believe the size of our family. "A *white* family? Seven? All natural? Still smiling?" *How, how, how* said the wimminfolk.

Melinda delivered on Saturday morning and was home by Sunday evening. It was a fine hospital, but there was no running water and mama was anxious for her own bed. To adjust a former president's words, if you can't stand the heat, get back in the kitchen. Incidentally, this is exactly where my wife *loves* to be. By Wednesday, the aroma of biscuits and bacon returned as the home's *odor diem*.

Yes...A Fräulein for a Schlehleins

We asked for prayer regarding help for the children's school while mama rests and nurses baby Luke.

A young Christian lady from Germany jumped at the opportunity to serve. She's from a family of eight. When it comes to languages, as my granny might say, she clearly knows her onions. She's fluent in English, German, and French. Her plane arrives in two weeks.

Pray the children will respond well to her and that she will grow spiritually during our opportunity to disciple her.

Yes...He Answers Before You Ask

Thirteen years of limited fruit in the village has humbled me. I am helpless and completely inadequate to overturn the tide of spiritual apathy.

I've got vim and initiative, but this is like a sword of tissue paper against man's stony heart. We need the Spirit's power through prayer.

At evangelism a few weeks ago, I met two interested men named Katu and Nengudza. We met a few days later for a Bible study. This time, however, I determined not to chase them down for more lessons. We prayed earnestly each day that they would *call me* for more gospel teaching. One morning at family worship, while we were praying for him, my phone dinged twice. It was Nengudza. He wanted more gospel.

Later, I asked the family how this could be. Nathan drew himself up to his full height and said: "Because we prayed!" So, keep on praying and expect to be answered.

Yours in Jesus,
Paul & Lindy