

Elaine A. Schulte
5929 Pine Vista St SE
Grand Rapids MI 49548-6885
eschulte@biblesint.org

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Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift. 2 Cor. 9:15

Dear Family, Friends, and Supporters,

It is time again to thank the Lord for His wonderful gift of our Savior. Although this is definitely the best gift anyone could receive, there is another gift only slightly less expensive and precious. That is the gift of His Word. For many Americans, we take this gift for granted. But for millions around the world, this is a gift for which they still wait. They still long for the day when they can read the story of Christmas from God's Word in their own language. Bibles International is doing what it can to help them see this vision become a reality.

This year, some of the peoples of Asia will receive the word of God in their mother tongue. The Falam Chin New Testament just arrived, in time for them to read the Christmas story in their heart language. Other translations due to arrive soon are the Waalii Bible for people in Ghana, the Chiru New Testament for India, and the Simte New Testament for another group of people in India. Pray that these Scriptures will arrive safely and soon.

As always, we had the Bibles International Harvest Dinner in October. In spite of it being held on a rainy evening, there were approximately 625 guests who attended. Nearly \$40,000 was given for the Haitian Creole Old Testament project.

Each year in November, we honor the volunteers who have helped us throughout the year. Because of the many who contribute their time throughout the year, we are able to accomplish much more than we would otherwise be able to complete. Approximately 45 of us gathered in the Founders' Room at Bibles International on Wednesday, November 18. There was a tasty, catered meal. We also gave a small gift to each of our volunteers, a remembrance of our appreciation for their work for the Lord, through Bibles International.

As I think of the Christmas season, and the custom of giving gifts, I want to thank you for the gift that you give me all year, the gift of your prayers and support. Without these, I would be unable to continue my work at Bibles International

I trust you'll have a blessed Christmas season celebrating the birth of Emmanuel, God with us. No greater gift has ever been given or received.

Grateful for His gift and yours,

Elaine A Schulte

Bibles International • 609 36th Street SE • Grand Rapids MI 49548 • 616.942.7712 Ext 63
Baptist Mid-Missions • PO Box 308011 • Cleveland OH 44130-8011 • 440.826.3930
Good News Baptist Church • 6830 Eastern Ave SE • Grand Rapids MI 49508 • 616.455.0420
Elaine A Schulte • 5929 Pine Vista St SE • Grand Rapids MI 49548-6885 • 616.827.1007

A Glimpse from the Past

Friday, November 28 Today is one of my nephew's birthday. Philip is three years old. It will be good to see my nieces and nephews when I'm home on furlough. I miss them.

I was called out of bed at 4:15 this morning. Samuel, one of the national technicians, had delivered a premature baby who wasn't doing well. When I got down to the hospital, I found a preemie who was retracting with each breath, a sign of severe respiratory distress. It means his chest sank in with each respiration. I'm so thankful that I had seen two of the career missionary nurses work with a preemie having the same trouble a couple of weeks ago. Having seen them, I had some idea of what to do to help this little guy. I gave him ¼ cc of caffeine, oxygen, and tried to get him warm. I helped get the mother ready to be transferred out to the inpatient wards, writing some basic orders for her care. Then I sent them both out to the inpatient wards. They seemed to be in fairly good condition when I sent them out there.

I did not sleep after that, however. I lay in bed, rehashing all that I had done, wondering if there were anything I should have done differently or in addition to what I'd done. I'm so thankful I'm cooperating with the Great Physician on these cases. I would hate to think that I'm totally responsible for the care of these patients.

After I went back to work, I saw that they had put a stomach tube in the preemie baby in order to adequately nourish him. His color is so much better than it was early this morning.

The remainder of the day had its challenges, both professionally and relationally. I was definitely thankful when the day was over.

I've decided to start teaching a Bible class at Sodesucre, the sugar cane plantation outside of Ferkessédougou. I think I need to be involved in something like that. I'm sure Robin, my mentor, is reluctant to approve it because of my strongly Americanized accented French. But she did finally agree.

In this country, schools invite people to come and teach Bible classes. They may be taught after classes in the late afternoon, or at lunchtime. It is a wonderful opportunity, one for which there are not nearly enough people to teach and take advantage of the opportunity. Several people from the hospital, both nationals and missionaries, go out to teach classes at the school at Sodesucre.

Saturday, November 29 I got up at 5:45 and then jogged a mile and walked a mile before getting ready for the rest of the day.

Robin and I went shopping. When we got back, I began cooking, which I did for the rest of the day. First I prepared lunch for Robin and Clela, two career missionary nurses. Then I fixed food for the missionary celebration of Thanksgiving this evening and for tomorrow's meal.

This evening we missionaries all gathered together to celebrate Thanksgiving together. The meal was held outside, the first Thanksgiving meal I've ever eaten outside. It was quite a spread! We had baked chicken and two kinds of stuffing, four kinds of Jell-O, relish trays, tossed salad, mashed potatoes and gravy, sweet potatoes, squash, green bean casserole, homemade wheat and white rolls, fresh fruit salad, and cherry, blueberry, and pumpkin pies, cookies, and homemade ice cream.

I sat across from a young French man who is here in place of doing military service, like a conscientious objector. The French allow their men to do this. He regaled us with stories about how abhorrent he thought Jell-O was when he first associated with Americans. He told us he watched the Jell-O melt and then run into other food, but the American ate the food anyway. He was horrified by that. Although Jell-O is apparently not eaten by the French, he seems to have gotten used to the idea now.

It was a beautiful evening and one I believe I'll long remember. It was good to celebrate with the missionary children who are home from school.