



MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

Dear Friends and Family,

Christmas is around the corner. At Thanksgiving time, I had a different experience: Byron called to ask me to go to Florida for a family reunion. Considering my levels of endurance these days, I said I should not travel. He said I just didn't WANT to. That was not the reason, so I asked the Lord if He wanted me to go. I sensed ("My sheep know my voice....") and He said "NO." Sorry Byron, I cannot go. He came back, "Mom, the work will not die if you leave for a few days; besides, your family needs you too." Lord, MAY I go? Again, he said, "NO." The pressures brought to bear on me won; I went. The trip was full of blessings, but with tribulation. I spent four lovely days with Larry and Amanda. It snowed too. Larry bought new hearing aids for me that are top of the line. Wow. How they help will improve as I learn to use the app on my cel to adjust them.

Then I went to Byron and Giselle's to meet in person Gigi and Zacky. What joy was ours to share, but I got covid and all the plans for the family reunion had to be cancelled. I had left with plans to return on November 29th. That was the day I finally tested negative, so I traveled back to Panama having learned that if God says, "NO." it is NO. *It was a lesson in life and how to walk with God.*

Upon arriving in Panama City, Ricky and Reina Meyer took me to their home for overnight and the next day they and Sister Vielka helped me to get, after 48 years here, a Panamanian Residency card. God worked so many "miracles" to accomplish that. It was like seeing a field of wildflowers swaying in the breeze as God moved people and effected all the necessary details to accomplish it. I have it now.

Reina and Ricky took me to the bus station to make the 8 hour trip to Chiriqui. A man approached me saying, "I think I know this gringa." He, Gilberto, had been a neighbor and attended the church some 40 years before. He helped me with my suitcases and as I

was climbing on the bus, I asked him if he had accepted the Lord when he was in church with us. He replied, no, not yet! WHOA. I pushed him to one side and began to witness to him, telling him “how the cow ate the cabbage” which is spelling out in simple terms what Jesus did for him. He came to faith and accepted the Lord there as people were climbing on the bus. What a blessing. He helped me get on and seated, we said goodbye and I cried, sobbing in gratitude to see someone born again right there, in public.

I slept till we reached David and I asked the Lord who would take me home at 2 a.m. As I started down the steps a tall, grey-haired friend of Byron’s, from their youth, held up both hands welcoming me and took me home. He also was rejoicing with me as I witnessed to him on the way. I don’t know if he was saved already, but he came to faith if not.

I had agreed to pay two substitute teachers for my classes those last three weeks, hoping to return in time for exams, when I arrived, my exams had not been scheduled and the students were not prepared, so I had to “give” them their grades. We had the graduation service last night, on December 17th.

Christmas parties were in each class after Sunday School today, Argentina won the world soccer championship, much to the joy of all of Panama, and next Sunday is the 25th, marking the anniversary of Jim Willis’ funeral, 22 years ago.

Thank you for your prayers and offerings that have made it possible for me to stay here and work for the Lord all this time. I have no plans to retire; there is just too much to do! I won a lady on Friday as she was waiting to take her nephew and niece home from our school. God is so good.

God bless. Elaine www.willissionaries.org