World Evangelism

Rushmore Newsletter

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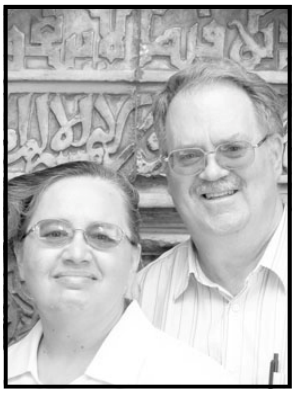
Same Planet, Different World

By Louis Rushmore



Yes, the same planet, but a different world so unlike western society that it might as well be an orb revolving around another sun in a far away galaxy, or so Bonnie and I found our nearly five week excursion into Asia. Of course, this is hardly newsworthy to the numerous missionaries who have gone abroad or so find themselves now (from time to time or residing overseas). Certainly, Asia is in many places comparable to familiar and modern conveniences in the United States, but we lingered in such places but little in transit.

The journey alone between North America and Asia (as well as the return trip) is no little undertaking (despite travel by jetliners). Going to Asia, **we outran the sun** most of the way on the first big leg of our trek, as we were about 24 hours aloft or in airports. Jackson, MS to Detroit, MI to Tokyo, Japan to Bangkok, Thailand we went before bedding down overnight. From Bangkok, we went to New Delhi, India, and after several days, we flew to Bangalore, India. Nearly a week later, we flew back to Bangkok long enough to change flights and retrace some of our air miles to land in Yangon, Myanmar (where we remained three weeks).

Returning to America, **we flew back in time!** The night before our big journey home, we flew from Yangon to Bangkok, where we lodged four and a half hours before rising to meet the new day; we arrived after dark, and we arose at three a.m. while it was still dark. Seven hours to Tokyo and 11 hours to Detroit (with a little less than two hours between flights), we raced across several time zones back in time to finally arrive in Jackson, MS around 4:30 p.m. on the same day we left, despite cramming nearly 24 hours between 3:00 a.m. and 4:30 p.m. The "Back to the Future" movies have no corner on the market for time travel!

We arrived in New Delhi by airplane, and there were motorized vehicles in the streets. However, beyond that, from the airport to most neighborhoods, we could have as easily concluded that we had fallen asleep and upon waking discovered that somehow we had been transported back to biblical times. The contrast is stunning on one hand between the nuclear nation that sent a rocket to the moon while we were there, and on the other hand the widespread devastated infrastructure and poverty.

Add to this the most amazing spectacle of horrific traffic we have ever witnessed. Imagine that every vehicle always has the right-of-way, and that the only road rule is don't hit anything with the front end of your vehicle; at every intersection, the traffic from intersecting streets merely plows into any open space and all other drivers beware. Drivers in New Delhi especially remind me of pouring two handfuls of sand into a funnel at the same time (only multiply that by several more hands simultaneously). There is hardly a car anywhere without dings and dents. Further, the automobiles compete with motorized rickshaws, bicycles, motorcycles, pedestrians by the thousands, an occasional horse, cows galore, elephants and I'm told sometimes camels, too. The only essential piece of equipment for vehicular transportation in New Delhi is a horn, unless you're riding and elephant, of course.

In addition to adjustment respecting creature comforts or the lack of those conveniences and luxuries to which we had become accustomed since birth in the

western world, Asian food was a significant challenge. Eating, of course, occurring twice or more daily, became a frequent challenge where we balanced dietary intake, trying to accommodate our palates and consciousness of the feelings of our hosts and hostesses—all dear brethren. Aside from food considerations directly, awareness of deficient sanitary standards, especially in food preparation, was worthy of careful notice; that and a menu that included fish guts caused me to dismiss any further thought of eating my noon meal at the Bible school outside of Yangon with the students and directors; fortunately, they forgive us for our weak stomachs.

Everything is different; nothing is the same, irrespective of what aspect of daily living one might address. Not necessarily wrong, just not the same!

Bonnie and I mean no disrespect, and certainly we went to Asia for more noble reasons than to contrast cultures and material prosperity. We instantly fell in love with the good and courageous brethren, not only in New Delhi, but also in Bangalore and Yangon. People and souls are the focus of our Lord's Great Commission as well as the charge we inherited from first century Christians.📖

New Delhi, Bangalore and Yangon

By Louis Rushmore

Arriving in New Delhi with eight pieces of luggage ourselves (including 100 pounds of books), our two bodies as well as Janet and Wayne Barrier and their luggage, the little taxi that came to pick us up (with its driver and two passengers in it already) proved to be a challenge indeed. Consequently, I ended up holding Bonnie on my lap for 40 kilometers! Little did I know that this scenario would repeat itself later in Yangon, too.

Vinay David

We spent much time with Vinay David who is beginning a school in New Delhi, which facilities and effort will include also the start of another congregation in the capital city. To that end, Bonnie and I directed a $100 toward the printing of my tract, "The One True Church," in the Hindi language for distribution to help with the new work (and the long-standing work) in New Delhi.

Francis & Elsie

Sunny & Nargis

We were the happy guests of Francis and Elsie David evenings for supper and wonderful devotionals. Further, we were inspired by worship with the New Delhi church of Christ Sunday morning (whereupon it was my pleasure to deliver the Sunday sermon). We were guests of Sunny and Nargis David after worship; Francis and Sunny David serve as elders and are long-time workers in the kingdom in northern India.

Next, arriving in Bangalore for about a week, Bonnie and I (along with Janet and Wayne Barrier) taught seminar classes. Once more, we fell in love with the good brethren who have been instrumental in as many or more conversions to Christianity in any one generation since the first century. We were honored to be the guests and coworkers with brethren P.R. Swamy and his wife Seroga, Vernon Douglas and his wife Sheila as well as many others. There were eleven baptisms during and right after our visit (baptisms not attributable to us, but the ongoing good work in the Gospel that hails from

Left to Right: Vernon & Sheila Douglas
Seroga & P.R. Swamy

Bangalore).

Arriving in Yangon by way of Bangkok, we were handsomely received by several brethren—brethren who became fast friends. Over the next three weeks in the Bible school, I taught 64 lessons to men (and sometimes women), and Bonnie taught 14 lessons, too, to ladies' classes. (I preached two Sundays for two congregations, and Bonnie taught two children's classes at a congregation other than the one's where I was.) Nearly, everyone was attentive through it all, despite sitting six hours daily on wooden planks without backs in hot, humid weather. Even the electric fans were of little use much of the time as the electricity was not reliable. For five weeks twice a year, about 50 men voluntarily come from throughout Myanmar to sleep on concrete floors (the women get to sleep on wooden floors upstairs). They come, of course, for the opportunity to enrich themselves with Bible instruction, for the purpose of better evangelizing their home areas.

There was one baptism during our three weeks in Yangon, and two others were considering baptism, too. Christianity is attractive to denominational persons and Buddhists, despite inconveniences at best and dangers at worst in becoming true Christians.

Back at the office, we do much in the way of support through literature, etc., but being on the field and actually doing something in the Gospel with precious souls is irreplaceable. The thousands spent to go to and work on a foreign field are more than amply repaid in the personal satisfaction of glorifying God in this way and edifying souls also for whom Jesus Christ died. Congregations and individuals who make it possible for missionaries to go abroad ought to feel a sense of accomplishment, too.📖

Not in Kansas Anymore!

By Louis Rushmore

It is easy to remember that we are not in Kansas anymore (or anywhere else in the USA) when in a foreign country. Between the airport and our lodging in New Delhi, someone snatched a piece of luggage from a taxi ahead of us and ran through the crowded streets with his newly acquired prize; yes, I know that a similar feat might well occur stateside. While in Bangalore, a taxi driver and his companions kidnapped a female passenger and attempted to hold her for ransom (but were foiled within 12 hours by police); yes, I know that a similar crime could as easily happen in the states. While in Yangon, sentences were handed down to an Internet blogger who spoke against the government (20 years) and surviving Buddhist monks who rioted earlier in the year (65 years); that doesn't usually happen in the states. In India and Myanmar, police and military troops with their automatic weapons were visible aplenty; that doesn't usually occur in the USA. The duly elected president of Myanmar (under house arrest by military decree since her election years ago) was visited twice by a doctor respecting a possible hunger strike. We were fortunate, but we were well aware that we have little of the kind of protection and rights abroad to which we are accustomed in the United States. Before our arrival in India, both New Delhi and Bangalore experienced bombings; while in India and later Myanmar (Burma), Bangkok experienced protestor blocked streets and bombings nearly everyday; these are not common experiences (yet) in America.

Outside Kitchen in Bangalore

Not in Kansas anymore, for sure, as electricity is generally unstable (unavailable with any degree of certainty). It was little victory to after changing to the third room in the hotel in Yangon to finally get a room with a working air conditioner since much of the time there was no electricity to run the thing. No Laundromats here, so washing clothes in the bathroom sink (and we were delighted to have a western toilet) became a normal routine for Bonnie. No washcloths in Asia, with one exception in our travels, also required a little adjustment. Not much more than a promise of Internet or email communications in most places, even in Bangkok where we enjoyed wireless Internet in our room but which took over a week for our emails to arrive back in America. Other places like Yangon, some email addresses were simply inaccessible and some Internet sites were unavailable because of the decades old sanctions against Myanmar. Further, western cell phone services, though they work in some Asian nations some of the time, do not work at all in Myanmar (again because of the sanctions).

Not until we arrived in India did we realize that hot water for bathing was a luxury. Not until we arrived in Asia did we personally experience the Asian method of

personal hygiene—a tub of water from which water in a cup is poured over one's head and body. Sometimes we had water and sometimes we didn't. Sometimes we had hot water, and sometimes we didn't. Sometimes we had showers, and sometimes we didn't. Both in India and Myanmar, water is pumped to tanks atop buildings or high up in trees when the electric is on, for gravity use when the electric is off, and when those tanks go dry (as one tank did in New Delhi due to a leak), gravity or no gravity, there is no water.

Paved streets are another matter. Neither in India nor in Myanmar is street and road maintenance of prime concern to the respective governments. The paved roads are riddled with the bumps of craters and cold patches—just pick your bump! Bonnie observed elderly women crouched down on a street repairing a road by hand, breaking pieces of rock or cement and fitting them into the potholes. More streets and roads are unpaved, ranging from mud ruts to tire paths through grassy pastures and jungles.🕮

Tract: The One True Church

By Louis Rushmore

Altogether, Bonnie and I distributed $100 each to six brethren between India and Myanmar for printing my tract, *The One True Church*. Brother Wayne Barrier took some of my tracts to India and Myanmar last year, and it was printed in one or more languages besides English. Now, this piece of literature will be printed in two languages of India besides English and four languages of Myanmar and China. Tens of thousands of these tracts will soon be circulating in India, Myanmar and China (near Tibet). Brethren already acquainted with my tract tell me that it is very effective and useful in reaching people, especially denominational persons, with the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To God be the glory, and thank you who support us in any way for making this possible. Please pray that many souls will be led to obey the Gospel of Christ because of this humble effort. 🕮

100 Pounds of Books

By Louis Rushmore

Two of the suitcases we lugged along with us across the globe were filled with a total of 100 pounds of books. We gave several books away to preachers in India. The balance of the books we gave to preachers and students (many of whom also are evangelists) in Myanmar. International flights permitted us to carry two bags per person weighing not more than 50 pounds each. Flights in Asia advertised that bags could weigh only 45 pounds each, but in reality we were forced to pay $80 extra because our bags weighed over 40 pounds. The books were the reason we were "overweight." Incidentally, our book-laden luggage was marked for inspection upon our arrival in Myanmar, and we were asked to explain the heavy baggage with white wrapped bundles of books; they may have looked like kilos of something illicit, but we were allowed to pass with our booty of books. (We were also stopped upon our departure from Myanmar for inspection of luggage respecting "rocks"; the costume jewelry we bought in a market had to be discerned from possibly uncut jade or other semi-precious or precious stones.)🕮

Ladies' Classes

By Bonnie Rushmore

My first opportunity to teach was Thursday morning in Bangalore, India. Ladies' class was scheduled for 10:00 a.m. until 1:00 p.m. with a break in the middle. Since I had never taught with an interpreter, we decided that Janet should teach the first session and I would teach after the break. On Wednesday evening, a gentleman asked Janet and me what our topics were for the following day. He was encouraging a Catholic friend to attend Thursday's classes and she wanted to know the topics. I planned to teach on the Christian Graces found in 2 Peter 1:5-8, but changed to Lydia knowing that a non-Christian may be in the audience. Janet planned to teach about the second coming of our Lord. After evaluating our topics, we decided that I should teach the morning session since Janet's lesson was an appropriate conclusion for the day's activities.

We had about 38 women in attendance. Sheila Douglass did an excellent job translating my English into Tamil. Almost all the missionaries with which they have worked are from the south, so I was surprised that she did not experience any difficulty understanding my northern accent (actually, we're not the ones who have the accent).

While we were preparing for lunch, a young lady requested to be baptized. The local brethren had been studying with this young woman and she attended the classes presented by Louis and Wayne the previous two days as well as the Ladies' classes. What a wonderful way to end our visit in Bangalore.

Later in the day, Shelia asked me if I was "all American." One of the sisters thought that I was from some place other than America. I explained that I was born and reared in the United States currently living in MS. After discussing this with Wayne and Janet, we

decided that the confusion was caused by my speech, which is different from those with whom they are accustomed to hearing.

On our first day at the Bible School in Myanmar, when Wayne introduced Louis and me, he encouraged both the men and women to ask questions. He assured them that we were knowledgeable Bible teachers and that we could answer their questions. Before I began my lesson, I asked the ladies to write their questions out on paper and I would answer them on another day. I explained that I needed time to think about and research the answers before answering them.

The first week in Yangon I taught a series of lessons on character studies of some of the women in the Bible. After the first session, one of the ladies asked if I was from America. I explained that yes, I was born and raised in the United States. She explained that my hair and skin were different from the Americans she had seen. On several occasions during our three week stay in Myanmar I was told that I looked Burmese, especially when I was wearing a longyi (native clothing of Myanmar).

We had 10 to 15 ladies present for each of the classes. While the ladies seemed interested and attentive in class, they only spoke if I asked a direct question. There was no discussion or questions asked. At the end of my lesson on Monday of the third week, I encouraged them to make comments or ask questions so that I would know they were listening and not asleep. From then on there were numerous thoughtful questions asked. Most of the questions dealt with a passage of Scripture referenced in the previous day's lesson. I answered each question when asked, although some of the questions necessitated a brief answer with the understanding that I would give more detail and other Scriptural references the next day.

When I taught the "Christian Graces" in 2 Peter 1:5-8, I introduced the lesson with the example of little children playing with building blocks. I have a set of blocks with each grace written on one side. Winsome (one of the translators) wrote the Burmese word on the other side and as I taught I stacked these blocks emphasizing each grace is built upon the other, not mixed together. Half way through my lesson, one of the ladies asked "What is a building block?" What I thought was a wonderful visual reinforcing the lesson was lost, caused by a lack of understanding what I was talking about. This and episodes of misunderstanding some common idioms used in the U.S. caused my translator some difficulties.

On the second week I dismissed the ladies' class so that they could attend Louis' class on Bible Geography. We felt that this was an important class for them to attend.

At the end of each class session the students in unison say, "Thank you very much." I would always reply, "Thank you very much." During our three weeks in Myanmar I gained much more than I gave. The Christians in Myanmar are humble, content, encouraging and sincere. Their singing was outstanding. I wish each of you could visit the Christians in Myanmar. It would change your life for the better.

Lesson learned from this experience: Choose your words carefully when teaching in a foreign land. What makes sense in the United States may cause confusion in another country.📖

Children's Classes

By Bonnie Rushmore

Our second Saturday in Myanmar took us to a Buddhist village in the Delta area about an hour from Yangon. Janet was to teach a children's class of 35-40 children and I was to assist. The local brethren began this bi-monthly class after the relief efforts from the cyclone that devastated this village six months ago. The village built a bamboo building for our classes. Upon our arrival, children and adults came out of the jungle to attend class. We soon realized that several men planned to stay for the class, so Louis was pressed into service to teach the creation account. Even adults listened attentively and strained to see the pictures as Louis told about the creation of the world, the fall of man and God's desire that all men follow His commands as outlined in the Bible. We served juice boxes, bread and candy to the children and older ladies after class. What was expected to be 40 children turned out to be closer to 60; fortunately we had plenty of food. However, we did not have enough toys for all the children. The village elder told us to give the toys to the younger children and several of the older ones did not receive a toy. Janet left money with one of the local preachers to purchase additional toys for the next visit.

On two Sunday evenings I had the privilege to teach a children's class in another Buddhist community in Yangon; I was the first American to teach in this neighborhood, which required special permission from the village elder. This class was begun by an eld-

erly man who was baptized about one year ago. Last July, he built an additional bamboo building on his property for the children's class, and the last Sunday we were in Yangon he held worship services there as well. The class of 35 students already knew the biblical account of creation (my lesson for that day). They have had a wonderful teacher the past few months. I taught them Genesis 1:1 and emphasized what God created on each day. At the end of the class several students stood up, quoted their memory verse and recited what God created on each day.

Upon my return the next week, several students stood, recited the memory verse and what God created on each day. Since I did not know I would be teaching children's classes when I left the States, I did not have any visuals with which to teach. I used a brown paper bag to make a big fish, another bag, a pencil and a white handkerchief to make a boat, and a paper cutout for Jonah. The children listened intently as I told about Jonah: how he tried to hide from God, his need to repent, how we cannot hide from God and that we need to obey God. After the lesson, one of the young boys used my meager visuals and retold the lesson in great detail. The desire of these young children to learn of God is truly amazing. I was told that some of these children had been waiting for over an hour for my arrival. I wish our young children exhibited the same desire. Lesson learned from this experience: Always be prepared. You never know what opportunities await.📖

Jetlag

By Bonnie Rushmore

We left Jackson, MS on Tuesday morning and arrived in Bangkok, Thailand 28 hours later. Since we were traveling east and crossed the International Date Line, it was daylight the entire trip. During the first several days in India our bodies wanted to sleep when we were supposed to be awake, and we wanted to be awake when we were supposed to be sleeping. By the time we left Myanmar five weeks after our departure from MS, we could make it through the day without a nap in the afternoon. With no nap in the afternoon, we were getting a decent night's sleep. Then it was time to return home.

Once again our bodies did not know when to be awake or when to sleep. The clock said one thing and our minds said something else. We arrived home on Saturday evening, Nov. 14th. Our daughter Rebecca picked us up at the airport and drove us two hours to Winona. Louis slept in the car while I talked to Rebecca.

Since Rebecca spent the night and worshipped with us on Sunday, we choose to visit with her instead of sleeping after services at 1:00 p.m. However, I must admit I dozed frequently while sitting in the recliner. Rebecca left late Sunday afternoon, and by 6:30 p.m. we went to bed, exhausted. We awoke at 1:30 a.m., got up for a few hours, then laid back down for a few hours. We made it to the office between 9:30 and 10:00 a.m. Jet lag once again. We have been home almost a week, maybe, we are back to normal!📖

Cyclone Relief & Conversions

By Louis Rushmore

Difficult for mortals to appreciate, but out of tragedy sometimes much good overall occurs. What we might identify immediately as good or bad (Romans 8:28; Joseph in Genesis 37:17-36; 38-41; 50:20) God uses in the long term for the providential fulfillment of his will (Acts 2:36). Even the death of Jerusalem Christians had the effect of spreading the Gospel throughout the world (Acts 8:1, 4). However, whether the providence of God lies behind current events is difficult to impossible to ascertain in real time. Nevertheless, the horrific cyclone that recently hit Myanmar has had the affect of providing the Gospel to many souls who before were unacquainted with it.

Officially, 300,000 people perished in cyclone Nargis (though other estimates place the dead from the storm and those who died afterward at about 1,200,000). While nations were largely kept at Myanmar's door, unable to effectively deliver relief goods to the Burmese people, the churches of Christ were among those able to go were nations could not. Christians quickly directed many thousands of dollars toward relief efforts, and at first, Christians in the Philippines in cooperation with Burmese brethren were able to deliver food, clothing, tarps and mats to many of the affected in Myanmar's delta area. More importantly, all of these brethren took with them in the ravaged areas the Gospel of Jesus Christ. American brethren, later, were able to participate as well in the relief effort.

As great as the response was from brethren with tender hearts, comparatively few injured and starving Burmese were able to be rescued from the ravages of the storm and the dereliction of an uncaring military government. Rather than giving more people a little that would only inevitably prolong their eventual deaths, brethren rescued the closest needy villagers, saving their lives. To these souls also was taken the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Consequently, several have obeyed the Gospel of Christ or are continuing to study or allow their Buddhist villages to be taught the Word of God. Several new, infant congregations have been established in the edge of the delta beyond Yangon. New converts enthusiastically erect crude structures (equal to the homes in which they live) for weekly worship. Out of severe adversity, the Gospel is blossoming into the spread of Christianity under the otherwise difficult circumstances that are every-

day life in Myanmar (Burma). The Lord's church is thriving in this third-world nation across the globe from where we are. It was sheer pleasure and great satisfaction for Bonnie and me to be apart of teaching men and women who have purposed to teach their own countrymen the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ.

One of the newly converted families has taken in an 8-year-old girl who lost her parents because of Nargis. Already, Christianity in action (James 1:27) smiles on this distant shore. Please remember these courageous Christians in prayer, and enable us and others with church funds and individual Christian gifts to work in this foreign vineyard for our Lord. Thank you for what you are doing even now toward that end!📖

The Half Has Not Been Told

By Louis Rushmore

Truly, the half has not been told about our journey to Asia and back. For instance, space long since failed to say more than mention my first experience of preaching and teaching in my bare feet (local customs) or elaborating on my wearing the longyi (skirt) while teaching and preaching (again, local customs). Space fails to comment on good sisters in both India and Myanmar questioning whether Bonnie was actually from America; Myanmar brethren said she could pass for Burmese, said she could gain access to areas in the cyclone stricken delta restricted to Burmese and brethren invited Bonnie (not me) to stay. In addition, we've seen the sacred white elephants and tiptoed barefoot through enough pagodas to last us awhile.

Every moment was vivid and memorable. We know exactly what pictures we want to get next time (to go along with the hundreds we snapped this time). Bonnie and I are anxious to return to these most fruitful and encouraging works for the glory to God and the influence for good to which we can contribute to Christians and non-Christians alike.📖

Good Works Aplenty

By Louis Rushmore

My tract, "**The One True Church**," is a big hit among brethren in India and Myanmar. Brother Wayne Barrier gave out samples last year, and some of them were already translated into various languages before our recent trip. We encouraged brethren in both countries to print even more, and Bonnie and I helped them toward that end financially. Brethren Vinay David of New Delhi, India (Hindi language); P.R. Swamy of Bangalore, India (Tamil language); S. Kyaw Sein Yangon, Myanmar (Burmese language); Jay Ahti of northern Myanmar (a Chinese dialect for distribution inside China itself); Peter Thien Kho Let of Mandalay, Myanmar (another language in Myanmar); and Thian Lian of Kalay, Myanmar (another language in Myanmar) combined are printing several thousand of my tract. Through their efforts "The One True Church" is available in six Asian languages in addition to English. However, these thousands of tracts are hardly enough to begin acquainting the hundreds of thousands of precious souls with whom they come in contact with the church for which Jesus died. With your financial help, we can print and distribute many more thousands of tracts to a world neighborhood home to literally billions of people. Indicate on the memo line "tracts" if you want your gift to be used for that purpose.

Bonnie and I not only lugged 100 pounds of books abroad, but we took several CDs each containing about 60 books, and we gave them to some of the preachers in India and Myanmar with whom we regularly work (howbeit at some great distance). Each of these with the exception of one has a computer by which these materials can be accessed and used in preparation for teaching, preaching and evangelism. My translator for three weeks and one of the two directors of the Bible school outside of Yangon is Philip. He is an outstanding specimen of a Christian, a preacher, an evangelist and a tireless worker for Jesus Christ. Philip is a young, single man of 33-years-old. He has much potential and more than many for being a giant in the generations ahead for advancing the cause of Christ in Myanmar, but his humble surroundings and meager resources have not afforded him an opportunity to acquire a computer (and be able to use the PDF books I brought him). Desktop computers can be purchased in Yangon, ranging from about $300 to $600, with printer and cable being just a little bit more. If you have a special interest in helping this rising star in the Lord's church in Myanmar realize even more potential, please send a check to the Vermilion church of Christ with "Philip's Computer" on the memo line.

No kidding, Bonnie and I were happy to be home, but we can hardly wait to return to the mission field, to stand before eager souls whose earnest desire is to sop up God's Word and better prepare themselves to evangelize their world. These Christians about whom we have written herein live to be Christians and evangelism is the thrust of their hearts, souls and bodies; everything else for them comes after (Matt. 6:33). If you want to help us begin to build up the travel fund so we can go again, please send your check with "Foreign Travel" on the memo line.📖

World Evangelism Foundation
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Winona, MS 38967

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I (we) plan to send a monthly contribution of $_____, beginning _____ (month) to help the Rushmores spread the Gospel far and near.

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CALL TODAY TO SCHEDULE AN APPOINTMENT WITH LOUIS & BONNIE RUSHMORE FOR A LIVE MISSION REPORT TO YOUR CONGREGATION .

Rushmore Evangelism Fund: September 2008 Report

Beginning Balance		**$927.16**
Income		
Contributions	$2,735.00	
Printing/Book Sales	$2,871.03	
Foreign Travel	$700.00	
Travel	$233.00	
TOTAL INCOME	**$6,539.03**	
Expenses		
Auto Expenses	$862.91	
Stateside Travel	$214.41	
Foreign Travel (Visas)	$40.00	
Office	$164.85	
Postage & Shipping	$490.35	
Internet	$0.00	
Equipment Maintenance & Repair	$74.95	
Printing Expenses	$934.55	
Office Telephone	$122.74	
Medical Treatment	$160.00	
Bank Fees	$.59	
Medical Insurance	$0.00	
Life Insurance	$50.29	
Housing	$328.23	
Salary	$1,500.00	
TOTAL EXPENSES	**$4,943.87**	
MONTHLY BALANCE	$1,595.16	
Ending Balance		**$2,522.32**

Income to World Evangelism earmarked & spent for Rushmore airline tickets. $2,000.00