

Dear Faithful Supporters, Praying Partners,

Greetings, I hope this finds all well with you and your church and family. This prayer letter is not one that has been the easiest to write. I have tried to get my thoughts together and each time I find myself thinking about my Dad, Lonnie V. Brown. He went home to be with the Lord September 27, 2004. So please be understanding in my delay in writing to you.

It all began back in July my Dad found out he had a spot on his lung. It was also during this time my family and I was planning our trip to Portland, Oregon. My Dad was excited for us that the Lord had met the need for us to go, and wanted us to go and enjoy the trip. He told me he had been praying the Lord would meet the need. The Day I told him about how God had blessed he and I both shouted. My Dad was a man that believed in the power of prayer. I would call him and tell him about the prison, he would always tell me "I pray every night for you."

In August he had surgery to remove the right upper lobe of his right lung. The surgery went well. The surgeon came and told my mom that he felt confident that he had removed all the cancer. The family was feeling overjoyed of the report. Then two days later his kidneys began to shut down. The next forty-four days were difficult to say the least. It was during these days, it seemed like it was a dream. But looking back I can see how the Lord was preparing not only me, but also the rest of my family for what was to come. It was during this time while my Dad was in the hospital the Lord was preparing my mom for that day. My Mom and Dad were married forty-eight years. However, it does not make it any easier, to let go of someone you love. I hope as you read this letter you will understand that it helps me just to write about what has taken place in my life!

I would like to share one special moment that took place on a Friday morning. My wife and I had drove down to see him at Forsyth Medical Center, Winston-Salem NC. He was in ICU and as I turn the corner and looked in the room he was sitting up in the bed. This moment will last with me as long as I live. My Dad began to cry and clap his hands and say these precious words. " My Boy, My Boy, My Boy" we each began to cry and hug each other. Glory!!!!!! It was a moment of time that I believe The Lord himself ordained. Then it seemed as if each day after that, he would have good and bad days. Then came September 27,2004 at six thirty in the afternoon my Dad went home to be with His Savior that he had preached about for over seventeen years. Please do remember my family and especially my Mom (Betty) in your prayers.

I realize that much of this letter has been about my Dad. However, I do want you to know that I still went to prison. The Lord Blessed with souls saved. In July three were saved. Then August came with Six trusting Christ. September my wife and I went to a women's prison Sept. 10-12, 04 with Eleven trusting Christ. The twelfth was on a Sunday so my wife and I went by to see my dad. I told him about what the Lord had done, he waived his hand and tears ran down his face. Precious memories !!!!!!! Then at my prison the Lord Blessed with Seven trusting Christ as Savior.

The First Thursday in October at my prison Six trusted Christ as their Savior. I have been at a Prison Revival Oct 13-15,04. The Lord surely was an ever-present help in three days of meetings. It is with great joy to tell you a total of Fifty-eight men and women trusted Christ as Savior from three different prisons. If you do not mind I would like to think that my Dad was looking over the portals of Glory and saying " My Boy, My Boy, My Boy." Thanks for Caring !!!!! Thanks for Praying!!!

In His Service,

***Thanks for Supporting this Ministry***