



Update

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Stones of Remembrance

All through the Word, God charges us to “remember.” His commands, His miracles, what He has done for us. Joshua built a memorial of stones after Israel crossed over Jordan so that *When your children ask in time to come, “What do those stones mean to you?”* then you tell them how God parted the waters so they could cross (Joshua 4:21-24). When discouraged, we need to remember what God has done in our lives.

There are times when the devil gives us “fits” with his accusations, like, *What have you done that amounts to anything! Do you really think you are doing any good, really!* He is trying to make us feel worthless.

We know mentally he is a liar, but sometimes a little bit gets through to our hearts. In addition to prayer, praising, reading the Word, and just standing, it’s good to look back at what the Lord has done. This happened to me recently, and as I thought back on things the Lord has done, I realized He has made me one part of the great work of Calvary Commission.

Joe and Charlotte Fauss started Calvary Commission in 1969. They owned a grocery and restaurant business in Tyler, TX. His father was an Assemblies of God Pastor for many years, so Joe already understood ministry. They, their four sons, and others began seeing a need to help troubled youth. This was during the hippie movement years. That burden led them to sell their business and open the Teen Challenge Center in Tyler in January 1970. About 200 youth showed up the first weekend.

Joe said, *Charlotte and I learned really*

quick that we had been very secure in our own little world while a whole generation of youth had lost their way. The hippies made our new center their hangout. Our eyes were opened to the drug world and the crime scene and we prayed “Lord help us to see these lives changed.”

One of the boys who was staying at the Boy’s Home that Joe had started was sent to prison. As Joe and team visited him, Joe said, *We discovered a whole prison world and thousands of hopeless men and women who had messed up, been locked up, and who had given up.*

Someone donated a 186-acre farm/ranch just outside of Lindale, Texas and Calvary Commission began to build an aftercare ministry where men and women out of prison could come and grow in Christ, receive mission training in the Bible Institute, and transition back into the free world. Students who have not been to prison also come to earn degrees in Theology and ministry training.

I have been a part of Calvary Commission over 20 years, starting in the early 1990’s when the Lord placed a burden on my heart to teach in the Calvary Bible Institute (CBI). All staff raise their own

support, including Joe Fauss himself. That is when I started my newsletter and people have financially supported us so that Martha and I could continue ministering. Some of you were part of that beginning.

Not long after starting to teach in the ‘90s, I began teaching at the Coffield unit where I ministered for the next five years. Many of the former inmates from Coffield have come to Calvary Commission after their release. Last fall I met one of my students Ivan who sat under my teaching at Coffield. He is a reminder of the victories over those five years. Remembering helps resist the devil.

Some of my unforgettable ministry experiences have been on mission trips to over nine countries. One was when I was a part of a Calvary Commission ministry team to Romania. Milton Fauss and family went there to live and established the Rock Church in Sibiu, Romania. It was my joy to minister in a Pastor’s Conference. Because Milton was from the States he had the latest technology and he placed my teaching notes on the TV screen. The notes were in Romanian and I taught in English with an interpreter. The pastors were amazed at how well they could follow the outline.

If you are interested, you can go to www.calvarycommission.org click on “about us,” notice “History” and click “Read More.” You will see a picture of the church building in Sibiu under the heading 1993.

In Sibiu on Sunday morning each of us preachers went to various

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churches in the area to preach. My assignment was to a neighbor town about 20 miles from Sibiu. The church met in the pastor's home. As I sat down on the homemade bench in a small room, I looked around at the plain walls with faded paint. As they sang without instruments, the Holy Spirit filled the place. Suddenly, I knew how the Apostle Paul felt when he went into a new place.

My interpreter was a young seminary student in Sibiu. He rode with us to the church, and while talking in the car, we had difficulty understanding each other. But after the service he excitedly said, "*I understood every word you said!*" It's hard to explain how amazing that change was! One person was born again that morning and two people made deeper commitments to the Lord. After I returned home, several churches gave, and we were able to help the Pastor get a church building for his people. Another "stone" of remembrance.

The mission trips to communist Cuba were very different. I had to stay on guard about how I walked, what I said, even where I looked. What is perfectly acceptable here at home is not acceptable there. I learned what it was like to speak to about 400 people and be told there are at least three government agents in the audience who will monitor what is said in the meeting. Don't say anything about form of government, don't say anything about economics, don't compare what life is like back home, and don't mention how well athletes perform back home.

In a meeting of pastors only, I had a first-hand opportunity to speak while someone was standing outside close to the open window listening to my teaching—this agent was being sure I wasn't speaking anything that would divide the people against the government. I saw how closely their

lives were scrutinized. It was an education on freedom and the lack of it.

The church in Cuba was having a problem with some abusing the subject of faith. My teaching notes on faith answered questions and were translated into Spanish. Over a year later, I was amazed to discover they also were circulated into Mexico. We never know where God will continue ministry.

When you and I remember the ways the Lord has used us, this sends the devil on his way. When you serve the Lord wherever He has placed you, this sends the devil on his way from you.

My first mission trip to India was to the Mumbai area. I saw things there that made me gasp for air! The local missionary arranged for me to speak in three different cities near Mumbai. I saw people lying on the sidewalk covering themselves with pieces of cardboard for their sleep that night. Pointing to a man who had covered himself with a large unfolded cardboard box, he said, *Where you may be concerned about how you may buy a set of tires for your car, this man is concerned whether or not he will live through the night.*

The missionary asked me to give marriage counseling to the Postmaster and his wife in one of the cities close to Mumbai. I resisted saying that I didn't understand the customs or anything, but he said that I would do all right. Fifteen minutes into the conversation with them I thought I was back home

Thanks!

A reminder: If you want your gift to come directly to me, please mail it to the address on this newsletter. Make your check to "Calvary Commission" and you will receive a receipt for your tax-deductible gift at the end of the year.

dealing with a couple here. I saw firsthand how the word of God has the answer for any people no matter where they live, no matter what their culture. To remind myself of that moment of revelation sends the devil on his way.

The second Calvary Commission India trip was in the eastern section where Brother Joab Lahara organized a Pastor's Conference and pastors came from several areas across India. On the way to the conference, we stopped at a café and Brother Joab seated us near the back. Two men came in who were part of a group that had recently beat up an evangelist. Joab said, *Stop talking, sit still, these men mean trouble to American missionaries!* The men were apparently in a hurry because they ate quickly and left. We scooted out of there and stepped lively to the car. God had protected us.

One of the gifts God gives us as His children is to allow us to be used by Him to help change people's lives. Whatever God has given you to do, encourage yourself when in the dark moments by remembering what happened in His Light. ✨

Preparing for the fall semester

The dean and those of us in the faculty of the Bible Institute will meet soon to finalize the 2018 fall courses for each degree.

Every school year I see lives changing. They are getting instruction on how to live, how to get rid of deep wounds, how to ask God for forgiveness for their past wrongs, and how to forgive people who have hurt them.

The students receive hope for their future and believe they can live victoriously in a crooked world.

Thank you for joining me in this ministry effort by your prayers and your financial support. ✨
