

November 18, 1996

Dear Dr. Ryrrie,

You have been in my thoughts and heart, so a letter to you. Winnie is in Dallas at the present, spending two weeks with Susan and Denny, and a brand new baby boy. But it's more than grandmothering. Denny and Susan, appointed by UFM to Haiti to work with us in the Fellowship House, sold their house, and are moving to Quebec for a year to study French. It's not only packing for the big move, but closing down the house, storing and packing with a view to coming to Haiti in the early part of 1998. Clinton calls it, "building a bridge to the future."

How are you doing? I enjoyed our last time together over a noon luncheon in Dallas. Both of us were down as I recall, yet I came away encouraged. Winnie and I had been facing things in each other and within ourselves, that we never handled before. I was depressed and angry because I couldn't seem to resolve any of the hurt and anger on my part and her's. It was a merry-go round to nowhere. Thanks for listening that day. And, I heard you too, and wished I could reach in and take away the pain. That one luncheon was a highlight of my time in Dallas. It's about time I told you.

I'm not sure we'd be in Haiti at all if you had not stepped into my life as you did during my seminary days. It's about time I told you that as well. I had been working in boy's clubs at the YMCA, and was considering children as a kind of calling. You reminded me one day (you may not recall this) that a children's ministry, or working with them, even effectively, was not one of the spiritual gifts. I believe you were on the board of CEF at the time. In hindsight, and peeling back a few layers, I was doing that because I wasn't intimidated by them. It was a world where I felt safe. I was so filled with doubts and insecurities. I sensed you believed in me, this fearful and doubt-filled kid from Lancaster County.

I also remember a time when I was ready to drop out of seminary. Second semester was ready to begin and my finances had come to an end. And, I thought it was the end for me. I told no one, except the Lord, of course. I found a note in my mailbox asking me to come to your office. I thought the worse. It fanned my insecurities and the worst within me. You slid a check across your desk, dated a week prior to my coming to your office. You asked me if I had any financial problems and to look at the date on the check, which was the time when I started to pray in earnest about my need and faced the very real possibility of leaving seminary. It was the exact amount I needed to start the second semester.

I owe you a debt of gratitude. I admire and respect you, and count you among my dearest friends. I would enjoy jogging with you. A few rounds of racquet ball for old times' sake would be great.

Warmly,



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