



Friends and Family,

It is with great honor and humility that I am able to be a part of Evangelism Mission. This letter will explain all of the details regarding my joining of the mission. However, I would first ask that you read the article written on the back. Although I originally wrote the article as an essay for a high school assignment almost two years ago, God lead me to rewrite it and have it published in a magazine – *God's Missionary Standard*.

I feel there is a great need for servants of God willing to make a difference wherever they may be, even their own home town. Although God definitely calls some to go to foreign countries to minister, we often forget the large mission field we have right here in the United States. The article on the back, *A World of Our Own*, illustrates that need. Not everyone lives in a place where homelessness, violence, prostitution, and drug abuse occurs; unfortunately, however, this is the case in the majority of the cities in our nation.

Our world is a needy one. One in need of hope. One in need of love. One in need of the convicting power of the Holy Spirit coupled with the wonderful forgiveness of a loving, merciful Savior. This realization, along with other factors, is what God used to draw my heart to join Evangelism Mission as an adult, rather than just helping my dad here and there with the mission work.

In December of 2006, God led my dad, Rodney Keister, to start a new mission work that was, at its beginning stages, focused on street evangelism. Since that time, God has expanded Evangelism Mission into a nationwide faith based mission work that travels across the United States, spreading the Gospel of Jesus Christ. To learn more about Evangelism Mission and what we do, you can visit our website: EvangelismMission.com.

When deciding which Bible college to attend in order to obtain a bachelor's degree in intercultural studies (missions), I felt God telling me to go to Union Bible College (UBC) in Westfield, IN – only thirty minutes from downtown Indianapolis (Indy). I had done street ministry quite a few times in Indianapolis with my dad in the past, and was really excited about being able to spend time downtown ministering to people on the streets. I definitely knew God wanted me at UBC, and I definitely knew He wanted me to go downtown doing ministry as much as I could.

Once the semester started, I began to apply for various jobs. I knew in order to make money for college, I would have to work as much as possible. I wasn't sure how I would be able to juggle college, a job, and minister downtown like I knew God wanted me to do. Although I cleaned for a lady once a month, that didn't bring in enough money for college. I prayed about finding another job so many times, and nothing was working out. I began praying that if God wanted me to get another job that semester, then He would have to work it out. I applied to at least 15 different places and had four interviews. All of the interviews went really well, but I never got a call back. One of the interviews was at a café near downtown Indy. This interview went particularly well, and I was hired on the spot! I was so happy about this. It seemed perfect; I'd be working downtown, making it super easy to do street ministry before and after work.

On the day I was scheduled for orientation, I got a call from the manager. I was in class when they called, so they left a voicemail. After class I changed into my work clothes, and drove down to Indy for orientation. Once I parked, I remembered that I had a voicemail, and I should probably listen to it before going inside in case the café had some type of special instructions. The voicemail stated that I needed to call back to talk to the manager about something. So I called the café and spoke with him. The manager told me not to come in because they couldn't hire me, but one of their other locations could. The other location never called, and I was never given any information to reach the other café.

I spent the time I should've been in orientation to talk to people on the streets in Indianapolis. God reminded me that I had been praying that if it would be His will for me to find another job, he would have to work out the details. On my way back to school from Indianapolis, God also reminded me that this was one of the main reasons he called me to UBC for my schooling. He called me there to minister to people in Indianapolis while I went through college.

This unexpected time of outreach went extraordinarily well. I had many good conversations with people around Circle Monument and the nearby streets. I experienced very little rejection. I thought about all the people I was able to share the gospel with

during the time I would've been at a secular job. I was reminded how God always provided for my high school tuition, and He'll provide for me to be at UBC in one way or another for as long as He wants me there.

Throughout my first semester, my dad mentioned to me a few times about joining Evangelism Mission as a part-time missionary evangelist while I attended college, and perhaps longer as God leads. The first few times he mentioned the idea to me, I didn't take it very seriously and just brushed it off.

As the semester progressed, I kind of forgot about the offer. During my Winter break from school, we talked about it again. Although I was seriously considering joining the mission and felt God wanted me to walk through the open door He provided, I first wanted to talk to a Christian lady whom I am close with and see what she thought. She and I talked before I went back to college, and she thought it would be a really great thing. It seemed to fit perfectly with what God want me to do while in college, while being employed under the mission.

After praying about joining Evangelism Mission, I felt this was what God wanted me to do. In January 2016, I joined the mission as a part-time missionary evangelist. It was requested of me to write this letter back then. Due to the business of the semester and some of the new tasks that resulted from joining the mission (designing a bookmark for myself, assignments in school, rewriting *A World of Our Own* to be published, and doing ministry), I am unfortunately just now getting this letter out.

On January 19, my dad sent out a news update letter which can be read online here:

evangelismmission.com/newsletters/2016-01-19.pdf. In this letter, there was a short announcement about me joining the mission. Shortly after this letter was written, he spoke at Sun City Camp in Sun City, FL about Evangelism Mission. During the camp a lady pledged to give a certain amount each month to the mission designated for my missionary support. (Each missionary under Evangelism Mission must raise support just like other missionaries). The very first day I went downtown to do ministry since I had joined the mission, was the same day the lady in Florida pledged to donate monthly support for me as a part-time missionary. What this lady and my dad did not know, was that the amount she pledged to give each month was the exact amount that I needed. No one else knew about the need I had except for God, and He provided! I was overjoyed at God's provision, and what I took as a definite sign from Him that I was in the center of His will. There were many other times when God sent in support for me towards my tuition right at the moment I needed encouragement. Where God guides, He always provides!

As I mentioned briefly above, each missionary needs to raise his or her own support. This is typically how the majority of missionaries operate. The support raised goes towards the needs that each missionary has. It takes time, gas, tracts, and sometimes Bibles and parking fees in order to do evangelism. Most missionaries, not just under Evangelism Mission, come up with a budget in order to properly function. This budget is then raised through doing deputation, as well as sending out letters. Throughout nearly 10 years my dad has been doing the mission work, I have seen God provide through His people over and over to meet the needs of Evangelism Mission.

Part of the purpose of this letter is to help raise support for my monthly budget. After breaking down my expenses as a missionary under Evangelism Mission, I have figured my budget to be \$800 each month. Included in this budget is an estimated salary of \$400 a month, while the other \$400 is to cover my mission work expenses such as the ones stated in the previous paragraph. If you feel led to partner with me in reaching out to Indianapolis as well as the other places I minister, whether through a commitment to pray for God's work or through financial means, please print out my Mission Possible card that is available online:

EvangelismMission.com/mpc-gmk.pdf. Then fill it out and mail it in to the mission. Or take a picture after filling it out and email it me.

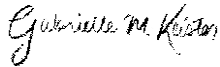
Since I am attending college, there is a cost in that as well. My college tuition is not included in my monthly expense budget stated above. Union Bible College is currently undergoing the process of accreditation which will make financial aid available in the future. If it is God's will for me to return this semester in August, \$1,850 needs to be raised before August 15th. I am fully confident that God can raise that amount through mission support if He sees fit to allow me to go back to college this semester. My

monthly payment for tuition this semester is around \$1,000. If you feel it on your heart to make a donation towards my tuition, you can do so via our website, by mail, or by phone. If God so leads, you can also make a one time donation to help during this time of need. If you are not able to give financially, that is completely understandable, and I would appreciate your prayers. Please be praying God's will be done in raising the money for me to go back this semester.

As part of raising support, I will be holding deputation services. Since I am in Westfield, IN throughout the majority of the year, I will be primarily holding deputation services in the nearby states. If you would like to schedule me for a deputation service about Evangelism Mission, please call me directly at (570) 541-1609.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter. Prayer is vital in ministry and I ask that you keep me in your prayers.

God Bless,



Gabrielle M. Keister, *Missionary Evangelist*

P.S. If you have not yet read my section of our June 2016 newsletter, you can do so on page 4, online at: evangelismmission.com/newsletters/2016-06.pdf.

This mission work is supported by your tax deductible donations:

On our website: EvangelismMission.com

By mail at: **Evangelism Mission
P.O. Box 225
Mifflinburg PA 17844**

Or by phone: **570-966-7323**

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When **mailing** a donation via check or money order, please make payable to Evangelism Mission and then in the memo write: “**GMK Support**” or “**GMK College**” Not advised to send cash, but if do, please make a note: “**GMK Support**” or “**GMK College**”

If you currently support Rodney Keister or Nathan & Anna Yohe, please do not reduce that support to support me.



Where am I? This place is strange. Surely there's no way I've been here before. I look to see where I am, only to find myself bombarded by the new sensations of this place. They're just people. They're people I've never seen before. People I thought only existed in literature and media. These people are real though. Their situation is real.

As I look around, I see people of the humblest sort. An older gentleman wearing torn, dirty clothing leans against the building to my left. Considering how thin and bony he is, leaning against that brick wall has got to hurt. I look into his cold, sad, tired eyes and I feel the hopelessness he faces. With each wrinkle on his ashen, hollow face, I imagine the immense turmoil he must have endured. Who is this man, and how did he get here? Could he be the son of a great preacher from long ago, or maybe a war veteran? What is his story? Why is no one helping him? He holds a simple sign made of cardboard. Only a few words are written on it, perhaps the only words he had the strength to write. As I read the words, I suddenly feel my heart beat faster, and my face begins to warm with compassion overwhelming me. “Food. Please.” How can I not help him in some way?

I walk over to him, but he doesn't acknowledge me. “Sir? Would you like to go get something to eat with me?” No response. “Sir?” Why is he not responding to me? “Sir, can you hear me? I want to help.”

Stepping far away from him as if he were diseased, a group of well-dressed business people walk past him. Though they do not have the courage to look at him, they talk about him without hesitation. “I thought the new mayor was supposed to clean up the scum in this city,” snarks the man with a black leather briefcase in his left hand and a red Starbucks cup in the other. As they walk past, their caustic remarks fade into the distance.

I look at the man as he hangs his head low and wipes a tear away from his eye. Much to my surprise, he begins to pray aloud. “God... I know you can hear me. Please send someone to me... please.”

In the distance, I hear a gun shot. Immediately I feel fear, anxiety, and shock. Is this normal? I begin to panic when I see children crying in front of me as their mothers comfort them, the sound of cries breaking out from the people around me, pounding against my ear drums, *breaking* into my mind, *carving* a deep memory. Walking closer to the scene of the shooting, the sulfuric odor of gun powder and metallic scent of blood begins to creep into my nostrils. There's a man lying in the street; a group of men race away from the dead man. This is absolutely horrid. What country am I in?

As I enter the next street, I see a pile of old, tattered clothing and a woman at the end of the street smoking what looks to be a joint. Her body language suggests all hope has been drained out of her. As I pass the heap of clothing, I notice the way the clothing is pressed down in the middle; it gives the impression that someone may sleep here. There's also a shopping cart next to the

pile filled with tied bags packed full, leaving no wrinkles in the round plastic bags. The aroma of body odor, urine, and feces is so powerful that it begins to consume my nose and slowly, but forcefully, creep into my mouth. This is not a scent – *nor taste* – that I enjoy. I become afraid that I have turned into a volcano on the verge of erupting. I feel my meal from earlier rise to my mouth. Eyes watering, I swallow hard. Then I run, *fast*.

Nearing the end of the street, slowing my fast-paced run to a walk, my eyes are drawn to a large man with a cigarette sticking out the corner of his mouth. He quickly, rudely, and loudly approaches the helpless woman at the end of the street. All I can inhale is the smell and taste of the sour fragrance and bitterness from the cigarette smoke combined with the sharp dullness of marijuana smoke. As I proceed past them quietly coughing and choking, I notice how skimpily the woman is dressed. Her hair is matted and thin, but you can tell she makes the best of the situation by how her hair is done. The man yells at her as she cries, apologizing for not being good enough. Thankfully he leaves in the opposite direction from the one I am walking.

I try to reach out to her. I try to tell her of a God above who cares. A God who loves her so much that He sent His Son to free her of her bondages, but no matter how loudly I scream.... She can't hear me. Crying, I walk away.

I sit down on the sidewalk, back leaning against the building behind me, knees bent upward, face buried in my hands, crying out to God, pleading for the people I saw. “Lord, why couldn't they hear me? Why haven't you sent anyone to help them?! How will they hear of you and your love and mercy? Don't let them perish, Lord! Send someone to help them! Lord, send me!” Crying and screaming to God, I jerk up in bed, awakened by the sound of my own voice and the warmth of my tears streaming down my face.

It was a dream. It was all just a dream... but how? It seemed so real. Those streets I walked down, I know them. They're streets in cities across the United States. Those faces I saw, they aren't foreigners. No, they're people from this country! I used to think people and scenarios such as what I saw only existed in other countries – *only existed in third-world countries*. The poverty and hopelessness is all around us.

In Romans 10:14, Paul writes “*How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?*” God has a call and a purpose for each of us. In Matthew 28:19 the command of the Great Commission was given to all of us. There is a hurting world at our doorsteps. We must give heed to God's voice and follow His command in telling the world about His love, mercy, and forgiveness. Those people who seem to be beyond hope are most in need of it. But as Paul wrote, how will they know if we do not go tell them?

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