













































































































































































































































































































































(Drawing Closer, Growing Stronger by Donald E. Anderson)

### IT MAY BE LATER THAN YOU THINK

Jean awakened from a deep sleep and realized it was time to meet with her first love, the Lord Jesus. She turned toward Charles, her husband of forty-four years and whispered: “Good morning, sweetheart!”

Later in her quiet time she read, “Come now, you who say, ‘Today or tomorrow, we shall go to such and such a city and spend a year there and engage in business and make a profit.’ Yet you do not know what your life will be like tomorrow. You are just a vapor that appears for a while and then vanishes away” (James 4:13-15).

Jean could have endlessly mused about her sixty-seven years. How good God had been! After leaving Decatur, Texas, she had met Charles at Wheaton College in Illinois. His contagious enthusiasm ignited her life with joy. He meant everything to her.

His tireless energy propelled them as a couple through his training in dental school, five years of medical missionary service in the Belgium Congo, and into his professorship of Dental Radiology at a major university.

As a supportive wife, Jean, also a registered nurse, conscientiously balanced her career with mothering their four daughters. Remembering the death of one infant daughter often brought tears, but Jean remained steadfast in faith throughout life’s trials.

As a bold intercessor, Jean often prayed for the lost and dying, especially in India. She prayed for the hill-country pastors whom she and Charles had met four months earlier while visiting the Hindustan Bible Institute.

The morning passed quickly as Charles called Jean to breakfast. They prayed together, ate quickly, and hastily prepared for an engagement to complete the paperwork for their Social Security benefits.

Heavy freeway traffic almost detained them, but they arrived just in time for their 9:00 A.M. appointment on April 19, 1995, at the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

“Welcome home my children.  
Your condo and table are ready!”

pp. 80-81