

Gerald and Marguerite Pauley at LA VIEILLE ÉGLISE THE OLD CHURCH (1840)



163, rang Bégon,
Saint-Bernard-de-Lacolle, Québec J0J 1V0
Home (450) 247-2329 cell (450) 230 after

after



before

I looked back over our prayer letters since we moved to Saint-Bernard-de-Lacolle, and it seems to me that we have been through a lot of "bad weather"—troubles and health problems and so forth. Will you think it strange for us to tell you that we have been very happy? --That we feel blessed of the Lord in so many ways? We thank the Lord fervently every day for His presence and for His bountiful supply for our needs and our projects. ***The solarium is in place and is elegant and appropriate besides being perfect as a church entry.*** We are grateful for the gifts of extra money that enabled us to make the last payment the day they finished the installation of the solarium. We will send a picture page as soon as possible (I haven't figured out how to download pictures from my cell phone). I must tell you that there were a LOT of extra costs.

One special cost that we did not think would be expensive was the cement pad for the solarium--not included in the cost of the solarium. This building is on solid rock. All the land around us is a solid flat rock. The topsoil is an average 2 feet deep. There had to be excavation—We found (thank the Lord) a very competent man, Gabriel, who did the excavation. His partner is an expert in cement patios for this area—two extra bills, over \$4,000 CN—more money than we had at the time. We didn't even have time to worry or wonder. Our good friend over the years in Vermont, Pastor Gangwer, called and said that he and his wife wanted to come up and take us out to dinner. After a great time of food, fellowship, and memories, Brother Gangwer took out a check book and wrote a check from his church for \$3 000!!—U.S. —which was over \$4,000 CN. (I had good talks with Gabriel. He is completely taken over by New Age thinking. He has weekly studies and meditation to develop his "Chakras". Every morning, he and the woman who lives with him "pray together" and practice yoga together. He is so very nice and honest and generous and helpful! But he is so far from salvation.)

The time of trial. Right after Christmas we had bad storms and high winds. There was a postal strike (34 days no mail and another 2 months before the backlog could all be delivered).

February 6, Gerald went out on a bitterly cold day and from the window I saw him pick up a snow shovel. I hurried to warn him not to shovel, the snow was very heavy. He was coming in. He had pushed a shovel full of snow and had chest pain. I convinced him to let me call for an ambulance—The hospital is 45 minutes away in good weather. It was an hour before the ambulance got here in the storm and an hour and a half to get to the hospital. The care that he got in emergency saved him and the next morning at 6 o'clock he was temporarily transferred to a hospital in Montreal where a **stent** was added to his collection—he now has 13 stents, plus a triple by-pass with a y junction.

The 10th and 11th of March, he was short of breath and thought he had a cold. He had an appointment for an eye exam. At the clinic, I saw that he was getting worse and really couldn't breathe. I rushed him to the nearest emergency room. We had to wait several hours, but that was because the nurse who did the evaluation had called for a cardiologist. *To get to the point*, his lungs were filled with water and he had pneumonia in both lungs. The stress on his heart brought on another heart attack! For a week the doctors didn't know why his lungs kept filling with water. Finally, after several x-rays and 2 nuclear scans a cardiologist diagnosed "insufficiency cardiac". He survived, and after 2 weeks we came home. I say "we" because I was snowed in at the hospital.

There was a "storm of the century" and 3 days later a bigger "storm of the century" struck, followed by a storm the like of which no one had ever seen in Quebec. The parking lot personnel could not plow or shovel because of all the cars under the snow. I needed to go home for my medicine and other necessities. One of the men dug my car out and brought it to me.

I made the 45-minute trip home in an hour and a half, only to find that there was no electricity. I went back to the hospital and parked on a mound of snow. That night, the last storm covered it.

Two days later 3 men got the car out for me and I went home, only to find there was no water. I returned to the hospital with a pillow and a blanket that plugs into the cigarette lighter. The parking lot attendant gave me a free parking space and I slept in the car for the rest of the time (it was hard to walk back and forth from the car in the snow and sleet and on the ice, but I was comfortable and warm in the car). During that time, the Lord gave me help from strangers in every way -- at the hospital (I was even given meals) and outside, trying to get around in a foot of snow with a walker. A young couple literally carried me over a bank of snow! I met good people and told them that they were answers to prayer, and added that they could have the same joy and peace that I had. We had tracts in the glove compartment.

Gerald had a long and fruitful conversation with the patient in the other bed about the Lord and the salvation and true life He offers.

He has a student. We were talking with an orderly, and when he realized that Gerald had been a pastor, he got so excited he started preaching about how he got saved. He is from Ivory Coast and wants to learn the Bible to be able to preach. His name is Yahpee.

P.S. Rosemary is back! Her condition is stable she says, but she doesn't want to go out except for groceries. She said says she will come to be with us if she can come in the afternoon. OF COURSE!

With love and appreciation: *Marguerite*

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