

Pray for us, that the Word of the Lord  
may have free course in Mexico.



Globe Missionary Evangelism • P.O. Box 3138 • Pensacola, Florida 32516

November 1989

Dear Friends,

At 3:40 in the morning, I was awakened by the police. Someone had broken into my work van to steal the church's public address system. Within 30 minutes, the thief was apprehended and sent to jail. Three days later we entered the local prison to begin a weekly ministry there. As we entered the jailhouse we were searched, then escorted to a concrete pit and locked in with the prisoners. I greeted the inmates and studied their faces, especially the ones with shaven heads (they were the new arrivals) to see if the thief who broke into my van was there. I could not recognize him for sure.

We set up the equipment. The 44 prisoners were very helpful and excited at our visit. Sergio (my friend in the wheelchair) sang a special song; the trustees in the kitchen began howling like wolves. We passed out tracts and began the movie "The Cross and the Switchblade". Three times during the movie the prison's electricity blacked out. Sergio told me to sit down and don't move when the lights were out because of the recent stabbings and unrest. Mexican prisons have a reputation for violence. It is not uncommon for prisoners to be beaten and grossly tortured. Some of the prisoner's faces were bruised.

Upon the completion of the film, an altar call was given. All 44 of them rose to their feet and prayed out loud the sinner's prayer. As we were leaving the prison, they all stood up and applauded forcefully, showing their



Showing a movie in Ocotlan.

## SHORT STUFF



GLAD TO SEE US:  
COMING & GOING!

Lee & Carol Short



gratitude. As I heard their shouts of thanks and clapping, I thought of you back home who made that night possible and I wished that you were there to receive the honor.

The following Monday, as we approached the cell block, they received us with shouts of joy and applauded. After the film, during my 20 minute message "in Spanish" and as we were leaving, more of the same. I have never seen anywhere a group of people so grateful or appreciative of the Gospel. Pray that the prisoner's exuberance is channeled into discipleship, "growing up in Jesus."

GLAD TO SEE US...LEAVE!

Our family made a trip to Guadalajara. Carol and I needed to see a "reputable" doctor. Carol had a chronic infection in her tonsils, and the strong medicine caused gastritis, which also produced agitation in her throat. I was diagnosed to have amoebas nesting in my liver and throughout my stomach, causing pus pockets. The symptoms were that at night I would break out into a sweat while my tongue and hands would be icy cold.

I redeemed the time by attending a conference with Tino. Saturday night we evangelized on the streets in Ocotlan. The local church we were working with organized a drama team. Tino sang, I showed a movie, and Joshua handed out tracts. Suddenly a group of about forty people standing nearby, just out of the evening mass, began ripping up the tracts and stormed into the house that we were set up in front of. They shouted, "Who gave you permission to have this public meeting?" The woman in the house answered back in anger, "Do you get permission for your drunken parties here in the streets? These people are doing good and not evil. Get out of my house and leave us alone!"

The mob left the house and sang songs on the corner to divert the crowd that was watching the movie. As soon as the movie was over, we made a brief statement of faith and got out of there. This time it was the crowd that was glad to see us leave that was applauding.

Thank you for continuing to stand beside us in prayer. We need you!

Yours truly,

*Lee, Carol*

*Josh, Amy, Sarah*

Lee announcing  
a Christian concert  
in a nearby pueblo.



\*\*\*\*\*Our Address:\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Lee and Carol Short \*  
\* APDO 63 \*  
\* Manzanillo, Colima \*  
\* 28200 Mexico \*  
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