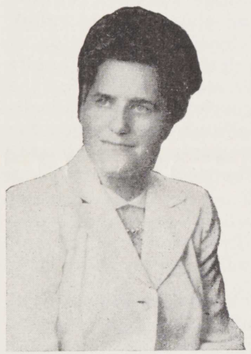
THE ABSORBING STORY OF BETTY LITTLE'S FIGTH FOR HER FAITH AND HER LIFE!

Editor's Note: The lessons learned by Betty Little in her weeks of trial on the battlefield where life and death are ever in the balance — and her faith in the Lord that enabled her to survive — these make an absorbing story that will prove important, inspiring and revealing of the character of a woman of courage — and her amazing fight for her ideals — and her victory for the Lord.



We read in God's Word, Romans 8:28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

When sickness or other troubles come to a child of God, unbelievers and even some so-called Christians raise their eyebrows in question? They wonder, and some even ask "Why did God permit this to happen to you, when you work so hard for Him?" My answer is always according to Scripture, which says, ". . .not according to our works, but according to His own purpose. . ." 2nd Timothy 1:9, and also 1st Thessalonians 5:18, "In everything give thanks: for this is the WILL OF GOD in Christ Jesus concerning you."

I praise God and thank all our friends for their prayerful support during my recent spinal operation. Last February, on my way to the Post Office with some A.P.D.L. mail, I fell on an icy street. Shortly thereafter I developed a pain in my left side, from my hip to my ankle. The pain was diagnosed as sciatica, for which I received medical treatments. But the pain grew steadily worse, until ten months later I was unable to get out of bed, and was taken to the hospital. X-rays showed my spine was badly injured. After ten days of complete rest the surgeon performed a spinal fusion. (Part of my hipbone was used to rebuild my spine) I have to wear a brace for the next six months.

During my stay in the hospital for one month, I had an untold number of opportunities to witness for Christ. I occupied a semi-private room, and had four different room-mates, and each one was a challenge. My first room-mate was a sixth-grade public school teacher, of the Jewish faith. She had fallen in her class room and broken her left arm. I had arrived in our room as she was being brought from the operating recovery room. It was another day before she felt well enough to talk. Within three days, before she left for home, there were many opportunities to speak of the Lord and His goodness. Before she left she donated $5.00 toward our Building repairs.

The maid barely had time to wash down the bed and remake it, when the next patient arrived. She was Irish and Roman Catholic. I lost no time in giving my testimony, and making plain the way of salvation. She was to undergo a buniondectomy the next morning, and she was fearful that her heart might stop. I explained Romans 8:28, and other scripture, and told her that if she was truly born-again, according to scripture, she would not fear, for she would be ready to meet the Lord. She said, "Don't try to convert me, because I'm a good Roman Catholic. As a matter of fact, I went to 'confession' on my way to the hospital."

The next morning as she was waiting to be taken to the operating room, I sat on my bed reading my Bible. She asked that I read aloud. I chose several portions of the Psalms, St. John, Romans and Corinthians, which I had marked from past readings. She thanked me for reading, and asked that I pray for her as she was wheeled out on the stretcher. That evening, after her operation, she asked that I read to her again. As she regained her strength she became her old belligerent self, and it became a standard joke among the nurses and nurses-aids that I was trying to convert her.

Ten days after her operation a Doctor came in to remove the stitches. He was an Italian, also Roman Catholic. When he told her she could go home within two or three days, she said "Thank God, I'll be getting away from THAT PROTESTANT, she did everything she could to convert me." He said to her, "You should have converted her to the Roman Catholic Church. If you could not work it — you should have called in 214." I asked him "What, or who is 214?" He said, "It's none of your business." He spent nearly an hour in our room, talking and taking care of her stitches. He said to me "Don't you know that the Roman Catholic Church is the ONE AND ONLY TRUE CHURCH?" I then told him that I was a former Roman Catholic and knew from my study of the Scriptures, both the King James and the Douay Versions that the Roman Catholic Church was NOT the one true Church. For God's Word, the Bible says, in 1st Timothy 2:5, "For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." The Roman Catholic Church says that Mary is a Mediatrix and they pray to and through Church made Saints. Roman Catholics call their Priest "Father". Scripture says, in Matthew 23:9, "And call no man your Father upon the earth, for one is your Father, which is in Heaven." And, in 1st Timothy, Chapter 4 tells us that those who depart from the faith will forbid to marry and command to abstain from meats. Roman Catholic priests and nuns are forbidden to marry, and God says in Genesis, it is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

One word led to another, and I answered each of his remarks with a Scripture verse. He then said, pointing at me

(*Continued on page* 10)

MUCH OF CHRISTIAN DUTY IS NOT ACTIVE BUSTLING WORK, BUT QUIET, PATIENT WAITING

IT IS BETTER NOT TO BE BORN AT ALL THAN NOT TO TO BE BORN AGAIN