



Courageous or Crazy?

Anonymous

We need to go. Now!

The sense of urgency topped all fears. “Father, please protect my children. I’m counting on you to bring us safely home. I just want Your people to have Your Word; forgive me if what I’m about to do is crazy.”

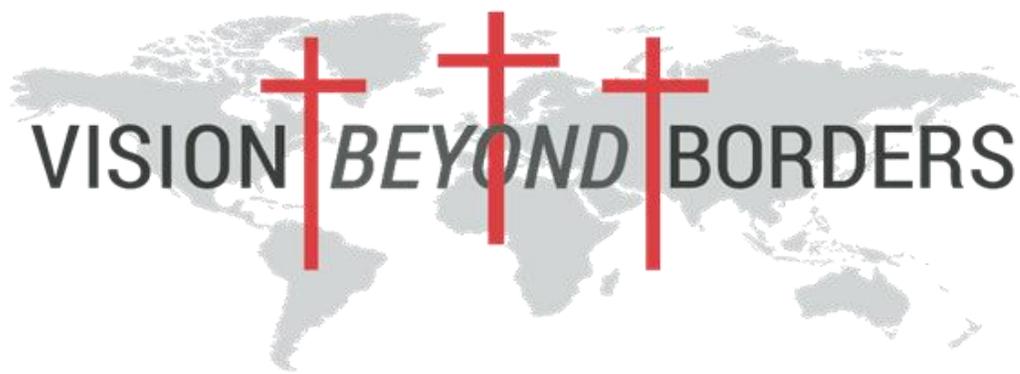
Three flights later, four pairs of sleepy young eyes took turns looking at the camera as a customs official checked our passports and visas. Despite getting caught and having my passport number written down on the previous two attempts, we were allowed into the country. Whew! So far, so good. “Father, please may Your Word get through undetected.”

My four children, ages 7-15, and I passed through immigration and squeezed into the crowd to await our turn having our carry-on bags x-rayed. Suddenly, I was startled by a shout, “You! Come!”

Heart beating faster, I followed the official through the crowd, kids trailing behind like ducks in a row, with a simple, silent plea, “God, please help us.”

Turns out the walker, presumably for my daughter with hemiparesis, but which I was pushing with a limp almost as pronounced as hers due to a perfectly timed tendon problem in my calf, (that, and as a teenager, she didn’t want to be caught dead using a walker in public), helped us get to the front of the line! Attempting to explain about her feeding tube and extra medical equipment, I began pulling specialized formula out of a backpack only to be stopped with a casual hand motion to put it back in the bag and a friendly, “No problem.”

As the bags passed through x-ray, the five of us paraded through the metal detector. Praise the Lord the neurosurgeon had the wisdom to use titanium rods, screws, and wires nine years ago when fusing my dear daughter’s neck after a paralyzing car accident—just in case she would fly one day. That day had come, and she hobbled through the metal detector without a sound. Understandably, the walker set off the alarm. There’s just something about my son—maybe his personality in such circumstances or his flaming red hair—that just makes people smile. Just like at the visa counter, the official laughed at my repeated attempts to enter the metal



detector only to have the alarm sound right as I was about to enter. Once again we were waved through with a smile.

Hurriedly snatching up our bags lest the x-ray technician should want to search them, we scurried after the crowd to learn the fate of our checked bags. Did they all arrive? Would any of them have a stamp of disapproval and need its contents surveyed? Would my tired family need to stand in a long line for hours only to lose the Bibles? “Father, please get Your Word through to Your people!”

One by one they chugged around the luggage carousel. My oldest daughter (and most experienced Bible smuggler) remembered to check every tag for the dreaded stamp, knowing the plan if she found one, while I removed the “Heavy” tags so as not to draw suspicion at the final check point.

“There’s the last suitcase!” We joyfully hauled the last bag to our rather large collection. Praise the Lord, not only did every bag arrive with us, but we also had no marks indicating that we’d be stopped to have the bags opened and risk losing the precious Books. We also saw God’s mercy and provision in many little things, including our bags being so spread out among other passengers’ luggage, so that all the Bible-laden bags didn’t pass beneath the officials’ eyes all at once.

Now midnight, we struggled to haul 22 bags, the walker, and our nearly exhausted bodies to the door where the official thoroughly scrutinized every tag, checking for the stamp. By the grace of God, someone walked over, seeking her help, so she motioned for us to leave.

I think the hardest part of this trip was restraining ourselves from jumping up and down as we triumphantly walked out of that airport with 150 Bibles still hidden away in bags filled with donations from people like you.

God is certainly faithful to answer prayer. I wondered if I was just crazy to attempt such a thing with my children. Some have said I’m courageous; I still just want God’s life-giving Word to get to His people. After an incredible time delivering the Bibles, encouraging pastors, and being greatly encouraged by them, my little Bible smugglers and I are safely home...and planning our next trip!



If God can help us do this, He can help you, too! He has shown me that age and disabilities are not excuses to stay home, but can actually help get His Word into closed nations. "With God, all things **are** possible!" (Philippians 4:13)

Even things that seem crazy.

