



A Brief Description of Guidance by the Holy Spirit (A True Story)

Vera Ilyina

«Теперь, когда вспомнишь об этом, все это кажется страшным сном. » (Now that I think about it, it all seems like a bad dream.) p.25

«Если только подумать, кажется, что такая жизнь невыносима, но все мы пережили и остались живы и слава Богу!» (If you just think about it, it seems such a life is unbearable, but we all survived and remained alive, thank God!) p. 29

If I was to characterize what I just finished reading (i.e. Vera Ilyin's life story), I would say it's like Vera speaking from "beyond the grave" and reviewing her life's experiences like scenes from a movie, a vast panorama spanning some thirty years, from the exodus leaving god-forsaken Soviet Union (i.e. "Egypt") to the wondering in the wilderness of China, to the foreign land of Paraguay, and finally arriving in the "promised land" of America. It was an epic journey, full of adventure, trials and tribulations, but always under the guidance of God's providential hand and merciful deliverance, as foretold time after time by prophetic utterances from the wise "Comforter", as abbreviated by the writer in Church Slavonic fashion, Д.С. (Дух Святой, Holy Spirit)

Sometimes, what Vera sees as she reminisces about her life appears to her like scary dreams (nightmares) that she experienced. Sometimes, she recalls vividly a vision that she experienced of things to come. Sometimes, she relives an experience of spiritual joy brought on by a visitation by the Holy Spirit.

Vera frequently inserts her overwhelming belief that everything happened according to God's plan, which is a way of saying that it was all "divine providence" (or God's will). She is thankful throughout her life story that, even when there is fear or trepidation as events unfold, she knows everything is always under God's control.

There is a scripture that comes to mind as I think about how Vera depended wholeheartedly on her heavenly Father each step of her journey: "Allow the children to come to me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Such a child-like faith in the guidance of God and His Holy Spirit is what makes Vera's life a testimony of a realization on the soul level that we are always holding onto the hand of the Master (or Savior), who never lets us down.



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[translated into English by Paul J. Wigowsky]

PROLOGUE

My sincere desire through this short account is to remind, that is, to place within the memory of especially believers those incidents, when they experienced in their lives a close connection to God. This is that which in our 20th century is considered to be some kind of foolishness and implausible.

This is even not part of the understanding of certain believers, those who claim to hold full gospel teachings. Yes, in truth, God led us, was concerned about us, responded to us as children, not according to our merits, but according to His great mercy towards us and according to his promises. We were children in the spiritual sense, not knowing and not learning God's Word. Therefore, dear readers, do not be astonished that God miraculously guided us, delivering us from disasters on this earth. For somewhere it is written: "May you be worthy to escape all these disasters." (Luke 21:36)

And now, remembering all the mercies of the Lord, I do not find that we stumbled or wavered, for the Lord provided us through his great love for us, as the Father does good things for his little children. Now, as decades of years have passed of our following the Evangelical path, we have become mature in understanding. So now the Lord desires, and he expects from us, for us to put an effort, in order to stand firm, so that we can escape the terror and troubles that are coming to this earth. And all this is available on the condition that all believers, especially those who previously tasted the gift of grace, they should remember and seek their "first love." Remember, when the Lord called us, we burned with love for the Lord and for each other, neither

counting time nor distance. And even though all this has passed, the past should not be discarded into oblivion.

Now, for the sake our souls, and for the sake of the young generation, and for the salvation of many more souls, we need to humble ourselves before God, and seek his holy instruction, and not be silent, not forgetting him, but to turn our attention to the word of God, where it is written in the prophet Joel 1:3: "Tell your children about it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation." /Psalm 78:6-7/ "That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children: That they might set their hope in God and not forget the works of God." Remember your first love!

REMEMBER (poem)

Remember, my brother, the days of your youth,
Remember that thirst and desire for Christ.

Life's troubles were easily vanquished,
The heart always reached towards the heights.

How you prayed for others so earnestly,
And hungered to tell them God's word.

Now, my brother, you chase after vain pursuits.

And your heart does not burn with blessedness.

There's no longer a desire to work for the Lord,
And to help unfortunate people in their despair.

For they suffer in this world like in a prison,

And they have no strength to rise, to stand.

Their hearts are weary, hungry, and poor,

Desire drives them, words have dried out.

Give them bread, drive away their need,

Where are you, servants of Christ, asleep?

How many unfortunate people are in this world,

How many suffer under the weight of sin!

Sleepest thou, my brother, drowning in idleness

And you hear not the call for the labor at hand.

My brother! Sister! O! Time to awaken!

Soon the Savior will return to earth.

Let's start from the heart to work for the Lord,

May ther Savior find us at labor in his field.

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My homeland was Ukraine: Kherson Province, which once was known in common parlance as the "Gold Mine." Village B. Our village had about 100 houses. Prosperous people, of course, were the smallest part: some were poor simply from misfortune, illness, or some kind of loss in life. Others were always poor because they were lazy and loved to sleep a lot. People who loved to work always got up at dawn and worked till dusk. These always had what they needed. Of course, their life differed from life in America as the east differs from the west.

The houses were mostly built from clay bricks, the roofs were covered with straw, wheat or rye, and sometimes even reeds. It was rare to see houses covered in iron or zinc, for this would be considered to be wealthy. There was no comfort inside the house, for the floors were for the most part of earth. In winter, the floors were covered with straw. There was no knowledge of carpets, even though some had makeshift carpets, but only for the walls. Fresh straw from the fields was brought in two or three times a week; the old straw was burned in the oven, for everyone had a Russian stove built in their living room, and it warmed the room where everyone lived, especially during the winter.

This stove was used mainly for baking bread, and also for heating. In winter, food was prepared in the stove for the entire family for the whole day. Actually, this living room served as a kitchen, a dining room, a bakery, and a laundry, and also a bedroom. In the evening, it was lit up with kerosene lanterns, or with a wick in a bowl of oil, so that it flickered on the table. In other words, not every household had a kerosene lantern, and about electricity there was no thought of that. The entire population of the village was engaged in farming, with the exception of several elderly. Everyone planted a garden for themselves. Everyone mostly had their own horses, pigs, sheep, and chickens, which was the extent of the entire household.

In winter, women busied themselves with the weaving of hemp yarn (nowadays known by the name "marijuana"), from the fibers of which they made threads. Then at the end of winter, in this living room, they set up a loom on which they wove from threads fibers for clothing and towels. And those who had their own sheep, sheared them and used the wool, made thread for outerwear materials such as jackets, trousers, burkas, etc. Women did the main part of this work. Men were busy with the cows and farm animals, but during winter they had plenty

of free time. The population in the village was religious, mostly from the Orthodox Christians, who religiously observed Sundays, and also many minor holydays; then there were the major holydays, like Christmas, Easter, and Holy Trinity. Part of the population observed the holydays with reverence, but most people spent the holidays drinking and partying more.

My parents also were Orthodox Christians. Especially our mother, who loved the Orthodox church and all of the rituals. She always lit candles in front of many holy images in the church.

Of course, with the changes that occurred with the authorities of the land, much changed for the worse. They started to close down churches, changing them into clubs and museums; they started to arrest the priests and place them in prisons or send them to labor camps. It needs to be said that there were priests who started to live an unholy life (non-exemplary), which made many parishioners become very disillusioned. Even our mother started to doubt the existence of God, having observed such unchristian behavior of senior clergy, who in her eyes were considered almost saintly people. And then, in connection with this disillusionment, she left the church and prayers and instead began to attend the village club and even took us there. In those days, these clubs tried to spread ungodly propaganda as much as they could, with enticing talk in order to dissuade the people from religion and God. And this propaganda made such an effect on my mother that she lived three years without God, without faith, without any conviction, giving herself completely over to the temptations of the world.

But Glory to Merciful God! Who placed on us his great Mercy! /As written in the Prophet Isaiah 65:1/ "I am found by them that did not seek me; I am revealed to them that did not ask about me."

This happened in Ukraine in the 1920s. At that time, the Lord poured out a great spiritual awakening. That is when the Holy Spirit sent brothers Voronaev and Koltovich from America to Ukraine in a miraculous way with great signs. Especially, the news spread about the baptism of the Holy Spirit as it happened in the Bible on the Day of Pentecost. This was truly the birth of the church in the 20th century! The preaching of the Gospel spread with enormous success, since the preaching of the Gospel was accompanied with signs and wonders, people were speaking in new tongues, miracles happened, demons were cast out, and the gift of prophecy was manifested. Many souls turned to the Lord, and they entered into a covenant with the Lord

through water baptism. Many were also baptized in the Holy Spirit with the manifestation of speaking in tongues.

This was a great miraculous latter-day rain, which poured out abundantly and within a brief period of time resulted in many congregations and churches, in which the number of worshippers reached 17,000 souls.

For this we give Praise and Glory to the Lord! At that same time, the Lord sent an awakening (revival) also to our neighboring village K., where within a short time an entire congregation was formed, the majority of which were baptized with the holy Spirit with manifestation of speaking in tongues (new languages), and besides that, the Lord poured out in some the gift of prophecy. In all of this, it was the great mercy of the Lord. The gift of prophecy was particularly useful for us, as a guiding principle in our lives, for we were like newborn children, knowing little about the Holy Scripture. Then the following words were revealed through prophecy: “Children, the path to China is before you.” Of course, it was hard to imagine this at the time since our fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers were old settlers in Ukraine and lived from generation to generation without leaving their native land.

But now, Merciful God prepared something better for us beforehand, not because we were better than others, but because of his great mercy towards us. It seems that the Lord in his mercy saw that we were weaker than others, that we would not be able to withstand the trials and tribulations that befell many believers for their faith in the name of Christ – prisons, separations, and many forms of persecution and experiences. Thus, the Lord gave us strength to trust his holy revelation. At that same time another prophecy was revealed to us, that great trouble was coming to Ukraine: “The sword, pestilence, famine, and bloodshed,” therefore, we needed to leave our native nests (homes).

Our first journey was to the Ural region, which was 2,000 kilometers from where we lived in Ukraine. And thanks to God that He helped us trust in the voice of His Holy Spirit and successfully sell our homes and all of our possessions. Those who did not trust and leave, in a short while lost their estates and were forced from their homes, and some were even exiled to Siberia. Those who trusted in the voice of the Holy Spirit left Ukraine in the year 1928, at the beginning of spring, just when barley was beginning to ripen, while the other grains were still green. For this prophecy was foretold in the spring: “Children, don’t sow anything, for you won’t be able to harvest it.” And so, it happened.

We managed to leave Ukraine by railroad, having hired freight cars, as the migrants took almost all of their belongings with them. And thus, we left our earthly homeland forever.

FAREWELL UKRAINE (poem)

Farewell Ukraine, farewell forever!
For us you were our native land.
There my golden childhood remains:
There the sky is azure, always blue.
I want to remember and praise
Thee, my Lord, for that call,
Which with your sovereign power
You lured me on the path to Christ!
Oh! In whom can I find that love and knowledge.
Only in you – my Christ!
Praise thee, our Lord, for that calling!
You shielded us from terrible persecutions and storms.
Farewell, Ukraine, yet I don't grieve,
I only praise Jesus, who opened the way for us.
He knew, there would be war, bloodshed, and famine,
And so, God in advance protected us from disasters.
Yes, I can't forget my early years,
How we left the country in train cars.
Cherry orchards, Ukrainian poplar trees,
Seemed to bow as they bid us farewell.
We never again saw our orchards and trees,
But we will always stay faithful to God,
Who like a father will protect us,
Will save us from horrors and troubles on earth.

11-20-1977 by Vera Ilyin

In this way we reached the town of Uralsk (in Kazakhstan), and from there we still needed to travel another 100 kilometers to that village where the Lord planned for us to stop, a village named Ranneye (Orenburg Oblast).

The village was fairly big and wealthy. There were two big churches – one Orthodox, another Old Believer. That village was surrounded by a forest, meadows, and also deep lakes, where there were many fish, and in the forests there grew many kinds of berries, and even fruit trees, all which were utilized by the villagers who lived

there. In addition, the Ural River flowed near to the village. The river was full of fish; however, the mosquitoes and bugs were plentiful too during the summer months. The climate was the same as in Ukraine. The winters were cold enough, and full of snow, and yet there were warm seasons, exactly like in Ukraine.

Upon arrival in the designated village, we found apartments to live in and soon enough became accustomed to the new place.

However, the Holy Spirit once again began to tell us: “Children, in a short while your journey will continue further east.” During our time in the Ural region, there also the Lord sent an awakening (revival), and many of the inhabitants believed and were baptized. Also, there was a great spiritual manifestation: the Lord baptized many with the Д.С. (Дух Святой, Holy Spirit).

I recall one frosty winter evening. The heavens were clear, full of stars. My brother A. (Alexander) and I were returning home from a prayer meeting. The snow crunched beneath our feet as we walked, and we felt inspired by the Holy Spirit. At that time, we were, let us say, teenagers. As we entered the courtyard, we stopped, for our attention was drawn towards a bright shining star in the west. And suddenly, within the star there opened up a vast panoramic display in real life imagery many war scenes, where everything was mixed up – cannons, tanks, human corpses, fire, and blood. As this vision unfolded, we received this revelation: “Children, look! This is what is coming to Ukraine, from whence the Holy Spirit has delivered you.”

And thus, we stood for several minutes staring at this vision until it was concealed in the open sky. But the fulfillment of it in real life happened only in 11 years, when World War 2 began. I can never forget this vision, for it was deeply imprinted in my heart. Praise the Lord! Not us! Not us! May all honor and glory go to Christ!

We lived in the Ural region for two years. The Holy Spirit soon reveals to us our next journey, directing us to the city Alma-Ata (Almaty) in Kazakhstan, which is already much closer to the border with China. Now we are fully aware of the revelation we were given about China. And then there was a testimonial with the words: “Children, I will shield you in the mountains of Alma-Ata. That will be your “-Stan” (suffix meaning “land of” or “place of”).

Many inhabitants of that town, intelligent people, would frequently visit us as they hiked up those hills, and they called the place where we lived “-Stan” (place). During summertime, we gathered thre

for our church services; for these events, the brethren of the church built a large tent with supports, and here we would hold our worship services with the accompaniment of our big choir, for at that time we had many young people. During the time we lived in Alma-Ata, this was in the 1930s, our pastor I.R. was arrested and put in prison for preaching the Gospel. But he, being an honest man, was given the responsibility of holding the keys to several prison cells, and he was able to deliver messages to the prisoners. He was able to deliver messages to us about saving portions of food for the prisoners, most of whom were of the Orthodox priesthood. I remember when I was a young girl, we walked in a group to the prison. It was winter, and the snow crunched under our feet. We stood in line for a long time in order to give the hungry people in prison our small portion of food for their bodily edification.

The Lord be praised! For all this. There was a time when it pleased the Lord that we would travel for a brief period of time to the city F in Uzbekistan. We safely arrived at the designated place, where it was necessary for us to stop. We did not have any further indication on how to proceed, so we asked the Lord: "In which direction should we turn?" And the following prophecy was given to us by the Holy Spirit: "Behold a man will come and call all of you to a place where you will get jobs!" That is exactly what happened. After a certain amount of time a man came to the station; he was an older worker at a fabric factory of the city F. He invited all of us to the factory, where we were given lodging, and all of us were given jobs; even the older folk and our parents were employed. We all thanked God for his miraculous guidance. Nevertheless, even though the work for young people was difficult, the administrator of the factory decided to send all the youth to work in the "Nursery", where the work was easier. However, the climate there was generally hot, both in the city and at the nursery.

This nursery was located 12 kilometers from our parents' lodging. I remember one very vivid episode from our life there, at the nursery. We had a prayer group, and we frequently united in prayer, having found a comfortable place in a sandy spot amongst the bushes near a babbling brook. We usually prayed in the evening, after a day of work, and the good Lord never left us. On Saturdays, we all came to our parents in the city, where on Sundays we had our regular church services. On Mondays, our entire young people group returned on foot to our work. I cannot remember exactly, but I think that we worked there for more than two months, when once during our evening prayers we

received a revelation from above: “Children, return home to your parents, who wait for you, for another journey is coming!”

In the morning, we announced to our owner that we are returning to town, to our parents. At first he did not pay attention, and he did not even prepare our salary, but when he saw that we were preparing to leave, he could not stop us. When we came to our parents, some were pleased, but several were displeased that we did not come on Saturday, as we usually did. However, a common joy was held because of the fact that the Holy Spirit foretold several of them: “Your children will come and soon you will continue your journey to the city D, which is located 40 kilometers from the Chinese border.”

With immense joy we quickly prepared everything for the journey, and we soon departed. We had to travel by train for nearly a week, and then not to the city D, but only to the last railroad station. In order to complete the journey to city D, we needed to find a means of another form of transportation, because the railroad tracks were not in existence at that place. Due to this reason, we needed to stop there for an extended period of time and resolve the question: ‘Do we go further on automobiles, by boat, or in carriages, on horses?’ And so, we safely traveled to station E and lived there for almost two months. The Lord did not forsake us in this new place! Some of us managed to find employment in a kitchen, so that we never went hungry and even brought food to others, so that no one went hungry. Praise the Lord! He is good!

Living there, we had many opportunities to have fellowship with one another. During our prayer meetings, we began to consult with our Lord about how to proceed further. The Good Lord did not hesitate to give us this advice: ‘We were given instructions to buy wagons and horses, and in this manner to move forward.’

The Lord said through his Holy Spirit: “Children, go! I myself will protect you!” The brethren, having consulted with one another, bought each for their own family the necessary transportation and proceeded on the way. We had eleven wagons, and more than 50 souls, among them a sizable number of young adults. The journey before us was long and difficult; we had to travel about two weeks on horses. Our road went through mountains, wooded areas, valleys, steppes, fields and even deserts. Populated areas were sparse, and that’s why everyone needed to have food reserves for two weeks for their family. But nothing restrained us nor frightened us, for with us was the One who was mightier than everything! Every night we stopped on the way in

the steppe to sleep under the open sky, turning slightly from the road into an open area. At the fireplace, we prepared food, and after dinner we observed our usual common prayer meeting. Then we each went to their own sleeping area for the night. After a restful night, we woke up early in the morning, prayed, and once again proceeded on our way.

In our group there were a lot of young adults, who mostly walked during the duration of the journey. The elders and children rode in the carts. We young adults frequently sang as we walked, not being fearful or worried about anything. The Good Lord was taking care of us! I wish to also mention that we established a prayer group while traveling, and we would at times separate ourselves for prayer. The Lord never left us, and He always gave us good advice, which we remember as the same words that psalmist David said: "If the Lord had not been my consolation, I would have perished long ago in my affliction." (Psalm 119:92) As a verification of these words, I should say that the city we were destined for was strictly regulated and no one could go through it without an official document of passage. The city was a border town. But we did not have any passes, except for one young man, who lived in the city D, and who had come for his parents which traveled with our group. He had a pass (permit), but only for his own family. Our permit was our Lord! Just before arriving in city D, we were supposed to go through a small village, which had the main control center for permits to pass through. We had to, out of necessity, go onto the main road, where trouble awaited us. Even though the Lord had forewarned us about three days prior to that, nevertheless the Lord revealed these words just before we came to the dangerous spot: "Children, behold, they scheme to attack you, and take away all that you have, and to plunder, but I will help you get through by closing their eyes."

Here I must add that people we encountered discouraged us, saying, "Where are you going? You don't have permits. You're giving yourselves right into their hands!" . . . In reality, the moment was extremely dangerous; it was well known that many were arrested for attempting to pass without permission, and some of them even were condemned to long prison sentences. Therefore, we were stricken with great fear; and so, we sat or knelt as we cold in our wagon and started to fervently pray to God with much weeping and tears. And here our Good Lord did not hesitate with a response. We heard several times how the Holy Spirit repeated these words: "My children, do not be afraid! I will protect you! I myself will carry you through by closing their eyes. Do not be afraid, fear not!" This was the way our Merciful Father

encouraged us in these difficult moments. He was our helper, for which we give him praise, for he is worthy to be praised!

And it was fulfilled as prophesized: We had not even had time to enter the control station (checkpoint), when already there came several armed border guards with their commander at the lead, who yelled at us: "Stop! Show your documents!" It is hard for us to describe our terror, given that we didn't have any permits. Only Merciful God comforted us in these moments. In our ears we still heart the recently spoken words: "Fear not!" And here a miracle happened . . . Just as the commander was asking for the permit, the young man, who had the permit only for his parents, quickly came forward, raised his hand and loudly stated: "Comrades! Here I have a permit (pass) for the entire group. All these peple are going to work in the city Dz." The commander looked at him, and said: "Good, proceed staight on the bridge, and from there you'll find a direct road to the city Dz." And truly it all happened according to the word of the Lord: "I will close their eyes."

After leaving the village and crossing the bridge, we stopped on the outskirts. We separated ourselves amongst the roadside bushes and started to rejoice and thank the Lord for his miraculous deliverance! That same evening, we safely arrived in the city Dz (Zharkent). Shortly afterwards, we found lodging in apartments, and some even found jobs. Actually, in the beginning two or three families lived in one room, hoping that soon the Lord would direct us to China. Of course, at this time it was more likely to get there than before, when we were in Ukraine in 1927. Now it was 1931, and we were near to China – only 40 kilometers from the Chinese border. So that is why It was difficult to get through without a permit, but for God, all things are possible!

We lived in the city of Dz (Zharkent) until 1933. We did not live poorly; we had jobs and daily meals. And we even had a prayer house (House of Prayer), which we rented for a certain amount of time. This prayer house served us well, and we had our Sunday services here. By the end of 1932 and starting in 1933, there began a severe famine. In the city and its surroundsings, many people were dying. We also experienced a shortage of food, and we lived in semi-starvation.

Spring arived, and the famine intensified. I remember how we celebrated Easter for the last time in Zharkent. We not only didn't have the Pascha (кулич, Easter cake), but we did not even have a piece of bread on the table. In general, we were assigned to work on Sundays, but we observed this holyday strictly, and we did not go to work. As a

result, we were left without our portion of black bread. So, we celebrated in a half-starved condition, but we did have a marvelous Easter service, and we praised our risen Christ. [«Христос воскрес! Воистину воскрес!»)

The famine spread mercilessly and made itself felt. At that time, we started to gather more often for prayer meetings, and we prayed earnestly, asking the Lord for protection, and for deliverance and for guidance as to when and how to move across the border, which was heavily guarded. And crossing the border was not without its dangers. We prayed and fasted, begging God for a quick exit, especially since the famine was getting worse each day. And then, once, during prayer, it was revealed: “Children, father in the house of prayer, and I will deliver and guide you out on the following night. Stand firm in the faith! You will go out singing and rejoicing!”

It was exceedingly difficult to visualize all this, since our House of Prayer was located near the bazaar, where there was always a crowd, not only during the day, but also at night. Besides, there was always the security police, which patrolled the city day and night, because many refugees, and those escaping from famine into China, passed through the city Dz on a daily basis. Nevertheless, already on the following day we started gathering in the House of Prayer in groups. Our group consisted of 42 souls. Here there were people of every age, from childhood to old age. Each family needed to collect enough food to last at least a week, and some clothing, of which we barely had any. Everything was exchanged for food and provisions. Each person had no more than two changes of clothing, and some had only old dresses. Besides that, each person needed to take utensils for water, some a tea kettle, some a bucket or a jug. All this appeared as a load that looked like a refugee’s load to the eye of an observer. I remember that unforgettable night, how we on the outside trembled with fear, but on the inside were filled with God’s power, which strengthened us. Praise the Lord! Only he was able to strengthen and protect us. Even so, not looking at all the fear and danger, when the sun set, almost all of us were already gathered in the House of Prayer. I recall that some of us prayed without ceasing, while some trembled with fear, wondering what would happen if the police noticed our gathering, our preparation to leave, and suddenly came to arrest all of us, and put us in prison and send us into exile. All of these scary scenarios played out in our minds, and we shared them with one another; at the same time, we reminded ourselves that we needed to do everything speedily and carefully.

Yes, but how can we leave? The Holy Spirit said: "You will go out with singing and rejoicing!" But how is this possible? The night is so quiet, and every movement is heard. We prayed, and the Holy Spirit proclaimed: "Children, you will leave at one o'clock after midnight." We continue to pray. Now it is already midnight. The hour of departure draws near. Our faith wavers, fear embraces us, for we are only humans in the flesh on this earth. Presently, as I recall all this, we are overcome once again with terror from those experiences, which befell fatefully on our poor parents, and especially on the mothers. Of course, I can say this more honestly now that I have become a mother myself, and I have my own children. O, how often it comes for us to cry and pray for the salvation of their souls. At the time, I was only a young girl, but my heart was devoted to the Lord, especially when there was a great need.

And so, we continue to pray, and here the Lord performs a miracle for us! Suddenly, unexpectedly, a great noise arose from a strong wind moving through the trees, which grew on both sides of the street along the sidewalks. In fact, these were very tall poplars. Since this happened during springtime, these poplar trees were abundantly covered with leaves, and the noise was such that it was hard to hear a conversation less than a block away. And here, we suddenly hear the words of the Holy Spirit saying to us: "Children, depart, my hand protects you!"

We started to slowly leave the house. I can't recall now whether we girls left the house first, or last? I only remember that the Lord filled five or six of us with the Holy Spirit, and we led the way out. We sang in the spirit and prophesized: "Gently, my people! I myself protect you!"

And so, with great fear and trembling, we all safely left the city Zharkent.

POEM TO THE EVENT OF THAT NIGHT 1933

"The noise of poplars"

Never, never in my life
Will I forget the noise of poplars;
In that great night of deliverance,
God protects us by his might hand.

Those poplars made noise not out of mischief,
Nor to stir up fear in our hearts;
But like the Red Sea walls,
They stood like sentinals for us.

As if they bowed towards us on departure,
And sang noiselessly in a joyful choir, - Farewell!
We did not see them anymore,

For the Lord directed us towards China.
If you ask: Who gave them the order?
And from whence came the wind?
Making such a rustling and loud noise
So that the people could leave under protection.
To answer the question quickly –
The Holy Spirit previously foretold:
“Children, you will leave this place singing!”
And so, it was done, as He promised.
The hour arrived; the Spirit spoke: “Leave!”
And we started to quickly depart.
The Holy Spirit filled us with song –
A song of glory flowed on the risky way.
Soon we moved with God’s protection
Through the city streets;
Before us appeared a wide field
We held onto each other as we went.
The night is dark, only bushes and hummocks.
But the Lord brightened our hearts!
Stars shined above like points of light –
Through the wilderness our path lay ahead.
Surely, God’s mercy is great!
It surrounds us, protects and leads us everywhere,
And it awaits patiently for results –
How do we stand as God’s laborers?
Don’t ever forget, dear brother, and sister,
How the Lord delivered us from captivity of sin;
We didn’t know how to forsake the world,
But the Lord’s hand saved and guided us!
That mighty hand will never leave us
Nor me, nor you, brother, sister!
And let’s not forget to praise God in truth,
In silence at the dawn of the golden morn. . .

Leaving the city, we arrived in a field with small bushes. Here we all lined up in sing file, like geese, for this was the instruction: each family who had small children walked in front, but the family who mostly had grown-ups walked behind. One of the brethren was chosen as the leader, but he did not walk a singular path, not yesterday, nor on the

third day, for we completely depended on the Lord's leadership and guidance. Now that brother who was our leader has gone into eternity.

We walked by night, and during the day we rested in the bushes, strengthening ourselves with food and prayer; we walked through places where it was completely a desert – sands, dunes, and dry bushes everywhere, as we were going around. Fortunately, every day we encountered water along the way, and that is when everyone filled their containers with water, and we continued slowly forward. But then a new trial (test) appeared – it seemed that we had gone already about eight days and began to get close to the border. And then we started to walk without water, and there was no water left in our containers; we did not encounter any water along the way. We walked all night without water, and when morning came, the sun shone brightly and mercilessly with its hot rays. We already needed to stop and rest. But how can you rest when there is no water? Everyone had such thirst, especially the children, who also walked with the grownups and were from ages five and upwards. They were tired, hungry, and now suffering from thirst, and with their cries they pierced their mothers' hearts. Everywhere was heard: "Mother, water! Mother, bread! Mother, I am tired, I can't go any further. Give me water!"

It was terrible to hear all this, when even the mother herself barely moved, weakened by thirst. I cannot remember this awful time without tears forming in my eyes, when the hearts of poor mothers tightened and became anxious from fear that their children might soon drop dead from thirst. For sure, this was for the soul a heart-wrenching scene! But what could we do? We stopped and fell on our knees amongst the shrubs and sand. And we all started beseeching the Lord! I cannot forget the prayers and cries of the children, who with raised hands and eyes, looking earnestly at heaven, praying: "Heavenly Father! Please give us water!" This was not only a prayer, but the cry of a weary soul, a cry, a lamentation with tears. And the merciful Lord did not hesitate with his response: "Turn left, you'll find water there." We thanked the Lord, and we all stood from our knees and walked. The narrow path led down, and we soon arrived in a valley, where the brethren had already noticed reeds from afar. Where the reeds grow, there is undoubtedly water. When we approached the place where the reeds grew, we started to dig the ground with our bare hands and with whatever we could. The ground was sandy and soft, and soon water appeared.

At first the water was murky, but no one waited until it became clearer. Everyone hurried to satisfy their thirst. They dug a little deeper

and the water became cleaner. Everyone drank and drank, and became strengthened, since there was no longer any bread. Having satisfied our thirst, we stayed the entire day in the valley, near the water, praying a lot and receiving instruction, for the Lord was preparing us for the border crossing at night. And thus, it happened. That same night, after resting all day and satisfying our thirst, we crossed the Chinese border, and a small stream, with God's help. Now we were indeed on Chinese land. We were all at that time poor people, for the famine of 1933 left us with little clothing and resources – everything was spent. Our hope was only in the Lord – for He is good, He is abundant!

Having crossed the border, we made considerable progress that night towards the town of K (Kuldja, in the Xinjiang Province). In prayer we received this news: "Children, you will be met by people, and they will give you things." It was hard to believe anything at that moment, because we had no idea of having any close friends there. Anyway, we deeply believed that if the Lord wanted to give something, he could give it even through strangers. That is what happened. Just before the sun rose, we stopped near someone's farm, close to where we encountered a dry, deep canal, on the bottom of which was clean sand. We decided to stop there and rest.

Several of us even started a fire in a fireplace in order to make at least some tea. When the owner of the farm noticed some smoke, he hurried towards us and started a friendly conversation with us. He advised us not to stay there, because the Chinese soldiers might notice us and send us back to the Russian side of the border as refugees. Then he thought and said: 'Maybe it would be better if you came to my courtyard. I have a big canopy there, and you can peacefully rest there. Nobody will harm you there. We listened to him, and we all moved to his yard. Sure enough, there was a large canopy with a thick cover of white straw on the floor. That is where we settled in: we slept there, and complete strangers came and brought us bread, milk, flour, grain, and other produce. Besides, none of them wanted to take money for what they gave – they gave it all freely, according to the word of the Lord. Praise Him!

After having slept through the night on soft hay, which in those days was better for us than the contemporary first-class mattresses, we rested well and strengthened ourselves with food, and early in the morning we proceeded on our way in the direction of the city K (Kuldja). And here the good Lord again accompanied us. As soon as we came to the main road, three big Russian wagons came alongside, and in them

were Russian fishermen returning from fishing. They offered to give us a ride, and we accepted; they took our elders and children into their wagons, but the young people continued on foot.

And so, by sunset we arrived in Kuldja, where we were met happily by our old friends. They fed us and gave us a place to sleep. I am not going to write everything in detail, how eventually we all got jobs, and apartments, and later obtained our own houses. We lived in Kuldja for 14 years, not traveling anywhere else, like some other believers who under the pretext of being sent from Above, they left in different directions. Those, however, returned disillusioned within a brief period of time. Thank God that He gave us wisdom, and we waited for the time when the road east would open up. And we were rewarded for our patience. Of course, throughout those many years of life in China, there wasn't always peace and plenty. During those years, we lived through two civil revolutions. Praise God for his mercy towards us and his protection!

The first anxious experience was soon after our crossing into China. At that time, we spent four days like in captivity, not knowing what awaits us – life or death. Only the Lord comforted us and protected us, like the biblical three young men in the fiery furnace (Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the Book of Daniel, chapter 3). Only the Lord was able to save us from attacks on our lives. This is impossible to forget – it was a miraculous deliverance by God. Yes, the Lord did all this not because we deserved it, but through his great mercy, and as was promised, so it was fulfilled. Several months before this incident, we were at one time in prayer forewarned with these words: “Children, soon there will be great bloodshed here, punishment, thievery, but I will protect all of my children, which I brought into China, and not one soul will perish.” And, in reality, it was so. Many Christians were in various dangerous situations at the front, in captivity, amongst the enemy forces, but never perished, for the Lord extended his merciful hand on them. Praise God!

Several years passed, life became normal, everything became peaceful. And yet, again during prayer we once again receive a revelation that there will be more bloodshed and riots. At that time, we received this message: “Children, I will protect those that cry out, but some will be doomed.” And that is what happened. During the troublesome time, several of our male believers perished. Even then, this hardship was softened with the hope in the Lord's help, as was promised: “The path to the east will open up. You will go to a distant

country, and you will journey on great waters, and you will sing praises!”

In due time, this prophecy was fulfilled after the second revolution, which continued from autumn to spring. All the stores and markets were closed. Life came to a standstill. Shots were heard throughout winter on two fronts, especially during the nights. We were able to survive the winter only thanks to the reserves of produce and heating that we had saved, but many had to suffer want and famine during this awful time. We survived this only thanks to God, who comforted us.

I will relate one vivid episode from that time. There was a sudden panic, and people started running towards the Russian border, grabbing only a few bundles of provisions, trying to save their lives. What should we do? It's winter, cold, and we have small children. Where can you run? We knelt to pray, and turning to the Lord, we received an answer: “Stay where you are. I myself will protect you. Everything will be all right!” Praise the Lord! How omniscient he is. In actuality, nothing dangerous occurred. The people who left their homes returned the next day; as it turned out, their homes were robbed, but we safely lived through that night, and everything remained in its place. Yes, there is much to remember. How wonderful it is to live within God's care. Christ is the same, yesterday, today, and forever!

Unfortunately, we have changed, our love has subsided, our faith has weakened, and the future will still be hard . . . and we must have One who answers and helps!

After the war finished, life continued at a normal pace. People became busy with their work, and so, too, did we believers. However, not even two years went by when the Lord once again sends a revival to many, and anxiety does not sit well, and there's a premature attempt to proceed east, as prophesized. But where can one go when there is no permission from high authorities, and they do not hand out permits.

Then we turn to the Lord in prayer. He softens the hearts of the authorities, and they begin to hand out permits to travel east. Some of our group, especially those who didn't own homes, somehow quickly decided to leave, and they left eastward in early autumn. However, we, I'm not writing of myself personally, but thinking of some of our group, had a strong desire to leave, but they wavered because the road was long, about 650-700 kilometers, and we had little children, and we didn't have any other transportation than wagons. And so, we were left in a state of deep contemplation and anxiety for several months. The

thought of leaving did not forsake us, either during the day or during the night. Only when we began to frequently gather and with faith call upon the Lord did we receive from Him a revelation and a blessing for an immediate departure to the east. So, obeying God's instructions and our internal convictions, we no longer could remain in our places. And on December 19, 1946, we set a course on the path. This was when winter was cold, and the ground was already covered with a thick layer of snow. However, we were not stopped by anything, and we sold our house, and the rest of our stuff we either sold or gave away, and we were left with only warm clothing and food for the journey.

We hired large Russian wagons and put booths made of wool felt on them, loaded all the necessary things and children, which at the time we had four, from 7 years old to a 4-month child, 2 grandmas and two of us – all together 8 souls. We set out on our journey, not paying attention to the harsh winter. We traveled safely halfway through our designated trip, where we were supposed to stop at a checkpoint for the authorities to check our permits. At that checkpoint, our permits were held up by the authorities for an unknown period of time. What should we do? It was winter, cold, and hard to find an apartment. In any case, those that found an apartment had no furnishings in it. We had no luck finding an apartment, because the town S., where we were located, was more than halfway destroyed during the war. Then our husbands, together with the other two families – we had a total of four families – found what appeared to be a house but was only a barn with holes in the walls. It was tall inside, because it didn't have a ceiling, only a roof. We had no choice but to rent this barn as an apartment. Somewhere the men found hay and covered the entire bare ground of the barn, which served us as a sleeping place.

Each family had a small tin stove, so with all the precautions we lit them to prepare something hot to eat and to get warm. Of course, warming up a big barn was impossible, and throughout the time that we lived in the barn, we had snow coming in through the walls. When we lay down to sleep, we did not take off our clothes, and we couldn't even think of pajamas. These were the conditions we tolerated for 18 days. Every day we went to the Control station, and we asked to get permits, but the answer was always: "Go back to where you came from! We will even help you and give you free transportation."

We had only the Lord to comfort us during our time of prayer: "Children, be firm in your faith – you will go forward!" Praise God! At last, on the 18th day of our living in the cold barn, we received in our

hands our permits of passage. Everyone was incredibly happy and thanked God for his faithful promises. These were the miserable conditions we had to experience on our journey. Encouragement we only received from Above, Praise God!

Upon receiving our permits to pass through, we all rejoiced, but, alas, in front of us lay a path which was even more difficult. We did not have our former wagons because the drivers could not wait for an indeterminate time. They went back, dropping off all our things into that cold barn. Now we needed to find transportation, once again. We needed to travel another seven days to the predetermined city of U. (Urumqi) What could we do? We had to hire Muslim two-wheeled carts, which were almost half as large as our former wagons. Winter was becoming fierce, and more snow was on the ground; frost intensified and let us know that even a furcoat could barely keep us warm. Oh my, how hard this journey was! Furthermore, while breastfeeding the child, I was unable to change or bathe the child as needed, and I had to dry the diapers using my own body heat. Yes, all the hardships in general needed to be carried by the mother. Only by God's help were we able to travel these seven days, which seemed to us like seven weeks.

We stayed overnight in caravan-barns, instead of motels. These were dirty, dusty barns, where instead of floors, there was only a heavily used, trampled to dust ground. We did not have any furnishings, no chairs, no beds. For the night we simply placed ourselves on this earthen floor, not undressing, laying under our heads our felt boots and blankets and not taking off our warm clothing. It is impossible to describe the wretchedness of these caravan-motels. We were only able to procure some warm water.

We were forced to adapt to everything and not pay attention to anything; we only wanted to stretch our muscles a little, since we were so cramped together in the two-wheeled cart, and were glad to get some peaceful rest for at least a few hours. When we finally arrived in the city U (Urumqi), we managed to obtain an apartment that had one room for nine people. We were glad to have even this, for at least we were able to change and wash our clothes. We had been on the road for a month in the same clothes, and so I now recall with horror the crawling bugs that had infested our clothes and bodies. Those bugs had spread to all our hair, both in the elderly and the children. This was simply terrible! Afterwards, we had to spend a month disinfecting our clothing, because lice were crawling all over our bodies. We had to boil our clothes and hold them out in the cold to dry. Nevertheless, we

worked hard to deliver ourselves from that uncleanness. Never again in my life did I see such an infestation of lice! Now, as I recall this, it all seems like a terrible dream, a nightmare.

We lived in the city of Urumqi for four months. There we also had our church services and a large choir. Most of us, at the time, were young energetic people. We did not have many activities to occupy our time, besides church, choir practices, and prayers. Our young lives flowed under these conditions. Sometimes, the American counsel and his wife visited our church services. They were very interested in our choir and even invited the entire choir to their Consulate, where after having a cup of tea, the consul asked the choir to sing several songs; during the singing he placed a recorder in front of us so that he could record our songs. Then he asked us to sit and listen to the recording of our singing. And suddenly we heard our own voices. This was remarkably interesting for us, because this was the first time in our lives that we heard about the existence of such a recorder. The consul was overwhelmed with joy, listening to our singing. This occurred in the 1940s, and nowadays these recorders (apparatus) have become so advanced that it is not amazing for our age to see such giant steps taken in technology.

THE 20TH CENTURY

What a terrible Twentieth Century we have!

When people are lost morally and spiritually,
Even though many heights have been achieved,
Still, it's sad they're left without God's revelations.

 In their own new, extreme wisdom,
 They've even flown to the moon –
 Having forgotten the main source and power
 Should be given in praise to God.

Although news reached us on waves of ether
The cosmonauts were given all the glory –
And soon the things of earth were forgotten,
As honor and praise flowed only to humans.

 Yes, humans are creatures of God!
 All creation was handed by God to them –
 He wants for all to reflect his glory,
 And be thankful for all they have.

But humanity has become too proud,
And attributes all success and wisdom only to itself –

**And yet, there will come a come when we stand before Him
And our eyes and tears will turn to him in prayer.**

**But then it will be too late,
To say, O God, forgive us!
There won't be time left in life –
To keep his commandments.**

**Think, humanity, right now,
What has the 20th century given you?
You learned all about earth's culture,
But how far from God you've strayed!**

**Yet, God is holy and merciful,
He still calls you to accept Him –
Come, repent! He forgives everything,
He will accept you into his fold.**

/8-29-80/

Winter passed, snow melted, and greenery started to appear in places, and the sun started to warm the earth. Together with the spring came a cheerful mood, which awakened within us a desire to not delay in our journey. This time we were able to procure better transportation; we hired trucks and departed towards the east, towards the city H (Hami). Our group started to grow there, since that's where people who just left K (Kuldja, Sinkiang Province) traveled through.

We lived in the city H for three months. We went to Church services in a House of Prayer owned by Chinese brethren, with whom we became friends. Most of us got temporary jobs so that we could live and not go hungry. However, with the coming of the hot summer, the jobs were curtailed, and we started to feel hungry again. Of course, we all knew that we faced a long journey in front of us, and we didn't know when we would depart, only God knew, who through his benevolent mercy towards us unworthy people, nevertheless responded to our prayers, and encouraged us. We pray, and here – we receive this revelation: "Soon you will travel further! They will offer you cars – free transportation, and money to spend on your needs."

Yes, it was hard to believe, thinking in human terms, but the Lord had his own plan for us. Hardly two weeks had passed as we waited patiently when life once again became exceedingly difficult. The heat increased, work was shortened, and several sicknesses appeared amongst the elderly and also amongst the children. But thanks be to God! What he said was fulfilled. God arranged the hearts of the Chinese

authorities towards us, and they sympathized with our difficult condition, and sent eleven trucks. In addition, the authorities gave the general of the southern region an order to accompany us to the city L. (Lanzhou) O praise the Lord! Who are we? We are just poor wayfaring people.

As soon as the general arrived, we were ordered to gather towards evening in the government yard, where several families from our group were already living. When we all gathered at the designated place, the general himself began to hand out money for our journey, according to what each family needed. The general said that we should conserve the provisions for six days, and then he told us that we should all be at the place where the trucks would be waiting for us at five o'clock in the morning. It was foretold to us during an earlier prayer, even before we received the money, the following revelation: "Children, conserve the food, for you will be traveling for eight days!" The Lord's works are marvelous! Everything happened the way the Holy Spirit revealed to us.

At the end of the first day of travel, we stopped overnight at a monastery. That night the Lord sent such a heavy monsoon rain, the kind the local inhabitants said didn't happen in the last 50 years. As a result, the highway was washed out in many places, and the road was ruined. In the morning, when we got up, the rain had stopped, but the water was everywhere, and in many ravines streams were roaring. I recall, on the first day after the rain we traveled only 25 kilometers, because we had to frequently stop and fix the road ourselves. In these situations, all the men pushed the trucks, which were maneuvered with difficulty around ruined parts of the road. I remember that one time we stopped for the night in a complete desert – wherever you looked, nothing but sand everywhere. Despite the fatigue after the day's travel, we gathered the choir and began to sing and glorify the Lord. The general listened to our singing with exhilaration, and asked us to sing again and again, for he was himself a believer. We love God and praise Him among any nationality, for Christ died for all of humanity. And here, imagine, we are in a desert, and we have little children, and all our belongings tied up in bundles, we're tired, and yet we praise the Lord, because He gave us strength and inspiration to sing and glorify Him! We did not concern ourselves with the future – God himself took care of us. The next day, we began to move a little faster, and then on the eighth day we arrived at our destination in the city L. (Lanzhou) We thanked God, that He is always faithful in his promises.

In the city L (Lanzhou) they gave us a free apartment in a large yard – each family had a separate room, or one room for two small families. We lived frugally, without comforts or luxury. In order to get drinking water, it was necessary to walk to the river, which was three kilometers away, and carry buckets of water on a yoke on the shoulders. What an arduous task this was! And even the, thank God, we were able to survive this, not going hungry. We lived like this one year in one room. In this room we prepared food and did our laundry. Here there was a kitchen, dining room, and bedroom. In addition to the cramped conditions, bedbugs were falling on us from the ceiling, and large rats crawled around the floor. If you think about it, it seems that this kind of life was unbearable, but we lived through it all and were left alive thanks to God!

In the city we also had our Church services in a House of Prayer operated by Chinese Christians. We also had a good choir, especially since we performed a lot for the visiting American missionaries. The sermons were interpreted from Chinese into Russian. We all received encouragement from the missionaries, the names of which I cannot presently remember, but they all brought us enormous comfort. They loved to listen to our Russian choir. And so, the Lord blessed all of us together, comforted us, and baptized with the Holy Spirit. May all the glory and honor be to the Lord!

After living in the city Lanzhou for one year, we were supposed to travel to the city Shanghai. There an organization took us into its care and gave us apartments, food, and all we needed. We lived in Shanghai for four months, and then freely evacuated with fellow Russians to the Philippines, on the island Tubabao, near to the city of Manila.

We lived in the Philippines no longer than six months. The climate there was extremely hot, and it rained frequently. We stayed in tents and received food free of charge. We also had a special tent where we held church services on Sundays, with the accompaniment of a large, combined choir. And then, there arrived missions from South America; they were inviting people to come to live on their land. Also, the government of the island asked that the refugees quickly decide which country they wanted to emigrate to.

Seeing that America at that time had a quota on how many immigrants to accept, our large group, which included a significant part of the choir, decided to sail to Paraguay, South America, on an American warship. And so, we had to part with some of our friends, many of whom escorted us to the ship.

The journey on ship turned out to be long, almost three months, because our ship had an itinerary that included stopping at many ports. In view of such a long voyage at sea, our brethren petitioned the captain of the ship permission to hold our customary Sunday church services. The captain answered in the affirmative, giving us a large hall with chairs, where we held our church services and sang with our choir. And here it was fulfilled as spoken years before by the Holy Spirit: "On great waters you will sing praises to me!" Praise the Lord! I don't want to describe all our experiences on board the ship, but I do want to mention the places where our ship stopped: Australia, France, Africa, Ceylon Island, Italy, and finally Brazil. When we got off of the ship, we were put on a plane and flew to Paraguay.

We landed in Paraguay on December 19, 1949. Combining all the stops, we were on our journey for exactly three years. At first, Paraguay was not at all to our liking, because of the hot climate, and the work on the farms was not something to which we were accustomed. Also, the little houses were without any conveniences, everything was so primitive, and we could not get used to it. Only one thing pleased us, and that was the fact that we met many fellow believers there, whom we quickly befriended and joined in the common church services. The friends we made were there to help us get accustomed to the land, and they were there for us at a moments notice. And so, with God's help and with the help of good people, we started to live on the farm and learned how to work the land, because we had no other choice. We eventually got used to the people and to the services in the churches. The Lord blessed us, and we tried to be a light for the surrounding neighbors. Through the Lord's great mercy, we received further revelations about our future life.

ABOUT PARAGUAY

What a wondrous land Paraguay,
Here in summer and in winter
Figs and bananas ripen,
And green leaves cover everything.
 Besides this and that,
 Paraguay has everything you need –
 There are enough worms and bugs,
 That they bite in so painfully.
And on top of that, ants,
They pester my soul,

They crawl right onto the bed,
And don't let us sleep soundly.
 We tumble out of bed,
 And run to another house –
 No more sleep until dawn,
 Just think, muse – we sit.
How to make it happen,
To get away from Paraguay?
The Lord helped us with this, too.
Let all Praise be sent to Him!
To his holy place!

August 1980

Yes, in reality, life in Paraguay at that time was extremely hard. In the poem (above) are words, where I only succinctly wrote about the nature around us, of the insects, which we fought against all the time, and we didn't have any capacity to destroy them, even though they brought a lot of harm to us and our vegetation. If I was to write all about it, it would turn out to be a long story. We had nowhere to go, so we had to patiently bear it all. Praise God! I need to say that even though we had bad experiences, we never went hungry, and we had all that was necessary. Truth be told, we did turn to the Lord in prayer, asking for some relief. Even though the Lord responds slowly at times, as it is written, but he does give. This is what, one day, during prayer, the Lord gave a revelation through prophecy: "Children, go will go soon to America, to California, and many of the residents here will go, even those who never thought of America." That is what happened, for which we rejoice, and Praise God! For we are not deserving of such mercy and care.

And so, with his help, we lived in Paraguay for seven years and arrived in America in 1957. America accepted us under its wings, poor, downtrodden, and caressed and sheltered us, as a Mother does to her children. For all this may the name of our Lord Jesus Christ be praised! Amen!

AMERICA

**America – a wondrous land,
The people living here are fortunate.
Because there is much good, healthy,
There also is much anxiety.
 America, a free land,
 Where man breathes freely
 And the Word of God is available to all,
 Which lives from age to age.
Everywhere, without any hindrance,
The Gospel story rings out –
For every tribe, every nation,
And salvation is free for all.
 God invites all the nations,
 To follow Him, to live with Him,
 And he will help through all adversity,
 To defeat all sin and temptation.
And for America, a land of abundance,
We will only be thankful –
And to Him, who died, and gave us life,
God says, to follow him!**



Author Vera Ilyin (right) with sister-in-law Katya Shevchenko (left)