

The Sky is Blue because God is Faithful!

Wednesday—August 10.

Br. Mark Kandel, at the Fair — “We ran out of Sets. See if someone can bring us more.”

Sr. Merrily Wesolowski — “Maybe if Br. Harry is still in the Chicago area on business, he could bring more Sets.”

Sr. Karen Wildblood — “Br. Harry’s on his way back to Mahomet. I’ll phone him right away and see where he’s at.”

Br. Harry Wildblood — “I’m at 88 and 294...” [Only 26 minutes from Des Plaines.]

Instead of turning South on 294 toward Mahomet, Br. Harry turned North toward O’Hare. While I waited in our open garage, I prayed, looking up at the clear blue sky with bright white fluffy clouds. On the 26th anniversary of his consecration, Br. Harry was courier for the Lord’s work, taking the remaining Sets of Volumes down to the Indiana State Fair. Br. Harry and Sr. Karen Wildblood just “happened” to be on the next day’s shifts and brought the Volume Sets with them. *The Sky Is Blue... Yes... God is Faithful!*

Saturday—August 13.

At 9:00 PM, the Bakers and I ended the day, closing the booth for the night. Br. John went to his car and drove to the hotel, while Sr. Karen went back with me. It began to rain hard and the sky was pitch black with constant bright lightning flashes. As we drove West on 38th St., we noticed fire engines and ambulances driving Eastward toward the fair. We didn’t have a clue what had happened until we sat in the hotel lobby, waiting for Br. John. On the huge TV screen on the wall we watched the tragedy which had happened just 11 minutes before we left.

For an hour the three of us watched the scenes of horror and heard the reports of the disaster. Tornado-like winds had blown down the grandstand stage at the Fair ... repeatedly shown in the pictures. We learned the Fair would be closed on Sunday. What could/should we do? We decided to meet for breakfast and create a flier with a special message of comfort to hand out at our booth.

Sunday—August 14.

The next morning over breakfast with an out-spread Bible, the three of us wrote ideas and appropriate Scriptures and messages. While working on it, I phoned Sr. Estelle and asked if she could arrange to have appropriate tracts or literature sent to the Fair with Sr. Marge Hagensick, who was then at the ABSCO Convention, but would be at the Fair the next morning. I felt it was a “miracle” we were even able to contact Sr. Estelle, who eagerly filled our request and also asked for the Brethren to pray for us. *Another “miracle” reminder... God is Faithful!*



After the Bakers left, I headed upstairs to my room and formatted and printed a flier on my computer. Then I drove to Staples and had 200 copies made, one sheet front and back. I had absolutely NO clue how to distribute the fliers...but they were ready to go.

Sr. Karen phoned that they had heard there was to be a Memorial Service on Monday morning before opening the Fair for the day. A perfect place to begin distribution of the fliers...if permitted. My brother Mark phoned Sr. Nancy Machacek, who the next minute phoned me, eager and enthusiastic to help. I emailed the flier to Br. Tom and Sr. Nancy, who (after making a correction-Gulp!!!), immediately went to their office and made 500 copies. Sr. Nancy arranged to arrive the next morning in time for the Memorial Service.

Monday—August 15.

When I arrived at the Fair, I asked at the entrance if we could put the fliers in the Fair booklets they passed out to arriving cars. The man said, ‘Why don’t you take them to the Memorial Service?’ He let me in, no ticket required. I went to the Free Stand where the Memorial Service was to take place. I asked another lady if we could pass the fliers out as people came in, and she said, ‘Why don’t you put them on the Memorial Table in the front for people to take?’ So that is what we did! On the table next to the front stage, with flowers and a donation basket for the bereaved families, went our stack of fliers! I sat on a bench directly across to watch...and people took them!



**Memorial Table with Fliers on it
To the left was the Free Stage where
Memorial speeches were given.**

During the religious service a wind lifted one sheet, so I jumped up and put my little Bible as a paperweight, standing upright on the stack. The Mayor and several other officials spoke. The front two rows were for the families of the five victims. We watched as they cried through the service, holding each other in their arms. It was so emotionally touching you could not keep the tears back. I prayed that somehow, some way, we would have an opportunity to give them all fliers.

At the end of the service the opportunity opened and Sr. Nancy and I went to the families and friends to give words of comfort and a flier. We were able to give the fliers also to many around us. We did not want to commercialize the event so refrained from going up and down every row.

I asked the lady in charge if they would be keeping the table there all day. She said it was being moved to the grandstand area and they would keep the fliers on it. Sr. Nancy got my Bible back and saw them put a rock paperweight on the stack. She commented, ‘‘Just like in Israel—they put stones on the graves!’’ As we walked back to our booth, Sr. Nancy recognized one of the ladies who had lost someone in the tragedy and she was able to comfort her and give her a flier.

Back at the booth, Sr. Marge, Sr. Carol, and Sr. Shirley were already on duty! We put the extra fliers on the table and explained that at the bottom was an invitation for people to come to our booth for comfort. Then, it was time to leave. As I was eating lunch, I looked up to the sky and thanked the Lord for His overruling providences. The sky was clear, bright blue with white clouds. *Yes, the same sky...and the same faithful God! Amen!*

Tuesday—August 16.

After the Tuesday evening shift, Br. Ed and Sr. Rachel Bushlus met me in the hotel lobby where we reviewed the day and next morning's schedule. We were talking about the High Priest manikin in the "Holy" at the 7th Day Adventist booth...and how nice it would be to have a DVD on the Tabernacle. That night it occurred to me that I could print out the illustrated Tabernacle Shadows that I had prepared. So I somewhat reformatted the title page and first two chapters. Since our printer jammed midway, I had Staples finish it and gave it to Sr. Debbie Moss and Sr. Kim Place for our literature rack. Now we had something to hand out on the Tabernacle to people after they saw the "High Priest"!

Tabernacle Shadows of the "Better Sacrifices"

A Helping Hand
FOR
THE ROYAL PRIESTHOOD



THE TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS

Wednesday/Thursday—August 17-18.

Wednesday, Sr. Debbie and Sr. Kim had witnessed to the son of the "Window Man" in the booth to our left. "Josh" became SO interested that he wanted to meet with the closest class to Ft. Wayne, IN. I emailed Sr. Nancy Thursday morning to ask if she would mind if I gave her address and phone number to "Josh" and that I'd call her between 9-10:00 AM. At 9:15 I phoned Sr. Nancy. She had just gotten off the phone with Br. Dennis Stansberry, who lives about an hour away from Ft. Wayne. Br. Dennis said he would be very happy to discuss or meet with the young man and we could give "Josh" his phone number!

The Lord's timing is so incredible! And the willingness and enthusiasm of the Brethren truly demonstrates how the Body Members help each other wherever they can! There is no doubt in my mind, after living so many "miraculous" providences, that many Brethren have been fervently praying for the Fair witness effort and the Heavenly Father was truly answering their prayers. That is why I desire to share these experiences in the report.

As I finish my portion, I checked my room "window"... and, *Yes... The Sky is VERY blue at this moment ... and, Yes, God is VERY FAITHFUL! Thank you, Heavenly Father! AMEN!* —Sr. Alys