

Chris & Lucinda Radebaugh

Missionaries to the Deaf - South Africa



Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.

Psalm 116:15



One of the highlights of last year's furlough was the joy of staying with my mother, Helen. She was 94 years old but was in good health. We enjoyed the time with her, and she was so happy to be able to be in the old home again. Prior to our coming, she had been staying with family members as she couldn't stay alone.

On Tuesday afternoon, 26 February, we were given the news that Mom had gone home to be with the Lord. Mom had lost the use of her right lung and was finding it increasingly difficult to manage with such a weak heart and only one lung. Last week Lucinda and I phoned her, as we did every few days. She asked us why the Lord wouldn't take her home. We told her that God will call her when it is time. During her sleep, in answer to her prayer, He called her home to glory.

Many times, since the death of our father in 2007, our mother would ask each of her sons why God kept her here. She wanted to be with her husband and be with the Lord. All of us responded with the same answer. You see, our mother was so concerned that people knew about the Lord that she carried tracts with her wherever she went. Whether the doctor's office, the grocery store, or just sitting on the bench in Walmart, she was ready every moment to give an answer to any man or woman of the hope that was in her. It was her joy to be able to tell us when we called that she had let a person to Christ. We wonder who will take her place in the ranks of soul-winners?

My most enduring memory of my mother has to do with this picture. This was the old swing under the pine tree where my mother led me to faith in Christ. That took place just a short time before this picture was taken. Our mother led us all to faith in Christ and our dad made sure we never missed a church service or event. I am so grateful that my mother led me to Christ, prayed for me and was a constant source of encouragement to keep serving the Lord.



Our mother's graveside service was today. Lucinda and I were not there. How Lucinda, Jennifer and I wish we could have been there to be a part of her memorial service. Why weren't we there? During our furlough and even the last conversation we had with my mother, she repeated what she had said to us many times. "Chris," she would say, "when I die, I want you to promise me that you won't come home for the service. I won't be there, I'll be in Heaven. So, there is no reason for you to come. You stay where you are." We know why she would say that. Because she was so concerned that people hear the Gospel and any interruption to that, even her own funeral, was not acceptable. In honour of her request, we chose to stay at our post of service.

Thank you for your prayers and for the many kind emails we have received from folks telling us they are praying for us even before mother's home-going. God prepared us through your faithful prayers. He is a constant source of strength and encouragement.

Chris and Lucinda Radebaugh

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