

Gerald and Marguerite Pauley at
LA VIEILLE ÉGLISE--THE OLD CHURCH (1840)

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From Marguerite: We are way behind in our communications. It is not Gerald's fault. If he were the secretary here, it would have been done long ago. We were already behind when I had a very upsetting accident. We were preparing our Chapel (in our house) to receive a small group which was coming for supper and for singing and a Bible study. I knocked my laptop off the table. It hit the floor, the battery popped out and--long story short--the hard drive was fried. This laptop has been my constant companion for over 15 years. I could do anything I needed to do with it. The programs worked perfectly for my needs. Everything I ever knew was on its hard-drive--including prayer letters and our letter for January--March.

I took it to Staples (45 minutes away--Staples is called Bureau en Gros in Quebec). They do not repair computers anymore. The next day, I went to Best Buy (an hour away). They have a Geek Squad and the technician said they could probably fix it. Two days later I got a call to pick up the laptop. When I got there, he said, "Lady, we tried everything. This computer is dead, buy another one". I didn't even get the documents and pictures on the hard drive.

What is worse, when the laptop fell, I was downloading the documents from the laptop to an external hard drive. The electrical shock went through the external hard drive and fried it also. I have a few backup flash drives, but I have not yet found our prayer letter address list. Fortunately, we had already prepared the envelopes for our mail-out, so I can re-enter the list in a new computer. As for our e-mail and e-mail addresses, the man at Staples said that if I would give him the cellphone that our email was based on, he could recover the emails.

The next day, as I prepared to go back to Staples with the cell phone--a small flip phone-- I dropped it, and it landed in a large Pepsi. So, I had to buy another phone (keeping the same telephone number) and then go back to Staples to buy a computer. I left the telephone and the new computer with the guy at Staples so he could install the programs for me. Thank the Lord, I now have that computer, the telephone, and our emails. Of course, the programs are all "new and improved"--which means I am having fits trying to do my work.

To add to my troubles, because of my age and diabetes, a letter came from the government requiring that I be tested in order to keep my driver's license (We were badly frightened). I had to get appointments for several medical exams. I had to prove that my diabetes was under control. I was tested for mental competence and had to prove that I am still coordinated enough to drive. I had to have a thorough eye exam. The good news is that after the driver's exam of 1/2 an hour, the man who tested me said, "Madame, you are an excellent driver!"--and gave me several other compliments. So, I have my license. Gerald still has his license, but he doesn't do shopping, etc.

An unusual contact: I was in front of the grocery store, it was raining and freezing. A woman was starting up the incline to the automatic doors. She was using a cane but was unsteady. I warned her about the ice and she stopped to talk. She was interested in my "elbow" crutch. She started telling me about her illness and the weakness in her muscles (she is probably in her early 40s). When I sympathised with her, saying I understood because I have the same problem, she grabbed my hands and said, "I like you so much! I am going to pray for you!" I said, "I am going to pray for you! Do you know the Lord Jesus? Is He your Saviour?" She said, "Yes, He is!"--I thought she would pray for me later, but she started praying for me in a very strong voice as the customers came and went around us. I told her that my husband preaches the Word and invited her to come to be with us. She said, "I have been praying for a church that preaches the Word and sings the old songs--I will be your first member!" She was scheduled for surgery in the States and at least a month in rehabilitation. Her name is Rosemary.

We are still asking the Lord to send us help in the ministry. We have had plenty to keep us busy. Turning the property back into a church and/or campground has been quite a challenge for two elderly soldiers. We have had the means to pay for the work we have done, thanks to faithful giving by you who are faithfully standing by us.

Gerald's young men are not coming any more for the studies. They have been coming on Saturdays to help us as needed, but their jobs have taken their time. The young adult group from Boucherville has been helpful. They have come for the afternoon and evening on several Saturdays. We serve them supper and they have a time in the Bible together and we all sing.

We have had several months of sorrow and mourning. My brother, John Mark, died. He was the youngest of the 6 children in my family. He was a good musician, university trained (voice--and he played the piano and trumpet). Several years ago, he became the pianist for a church. He gave a positive testimony of salvation before he died.

Then, Colette died. She was very ill for over a year. Her lungs were severely damaged by long-term Covid and she was on oxygen 24 hours. Years ago, I gave the Gospel to Colette and she accepted the Lord. We studied the Bible together an hour every week for 8 months and she applied everything we studied to her life. She and her four children became a faithful "support-group" for every meeting and activity of the Boucherville church and then followed us to Brossard to help start that church. They never missed a Saturday of tract distribution. For the last year, Colette, Gerald and I have met by telephone at 9 every evening to read the Bible and sing together. Colette couldn't go to church and was very sad. We sang through the hymnal 3 times and had read all the way through the Bible and started over before she died.

Then, we got the news that our brother-in-law had died. It had been a long time since we had seen him, but he was family and we feel the loss.

From the Pauleys

by Marguerite