



Doug & Aymé Rose

Missionaries to Tacna Peru



Dearest pastors and brethren:

I begin this letter with a broken heart. On July 31st our Pastor, Larry West, after fighting stomach cancer this year, has gone home to be with the Lord. Aymé and I were broken when we heard the news. To be a missionary means leaving home, knowing that you probably won't see family or friends again for quite a while. We didn't even have a chance to say good-bye to our friend or help console the family that was left behind. Although in our hearts we know our Pastor is in heaven with his Lord and King, those of us who are left behind feel his absence and mourn. The bible says in Isaiah 57:1 ~ The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. Watching the news from Peru is so troubling to ones soul. I love my country. I am American proud. I love my flag and all that it stands for. I served in the military for two terms and am so proud of the fact that I was born in TEXAS. Aymé and I hold hands as we watch on the news of how our country is being torn apart not by foreign invaders but by the strife and violence from within. This "antifa", racism, cop-killing, rebellion ... etc is destroying our nation. I weep for my family, my brethren, my church, my countrymen; I weep and fall on my knees every morning praying, with Aymé by my side, for the state of our country. Maybe God showed his mercy to my Pastor, for no man was as patriotic as him. He bled red, white and blue and how he loved country and God was displayed in the way he lived and preached. Because Aymé and I couldn't attend the funeral we watched it live on the internet and wept and smiled hearing all the songs and testimonies of our brethren there. Hearing Bro. Mark Thrift preach was a consolation to our hearts and it made me thankful to be a member of Town East Baptist Church and apart of their missionary heritage. Oh my Pastor . . . you will be missed but one day we will see each other again. I ask prayers for his beautiful wife, Donna and his three children: Darcé, Andrew and Jake; as well as his parents, Dr. Joe and Dorris West, and of course his extended family. I am not there at Town East, but I'm sure that arrangements are being made to seek out a new Pastor, so please keep that in your prayers as well.

I am a soldier on the battlefield. We raise our swords and fight, not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Aymé and I will stay faithful to the task God sent us to do, and to the church who sent us out. It's been three years since



Aymé and I arrived here in Tacna. The work has indeed been slow because the the ground is so dry and hard. However just recently we've begun to see tiny sprouts popping out and what great joy it brings knowing that the harvest is soon.

I ask prayer for one particular man; his name is Moises. Moises, lost his mother and wife in a terrible car accident at the beginning of this year leaving him alone with his two sons and two daughters. After the loss of his wife, Moises became a drunk and almost completely abandoned his family; the eldest being about 15 and the youngest 7. I had been teaching basic Bible every Tuesday night at a family home when he came in one evening with his own family. He confessed that the government threatened to take his children should he continue to neglect them and drink, so he began looking for help. He was faithful at first listening to the gospel message, coming every Tuesday night, but he never received Jesus as his Savior. He eventually stopped coming and though Aymé and I go knocking at his door and speak kindly to him, his empty promises to return are just that - empty. Suffering such a tragedy is indeed something I can not understand, but I hope to lead him to the One that does. So I ask prayer for Moises and his four children. Our little garage is now becoming too small for us to hold services. Praise the Lord! This makes my heart sing, because growing pains means more souls into the fold. There is a kind lady who is attending our little mission that has a big property that we can use to have services, but there is no place to assemble, except out under the sun. We are considering building a small chapel on her property but then we would need funds to begin such a project; so please pray for this as well.

On a good note, my daughter, Barbie, has finally begun the last stage of her visa. All the paperwork was cleared and registered with migrations, now just the waiting. It should take hopefully less than a month, and unless for some unknown reason Peru rejects it, she should have here visa in her hands before October. Please continue to pray for her because Satan is unhappy with the work that she is doing here and has been attacking her left and right discouraging her. She is part of the team here in Tacna and I praise God for the contribution of her gifts and talents.

During these past few months I have had the privilege of traveling to the jungle with my brother, Paul Rose, to hold a mission conferences there. It is so encouraging to see the

fruits of missionaries that had come here before us rise up and grow in the Lord to the point that they are being sent out as fellow missionaries to other places. Sometimes our view is limited, and we become discouraged like Elijah and cry out to God, "I'm the only one", but Praise be to God, who is the head of the church because He cares and keeps his own, growing them to be the next leaders and soldiers in His army.

Our work here is limitless and ever going; for there are souls everywhere and we need to harvest them. Please keep us in your prayers as we continue to fight the good fight, and maintain the course. I truly appreciate your faithfulness in supporting us and upholding us in your prayers. We have many projects in play but the dollar is falling and the cost of living is rising. We ask you pray for us as we continue seeking to reach the lost for His kingdom.

In His Service,
Doug & Aymé Rose

