



2nd Adam

Ministry Update

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Shalom,

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I don't usually share personal stories, but I think this is one worth sharing. My younger son was moving across the country, and I went along to help with the driving. We prayed that God would show His face during the trip. We packed a U-Haul and took off on the adventure: almost.



My son had been packing and getting everything ready for the move, and it seemed like every day there was some obstacle, some small and some big. When I arrived, we went to pick up the truck. There were two trucks available, one brand new and one a little worse for wear. We were assigned to the new truck. One small problem: the manager did not have the correct code to unlock our truck. He tried several different codes and finally was ready to give up. While I wandered around, I thought, "Let me pray about this. God is bigger than a lock." When I finished praying, I came back to the truck, and at that moment my son said, "I figured out the code." I told him and the manager I had just prayed for a solution, and here it was. The manager said, "I have goose bumps! Thank you, Jesus!"

We happily drove the truck back to his house to load all the boxes. When we went to open the front door, the key broke off in the lock. It was the only key we had because the rest were inside for the new owner. We tried every window and door, but we had been thorough, and nothing budged. We managed to open the garage, but all the tools were locked inside the house, except for one hammer. While my son tried the doors again, I took the hammer and asked God for His help. There was a small sliver of the key that was barely visible. It took several tries, but I was able to grab the sliver of key enough to turn it and open the door.

The next day, we began the drive. When we ran low on gas, we pulled into a gas station on the highway. So far, so good. We soon discovered there was a power outage and no gas was available. We looked at the GPS and figured we had enough gas to make it to the next station. When we pulled in, we started to fill up, but quickly realized there was no gas. It seemed the power outage had affected this station as well. Looking at the GPS, we knew we didn't have enough gas to make it to the next station. We tried to speak to the people working inside the station, but they had the whole building locked down. Out of desperation, I called U-Haul, and they were happy to bring us gas: three gallons for \$350 with no promise of how long it might take. I prayed once again, and just as I was ready to get the gas, my son called out, "Pop! Cancel the gas! The pump just started to work." It was true. A man at the pump next to us had been on the phone telling his wife he was stuck, when in the middle of his conversation, the pump turned on. We started pumping the gas as fast as we could, just in case, and when we had half a tank, all the pumps shut off again. I told the man next to us that I had prayed for God to allow us to get some gas, and he turned to me and said, "I'm going to church this Sunday!"

Three events. Three prayers. Would you call them miracles? I don't know, but I'm certain God answered my prayers and showed His face during our trip. It was a great reminder that our God is real, He hears, and He answers. In His own way and His own time, but He answers.

It is with this kind of faith that I would like to ask you to pray for one of our workers. Oleg, who ministers in Ukraine, has developed ischemia of the blood vessels in his legs. This is a severe reduction in blood flow. It restricts vital oxygen and nutrients, leading to intense pain, non-healing wounds, or tissue death. He was taken to the hospital, where he had several operations. I heard from one of our other workers that the doctors had to amputate one of his legs below the knee. We are committed to helping him obtain a prosthetic device as soon as he is able to receive one.

One last God moment. I was at the gym down the street from my house wearing my "Shalom" T-shirt. As I was on the treadmill, this dude came up to me and asked if I had been to Israel. I told him, "Yes, more than once." He asked me, "Are you Jewish?" I said no. Then he asked, "Are you Christian?" I said, "Yes, one who believes Jesus is the Messiah." He said to me, "So do I! I'm a Messianic believer from Israel!" He invited me to hear him speak that afternoon at a local Messianic congregation. And I did just that. All because of a T-shirt.



A FEW PRAYER REQUESTS

- Pray for the salvation of the Jewish people both inside and outside the Land.
- Pray for the end of the war with Iran.
- Pray for our workers in the US and Israel, especially Oleg, who has serious health problems, in Ukraine.
- Pray for Sharon's mom, Dolores. Sharon plans to visit her next week at the rehab facility in California. Next month, Dolores turns 100!

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For those who have asked about supporting us financially, please scan the QR code.

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Bless you all in the name of our Messiah,
Rob and Sharon Styler

