

## Mahon Russian Dispatch #16 10.11.09 Business For Usual For The Wife Of A Missionary

Pictures: Business For Usual For The Wife Of A Missionary

[1\\_Houston](#)

[2\\_Nairobi](#)

[3\\_St. Petersburg](#)

[4\\_Tyumen](#)

[5\\_St. Petersburg](#)

[6\\_Houston](#)

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Please pray:

1. Safety in travels
2. Bags all checked through and delivered safely to Houston with no problems.
3. Passport control (3 countries); customs (3 countries); Connections via London, Heathrow Airport; transportation to airports (2 - St. Petersburg & Heathrow) - would all go smoothly and without incident.
4. We would arrive safely and in good health to the loving arms of our children and grandchildren who will be waiting for us at the airport in Houston.

Dear Prayer Warriors,

This is our last dispatch from Russian soil. As you can see from the pictures packing and repacking is business as usual for a missionary wife.

As of my count El packed up, moved and unpacked all of our belongings...

Houston (1X)

Nairobi, Kenya (6X)

Tyumen, Russia (1X)

St. Petersburg, Russia (2X)

Total number of times on this mission trip that Eleanor packed and unpacked all of our belongings - 10 Times!! Did I marry a saint or what???

A passage from yesterday's quiet time alone with God seems very appropriate...

***1 Thessalonians 3:11 Now may our God and Father Himself and Jesus our Lord direct our way to you;***

I close this email as always with a deep and abiding thankfulness for your sacrificial and effectual prayers which empower and drive this ministry ever forward in the cause of Christ.

By His mercy,  
II Corinthians 4:1  
Rev. John S. Mahon  
Grace Community Int. -

Please allow me to close with dispatch with a hymn from my prayer notebook that has been especially meaningful to me...

*(Psalms 104:33-34 "I will sing to the LORD as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being. Let my meditation be pleasing to Him; As for me, I shall be glad in the LORD.")*

He leadeth me, O blessed thought!  
O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*Refrain*

*He leadeth me, He leadeth me,  
By His own hand He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by His hand He leadeth me.*

Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, over troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

*Refrain*

Lord, I would place my hand in Thine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

*Refrain*

And when my task on earth is done,  
When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

*Refrain*

**(This great hymn was written in a day when pastors wrote hymns springing from their ministry and the sound exposition of God's Word as opposed to the opportunity to be media stars and buy palatial estates in the hills of Tennessee – see closing lines of this short testimony.)**  
**Joseph Gilmore (1862) As a young man who recently had been graduated from Brown University and Newton Theological Institution, I was supplying for a couple of Sundays the pulpit of the First**

Baptist Church in Philadelphia [Pennsylvania]. At the mid-week service, on the 26th of March, 1862, I set out to give the people an exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm, which I had given before on three or four occasions, but this time I did not get further than the words "He Leadeth Me." Those words took hold of me as they had never done before, and I saw them in a significance and wondrous beauty of which I had never dreamed.

It was the darkest hour of the Civil War. I did not refer to that fact—that is, I don't think I did—but it may subconsciously have led me to realize that God's leadership is the one significant fact in human experience, that it makes no difference how we are led, or whither we are led, so long as we are sure God is leading us.

At the close of the meeting a few of us in the parlor of my host, good Deacon Wattson, kept on talking about the thought which I had emphasized; and then and there, on a blank page of the brief from which I had intended to speak, I penciled the hymn, talking and writing at the same time, then handed it to my wife and thought no more about it. She sent it to *The Watchman and Reflector*, a paper published in Boston, where it was first printed. I did not know until 1865 that my hymn had been set to music by William B. Bradbury. I went to Rochester [New York] to preach as a candidate before the Second Baptist Church. Going into their chapel on arrival in the city, I picked up a hymnal to see what they were singing, and opened it at my own hymn, "He Leadeth Me."



Picture One



**Picture Three**



**Picture Four**



**Picture Five**