

What's New in New Orleans

www.allnationsfellowship.org

It is a new year and a new season in my life. As many of you know, on January 5th of this year, my dad, Willis B. Warner, passed away at the age of 64—it was unexpected and a great loss to my family. I am thankful that our God is the great comforter in times like these, and I know without a doubt that I can trust him through every situation. Just 8 days after I had visited my home for Christmas, Zac accompanied me to Kansas to spend a couple weeks with my family to help with funeral preparations and to assist in keeping the ranch operational. Family and neighbors came to help my sister and her husband with the work. Not a day went by without the cattle being fed—I know that is the way my dad would have wanted it. I saw God's provision every single day that we were there. Please pray for my mom, sisters, brother and I for comfort and wisdom in making this transition in our lives. I have included some memories that I have of my dad on the back.



Our work here in New Orleans is going well. We got the building at the end of December, and the work began soon thereafter. I am amazed by how quickly the Lord can get things moving! Over the past few months, we have had teams coming to wash flood-stained walls, tear out moldy drywall, pull down ceilings, paint, and scrape loose paint among other things. There are endless tasks to do, and God is providing the manpower to do them! On the day before Mardi Gras, 100 college students came to the back building and put a coat of primer on the entire interior! It was incredible to see that many people working at the same time—they came at 9 am and finished the job at 2:30 pm! We have had teams of 20-60 volunteers coming for a couple days each week to work, and last week, we had about 40 high school and college students working with us nearly every day. We did not have a single team scheduled to help us last week, but God began bringing them in on Monday! These teams come from all over the country—Michigan, Georgia, Texas, Alabama, Missouri, and Indiana to name a few. Zac has been doing a great job running all of these teams—that many people working at one time is quite the job to manage! This coming week, we will have a team with us from Virginia who has donated tile, and they will be tiling in the back building. Praise God for all He has done, all He is doing, and all He is about to do at All Nations Fellowship!



Two weeks ago, the Lord sent an electrician from Zac's church in NY to come help us get the wiring done and electricity running in our buildings. He will soon be working on his third week with us, and he has gotten the back building to where you can flip a switch and plug things in! He has been working on the main church building as well, and is still working miracles. We have had large donations of electrical supplies come in over the past week—God's timing is perfect because we needed supplies for our electrician to work with! To see light naturally flowing out of a bulb (not powered by an extension cord) is truly a sight to see! I now recognize and no longer take for granted that electricity was quite the invention!



My job in all of this has been to coordinate the teams coming, help Pastor while he raises the funds for this undertaking, and continue to keep things organized. This has been quite the job with all that is going on, and I know that God has been helping me to do it! My work continues to be behind the scenes, but it is necessary to keep things flowing. In the beginning when things weren't so hectic, I got to pull trim in the front building to get it ready for a team to tear out drywall. That was my favorite job when I used to gut houses every day, so I really appreciated this work. It was fun to get away from the office for a time to do some good old-fashioned manual labor with a hammer and a flat bar. I was sore for a few days, but it felt good!



All that has happened at our church has come through prayer. I now see the magnificent power God has given us through the Holy Spirit. When we call on His name, miracles happen, and our church knows for a fact that every one is from Him! I want to thank all of you for your prayers and financial support. All Nations Fellowship is just beginning to bud, and I am excited to see the beauty of the bloom! God continues to touch and transform lives in our services, and we know that this building will allow Him to touch even more. Please pray that God would continue to give us His wisdom, strength and endurance throughout this exciting project! Check out our new video on our website shown above. For His Glory, Myrinda

My Dad and I



His love for Kansas land, Angus cattle, and life on the ranch



He and his brother out on the prairie



Checking his steers at the feedlot



My sister trusting every swing of the maul:)

I lived on the Kansas plains for 18 years and grew up working for my dad on his cattle ranch. He taught me how to ride a horse at the age of seven (I had to use a bucket or a fence to get on), and by the time I was in high school, I was out in the fields driving a tractor, swathing, and baling hay. I'll always remember the times when I would go out with my dad and we would bale during the night. He would check his sample in the driveway and when it was the right moisture, we would head out, baling until the sun came up, me on the Ferggie (as my dad would call the little Ferguson tractor) and him on his John Deere. Dad always had a stash of Mountain Dew to drink so that we would stay awake (there was never much soda in the house, so this was a real treat!). I also have fond memories of our yearly round-ups with our dad leading the way—we would start out to the pasture before the sun came up to get the cattle and after we worked them at our grandparents' house, my siblings and I always enjoyed the ride back home in the dark of the night. My dad carefully tended his cattle and his land, and I know he



When he was a teenager



He always had a gentle way with his horses

loved what he did. He taught me the value of honest hard work, and I take that lesson with me wherever I go. I'll always remember his good natured chuckle, and there was something so wonderful about his smile. I am so thankful that God gave me so many unique experiences with him on the ranch. The ways of the country will always be close to my heart, and I will never forget all the good times I had with my dad.

My Mom and Dad over the years

