



The Byrer Family

Missionaries to Alberta, Canada



June 2010

Dear Praying Friends,

We started the month of June in the Los Angeles, California area. For those of you who have never experienced the coastal area of southern California, overcrowded would be an understatement. Being from and working in the Washington, D.C. area for most of my life, I thought I knew what “rush hour traffic” meant. The highways in Los Angeles give that expression the truest of meanings. Not only are the roads in some places six lanes wide on each side plus a turn lane or two and a HOV lane, the speed limits start at 65 MPH. To top it off, they have the lanes sized for the latest microscopic sized rolling coffin cars, yet the roads aren’t limited to be used by one ton dually pickup trucks like ours or even tractor trailers. All of which MUST travel at the posted speed limit or else be run off into a ditch somewhere. Now anyone that knows me, knows that I am all for traveling at a swift pace and spacing between vehicles should be held to a safe minimum, but what they do on the roads in southern California is nothing short of a thrill ride at Six Flags without the pull down bar in front of you to keep you in the ride!

From California, we headed up to the high desert and over to Las Vegas, Nevada. Coming from a place like Ventura, California where the air temperatures are always in the moderate and comfortable ranges, Las Vegas sent us into a near heat stroke. As we climbed over mountains and dropped down into the valley of “Sin City” the outside air temperature rose from a cool 75 degrees in Ventura to a dry but baking 115 degrees in Las Vegas! As we drove through town to our destination church on the north side of Las Vegas, I was wondering how well our life preserving A/C’s were going to perform in the extreme desert heat. One of the first things I noticed while I was hooking up the RV was the fact that it was so hot, yet not a drop of sweat was to be found. Having lived in Pensacola, Florida, the sweat capital of the universe, this concept of extreme heat and no sweat was having a hard time reasoning with me. Yet, for some reason, the people who live in Las Vegas seem to be at peace with their torturous environment. I will say that having been there for just short of a week, I do have a better grasp on what the heat in Hell might be like, just add a thousand degrees. Shade was of little relief. Dehydration was a common occurrence mostly because of the lack of visual perspiration. Everything everywhere was dry.

Then we decided to venture south of town to experience the Hoover Dam, and we stumbled on an area that at one time was a barren desert but today is a fertile coast line. You see, the missing ingredient, water, has been supplied and from this water, life has sprung up. No matter how barren the land, if you just introduce a **regular, bountiful** supply of water, life is bound to happen. This world is a barren waste land, with some areas full of nutrients but lacking in that precious life giving water. Jesus Christ said to the woman at the well,

“But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.”

Once she heard about this water, she desired to have some herself. The key here is that she heard about it before she desired it. As we travel, we get the water out, but unfortunately, our travels only leave a sporadic trail through a desert wasteland. If just more of the born again brethren would get involved with the life giving water distribution, there would be more life everlasting. I am glad for those faithful Christians who were actively pouring it out in my life prior to the day I took a drink. Is it dry in your “neck of the woods?” It’s time to start irrigating. Just about everyone that I witness to, I ask them one particular question just prior to drawing the net. I ask them, “Have you ever heard any of this before?” Too often the response is, “No sir, I have never heard that Jesus said “You must be born again.” It seems like the ministry lately has been primarily plowing and sowing. I am OK with that, and you should be too, but it sure is nice to see a dehydrated soul take a life giving drink of the well that never runs dry.

In His Service,
Brother John Byrer

The woman saith unto him, Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw. ~ John 4:15

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