



Kürdistan

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Dear Pastor,

January - March 2018

“Tomorrow is on the calendar of fools”

David Peacock (sermon: *“The Certainty of Judgment”*).

A godly life: a good death

While bearing in mind the folly of the lifting up of man over that of the Creator, I would like to invoke 1 Timothy 5:17 and give place, for just a moment, to the life of my late pastor, Charley O’Daniel.

Pastor was not a man who lived his life in search of the praise of others, but he lived a life in service to others. He made service for others part of his service to Christ on this earth. I remember well the first time I came to his office and laid out my (not God’s) plan for training and ministry. It is a story to make one cringe and wonder why in the world Pastor ever gave me five seconds of his time. Yet, he did. This is the story of his ministry. He found Peter after Peter and, in spite of all the baggage they came with, in spite of all the problems they caused him, he loved them. Much like Christ made the disciples fish and a fire, Pastor gave castaways a home and a family.

Preacher loved missions and missionaries. He told me, on several occasions, that he asked God to call him to the mission field. He had a passion for souls that belied his kind manner. There were no chance encounters for Pastor. Every person was someone to be told of salvation or a Christian invited back to church.

There were no colors, cultures or ethnicities to Preacher. There were only people. Since it was people that Christ came to save, then it was people that Pastor sought to reach. There were no Black, Indian, Asian or White people for Pastor. He took 2 Peter 3:9 to be for all people. If Christ had come for all then Christians were sent to all.

The Lord saw fit to take Preacher home March 25th, 2018. He served his Master with faithfulness and a steadfastness near unmatched. My wife and I rejoice when we think of Pastor standing before the Lord (no doubt Pastor is wearing a cowboy hat and boots with his new robe) and hearing well done.

Please pray for our church during this time. We, as a local body, wish to follow the leading of the Holy Spirit in all things. We covet your prayers.

Your servants,

Matt & Apryl Haynes



**Islam is not the only religion
sending souls to Hell in the
Middle East.**





The Wife's perspective

The fairly recent passing of two grandfathers, a grandmother, and now my pastor has me thinking a lot about legacy. What is legacy? Well, the dictionary says it is a money or property given by a written will and left behind for someone else, but we don't use it that way, do we? When we hear someone say, "He sure left a great legacy!", it usually conjures up images of some "great" preacher or evangelist – someone whom everyone had heard of with a great ability to preach, a large ministry, a massive following, or books and titles behind their names. In other words, we think of legacy as what a person is *known for*. In the Bible, we never see God equating such things with success. Instead we see him saying, "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us" (2 Corinthians 4:7). We are clay, dirt, earthen vessels. Our lives are a "vapor: (James 4:14) and "as grass" (1 Peter 1:24).

The dictionary got one thing right about legacy – it *is* something "left behind for someone else". My Granddaddy Fite left something behind – his unwavering passion to see Spanish-speaking people saved, his unwavering tenacity, and his desire to do God's perfect will. My Grandmother Fite left something behind – her same passion for souls, unstoppable work ethic, and her decision to follow to the ends of the earth. My Papaw Collins left something behind – his love of souls and Jesus' church, his example of how to invest deeply into lives, and the importance of knowing scripture. My pastor also left something behind – his seeking out souls of every shape and size and his great love for the broken ones. Maybe they didn't leave me a house to be lived in or money to be spent, but if I pick up and use what they did give imagine the ministry, the life, and the legacy that I get to leave that are success by God's definition of it.

This leaves room for the well-known and the lesser-known to have great legacies – the Pauls as well as the Barnabases, the Sunday school teacher as well as the Pastor of a thousand, the named as well as the unnamed, the you and me as well as the people we look up to. We serve a God who doesn't look up to anyone. He's not impressed by us nor unimpressed. He simply sees the faithful heart, the motivation of the soul, and a human being that he loves. Praise God. We are but "earthen vessels", but little is much when God is in it.

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Pas. Charley & Mrs Trela O'Daniel at our commissioning service.



Preacher & Mrs Trela sending Apryl and I off to Kurdistan.

If one were to look at the funeral pictures to the right, one could not help but notice the cultures and ethnicities present that day. One could say that the life of Charley O'Daniel was present in the people attending the funeral. Pastor felt that if the Savior could love him then he could not help but to love others.

