



Gerald and Marguerite Pauley
at LA VIEILLE ÉGLISE (THE OLD CHURCH -1840)

From Marguerite:

June – August, 2026

The last two months have been typical for us. Blessings, many blessings, illness (surprising and strange), new friends with skills we need, who wish to help us, the accomplishment of another project.

The list is long: I will begin with the friendship Gerald has established with a security guard in a store we visit often. **His name is Jeff.** He is Haitian; he has a wife and one son. We have both had conversations with Jeff about salvation. He listens with a sweet smile and nods his head, but up to now, he hasn't taken a step. A few days ago, he asked, "Can I go to your home and help you?" Of course, we are delighted. He and his family will come next Thursday to help Clément (our young, jack-of-all-trades, friend).

Next, we needed to replace the two toilets of the church (They were old and too small). Through his job, **Clément** had contact with a young Haitian, **Jethro**, who is a plumber. What Clément didn't know about Jethro is that he is saved! He is a leader in his church. He loves to "évangélize". He is the leader of a team of a large team of young people in his church who distribute tracts and Gospels of John in down-town Montreal! On street corners. We were talking on the phone and in closing he said, "You love the Lord and have given your lives to Him and His work. That makes you family. You are my family." Jethro is coming Thursday.

Then we have our "forever friend" and his family, Corneille (Cor-nay-ye, *the ye is a short soft yuh*). He and his wife and son come for cleaning up the outside. Mowing, weeding, chopping, etc. They are from Congo-Zaire and have been saved for years. They are "Halleluia, praise the Lord, amen, amen, glory to God, God will prevail, friends. We have been family for years. They are coming.

Next Thursday! Jeff and his wife will have the opportunity to experience the evidence of the Lord in the lives, testimonies and company of these men. Plus Gerald! The men love him and Jeff is definitely drawn to him.

Illness: I don't like to admit it, but I have been sick. Of course, you don't expect me to have a normal ailment, do you? I was driving home from shopping (Gerald was with me). I felt a little light-headed, but happy and jolly, but driving very slowly. I said I was saving gas. Gerald tells me that my conversation was so strange that he asked me to let him drive. I reassured him that I was doing very well, thank you. We have the habit of stopping within an inch of the mailbox and Gerald reaches out and gets the mail. That time, when we arrived at our driveway, I had a sudden explosion of pain in my right side almost to the point of passing out. I scraped by the mailbox and ran into a bush. I backed up and scraped by the mailbox, pulled forward and scraped again but drove on up to the front door. The neighbors, 5 or 6 of them were visiting on Giselle's porch, came running. I was in pain and I wanted to go in and lie down. I told everyone to leave me alone. Giselle said I was burning up and someone should call an ambulance. I said with great emphasis, "No! and No! and No! and No!" The crowd included the Fire Chief (who had already called for an ambulance), a City Counselor, and the mayor. Gerald was outdone. The ambulance was here in ten minutes, but I refused angrily to get in. I was frightened because I couldn't walk. I couldn't move my feet. Finally, they forced me to go.

For 4 days I had a very high fever. I underwent every test you could imagine (including a spinal puncture and several scans of my brain). On the 5th morning I was given intravenous antibiotics and was told it was an infection but they didn't know the cause. That evening, one of the doctors said I had an unknown bacterium, probably in my bladder. The antibiotics were continued.

Friday afternoon, Gerald had trouble with the car on the way to the hospital and he barely made it to the hospital parking lot before the car died. He spent the night in a chair beside me and we called for a tow truck Saturday morning. They said they wouldn't tow over 50 kilometers. We asked them to verify the kilometers to our house and it is 50 kilometres ((32 miles). The towing company demanded that we wait outside to signal the driver.

It was raining nails, as we say in French.

We had to leave Gerald's wheel chair with me. He climbed up into the tow truck with the help of the lady driver. When I went back to my room the staff came running with towels and about rubbed my hair away. One nurse that I talked to a lot about our life with God as our Boss said she had never met anyone like us—taking everything in stride and even laughing about it. I said, "If you could go with us to a conference of missionaries, you would be surrounded by couples and families that have the same joy of living for the Lord Jesus that we have. But you don't have to be a missionary to have Jesus as your Boss. Just do as we talked about this week and talk to God."

I was released on Sunday and Gerald picked me up in our small Dodge truck. I get around very well with a walker, but I cannot walk without leaning on things—walls, counters, chairs... A cane doesn't work. It isn't stable. I will write more on another page. I need to explain the outcome of all those ex-rays, blood tests, complete body and brain scans, punctures, etc. I have still been monitored and x-rayed for something the doctors haven't explained.

I have had to have an ex-ray of my lungs four times now as follow-up to the hospitalisation. No one had said why—until two weeks ago Monday. The Doctor called and told me that I have asbestos in my left lung. He said that our family doctor will have to take care of it. She knows nothing about it, but she will send me to a specialist.

The secretary for the neurologist called and said the Doctor wants to see me again and do other tests about my inability to walk without a walker.

My fever has been lower and most of the time I have a normal temperature.

But, I want to tell you about an “adventure” with our Dodge caravan. I was once again at Costco. It was late evening and I had stopped to buy water. I got out of the car and got my walker out. When I shut the side door the horn started honking. I had my key in my hand and I thought I had touched the emergency signal. Before I could do anything, the doors locked and the motor started. I tried to unlock the doors but they remained locked. I heard a man tell some by-standers, “She has locked the keys in the car with the motor running.” I told him to look in the window at the ignition. He couldn’t believe it. I had a crowd of people sympathising but not able to help. A Costco employee took my key to change the battery. I called our friend Réal, from the Boucherville church, 25 minutes away, and asked him to go to our church-home to get Gerald’s key. He stopped by Costco to see if he could do something. He thought I had lost my key. We had to hunt up the guy who had taken it. Réal drove the hour round trip down to the church and back with Gerald’s key. His key is old, also. It turned off the motor but the doors remained locked. Then, suddenly, the doors unlocked.

We grabbed the handles and opened both doors on the driver’s side. The van did its little trick for 2 months, but I have been careful to leave a window down. I was telling the secretary at the garage about it while getting the oil changed. She said, “Just a minute, we have a new employee who is very experienced.” He took the key and went away. Five minutes later he returned and said he had fixed it. He said that there are small contact buttons in the key, under each button on the key. In an old key the contact points come unglued and move around, touching each other and moving into the wrong position. He reglued the buttons. Problem solved.

We seem to have more than the usual troubles as we are trying to have a church here. We have never struggled so hard in all our life. We have always counted on the prayer of our supporting churches. This time we have need of prayer for our personal lives. We are still strong and happy together—no matter what. But... we are having trials, more than we have ever experienced. At least we are having them together! We are going on pretty well in spite of everything. THANK YOU! I have to say that we have also had more blessings than we ever had before, also!!

Gerald and Marguerite – Praising the Lord daily!
