



Reports from the Street Evangelist for Women's Equality

(A special thanks to my friend, Sharon Martin, who makes it possible to give *Women Equal – No Buts: Powered by the same Source* and *Dethroning Male Headship: Second Edition* to those met by the Street Evangelist for Women's Equality)

Please note that I never actually get into why women are equal and do not ever quote scripture to those to whom I give my books. My books say it all much better than I can on the street. I move on to the next opportunity and, like the evangelists of old, never follow up with what happens.

Report from the street evangelist. She stopped by my office to sell us on their energy savings plan. One of my friends of the church was in my office at the time. Her husband is in charge of the church campus. We watched the presentation of how we could save money. The company is located in Grapevine, Texas, which is near Baptist General Convention of Texas, and I recognized many of the names of churches and Associations as those who have signed up with them. She said she was working in the youth ministry at her church before she started this job. A Catholic church. Now, she was just a girl to us older women and my friend began telling her how proud of her she is. We were very biblical (older women will teach the younger women) and began telling her how that we could not even have a credit card in our name because any credit had to be in the husband's name. How married women lost all their rights when they said, "I do," while unmarried women could buy a house and sign contracts in their own names. Then, somehow my book got mentioned. And before you knew it, I had pulled down two of my books, signed them and gave them to her!

Report from the street evangelist. You can go home again but both home and you will have changed. I had told my pastor that I would be absent from church today because I wanted to see my old friends. I also said that I would keep my mouth shut.

Sunday, I went back to visit my old Baptist church. We were the Young Women's Class when I began as their Sunday school teacher. Six are still there. Hugs and more hugs. Small church but big time fundamentalist Baptist. A 40ish well-dressed woman whom I did not know came over to welcome me before church started and as we stood there, I told her I was on the building committee when the church was built, and had attended for 25 years. She asked me where I go now. Well, it isn't a Baptist

church but I told her that I “bleed Baptist” which can mean anything but to me it means that my heart is for Baptists, also my anger. I handed her my card “Street evangelist for women’s equality.” I told her that I had to go to a church where I felt welcomed because I advocate for women pastors. I said, “I have already made trouble by giving you my card, and if you will meet me in the parking lot after church, I will give you one of my books.” She said she was raised Baptist but her husband’s mother was a Church of God preacher and she thought she could really preach.

The pastor of the church where my brother attends was there this morning because he had the honor of baptizing his granddaughter who attends this church. He spent a few moments speaking and he quoted “The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few.” Now I want you to see what I saw. His granddaughter’s name is Harvest! Can you believe it? But she cannot ‘harvest’ in this field of Baptists. Did the grandfather see that? Doubtful. And, of course you also know I was thinking that the laborers are few when you eliminate one-half the work force because of gender.

Then the regular pastor preached on evangelism and collaring people to make sure they had accepted Jesus. Did this all fly over the women’s heads? You can guarantee it. So, taking my cue from both the visiting pastor and the regular pastor, there in the parking lot, the street evangelist signed both her books and gave them to the woman who knows that women can preach.

Report from the street evangelist. She was beautiful and I invited her into my office. Pointing out the flowers that the church had given me in honor of my ten years, I asked her to sit down. A new restaurant is opening and she had menus and invited the pastor and me to a “soft opening” next week. “Where did you buy your shoes?” she asked. Embarrassed, I told her Walmart. She loved them and they are pretty and comfortable. She had on heels and said she needed some new flat shoes. Saying that she is going to schools and churches in this area, she asked me for my card so she could email me the invitation. “There are a lot of churches here!” she said. As I was writing my email address, she asked my name. I reached behind my desk and got two of my books and smiled at her and said, “I am an advocate for women’s equality.” She said her father had been a Christian preacher in Romania, not Catholic or Orthodox. I told her my supervisor at Baptist General Convention of Texas was a District Supervisor over Missionaries in Romania. Her father was beaten and they smuggled out photos to a relative who lives in Texas. She said that America is so great. She eventually got here and she said she was 40 years old. She held the books in her arms and said she would begin reading them this weekend. She reached out and gave me a hug and said “When I walked in here, I felt such warmth.”

Report from the street evangelist. Been a stressful day. A relative is in the hospital. A young nurse’s assistant comes in to cover the IV while my friend showers and the assistant makes up the bed. I am reading my Kindle. “Do you like to read?” I ask. Yes, she does and used to read all the time. She wanted to know what kind of books I read and I told her I am reading about a Mississippi farm family in the early 1900s and it reminded me of my childhood. I told her I was 16 years old before I lived in a house with electricity. I kinda like to tell young people these things. I’ve come a long ways from chopping and picking cotton and living on a farm but I never forget it. She said she was a city girl but her parents live in east Texas and she names the town. “That is where my friend was born!” I say. We

connect. And then I say I write books too. I leaned over and got “Women Equal – No Buts: Powered by the same Source” from the plastic bag with my friend’s clean underwear. I asked her name and signed it and gave it to her. “I will read this!” she says. She is 23 years old, Hispanic, married 3 years and she and her husband own a business. She might go on to college and she might not. Her brother-in-law is a doctor. I lean back in my chair and think that God uses the most extraordinary ways to communicate with people. My friend is fine and gets to go home, and I hope this young woman has read my book.

Report from the street evangelist. Sometimes I do follow up with what happened with my books that I give away. For instance, do you remember when I gave the UPS guy my “Dethroning Male Headship: Second Edition?” He delivered a package a couple of weeks ago and said, “My grandmother loved the book!” Since UPS guys are always in a hurry, I hurriedly reached behind me and got another book off the shelf and said, she will love this one, too! After he left, I got to thinking. Ummm. I just gave him “Dethroning Male Headship” again! Oh my. So this week when my doorbell rang and I saw him on my monitor, I reached for “Women Equal-No Buts: Powered by the same Source” and met him at the door with book in hand. He said his wife had said “That’s the same book. Now I have my own copy!” He said he and his wife would read this other book! So, sometimes you just have to follow up.

Report from the street evangelist. Needed some make-up. This particular store caters to women of a certain age and I rarely see any other customers when I am there. Which means that the beauty consultant has a lot of time by herself. A woman about my age came out to help me, in fact her birthday was in two days. We discussed the merits of one kind versus another and I made my purchases. As I was paying, I told her I was having the time of my life, still working like she is. Handed her my street evangelist card. She said her church has women go up to the front to help take up the collection. I know who her pastor is and told her that was because he believes women are equal. I asked her if she would like one of my books. Was planning on giving her both books, but gosh darn it, had only Dethroning Male Headship in my trunk so I brought that in and signed it and gave it to her. She said she would take it to her Sunday school class and pass it around.

Report from the street evangelist. She didn’t know us, we were sure, but the waitress thought she did. We were at a restaurant in Aggieland, an hour away from home, but we had a gift card and it was a beautiful day for a drive. Still convinced she knew us, she commented again when she stopped by. I handed her my street evangelist card and said, “this is who I am.” She was very attentive and nice and we went along with her thinking she knew us, even though it had been 10 years since we had last been there. After we paid, I said, “Would you like one of my books as a free gift?” She said she had been reading my card and would love a book. I got up, leaving Don at the table, and went to my car and got a book. Brought it in and signed it and gave it to her. She was so excited. I said, “Even if you don’t read this book, I want you to remember what the cover says every day of your life. Your are Equal – No Buts: Powered by the same Source.”

Report from the street evangelist. Another day at work. Got out of my car and locked it, and then unlocked it to get another copy of *Dethroning Male Headship: Second Edition* out of the trunk to put on my bookcase because I gave the last one to the UPS guy yesterday. There is construction of new apartments next door and the construction manager came to the door and said his men were going to clean up our Getheseme Garden because of all the mud from their site that filled it up last week. We talked a bit about the storm and I asked him how he himself had fared. He said a close relative was in the hospital and this was the 2nd time her house has been flooded and he had helped clean her house. I said, "I have a book I would like to give you" and stepped inside and picked up *Outside the pastor's door: Reflections of a church secretary*, and told him "This is to remember us here when you go on to your next job." The work foreman who I had talked with before (he attends a First Baptist Church nearby) joined us. I told him I had a book for him and went in and got *Dethroning Male Headship: Second Edition* (glad I had put it in my office this morning). The construction manager said his wife would read the book I gave him, but I do not ever miss an opportunity and said, "I have a book for her" and ran inside and got my last book *Women Equal – No Buts: Powered by the same Source*. He said they go to a Baptist church and she is in handbells and does all kinds of volunteer work for them. Said he wished she got paid for all the work she does. I smiled and thanked God for my job where I can be the street evangelist for women's equality to so many people. Give it a try! The UPS guy was delighted to get my book. Maybe the people who stop at your door need to hear that women are equal – no buts.

Report from the street evangelist. Taking a week off from being a street evangelist. Going to Guadalajara, Mexico. Not going to take a book, street evangelist cards or anything with me! Not going to stir up any trouble this whole week. We were the last in line at Customs. Four planes landed at one time and answering the call of nature put us at the very end. A young woman from another line hesitantly came up and asked if we were in the line for US citizens entering Mexico. She confessed she was traveling alone and oftentimes had to ask to make sure she was doing things right. I told her that Don and I travel quite a bit but he always seems to know where we need to be while I most often don't have a clue. I encouraged her independence. She was Hispanic and said she was a hair stylist in Houston. I commented on her bright red and black hair and said that it takes courage to do that. One thing led to another (the line was long) and just before we got to the Customs desk, I told her that I advocate for women's equality in the church and the home and casually reached inside my purse and pulled out a card and gave it to her. She said she loves to read. Now you knew that a street evangelist cannot really take a week off, didn't you?

Report from the street evangelist. Dateline: Patio overlooking Lake Chapala, watching the sun set. Friends are over for dinner with our host and hostess. In fact, they have loaned their car so we can be chauffeured around in style the week we are here. She is sitting beside me and we talk about her volunteer work with the children at the Catholic orphanage. She mentions that since the Canadians are going back to Canada this week, they are leaving their English-language books for the library. They will be back in 5 months with a bunch of new books. "Who is your favorite author," she asked. I name a few which might surprise you, and then said that I had just read *The Bishop's Wife* and loved it. It is a tell-all about living in the faith of the Mormon church. Then I asked if they have Christian books in their library.

No, but just they haven't been given any. Modestly, I confess that I am a Christian author and would like to donate two books to their library. I take her to the bedroom and get the books out of my suitcase. (Sure, you knew they were there!). Then she said, "I wanted to be an Altar Girl and couldn't understand why I couldn't be." A yearning at an early age to be equal! She is now 63 but at the age of 24 she was in management and wrote her supervisors and asked if gender-surgery was covered by their company insurance because that appeared to be the only way women could be paid the same as men. She got a raise and said, "Give the same raise to the other women because not any of us are being paid what the men in the same jobs are." She quit one job because women were paid less than men with the same title.

Two nights later, I saw her again. "Listen to this," she says to me. "I was telling a group of women about your books and one of the women told her, 'You and I need to talk.'" This woman admitted she was a nun for 9 years and left because of the inequality in the church. My new friend promised to read the books I gave her and then to loan them to the former nun.

That sums up my week of relaxation from being a street evangelist for women's equality.

Report from the street evangelist. The a/c is out at work. Called the a/c man last week and he came out and said there was no power to the units and we had to call the electrician. Long story short, neither the electrician nor the a/c man fixed the problem, but it was a good day anyway for a street evangelist. I gave my book to the owner of the electrical company and he said women should be equal in the home. He said he and his wife had been married 32 years and they were partners. They treat each other as equals. He said he would read my book and let me know what he thought about it. When I called the a/c repairman last week, I heard Christian music in the background and when I called again today for them to come back out, I mentioned to her that I had heard Christian music playing and that I am a Christian author and have written books for women's equality. She said the music was the Church of Christ down the street singing. I explained that I belong to a group of Christians for Biblical Equality and we have many Church of Christ members who are working for women's equality in the church. She offered to pay for the book, but I told her it was a gift and that when the a/c man came he could pick it up and take it to her. When he was about to leave, I told him about the book and he said, "Women ought to be equal." He laughed when I showed him the cover of my *Dethroning Male Headship*, but I did not have my newest edition on top of my bookshelf because I had given it to the electrician. One electrician and a/c repairman at a time. This city may not have the most egalitarian servicemen, but I have met many who are.

Report from the street evangelist. Had to do some banking so I met Don at our bank after work today. Not sure why now, but at one point, our banker made the comment that she was a Christian. My ears perked up and my fingers started itching. When we finished and were just chit-chatting, she said she has 5 daughters and that she had told them that she would pay for their education, but would not pay for their weddings. She said she had raised them to be strong women and not to expect husbands to take care of them. My itchy fingers pulled out a street evangelist card and I casually placed it on her desk as we stood up to leave. Well, you guessed it,

I went to the car and got both books to give her. She said she would give them to her daughters after she finished reading them. She said that one daughter goes to a huge Methodist church and that she herself goes to the huge Cowboy church near here. I have reason to believe that Methodist church is not altogether egalitarian, and I know the cowboy church isn't. I am concerned about Methodists in particular because they are talking about a huge division at least in dissatisfaction, if not in reality, this June at their Conference.

Read a sentence from an email that I received from a woman Methodist minister (who is also a reporter) last week: "And yes, I'm also concerned that Methodists will turn complementarian. Many of our younger pastors are "alpha males" coming from the very conservative Asbury Seminary and they are subtly bringing that philosophy into the church." Can one book make a difference? It is a seed planted.

Report from the street evangelist. Two days, two Baptists appear at my office door. She was beautiful and perky and had a flyer in her hand from BBC wanting to know if we had any young women in our church who might need a prom dress. They have over 500 dresses and each year they outfit girls who can't buy a new dress with dress and accessories. They have done this for years and I've always want to ask the question, and this time I did. "Do you also tell them about birth control?" I think they get scriptures and a sweet little lecture instead. I said, "I have something I would like to give you" and invited her into my office. She left with two of my signed books because she had just met the street evangelist!

The next Baptist from BBC was an older man looking for information about one of the services we offer. He sat down and I gave him the information. Then (the pastor is in his office talking with a church member) I said to the older gentleman that if he did not have a place of worship this Easter Sunday, I invite him to come here and worship with us. That is when he told me he attends BBC. (You remember that BBC means Big Baptist Church).

I asked him about the new pastor and told him I had worked for Baptist General Convention for about 15 years. I reached behind my chair and said, I would like to give you a book. I signed "Dethroning Male Headship: Second Edition" (didn't think he would want Women Equal – No Buts). He then told me that Baptists will listen to Beth Moore preach but won't call it preaching, and then he told me that Miriam, Moses sister, was the first woman prophetess because she said "Was it only to Moses that God spoke? Did He not speak to us as well?"

He is already there with women's equality. I hope the other young woman will read it after she finishes with prom dresses and a bible study she teaches and just maybe, she will find something of interest in the books.

Report from the street evangelist. Was looking for something in particular so I stopped at the Dollar Store. Didn't find it, but look! there are Redskin peanuts and I haven't had those in years. Then I found 4 toothbrushes for \$1.00 and by the time I got to checkout I had quite a bit of bargains. As the checker was putting my stuff in the sack, I quietly said, "They've changed the packaging on that.

They used to have a different color, but I called them one day and told them that color was not suitable for older women.” I went on to say, “We can make a change when we speak up. I speak up for women every day of my life.” She didn’t say a word, but I am not through. I dig out my debit card to pay and quietly slip two of my cards in my other hand. Before I leave, I hand her a card and also to the young woman in line behind me, and I say “I want you to know that you are equal. You are equal – no buts.”

Report from the street evangelist. Wanted KFC chicken for lunch today. Just as I was getting ready to leave, a church member came in. We began talking (because after all, that is my job) and she told me what a great ministry I have. She had read my street evangelist reports from my website. So I told her about giving a card to the young woman worker at the E-Z Tag store in Houston on Saturday and the joy the woman had when she read my card. The church member left, then I left for KFC. At KFC, there were two men who tried to pay with \$100, but the cashier said they did not have change. I dug around in my purse wondering if I had a hundred dollars in change to help them out. Nope. \$20 was the best I could come up with. After they left and I was paying for my chicken, the cashier said something about working and I said I still work. That I am a church secretary. I gave her my street evangelist card. She said, "I have a friend who needs this very badly. She is in a bad relationship." I said, "I will go to the car and get one of my books so you can give it to her." I left and got one book out of my trunk and closed the trunk. Stopped. Went back. Got another book. I took them inside, signed them, and said, "a book for you, and a book for your friend." She reached across the counter, hugged me, and kissed me on the cheek. Strangers - meeting for a moment in a fried chicken place – connecting, because there was a burden on her heart and she found hope in knowing that somebody cared.

Report from the street evangelist. It pays to have a sister on your side! Particularly one who volunteers in a public library. As most of you know, Christian bookstores will not carry egalitarian books. I make an effort to put them in public libraries and if they are rejected, more than likely they will put them in their Friends of the Library book sales. My sister gave me this report of their library book sale this week. She said, “I put two old and one revised *Dethroning Male Headship* and one *Women Equal-No Buts* in the Friends of the Library book sale Thursday. The first three sold and I went looking and the other one was lying down so I set it so it could be seen in a good spot and when I went back before I left it was gone. I put one I found in my car in the Book Nook to be sold yesterday as all religion was moved there. So will check to see if it is gone next Friday. So that is four or maybe five books out there somewhere. Guess somebody was interested.” Hooray for a sister like that!

Report from the street evangelist. Just had to have a hamburger for lunch today, so I left at 11:00. Waited in line and ordered and looked around to find a place to sit while it was being prepared for takeout. Sitting alone on the bench was the man who was in front of me in the line. I said “can I share your bench.” Now I know something that he doesn’t know. I know that this conversation will get around to women’s equality. He was 20 years younger than I am, dressed well, with an easy smile, and we began a stranger’s conversation. My name is Shirley, I said. His name was James. “I don’t want you to think that I am hitting on you,” I said. He said, “and the same here.” I told him that my husband and I

have been married for 54 years. I was sure he could add 20 (18 actually) years to that and he knew that I am old enough to be his mother. I handed him my card. Yes! Of course, I did. It is not going to take long for him to get his food and I have things to say. Seeing my picture he asked if I was in real estate. No, I work for women's equality, I said. 'This probably keeps you busy,' he said, and I confessed that it does, and it hard work because so many people believe that men are to be heads of women. "That is Muslim!" he said. Bingo. He got it. I didn't have a book and he said he more of a non-denominational Christian. His food came and he left. Satisfied. One more person heard the word of women's equality.

Report from the street evangelist. They were 30ish, a man and a woman. He was Italian, a Roman Catholic, and spoke with an obvious accent. She was in college and was taking a course on women's equality. They were in my office asking about setting up a Bloodmobile. The young woman said "Are you wearing purple for Cancer Awareness Day?" She pointed out that both her partner and I had on purple and neither of us were aware that we were supposed to wear purple that day – and she knew it, but did not have purple on. Purple. I reach behind my desk and pull down my two books from the bookcase. *Dethroning Male headship: Second Edition* has a purple cover. I laid them facedown and told them I would love to give them a book each. The young man said, "I went to a Baptist school for a year and they told me that men were higher than woman." They both said they had been talking about just that thing before they got to my office and they thought it was a "God thing" that they had stopped by and met me. The young man said that in his church, women are revered because of Mary. He also said that "women should be priests." His wife is from Mexico and he said that they treated each other as equals. He seemed to have a deep understanding of what we were talking about. They both promised to read their books. I told him how hard it was to get Baptists to understand they were equal because they were so indoctrinated. He held up his book and said "One person at a time." Yes. Two in this case.

Report from the street evangelist. Beautiful day and Don and I went for a drive. Drove to Woody's Smokehouse. Ate barbeque for lunch and went into the women's room to wash the sauce off my face. I turned to the woman standing at the sink beside me and asked 'how are you today?' she replied 'I guess I am fine.' That was unusual so I looked at her and 'you are not sure?' and she told me that her husband had just been diagnosed with terminal cancer. They were on their way home from M.D. Anderson having just learned the awful news. I put my arm around her while she told me her story 'he's only 52!' I wrapped both arms around her while she cried and I asked her if I could pray for her. Ministry happens in the most unexpected places.

Report from the street evangelist. Giving my books to small town libraries, 6 books so far this weekend. Called a small library in East Texas. Told them who I was and that I was born and raised in that town. Offered them my two books free of charge. Told them they are Christian books. She replied "Oh, good! We get requests for Christian books all the time." I bet they never get calls for these kind of Christian books.

Report from the street evangelist. Got a \$50 card for Christmas and decided to use it at a busy restaurant Friday morning. For some reason, there weren't many people there. Our waitress was

very attentive and we struck up a conversation. We talked about her little boy and how he loves to play with trucks in the sand. I told her that we still have the Tonka trucks our sons played with when we first moved to the country. Her husband is in the marines and many of the decisions for their marriage fall to her. She said he had asked one time “can I wear the pants some time?” I gave her my street evangelist card and told her I would bring a book for her “Women Equal – No Buts: Powered by the same Source” when I stopped by at 8:15 on Monday morning. This morning I arrived at 8:12 and asked for her. She saw me and a great big smile filled her face. She was holding a tray with a carafe of fresh hot coffee when I handed her the book. “I didn’t know if you would remember” she said. Of course I remembered. This is what a street evangelist does. Each person is very important.

Report from the street evangelist. “Maybe God meant for me to come here to get your book.” Since installing Windows 10, the computer and printer weren’t speaking and the tech man had just fixed it. He was big, fashionably dressed, with a shaved head. This young African American man was at least 6’7” and he was holding “Dethroning Male Headship: Second Edition” in his huge hand. I had asked ‘are you married’ and told him that if he were I would give him a book for his wife. He said he had been married, and might be again soon. I handed him my book and he laughed (as they all do) at the cover. He said he would like to read it and he likes to read. Then he told me something very interesting. He said his grandmother had ‘preached’ at her church but then a pastor came in and told her that she couldn’t do that anymore because women can’t preach. He said he thought about that when she died and her funeral was at that church. He said that at her funeral, the pastor apologized, even though he was not the one who had told her she could not preach. The young man said there were many women preachers in his family. He promised to let me know about the book.

Report from the street evangelist. Pick one, I said, as I laid out my two books to the man who had come in to get a new key to replace the one he lost. I talk to him about twice a year but never see him as he is part of a group that uses our facilities for the Camellia Flower show. He picked up “Dethroning Male Headship” and starts laughing. I ask if he is married. He said yes. He said he thought his wife might like that one. Most men laugh when they see the title. That is also what I told the Christian women’s radio host during my interview before Christmas. For some reason, most men laugh. Actually, I do, too. I love the cover.

Report from the street evangelist. Water was in the crisper bins and all in the bottom of the refrigerator. Time to call the repairman. He arrived while the pastor and a church member were talking. Being a street evangelist is covert work. I don’t give my books away while anybody else is around. So that was the farthest thing from my mind but the kitchen is only a few feet from my office. As the pastor and the gentleman went out the door, some comment was made by me of course about Fuller Seminary and that they were for women in ministry. I also said that I have a one-track mind and that is all I am concerned about. It isn’t really, but I have made a joke of it. We are currently looking for a children/youth director and I had pulled up some examples of job positions from Fuller’s and Houston Graduate School of Theology website. So they left. The repairman gave me the bill and I told him I would like to give him a book free of charge, no obligation. I reached back and pulled “Dethroning Male

Headship" off my bookcase and he said, "Will you sign it?" So I signed it and he went on his way. He certainly saw the title and must have had some thoughts about it.

Report from the street evangelist. Spur of the moment decision to buy a jacket for my son for Christmas. Went to the Outlet Mall where I wonder how they stay in business because there are never any shoppers when I go to a store. This time was no different. A young black woman helped me select the jacket and we talked about buying clothes and we talked about Mothers and sons and daughters. Her mother wants her to move in with her. She is not married but has a 3 year old daughter. Paid an outrageously high price for the jacket. Then I handed her my card and said, my name is Shirley Taylor and I call myself the street evangelist for women's equality. She listened as I told her that I want her to know that she is equal in the church and in the home. I told her I am a church secretary, and she commented that I must spend a lot of time in church. I told her I would like to give her my book. Went to the car and got it and brought it in and this is where this gets interesting. I asked her what her name is and she said "Reed." I replied that that is not a usual girl's name. She agreed and then said she is teaching her daughter to be equal. She said that every Sunday at church the little girl is always raising her hand and answering the pastor's question. I asked her what her daughter's name is and she said "Casey." She said that she didn't want her daughter to be treated differently because of her name and her race, and that having a name that could be male or female, or black or white, gave her that chance. I told her that that was the most equal statement that I had ever heard. I told her I was touched by that. She told me that I had no idea how much that book I gave her meant to her.

Report from the street evangelist. Yesterday I came across a young woman in Canada who is writing a blog about biblical equality, but she still believes that husbands are heads of their wives. She is just beginning to have her eyes opened. She is more for partnership and oneness and unity, than 'equality.' Well, those are not exclusively equality words, so I made 2 comments on her blog. Then I contacted her by facebook PM and offered to give her my 2 books free. She sent me her address and I put them in the mail to her this morning - 30 minutes after I heard from her! This was in her PM to me: "Am I saying something wrong in the comments? What do you think? I know the bible clearly says the husband is the head of the wife but I think that means he's to be a source of provision and nourish and love his wife... Nothing about authority at all." I told her that actually the bible does not say that men are heads of women because that would mean that Jesus shares his headship with males and that Paul himself would never say that. When the post office asked me the value of the books for the Customs form, I said that they were invaluable and I could not express it in dollars because it was books for women's equality. But I put a price on them anyway of \$20.00. Then I paid my \$16.00 to send them to Canada! Now those are some valuable books.

Report from the street evangelist. Beautiful day for a drive so Don and I headed west, final destination Navasota. An old town with a statue of LaSalle in the middle because this is where he was murdered by his men who wanted to get home to France and Navasota seemed far out of the way. Passed the library. Hmm. Asked Don to turn around so I could put my books in their library. Went inside. Only 3 people inside - 3 African American women librarians and they were happy to have my books.

Explained that I call myself the street evangelist. One woman came out of her office and accepted the books and said, "I can't wait to read this one." I told them that I had stood up in the theater a few weeks ago and told everyone that "Women are still not equal in most churches on Sunday morning," and explained how hard that was to do. Had a delightful time. Gave them 3 different books to shelve. Need to put more books in my car now and more cards in my purse.

Report from the street evangelist. The electrician was back today at work. He is about 25 and cute as a 25 year old can be. "Are you married," I asked. What did he think – that I had a granddaughter I wanted to set him up with? He said that he wasn't. I said that I was asking because I had a book that I would have given to his wife. He said, "but I might be getting married." I reached behind me on the shelf and got my "Women Equal – No Buts: Powered by the same Source" book and asked him what her name is. I signed it and handed it to him. He said he would give it to her. She reads, he said. If nothing else, the title of the book will get her attention.

Report from the middle of the ocean. On a cruise ship to the Bahamas. On vacation from being a street evangelist. There are 4 of my books in my luggage and 25 cards in my purse, but it is the 2nd day out and I haven't evangelized any.

"Hi, Shirley," I looked around and a young man is grinning at me. I don't know him. I stutter and ask if he knows me. He said he saw my name tag. His wife said he is always remembering names. I didn't realize I had been that close to him that he could read it. We exited the ship.

The next day, I hear "Hi, Shirley Taylor." There he is again. Beginning to feel weird. We laughed at that and as we began walking off the ship, I said, "I just figured you recognized me as the famous author." Then I handed him my card which I had in my pants pocket. We got separated and then on the pier, his wife had stopped and I told her that if she saw me again, that I would give her one of my books. We returned from our excursion that afternoon and Don and I found a quiet place on the deck. "Hi, Shirley." Definitely weird. This time it is the young man, his wife and his father. I told her that I had promised her a book, so I sent Don to our cabin for one.

Turns out he is military (10 years), in San Antonio where our son had been when he was in the military, had been to Iraq and Afghanistan. I explained what my books are about. His father (from Oklahoma) said, "Our pastor says we are head of our wives but we are not to lord it over them." Well, I have heard that crap before. I told him that the pastor was telling him that he had headship, and that my book explains why he doesn't.

The young wife thumbed through the book and exclaimed about all the scriptures in the book. I think she gets it. The husband didn't seem to have a clue. That was the last time I saw them. But I still have 3 books and lots of cards and it is only Tuesday.

Report from the street evangelist. Got off work early and went shopping, but still had an hour to kill before my hair appointment. Decided to go to the Christian Book Store with a new tactic.

Been there before, of course, but they 'don't have space' for my book. Reread the "Glory of Sex" reference to Timothy Keller that it is on page 130 of my newest book. Stuck the book inside my purse. Going on a mission. Bet I don't have to look long before I find Timothy Keller's book and his glory of sex reference. Sure enough, there were 2 of them in the marriage section. Found what I wanted on page 237 and put the book back. Went to the counter and told the young woman there that I wanted to give her my book that she could put on the shelf. No charge, just don't throw it in the trash can (I wanted her to know it was valuable!). She took it behind the wall to the manager. While she disappeared, I stepped back and got the Real Marriage book referenced before and stood waiting for her at the counter. She returned with my book and said they would have to review it. I asked her "Do you think that when a husband and wife have sex and climax that they are emulating the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit?" I opened Keller's book and showed her where he says that. Of course she was shocked. I said, "This book has already passed review, but look what it says!" Then I opened my book and showed her what I said about what he said in his book. I took out my street evangelist card and stuck it in on page 130 of my book, and said "I call myself the street evangelist for women's equality."

Report from the street evangelist. I had just finished watching the movie "Suffragettes." Now, I don't want to go to prison for my work in women's equality, and running out in front of racing horses don't appeal to me. When the movie ended, everyone was sitting in silence as the credits ran. I could not let that young suffragette's life be in vain. I call myself a street evangelist for women's equality. So, standing up and looking at those still sitting, I said in a loud voice to those in the theater, "Women still are not equal in most churches on Sunday mornings."

Report from the street evangelist. The street evangelist made a house call today to Big Baptist Church where I attended for 3 years. Realized a few weeks ago that I needed to meet their interim pastor. He and I had worked for Baptist General Convention of Texas at the same time, but he was Associate Executive Director and I was a ministry assistant (a fancy name for secretary) 200 miles away. He didn't remember me of course but he knew my former supervisors very well so he gave me the courtesy of visiting with me today between the 8:30 morning worship and the 11:00 worship. As he sat down in the Atrium to talk with me, I said, "I call myself the Street Evangelist, and I make trouble wherever I go. I have already given 2 books to your members this morning."

It was this way. I went in the sanctuary and saw a gentleman sitting by himself at the far end of the pew, so I entered the pew and asked if this was anybody's special seat. All churchgoers know that regular members sit in the same place each Sunday. He said no, the woman in front turned around and greeted me and asked if I was a visitor. I told her my sister goes to this church. I gave her my card.

The man I was sitting by was talking with the woman sitting behind me about canning figs and his wouldn't gel. So I entered that conversation because you may remember that I can can figs. The woman behind asked me to visit their Sunday school as they have about 50 women with 4 women teachers whom she named. I gave her my card and she asked me what a street evangelist does and she guessed maybe I was located in Austin or San Antonio? I told her as a street evangelist I talk to people just like her and sometimes I give them my book.

I knew that I wanted to give a book to the woman in front of me, but I particularly wanted to give a book to the woman behind me with 50 women in her Sunday School class. I quietly unzipped my bag with the books so I could get them quickly. I knew that I had a split second to give one to the lady in front AND the lady in the back before they left. I had to make a double-play quickly.

The service started and then ended. I pulled out my book and I leaned up toward the lady in front and asked her if she would like one, and then extended my arm behind me and asked the woman behind me if she would. They both did.

Thus the confession to the pastor that I had given two books to the members because I knew that I had stirred up a hornet's nest. Oh, yes, I gave him a book, too.

Report from the street evangelist. It is not easy being me. Today was such a day. Went to mail an unsolicited book to a pastor who was indirectly mentioned in my blog today – you know the one “wives are witches?”* My cute Equal- No Buts address label was peeling off and the lady behind me in line at the post office pointed it out. (I might add here that I discreetly prominently display my label when I am in line to mail a book). She made the comment that I would want them to see who it was from. Then I handed her my street evangelist card.

At the counter they teased me about my book, since one of the male clerks is mentioned in my Women Equal-No Buts book. One said it must be humorous and I asked him if his wife reads books. He said not really. I knew he was Catholic. As the woman and I were headed out the door together, she said that she is the Women's Ministry coordinator in the local Methodist church and she asked me if I speak to groups. We went to my car and I gave her my Outside the pastor's door book because it is more inspirational.

We chatted and then I got in the car and left with her behind me. A light that I had never seen before came on and thinking it was the car door, I closed my door better. Now here is where I tell you how a suave street evangelist looks completely stupid. I pull out of the post office parking lot into a 20 mile per hour school zone with the light still on and looked behind me and my trunk is up, flopping. The lady is right behind me. It is a one lane narrow street. I signal and turn across the other side into the school circular driveway and get out and with all the dignity I can muster, I close the trunk. Then proceed right into the line of cars waiting to pick up school kids all facing me. I back up, find a parking spot, get turned around and finally get out of there. Somedays it is hard to be me.

(*www.bwebaptistwomenforequality.wordpress.com “Open Letter to Dr. Ronnie Floyd: wives are witches?”)

Report from the street evangelist. Just heard a great line from Lori on the Shark Tank, “You wake up every morning and don't say ‘who's going to let me’ but you say ‘who's going stop me.’ Case in point. Yesterday I shopped for shoes. Was helped by a very nice knowledgeable young Hispanic

woman. After I paid for the shoes, I gave her my card and told her to always remember that she is equal – no buts.

Stopped by the bank to deposit my check and get some spending money. I apparently wasn't thinking straight because I forgot to sign it. The young Hispanic bank teller (do they still call them tellers?) pushed the deposit slip back to me because I had forgotten to sign it. When he asked for ID, I laughed and said, "Sometimes I forget what I am doing, or maybe I am just not smart enough." When we finished I handed him my card and said 'but this is something I do know what I am doing. I write books for women's equality.' I left as he was reading the card.

Stopping here to say that when nobody else is within earshot, I turn into a street evangelist, other times I am just a secretary. I don't ask 'who's going to let me' but take to heart "who's going to stop me."

Report from the Street Evangelist. An elderly member of the church where I work came in with her daughter with groceries for the Thanksgiving baskets we give next month. I told the elderly woman that I wanted to give my newest book to her daughter. She was hesitant because she doesn't agree with dethroning male headship. And her daughter is a Baptist, and I suspected she didn't either. But I was pushy. I took it in the other room and gave it to the daughter anyway. She said that she is a conservative Christian. Well, maybe so. Maybe I am, too. But I don't think so. If she doesn't read it, she won't be the first one not to. But what if she does? What if she does a quick thumb-through and finds it says things she has begun thinking? Do we cling to labels such as conservative when our heart is telling us something different? Is there such a thing as a conservative Christian? Surely Jesus wasn't conservative. Why should we be? (Thanks to my friend who makes these book give-a-ways possible).

Report from the street evangelist. Going to a funeral today at a small Baptist church for one of Don's retired co-workers. Another co-worker is the pastor of the church. Looked on their website. Listened for 30 seconds to his sermon and I starting sputtering and spitting and yelling for Don to come listen. The preacher said God says men have authority in their house. (Knew it wouldn't do any good to tell that pastor about women's equality, so decided to write the SBC president). Don has no idea what I will say when we go anywhere. I promised that I wouldn't say anything at the funeral that would embarrass him. Changed purses and did not add any books or cards. Going incognito. About 10 former co-workers were there. Sat behind one of the wives. She turned around and told me that she loves to hear about the travels of others because she doesn't travel. I had never met her before. I began telling her some of the places I had been, and told her that I still work, and where, and that I write books. Began digging around in my empty purse. Found a street evangelist card and give it to her. She said I need to speak at her church. Told her that after the funeral I would give her a book.

We went to my car and I got a book. Asked her who the pastor was now at her church. I knew him, of course. Had even typed his resume for him when I the ministry assistant for his uncle at BGCT (9 years)! Didn't tell her that, but did tell her I knew him and asked about his family. Had a good time talking. Then I gave her a book for him. Then Don said to give him "Outside the pastor's door" because he would like that. Ok. So I gave away 2 Women Equal – No Buts: Powered by the same Source" to a church member and a pastor. Oh, by the way, I also wrote a letter to Dr. Ronnie Floyd president of the SBC and offered a bunch of women in answer to his prayer for a holy breakthrough, "And yes, we also need pastor-leaders

by the thousands to rise up and lead forward toward gospel advancement beginning in their towns, cities, across America, and the entire world.” Told him we are trained and ready.

Report from the street evangelist. Stopped at the Bali store for some unmentionables. A very nice young lady helped me with my purchases. I was the only customer when I checked out. She made a comment about being blessed, so I figured she was Christian. She asked if it was my birthday month because there is special if it is. Just missed it, I said. I am 72 years old and still work. She asked me where. I told her I am a church secretary. I paid and then handed her my street evangelist card and said, “I’m conservative in my choice of underwear, but radical in my belief that women are equal – no butts.” She laughed and said, “That was perfect!” I asked her if she reads books. She said she didn’t. She assured me that she reads at church, just not books, but she knows she ought to. I left the store wondering if I had my book in the car, and if I did, I knew I giving her one. Now, why would you give a book to someone who doesn’t read books? I got my book and took it back into the store and told her that one of the joys of writing books is to give them to people. She said, “Oh, I will read this! I promise you, I will read it.” That is why you give books to people who ‘don’t read.’

Report from the street evangelist. Had to make an early morning stop before work to buy 2 pies for a funeral lunch at our church. As I was going out to my car, I saw an elderly man and woman coming in. She looked at me and I knew that I had known her at some point. She said, "Don't I know you?" Then I remembered that 20 years ago I had been a member of the church she still goes to, so I had known her very well back then. They asked what I was doing now? I gave them my street evangelist card and told them I had written some books and I would love to give her one. She said she doesn't read much, but I wanted to give them a book. He said she needed to go to the restroom, so he walked out to the car with me. He said he had been a Baptist for 79 years and now he is 90. I opened my trunk and took out a book and signed it. He said, "Our daughter would like this. She lives across the street. Her husband is strong-willed (another word for a jackass?) and she might be thinking that women need to be equal.

Report from the street evangelist. Went to the doctor. He asked me how long I had been at the church where I work. Told him 9 years tomorrow. He has a special interest in that church since he and his twin brother (who is also a doctor) attended there, and his grandmother did until she died a few years ago. He said his grandmother was a church secretary for 20 years. I told him I am going to Los Angeles next week for a women's equality conference and then I handed him and his PA my street evangelist card. They both expressed an interest in my books and so I went to my car, got them each a book "Women Equal - No butts: Powered by the same Source" and signed it and gave them one. I also gave the doctor my book written at the church for the church newsletter, "Outside the pastor's door: Reflections of a church secretary." He said his grandmother would have loved the book.

Report from the street evangelist. Finally decided it was time to get the sticker for my car so I can enter our subdivision easily when they begin road work in a few weeks. Stopped by the Association office and got the form. A new person in the office. Filled out the form and took it back this morning. Brought along one of my books Women Equal - No Butts: Powered by the same Source. Got my sticker and introduced myself and told her that I write books for women's equality. She is (drum roll!) a

Baptist! (Well, that is always a good guess around here). She told me that she goes to BBC (Big Baptist Church) but has not joined yet, just didn't feel comfortable with it. She and her husband like the church, ok, but.... I told her I had worked for the Baptists for almost 15 years and had been a Baptist for 53 years and write about Baptists. This makes the 5th book that I have given to members/attendees of that church.

Report from the street evangelist. Mindy who works in our nursery came by to get her check. Mindy is leaving at the end of May to go into nursing school. She is from Chicago. Her husband is a mechanic.

As I held her check in my hand, I said, "Please don't forget what you have learned here. That in this church, women are equal." She began talking and told me how she had told her husband that she was equal. How their grandmother from Mexico was allowed to be the servant of the family and she had told them that grandmother did not eat until everybody was fed and then she ate by herself, and Mindy said that that was going to stop. That grandma was going to eat with everybody else and they could all help. She said now they order pizza!

Then she began telling me about her sister who has just come to live here. Abusive husband and she left with just the clothes she had on and was in Houston getting some clothes. I took her to my car and opened my trunk and took out two books. I signed one to Mindy and one to her sister. She said "my sister needs this."

She mentioned the machismo of Hispanic men several times.

My book is really geared toward women who are in church, but that is all I have, and I trust that the women that I give it to can find something in there to build them up. If nothing else, I trust that the title will be meaningful to them.

Report from the street evangelist. What a day! About 1:30 two young Hispanic women came to the door. There were wasps swirling around so I invited them inside. They were from some health organization and had name tag lanyards around their neck so they looked official.

I knew that I could not agree to anything they were offering, but there was nobody else around, so I had them sit down and they talked about presenting health benefits and Medicare Part D to our congregation. I made mention that we were mostly an older congregation and that might be something we would need to hear.

Then I moved the conversation to them and told them that my concern was equality for women in the church and home. I also told them that I had spoken at El Buen Pastor Baptist Church and that the men heard what I had to say. I said, "I had an interpreter." One laughed and said she wondered if I spoke Spanish. She also said more about the Hispanic machismo culture.

I showed them my book and asked if they liked to read. That one said yes and I knew she did. The other said yes, but I wasn't as sure about her. Anyway, I said to the hesitant one, I want to give you this book and I asked her what her name was and signed it to her. I knew that I had another book in the car, so I

told the eager one that I had a book for her in the car. So we walked out to the car and I signed the book to her. I wish I could remember their names, but it will probably come to me when I go to sleep tonight.

The eager one said she was going to read it, and then give it to her 14 year old daughter to read because she needed to know that. I said, "We have to break the cycle of women not feeling as if they are equal." and I gave her a hug and then hugged the other one.

Report from the street evangelist. A man was standing outside my office door. He had a lanyard around his neck. He was from the Neurorecovery Center and he wanted a pastor come pray with the 60 residents on Thursday which is the National Day of Prayer.

He said he was Catholic and that he felt the call to be a deacon but was not sure yet. He said that his wife had to sign the papers because being a deacon in a Catholic church became a family affair. He is a 'cradle' Catholic and his wife converted 3 years ago. She is the master gardener and teaches the residents about horticulture and gardening.

I asked if she liked to read. Then I said that I had a book in my car that I would like to give her. I got the book, signed it to his wife, and gave it to him.

When I got home, I had an email from CBE International telling me that I had won a book called "Finally Feminists" and it was being shipped to me.

Report from the street evangelist. Now I am worried. I just received a response from the Franklin Graham Samaritan's Purse Chaplain. I had written to Mr Graham about my concern that he might be teaching male headship in his Alaskan retreats for soldiers and spouses. The letter is from the chaplain and I knew by the first sentence that he is male headship and certainly was confirmed by the last sentence "Men especially need to have 'bands of brothers' in Christ, where they are encouraged to be healthier and stronger men in every facet of their lives, especially in their marriages." My problem with this is that they have just come from a war in male headship countries where they have helped little girls go to school and women go to work. Now they are told they themselves are to be 'heads' of their families. And the female soldiers are told that they are to submit to their husbands much like those women had to. Then I checked this chaplain out and he is Presbyterian PCA which does not allow women to be pastors or deacons and of course, men are the heads of women. What do I do?

Report from the street evangelist. Got a turn down from Dr Paige Patterson, president of Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. I had written him asking for a few minutes to sit and talk with him. His reply letter: "Thank you for your letter of April 17 along with the book "Dethroning Male Headship." In a sense, I am not fully certain why you wrote me. Obviously I am on the other side of this issue. You, of course, have every right to hold your position and to propound your position whenever and wherever you want. The issue in the final analysis is not really about gender, however. It is about the sacred Scriptures. Given the extensive misrepresentations of our own positions that I read in your book I do not think anything is served for us to sit down and talk. Especially is that true when all such discussions take away from the time we might spend leading men and women to faith in Jesus Christ.

Thank you, however, for the communication and may God richly bless you in every way. Until He Comes, Paige Patterson."

Report from the street evangelist. The toilet at the church where I work was leaking again, so I called the plumber. In the 9 years I have been there, Nick the plumber has been called many times. This time as he was squatting down by my desk writing out the charges, I said, "Nick, are you married?" Now, I am probably 25 years older than Nick, but he was still surprised. He said he was. I told him I had a book I would like to give his wife. I reached behind me and got "Women Equal - No Buts" and handed it to him. He thumbed through it, and looked and looked at many pages. I wasn't sure what he was about to do. He said, "My wife loves to read. I just took home a box of books for her yesterday." I said, "What is her name?" Let me sign it to her. He walked out with the book in his hand.

Report from the street evangelist. Time for a haircut. As I have mentioned to several people, I go to different stylists to cut my hair. I have gotten some bad haircuts this way, but evangelizing in hair salons is an easy thing to do. They have to stand there and listen (maybe that is why I have bad haircuts?!), but in reality, I have found stylists to be interested in what I am saying. So yesterday we talked about gambling at Coushatta where she and her mother were going to right after work. Then she remembered that the last time I had seen her I had mentioned my book. "Yes, and I have brought one for you today." I signed it and gave it to her. It was raining and a slow day so I think she will thumb through it. If not, the title "Women Equal - No Buts" will be seen and who knows?

Report from the street evangelist. Went to the dermatologist today. As I was going into the huge almost empty building, a young very pregnant woman came in with me and we rode the elevator to the doctor's office. She and I were the only two in the waiting area and I asked her when her baby was due. She said June 9. And that it is a little boy. She has one little boy already. I told her I had 2 sons. She said, "I'm going to be outnumbered." As a mother of boys, I knew exactly what she meant. Camping and Star Wars and such. When I was leaving, the waiting area was full of people, but as I went to get on the elevator, she was coming down the hall and I held the elevator for her. I said, "You are going to be outnumbered with the boys! But I want you to remember that you are Equal - No Buts." I handed my street evangelist card to her.

Report from the street evangelist. Overdue time for a mammography and bone density test. This is a one-on-one 30 minutes time with a woman technician, so I tucked a book Women Equal-No Buts into my purse. When we were finished, I told her that I wanted to give her a book I wrote. I pulled out my book and wrote "To Betty" and signed it. I told her that my background was Baptist. Sometimes you just know when to say that. Anyway, she said she was born Catholic but became Baptist and she and her husband attended a large Baptist church here for 14 years. They loved the music, but now attend a large non-denominational church. They still miss the music. I said, "My sister went there for many, many years and she loved the music, too. But then she realized that she could not stand for the pastor (who has been there 30+ years) to say anything more against women. So she left." Sounding surprised, Betty then said, "I guess he does." She had not put a finger on what the preacher was saying, but when it was brought to her attention, she saw it.

Report from the street evangelist. I have written three books, but the one I give away on the street is *Women Equal-No Buts: Powered by the same Source*. My other two books are *Dethroning Male Headship* and *Outside the pastor's door: Reflections of a church secretary*. All three of my books are in our local library. Last week a woman found my *Outside the pastor's door: Reflections of a church secretary* which also promotes women equality, and is a collection of columns that I have written for the church newsletter.

Dear Shirley,

I just picked up your book "Outside the pastor's door" in the "new book" section of the library and am so enjoying it! I think it was another "God-incidence" as I have been asked to do a break-out session on good inspirational reads this weekend at our retreat for our church's Women's Retreat. I will definitely be including your book. Shirley, I feel like I know you from reading this book and would love meet you, maybe for lunch? I am a retired elementary school librarian, and love the Lord. Let me know if you are interested. Have a great, blessed day! Signed Martha (name changed).

Hi Martha,

I am so glad that you enjoyed the book "Outside the Pastor's Door." Several people told me that they really enjoyed it, but that it was not what they expected by the title. I always countered with "I can't reveal any church secrets because I don't want to lose my job or be sued!"

You can't imagine how pleased I am that you will be taking it to the Women's retreat. I hope they enjoy the book. If they are interested, I have some here at home that I sell for \$7.50 each.

Another reason this is very important to me is that I am also a member of your church. My husband Don and I attend the 8:30 morning worship each Sunday. I would love to meet you and have lunch sometime. I still work as a church secretary but could meet for lunch one day.

Again, thank you so much.

Shirley Taylor

Street evangelist for women's equality

author of *Women Equal - No Buts: Powered by the same Source*.

author of *Dethroning Male Headship*.

author of *Outside the Pastor's Door: Reflections of a church secretary*.

www.bwebaptist.com

Shirley, I'm so sorry I did not know you were a member of OUR church. I knew your name sounded familiar but I couldn't think why! When I return from the retreat, I'll email you about lunch. Now I really am excited about sharing your wonderful book - wow - one of our own has authored this book! Thanks for getting back to me! Have a blessed weekend. Signed: Martha

Report from the street evangelist. Went back to the auto dealer today to take care of business. Saw the young woman, Megan, who had explained our paperwork and was such a pleasure to work with. I had given her my Street Evangelist card when I left last week. A different young woman helped me today, but I saw Megan and she seemed glad to see me. When we finished, I told Megan that I had a book for her. She came to the counter and said, "For me? The whole book?" It is amazing how thrilled a person can be over a book! She was happy and said she was putting it in her personal things so nobody else would get it. I wish I had taken another book to give to Britney who helped me, but I just had one book. I did give her a card. One person at a time.

Report from the street evangelist. Bought a new car yesterday. Mine was 10 years old and it was time for safety reasons. The first salesman was named Allie, and she was very nice, but Mark called and said that Allie was going to be off Friday, so he would be the salesman. I called Allie to make sure this was ok with her. When I arrived, I found her manager and gave him my book Women Equal - No Buts with my card Shirley Taylor - Street Evangelist stapled to it. He promised he would give it to Allie. Does Allie want the book? I have no idea, but I am sure the title will interest her. Now I have to put new decals on this shiny car and a new bumper sticker. Because I am the street evangelist and now am driving around in a fancier car. (The regular people in town who see my car may wonder how much a street evangelist is paid!) The answer is Nothing!

Report from the street evangelist (and Equality Junction). As a co-founder of Equality Junction, I wrote a letter (with Jocelyn's agreement) to Sheriff Joe Arpaio of Arizona in which we protested the use of pink jumpsuits which tell men they are 'girlie' or 'weak women.' The good sheriff responded with this: "Dear Shirley and Jocelyn, Thank you for sending me your letter and comments. I will give your concerns to my staff for their review."

Report from the street evangelist. Time to make new Wills since there have been changes in our family since we last made Wills. The following letter I sent to the attorney explains why women are still battling this sexist thing.

Dear Attorney,

Oh, my! Imagine my consternation when I opened the envelope your office sent to our home.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Taylor

My intention is that my husband and I would be purchasing two Wills at the price of \$\$\$\$ total, but it appears that we are purchasing only one Will. The draft Will and other end of life documents sent are for DonTaylor only.

I have been lost in this process.

This is exactly what I was leery of when I decided to choose an attorney for our Wills, so I found an attorney who I believed would be sensitive to the equality of women because of the Methodist connection.

For the past eight years I have been battling sexist teaching in churches because religious institutions such as churches, mosques, and temples are the last holdout against women being treated equally. Truthfully, I did not expect to see such blatant example of male headship in my legal dealings. Implied possibly, but not actually arriving at my door.

Now, I am sure that you did not mean anything about this. I am sure that you thought that since the Wills are the same that we could just proof one set. But they are not the same. One is supposed to have my name on it. And that, therein, is a significant difference.

Signed [Shirley Taylor](#), Street evangelist for women's equality.

Report from the street evangelist in Ireland. Part 3. There was a couple from Abilene and this was their first trip abroad, so Don and I (being seasoned travelers) connected with them. I immediately surmised that they were Church of Christ members and that proved to be correct. At breakfast the next morning while Don was at the buffet, the husband was sitting beside me and said, "What does Don think about this?" Meaning, of course, my card that I had given them which declares to the world that I am a street preacher for Christian women's equality. "He is the one who opened my eyes to how women are treated in church," was my reply.

What does Don think of this? Don is like many men who sees injustice toward women and is in the struggle to change it. Think of the tour driver who was happy to give my book to his wife.

Then there was Eddie, the Irish history storyteller. Eddie had finished his stories. Knowing how hard it is to sell a book, I wanted to buy one of his books. I picked up a book on an old railroad in Clare, and told him that I write books. He asked what I write about. Women's equality in the church, I told him. "There is no reason women can't be equal in the church," Eddie, the storyteller said. "By the time the church gets around to treating women equally, there may be no churches left for them to serve."

What happens when the backbone of the church, the women, drop out of church. Like the leaders, the men, have already done? Will there be a church left?

Report from the street evangelist in Ireland. Part 2. There were 14 of us including the tour driver. "Where are you from?" and then "what did you do?" We seem to categorize people by their geography and their work. "Church secretary" I said, knowing that it was the lead-in to where I wanted it to go. But I didn't give out my cards "Shirley Taylor – Street Evangelist for women's equality" just yet. It was too early in the trip, but I did tell them that I was very interested in women's equality in the church. They began pointing things out on the tour that had meaning to me, such as the Equality for Women sign in King John's Castle, under Brehon law, circa 700. See picture.

It was Monday when I gave each of them a card, including the tour driver, David. He took the card, read it and said, "My wife will love this. She is really into this equality." So now I knew who would be gifted with the only book I took. Yes. I signed it "To Maggie, from Shirley Taylor" and gave it to David for his wife.

David hugged me and gave me a kiss on the cheek when we said our goodbyes at the end of the tour.



Report from the street evangelist in Ireland. Part 1. First, you have to fly to Dulles Airport. Last week was awfully cold and flights were cancelled due to snow. Which is how I came to be sitting beside a woman attorney for a Catholic women's congregation in San Antonio who was chaperoning 32 kids on a trip to Washington DC. Their flight had been cancelled the night before and the tour company bused them to Houston to catch the flight I happened to be on.

For awhile we did not speak, but her daughter was sitting beside my husband and I could see they were a group so I asked the name of the group. A small Catholic school. Great opening! Now we have religion in the mix. -Did I ever tell you that in the 1970s, I took the Evangelism Explosion study? Well, one of the things we learned (which at the time I thought was silly), was to look around you and make note of a peaceful picture on the wall and tell the family something like, I see you like peaceful things. Some Blarney like that. That is useful now because that is what I do. – She is very much for women's equality and she said the priest Administrator of the 'congregation' was also. She went on to explain how they are helping women in Nicaragua and other countries to be independent. They help women in San Antonio support themselves and learn to be good mothers so they can pass that along to the next generation. This women's group has opened a therapy school, an optical school and are working on opening an osteopathic school of medicine. She said, "There is no scripture that says that women can't be priests. It is just tradition."

Minds are changing. The church is not. What happens when the people outgrow the church?

Report from Equality Junction. On Monday of this past week, Equality Junction sent a letter to Sheriff Joe Arpaio in Arizona regarding jail inmates being forced to wear pink jumpsuits to shame them by calling them 'little girls' or 'weak women.' At the time we did not know that one of the commercial ads running on the Super Bowl would be 'like a girl' which tells everyone watching that running and jumping and whatever like a girl is a good strong thing. That is in direct opposition to the message the Sheriff (and all the copycats) is sending. Will you pray with me that someone in Sheriff Joe Arpaio's office will remember the letter and connect the dots that the message they are sending is harmful to girls and women? Letter can be seen at www.equalityjunction.com under Actions - Letters Sent.

Report from the street evangelist. My friend called and said "meet me in front of Panera Bread at 11:10 for lunch." I got there first and found a spot outside beside a large post on the corner and waited for her. I saw a blue SUV like hers turn in and the woman inside began waving at me. I waved back. But as she drove by to park I saw that her hair was long and my friend has short hair like mine. Soon a woman came hurrying across to where I was standing and stuck out her hand and said, I am Deanne. I shook her hand and said, "I don't think I am the one you are looking for. I am waiting for someone else." We laughed at that and she acknowledged that she wasn't sure because I didn't look like the person she was meeting. I took out my new Vistaprint cards and handed her a card and said, "I am Shirley Taylor. You have just met the street evangelist for women's equality in the church and in the home." She took my card and looked at it and then gave me her card and then the lady who she was waiting for arrived. I don't always stand on street corners, but if I happen to be there, I jump at the chance when it presents itself.

Report from the street evangelist. Got off work early today. Stopped by H.E.B. grocery store. Put my 7 items on the counter. Asked the young woman if she had to work late and she said she was leaving at 7:00 pm but had a 2 hour drive to get home. I said, you don't do this everyday, do you? She said no. She is a college student and is going back home for the holiday. I wished her a Happy New Year and handed her one of my cards with my books picture on it. She looked at, and hopefully this weekend she will remember that she met a woman working for her equality in an ordinary place.

Report from the street evangelist. Got 4 hugs today from a young woman who was so delighted to get my book! I had business with her company and talked with her this morning. Her office is on my way home, so I decided to stop by and give her a Christmas present. She has been there since this summer and I had already given her predecessor a book, and I was SURE that she would love to have one, too. She asked me if I believed that Jesus taught that women could be preachers. Apparently she believes that they can, and I do, too, so that got me another hug. She told me that her boss and the company she works for believes in women's equality. I knew that her boss did because he bought one of my first books. Whenever I give one of my books away, I am spreading the word that you want spread. I wish you all a Merry Christmas!

Report from the street evangelist. A Christmas party. Last night there were about 35 people around a table for a Christmas party. I have a large purse so I casually tucked one of my books inside. Among the guests were a couple who go to the church my brother attends, a couple just starting a new church (old couple), and a young couple who just broke ground on their new church. All male headship churches. Ok. I steered the conversation where I wanted it to go, and brought out my books to show the first couple. She doesn't like to read for pleasure, but thumbed through the book and read some of the titles "Pulpit Bullies" and so forth. She returned the book. The couple sitting next to them looked at the book but expressed no desire to look at it, and I had read their vibes and didn't expect them to. A woman sat beside me, and I showed her my book. She liked it. I autographed it and gave it to her, and she said, "My niece will love to read this." Yes! Pass it around. We then played the "White Elephant" gift exchange, and I can guarantee you that the woman who went home with my free book got the best deal of the night.

Report from the street evangelist. At the library today, I went over to the desk of a new assistant manager who I have spoken to several times, but had never carried on a conversation with her. I said, "Let me tell you who I am."

Now, that takes courage, or audacity! Because I am really nobody except whom I have decided to be. I told her I was going to be speaking to the Northern Colorado CBE Chapter Saturday. We talked about books and she asked me if I had read the book by the new Nobel Prize winner, Malala, the Pakistani girl who was almost killed because she wanted equality.

It is a good book and I highly recommend that you read it if you haven't.

Then I said something that startled her (I like to do that.) I said, "We are only a few steps away from doing that to women ourselves. In all the Baptist churches around here they have a statement of faith that says that women are to graciously submit to their husbands. And that women can teach children and women, but cannot preach to men."

Most times when I talk one-on-one with someone, I give them a copy of my book Women Equal – No Buts. But this time I didn't. After all, the library has all three of my books.

Report from the street evangelist. I read far too much. Whenever I read a book that shows how women have been treated and I see the same thing today, I write the author. Some write back. I encourage you to write authors to commend them when they get the message out to the reading public that is mostly women. I got this letter today from Kristin Harnish who I had written to commend her for writing about the need for women's suffrage and how it is still needed today in the churches. Here is her reply to me.

Dear Shirley -

Thank you so much for your note. It comes at the perfect time. I'm finishing the revisions to The Vintner's Daughter sequel, which really delves into the struggles women faced in the late 1800s and their fight for equal rights in and outside of the home. So, your kind words just encourage me to keep plugging away!

I applaud you for your commitment to modernizing your churches. Although I'm Catholic, I have many friends who belong to other Christian and Baptist churches, and I'm always surprised at how some of these churches promote equality, and others seem to be stuck in a turn-of-the-century mindset. We Catholics have our share of problems, too....but together, I do believe we can make a real difference.

Congratulations on your book and your website. I'm inspired by real women like you who are leading the charge for churches to start viewing women as first class citizens - just like the men! We have so much to contribute, and I believe the Lord is calling us to do just that!

Best wishes,

Kristen Harnish

Report from the street evangelist. What a day! Church with family this morning for a baptism. Three rows of family there in this huge Methodist church. A former family member (an elected official in the Houston area) came in and sat beside Don. He asked how I was doing and I told him that I had just written 3 books. He asked what about. I told him it was about women's equality in church. He said that he and his wife are going to a huge Baptist church and that they have been going to bible study. He then said that if he were a woman, he doesn't think he would go to church at all because of what they are saying. Oh boy! Well, you can guess. I just happened to have a copy of my book with me for such occasions. Back at the family home, he and I had a great discussion and I gave him one of my books. He said he would give it to the pastor to put in their church library. I told him that that might be a little more difficult than he thought. Because that church was one of the first to break away from BGCT where I had worked for almost 15 years and they might not want to put a book by me in their library. It was a great discussion. One woman at the table told me that women were equal - but the husband is the head of the family. The wife is the neck. I told her that after she read my book she wouldn't think so. But I did not give her a book. I started to, but decided against it.

Report from the street evangelist. Just had an epiphany! Why didn't I learn this before? For a good while I have been thinking about men and women regarding size. Men are taller and therefore command attention and gain authority. Women are shorter and our very lack of stature works against us in church which extends into the home. I just realized why women are shorter and it has nothing to do with male authority over us. Women are shorter because our shorter legs enables us mothers to walk alongside our babies and our children, matching our stride with their shorter legs. Of course, after they grow up, we still are shorter! This is just another way to tell you that WOMEN are also protectors of their families. Complementarians would have you believe that males are to be the protectors of their families.

Report from the street evangelist. Have another opportunity tomorrow to try to sell books at an arts and crafts fair. There has been almost no advertising so I don't imagine many will be there. But I will with my 3 books.

Report from the street evangelist. Had a table to sell books at our community center today. Gave out many CBE Houston business cards, raised the consciousness of many men and women. One woman was at my table talking when another woman walked up. The other woman said she didn't have time to read - that her daughter had just downloaded "Fifty Shades of Gray" to her Kindle. The first woman burst out laughing and told that woman that my book wasn't that kind of book, and that she had just insulted me by comparing the two books. I don't think the second woman ever understood. Gave my book to a high school girl from Houston who said that she is very much aware that women are not treated equal. Gave it to a 89 year old woman who attends a Baptist church nearby. Gave it to a woman who attends a Cowboy Church as a wedding present. Gave it to a woman who used to work with the WMU (Women's missionary union) for the Missouri Baptist Convention and whose son is starting a new Baptist church near Alvin. Sold 6 books.

Report from the street evangelist. Been busy! Bought a booth at the huge garage sale at the church where I work. I now have 3 books to sell. So I chose the first table. Spread my books out ready to sell. There were lots of non-English speaking or English reading people there who told me they could not read English. Ok. But a woman from the best-known moneyed subdivision stopped by. I gave her my spiel and noted the name of the subdivision on her shirt because if someone wears that jacket, surely they want people to notice it. After my speech, she walked away and said, "I don't believe in women's rights." Now, nobody expects to have their social justice awareness raised at a garage sale, but I am a street evangelist, so that is what I do! One woman came over and said she had been telling her friends in Virginia about me. I had met her when I sold her a booth. She bought Dethroning Male Headship and was so excited that I gave her Women Equal - No Buts as a bonus. A 14 year old African American girl stopped by and said she had no money. I signed a book and gave her one. Then two women from a Lutheran church bought a book. One has the book club at her church. I sold 26 books. May God use the words of those books to open hearts. I will be at my own subdivision this coming Saturday with a booth selling books. What better gift for Christmas than a book on Women's equality?

Report from the street evangelist. What a day! First a young electrician came and while he was writing out his bill, I debated whether or not to give him a copy of Women Equal - No Buts. Decided against it since he was not married (yes, I asked!). Then an on-duty mailman stopped by to buy a booth for the huge garage sale the church is having. Still thinking about giving a book away, I wondered how I was going to ask him if he was married since he was about my age. I was saved by his comment that he had so much stuff in his house that no woman could live there. So, now I haven't given my book away to two people. Almost time to leave and with bulletins yet to run, two people came to my door to invite the pastor to a luncheon at a Funeral Home. I knew the woman since she visits regularly to drum up business and I like her. I told her I would like to give her Women Equal - No Buts. then I asked the man where he goes to church and he goes to BBC! I know his pastor. "Just a minute!" I ran to the car and got a book to give to him. That makes 2 books that I have sneaked into that church via a salesman at the door!

Report from the street evangelist. I am home from a much needed vacation. Looks like wonderful things have happened while I was away. Bob Edwards published a book! CBE Houston is going to Sarah's Ranch on October 25, and Mabel had great news about a sister in Christ in her church, and I am sure there are other things that I have missed. I am thankful to be alive as Don and I were driving through curvy, hilly roads in Arkansas during a hailstorm and could not see the road but just feet in front of us. Struck up a conversation about marriage with a waitress at a McDonald's in a small town in Oklahoma. Gave her Women Equal-No Buts: Powered by the same Source. Got letters to write and things to do!

Report from the street evangelist. Finishing up my 3rd book. "Outside the pastor's door: Reflections of a church secretary." Will be available on or before November 1.

Report from the street evangelist. The past few weeks I have been engaged with a male headship Baptist deacon via letters to the editor printed in our local newspaper. (my sister knows him

but he doesn't know that she is my sister). I countered two weeks ago with "The spiritual leader is home in bed. Guess he'll tell her about Jesus when she gets home." Thursday he quoted 1 Timothy 3 that only males are qualified to be deacons. Then he invited me to his church. My reply was in the paper today. "In response to Mr Baptist Deacon's invitation for me to attend his church. I call myself "street evangelist for Christian women's equality.' I blog for women's equality. I have written 2 books advocating for women to speak up and claim their equality. Perhaps Mr Baptist Deacon should have checked with his pastor before inviting me to his church."

Report from the street evangelist. I needed a haircut so I stopped by Clip Cuts in the HEB shopping center. I get a different person each time I go. Today when I went in there was just 2 workers and me! The place was empty. So I had a good chance to talk with Kathy who cut my hair. She is Hispanic. We remarked about working and I told her where I work. I asked her if she went to church and she said "I don't not go, but I work on Sundays a lot of times." Then she said when she went she goes to her mother-in-law's church which she said was a Hispanic Christian different from most churches. She said they had a speaker who spoke on witches and said he had been under the influence of one, but had got away. When I left I went next door to HEB and coming out of the store, I thought that I needed to give her one of my books. I debated with myself all the way to the car and was not sure I even had a book in the car. I did have one book in the car. So I took it in. When I went back inside, she was gone! They said she had left right after she cut my hair. So I held up my book and told them I had wanted to give her a book that I wrote. Then I turned around to the two men who were sitting there and held up my book and showed them the title. They were in their 40-50s. One wanted to see the book. He bought it! He goes to Calvary Baptist and said he and his wife have a partnership marriage. Then the other man came over to look at the book. Said he did not have \$10 (I had only that book). I gave them both cards of Dethroning and magnets of Women Equal. They both seemed very interested. You never know what is going to happen. I was a little afraid of being thrown out for soliciting, but I wasn't soliciting. I was going to give her the book, and then I had told the man I would give him the book. But he bought it. I told a hair stylist that I would come back Tuesday with a book for Kathy! The street evangelist is papering Conroe with books of Women Equal - No Buts: Powered by the same Source.

Report from the street evangelist. I was nervous. I used to work there, but I had no idea of the reception I would get. Books in hand, I go to the front door. We all entered through the back door when I worked there, so right off, it seems strange. I am at the Tryon Evergreen Baptist Association office in Conroe about to give whoever will see me some of my books. Met by one of the men and I introduced myself. Real friendly. Took my book and commented that he was glad that I had spelled 'buts' right. Led me inside where I signed it. Then the two ladies sitting there greeted me and he left and I told them who I was and then I gave them each my book. One lady reached out and shook my hand when I told her the name of my other book "Dethroning Male Headship." I had only one copy of that book but I gave it to them and they said they would share. Strangely enough, they had no idea who I am other than that I worked there, but did not know about my books. The Director of Missions was not there. Today I walked into the lions den and came out smiling.

Report from the street evangelist. I don't know if anybody prayed for me Monday as one who is working for equality, but it was a good week! A Baptist deacon responded to my letter of last week in the local newspaper and of course I had to respond to him! It was a good letter and it was printed today in our newspaper. The man said that the husband was to lead his wife and family to Jesus Christ. I pointed out that churches are mostly women and said that the wife gets up and gets the kids ready and goes to church, while the "spiritual leader" is still in bed. Then I ended with "Guess he will tell her about Jesus when she gets home from church." I was so impressed with myself that I decided that I needed to go to my local newspaper and introduce myself. I did just that. Gave away 5 books. They were having a meeting with other area newspapers and the receptionist pulled one out of the meeting to come talk with me. It was fun. I am pretty sure I made Mr Baptist Deacon upset, but I just can't seem to find the scriptures that tell me that my husband is my spiritual leader.

Report from the street evangelist. Interesting fact from my www.bwebaptist.com website. Yahoo reports Featured Insight. Where do your visitors come from ? You get the most visitors from Washington, United States. What is happening in Washington State, or is it Washington, DC checking up on me?

Report from the street evangelist. Quiet this morning. Yesterday I mailed one of each of my books to a progressive pastor. Traveled around in my street evangelistmobile (my automobile has bumper stickers and decals Women Equal - No Buts: Powered by the same Source). Got in an argument so to speak private messaging with a woman on one of the groups I am a member of. Expecting them to kick me off. Wrote that fundamentalism stands on 3 legs: 1) women; 2) gays; 3) bible inerrancy/creationism and she didn't like the 2 leg being brought into the picture. Told her it was already in the picture as many male pastors are gay. She didn't like that either and said I was ruining the argument for women pastors with my comments. I told her that I work for women in ministry every day - mailed two books, have decals and bumper stickers on my car. I resisted the urge to ask her what she had done today. But I am going to ask you. It's quiet this morning. What are you going to do?

Report from the street evangelist. Shingles! Heck. Now how does a street evangelist spread the message of equality when she has shingles? Maybe "Aren't you glad that God lets both men and women get shingles?" The only problem with that is that more women get shingles than men do.

Report from the street evangelist. Sunday's Houston Chronicle said that Methodist churches face split over gay issues. I wrote to the bishop, district superintendent, pastors, and then to the General Secretary on Status and Role of Women, and to the Board of Higher Education and Ministry. I made this point. "Christian conservatism is a three-legged stool. 1) gays; 2) women; 3) bible inerrancy. Christian conservatism does not stand on two legs." I urged them to take action. I also urge you to take action. Whenever a conservative group takes over, they will identify with those groups that teach against homosexuality and who also deny women equality to preach or pastor. The three tenants of conservatism: gays, women, inerrancy. They come in a package and women will be the losers.

Report from the street evangelist. Getting ready for my book signing tomorrow, I stopped by Kroger's to pick up something. As I was near my car I saw a woman looking at my decal "Dethroning Male Headship" and book signing flyer. I asked her to come to my book signing. She asked me if it was a Christian book for women to be closer to God. I told her it was a book about her equality as a woman before the Lord. She told me some things and we talked. She said, "On the way here I was praying that God would send somebody I could talk to." She asked for prayer for her family. She said she would be at my book signing, but as you all know, being a street evangelist is not about selling books, it is about spreading the word of women's equality - using a book as a prop. Below is my table spread, ready for tomorrow.

Report from the street evangelist. My book Women Equal-No Buts: Powered by the same Source is in the Montgomery County Library. Normally they do not take self-published books but since they are carrying my other book, they are carrying this one.! WHOO HOOO!

Report from the street evangelist. Went to the Lutheran Church yesterday and left my book signing information. Then went to the Presbyterian church today. A woman was standing at the door trying to figure out how to use the doorbell. She asked me if I worked there. I told her no that I work at a church down the street, and was just visiting to let them know about my book signing. Of course I had a book in my hand, and a leaflet about my signing. The Admin came to the door and let us both in. The woman wanted to purchase a mass prayer card for an ill friend. She is Catholic and thought the Presbyterians did that too. While the admin went to get the associate pastor, the lady asked me how much my book cost and got out her checkbook and wrote me a check for it. She is a nurse and will be working the 31st but she said maybe her daughter could come to my signing. Women Equal-No Buts!

Report from the street evangelist. Went to early voting today. One man running for state senator is a male headship pastor bigtime. The other is a young man with 2 young daughters. Before we could get inside the building to vote we were met by placards and signs and friendly greetings to ask us to vote for such and such candidate. I walked right between Mr Male Headship guy's supporters and Young Man's supporters. After voting and getting my name changed on my voter card (another story), I walked up to Young Man's supporters. "I've done my part, now you tell Young Man to do his part and not to be a male headship leader." Poor Don! I must embarrass him. But I was not through. I went to my car and peeled off the Book Signing information and took it back to Young Man's supporters, and gave it to the old man. Then I turned to the young women sitting there and invited them to my book signing of "Women Equal-No Buts: Powered by the same Source."

Report from the street evangelist. Just got back from designing a yard sign for my Book Signing May 31. And making my very own custom made bumper sticker "Women Equal-No Buts: Powered by the same Source."

Report from the kitchen. I am following Don's God-given leadership. He just put the frozen pizza in the oven and I will make the salad and tea. You see, we know our roles! Pizza is more important than salad or tea, so I can do it.

Report from the street evangelist. After church we went to visit the woman who bought our house in 1997 when we moved a few miles away. She wanted to show me how beautiful the amaryllises are that originated in 1968 which I transplanted to that house. But look! Before I left I gave her a copy of my book and signed it for her!

Report from the street evangelist. Today at the church where I work, Marilyn Fiddmont came to have lunch with the pastor. Marilyn is a gorgeous black woman, dynamic, and everybody loves her and loves to hear her preach, She has a high position in the denominational offices. She told me that she was speaking with a group of black women about leadership roles in their churches. They didn't have any women elders and were making excuses, and she told them that THEY had to something. That there was a need and they must take action. She said she used my book *Dethroning Male Headship* in her presentation. As I was looking at her, I immediately thought of our own Angela Ravin-Anderson who is employed by Houston Graduate School of Theology and who is helping us with this conference Collaborative People Collaborative Marriages. I told Marilyn that I would like to connect her with Angela. She said she knew Angela! What powerful women! What beautiful women! I am so pleased to be in their presence.

Report from the street evangelist. I went to get my hair cut. They were looking up my name in the computer and said they had 2 Shirley Taylors, or was I Shurley Tender?

I stepped back and spread my arms wide and said "I am THE SHIRLEY TAYLOR! The famous author of 2 books. Then I started handing out postcards of my books. That was fun.

I told them my books were in the 4 libraries and named them: New Waverly, Conroe, Montgomery and The Woodlands.

Then one of the women sitting there asked me where I lived. Turns out we live only a block away in the same subdivision. She is a former teacher who taught people to write. She was interested in my book.

Then when I was in the chair to get my hair cut, she came over and asked why should she buy my book. Then she sat down and we talked about it. She is Catholic and believes that women should be able to do more. Not sure how much, but more.

Report from the street evangelist. I am a thief. I confess. I stole a catalog from a table at church today. I just took it, folded it and put it in my purse. It was a Lifeway catalog advertising Manhood books. Manhood is another word for patriarchy. My church doesn't have any idea that when they give the Men's Ministry a catalog like this that they are demeaning women. So I just took the thing so they won't be confused.

Report from the street evangelist. With a new pastor and dog (now on a leash), a Collaborative People/Collaborative Marriage forms and flyers, my new book published (by me) in print form, and the [change.org](https://www.change.org) petition to Demand an Apology from the Council on Biblical Manhood and Womanhood, I have not had much time to read for pleasure. So I went to the library yesterday and

there was a different woman sitting at the desk and I stopped and spoke to her. She asked me if she could help me find something. I am at that library every week or so, and generally know my way around, but she didn't know that. So - well you guessed it - I took this opportunity to tell her "I just need something light to read. I have written 2 books (I hand her my handy postcards with my books on it) and I am so involved in working for women's equality that when I get up from the computer, I need to read something that doesn't take much energy." She asked me if I had read Maize Dobbs. I couldn't remember the name so she led me to the book which takes place in 1910-1929. Women's equality! YES! What a delightful book, but the more delightful thing was that this librarian understood immediately where I was coming from.

Report from the street evangelist. Today Don and I found ourselves in a real estate office with my brother and his wife who are interested in relocating to this area. While they were inside one of the offices conducting their business, one of the agents came over to where I sat in the outer office. "Do you go to (and she named a local large church that I know is male headship)?" She said I look familiar. I get that often, so it didn't surprise me. "No, but my sister and her husband went there for years until recently," I said. I am wondering if I dare mention my book but I hesitate after she tells me how much she loves that church. In fact, it was an afterthought that I had put some of my advertising postcards of my books in my purse. Then my sister-in-law came out of the office and solved that question. She told the woman about my books and then I gave her my cards for *Dethroning Male Headship* and *Women Equal-No buts: Powered by the same Source*. This lady then told me that her ex-husband was in prison for a crime related to male headship. She said, I have needed someone to talk to about writing my story. She said that I was just the person she wanted to talk with. I hope she calls. I hope I can help her write her story, and in the process, she will begin to see a new story - one of equality for women.

Report from the street evangelist. Don and I went to early voting today. We were immediately swarmed with people who want to represent us in our city, in our county and in our state. One young man started talking with Don and immediately I thought "This is my chance to talk to someone who might actually represent our district someday," so I walked over and began asking him questions. I wanted to know how he felt about women's equality, and science in school, and so forth. I told him that I do not want to go backward, that our children and women must go forward. I showed him my book which I carry in the trunk of my car (you knew I was going to get around to this, didn't you?). He only had a \$100 bill and could not buy it. When we came out after voting, I thanked him for listening to me. He said he would read my book if he had any money. I said "would you really?" He assured me he would. So I gave him one. Even signed it. I have spent many hundreds of dollars advertising my book (don't tell Don!) but I think this is the best kind of advertising of all. Oh, by the way, when I was showing him my book, the wife of the most conservative, religious person who is running said she was an author too and wanted to see my book. She took one look at it and said "I'll pass." She is my neighbor, but she doesn't know me. But I know their history and website.

Feb 14, 2014 – My first Report from the Street Evangelist

Report from the street evangelist. After a huge breakfast at Cracker Barrel, Don and I went to The Woodlands Montgomery County Library to put a copy of Dethroning Male Headship there. We just discovered they have two libraries, but we chose the one closer to I-45. Asked for the manager, and I told her I wanted to donate my book, and gave her a copy of the catalog entry of where it is in the main central library, and right now it is checked out (Hallelujah!). She asked me to sign it, and said since it was already catalogued, it would be up soon. That makes 3 Montgomery County libraries, and one in Walker County.

*Names have been changed.