



## 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.** Cleaned out bookcases and had a trunkful of old books of all subjects to give to the library. Went inside and told the librarians I had books to give them. There was a young man looking through the books who offered to get them out of the car for me. He said he was waiting on his wife. I opened the car door and reached in and got "Women Equal – No Buts: Powered by the same Source" and told him I would love to give his wife a book I wrote. He gave me her name and I signed it. Then we unloaded the trunk and he took the books in for me. Later, I saw him and his wife and 10 year old daughter walk outside to their car. You just never know.

I want to take this time to remind everyone again that books that promote women's equality will not and cannot be found in Christian bookstores, or in Christian book catalogues. I get a catalogue of Christian books every few months from Christianbook.com. There is not one book promoting women's equality in there. The best place to purchase books on equality is through Christians for Biblical Equality. Support those authors who are sacrificing their time and effort in writing books that will not be widely distributed because they are promoting women's equality in a Christian environment that denies what they are teaching.

**Report from the street evangelist.** My husband died.

**Report from the street evangelist.** As much time as I have spent in the hospital these past two weeks, life still goes on. Our maintenance man had me call the locksmith yesterday to fix the locks on the women's restrooms. Apparently one of our members got locked in Sunday and had to use her shoe to beat the sliding lock back so she could get out. Our locksmith was a former member with Baptist background and a wife who is Church of Christ and they go there now. He talks far too much and he

comes about the time I am getting ready to leave. He didn't finish his work yesterday so he came back at 2:00 today and was sitting in my office at 2:20 when a woman came in. She used to have the Girl Scouts troop at our church back in 2011. She had intended to give FCC a plaque back them but there was some confusion as to when so we never got it. She was cleaning and found it and decided to bring it in and give it to us. The Girl Scout metal insignia had dropped off so "you can just glue it with a hotgun" and it had also scarred some of the wood which she did not mention. But we got to talking about Girl Scouts and one thing led to another. She was excited about the Women's March and you know Mr. Locksmith was not - big time. I gave her my "Women Equal-No Buts" book and he chimed in about how wonderful women are - but. I told him we were tired of being flattered and then denied what we want to do. He kept on and I told him to get out of my office because women are equal. That brought on some blather about women in the military. I keep hearing that crap. I told him that there is no draft and women can't be drafted and men can't be either that it is a volunteer military. I told him to just go. It was 2:30 then and I finally got him shooed out. Continuing our conversation, the former Girl Scout Troop leader said she knew many fundamentalist women. She reached over the desk and took my hand and said that she had heard so much on facebook against the Women's March that she was afraid she was losing her Christian faith. She thanked me and said she thought she was meant to bring the plaque by today.

**Report from the street evangelist.** The salesman standing at the door was drumming up business for a church directory. I had just printed 3 from my database that were still sitting on the copier so I knew we were not in the market for a professional one done. Before he left he said, "Do you have a card with your name on it?" Hmmm. The church has a business card but my name is not on it. "Come in." Well, he asked! And you know which card I gave him. "You write books?" I reach behind me and pull two books from the shelf. Told him I would give him one. He picked up "Outside the pastor's door" and said his wife would like that one. Then he picked up "Dethroning Male Headship: Second Edition" and began thumbing through it. "How much is this," he asked. I gave him a good price. I was going to give it to him free but he insisted. He is a Baptist and worked right under their noses in Nashville for many years. He promised me he would tell me what he thought about the book. I don't expect to hear from him.

**Report from the street evangelist.** She looked familiar as she came into Don's room at the ICU. "I am Sherry Williams," she said. "Lakeview," I said. That startled her because she was in a different city and had no idea why I said that. "We went to Lakeview Baptist Church for 12 years together," I told her. She didn't really remember me but she remembered the ruckus in the church a year later when they considered letting women be deacons. Many people left. She, herself, is mixed about it as I learned in what she said. She described her marriage as egalitarian but that is not a word she would use. She believes there are some things the husband has the right to decide upon, because as we all know "the bible tells me so." It doesn't, of course. Anyway, I gave her a copy of my newest book "Raising the Hood: A Christian Look at Manhood and Womanhood." Lakeview. I was sitting in the pew when the voice told me that my ministry there was through. The place where I felt that I must get up and go. So I got up and went. That was 2008. I left and they are still stuck in the first century.

**Report from the street evangelist.** Moving fast through the waiting room. “Smile. You need to smile.” It was a little old man holding his wife’s hand as she sat in the wheelchair. I walked over. “I hate women who don’t smile.” He was talking to me! Hmm. Hate is too strong a word, I told him. You can say that you like it when women smile, but hating women is wrong. “I hate women who don’t smile.” A little argument ensued – hey, he started it! Then he said he and his wife had been married 60 years. He said he asked the Lord for a wife and she was the answer to his prayers. I smiled at his wife and asked her if he was the answer to her prayers? Then he said they had gone together only 4 months. “I can top that,” I said with a smile. My husband and I have been married 55 years and we met and married in 8 weeks. The preacher divorced, his best man divorced, the young woman I borrowed my wedding dress from divorced, but we are still together. “I’ve met my match,” he told his wife who had not said a word. “Let me tell you who you’ve met” I said. “You have met the street evangelist for women’s equality.” Then the strangest thing happened. He said that when they were courting, he asked her to do three things for him and she turned him down each time. “Then I knew that this marriage was going to be a 2-way street.” They had 5 children. Tears came into his eyes as he said there was only one time he made a decision without asking her first. His nephew was putting his baby up for adoption. He said he would be right there to get the baby and he drove to North Carolina to pick up the baby who is now 24 years old. His wife ran out to the car and took the baby in her arms when he got home. He said they were foster parents to 5 other children. Actually, he had not met his match. I could not have done what he has done.

**Report from the street evangelist.** Taking care of business since Don can’t. “Maint Req” light came on and my registration sticker needed renewing. Going to kill two birds with one stone, I pull into the Kwik Kar to get r’ done. Out walks a young man with a hoodie, torn jeans, scruffy looking and asked me what I needed. I handed him my keys and went inside and immediately realized that I did not know if he worked there. Ran outside and asked him for my keys and told him to get out of the car because I did not know if he was an employee or not. Dutifully, he followed me into the bay where I asked, “Does anybody know this young man?” Sure, he works here. Ok. Now I know and hand him my keys again. Sitting down in the corner between 2 men talking about finances and how to pay off credit cards – big interest first or big balance first? One man leaves and another older man sits down with a delicious bear claw (apple fritter) in his hand, so the other man who apparently likes to talk, started talking with him. I sat quiet as a mouse in my corner between them. Eventually their conversation got around to “everybody is out for himself, this is the Me generation. Everything is about Me. I pulled out my street evangelist card and handed them each one and said, “Actually, everything is about Me.”

Mr. Talker is a Methodist and had absolutely no idea that women were denied anything in church, such as Bible reading before the congregation or being a deacon, or preaching. We had a long discussion. I learned that he and his wife are equal in their marriage because she insisted on that 40 years ago and that he used to coach my former pastor’s daughter in softball.

Everything may not be about me, but I have mastered the art of making it so.

**Report from the street evangelist.** I can't tell you how tired we are. Left the house at 9:30 a.m. for a doctor's appt and arrived back home at 2:10 after hours of waiting. But the waiting room in a doctor's office gives opportunity. When I wheeled Don into the orthopedic surgeon's office, a man was holding court talking about President Trump and how he was going to drain the swamp, say what he thought, fire people and so on. I pushed Don into a corner and sat in a chair beside him. The bloviating went on as he was talking to a woman who had just moved to conservative Cleveland Texas. He was a Vietnam Vet and we heard how he had fared before and after the war. His wife sat in a wheelchair beside him, silent. After a bit, Don had had enough and asked me to wheel him out into the hall so I did but I came back in. I kept my mouth shut and let them talk. Finally his coffee got to him and he asked the room in general where the bathroom was. I told him it was just down the hallway past the elevators, men's room first, then women's room. He left. "Oh, I should have told him that it was up on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor and far, far away!" His wife said, "That wouldn't have made any difference." Then she began talking, telling something about getting coffee. (I promise you, we're going to get there, right where I want the conversation. Just hold on). He came back and he and the woman began talking about Muslims and how when they go to heaven they will have 72 virgins waiting for them. The woman said their religion was all about sex. My turn. I jumped in and said that while we think theirs is, our religion is about sex too and told her that when pastors constantly preach on wives submitting, they enjoy it and use it as a form of sexual abuse and a few more choice words about equality. Equality! What an awful word to the man. "Women are 60% better than men!" (60%? How did he arrive at that number?) Flattery again. I interrupted him and said that was a bunch of crap, because every time women were told how wonderful they are, there is a "but" coming. He quoted some scriptures at me. He went in with his wife to see the doctor. I got Don from the hall now that he had gone. When he came out, he told me that just a few minutes more and he could convince me. Don said, "You don't know who you are talking to."

**Report from the street evangelist.** The Occupational Therapist supervisor was here yesterday assessing Don (he has been assessed from one end to the other!). He was a lot of fun and I showed him the "call button" Don uses. It is a big velvet Poinsettia door hanger with big golden bells on it. He laughed and said he needed to get one so he could call his wife when he wanted something. I ran and got "Women Equal-No Buts" and said that I had something for his wife. I signed it and as he was going out the door, he said, "I don't guess it would help to tell you to read Ephesians." I said no. He looked at the book and said this may not ever make it home. He was teasing, but I think I know how he feels. At least he seemed to be a Christian and maybe has an open mind. (I have now given away 18 books due to Don's broken leg.)

**Report from the street evangelist.** I don't know her name but we see her every Friday at the grocery store and stop and talk a bit. Standing by the meat counter, we learn that she turns 82 next week and had been sick. Also that she had paid for her grandchildren's college education and the last one would soon graduate. As we were talking, another woman eased her cart right behind the woman and listened in quietly. Then Don asked if she was her daughter and the old woman turned around and saw the younger one and gave her a hug. She said, "this is my friend and she goes to..." and she named a Baptist church. The old woman turned to us and said, "I don't remember your names." Well, we can't remember hers either if we ever heard it. I pulled out my card and gave it to the younger woman. She

said, "I want to join you! I'm serious," she said. She went on to say that she was so tired of the Calvinist movement in Baptist churches and being told that women should submit to their husbands. I wonder how many other women are waking up to that.