



## 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.** In the doctor's office for routine check up and flu shot. Conversation around me was about country singer Brenda Lee and Willie Nelson. I have it on good authority that he is 5 or 6 years older than he says he is! Then someone said something about being famous and that you had to die first. Not ready for that. A man sat across from me and began reading a book. I tried to see what it was. Then he began a phone conversation in Spanish. I got up and found a newspaper and came back and the man had his book open and looked up at me. I said, "I just have to read something." He said, "That is why I carry a book with me. It is a Christian book." Ok, get ready. I got up and sat beside him while I said, "I write Christian books." He wanted to know what I write about. Women's equality. I handed him my card. I asked if he was a pastor, and he said, no, but that he works with a Christian group. His name was called and he stood up and said, "I'll be in touch."

Got my flu shot and was at the desk making another appointment and she asked my name and I told her and said that there are not many Shirleys. She said her mother's friend was Shirley and that all the Shirleys she knew were nice and she wanted to know if I was nice. "Most of the time, except when I am talking about how women are treated." I handed her my street evangelist card. She remembered me from the last time I was there and had given my doctor my book. She said she was very interested in this. I asked her if she liked to read. She is going on a plane trip and will have time to read then. Just so happen to have a couple of books to give her to take with her. She was thrilled, and so was I. I had kept quiet with the first people in the waiting room, but two more people had been sent to me, the street evangelist.

**Report from the street evangelist.** Just returned from our library where I placed two of my books in their "Book Nook" to be sold for 50 cents each! "She was reading your book page by page" Don said as he waited on me to choose a book from the main library. I chose "Suburban Gospel" which is

about a boy growing up Southern Baptist in Atlanta, Georgia. All in a day's work. "Every day in some kind of way."

**Report from the street evangelist.** "You must be the Lutherans," I said when they arrived for their appointment with the pastor today. "The pastor is over at the Family Center and he will be here in a minute." Carried on a little conversation with them while we waited. The young Lutheran pastor (30ish) had to borrow a pen and pad from me to take notes. My pastor arrived and they went behind closed doors.

They are Wisconsin Lutherans. Lutherans who thought the Missouri Synod Lutherans were too liberal and they broke away. I learn later they don't even allow women to serve as committee leaders. They are here to talk about this area because they want to start a church here. In a bit I begin to hear raised voices. Hmmm. They are talking about women's roles in the church?!! I try to hear but can only make out a few words. I hear Gal 3:28 quoted and Timothy mentioned. Their voices get lower and eventually the door opens and they all come out. My pastor said, "Here, let me give you something!"

He reaches over my desk for my "Women Equal – No Buts" book and asked me to sign it for the older pastor. I pull down my other book "Dethroning Male Headship" and give it to the young pastor. They are standing there in shock. When they left, my pastor said, "I'll pay you \$20 for those books! You should have seen the young pastor's big eyes. I don't think he had ever heard what I told him. That was the most fun I have had in a long time!"

Can you imagine their surprise when they learned that the secretary who they had dismissed as just a female had actually written two books explaining why women are equal? Now, what are they going to do?

**Report from the street evangelist.** The Baptist preacher comes to call. Ok, so it went this way. It is lunchtime and the church treasurer comes in with his co-worker. He introduces us. He is Hispanic and a Baptist preacher of a small church in central Texas. "His church won't let women preach or be a deacon or anything," the church treasurer says. "I told him that he had to meet you. That you had even written some books about women preachers." We talk a bit and I find out that the Hispanic pastor's church is affiliated with the Baptist General Convention of Texas where I worked for almost 15 years. We know some of the same people. The Hispanic Baptist Convention (part of BGCT) had a woman president last year. The Baptist pastor said that he was open to women serving in the church. He could understand that it should be possible. But he is like many people. He had not read any egalitarian literature because you can't find it in Christian bookstores nor on Amazon easily. He said he would read my books – yes, I gave him both – and that he would think on it. That is more than I get from most people.

**Part 1. Report from the street evangelist.** Day 6 of a 7 day cruise. At peace, just waiting to see if anything happens that opens the door to the street evangelist. Breakfast began in the main dining room and we sat with two other couples our age. One man wore a t-shirt "@godlovesyou #jesus saves. John 3:16. From Waco and Baylor University, so we will call him and his wife, Mr and Mrs Waco.

The other couple we will call Mr and Mrs Chemist because he was a chemist and she was a nurse anesthetists but did not enter into the discussion. I had already decided what I was going to do (don't you know it?) so I introduced myself by saying I am a church secretary and I have a new book coming out in two weeks. They did not bite. Mr Chemist considers himself some kind of religion expert and he volleyed questions to Mr Waco which included some ridiculous theories about Bethlehem and the Temple Mount. Poor Mr Waco had no idea what he was talking about but gave the plan of salvation by telling us that we can be saved by calling on Jesus and that the Jews must, too, and will be given a chance during the millennial period. Mrs Waco said she had been to the Wailing Wall and had entered the women's entrance and when she put her prayer in the cracks in the wall, two others fell out and she felt bad. We stood up to go and I sat back down beside Mrs Waco and told her that I would love to give her a copy of my book. I ran down the stairs and to my room and got Dethroning Male Headship and 2 copies of my small version of Women Equal-No Buts. Signed 2 books to her and handed one of the small copies to Mr Chemist for his wife. He turned it over and looked at it and shook his head. I took it back.

**Part 2. Report from the street evangelist.** Ok. So now I am left holding one of my books as we leave and enter the art gallery. A little old woman made some comment about the art and we talked a minute. She walked off and I looked at my book and said, "Ma'am!" and walked toward her and told her I would love to give her a copy of my book about women's equality that I wrote. She said her daughter might like it and called her daughter over. I said, "I am a church secretary and wrote this book." She said, "I am a church secretary, too!" She is secretary at a Lutheran church that does not have women as pastors, elders, or deacons.

**Part 3. Report from the street evangelist.** 7<sup>th</sup> day of a 7 day cruise. Walking on deck with Don and decide to sit down. There are 5 chairs. On each end is a woman. Don sits down in the middle, and I decide to sit on the far side of him since the woman closest to me is smoking. Sitting down, I see the woman I chose to sit by is also smoking. Oh, well. "I'm ready to go home," she says. Where is home, I ask. Just up the freeway from my house. I say, "We went up there to church for almost 12 years" and I name the church. "That is where I go!" she says. She ends up with a book as you knew she would!

**Part 4. Report from the street evangelist.** Day 8 of a 7 day cruise. Going home. All my 4 books are gone and I am standing in line waiting to get on the shuttle to our car. "Do you think this is the line for Lot B Shuttle?" I ask the lovely young woman in front of me. She has on a Dallas Cowboys shirt and Dallas Cowboy earrings. She is going home to Louisiana. We are both ready to pick up our lives where we left off last week when we boarded the ship. Her office had flooded and she would be dealing with that. My new book is ready for proofing (here I hand her my card) and I will be dealing with that. She is interested! She writes poetry about the Dallas Cowboys and the Pro Shop has asked her to put them in book form so they can sell them. She hasn't done it yet, but wants to. The line keeps moving toward the shuttle bus and we keep talking. It is so hot! As we are separated, she said her pastor went on a mission trip last year and said it was so hot!

I am at peace. Rested from the cares of the world (no Trump or Clinton) for a week, but still a church secretary and still a street evangelist.