

Stan Telchin Ministries, Inc

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Dear one:

Please forgive me for not writing sooner. I had hoped to fill you in on many of the exciting developments in our ministry. But the sudden illness and death of my brother Sam has encouraged me not to send you our normal Newsletter. Instead, I want to share my heart with you.

My brother Sam, who was 12 years older than I, shared a bedroom until I attained the age of 18 and went into the Air Corps during World War II.

I didn't see Sam from February 1943 until March 1946 when we were both separated from the service. After the war, we went in different directions. I went to Washington, DC to complete my education while he remained in New York City to resume his practice as a CPA. After Ethel and I were married in 1948, we would see Sam sporadically on our infrequent trips to New York. Occasionally he visited us in Maryland.

I can't say that we were really close. Nevertheless, Sam was my brother and I cared for him.

When I became a believer, Sam's attitude was: "*Well kid, if it makes you happy.*"

When I went into the ministry, he said nothing.

When my first book, *Betrayed*, came out, I sent a copy to him hoping that he would respond. But he didn't.

When my second book, *Abandoned*, came out, I sent a copy to him hoping that he would respond. But again there was silence.

One of the many reasons Ethel and I decided to move to Sarasota, Florida was to be close to my brother Joe (now 89) and Sam (then 86) who already lived there.

Sam had a bad valve in his heart. In early April 1999, his doctor rushed him to Sarasota Memorial Hospital to replace the valve and do a triple by-pass. One day when he was recovering and I was visiting, he said: "*Mom and Pop really knew what they were doing when they had you last. (I was the youngest of six children) They knew that you would have to be around to take care of us old fuds!*" I laughed with him at that thought, but realized the truth of his statement.

For a few days, Sam's recovery was uneventful, then he experienced a sudden loss of energy and they rushed him back into surgery. One of the shunts had collapsed and he wasn't getting enough blood to his heart. The surgery was successful, but Sam didn't respond well. He was in intensive care for seven days before he finally began to recover. He was on a heart machine a breathing machine and a kidney machine. We weren't sure he would ever recover. But he did!

One day when I went to visit him, the nurse told me that his condition was improving and that they were able to take out his breathing tube. I was thrilled. He smiled when he saw me and extended his hand. As I held it, I experienced tremendous compassion for him.

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Responding to that unction, I felt the time was right for me to share the good new of our Messiah with him. As I started to do so, Sam shook his head and said "I can't hear you." Neither of his hearing aids was in and he literally could not hear me. I smiled and patted his hand hoping that we could resume the conversation a bit later.

Unfortunately, Sam's health began to deteriorate that night. Eighteen hours later he was dead.

Since then, I have experienced a lot of guilt. Why? Because I never really had a serious conversation with him concerning the Lord. I had never given him the opportunity to learn of his Messiah. I had never made it possible for him to be reconciled to God.

Here I am, a committed servant of the Lord, -- a world famous author, -- a radio and TV personality, -- a former pastor, a Biblical counselor --and I had never really shared the gospel with my own brother!

There were so many times when I could have done so, but didn't Who knew that we would soon run out of time?

That is why I am writing to you.

I want to remind you that none of us knows when our life will end.

It is one thing to want to share the gospel with people in Africa or in Australia or in Israel or Timbuktu, but we mustn't forget the importance of sharing the gospel with our loved ones at home -- while there is still time.

Oh yes, they may not be willing to hear what we have to say, but that doesn't relieve us of our responsibility to share God's love with them. We can't be concerned about whether or not they will receive the messenger. We have to remember that we have been commanded to share the message!

So, if you have been putting it off, if you have felt inadequate, if you are afraid of their rejection -- let me make this suggestion. Duplicate this letter and ask your brother, sister, parent, cousin or friend to take a moment to read it. After they have done so, tell them that you don't want to be guilty of doing what I did. Then, tell them about the most important thing that has ever happened to you. Tell them of God's love and His provision in the person of Messiah Jesus.

If they have ears to hear they will be eternally grateful to you for loving them enough to share this good news with them.

My prayer for you is that God's anointing be all over you as you are obedient to Him.

Ever your brother,

