

Nina Koptseva / Summer 2015 #1

Hello, my dear and beloved Prayer Friends! Thank you for the prayers and for the fact that email me! Now that the computer is working, I can let you all know about God's ministry vision for me.

At the moment I am staying at my sister's summer cottage near Moscow, looking after her two dogs and two cats. I am trying to learn how to use a new tablet, presented to me in Baku, to pray and to listen via Internet to messages at the annual convention of Greater Grace in Baltimore. It's great! Honestly, I like it much more than actually being there, because usually I'm too busy and don't have time for all the meetings and discussions. Even when I do go to a meeting, I fall asleep during the message!

Here's one thought that I heard from the messages before the Convention even began: God gives a vision to serve when in your heart there is love, even passion for something or someone. As I pondered, I realized something and want to share it with you.

In my youth I loved the old ladies, I really liked to communicate with my grandmother and other elderly relatives, listening to their stories of olden times, to hear their opinions about the events in their lives and their experiences of a long life. I dreamed that someday I, too, would be "a dry little old lady" living as I please, free of any "cannot" and "must," free from the power of emotions, from claims of "followers," etc.

The other day I turned 63. It seems I have achieved what I dreamed about in my youth, but passing this threshold, I can now see all the difficulties of this important period of life, which could be a time of constant prayer, the summing up, the opportunity to share a wealth of life experience, time to minister to young and small, time of creativity, joy, peace, anticipation, and preparation for Eternity! But what I see is the onset of disease, weakness, and infirmity. Especially frightening is the growing wall of alienation from others, from younger ones, and from peers too, because they live far away and are busy with their problems.

Now I see among the elderly more miserable creatures than among the young. Those with no faith are really and completely lost. If they have no faith, then they have no hope for the future. Indeed, their future is gone, with only the black failure of the grave awaiting them.

In short, please pray with me about a small, family-type "Kind Home" for the elderly, where we could pray together and serve those who have not yet accepted Jesus Christ into their hearts. It would be great to have faithful Christian personnel and assistants there and to have direct contacts with the Bible Institute, with school, and with a kindergarten. I envision a house of prayer, and the ministry of the Word in an atmosphere of grace, where together we see the goodness of God. Pray also about the financial side of this that we could take in completely "abandoned" oldies and even those who need help type of hospice.

Is it like an empty pipe dream? No, faith can move mountains.

To ensure that you have an idea about what happened to me since my last newsletter, check out the photos from my March trip to Vienna and Budapest. That is when I began to hear from God the call to a grandmothers-to-grandmothers ministry.

Ph.1 – family a wonderful artist Angela, with whom I was staying 3 days in Perchtoldsdorf, a suburb of Vienna. This lovely cozy village is famous because in 1683 took the shock troops of the Ottoman Empire tried to capture Vienna (stained glass window with these events is in the Cathedral of Perchtoldsdorf, see ph.13).

Ph.2–5 – unfinished painting of Angela, which shows (right to left) of her great-grandmother, deceased in a concentration camp during the Second World War, grandmother, mother – all of them already in Heaven in glorified bodies, and crowned, and on the extreme left is Angela herself, trying to establish her own “normal” earthly life. Through this picture God spoke to me about my calling.

Ph.6-8 – workshop Angela.

Ph.9-13 - the streets and the main Cathedral of Perchtoldsdorf. Ph.14-18 – streets and cathedrals of Vienna.

Ph.16 – intimidating structure of modern art in one of the cathedrals. It was a time of Great Lent, perhaps symbolizing the threat of evil and death and a call to repentance to those who come to the Church.

Ph.19-21 – inside the Vienna state opera. Buying a ticket for 4 euros, I was listening to the opera, standing in a special pen with a handrail, arranged for those music lovers like me who are limited financially.

In the next letter I'm going to write you news and prayer requests from Istanbul. Please write to me and keep praying with me. Thank you for everything!

Yes! I almost forgot – on 30 of June I will have the cataract surgery on my right eye. Please pray that everything went without complications, and my eye would be as good as new.

God bless you!
Grandma Nina.





