

Christ Is The Redeemer

Mexico Team

SPRING, 2012

25 Years serving in Mexico

VOL. #2012 ISSUE #1

Friends in Christ,

March 7th, 1987 thru March 7th, 2012: a quarter-century serving God in Mexico. (This does not count our years serving in Europe).

Thank God and all of you who made all this possible.

To sum up in a few words: I can say with all my heart, what a blessed privilege to serve God and people. Amen.

There is no doubt in my mind that preaching the Gospel it is the greatest endeavor a human can do.

Everything we see with our eyes will one day disappear. On that day things that we cannot see will be here for all eternity.

Many are not going to the mission field because they only see obstacles or they don't feel capable of doing a good job.

If these are the problems, I have good news:

- 1) Not always God calls capable people, but He will make capable all those who will He call.
- 2) If Jesus, used a donkey to carry him into Jerusalem on that day, he can use you and I today. I am not saying you are donkey, but some time I really feel I still am.

Let me share little bit of our testimonies. I wonder if I ever did before.

Wendy was saved when she was 14 year old in Joliet, IL in 1977, under the CITA tent. She celebrated her 15th birthday in Italy where she and her family was sent as missionary.

Thirty-one years ago, that same tent was set up in my home town (Benevento, about 40 miles from Naples) and in the month of September, 1980, I got saved. Thank you so much bro. Clark and all the other, for your obedience to God, and set up that tent only 1 mile from my home.

Soon I felt a strong gratitude to the Lord for saving me, and I just asked God what I could do to thank Him.

The answer was quick and clear "GO and bring the



Our growing family

same message that saved you, to others". After a few months I left my job in the Italian Federal railway company to join that missionary team that God used for my salvation.

I will never forget my first night, sleeping under a tent in Rome. It was sooooo cold, when I woke up in the morning and tried to put my feet down the floor, I plunged my feet into a puddle of freezing water. That same day my first duty was to wash dishes (breakfast, lunch, and dinner) for 100 people. That was the beginning of my missionary life. Thank God.

Today we are here in Mexico in one of the most dangerous nation in all the heart. Some time I asked myself which one is worse, a paddle of freezing water at 6.30 a.m. of a winter day, or the sound of bullets.

Words not express my thanks to all of you for your faithfulness and love through time. Many things have changed through the years but not our gratitude and genuine love for God and souls, for which Jesus died.

Please continue to stand with us, as fellow soldiers in the battle.

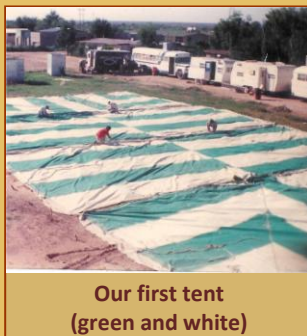
Until He comes, or will call us to His presence,

Renato

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Jason our first son a few days after he was born, with happy grandma Jeanne



Our first tent (green and white)



Our second tent (yellow and white)



Our first "house" in Mexico (the white bus).



The Gaglione family today.

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