



# REPORTER

## HOW DOES THE RCR STUDIO HELP PEOPLE?

Over the past 3 months, about 160,000 people have viewed and received Christian content from our studio. The fastest way to personally convey information and the Gospel to a person is through social networks and the WhatsApp application.

*"... I just watched Earl Poysti's life story. This is a man of God! I was moved to tears. Thanks for these videos that you are sending. I don't always have time to look for something on the Internet, but you always send me something."*  
— Alexei in Minsk, Belarus

*"Thanks for your hard work! I have a problem with my eyes but I listen to everything you send. I have a minimum pension, but I am ready to donate; every 1st of the month I will send 300 rubles."* — Irina, Tver region

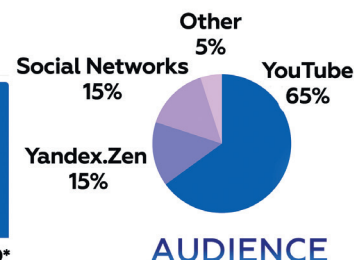
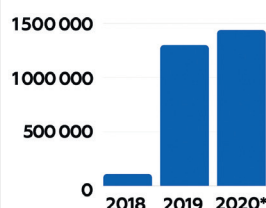
We'd like to share with you some of the ways our RCR Studio helps people:

- People find spiritual support in their trials.  
*"I am going through my wilderness, and every time I listen to your program, it inspires and supports me, it gives me strength and faith that God always has a way out! The programs are very valuable,"* — Alla N.
- Pastor Oleg from Jerusalem (Israel) uses our "Family Transformation" programs in his church as a guide for couples.
- We record the testimonies of former criminals and other people with difficult lives on DVDs and send them to prisoners along with *The Gospel Behind Barbed Wire* magazine. In prisons, our DVDs are passed around and are watched by others besides our subscribers.

*"I go to the prayer room. We watch sermons, worship, and read the Word of God. Thank you for the RCR DVD. I am so glad that you are answering me"* — Alexandra



### VIEWS



*"I received some DVDs with The Gospel Behind Barbed Wire magazine. Thanks; we really missed getting them"* — Anatoly

- We continue to use the sermons of Earl Poysti in Yandex-Zen. Dozens of comments are written every day, and our volunteers help answer questions from non-believing readers.

*"I thank God for such preachers and all the workers in the field of God, who have carried and are carrying the light of the Gospel to this perishing world! The sermons of Earl Poysti helped me in my faith and will remain in my heart for the rest of my life!"* — Philip D.

- We plan to master a new platform for video: Yandex-Ether (Russian equivalent of YouTube) and provide Russian subtitles for our videos to help deaf people.

Pray for our small team at the RCR studio: Natasha, Denis, Alexander and Ayur. We thank you for the financial support for our ministry, which allows us to work together to do much for the glory of God!

Preaching the Gospel in the  
Russian Language since 1946



## Memories of my Dad – by John Poysti *(Celebrating the 100th anniversary of Earl Poysti's birth)*

I am writing this tribute to my father on what would have been his 100th birthday. My father's death in 2010 at the age of 89 was not a tragedy. He lived a full, long life and he passed away peacefully and without pain. But I think it would be a tragedy for me, if my father's life did not leave me with something to learn from and to cherish as I continue through the remainder of my life. It is difficult to distill the significance of an entire life into a few written memories, but I would like to reflect on a few memories and personal thoughts about my father.

Dad was a man of extremes. Perhaps that is why he liked bathing in a Finnish sauna. First, he would sit in that extreme heat and beat himself with birch branches, and then he would love to jump into icy water, preferably in a frozen lake where he had chopped a hole. I think he probably only did the frozen lake thing once or twice in his life, but he talked about it as if it was a daily habit



*Earl & Pirkko Poysti and their 10 children – 1971  
(John is in the back row at left)*

and worthy of emulation by all. Dad never did anything halfway – he always pushed the limits and went for the extremes. He didn't just father a family; he fathered an entire tribe of 10 children. He didn't just become a missionary, he became a roving nomad and dragged us with him around the world. I have lived in 9 different countries, but at least Dad moved us to nice places: from southern California to the Odenwald forest of southern Germany, from the sandy New Jersey shores to the French Riviera and Monte Carlo, from the Austrian Alps to Stockholm – the Venice of the North, and finally to the Rocky Mountains of Colorado. Not bad!



*Earl and his son John - 1955*

Dad was extreme in his physical habits and when he took up biking, he did it to the max. In his mid-70s he was still biking up the mountains to an altitude of over 3,600 meters (11,700 ft.). He also covered the extremes in his church life – he was ordained not only as a Pentecostal, but also as a Baptist. Maybe he didn't always achieve it, but he didn't want to settle for "good enough." He liked to say, "If it's just good enough, it isn't really good enough." That attitude was sometimes carried to the extreme, but there might be something for all of us to learn from my Dad in that regard. My Dad strived a lot in life; I remember wishing sometimes that he would have learned to relax more. But he left us a legacy that certainly wasn't one of apathy and laziness.

One of my earliest memories of Dad was when we lived near the shore in New Jersey. These were my father's bodybuilding years and he was quite fit and muscular. One day we went to the beach together and I remember how together with three of my siblings we tried to wrestle my father down into the sand. But as hard as we tried, we couldn't get him down. I remember thinking, what a strong father I have! I wanted to be strong like him, but unfortunately, I wanted the strength without all the boring hours of exercise that were required. But Dad showed strength in other areas: strength of conviction, strength of perseverance, strength of faith, strength of responsibility. I could say that his was a stubborn strength, but I think I would rather have a strength born of stubbornness than a weakness born of apathy. Dad was strong and anything but apathetic, and I would like to think that I learned a bit about perseverance and honest effort from him.

Although Dad was very conservative and modest in most areas of life, in many ways he lived on the cutting edge. He was a pioneer in the ideas and vision he developed in the radio ministry. Before most even realized the potential opportunities of new ideas or new technology, Dad was already putting them to good use. In the world of Christian broadcasting, my father was always at the forefront both technologically and also in the style and variety of the programming he produced. It was almost humorous to watch some of his colleagues in Christian radio try to imitate his way of speaking and style – with mixed results. He was recognized by his peers as the one to emulate. But for us, he was just our Dad, who would often frustrate us with his long sermons during our family devotions. But I have to admit that when I went to Bible school, I found out that I already knew most of what my professors were teaching in class. I had heard it all before during those years of family devotions.



I have been able to learn from Dad to be aware of opportunities and turn them into useful reality; to think creatively and always look for new solutions; to go for the best and not settle merely for the good. Dad couldn't stand to be bored or to be boring. I like that. I have also learned from his single-minded love for God's word, that it is always worth listening to, even when we thought it went on too long. I have learned to always preach Christ!



Dad often told the story of his struggle with doubt when he was in his early 20s. He was ready to throw away his faith and went through a period of deep depression. The Lord eventually delivered him from his struggles and depression, but that experience plagued and even formed his life from then on. He longed for people to have confidence in the Lord and assurance of their salvation and eternal destiny. In his public statements and in the family, my Dad always spoke with strong conviction and didn't tolerate much discussion: this is the way it is; this is the truth – end of story. And very often, he was very convincing. In part because of his own struggles in his younger years, a main emphasis of his ministry to the Russian people was assurance of salvation. You can know that you are safe and secure in your relationship with God. You can have assurance because of what Jesus did for you, rather than because of what you have done or not done. And that message rang true because of the deep struggles he had worked through in his own heart and mind.

In the last months of his life, some of these inner struggles came out again in conversation with various people, including myself. How could this be? The truth is that Dad was the voice, not the truth; he was the messenger, not the message. And in the end, he was faithful in proclaiming what he believed to be true: that Jesus Christ is our only hope and we can rest in that truth. I can learn from Dad's example and continue to fight for what is good and true – even when the temptation to doubt might arise.



While many people will remember my father for his lifelong ministry to the Russian people – and rightfully so – I choose to remember him as my father. As my father, he passed on to me certain genetic features. But he also passed on to me his cultural life – his values, his standards, his beliefs, his habits. But in these things, it's not as cut and dry as with genetics. While his values or culture were certainly a strong influence in my life, in the end it was my personal choice to accept or reject those things. Because of his strong personality and authority, it was often easier to go along with Dad's opinion without really working out my own stance. But there were a few very strategic times during the years that I worked with my father, when I chose to make some ministry decisions that were different from the way my father would have gone. Relatively late in life, I discovered that it was those very things, those decisions to stand up for what I believed, despite my father's initial disagreement – it was those decisions that caused my father to respect me and accept me. Like any son, I longed

for my father's approval and ironically it wasn't my blind obedience to his demands that ultimately gained his approval and acceptance, it was the willingness to stand up for what I felt was right and for what I sensed God was calling me to do, even though initially he disapproved. Dad helped me to learn that I am responsible for my own choices, and that obedience to God is more important than obedience to anyone, even to a strong father.

Although I was working far away at a Bible school in Sweden during my father's last years, I was able to visit him just a few weeks before he passed away. We had some time to talk about a number of things. We talked about the process of dying and got into the theology of life, death and eternity. It was good to talk about the Lord. And then I asked him what he wanted most in these his last days, and he replied, "I just want peace. I just want peace." Before returning to Sweden, knowing that I wouldn't see him again this side of eternity, we prayed together for the last time. I prayed for him that he would have peace, God's peace, and Dad then prayed a long and meaningful prayer of blessing on my life and ministry. I will cherish that moment – a son receiving the greatest gift he could ever receive from a father – his blessing.

I miss my Dad. But now it is my responsibility to live in a way that I can pass on a godly legacy to my children. My relationship with my father has helped prepare me for that responsibility. Our relationship had its ups and downs, its joys and frustrations. And, in a sort of selfish way, I am glad Dad lived to be 89 years old. It gave us both time to come to a place of harmony and peace, a place where our relationship was healthy and anchored in honest love. A few days after my father passed away, my own daughter Sonia gave me a book about fathers and sons – the story of a family of preachers that reminds me of my family and heritage. And I came across the following quote about the often-complicated relationship between fathers and sons. The author says: "It is worth living long enough to outlast whatever sense of grievance you may acquire." I am thankful to the Lord that both my father and I lived long enough. I wish the same for each of you.

Happy 100th Birthday, Dad!







As a young Christian, I first met Earl and Pirkko Poysti in 1993 at the RCR Moscow office and studio, where I helped prepare audio programs before they were broadcast on the radio. Earl was a well-known preacher, who was invited to speak in many places throughout Russia for evangelism, and next to him was his pleasant wife, always very modest and always smiling, who invariably helped her husband. She was full of energy and optimism.

In the autumn of that year, when the opportunity arose to visit a prison, Earl and Pirkko went along to the Yegoryevsky detention center. Pirkko's heart was very touched by how the people there perceived the Gospel, the message of God's love for sinful people – directly, like children, not pretending to know, but showing interest in something new, hitherto unknown to them. Returning home, Pirkko often thought about how to help these people and how to give them a chance to change their lives for the better. Earl and Pirkko often prayed for this.

At the end of the same year we heard that doctors had diagnosed Pirkko

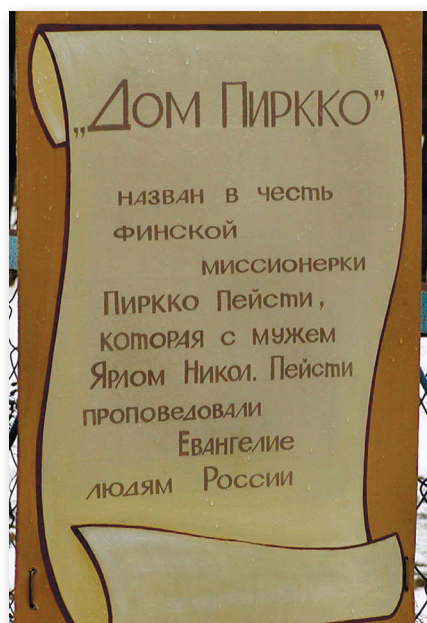
with pancreatic cancer – a quick and merciless disease – which echoed with great alarm in our hearts. Everyone who knew Pirkko prayed for her health, and she continued to pray for the believing prisoners in Russia.

Earl shared, “If I were to give Pirkko a middle name – it would be Pirkko ‘Faithful’ – always faithful. I found her to be faithful in all things, always honest, always straight, there was no crooked line in her thinking. Her goal was always to glorify God. And when this terrible sickness struck her, she said ‘May it be to the glory of God!’”

In the spring of 1994, the Lord called His daughter Pirkko, and our kind sister, home. It seemed that her last aspirations to help believing prisoners would remain unrealized, but God thought otherwise. At the funeral of this missionary, whose faithfulness to the Lord was an example for many, people began to donate funds to RCR in honor of her memory, to the glory of God. Shortly after that Earl announced: “A memorial fund has been established in Pirkko's name and the sole purpose of the fund is for the furtherance of the Gospel in the country to which she was so wholeheartedly devoted. Any contribution will be used to give the Russian people an opportunity to hear about the Lord whom Pirkko loved so dearly.” Knowing her heart for prisoners, the RCR Board used these memorial gifts to buy a house for released prisoners who had accepted the Lord into their hearts but had nowhere to go, giving them time to adapt to a new life and learn to stand strong in the Lord.



1993 - Earl (left) & another pastor praying with prisoners in the Yegoryevsky detention center.



This is how our first halfway house for prisoners appeared in the city of Emva, in the Komi Republic. It opened its doors for temporary residents a year after Earl and Pirkko visited the Yegoryevsky detention center, and to this day it continues to receive those in need of God's salvation.

The first inhabitants, having learned the history of how their dwelling came to be, themselves decided to call it the “Dom Pirkko” or “House of Pirkko” in memory of our caring sister. Subsequently, the Lord has opened ministry in many similar Pirkko Homes.



– Alexander Zakharov, Russian Exec. Director

