



Board of Directors

elizabethmeyer@siberianlutheranmissions.com
www.siberianlutheranmissions.com

Rev. L. Daniel Johnson,
President
2551 West Bacon Rd
Hillsdale, MI 49242
517/437-2762

Rev. David Mommens
Vice President

Mrs. Elizabeth Meyer,
Secretary/Treasurer
1460 University Ave.
San Jose, CA 95126
408/286-1771

Rev. Daniel S. Johnson,
Newsletter Editor

Rev. David Riley

Rev. Frank Frye

Rev. Michael Brockman

Rev. Josh Genig

Rev. Michael R. Scudder

Mrs. Judith Bascom

Fund Developer

Rev. Robert Wurst

231-228-7260

robertwurst@siberianlutheranmissions.com

Contributions may be sent to:

[SLMS](#)

1460 University Ave.
San Jose, CA 95126

The newsletter for **THE SIBERIAN LUTHERAN MISSION SOCIETY** is edited by Rev. Daniel S. Johnson,

and Mrs. Valerie Kister
Redeemer Lutheran Church,

1600 S. Center St.,

Marshalltown, Iowa 50158

641/753-9565

(fax) 641/753-5516

danieljohnson@siberianlutheranmissions.com

We thank Redeemer Lutheran Church - Marshalltown, IA for financial assistance and to Mrs. Linda Smith for clerical assistance in the printing of this newsletter.

How did I become a Christian?

by Leonid Tsibizov

translated by Olga Suhinina

[Editor's note: This is the first part of a two part story. In this first part Leonid writes about his struggle against Christianity. Part two appears in the May 2011 edition of the [SLMS](#) newsletter. In part two he tells how he becomes a Christian.]



How did I become a Christian? I asked myself about this more than once. How could I—I, who had always considered Christianity to be one of the most foolish and deceitful religions, created by the mighty of this world to rule over the masses, I, who had supposed the Christian faith to be the lot of weak people disappointed in life—how could I become a Christian?

If somebody had told me a couple years ago that I would go to church, pray to God, and read the Bible, I would have just laughed: of all men, I could go without these Christian fibs. Not that I did not believe in God.... I felt that there was something or someone mighty, who affected the life of every man. But to believe that which is written in the Bible.... No, thank you. If anything written there is true, then it has been distorted more than once for sure and, undoubtedly, wrongly understood by all these fanatics who call themselves Christians. Besides, there is a multitude of more interesting and ancient teachings, no doubt worthy of attention. And, anyway, why rank oneself among a group? After all, every man perceives the reality around us in his own way; it is foolish trying to cram the whole human world view into a frame of rules and definitions.

So let those who need this go to their churches, listen to sermons, and repent, but I have my own, unique way, quite unlike other ways... **continued on page 4**

Serving the Lord through a vocation of healing

by Olga Neteava

translated by Alla Okorokova

"I work among amazing, wonderful people, real servants of God. To help these people is a great happiness. On the whole, I am a happy person, who does a favorite work among loved ones, has an opportunity to be in the church every day, to start morning with a church service and finish every day with divine service." These are the words of Nina Fyodorovna Kasyanova, parishioner of St. Andrew's Church and nurse of the seminary in Novosibirsk. Here is the story of her life and work:



God miraculously answered my prayers and search for Him when He led me to this church, which was very small and nascent at that time. It was the early '90s. Forty years of atheistic life had resulted in a deep spiritual crisis in my life. I did not understand the meaning of many troubles in my life and did not see a way out. In this life only responsibility for the family retained me; I did not know where to find the strength to live on and how to overcome difficulties.

Of course, I tried to think of God. I did not have the Bible in Russian at that time; I tried to read it in Old Slavonic and certainly understood nothing. Paganism seemed more attractive to me, which was widely available then. And many of my friends drowned in it.

The first time I heard of Christ it was from Protestants. I was curious. I was given a Russian Bible and read it avidly. I soon realized that my new friends interpreted the Bible too freely, distorting even clear words of Christ. **continued on page 3**

From Lenin to Christ: Olga Mamedova's story

translated by Alla Okorokova

"For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, declares the Lord" (Isaiah 55:8).

I was born in 1957, in a small working village in Chita region. My father was a managing director of a bank, my mother worked in a kindergarten. I was the fifth child. Nobody spoke about God in our family. But an icon hung in my grandmother's room. I saw how she prayed, but she never spoke about God as well. When I was four-years-old, our family moved to small town, Pervomaisk. It was a new town with a lot of young people. In the 1960s, in our country there was a potent economic



attendant "sing" a prayer in the mosque. Then I started to think about God for the first time."

"Thus says the Lord: Stand by the roads, and look, and ask for the ancient paths, where the good way is; and walk in it, and find rest for your souls. But they said, 'We will not walk in it.'" (Jeremiah 6:16).

In 1981, we returned to Chita. There was only one Orthodox Church in the whole Zabaikalsky region. And I went to that church because my son got sick, and I was told to bring a candle for the ritual of "pouring out wax" with prayer. I had no idea what it was, but my friends told me that the ceremony will heal my child. I came to the Orthodox Church to buy a candle, but I was filled with fear. Everything was so strange, silent, dark, frosty. An old woman demanded I put a scarf on my head inside the church, I did so. The ritual was performed, wax was "poured out" into the water, prayers were said and I was told that my son should recover. It was my first contact with church.

In the 1990s everything had fallen down. Communism collapsed and all of us, the whole country, suddenly understood that Lenin is not "the hope and support" which we had been taught.

Suddenly chaos began in the country, where "an iron order" used to be, criminality blossomed, unemployment arose, a rage between people arose, international conflicts and wars began. I wanted to escape from it. Disintegration of the USSR led to awful shocks, not only in the country, but also in my family. Family relations began to crack, as a sharp hostility toward Muslims arose in the country. And my children have Muslim names and carry a Muslim surname. In connection with all of these factors I had so much negative in my soul that I did not see an exit from that crisis. I simply did not know what to do, because ahead there was only fear, uncertainty and emptiness.

In 1992, I met a person who spoke about God, about His love to us, and that all our problems might be solved if we turn to God. Missionaries from Belarus and the USA assured that "God is love" and that life would change to the better by accepting this slogan. So much love and care was flowing from



Olga as a young Pioneer (1969)

EVEN NOW IT IS TERRIBLE TO THINK OF WHAT WE WERE FORCED TO SING ABOUT. WE TRUSTED IN IT SO PIOUSLY. WE HAD BEEN RAISED ON THE MORALS OF MARXISM-LENINISM.

raising. New cities, factories and plants were built. We were the first nation to send a man into space and consequently felt that we were the happiest people on Earth. We believed that the Communist Party would make everything; that our happiness would not be saddened by anything. And we sang: "Lenin is always alive, Lenin is always with me, in grief, hope and gladness, Lenin is in my destiny, in each happy day, Lenin is in you and in me." Even now it is terrible to think of what we were forced to sing about. We trusted in it so piously. We had been raised on the morals of Marxism-Leninism.

But I never heard how we need to love our neighbor, how to build a family, and the main thing – how we should live and do not sin. If someone had told me at that time that all of us are shrouded by sins, as the butterfly in a cocoon, I would have found him mad. I never heard at all about the Bible, and to speak about God was not customary, not mentioning faith in Jesus Christ. Because in those days communism had destroyed faith in God, there were no churches, I never saw priests, and I did not meet people who would say openly that they believe.

In 1974, I graduated from school, moved to Chita, entered the university, and married a Muslim. At that time it was welcomed because the country consisted of 15 republics – 15 sisters, all people were brothers. Two children were born in our family and in 1979 we moved to Azerbaijan. And there I saw for the first time people sitting at the table and blessing their food. I saw them handling with care holy places and holy objects. I heard in the morning, in the afternoon and in the evening the Muslim

continued on page 5

Help for body and soul

continued from page 1

I began to ask questions and got evasive answers. I was told that it is impossible to understand everything literally and that a lot of it is symbolic. Then fear of God to be among those who add to the words of this book forced me to leave these nice people. I left the community and began to pray to the Lord to bring me to the church, where there is no distortion of His Word and no deviations from his teaching, where He wants to see me. At that time, I met virtually with all Christian denominations, but I saw everywhere either distortion of the teaching or lack of love in people. It was a difficult time for my spiritual search. But the Lord had already changed my life in many ways. Anxiety, a feeling of hopelessness and abandonment, had gone. Peace appeared in my life.

Once I was invited to the lectures of religion. Classes were led by an intelligent young man, Vsevolod Lytkin. I was pleasantly surprised by his erudition, kindness and openness. He readily answered any questions. I had not seen any pressure and desire to get a convert, at any price, to his side. I was surprised that there was no acrimony, when someone expressed a different opinion. Other students told me that Father Vsevolod served in the church community.

I was surprised by the modesty of the furniture in one room apartment, when I came to divine service for the first time. In that small apartment there were about 20 people, mostly young people, university students. But there were also adults. At that service I realized that I had found my church. I was touched by everything that happened at the service, as well as by the simplicity and sincerity of the faithful people, from whom I felt kindness and faith, brotherly love to each other. I liked the pastor's family with three small children. They were very friendly and hospitable, although at that time everybody had problems with finances. Unforgettable was my first Christmas in the church in December, 1992.

To be Lutheran in Russia just after the collapse of the Soviet Union was difficult. Especially it was difficult for those who did not hide their religion. I worked in a clinic. I remember one of my patients, an educated man, Ph.D., who considered himself an Orthodox Christian. When he had learned that he was treated by a Lutheran woman, he became very angry and tried to convince me that a Russian person must be an Eastern Orthodox believer; otherwise such person betrays Russia and God. He did not accept any arguments. He did not want to hear about respect to the church, that has apostolic succession. "There is no succession in your church, you were cheated, and your church is going to hell. And I respected you before this, Nina Fyodorovna, as a good person and as a medic," said that patient. At work I was forbidden to speak

about faith, but many people came to me and asked questions. Colleagues had become interested in what kind of faith it was that supported me so much. They consulted and asked me to pray for them. Recently I met with the doctor, who forbade me to speak with patients about Christ. In the mean time she became a believer. She was thankful for the testimony of faith and prayers for her.

I liked my job and I regretted to part with my colleagues, when I was invited to work in the church and seminary. It happened that in the parish there were no other nurses, then, but a lot of people who needed medical care were coming to the church for help.

The fact is that the health care system of Soviet times had collapsed. Previously, we were receiving help from the state and knew where to go. But in the 1990s many things became incomprehensible for people. Most of the medical services charged a fee. It became difficult to get an appointment with a specialist in the clinic. This

happened because many good specialists in the field of medicine simply did not receive salaries for several months and were forced to leave their work. People had to seek special medical centers to get necessary help. So, in the church we tried to help people, somehow. Some people needed help arranging an appointment with a doctor.

Still, today's health of Siberian people is the weakest in Russia. Novosibirsk has the highest occurrence of deaths from heart attacks and strokes. Many patients

have cancer and tuberculosis. For this reason, they should have regular health examinations. In past years, it worked well. But not in the 1990s and early 2000s. There are congregations of our Siberian church in small towns and villages where medical service has declined because of poverty and chaos. Often parishioners from those places come to Novosibirsk. When I started working at the seminary there was an opportunity to help people who came from afar. For many of them it was the only way to improve their health. In places from where they came, there was great poverty and there were no quality medical services. In some villages there are no hospitals at all. We managed to put some people on their feet, and even to restored health to not just a few.

There was an incident with a person who had tuberculosis. During his routine examination in Novosibirsk, a neglected case of tuberculosis was found. We managed to buy him medicine for the whole course of treatment, syringes, and all necessary things to complete treatment in his home city. A doctor, who had examined this patient in Novosibirsk, asked me whether he is still alive, as he had expected a quick death. But this man after two years wrote that he had completed treatment and felt good. He was very grateful for the help.

I remember a very sick and poor woman who wanted to give birth to her baby, but the only help she was offered was forcing her to have an abortion. **continued on page 5**



On becoming a Christian

continued from page 1

I reasoned, in this wise, when I was a teenager, before whose eyes a huge, interesting, strange world lay.

So how did I become a Christian? From my very childhood, I kept coming into contact with Christianity. When



Leonid at children's summer camp 2008

I was 7 or 8 years old, my mother sometimes took me to an Orthodox church. God seemed to me then to be someone big, who always looked down on us all and saw all our doings, and I also knew that God could punish people. I was punished sometimes—I was put in the corner and told to “think of my behavior;” I was denied dessert or cartoons.... This never made me think of my behavior. How could I think of my behavior, when they made me stand in the corner and did not let me watch my favorite cartoons? But

how does God punish people? I had never seen that. Sometimes, one of the adults, while they were gossiping, said something like, “He may get away with this but God will punish him anyway.” I, too, feared sometimes that God would punish me. They talked about God even more in church. I remember the semi-darkness, lots of candles, and bearded people in long garments. I did not understand how all that related to God, and it was totally beyond my comprehension what it had to do with Jesus Christ. I knew that Jesus Christ was very kind and suffered much. I liked to light candles and to listen to the bells, but other things were a burden on me. There were even plans to have me baptized in that church, but there were some hindrances; and a while later, my family's dealings with the church came to naught. These were the early nineties; the Soviet Union had just fallen apart, and the fad of going to church blazed and faded away after a few years.

Then there was school. We pupils were told at school, “Look, you must study hard to become smart and busy yourselves with interesting things. Some of you will become scientists, some, lawyers, and the like.” As I have already mentioned, these were the nineties; nobody was building a better world anymore, and in the course of time, the spiritual vacuum filled up with the idea of “making oneself a career and earning a lot of money.” In answer to the question of what I wanted to become when I grew up, I said, “A lawyer” or “a businessman.” Sometimes, I said I did not know what I wanted to become; they asked me then, “Would you like to be a lawyer? Or to

carry on business? Or, perhaps, you would like to pursue science. You cannot make any money in science, but it is interesting....” With time, I came to understand that I did not want to become anybody, but I wanted to remain myself. To be myself then meant to me living for the sake of my own pleasure. After all, to recognize pleasure as one's highest goal is to be honest, at least. It seemed obvious to me that all actions of people around us had one reason and goal: personal pleasure. Those who asserted that they acted against their wishes, that they cared for the good of others, I thought to be liars. I would say, “You just enjoy helping your neighbors, having compassion on people, even suffering; you cannot act against your wishes because it is your wishes that cause you to act.”

Not in rebellion against society, but for my personal pleasure, I let my hair grow long, put on beaded jeans, plaited bracelets, and amulets, the more so as my favorite foreign musicians of the sixties looked something like that. My parents begged me to give all this up and to “become realistic,” which meant to get a haircut, put on a suit, and decide what I wanted to do in my future. Not only my parents but also my teachers and many people, really, told me that I was wasting my time on rubbish, that this nonsense would pass, that I needed to be serious about life. But I did see with my own eyes what they were begging me to do: to become one of them, go to work from 9 to 5, watch TV, discuss government, live in an ant hill of stone, and enjoy all this. But I felt that somewhere close at hand, there was another world, a real world, a joyous and free world. Not like the world these dull people painted,

SO HOW DID I BECOME A CHRISTIAN? FROM MY VERY CHILDHOOD, I KEPT COMING INTO CONTACT WITH CHRISTIANITY.

who pretended that they were all right, who had gone so far in self-delusion that they believed in it. As though there

were not all that evil in their lives, which they splashed out into the world every day; as though pain, resentment, and hatred did not torment them every day, which they quite often caused themselves. And they wanted to drag me into it. Of course, I went to school, I lived at home, my parents fed and clothed me, but I did not believe that my life had to pass the same way as many lives with which I came into contact. And I was not alone to think such things. ✕



Leonid at work

[Ed. Note: Leonid continues his story in the the May 2011 [SLMS](#) newsletter.]

Learning to rely on Christ

continued from page 2

these people! They sang interesting songs about God, everything was cheerful and joyful. There was no smell of incense, there were no icons, and everything was easy and good. And the most important was that I felt loved there. I said a "prayer of repentance" as I was taught. I thought, "This is real happiness." We have given all our anxieties and griefs to Jesus. He will take care of us. For 15 years I was in the Pentecostal church, I sincerely and faithfully had devoted my life to converting other people. I was sure they really needed to hear my experience. From 1992 until 2007 I had attended a few Bible schools. I had studied at a "school of prayer" and a "leader school." I was young and will not go into details. The main thing for me was that God loved me, and such life suited me. I was seldom at home. From work I went straight to the "church." On Monday, different studies, service of prayer; on Tuesday, home group; on Wednesday, service of prayer for home group leaders; on Thursday, school of leaders; on Friday, meeting of leaders; on Saturday, different evangelizations and many other things. I was seldom at home, but tried to have time to do everything in "church" and at home.

But sooner or later you start thinking why do you give a lot to God, almost the whole of you, but you have problems in your family, your health is not well and there is emptiness in your heart. Finally I realized that this life looks exactly the same as previous one, only the word "Lenin" was substituted by the word "Jesus." You conscientiously serve this word "Jesus" but in your soul you feel a lie, that you were "swindled."

In May 2007 I left the Pentecostal community, as I did not want to tell others what I already did not understand. The idea of prosperity, which we always confessed in the Pentecostal church, was not realized. Only leaders, who always told about faithfulness and devotion to God, prospered. But where was God? I was told, that I did not pray correctly. Every time I tried to correct myself and did as I was told, but then another "mistake" would be found again. Leaders taught that I should always "feel" God and His presence physically and emotionally. All relations with God, we were taught, always led to emotional experiences. Many of us fell into a trance, laughed, cried, fell to the floor. All of these demonstrations were considered as the actions of God. Supposedly He was showing His presence in such a way. We thought that it was a sign of the Holy Spirit's descent upon us. It attracted and charmed us, because you wouldn't experience anything like it in usual life. But gradually you begin to understand that you cannot live without it, life would become really depressing without these feelings. And if you would want to leave "church" you would lose relations with God forever, and it was terrifying. All this led to depression. I had one thought in my mind: "I cannot stand it anymore, I want to leave, but how will I live further?" There was only one weak consolation which I always repeated to myself: "God is with me."

Finally, I decided to leave the Pentecostal church. I had started to understand that

continued on page 6

Nina Kasyanova

continued from page 3

We could hospitalize her, treat her and save her child. I remember how happy she was, how grateful for giving her the opportunity to bear a baby.

When I started to work at the seminary my primary patients were seminarians. The Cottage was the first location for the seminary, it was located in the forest. This added concerns for the students because in Siberia there are a lot of ticks, it is dangerous to walk through the forest and on the grass. So it was necessary to do vaccination against tick-borne encephalitis to the students and the staff of the seminary. They often express gratitude for such care. They know they would not receive such care at home.

I have to pay much attention to students who come from afar. Climate change sometimes causes problems for seminarians and church guests. For example, some people come from warm Central Asia to cold Siberia. They struggle to live in such severe climate, they constantly freeze, and become sick because of it. Sometimes it happens that students enter the seminary, thinking that the learning process is easy and pleasant as in the Bible School. And when they start studying, it requires a lot of work and effort. For such people it causes a lot of stress and for many, their disease then exacerbates.

Church and Seminary is a single organism. Everything here is interconnected. I always have work, even if all the seminarians are healthy. In the parish unexpected situations sometimes arise, some people think that the nurse can replace the entire hospital, or that the church is obliged to help them to resolve their health problems. Sometimes it's hard. I have to consult with pastors and we jointly develop the best solution. Many of our pastors work themselves to the point that their health fails. When pastors from distant parishes come to Novosibirsk, we try to do for them something that relates to health care. There are cases when our guests from other countries need our help. Our physicians try to treat the whole body, find out the details of heredity, the causes leading to the disease, and the way of the patient's life, etcetera. Much attention is paid to disease prevention. Such a system of care of people always justifies itself. Unfortunately, at the present time our church and the seminary have financial difficulties. I hope that it will be solved in the future, because it is very important to protect one's health, starting from youth, and not to postpone it. In Novosibirsk there are very good hospitals, good doctors. People come from other countries to some of our clinics for surgery and treatment. Of course, many things are expensive, but we try to select variants of help for people with different abilities to pay.

I love what I do. I love our church. But unfortunately not all of my relatives are believers, and I pray for them every day. I thank God for His help and support. It's wonderful that I have the opportunity to work in this place, where the souls are also treated. And God miraculously uses me to help these people in their needs. I ask you to pray for my family, our church and the seminary. ✕

everything they speak and teach is not in accord with God. But why “is it not in accord?” This I could not understand and explain.

Again I was alone with my doubts and questions: “Where is the truth? What is it?”

After the first meeting with Pastor Kizyaev, at the Siberian Evangelical Lutheran Church (SELC) in Chita, I started to realize that the Pentecostal

“church” lacks the “marks of the true Church.” [editor’s note: Pastor Igor Kizyaev was a former Pentecostal before attending a summer seminar conducted by a joint effort of Lutheran Theological Seminary of the SELC in Novosibirsk, Russia and Concordia Theological Seminary (LCMS) in Ft. Wayne, Indiana USA. He eventually left the Pentecostal Church, attended the seminary at Novosibirsk and graduated in 2004. An article about Pastor Kizyaev appeared in the December 2005 Issue of the [SLMS](#) newsletter. See the [SLMS](#) website.] But I still had doubts. Igor’s persistence and his willingness to explain the truth attracted me, but the name “Lutheran church” pushed me away and frightened me. It sounded to me as something western, yet again, better to go to Orthodox Church. I would go, stay for liturgy, but what then? Again nothing? Probably just visiting church services is enough for somebody, but I wanted to learn to understand God. “Why I do not understand, Lord, where are You? I am already in my sixtieth year and I do not know, how many years are left. What will I answer You at the Last Judgment?”

The decision to go to Catechism class had come naturally. How difficult it was for him to teach us, former Pentecostals! So it has happened that three of us, at once, came from the Pentecostal church, and then three more people joined us. We did not arrange it. It just turned out



Olga with Pr. Kizyaev

this way. How hard it was to find out that everything we had been taught led only to seduction! What we heard in Catechism class completely changed the basis we stood on: that salvation is not dependent on how we “feel,” but rather on what Christ does. How difficult it was to realize that you are a terrible sinner, but so joyful and comforting to know and believe that there is the Gospel and that God accepts us and forgives.

In Pentecostal church outwardly we looked alive and abiding in Christ, but we were dead spiritually at the same time. We ate bread and drank grape juice; thinking that we belong to Christ and piously believing in it. Everybody could administer the Lord’s Supper, leaders trusted to say prayers over bread and grape juice to everybody who gained their sympathies, and all these were done in remembrance. It was all such was a seduction!

Thanks to the Lord we have been healed by His great mercy. Through the instruction in faith, we have understood that the Savior accepts us, gives us His great love in His sacraments, we take His love to us and Himself through the sacrament of Holy Communion. “*You have made known to me the paths of life; you will make me full of gladness with your presence*” (Acts 2:28).

And because of this healing we dare to enter sanctuary: “*Therefore, brothers, since we have confidence to enter the holy place by the blood of Jesus, by the new and living way*” (Hebrews 10:19).

On February 14, 2010 we became members of the Lutheran church. Pastor Igor Kizyaev taught us the

doctrine which changed everything; everything took its proper place. Difficulties of life have not left, but Peace which is above any mind, there exists.

I do not look for the new feelings, I learn to rely on Christ. I know and

I’m sure that the Lord stays in me – with me,

through the Word of Gospel and Holy Sacraments, which our Lord Jesus Christ grants to His Church on the earth.

Let the Lord keep all of us in this faith! ✕



Olga with parents

From the Editor: The Siberian Evangelical Lutheran Church (SELC) continues to grow and be a place where the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached and the Holy Sacraments provided for sinners seeking forgiveness and healing of body and soul. In the newsletters of [THE SIBERIAN LUTHERAN MISSION SOCIETY \(SLMS\)](#) the members of the SELC reveal their faith and hopes. They are Russians seeking an answer to challenges and problems in their lives. They are a people who have been called by Christ in the healing waters of Holy Baptism and fed by the holy precious food of His body and blood. They may speak a different language but they are all baptized in the name of the same LORD and eat and drink the same Jesus. These are a people who know the mission of the Church – a mission which begins and finds its conclusion in the Word and Sacraments properly administered. We invite you to read this newsletter with a prayer of divine grace for our Lutheran brothers and sisters in Siberia. Their challenges in a land of pagan Buddhism, shamanism, and atheism is great. Your prayers and continuing support is appreciated.

Articles and photographs from this newsletter may be reprinted for publicity purposes. Please give credit to the author and [THE SIBERIAN LUTHERAN MISSION SOCIETY \(SLMS\)](#). All donations may be sent to the [SLMS](#) c/o Mrs. Elizabeth Meyer, Treasurer/Secretary, 1460 University Ave., San Jose, CA 95126. For more information on how you can become involved in the work of the [SLMS](#), visit our website at www.siberianlutheranmissions.com