



Dear Partners,

In many ways, this fall seems the same. The staff planning retreat went off without a hitch. Full-time staff and young interns are full of energy as we kick off the new year. Students have moved in and stopped by our survey tables all around campus, thousands of pompoms were distributed at Camp Randall, and our first tailgate party (and Badger football win) of the year is under our belt.

Every fall is a new start, a blank slate, a fresh crop of freshmen and a year full of opportunities for sharing with students the life-changing goodness of Jesus. He wants to know them, fill them, transform them, and release them out to reach others. He does it every year and we look forward to how He will do it again this year. We can't believe we get to play a part, and we hope you feel that too through your prayer and financial support.

For me (Bonnie), this season feels different from all the rest. I'm going into my first Fall of life without my Dad. He passed suddenly on August 2 and grieving is hard. Sometimes it hurts that life just goes on as normal, as if nothing has changed. My Mom lost her life partner of 60 years in a tragic scene, while her son (my brother) performed CPR until paramedics arrived and nothing could be done.

I'm glad we made the trip back for Father's Day and again in July to celebrate the country my Dad loved with him at his favorite place on earth. The same place where he passed: their cabin on a lake "up north."

I wish you all could have met my Dad. After graduating from high school, he served 4 years in the United States Army, including three years in Germany. He loved to tell the stories. Following his service, he founded 2 successful family businesses and worked up until he died, always striving to keep his customers happy and deliver an exceptional product.

He was an outdoorsman who enjoyed hunting, fishing, boating, and snowmobiling, and spending time with his wife, children and grandchildren. He had a strong work ethic, incredible stamina, and a reputation as quite a prankster...always with a twinkle in his eye.

My Dad was buried at Fort Snelling National Cemetery, with my Mom receiving the folded flag in honor of his service.



I'm grateful that the same gracious God new freshmen will meet this fall is the same God who comforts our hearts and walks with us through the familiar seasons and the new, the joy and the pain.

And we're in awe of what the Lord is doing on our campuses this fall!

Some people wonder how we relaunch movements on several campuses for the new year.

Among other things: we gather people to pray. We release students and interns to train others. We help position people across campus to get the word out through chalking, tables, social media, and handing out thousands of pom poms to freshmen with a QR code to gather thousands of spiritual interest surveys. We text, and meet, and gather students, host house parties, bonfires, and 93 teams at a volleyball tournament (our biggest ever). We prepare students to lead Bible studies and share their faith. We work hard for weeks and trust the Lord will use it.

And then we celebrate.

We celebrate the small and big steps of faith. We celebrate that Beloit College and UW-Whitewater had record attendance at 34 and 257 people respectively, and 337 people attending the first Badger Cru meet-

ing at UW-Madison.

And we celebrate as messages come in of people hearing the gospel and responding through personal conversations and messages at our meetings.

Celebrate with us that students are saying “Yes” to Jesus. Just weeks in, and over 50 students have already told us that after hearing the gospel they put their trust in Christ!

Then we share the stories and the photos worth a thousand words and thank our wonderful partners for allowing us to do this work year after year. And we give Him the glory.

Thank You!

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