

## September 1988

Dear Family and Friends

It was the end of one of those weeks. You know the kind everyone has them occasionally. My back had gone out so that I could function only enough to get meals on the table. Kara had accidentally dropped and broken my special blue and white salt shaker, irreplaceable in this country. I broke our blender. . . invaluable for grinding coffee, mixing powdered milk, making mayonnaise and grinding wheat for porridge. Several other things had gone wrong too. When I mentioned to Bill not to worry, we all still have each other- his comment was, "Yeah, but you're only HALF here with your back out". That Saturday evening we decided I'd stay home with Drew to rest my back. Bill took the other three to Dilla for a big welcome back feast for the Bible school students. Just after getting ready for bed, a knock came on the door. Someone had been beaten very badly and he needed to go to the Dilla hospital. After miraculously locating a third key to our 4-wheel drive pick-up, I quickly asked the Lord to help my back. It was the first time I'd driven through the rain-slickened muddy streets of Chaffe town at night. After they loaded the man in the back on a bed made of hastily cut poles, it dawned upon me what God was teaching me. I had lost several things this week, this man was willing to give his life for the Lord's sake.

God has continually spoken to us this year through his people here. It's been so different than our first term. There have been many opportunities to minister and encourage. It has honestly become home to us. That's me (Grace) writing! While we miss family and friends, food and country, gone is the deep aching homesick feeling.

We just got back from dropping Drew, Ryan and Kara off at Bingham for school. We stayed to see them settle in well and happy. There were a few tears before we left, but when we actually said good-bye, Mom was the only one crying. The house is terribly empty, but we know they are where they should be and somehow God has given them and us special grace to go through it. At breakfast one morning Kara said "Oh, we are going to miss you". And Drew's comment was, "Yep, for awhile it's real sad, and then man it's fun!"

Pray for them, and for Kyle's and our adjustment without them. Also pray for us as we teach a three week Family Life course In October. We are really excited to do it. Pray we will teach Biblical values-not western ones. We really appreciate the wisdom of our former teachers, our parent's examples and Walter Trobisch's tremendous ability to apply biblical truth to African culture. If you've never read "I Married You" and "I Loved a Girl", you'd love it.

*Bill & Grace*