

dear one way,

sure seems quiet around here. I feel like a parent experiencing the "empty nest syndrome", and for the first time in a week, I can find my keys.

what a blessing to see what the lord has done with my old children's church kids.

thanks, pastor mark, for working with and preparing your youth group so well. I have to admit, I'm beginning to like teenagers.

I was a little concerned what the pastors and members in another culture would think of our youth in action. when the pastor's wife came in during night devotions and saw the worship on your faces, she needed no interpreter to know you were children of god.

I love you all pastor Bernard

To everyone,

When ministering in the last village, I found myself sitting on the ground talking to three native women, one 83, one 75, and the other 67.

As I sat and talked they smiled at me, some because my Spanish was bad, but mostly, because I was taking the time to talk to them.

They told me about their aches and pains, but laughed because they had beaten the odds and were still glad to be around. I told them we would soon be neighbors and they laughed some more, but I could see in their eyes they liked the idea.

A few weeks ago I stopped the truck to pick up two little old ladies, dressed in native garb, walking up the mountain. They kneeled in the back of the truck the entire trip, and kept crossing themselves. *Talk about back seat drivers!* I was amazed they were able to keep their balance the way the truck bounced up and down, to and fro. By the end of the ride, I knew I had made two new friends. When I helped them down out of the truck, they said, "How much?". "It's a gift from god!", I said, to which I received big smiles.

I hope to learn how to live the love of Christ. Taking time to respond to the people in the villages is a greater gift then giving them gifts and saying "adios".

In Christ Jesus,

Bernard and Trish