

## Grieving with Hope



by Becky Kew, AMARANTH, MB

I GOT THE NEWS from the arena staff at Sandy Bay that I was requested to move all of my things out of the **Good News Center** at the arena on the reserve - they wanted me out ASAP. They were already painting the room upstairs for office space, and giving away what I wasn't able to carry out. I have been really saddened by this and it brought back the rejection I experienced when they asked me to move out of the old GNC to the arena about 13 years ago, (*God trumped that because the arena was safer and I had way more youth there*). It also recalled the memories of the traumatic experience of being asked to leave the school because of a false accusation. God once again brought good out of that and a building was offered to me, which became **The Meeting Place** in Amaranth. I know that He will open up another door, but at the moment, I'm just feeling sad for the kids, disconnected from them over the last year, and also disappointed. Thousands of hours of safe, free activities have been given with a ton of love, in which I was able to *share* the Gospel and *show* it, over and over. I just feel so bad for the youth, there is nothing there but darkness for them now. I haven't heard of any offer to move the work elsewhere, it's so disheartening - *but God has allowed it. I am grieving...but I'm grieving with hope, because I know that God isn't finished with me - or them yet.*

Since moving out of the GNC, God answered prayer and gave me the idea of starting an **Intertribal Christian Fellowship group on FB**, for Christians who are Aboriginal. It is something in which I can encourage and help them to take a stand for truth with regards to the true Gospel. I have already met a lot of believers and it has been encouraging! The group had over 100 members in 3 days, with 250 followers (not members yet). **PLEASE PRAY** that we will be a mutual blessing to one another and that they will be a light to their lost fellow community members on the reserve and their families.

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*Somebody  
Prayed!*

*The day was long;  
the burden I had borne  
Seemed heavier  
than I could longer bear,  
And then it lifted -  
but I did not know  
Some one had knelt in prayer;*

*Had taken me to God  
that very hour,  
And asked the easing  
of the load, and He  
In infinite compassion  
had stooped down  
And taken it from me.*

*We cannot tell how often as we pray  
For some bewildered one,  
hurt and distressed,  
The answer comes -  
but many times those hearts  
Find sudden peace and rest.*

*Someone had prayed;  
and Faith, a reaching hand  
Took hold of God,  
and brought Him down that day!  
So many, many hearts  
have need of prayer  
- Oh, let us pray!*

- BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

## PLEASE PRAY FOR OTHER OUTREACHES INCLUDING:

• **The homeless camps in Winnipeg.** They were so thankful for food and a variety of other necessary things that we were able to provide. Best of all they all got a First Nations Bible. It was a joy to see some reading them. Lord willing, we will go back at the end of July, and until then collect more goods to give them.

• **Sandy Bay Radio.** *'The Storyteller'* program has been broadcasting since mid February! People are listening. The past two weeks a Cree woman was featured who was also a residential school survivor. It was a challenge to speak on it afterwards but the Lord gave help.



• **The Meeting Place.** When we are allowed 50 people in the building, we can start up our Sunday night outreach.

• **Distribution of 25000 texts.** I can drive to 50 of 64 reserves in Manitoba, visiting with the local people along the way. Please pray that God will bless this effort during such a volatile time for First Nations. There is a lot of anger out there and misunderstanding.

• **Encouragement/Discipleship** of Tayah, Danielle, Ariel.

**For the LORD God is a sun and shield: the LORD will give grace and glory: no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. PSALM 84:11** ■

## PLEASE PRAY –

from Joan Harvey,  
SAN LUIS RIO COLORADO,  
MEXICO

We ask for your continued prayer as we seek to return to our in person meetings and navigate in this new normal. Last July we stopped renting our little building where we have been since January 2011 and last week we signed a new contract to rent starting August 15th. We have been meeting in the house during COVID but the good news is that our numbers are growing again and we need more space. We will be busy cleaning, painting, and installing new AC units in the next little while.

Dan continues to enjoy working with the Drug Rehab center and making new contacts on the streets of SLRC. One of the brothers who has been delivered himself from this lifestyle is a great coworker and companion with Dan as he preaches and works. His name is Cristian Lizarraga - pray that the Lord preserves him. He is presently dating a lady in our assembly and we pray they will be preserved as they seek to serve the Lord together. Dan invites me to go with him on Fridays as he preaches to the men in the center. It gives me an opportunity to put a face to the many names and share in Dan's joy

and passion for this work. He often has me buying supplies for the men like basic toiletries, clothes, coffee, cookies etc.

I continue to have a zoom meeting with my ladies on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10am. We study the Word together and pray. I consistently have between 8-12 ladies join and have been encouraged by the growth and thirst for the Lord. Pray the Lord continues to help and guide in this ministry. My other days are filled with visits to the different believers in San Luis. Sometimes Dan and I go together and other times we divide and conquer. Continue to pray for unity in our assembly and a hunger for the word of God. Pray that we will continue to reach out in the community with the Gospel through a drop-in center for the homeless at our little Hall and the preaching of the gospel. We know that the message of the Gospel has the most power to change lives so we continue to help with food, shelter, and drug rehab - all with the desire to show them the love of God displayed at the Cross that met their deepest need.

One of our most spiritually mature male believers was diagnosed with liver and bone cancer in October of last year. God's presence has been so real as we walk this difficult road with them so we would appreciate your prayers for Catarino and Aurora Orozco. He is presently stable and without pain. He longs to spend his days being useful in serving in the assembly. He lives in Mexico and comes to Yuma for his cancer treatments and medical appointments. Their son also lives in Yuma, so many days in our week usually include meals at our home and a shuttle service to and from his appointments. ■

## PRAYER REQUESTS:

- **Catarino Orozco**...as he faces treatments for liver and bone cancer
- **Cristian Lizarraga** as he helps Dan in the street work and guidance for his future with Alicia
- **Unity and renewed passion to serve the Lord** in the new normal of this COVID world



**Catarino & Aurora Orozco**

- **Help to prepare the Hall** again and that it will be the birthplace of many souls in this coming year
- **Help as I continue to work with the ladies** and encourage them as they face the daily challenges of life

## 02. ACCEPTANCE

**E**XPERIENCE HAS TAUGHT ME that an inevitable part of being a missionary mother is the feeling of loneliness. Present in varying degrees at different times, loneliness can be a warning sign that I am isolating myself, but it can also simply indicate that I am living as a sojourner where there are divides and differences in culture that can never be crossed. Isolation is dangerous and should be resisted, but the inescapable moments of loneliness that come with cross-cultural living are best dealt with through **acceptance**, knowing that they are part of the sacrifice that God asks of us when we answer His call, leave the familiar, and move beyond our comfort zones.

During our first year in Chavuma, Zambia with four boys five years old and under, most days I didn't get past the clothes line, pegging out loads of diapers and laundry. Even without small children, life in developing countries where many missionary mothers serve is characterized by hard work. Housework is exponentially greater than here in Canada as dirt and insects abound. Food is prepared from scratch and is sometimes hard to find. The climate taxes energy levels. Power is not always available twenty-four hours of the day. Water needs to be boiled and cooled before it is safe to drink. In those early days in Zambia, the "mom" part of my role left little energy for the "missionary" part, and it would have been easier to focus

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on tasks of daily life and become isolated from those around me.

I'm thankful for the small goals I set for myself when I was almost overwhelmed by the newness of my overseas experience. I'm grateful for the Monday afternoons when I joined an older missionary lady to visit in nearby villages. Eventually, I started my own weekly Monday afternoon village trips when I would

tie our baby on my back, tuck our toddler in front of me, and drive our four-wheeler to a nearby village, stopping to walk and greet women who were pounding cassava and preparing their evening meal. Wednesday afternoons with the help of a Zambian lady, we cooked a meal of mush and relish and showed hospitality to believers from the local church. Biweekly Sunday afternoons I attended a ladies English Bible study and was able to get to know hospital staff who attended. If I hadn't pushed myself to reach out to others from the beginning, it would have been much harder later on.

In those days I struggled with significant loneliness. I was often home on my own as my husband was constantly on-call at the mission hospital. Once our fourth son was born, I didn't have the energy to progress in my language skills, and my ability to communicate adequately was limited. The Zambian peoples' lives are vastly different from anything I had known, and they obviously had no concept of where I had come from. Still, I longed to connect on

some level with people around me and live Christ before them despite obstacles.

One Sunday afternoon in Chavuma, I had a pivotal experience that shaped how I view loneliness. It was the time of day near to the equator where the temperature cools almost imperceptibly and the sun starts its rapid descent to the western horizon. We had stepped out of an English gospel service onto the edge of the dirt roundabout that brings one to the mission hospital at the top of Chavuma Hill. My gaze was caught by two women who were slowly walking toward the road descending the hill. The older woman came first, carrying something in her hands that looked like a cloth-covered dish. The younger woman came after. I assumed that they had been at the hospital, bringing food to an inpatient. For some reason I walked across the road to speak to them, clapping my hands and greeting them in the customary Luvale manner. The older woman indicated the bundle she was carrying in her hands and simply stated, "The child has died." I realized that it was not a dish of food she was carrying, it was a dead baby. They were making their way slowly down to the foot of the hill to the burying place. There, a male family member would meet them, having prepared a hole in the dry, rocky soil. After they placed the small body in the hole and filled it in with dirt, they would heap stones on top to stop dogs from clawing through. Thankfully, I had enough Luvale to appropriately express "this is a hard thing" and the ladies continued on their way.

As I reflected on that experience, I realized that I will **never** fully un-

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derstand what it is to be a mother and woman in a culture so different than my own - **and that is alright.** There are aspects of culture that cannot be crossed no matter the efforts I take to not isolate myself, no matter the endeavours I make to speak another's heart language, no matter the lengths I go to to under-

stand another's history. I still must humbly learn, adapt, and demonstrate love and empathy. I **can** display Christ to those He has sent me to serve despite inevitable cultural divides. Two long-ago writers, Amy Carmichael and Hannah Hurnard, both wrote poems titled, "*In Acceptance Lieth Peace*". I have found this

description to be true when loneliness comes from never quite being understood or fully known. As I have lived cross-culturally as a missionary mother, **I have experienced God's peace when I have accepted my loneliness, offered it back to Him, and trusted Him to carry it for me.** ■



Missionary mothers around the world need your faithful prayer support. Have you reached out to one of these mothers to let her know that you are committing to pray for her? Based on this article, what are some good, open-ended questions you can ask a missionary mother about how she has coped with the experiences of isolation and loneliness on the field?

**PLEASE PRAY -**  
from Sylvia Nase,  
TIRANA, ALBANIA



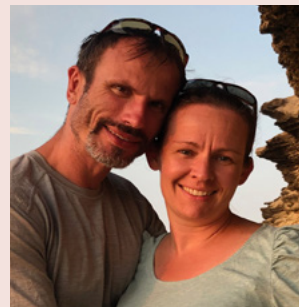
This month sees a number of our staff transition out of the clinic, a Family Doctor

to Greece, a palliative nurse to Denmark and a physiotherapist on maternity leave with a view of moving on to the USA.... These are heavy losses for us, though we know they each will be a blessing in their respective new fields of service. The west continues to attract healthcare professionals as they have little in the way of incentive to stay in

Albania, opportunities await them elsewhere and having been trained by us at ABC they are at a particular advantage. Unfortunately, there is an ever dwindling number of Christian healthcare professionals choosing to stay. Please pray especially for those who have chosen to take the more arduous path of staying in Albania, that they will have wisdom in their respective specialties as they try to influence and speak truth to an otherwise corrupt and bureaucratic system, that they will be encouraged to continue upholding high standards of care and practice, that Christian professionals in the west will reach out to help support, mentor and train them and that through it all the nation of Albania will be transformed by their living testimony. ■

**PLEASE PRAY -**  
from Elizabeth  
Simonyi-Gindele  
ANGOLA / CANADA

On July 11 Samuel is booked to fly back to Angola for at least five weeks. The priority for this visit is renewing our "temporary permanence" visas. Although we have no plans for me to travel back to Angola in the next few years, it would be valuable to maintain my visa status. Pray that officials will allow Samuel to apply on my behalf and that they will grant me a visa renewal despite my absence from the country. ■



Click [HERE](#) to watch the May 17 session recording - if you missed it or want to see it again!

**Save the Date!** Our next online session is tentatively planned for **September 20**. Mark your calendar, and in the meantime, stay updated on our Instagram page, and through this monthly newsletter!

**Give...** If you would like to financially support these women or others on the field, you can do so securely through the following websites:

[WWW.MSCCANADA.ORG](http://WWW.MSCCANADA.ORG)

[WWW.GOSPELTRUST.CA](http://WWW.GOSPELTRUST.CA)

1 THESSALONIANS 5:11

Therefore  
encourage one  
another and build  
one another up...