



April 17, 2010

Living Waters Kenya Trip

April 9

As the aircraft emerges from the thick turbulent clouds that engulfed the New York skyline my breath is taken away. The site before me jolts and soothes my senses as almost never before. It is transition time between daytime and dusk and the sugar white billow tops of cumulous clouds swept by as the setting sun in the west creates a spectrum of color I have never witnessed. To the east the color layers are deep purple and without defined lines transformed into multiple layers and shades of blue, violet, mauve, pink, orange and finally a transparent-like darkness. This whole injection of beauty only lasted long enough for me to know I must take it in and remember the footprint of beauty in my mind.

The Sabbath is just beginning and such an appropriate transformation from the insanity of the busy airports, the long days and sleepless nights and the pure exhaustion I have experienced. My trip agenda started 90 hours earlier and due to cancelled flights, and plan changes I have had about 12 hours sleep. I can now settle into the overnight flight to Zurich. We are late arriving into Zurich and I am met by a International Agent to run me directly from one end of the terminal to the other end. "No time to stretch or stop, just hurry," she said. I made the connection in 15 minutes and was the last on the plane as the doors shut. My luggage with all of my tools was not so lucky, they were to remain in Zurich until the next flight, two days later.

April 14

I swat the cockroach off of my neck as I sit in a small pub just 10 feet away from where a "specialized mechanic" is attempting to repair the rental vehicle. Five hours into my drive to Kawanga the strange sounds coming from the vehicle has even caught the attention of the driver. I had alerted him to this situation at the beginning of our trip and he kept telling me "this is normal" of which I kept telling him "this is not normal - there is something wrong". It is about 105 degrees inside the small room where I am shaded from the scorching sun. I sit on a small seat with a dirt and worn cushion as I take my time drinking a soda. The pub has three tables covered with dirty tablecloths and the locals generously offer me some of their lunch which consists of fish heads, ugali, and fried bananas. I watch the "specialized mechanic" as he jacks up the vehicle and with tools laying in the dirt removes the brakes, which are tossed into the dirt. Someone in the pub lights a cigarette and my options are to endure the smell of smoke inside or stand outside in the sun enduring the smell of smoke.

No more than two miles on our way we are alerted to the same sounds that took us to the "specialized mechanic". No time to return and really no reason since we had just spent money on a brake repair that had not fixed anything. As is the case in every thing I do, I continue to rely on faith.

I am two hours behind schedule which means I can not reach the last ferry of the day that crosses Kisumu Bay. My route around the big bay takes an additional three hours driving time in torrential rains.

The road is muddy and rushing water obscures most of the defined road and potholes big enough to take a bath in. I arrive three hours after dark but am thankful my eighteen hour day of heat, jostling and jolting is finished.

April 15

The children at the feeding center greet me with dancing and chanting. I bring greetings to them from you and they all clap and say "thank you for helping them". They also send their greetings. I find all things at the feeding center are well. There are fewer children this week as the schools are closed for official holidays. The gardens are producing wonderfully with collard plants waist high. I ate my first banana from the producing trees and it was like an explosion of sweet flavor in my mouth. I have never eaten a banana that even remotely compared to the mellow yet intense flavor. Tomatoes, butternut squash, onions, carrots and watermelon are growing. The watermelons weigh approximately 40 pounds. Today they planted beets and more carrots. The solar operated water system is working without missing a stroke and has required generator

power only once. The underground water aquifers seem to be recharged as the end of the “long rains” are nearing.

April 17

Yesterday I was challenged to partially unload and organize the 20,000 plus metal pieces that are for the One Day Church building project. I was looking for the specific metal stakes that are the first to be used in the construction of these churches. I worked for several hours inside the container where temperatures must have exceeded 110 degrees. At the end of the day the workers were relieved when the “mzungu” stated, “we are finished for the day”. As is generally the case here, my days extend into sixteen hours of non-stop activity. At my room I shower and relish the idea that I now will have a long awaited and well deserved rest.

It is Sabbath and I will take this opportunity to rest with no agenda planned. I will meet with friends, do some reading, rest and have a chance to provide a live mission report over the phone to my local SDA church in Payson, Arizona.

I believe God has led me to this project which continues to expand. I have been asked by Maranatha to erect 14 churches in the Masai region of southern Kenya. For the most part this is an “unentered area” for Christianity and this opportunity will have a significant role in spreading the “Good News” to every tribe, nation and people.

Please pray for this project and for me to have wisdom, strength, health and understanding in proceeding with all that I have been led to do. The challenges are ever changing and it is only by the Grace of God that anything here is accomplished and oh yes, it is by His grace nothing is accomplished without the financial support from all of you the donors. Thank you for your sacrifice and please pray to know how you can continue to best support this ministry.

Until the next “Out of Africa” report, I work and rest in Gods hands.

Daryl

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