



January 30, 2010

“Out of Africa” Part Two



While sitting here listening to the birds of Africa serenade me with chirps and song I’m taking time to reflect on my experiences over the past three weeks. I leave tomorrow and am looking forward to reuniting with Mary Jo, my friends and family, yet there is an awareness of so much to do here. I know there will always be more to do than my life time will get done and I hope someone, someday will continue to carry the torch that was begun in our ministry almost five years ago.

The container holding the thirty seven church structures is due to arrive at the feeding center tomorrow. It seems to always be the case that I just do not quite complete all of my objectives before I must return. There is a lesson for me in that, which I sometimes find hard to accept. I am constantly reminded that I must trust and things in Kenya are not based solely on my efforts.

I am excited about starting the new medical clinic at the feeding center. The foundation and slab will be complete when I return and we will be ready to erect the metal frame and roof. The medical clinic will be combined with a guest house.

The clinic has been designed to accommodate those with a desire to do short term medical mission work. It will provide housing which will include a shower, flush toilet and running water in the kitchen and clinic. It will have two bedrooms and a sitting room. It will provide free accommodations for those who desire to come and serve. This will be a real blessing to the community who know receive very limited services. It is an additional opportunity for the local people to see the power and love of God in a real and meaningful way. This project is being funded in part from ASI, a Seventh-day Adventist organization of business professionals and laymen whose goal is to “Share Christ in the Market Place”, Maranatha International and by specific donor contributions.

I spent several days working in the Central Kenya Conference with Jones Misimba doing site visits for church building locations. This single conference covers one third of Kenya with a population of sixteen million. It stretched five hundred miles north and south and 400 miles east to west with 960 church groups and only 350 churches. The need is so great that the thirty seven structures will serve a limited number of congregations.



Well Drilling

My travels in two days covered 570 miles with 12 locations visited. I again found myself in very distant remote areas where the destinations often were a 40 kilometer drive one way. I was witness to see where church buildings had been destroyed from the

political chaos two years ago and privileged to be part of helping to rebuild a sanctuary where they can again worship God.

The most touching site location so far has been Kikopey. This is a refugee camp where thousands of people live who lost everything they had to warring factions in the post-election chaos. It was an unplanned site visit at the end of a long and grueling day. The sun had set when we arrived and it would still be a three hour drive back to Nairobi. As we entered the camp I was immediately struck with an emotion I can not pen. There were white refugee tents many of which were weather torn and ragged. It was windy and a white dust seemed to cover everything and everybody. Children played soccer in a dusty field while most adults were preparing for whatever the evening meal would produce. We met with a small group of people who were in the process of buying a small plot of land on which to erect a church. In this camp there is no official church, school or clinic. I guess if you know me, you can see the gears in my mind turning. As I looked at the black children covered in white dust, white teeth shining through a broad grin and the desperation and hope in their eyes it was all I could do to keep from weeping. I had just a small glimpse of what drives aid workers into territories around the world always risking their lives and often losing them. We watch this stuff on CNN and become numb to the realities that these are individuals who once had homes, hopes, dreams, families and led productive lives. Now they survive because tents and little else has been provided. What a great mission field. Does any body care to join me in extending the love of Jesus to these people?



Fresh Water

Another touching incidence was spending the day with one of the station directors. He has 26 pastors and 200 churches under his supervision. While passing through a typical dirty bustling village he remarked “this is my home area” which means it is where he was born and raised. He continued to point out “just over there” is where my family lived. His 95 year old father was hacked to death during the political chaos and his mother escaped by a miracle. They were unable to claim the father’s remains because of the strife and danger. The family has never returned home even though the unrest has settled somewhat. He said it was the second time they have lost everything. Pastor Samuel is still working through the difficult process of forgiveness, but sits on a governmental commission for reconciliation with those who were warring against each other. God has used this tragedy to place him in a position of demonstrating Gods forgiveness.

These are experiences that most of us in America will never have and I am so privileged that God has changed my life from total disaster and destruction to a life given to His service. I have had experiences that many can not imagine. I hope through my communications to you, you will not see me as doing anything grand or great, but that you will see how God will use ordinary people, people without any special training, people who have the same everyday challenges as others, and have had their life changed into an experience that is grander and more rewarding than anything I could have ever dreamed.

Mine is only an example of what God can and will do if we only ask him to lead in our life and then do our best to follow where He leads. It is not about me or what I have done. It is all about the mercy, saving grace and pure incredible love of God that makes a change in us. All we have to do is submit our will to Him and he will lead us down paths we can not imagine. Everyone will have a different path, but everyone will receive the same power to succeed in following the route which God has set for them.

I encourage each one of you to consider where you are today and ask yourselves if you are truly content with your life just as it is. If your answer is yes, then you have already been blessed, but if you desire more peace, contentment and joy, just simply ask God to take over. If you submit to Him, he will give you more than you could ever dream.

Tuesday February 2

I arrived home after uneventful flights that took forty hours. The container arrived four hours before I was to depart Kaswanga and presented us with incredible challenges on removing a twenty two ton container that was not on rollers and no crane, forklift or front end loader. Suffice it to say we had to empty the container of thousands of parts, pull the container off with a fully loaded lorry and repack the container. It is safely in place and I am safely home. Unfortunately two of our workers received serious lacerations while handling all of that sheet metal and had to be taken for sutures. Lots of leather gloves are on the list for the next trip. Thank you for all of your prayers and support. God is so good.

Daryl

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