

1 July 2010

“The Lord your God carried you, as a man carries his son” Deuteronomy 1:31, NKJV. And God assures us, “Even to your old age, I am He, and even to gray hairs I will carry you! I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you” Isaiah 46:4, NKJV. What a precious reminder that our Father, our Heavenly Father is committed to being there to carry us and deliver us. He loves us and promises to be there for us. So, when the path gets rocky and the lights seem to grow dim, know that He is still

God’s Provision to His Faithful Servant

“When Kawede's wobbly legs came back ... he made his way ... to the now crippled truck.”

Uganda

Muhindo Kawede knows what it means to be scared. In his life, *scared* has come to visit more often than any of us would like to know. It was traumatic enough for Kawede as a Congolese jungle boy who had to run from his grass hut home and from his angry, panga (machete) swinging father. Kawede had done the unthinkable. He had crossed the line. The whole family was in harms way. The ancestral spirits were really going to be on the war



path now, just because Kawede had stepped out all alone and accepted Jesus Christ to come and redeem him from all this dark and ugly superstition and fear. Dad never let Kawede come back home.

Kawede again stood scared when he as a young, future Bible School student who was led by God to confront his lo-

cal Congolese Baptist Church leadership. They were siphoning off donated funds from the Western Churches to build extra houses for themselves. When Kawede humbly shared that this was unethical and was not godly behavior, the Church leadership withdrew all of the promised Bible school fees for Kawede's education. Kawede again accepted the harsh consequences for following the truth of God's word in his heart. If Bible school was in Kawede's future, he would have to pay his way by standing on hot, dusty and busy street corners with a large flat woven basket on his head full of sweets, hoping and praying to sell these to the passersby.

God used each of these and many other opportunities to trust in order to prepare Kawede for what was to come next.

In 1982 at the tender age of 20, Kawede packed his one ragged old bag with all his worldly belongings hoping to end up at a Baptist Bible School in **Butembo, Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC)**. He paid his few small zaires to purchase a chance to squeeze into the back of an African lorry (truck). This basic means of transporting the poor had its capacity over-sold, which is



not really all that unusual for Africa. There was a bit of shouting and shoving as they all tried to make sure they were not going to be left behind. Kawede remembers being so tightly squeezed in that he struggled to breathe underneath the deep blue sky of a hot and humid Congolese morning.

What happened next was one of the most scared times in Kawede's young life. He tells it this way, *"As we approached Rumangabo barracks which was 30km (18.6 miles) from my home town, we heard gunshots, which left most of us in terrible fear and confusion. Suddenly, the rebels jumped out from a nearby banana plantation. 'Stop the truck,' shouted one of the rebels. He then fired several gunshots into the air. A cold shiver of fear went down my spine and in the confusion we all fled for our lives into the banana plantation, everyone taking his own direction. I secured myself a good position behind a big banana tree. I was breathing so hard that I could hear my heart pounding from*

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Zambia

Ministry is always full of surprises. Just ask **Tim and Ashley Keller** how their last couple of months have been. The African Factor, as Ashley calls it, is ever present in the day to day people exchanges. Add to that the malaria, German measles, various other health challenges, and blown engines in remote places and you have your days filled with opportunities to really trust in our Lord and Savior.

Tim is passionate about training and discipling the Zambian people in God's truths. Last month Tim and Ashley loaded up their Toyota Hilux Surf with two small kids, **Abby Kutz**, a short term missionary, Christian books and literature and took off on a two week trip into the Zambian bush to teach and train those that thirst for God's sanctification.

Ashley shares, *"Over the weekend Timothy, Abby, and I all had opportunities to speak, teach, and minister.... Aside from preaching, Timothy was able to spend time training teachers and pastors and distribute a lot of Bibles and school materials. Abby taught her first lesson to Africans, she did a great job negotiating the language barrier."*

"Monica always astonishes our African friends with her confidence and ingenuity. Frederick was truly the prince of



Tim teaching God's word

the party, as he was passed from lap to adoring lap all throughout our trip. I don't think his little body touched the ground for two solid weeks."

On the way back to their home base in **Kabwe, Zambia**, the Kellers realized that baby Frederick had contracted German measles (GM). GM in the states are almost non-existent, but in Africa, they are known as a killer. With proper meds, one can deal with this killer, even in young children. Ashley shared that she has now contracted the same measles from Frederick.

In addition to the health issues, Tim, Ashley and the gang were stranded with a blown engine in a remote village in Eastern Province. With AAA road side assistance not being an option, they found themselves stranded for days until they could get hold of a Good Samaritan to come and

rescue them.

Tim and Ashley are making a big difference with their teaching and discipleship ministry in Zambia. They are using the books and Bibles that many of you donated to make a lasting impact on the next generation of teachers and leaders.

You can follow the Keller's exciting and crazy life by going to their blog at <http://kellersc23.com/blog>. You can help them by partnering in the distribution of these precious books and Bibles. Also, if there is anyone that feels led to help the Kellers buy an engine, please let us know as soon as possible so we can get them going again.

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my chest and at the same time calling to God for help."

While Kawede and the other businessmen travelers hid behind the large banana trees and other dense foliage of the Congo jungle, the rebels were going through as many of the bags and luggage as they could, hoping to raise their only chance of getting income.

Soon a Congolese military Captain and his men showed up and returned fire, scaring off all but the unlucky rebels who were captured and as Kawede puts it, "...he then had the captured rebels flogged so hard!"

When Kawede's wobbly legs came back and also his desire to try and recover his only possessions, they pushed him out from behind the banana tree, and he made his way back to the now crippled truck. The Captain looked at Kawede and sternly commanded this "kijana" (boy) to pick up an additional suitcase and help carry it from the scene of the attack to wherever the other, now thinned out travelers were going.

Finally, after a long, long walk down this dusty and remote jungle-lined dirt road, they finally reached **Rutshuru**, a small trading center village made up of many straw and mud huts. After a couple of days waiting for someone to come and claim the extra suitcase, Kawede decided to open it hoping to find some identification. Imagine Kawede's shock when upon opening the case, he found nothing but stacks and stacks of Congolese currency. There was more money

Kawede had ever seen. Without counting it or even handling it, Kawede guessed there was enough to make him an instant African millionaire.



Thoughts raced through Kawede's mind, *"... I was so confused and filled with fear. My fleshy desires of greed started rising and voices started telling me to go back home and quit studying, after all I was rich! I wrestled with so many thoughts in my mind. Should I go back home? Should I look for the owner? I had a big conflicting loyalty. The Holy Spirit convinced me not to touch the money."*

"The next morning, I went about town to check if someone had complained about a lost suitcase. I overheard several people complaining that a particular group of businessmen had lost a suitcase. I asked them to show me the people. I found them in great grief and then told them that I had the bag. We went to my room and they made me stay while the[y] counted all the sheets [bills]. They were shocked and amused of how a young man like me would not run away with the money [\$100,000 USD equivalent]," Kawede said.

"I knew in my heart that God was testing me to see if I wanted money [and an easy life] or if I wanted to do ministry. I chose ministry."

When the businessmen took Kawede back to his own village to roast a couple of goats and throw a feast to honor Kawede's honesty, all Kawede received from this was disdain and ridicule from his fellow church members and from his father. They made sure that Kawede knew,



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Greetings Team,

What a year it has been...both in our ministry and in our personal lives. God is so faithful. God is so gracious and merciful to use such flawed tools as we are continually reminded.

The enemy knows that time is short and wants to cause as much disruption as is possible. The wonderful thing is that God continually is in the business of working His plan. He is not in the least concerned by the perceived road blocks that we sometimes trip over.

ITMI's fiscal year ends at the end of August. As I look back over the last year I am humbled by being reminded of all that ...we... have partnered in. We launched **Tim and Ashley** into full time ministry in Zambia. We have continued to support Kawede's work at the **International School of Missions (ISM)** and in August they will have their first ever graduation. We also are in the final stages of purchasing 10 acres of land that will, Lord willing, be the future and expanded home of ISM.

In Poland we have upheld and empowered **Piotr Zaremba** to complete the long awaited Polish translation and printing of the much loved book of Psalms. Also in Poland, Richard Nungesser's leadership and teaching in the **Poznan International Church** is making Kingdom ripples in countries all around the world.

Please consider doubling your commitment to praying and standing with us as we seek to be willing tools in God's hands. The power you have at your disposal through prayer is a vital link in our ability to "...**go into all the nations...and make disciples.**" What a team we are. As God unites us in His work and His family, "...we are MORE than conquerors." Blessings on you.



Steve Evers



Best Friend

"Daddy, I haffa tell you somthin'." "What is it, Emma?" "I love you." "I love you, too, Emma. More than you know." "Daddy, you my best fwend!" "You're my best friend, too, Emma." "But you my best fwend first."

I started to disagree, but left her with a big hug and a kiss on the head instead. It's tough to debate a soon to be 4-year old. I could say, "Emma, you're wrong." But she'd just tilt her head and respond with a confident sing-song lilt in her voice, "Noooo, I'm not."

When it comes to being best friends, Emma thinks she picked me first. In her mind, it was all her idea. A decision she made and allowed me the privilege of being part of. "You my best fwend first." Of course, it wasn't that way. We adopted Emma and her twin sister Annie. It was our decision to make them part of our family. Our choice. We picked them.

Emma thinks it was all her idea, this best friend business. She's too young to understand that it was just the opposite.

She doesn't understand what her Daddy felt like the first time he saw her tiny three pound fourteen ounce frame and feel the life changing reality of realizing that little bundle would be coming home with him to stay. She's too young to understand the thrill and the fear and the wee hour bleary-eyed wonder with which her Daddy gazed at her, night after night after night.



Emma thinks she chose me. Of course, I know otherwise. I laugh at Emma's short sighted self-confidence. But I wonder...

How often does God laugh at me for the same reason? How often does He shake His head and smile at my myopic ideas? Truth be told, how often do I "choose God"? Too often, I fear.

Though my head knows the correct theological answer that God chose me first, my actions sometimes show otherwise. I choose God to be my best friend when it's convenient for me. God is my idea that I move around in my schedule. On Sundays I move Him up on the priority list. It's His day, after all. But Monday to Saturday God sometimes gets shuffled around like an appointment I know I need to keep, but can't commit to. So I choose to slide Him down or slide Him up if I have an opening or when I'm in a pinch.

All the while forgetting that God being my best friend wasn't my idea. It was His. He chose me. His idea first.

Someday I hope Emma and Annie will understand how much I love them. I hope they will understand that I gladly chose them to be part of my family. To be my kids. To live fully and enjoy everything I have to offer them. I hope they someday realize my unconditional, unwavering, fiercely protective, never ending love for them.

God probably hopes that someday I will understand that, too.

"We love because God first loved us." – 1 John 4:19
-Todd Thompson

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from their perspective, he was a "fool for not being a millionaire and he would die a poor man."

God has blessed Kawede for his faithfulness and desire for righteousness. We are reminded of the truth in **Jeremiah 29:11** - "For I know the plans that I have for you, declares the Lord, plans for welfare and not for calamity to give you a future and a hope."

In January of 2007 **In Touch Mission International (ITMI)** with your partnership, helped Kawede have hope and a future by launching the **International School of Missions (ISM)**

in **Kampala, Uganda**. Kawede has been consumed with the calling to train up needy and un-schooled pastors and church leaders. They are making a difference in the lives of these pastors who are better equipped to combat the enemy and the many evil spirits they come in contact with on a daily basis.

Again, with the help of dear ITMI supporters, in April of this year, we were in final stages of a multiple year project of helping ISM fulfill a life dream of having land of their own so they can expand the school's ministry. However, that was put on hold because Kawede got really sick.

It became apparent to us at ITMI that Kawede was going to die if he didn't get treatment soon. Kawede had been diagnosed with kidney stones. A couple of large ones in his right kidney had already started to cause the kidney to swell and shut down. Kawede felt the pain in his insides, not only from the kidney stones, but also from the reality that he had no funds that would allow him to deal with this life sapping ailment.



A Reminder of God's provision

Kawede didn't just sit down and prepare to die, he took this need to his, always faithful, heavenly Father. He also asked ITMI's team to stand with him in prayer. Then he did what any other African would do, he went to his [extended] "family" and inquired if they would pool their funds and help him get treatment. In

African culture it is common and expected that other family members and even friends help a "needy brother" when needs arise.

Kawede's family, still full of distain

and ridicule told him in no uncertain terms that they would not help the "fool who had a chance to be a millionaire" [and probably help them], and who was now, as they had predicted, "going to be a poor man all his life."

In African culture, with no other options for help, this is where a sick person starts to make plans for leaving this world.

ITMI has not been called by God nor resourced to meet the health needs for all of African life. However, God did lead us to "serve and empower nationals" as they faithfully serve God in their communities. And God led us to communicate Kawede's current health need to our ITMI support team.

Kawede's treatment would not be a simple trip to the local out-patient clinic. Kawede had three options; do nothing and die, or stay in Kampala and have the

stones cut out through general surgery. This was to be avoided at all cost due to the greatly increased opportunity for secondary infection and the anticipated extended recovery, even under the best of conditions. The third option was to have Kawede and Lillian, his wife, go to Nairobi and be treated with a non-invasive ESWL ultrasonic machine. This would require multiple treatments of bombarding the hard stones with focused and intense ultrasound waves that have proven to crumble the hard kidney stones.

Kawede's voice and emails became more and more somber as he was coming closer and closer to the realization that he could never in his life pay for this medical treatment. He also knew he didn't have the usual family support system that could be called upon to keep him alive. Humanly speaking, the final chapter was being written.

God loves Kawede and has proven His faithfulness to Kawede through many difficult life experiences. God loves you.



Your Gift to Kawede...

He allows us to be used as His tools to minister together for the good of Kingdom work. Please come back next month to get the final details of

God's provision for one of His dear servants.

We thank you for helping us "serve and empower" godly nationals. Please know that we could not do it without you, your prayers and support. May God be honored and glorified in the sacrifices of His saints.

-Steve Evers

For Praise . . .

1. **Charl van Wyk:** Praise that he and his whole family made it safely into the U.S.
2. **Kellers:** Praise that God is empowering them in the midst of health and mechanical challenges.
3. **Kawede:** Praise for God's continuing, faithful provision and healing.
4. Praise and blessings for all the faithful team members that help us empower and support the nationals.

For Prayer . . .

1. **Kellers** - Protection from the attacks of the enemy as they minister effectively in Zambia.
2. **Brooke Nungesser:** God's special hand of protection in her pregnancy and associated challenging health issues.
3. Help and direction as we seek to support nationals who take the gospel to their people on unreached Pacific islands.



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