

RWANDA TRAVEL DIARY, May 2, 2019, noon

It started early. At 3:50 am the alarm went off. Out the door with Lelia in tow to the Shae's house five minutes away. She was at her door with her luggage and ready to go. This is my great-grand-niece's second time to Rwanda. She's a veteran has moved through it all like a professional. Luggage in trunk and on to the Portland airport by 4:50. A great relief that our luggage was seven pounds underweight. We made our 6 am Alaska Airline flight to San Francisco by 7:30. Gratefully it was short. The lady next to me was sleeping all over seat with big twitches and her head flopping on my shoulder.

During our three-hour layover in San Francisco Shae and I shared a breakfast and coffee. Chris showed up on-time, but was heart-broken. He'd left his beloved I-Pad at home! After his wife, Liz, and his dog, Jody, that I-Pad is his heart's most-beloved. He supposed that he had left it charging. But when we arrived in Rwanda, Liz solved the mystery. She emailed that at first, she couldn't find it charging in the house. But the next day, a neighbor brought it to the door, having found by the curb on the corner of their street. Chris had apparently left it on the hood of car, and it flew off as they took the corner. I remember this happening once before. A couple visits ago, the I-Pad was left on the roof of Pastor David's car when we loaded our luggage for the three-hour drive from Kigali Airport to the Lighthouse. Half-way down we found that its magnetized case had kept it firmly attached to the roof of the car over all the bumpy roads. It was a miracle! This time Chris was not so blessed. But he's accepting the tragedy well. God will somehow help him get through a mission even in the absence of his "do-everything-gadget".

So, in San Francisco Chris added seven pounds of stuff from his bag into ours and we were fully loaded. The nine-hour United flight to London was packed. I sat next to a friendly couple from Birmingham, England. They were returning from their vacation in California. They had rented a car and drove along the coast from San Diego to San Francisco and had a glorious time. Nine hours is a long time in a sardine can! I watched several movies including the classic: "On the Waterfront". It was interesting to hear Marlon Brando deliver his famous lines to his older brother. "It was on you, Charlie. I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender. You made me throw that fight and get a one-way ticket to Palookaville. You was my bruder. You shouda watched out for me." The layover in London was long and I got out my laptop and worked on my PowerPoint for the conference. Then the three-hour flight on Turkish Airline to Istanbul. We only had a ninety-minutes at the new Istanbul Airport. Chris said it had just opened and he read that it was the largest airport in the world now. I can believe it! We had to run for thirty minutes to get to the gate for the flight to Kigali. We arrived just as the red "Last Call" sign was flashing. That flight was the toughest. I gave Shae one of my Costco sleeping pills and I took two. I dozed a little bit during the final six hours of the 36-hour journey from door to door to the other side of world.

Jane and her husband met us at midnight as we exited the Kigali Airport. It was good to see her again. She was the hostess of our student houses for over five years as we transitioned into the Lighthouse. Then she married and moved up to Kigali. She works for a non-profit correspondence university but is still of the Come and See Rwanda board. They have two kids and she looked good and happy. Franc and David then met us, packed up our luggage, and hustled us over the Presbyterian hotel. At last, a shower and a bed and eight hours of sleep backed with non-stop dreaming due to a combination of anti-malaria medication and missed REM sleep.

Tuesday morning we were pretty rummy. But we perked up pretty quick when we met the energized outgoing team. Makeesha Allen Ministries found out about Come and See Africa on the internet and contacted us last November. She is the CEO of her own non-denominational ministry in Orlando Florida that emphasizes women's entrepreneurial businesses, evangelism, and out-reach to the poor. Her team included three other African-American women from Atlanta, Jacksonville, and Orlando. They also recruited a young man about to graduate from Central Florida University to document the ministry. Boy, were they pumped! They had ministered through conferences to pastors and their wives and to university students. They also had several mass evangelism evening meetings, networking with most of the churches in Huya. They enthusiastically insisted that they would be returning next year for two weeks.

It was great fellowship throughout breakfast at the hotel, lunch in a very fine restaurant, and last-minute shopping stop for them. After talking with the women, it brought to mind the movie and book "Hidden Figures". I had watched and read them in the last year. It's about the African-American female "computers" that were hire to complete the complex math required for developing aeronautics during WW2 and onto NASA and the astronauts in the 1960's. One of the ladies from Makeesha's team told me that she would be attending her nieces graduation shortly after she returned. Her niece was 17 and graduating from both high school and college and applying for medical school. Wow! While they shopped, jet-lag hit me hard and I crashed in the back seat of David's car. We then dropped Makeesha's team off at the airport and took the three hour drive south to Huye.

We also shared our lunch with Dr. Garry Friesen. What an amazing man! He was the professor of Bible at Multnomah School of the Bible in Portland for 37 years. When he "retired" he joined Africa New Life and moved to Rwanda. He's been working with their seminary for five years and establishing Pastor training curriculum to meet the new government standards. But his present passion is "ABC" – African Bible in Community. For the past couple years, he's been encouraging the expansion of a ministry with a very simple concept. Christian's gather and read out loud books of the Bible to each other. He started this out in on the Multnomah campus as "Bible Marathons". It works very well in the African context of oral learning. They get through large chunks of the Bible at once, with short prayers between. The big surprise was when Garry told us that he is applying for Rwandan citizenship. He decided that he would live out the rest of his life in Rwanda and wanted to buy a house. It is a challenging endeavor because it is a rare occurrence. They apparently will approve you if you'll bring a lot of money into the country. The first bureaucrat asked him if he owned any schools or hospitals. Garry told him "no" and that very few people do. It will be interesting to see what comes of his plan.

Kigali is only gets more impressive with each visit. More beautiful multi-story buildings, wider-better roads, cleaner streets, better clothed and busy-busy people. As we drove Pastor David and I discussed the political situation in Rwanda 25 years after the genocide. Its economy is the best in east

Africa. But relations with the neighboring countries are strained. Both the Ugandan and Burundian governments don't appreciate President Kagami's lectures to them about corruption and good governance. At present a Rwandan is being held in Uganda on charges of spying. Things are tense at the borders. Please pray that it won't affect any of the international students that will be trying to cross them for our conference next week

We arrived late at the Lighthouse Tuesday night and made a quick tour before eating a late supper and crashing. The hotel looks good. They added some pretty lights. But the biggest change was to the top-floor restaurant/ conference room. Franc's wife's niece had a wedding there last year. They decorated it with a red and white canvas ceiling and trim. It looked so nice they decided to keep it. It has kind of a circus look. It blocks some of the light, but the colors are bright, and it significantly improved the acoustics.

Wednesday and today were open, supposedly to allow rest and jet-lag recovery. However, Franc threw us a curveball by moving the Pastor's conference from Monday and Tuesday to Friday and Saturday and changing the topics that he wanted us to address. So, my rest days weren't that restful. I'm working up a PowerPoint on Gender Roles and Chris is covering marriage counselling. The Rwandan pastors are feeling overwhelmed with the skyrocketing divorce rate and the rapid transition from tribal gender roles. Rwanda has required that half of their legislature be represented by women. They are moving very rapidly in that direction. Women are moving in great numbers into the universities and work force are radically changing a very tradition culture around marriage. And this in two decades instead of a century or two in the West. So, we'll see what we can say that might help. We need a lot of prayer for that also.

Shae has met with Jerome in connecting with the Mama's. Franc's latest project is to create a handicraft workshop in the Lighthouse and open a shop for the Women's Empowerment cooperative to sell their wares. Some of women in the cooperative are getting too old to work in the fields. Shae wants to work with the group and document their efforts. Chris bought her a video camera and she has been learning to use it. Shae has also contacted the Kigali YoungLives group and we are scheduled to meet them the day that we depart. When we described the ministry to teen mothers in America to Pastor David, he described how it happens in Rwanda. It is often 14-15-year-old girls impregnated by a relative and then shunned by the family clan. It is heart-breaking! CASR's treasurer, Florida, met such a girl recently and is working with Pastor David to try to help her. Shae is hoping to meet with Florida and the girl to see what might be done. Again, we need your prayers.

My only solo visit to Rwanda was in the spring of 2015. Surprisingly none of Chris' 23 visits have been in the spring. It is rainy, but the blooming flowers are beautiful.

Lord Bless, Frank

RWANDA TRAVEL DIARY, Sunday, May 5, 2019

Thursday afternoon, Chris called me into his room and told me to run and get Shae. Monkeys!! Chris' room opens into the extended balcony with the view over the beautiful valley. The monkeys regularly visit it. At first there were a couple of mamas with their babies clinging to their chests. They live close enough to people to be fairly tame. The two babies were bouncing around and rubbing the noses against the glass door and licking it. Aping human kids. Or maybe visa versa. After a few minutes and some good pictures, the big males came and everyone backed off a space. I think that both we and the babies were disappointed. We met with Franc that evening and had him write up a schedule for us. And I continued to work on my presentation for the Pastor's conference the next day. Chris decided to dust off a couple of presentations that he had done in the past. So he just needed to freshen up his memory a bit.

By Friday morning, we had established our routine of two cappuccinos for Shae and I at the Lighthouse restaurant. Curmudgeon Chris insists that the instant coffee that prepares with the same heating iron gadget that uses while camping tastes just as good. But me and Shae like to be spoiled. They are working us hard. The conference was to begin at 9 am Rwandan time. So at nine there were about six pastors in the upstairs conference floor. By 9:30 we decided to start with about 20-30 of the pastors and their wives present. With Pastor David translating into Kenyarwandan, I started my rapidly thrown together presentation of Christian Gender Roles. By 10 am we were beginning to warm up and suddenly about seventy were filling most of the chairs.

So I talked about God's original intention for men and women and how the fall and the curse corrupted His creation. I discussed the fall of both all of animal biology and human society. Man's sinful fallen nature is the story of the strong oppressing the weak. Men are stronger and have oppressed women in all times and places. But when God became a man, He showed by example how women should be respected. I delved into the difficult verses in the New Testament concerning gender roles in the mixed Jewish and Greek home churches of Paul times. But the overriding principle is asserted by the same Paul as "in Christ Jesus there is neither... male nor female". Men may be stronger, but they are not superior. This mustard seed of a revolutionary idea germinated for centuries in Europe as the lot of women slowly improved. Then, after the Reformation, the force of the idea pushed toward women's education, women's suffrage, and equality under the law in inheritance and marriage and divorce laws.

But then the radical secular ideas of the post-Christian West twisted these advances in absurd directions. The sexes being 'equal under the law' morphed into them being the same in reality. Finally, we've fallen into the insanity of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, where gender is what the individual decides that it is. This is all very confusing to the common sense of the Africans. I concluded by thanking the African church for saving several large denominations from completely succumbing to the societal insanity. Just last month the Methodists from Africa again saved the United Methodist from approving the ordination of unrepentant homosexual pastors. As the church in Africa continues to grow, I pray that it will continue to anchor its American counterparts in the truth of the scripture.

The pastors and their wives were very grateful for illuminating this topic. The West has seen this transition occur over the past century. Rwandan society is trying to adapt to the changing roles in just a couple decades. Tribal traditions concerning courting and marriage are still very strong. The changing realities of working mothers and personal self-fulfillment is triggering a rapid increase in the divorce rate. Pastors are struggling to come to grips with it.

So, on Saturday morning Chris addressed the origin of the problem: dating and courting. Shae was surprised and a little concerned when Chris told her that he wanted to use her as a “prop”. But she was willing to give it a try. Like the day before, the pastors arrived late. But “when in Africa, do as the Africans do”. So Chris started over a half hour late, by saying that he knew that this topic would not apply directly to the audience. But Rwandan pastors needed to be able to advise their young congregants about how to handle the new concepts of dating and courting in their changing culture. Since the advice didn’t apply directly to them, but it would very much apply to Shae. So Chris sat her on a chair in the front and gave the advice to her. In this way, the pastors could see how to apply the concepts when their young congregants came to them seeking mates and asking for advice. Chris told them that he realized that American and Rwandan cultures greatly differed in this area. Some of the advice may not apply now. But some may become relevant as the culture becomes more Westernized.

The second half of Chris’ presentation concerned Sexual Integrity. It was a presentation that he and his wife, Liz, prepared several years ago. It struck close to the heart of many of the pastors. As in the West, pornography is easily accessed in Rwanda. Also, the individualistic ideals of self-actualization over loyalty and faithfulness are taking root. They’re causing rapid changes in the issues that these pastors are facing among themselves and in their congregations. There were many questions and much good discussion after both days’ presentations.

Saturday afternoon Shae met with the treasurer of CASR, Florida. About five years before, Florida met and got to know a poor mother of five who had been abandoned by her husband. Her church and CASR had helped women on occasion to keep the children fed. A few years ago, the woman’s oldest daughter, Denice, turned 16 and left to work as a housekeeper in Kigali. While there a neighboring man got to know her and promised to marry her. But when she became pregnant, the man refused to accept responsibility. When her employers found out, they sent her back home to her mother. Her mother was heartbroken. Another mouth to feed. And this one pregnant.

Florida met the mother again and heard the story. She connected the mother and Denice with Pastor David’s church and CASR. In March, Franc talked with the young mother of the now two-month-old son. They made a plan to help her start up a small business in the market selling vegetables. She thought that she would need about \$25 to get started. CASR has learned not to give out money without some accountability. So Franc helped the girl with \$12 and 20 kg of beans to sell. If she was able to make some progress with that in a few months, they may help her out more.

Florida had arranged for Shae to meet with Denice that afternoon. Shae wanted to make a video of the woman and the baby and take her story back to her YoungLives group back in America. So, I videoed Shae and Florida discussing the story. I was good practice. But we will need to redo it before we leave. Then Denice arrived with the cute little guy. Florida talked with Denice, while we played with the baby. The girls in Clark County YoungLives bought some scarfs and made some cards for the young mothers in Rwanda. Shae gave a scarf and card to Denice. When Shae showed Denice how to wear the scarf and told her that it was very popular in America, Denice was very happy. She then tried to show Shae how to wear the African wrap to hold the babies on the mama’s back. But they couldn’t get it to work. African women are shaped differently than Shae. There is usually a convenient seat on the caboose that supports the baby fine. That seat just wasn’t as secure for the baby on Shae.

Franc had arranged for Chris and me to speak on a live radio program on the University station Sunday morning. But they changed their plans and decided to record the interview in the evening. The

university journalist didn't arrive until 9:30 and Chris and I were pretty groggy. But once we got talking about the International Student Conference and Theodicy, the Spirit refreshed us. I mention our personal struggle with the challenge of Lucinda, our autistic daughter. Chris described the death of his first wife, Kim, in an automobile in Rwanda nine years ago. The journalist was very interested. It turned into a fairly in-depth and profound half-hour discussion on the problem of evil. I would really like to get a copy of the recording.

Sunday morning, we were up early for church. Shae and I went to Pastor David's Anglican Church. I preached twice. First at the smaller English-speaking service of about 70. Then during the three our marathon service in Kenyarwandan with 4-500 in attendance. In America, when one thinks of Anglican or Episcopal churches, we picture a very formal quiet service. Not in Africa! Much singing, foot stomping, swaying, and drum banging with loud Halleluiahs frequently reverberated off the ceiling.

I preached on Job and tied it into the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of 1994 genocide. How could a good God allow such a thing? But actually it's the more personal tragedies the strike all of our lives that most challenge our faith in a loving God. I shared how God comforted me when Lucinda was three years old. On a swing in a playground in Japan, I wept over her as I moved past denial and accepted that she was autistic. I mourned the dream of what Lucinda was supposed to be. At that eternal moment God's voice spoke very powerfully to me. "In His time, He makes all things beautiful".

Then I described Job's story and the fierceness of God's response to Job's questioning of God's justice. I shared how, when Lucinda was five, I determined to fast and pray until Lucinda would be healed. It was at the most stressful season of our lives; during my residency when Lelia was ill and bed-ridden. But I found that the more I fasted, the worse husband, father, and resident I became. Again, I had a profound experience with God. But it wasn't comforting and gentle. It was like Job. It was as if the Father took me by the shoulders and shook me and told me to stop acting like a demanding brat. He told me to remember that He had told me that He would make Lucinda beautiful "in His time". Lucinda was His daughter too. He loved her even more than I did. Again, like Job, after that experience, the overwhelming desire to understand "why?" was quenched. When every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, then by faith I will hear my daughter's voice. And if it isn't until that day, I will rest in the knowledge of my Father's love.

Franc took Chris way out into the bush to a small rural church. He preached on Jesus' encounter with the woman at the well. Franc had taken Makeesha's team there the week before. With little electricity and infrastructure, it is a better representation of the reality of how most of Rwanda lives. Chris said that the hundred some people squished into the small building and reflected that joy of God that is often more apparent on the face of the poor than on the unsatisfied rich.

Sunday afternoon we collapsed and rested. The next few days are more open as we prepare for the conference to begin on Thursday.

Lord Bless, Frank

RWANDA TRAVEL DIARY, Wednesday May 8, 2019, 5 pm

Well, the international students are arriving. Nine from the Congo are here. The large Ugandan contingent will be arriving late. So I better get this written up before we get swept away by the Sixth Annual East Africa University Student Christian Apologetics Conference. Boy, that's a mouthful. AEAUSCAC is an acronym beyond utilization

Let's see, I left off Sunday evening. That is the regularly scheduled time for the local university students to gather for singing and fellowship. But for the next two Sundays, Pastor Chris Foreman will be their special guest star. Franc told Chris that he'd start at five. He must have meant the students would start arriving by then. We waited around until about eight and then shook Franc's cage. He said: "Sure we could start". So, we did. Chris presented his same talk about dating and courting that he gave to the pastors the day before. This time he didn't need Shae as a prop. To all the university students, this topic was of vital interest. Although American and Rwandan cultures and situations greatly differ, most of Chris' points were spot on for the students. Afterwards there were a lot of questions and discussions. I don't know if it's really a human universal or just a sign of the influence of Western cultural values. But the first two questions were: "Is there a person that God has specially chosen for us to marry?" and "Is it true that each of us has a 'soulmate' that will just for us?" I could hear Disney's "Some day my Prince will Come" echoing in their psyches. So we discussed God's way verses Romantic myths. And how those myths lead to so much disillusionment and divorce. That of the Four Loves, that C.S. Lewis wrote of, the love called Eros or Romantic love is the most fickle, irrational, and short lived. Christian Agape love leads to fulfillment and holds marriages together through the hardest of times. The discussions went past our bedtime and the students were still talking at ten when we hit the sack.

But that night was my first good sleep. Finally, past the jet lag after only a week. Our routine each day is to take a long walk with Shae. Chris needs his required steps on his pedometer to meet his obsessive needs. And we get to see some incredible views of verdant valleys, huge storks, monkeys stealing bananas from merchant's boxes, and thousands of Rwandans filling the streets. Women and children walking carrying great bundles of branches on their heads. Bicycles carrying paid passengers on their back seats or carrying literally 10-15 stacked plastic chairs to be rented for special occasions. Bicycles serving as wheelbarrows; being pushed with loads too large and heavy to be peddled. Motorbikes carrying paid passengers and merchandise and cages of chickens. And a few cars and busses weaving among the crowded "streets". We are grateful that the road in front of the Lighthouse was paved last year. Rwanda's progress continues to amaze. They are seriously ambitious. They've started putting up street signs on every corner. Street 509 and Avenue 545 are two muddy paths behind the Lighthouse. But they are visualizing what they will be ten years.

Saturday, we walked to the market and Chris bought some batteries and adapters. We stopped for ice cream on the way back. It was really good! It tasted freshly churned and was very, very cold. Eat slow or brain freeze. Monday morning demonstrated the downside of the streets' uncoordinated chaos. We were drinking our morning coffee upstairs by the balcony when we heard a loud thump followed by men shouting and women screaming. We ran to the rail and there was a small school van pulling over across the street. On the corner was a broken bike and a man splayed on the ground and very still. Within seconds thirty people were gathered around with a few leaning over him. Within a few minutes the police and a truck arrived to take him. We watched for a few minutes and he never moved. David told us the next day that he had died.

Monday morning, Franc appointed for us to meet the banker and discuss the Lighthouse loan. Surprises. But nothing that God can't handle. We had some very good face-to-face discussions with Franc and Pastor David about ours and their long-term plans. Pastor David is 64 and plans to retire next year and may move out of Huye. But Franc said that David will never retire from CASR. He loves teaching theology to the university students too much. He's a lifer! David laughed and agreed. Since David's mother just passed away this spring at age 87, we figure that we have at least another 20 years out of him. We asked Franc too. David says that he is working way too many hours. "So, Franc are you burning out? How does your wife, Claudine, feel?" He says that he does get tired. But still this is his calling and he loves it. He's hoping to hire more help to take some of his load. Considering that CASR's financial limitations has caused both men to refuse their contracted salaries for seven years, I am amazed at both God's provision and their dedication. These are the two essential men that make this ministry work.

Tuesday, I spent most of the day preparing for the conference. Chris and Shae visited the "Hope" women's cooperative. They started making their video to support the new handicraft workshop. They filmed a younger mama hoeing quickly in the field. Then they filmed and 70-year-old mama trying to keep up and saying how difficult it was after all these years. They will complete the project when they film the ladies learning to use the sewing machines that Shae raised the funds to purchase. When she explained the project to her mother's friend and chiropractor, he immediately donated \$1000 for machines. That you, Dr. Eric.

I was a little discouraged and concerned about the new businesses that the Lighthouse has started since our last visit. They converted a couple of their classrooms and storage rooms into a Fitness center, exercise room, and sauna. We heard the aerobics classes each evening. But the gym and sauna always seemed empty. But that was because we were staying in our rooms during the evening. When we went to the bottom floor after supper the gym had about ten buff young men lifting weights, punching the bag, and using the treadmill. The sauna has a waiting line every evening. Just not during the day.

Wednesday, Pastor David arranged an official meeting with the Hope Women's cooperative at the Lighthouse. All 30 of these women, ranging in age for 20 to 75, were seated and praising God loudly when we came in the full classroom. A couple gave testimonies of the 15 years of support that CASA has given them. They all remembered Kim and her love for them. One woman spoke of when her husband died of AIDS and she was hospitalized with AIDS. For three years she said that she didn't see or speak. When she started getting the medication she slowly recovered her strength and joined the cooperative. She had been living in a barely roofed shack. She spoke of how grateful she was when CASA built her a house to move into 13 years before. Afterward, Chris showed us a video that he and Kim had made of the project in 2007. Another woman spoke of how hard she was studying to use the new sewing machines. She spoke of how grateful she was for everyday that God gave her. Any of their lives could end any day. When she was done Chris spoke of the poor man on the bicycle. One moment riding along normally. And the next minute his life was over. Each breath is a gift of God.

Franc explained to the women that Shae had raised the funds to buy sacks of cornmeal for each of them. Franc even made Shae speak. Public speaking is excruciating to Shae. But the more she does, the more confident she is getting. They all applauded and halleluiahed in gratitude. Then Chris suggested that the women elect Shae as an honorary 31<sup>st</sup> member of the Hope cooperative. They loved

the idea and moved and voted her in as a member. A Rwanda journalist had filmed the meeting and interviewed us in the hall afterward. He was very interested in the long history of CASA's commitment to the cooperative. It is rare. After the interview Pastor David came out of the room and gave Shae a piece of paper with the signatures of each of women; making her an official honorary member of the coop. She said that she was thrilled.

After the meeting, Pastor David drove us to his house to visit his neighbor. On the drive we passed the women carrying the heavy sacks of meal on their heads. In the classroom, Franc showed the women how he could balance them on his head. He tried to balance one on Shae's head and she almost could. I put one on my head and was able to make a few wobbly steps without my hands.

At our last visit in October 2017, Shae had raised the funds to purchase a cow. David had picked out his neighbor to receive the donation. She is a poor widow, but still adopted an abandoned baby girl off the street. At the official ceremony during our last visit, Franc named the cow after Shae. When we arrived Wednesday morning at David's house, the little three-year-old cutie ran out to greet David. For an abandoned baby she seemed pretty secure. She bounced a lot but shied away for us. Pastor David told me that Shae was doing well but was only good for making manure. He said that she is still too young to make milk. But they were planning to have her produce a calf next year so she would be able to provide milk. Only then I was sure that he was talking about Shae the cow and not Shae the great-grand niece.

David then showed us around his remarkable experimental garden. He showed us the fifteen-foot tree covered with oranges. He said my wife, Lelia, had planted the tree "with her old hands" in 2008. Lelia loves plants and has worked with David since 2007 seeking useful plants that might grow in Rwanda's climate. David showed me two large trees that Lelia brought over as seeds or had recommended. They were either producing fruit or had some medicinal properties. A few years ago, David experimented with raising a certain breed of pig for the widows. He was trying to see if they could thrive on just the food and scrapes available to the poor in Rwanda. The pigs survived and provided meat. But most of the piglets died unless the mothers were given purchased feed which the widows couldn't afford. So now David showed us his new attempts. A breed of large chickens new to Rwanda that produce good meat. He also showed us the rabbits that he hopes to raise for meat. Shae was sad for the bunnies. Again the goal is to find a protein source that doesn't require expensive feed.

Chris and I are finishing getting the final touches on the Apologetics Conference. Today Chris had a major realization about the content. We are discussing the challenge of Theodicy; the justice of God in the face of human suffering. We are doing it on the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Rwandan genocide. And it wasn't on our schedule! And we have teachers fully qualified to address it! So Chris apologized to Franc and David for such a gross omission. He asked them to speak all of Friday afternoon of their experiences during the genocide and how they retained their faith in God through it all. They were happy to do it.

I asked David what he thought would be the condition of Rwanda if there hadn't been a genocide. He answered unhesitatingly that Rwanda would be in much worse state. It would probably be in the same semi-chaos of the failed state in Burundi. The shock of the enormity of the genocide led to a resolute consensus of the population. This cannot happen again. It triggered a determined sustained focus on ending tribal identity and reconciling the victims and the victimizers. The incredible Christian revival in Rwanda is both an effect of the suffering of the genocide and a source of the tribal

reconciliation. I believe that Franc and David's testimonies will be impactful to both the international students and the Rwandan students who are now too young to remember the horror.

Over the past decade, Christian Apologists have come to a consensus about Theodicy. In "The Problem of Pain" C.S. Lewis articulated a definitive intellectual justification for the existence of suffering. But the intellectual "head" arguments often get trumped that glaring "heart" argument of a personal tragedy. So we are only focusing the first day of the conference on the "head" arguments. The second day, Chris and I will be giving our testimonies of our personal tragedies. Chris lost his wife, Kim, in an automobile accident in Rwanda in 2010. Lelia and I have worked through God's will for us in providing for our severely autistic daughter, Lucinda. Again, we covet your prayers for us and students. God loves Africa and these future leaders of their eight respective countries. I believe that something very special is about to happen.

Lord Bless, Frank

RWANDA TRAVEL DIARY, Saturday May 11, 2019, 10 pm

This is our sixth Apologetics Conference in the Lighthouse. Each time the lesson of the necessity for flexibility and trusting God is reinforced. For both Chris and me the teaching at this conference is a passion and labor of love. I probably put literally hundreds of hours over the past six months into writing my Study of Job. But the time and effort were probably about 20% for the conference and 80% for my own edification. The conference was an excuse for me to throw myself into coming to some final conclusions for myself about what this most enigmatic book is really all about. I enjoyed every minute of it. But to be given the opportunity to teach it to hungry young African Christians is a true delight. For one whose spiritual gift is teaching, this week is much better than Christmas.

However, there always seems to be disappointments. This year it was the Rwandan students. Usually we have about 50 international students from the surrounding nations and 50 Rwandan students. This year we had less Rwandan students than Ugandan and Congolese. It turned out that the days of the conference fell on their final examinations. And another evangelical group was holding a mass meeting. Franc said the rumor was that they were paying people to attend. It's not unheard of in Africa. We ended up with about 12 Ugandans, 10 Congolese, 5 Burundians, 4 Kenyans, 3 Tanzanians, and 2 South Sudanese. With the Rwandan students and several local pastors that snuck in, there were between 40 to 50 seats filled. But we know that our Father controls all such contingencies. We trust Him to bring those who will most benefit from the teachings.

The Ugandan students had traveled all night by bus and arrived just before the conference was due to start at 9 am on Thursday. As he has done for the five previous conferences, our good friend, Pastor Gordon, led the Ugandan team. He too has worked with Chris for over 15 years. With this in mind, we changed up the schedule. It was the first time of about five changeups. We wanted as many students as possible awake when we started on the meat of the material; the Problem of Suffering. Franc had said that my talk to the pastors on Gender Roles and Chris' talk on Sexual Integrity were important topics for the students. So we scheduled these for Saturday morning at the end of the conference. But we moved these off-topic talks to Thursday morning and they were very well received. Even the sleepy Ugandan students were very engaged. We were hoping that the English proficiency of the Burundians and Congolese would be sufficient for us to do without a French translator. But it wasn't so. Translation makes the presentation much less focused and limits the material that can be covered. It also kept us perpetually behind schedule. But again, flexibility! ..... sigh!

We decided to fill Thursday afternoon with Pastor David's and my own testimony of suffering. So Pastor David told how he was twice disowned during the genocide 25 years ago. He is Hutu and was a pastor at the Anglican church. His Bishop was also a Hutu and joined in with the genociders. David refused to join in with the killing and aided the Tutsis. So he was fired from the church and forced into hiding. Then after the genocide, a Tutsi bishop was installed. He refused to hire David back because he was a Hutu. So David was first rejected by his by his tribe and then by his church. As I had in my Sunday sermon at David's Anglican Church, I spoke of our 40-year pilgrimage with Lucinda and autism. During this conference we confirmed that the best Apologetic of the dilemma of suffering are the personal testimonies of Christians who have walking with us through the fire of suffering and grew stronger in their faith.

Friday, we covered the heart of the conference under the title “Theodicy! The Defense of God’s Justice in the Face of Human Suffering”. Our 40 or so students were very attentive and focused. Chris first presented the classic philosophical arguments against the compatibility of a just, almighty, all-knowing God with the obvious existence of evil and suffering in the world. The intellectual arguments to show that such a compatibility can be demonstrated are challenging. But the African students found them convincing. I then spoke on the Old Testament explanations of the origin of evil and of God’s progressive revelation of Himself to His chosen people. How their understanding of the justice of God grew from Abraham to Moses to David to Isaiah to Daniel. I spent most of my time working through the story and poetry of Job. The more I studied this masterpiece, the more I appreciated the amazing genius of the writer. His examinations of both the paradox of suffering and his criticism of the orthodoxy of his day are both subtle and profound. The orthodoxy assumed that the righteous are always blessed and that the wicked always suffer. It is invalid, simplistic, and cruel to the innocent sufferer. As God continued to reveal more spiritual truths through the centuries, some of these dilemmas became more comprehensible. The writer of Job assumed no afterlife; no heaven or hell. He also had little revelation of the author of evil. His “Satan” only partially reflects the enemy of our souls revealed in the New Testament. The Africans responded very enthusiastically to this exposition on Job. Africans are much closer to Job in culture and understanding than we Americans. It was a blessing to them and me.

Chris then spoke on the very different view of suffering reflected in the New Testament. The New Testament understanding that the most righteous man suffered the most, completely confounds the Old Testament orthodoxy. The redemptive nature of suffering and the blessedness of suffering in the name of Christ is challenging. But it was very comprehensible to the Africans.

Franc and his wife, Claudine, then followed Chris Thursday afternoon. Franc described the suffering that he endured during the poverty of his childhood in a Ugandan refugee camp, his abandonment by his father, and the early death of his mother. Franc then discussed his spiritual confusion between attending church Sunday mornings and assisting his charlatan witchdoctor grandfather Sunday afternoon. The result of it all was a bitter rejection of the Christian God. Then, at age nineteen, he followed the Tutsi troops into Rwanda as the Hutus fled into the Congo. He described the piles of bodies that he had to move to continue their advance. It was stunning and traumatic. When he returned to Ugandan to start back to school, he found some very annoying Christians. The more he argued with them, the more his defenses crumbled. He concluded that he allowed his early suffering to push him away from God. But his later exposure to the horror and suffering of the genocide, opened him up to seeking God for consolation and reality.

Claudine then gave her powerful testimony. It was the first time that she spoke of it in public and was very difficult for her. Her father ran from the genociders and was caught and hacked to pieces. She, her mother, and sister hid and survived. They never knew for sure if he was dead or what happened or where his body was. Claudine’s mother then took in quite a few orphans. Denise was just a baby wrapped onto her mother back. Her father and mother were macheted to death. She was ripped from her mother back, hacked on the neck, and tossed into a bush. Somehow, she survived. Claudine’s mother raised her until she was about twelve. When her mother died, Claudine and Franc adopted Denise and finished raising her. She was just married in February and Franc was her very proud father. Claudine’s testimony concluded with her experience at the Gacaca court. This was the inspired mechanism by which Rwanda made great strides towards healing from the horror of the genocide. The imprisoned Hutus were released and reincorporated into the villages where they had murdered their neighbors. But only if they

would confess to what they had done to their victims and attempt to make some kind of reconciliation. Claudine would confront the man who had murdered her father. She said that for decades she had hated those men. But after she had listened to him and heard his confession of what they had done and where it was, her response surprised Franc. She told Franc that she felt better. Seeing the man's sorrow and knowing where her father lay moved her past what remained of her hatred. As is the title of Chris' book, she was able to "Forgive like a Rwandan".

The international students who had little knowledge of the details of the Rwandan genocide were profoundly affected by the testimonies of the CASR members. It was truly an amazing experience of Christ's spirit moving and communicating within different members of His body. The only slight distraction was the army of green monkeys that decided to spend the day racing along the balcony and loudly clattering over the metal roof. Most distracting to me was the mama with her tiny baby wrapped on her tummy. A jealous big brother kept jumping on the mama and try to wedge himself between mama and baby. Once he grabbed the baby and carried it off the balcony. Mama ran after him and brought the baby back in no time.

Nehemiah is the university campus representative for the east African branch of the African Centre for Apologetics Research. He is a very bright enthusiastic young Ugandan minister. He joined us for the first time at our last conference. He was supposed to speak on Thursday on the negative impact of the "Faith and Prosperity Gospel" on Africa and how it distorts a true Christian understanding of God's purposes in suffering. But we had to keep deferring his presentation until it finally ended up on Saturday morning. He displayed the typical African flexibility about the changes.

But he told me that quite a few of the students had asked him about the Mormon missionaries that are sprouting up like weeds in Africa. His organization specializes in addressing non-Christian cults. So at the end of our really long Thursday session I announced a voluntary session at 8 pm to talk about Mormonism. I was really surprised when I went up at 8:30 and found about 25 of the students seated in a circle and hungry for more information. Ah, if only more American youth were so motivated to learn and open to teaching. One advantage to partnering with ACFAR is that they have a lot of information on materials written in English and French. Nehemiah had a prepared presentation with many quotes for the Mormon leadership. The Africans had a hard time not laughing when they heard what Mormons actually believe. After two days of intense of Apologetics, the silliness of Joseph Smith's absurdity seemed a hundred miles from true Christianity. I spoke for a bit about my many experiences with Mormons. How their high moral and cultural values combined with their tight legalism gives them a deceptive appearance of Christianity. Most Americans are unaware of the almost comic book silliness of their theology and believe them to be just another branch of Christianity. That is far from reality.

That's enough (probably too much) for now. I'll finish the story of the end of conference in the next edition.

Lord Bless, Frank

RWANDA TRAVEL DIARY, Wednesday May 15, 2019, 10 pm

Our sixth Apologetics Conference concluded Saturday morning. I opened with just a few words about suffering specifically due to the persecution of Christian. I reviewed a short article by a pastor from Sri Lanka about how Christians should respond to the Easter bombing of churches there that took over 300 lives. It was very relevant to the students from South Sudan and Kenya. Loving your enemies and blessing those that curse you is very real and challenging in those countries.

It turned out that saving Nehemiah until the last day worked out for the best. He was able to present to fresh students prepped to hear his vital topic. The doctrines of the Prosperity Gospel and the Faith Movement are powerful negative influences upon the African church. The powerful American media church reaches Africa and is dominated by teachers of these unbalanced doctrines. We had been discussing the true Christian views and attitudes for our own suffering and that of the church and the world. As I introduced Nehemiah, I said that I have faith that God answers all our prayers. But as with any good Father, the answers are either “yes”, “no, that wouldn’t be good for you”, or “yes, but wait, you’re not ready yet”. I believe in the promise that by Christ’s stripes we are healed. But, as with Lucinda, when we pray for immediate healing, our wise loving Father may see it best to reserve the healing for the time when He brings in the New Heaven and the New Earth. We only see this by true Christian faith in the personal love that we experienced from God. Until “He makes all things new”, we groan with the rest of creation. We weep with those that weep. If our suffering sister asks us “why” and we don’t know, we point them to the arms of Jesus. He too usually doesn’t give us the head answer as to why we suffer. But the comfort that is found in the arms of the Son of God, who suffered more than any of us, gives our hearts the strength to endure the suffering. As Chris repeated for the students: “God’s purpose is not to make us happy, but holy.” Suffering seems to be one of His finest instruments for separating us from worldly self-contentment and moving us into our true home; His loving arms.

But the Name-it-and-claim-it teachers turn this ancient Christian understanding of suffering on its head. Whatever Bible verse that we can interpret into a promise of God, can be “claimed” immediately. And if God doesn’t immediately answer our selfish prayers, it’s the suffers fault. “If you’re poor or not healed, it’s because your faith is too weak”. Faith in what? Faith in a loving God who knows much better than you what’s best for you. Nooooo! Faith in our own faith. Faith in our human will to speak out the positive thinking, to psychologically remove all doubt, and deny all negative evidence that is contrary to God’s “promises”. Before Nehemiah I gave my testimony of my father who was a great man of God. But he increasingly embraced these teachings. When the symptoms of the cancer that took his life in 1977 started, he denied them as “a lie of the devil”. By the time he was forced to see a doctor, the cancer had spread too far and he died a few months later.

In Africa, the “magical” elements of the name-it-and-claim-it teachers resonates with the deep native witchdoctor’s “juju” that brings healings and prosperity. The tendency toward spiritual pride that effects so many of the leaders of the movement, leads many proclaim themselves “prophets” and “apostles”. This also resonates with the African of idolizing of their “big man”. Nehemiah did a great job presenting the statements of both American and African teachers. Their unbalanced, unbiblical, and oh so harmful teachings do much damage to suffering Christians and their ability to show their true Christian love to a hurting world. And “pride goes before a fall”. He documented how many of these leaders ended up in jail for embezzling money from the poor. The small church directly behind the Lighthouse has a

structure built and waiting for a roof. It has been waiting for three or four years because their leaders in the capital are in jail. They were convicted of embezzling the funds raised for the roof and many other purposes to display their own "big man prosperity".

The conference ended very powerfully with Chris' testimony of his struggles with the shock, pain, anger, and eventual forgiveness surrounding the death of his first wife Kim in Rwanda. He describes it fully in his book "Forgive like a Rwandan". It strongly impacted the students as an example of our Father's loving hand actively working through a most evil event to turn it to good and to His glory. At the conclusion of the conference there was a very energetic dance team performance. Most of the international students eventually joined in and celebrated God's gift of life.

As the international students were departing, CASR was preparing for the graduation ceremony of its 45 students who had completed its two and three-year courses at the CASR Bible School. These full-time university students studied, tested, and passed an additional 2-300 hours of material on the Bible and the theology. It is a truly amazing accomplishment. Several hundred people attended the graduation and watched as Chris and I handed out the diplomas. For over a decade the completion of the program certified the graduates to become pastors, if they desired. Many of the past graduates are working as both pastors and within their fields of study. With the tightened regulations in Rwanda last year, the program can no longer offer this certification. Franc is working now to partner with organizations that will again allow the school to certify pastors.

Sunday, we preached at a local Nazarene Church and lunched with their pastor. Shae distributed cards to church children that had been made by American children. Chris has known Zebulon for over 15 years. He has eight children and Chris sponsored his eldest daughter through high school. She is now successful and married to a Congolese man and living in Kentucky. Zebulon told us his story. He was the son of a Rwandese pastor living in the Congo. He was one of ten children. He said that his pastor father tithed his cows, his income, and even his children. Zebulon was chosen by his father's to be the tithe of his ten children at age eight. He was to be pastor. The Lord worked it out and he has served the church for over 30 years. We thought it would make a great name for a book: "I am Tithe".

Sunday afternoon we packed, and I fulfilled my promise to Calvary Church in Napierville Illinois. Franc and I visited them in March. They are sending a mission team in July with the goal of installing solar panels and upgrading the Lighthouses bathroom facilities. So Shae and I visited each room with the hotel manager and noted needed repairs and upgrades. The next day we visited solar panel dealers in Kigali. I will forward them the information.

Sunday evening Chris made his final presentation to the local university students on Sexual Integrity and we wrapped up the Huye mission. We headed out early Monday morning to Kigali with a full itinerary. Franc had arranged for us to meet with the leaders of the Rwandan Young Life leaders. Shae and I have been working with the "Young Lives" ministry in Vancouver. This ministry is to High School girls who "chose life". But now they struggle with the daily realities of teen motherhood. This ministry in an African setting is different, but the same. Their Young Life leader told us that the evangelistic club format of Young Life exploded in the setting of the Rwandan revival. They have maybe 25,000 middle and high school children attending their clubs in Rwanda and being mentored to live for Jesus. Young Lives is only two years old in Rwanda. Its leader told us that they had 35 young mothers who they were struggling to help spiritually and support them in their challenges. Like with Denise, most have been rejected by their

family and struggle with poverty. One young mother told the leader that she only eats on the nights that she spends with a man. We prayed for them and they for us.

We then met at a hotel with all the CASR board. We discussed their challenges and rejoiced in God's accomplishments. We had some good honest discussions; projecting out plans and hopes into the future. The financial manager of the hotel is one of the first graduates of the CASR Bible School from 2007. He then hosted the first Kigali Alumni meeting. It was a great way to conclude the mission. There were about 12 men who had passed through the Bible School and had moved on with their careers. A couple were pastors or working as church leaders. Some were fairly wealthy businessmen. Some were unemployed and struggling. But all testified of how the hours of Biblical teaching sitting under Pastor David and Franc and the Huye pastors had impacted their lives and careers. It was a blessed time.

After a lot of hugging a good-byes, Franc took us to the hotel where he would be spending the night. He negotiated a couple rooms where we could shower and crash for two hours before catching our 1 am flight. We were very grateful. There was 17 hours of transit time between Kigali and London. The flight back always seems to be harder. You are more tired and the emotional come-down makes it very taxing. But meeting the ever-smiling cheer of our good friend Mavis at Heathrow revived us. We spent one night in her lovely home in the Finchley section of north London. Now for five days of fellowship and touring! We're looking for to it!

Lord Bless, Frank

RWANDA TRAVEL DIARY, Sunday May 19, 2019, 10 pm

Wednesday in London was long and full of serendipity. Our host is Mavis Crispin. She is an incredible woman. Bright, energetic, ever-smiling, and surrounded by the Spirit of Jesus. She is the associate vicar at St. Paul's church in Finchley in north London. Born in 1946, raised by an atheist father, but intuiting the reality of God at a very early age. Powerfully converted as a teen and studied to become an elementary school teacher. She met Alan at a Christian rock-climbing outing. He was a nuclear physicist from a Welsh family with a deep spiritual heritage from great revivals that repeatedly rocked Wales for the century prior. They married and greatly enjoyed raising their three sons (now a professor, a lawyer, and a clergyman). Our Pastor David from Rwanda lived with them in the mid-80's as he studied to become an Anglican pastor. Mavis was about 50 when Alan died of cancer. After visiting a missionary in Pakistan, she was led to attend London School of Theology. She then spent several years in Peru as a missionary before becoming a vicar in Finchley. Since then she makes annual missions to both Peru and to support Pastor David in Rwanda. She joined us for our last three Apologetics Conferences.

For a woman in her seventies, she has extraordinary energy. Wednesday was ten hours of walking and touring. A ten-minute walk to the tube and then into the heart of London. We enjoyed the river tour down the Thames; disembarking multiple times to see the sights. We walked through the Old Royal Naval College at Greenwich. Shae straddled the prime meridian, dividing east from west. We plan to visit Uganda next year. Chris said that Shae could then straddle the equator, dividing north from south. We circumnavigated the Tower of London and elevated to the top of the Tower bridge. But the best experiences came by serendipity. We walked past the beautiful Southwark Cathedral and Mavis told us to go in to see the inside. As we entered, we heard the stringed orchestra playing Vivaldi. It was only a practice, but in that setting the experience was transporting. We then walked across the bridge to St. Paul's Cathedral. Remarkably, we arrived just before Evensong. We enjoyed the service and the boy's and men's choir as they chanted and sang parts of Messiah by Handel. The grace of serendipity seems to always be the most impactful.

It was an exhausting day, but Thursday was to be almost as full. Mavis had reserved us places for a tour of the Kilns near Oxford. It is the restored home of C.S. Lewis. If I were to name the man that most influenced my Christian thinking and walk, he would be the one. Within a couple years of meeting Christ, I had tracked down and read almost every book that he had written. The experience broadened my views on the church, kept me from many foolish sins and unbalanced fads, and established my intellectual foundation for the faith. Lelia and I have belonged to C.S. Lewis Study clubs multiple times over the years. So a visit to Oxford while in London was a priority. Pat was Mavis' supervisor when she was a teacher and a good friend for over four decades. She agreed to drive us the hour through the English countryside to the Kilns.

We arrived well before our 1:30 appointment and so visited Lewis' Trinity church; a small ancient church a short walk from the Kilns. As we approached the church a large cat watched us from the wall as we passed. I could not help but think of the great cat that comforted Shasta at the tombs outside Tashbaan. Aslan is ever watching. As I meditated on the pew where Lewis and his brother Warren sat for decades, I thought of a letter from Screwtape to Wormwood. The senior tempter advised his nephew to distract the new convert from God by drawing his attention to the absurd appearances and mannerism of the congregation. Keep from the convert's mind the idea that some of these intellectual and social inferiors may in reality be spiritual giants far beyond his pay-grade. I could so easily imagine back over eight decades to the new highly academic convert sitting on that pew and

gazing over his plain fellow congregants. So much of the Screwtape Letters' practical, profound, and witty advice have been unforgettably woven into my life in Christ. Ah, the errors that Lewis' insights and humility have kept me from falling into.

We found the Kilns early and made our way to the Quarry and Nature Reserve behind the house. Pat brought out a blanket and we picnicked on sandwiches by the pond in the reserve. Shae said that this was her favorite part of her London visit. The tour of the house was marvelously hosted by Colin Duriez. He has authored several books on Lewis and Lewis' good friend J.R.R. Tolkien. Colin had the wild hair and beard and soft mumbly voice in character with a devoted English academic. Mavis said that he made her think of Tumnus. It touched me more than I thought that it would. At the pew in Trinity and in the room where he wrote, my imagination and heart were warmed. At his grave, Chris asked me to give a prayer of thanks for the man so impacted my pilgrimage. I choked back tears before I could express my gratitude to the Father for the man and his writings.

Though her elder by several years, Pat was nearly as lively Mavis and an excellent driver. We shared very entertaining conversations with her and Mavis over supper that evening and the next at a nearby Indian Restaurant. On Friday, Chris opted to rest, having already visited London several times. So Shae and I successfully navigated the tubes into London town and back all by ourselves. We took the slow spin on the London Eye and the long walk past the Parliament, Westminster Abby, and through the park to Buckingham Palace. We watched the changing of the guard and enjoyed our fish and chips at a nearby restaurant. Then we trekked to Piccadilly Circus, Trafalgar Square, and the National Museum. Shae enjoyed the street performers and I marveled at the thousands of tourists from around the world. But the deep history of Briton and the glory of its Empire on which the sun never set was inspiring. We were pretty foot-sore by the time we got to Mavis' house, but very full of history and sights of beauty and interest.

Saturday was a day of rest. Although we did take an hour-long hike through the suburban London countryside. We trekked past the golf course and horse club to Finchley Nurseries. Mavis loves plants and stocks her "garden" (NOT back yard) with beautiful plants. But better still are those that are edible or have medicinal value. My wife, Lelia and Mavis would love each other. That afternoon, Vicar Nicholas stopped by to visit and discuss the service the next day. He is the perfect picture of an English vicar; respectably humble and charming, but still somehow in charge. He married an American from Minnesota over 20 years ago and they have two children. She was working for Os Guinness in Washington, DC while Nicholas spent a year there in school.

Sunday morning we attended St. Paul's church in Finchley. There were between 50 to 70 in attendance of every color and hue and mixture. England colonized the world and now the world is colonizing England. My impression is that this return colonization has been much more peaceful and amicable than the original. There were multiple mix-and-match couples with beautiful blended babies. Mavis interviewed us in front of the congregation for ten minutes about our mission to Rwanda. Shae did great! The Africans' prayers for "Holy Boldness" are being answered. After service Mavis catered a lunch at her house for the vicar's family and several church members. Her middle son, the barrister, came and assisted her in hosting us. What wonderful company and conversation! There was a great foreign exchange of ideas and experiences.

When the luncheon finished, we made one last venture into London. We were off to the tubes and to Oxford Circus and the 5:30 service of All Saints church. It is the leading evangelical Anglican

church in England and highly influential. John Stott was vicar of this church from 1950 to 1975 but was on their staff for over 50 years. Two years ago our Apologetics Conference was based on his book: "Ten Reasons I Am a Christian". It was a powerful and moving service. On the final ride back on the tube even Shae admitted that she was tired. But she was willing to admit that she wanted to return only because her twin sister, Riley, is shipping off to army six days after we return. Shae continues to learn much of God, His church, and herself. From observing her great gifting in one-on-one ministry, I foresee a future calling in Christian counselling.

It was a very blessed mission in Rwanda and visit to London. God's red-hot Spirit of revival is sweeping through the oh-so-recently pagan nations of Africa. Then in the oh-so-secular-post-Christian climate of England, the church is not nearly as dead as it seems from the outside statistics. The faithful hearts of the remnant flame only brighter as the darkness settles over the West. And the Church Triumphant marches on to new continents. It lights new fires to brighten the lands once stood in darkness. God's church is larger than the world and more diverse in many ways. To see His body in action moved by the one Spirit is so edifying and inspiring. It builds the faith that truly "this is my Father's world".

Tomorrow morning at 8:30 we catch our taxi to Heathrow and bid farewell to Mavis; truly the best of hosts. We invited her visit us on the West coast. But it is unlikely. Her annual missions to Peru and Rwanda fill her travel budget. But we did make plans for our 2020 conference in Rwanda next May. She will plan to be there. Then the three-hour flight from London to San Francisco. At least we leave at 12:30 and arrive at 3:30. But it will feel like 11 hours to us in the plane. Sigh. Then Shae and I will still need to catch the hop to Portland before we collapse into our beds. Good wife, Lelia. Twill be good to hold thee again.

Lord Bless, Frank