

Christmas memories

December 9, 2010

We had a chance to talk with our Bhutanese friend, Dill, the other day about Christmas.

Fishers of Men

December 9, 2010

We were up and ready about 5:30 a.m. On our island in the Philippines, the roosters usually start crowing about 4:30, and you can start feeling the humidity at about 5 a.m.

You are loved

December 9, 2010

The South African winter wind blew gusts of sand in every direction, making the small forms running down the dirt paths toward me hard to see. The sun has just risen covering the village in bright red and gold hues.

Wrestling with hard questions

December 9, 2010

Recently we celebrated Dasara with some of our culturally Nepali Bhutanese friends. They were excited for us to take part, and it seemed that as we partake, we are being accepted into deeper levels of friendship and trust.

Hearing the voices of the silent

December 9, 2010

As a Christian, I always had understood that I have been freed from the bondage of sin and darkness. But I never had seen people physically in bondage and enslaved until my internship in Johannesburg, South Africa.

Finding peace of mind

December 9, 2010

My friend, Dill Rai, accepted Jesus Christ as his Savior 18 years ago, at age 6, before he moved from Bhutan to the United States. This is his testimony.

Young Apostle Paulo

December 9, 2010

My 12-year-old friend, Paulo, started attending Bible studies about a month and a half ago. From the beginning, he was really eager to learn.

God moves, even in sorrow

December 9, 2010

Screams split the early morning silence about 5 a.m. One of the older women we knew who had been doing Bible studies with us was wailing.

Learning to listen, listening to learn

December 9, 2010

We visited the house of a Bhutanese refugee family. As gracious and hospitable hosts, they wouldn't let us leave without feeding us.

“I just want to be alone”

December 9, 2010

One of my students, 5-year-old Summer, arrived at class upset, saying she didn't want to be there.

‘I’ll pray for your grandma’

December 9, 2010

When Mikayla, one of the kindergarten children here at Tahoe City, was picked up early from class, her friend, Ava, asked why she couldn't play longer. Mikayla told her she had to go to Reno, because her grandmother was very ill and in the hospital.

Meteors for Christ

December 9, 2010

Recently, we took children to the Tahoe Lake beach, and I held hands with four-year-old Rorie, a little boy very interested in outer space.