

The box chronicles

Dear Fellow Pilgrims,

Another month managed to pass without writing. It really does seem like each 24 hours just doesn't stretch as far as it used to. I can remember days that I thought would never end; like the last few before summer vacation or before a much anticipated birthday. Funny how drastically our perspective changes with age. Just about the time we start to appreciate the days the Lord has given us, they run on ahead with such speed we can't grab them and hold on.

I actually do have somewhat of a legitimate excuse, however: I had to have my first surgery; here in Colombia. Until last month, I had prided myself on having all my original parts and having them in working order. My pride has been dealt the death blow, which it sorely needed and I am now living without my two ovaries and a rapidly growing cyst which definitely didn't belong. As a result, I have acquired multiple night sweats, horrific cramps and a new diet including mandarins and soy products, many soy products, not to mention a couple new incisions that are in the process of healing. My doctor managed to take a video of the whole affair and handed it to me before I left the hospital. I have yet to watch it. There seems to me something very wrong with filming someone while they are totally asleep. What was absolutely amazing, was that I had the surgery at approximately 8:30 a.m. and was on my way home before 2 p.m. the same day! Climbing up to the third floor to get to the bedroom was quite a challenge, but I managed without bursting any stitches, and Rick proved to be quite a good nurse, so I didn't have to go up and down much the first few days. It has been over 2 weeks now, and I am very glad that it is over and the worst of my recovery is in the past.

I thought you might be interested in seeing where we live, so I am including a picture



taken outside our house looking toward the mountains. We live in what is called a "conjunto" which is very much like a condominium in the States. Ours is gated for security which is important here. The beautiful mountains are the Andes; the ones I fell in love with as soon as I arrived back in 1992.

We are excited about the arrival of Joe and Becky Harrell in October. They will be living with us while they settle in and adjust to life in Colombia. We are praying that the Lord will provide them with a rent house close to ours as walking is the main mode of transportation here and the most economical. Until they can find something, however, I will thoroughly enjoy

offering them hospitality in our home. I have missed cooking for the girls, so guests will afford me an honorable excuse for preparing some of my “family” meals as well as practicing the feminine art of doting, of which I am very accomplished but have lacked the opportunity.

You may remember me mentioning the possibility of my English class coming to an abrupt halt. Well, it has. My advanced student left for Spain this week and my beginning student has taken another job which prohibits her from being able to attend. But, no sooner had I lost one opportunity, than another appeared. I am now teaching the R. C. Sproul “Dust to Glory” study to the Wednesday morning ladies’ bible study. I was surprised to find that this study has no teacher aids or answer keys. I spent three hours just on the first question of lesson 1 in the bible study section! You may be interested to know that absolutely no one agrees on a list of the attributes of God! I guess this stands to reason since He is not able to be searched out or put in a box, but I found it quite frustrating as I was endeavoring to help the ladies not expend endless hours in the same search. I am very excited about this study since I am the only one who is coming from a reformed perspective. We had a very stimulating discussion after the lecture on lesson 1 and I am looking forward to the following 57! Please pray that they will be able to hang in there for however long it will take us to get through.

Before I close I would like to tell you about a recent trip that Rick took to meet up with some church planters in a small city on the Venezuelan border called Cucuta. Try to imagine a place where there are no gas stations. You purchase your gas from an individual on the street corner with gas in plastic tubs. It is hot, very hot, and arid. There is not much grass or breeze. There is no hot water, which really isn’t much of a problem in scalding climates except that the early mornings when one usually showers it is cool. And the shower is outside. Actually, the shower is a concrete box sitting on the ground that you have to climb into. The water flows out of an open pipe above. Unfortunately, Rick not knowing the conditions, didn’t bring the usual swim trunks in which to bathe, so his host graciously lent him a pair of his shorts which turned out to be much too big. I wish I could have been there to see Rick try to soap up with one hand while holding his pants on with the other!

I love this crazy, never-know-what-will-happen-next, adventurous life with God! And I love sharing it with you! Thanks for being there.

A fellow pilgrim,
Pam