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April 9, 2008

The Dye's Update

The gray breasted robins line up on our backyard wall every morning waiting for a worm to raise its head. They swoop and pick at the grass. With my being grown up and all, the fact that the robins are not red breasted shouldn't bother me, but it does. They just seem so plain that I can hardly call them robins, but "thrushes" is too drab and maybe even insulting. Well, we are in their country and as many Chileans think of North Americans, perhaps our red breasted robins are just on the garish side of propriety for the Chilean birds.

When we first arrived in Chile, the winter streets were seas of gray and black coats and jackets. Dark red was acceptable, but barely. This winter the sweaters and jackets on sale are full of colors. Neon colors are still strictly for summer tourists, but the muted rainbow is certainly exhibited on the department store floors. The country seems to be farther and farther from its communist years. Few remember the need to be invisible for any other reason than personal reasons.

Our congregation has had its share of traumatic experiences these last few weeks. The most difficult was a sick little boy named Aquilito. For those of you who followed his situation, he is doing very well, still a little anemic. He is almost back to normal, but our congregation will never be the same. A sick child motivates even the hardest heart to cry out to our Creator for His intervention. I suppose the coming months will tell, but the whole experience had a profound effect on this group of people who long to understand what God has in mind for their lives.

Roger and I are often introspective about our congregation, our participation in how they came to be part of La Iglesia Presbiteriana de Reñaca, and our part in helping to establish a strong church that won't blow away with the first breeze. Considering each family, it seems that our job has been more of playing baseball catcher than pitcher. It isn't so much that we made anything happen at all. Most of the folks who join us on Sundays are there because God was already doing something in their lives and we just happened to be ready to receive them when they were ready to come. It is humbling to think of how little all of our stirring about has caused and awesome to think that God lets us be the ones to play catcher. Please God, please don't pitch too hard!

Saturday evening, I carefully cleaned up the glitter Suzy had been using to make beautiful pictures and set about making a pie for Sunday dinner. I put the pie dough on a board and began to roll it out with the rolling pin. One roll left a beautiful glittering pie crust. Apparently Suzy had used the rolling pin for making something "beautiful". I admired the glittering crust considering for just one moment what the harm might be in cooking it like that. I thought again and started over with "non-beautiful" pie crust.

Know of our prayers for you all tonight!

Laura Dye for Roger and the kids, CHILE