

DANIELS' DIARIES

September 2007

"For every Samburu man, woman and child to have the opportunity to hear and respond to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This will be done by planting reproducing churches in villages and population centers, requiring thousands of churches. As this is accomplished, these reproducing churches will carry the Gospel and the vision into the neighboring tribes of Pokot and Turkana."

SHORT DAYS AT HOME

By the time you receive this newsletter, we will most probably be in Nairobi. It is odd to think that we have only 4 more days left in Maralal. Four more days of life in the village, where every day passes much the same as the one before. The nights are quiet and dark and the difference in days is sometimes marked by the absence or presence of water or electricity or how many people had which needs to bring to us today. "Civilization" and American friends are just an 8 hour drive south. In Nairobi, no one will call us off to the side and begin the conversation with "I have a problem" (which means "I need your help/money.") Many requests come in the form of "my children have no food". How much and how often can you give and to how many? Life here requires a discerning mind, a prayerful attitude and the ability to remain compassionate without becoming jaded. It is a test of the soul. "What would Jesus do?" becomes very personal and real.

So...whew! We are looking forward to our time in the States. We have quite a bit of travel the first 2 months and then we look forward to some quiet times to visit and enjoy family. Our plans include trips to Florida, North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee. We will be staying in Dallas and are excited about being home for the State Fair of Texas for the first time in 7 years. What will Joseph think of Big Tex? I can't wait to find out. "Howdy folks!" See you there!

MINISTRY NOTES

Last week, we were blessed and encouraged by a sense of the "good old days" while traveling to minister to people in the forest. We were with "J" and "E", who have been our helpers and friends since we arrived in Maralal in 2001. As we drove higher and higher in the mountains, we were all thinking the same thing. How wonderful it was to be able to return to this place after being forced out in 2003. How good the people of this area always were to us and how receptive they were to the Word of God. As one old man said after being approached by a works based faith, "I will not trade the news of God for a cup of food." He was referring to the many lures used by some to get church members to change affiliations. Our friends asked if we remembered that old man and what he said. Charlie replied, "I will never forget him." This is a request repeated often by Samburu when one is leaving, "don't forget me." How could we ever forget a thin, old man who had heard the Word of God given to him in his heart language and who refused to trade it for the one "thing" he probably needed most...food?

And Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. And after He had fasted forty days and forty nights, He then became hungry. And the tempter came and said to Him, "If You are the Son of God, command that these stones become bread." But He answered and said, "It is written, 'Man shall not live on bread alone, but on every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God.'" Matt. 4:1-4

PRAYER AND PRAISE

- We appreciate your prayers for safe travel as we depart Kenya on September 6th.
- Pray for Samburu believers to be faithful and obedient to the work of the Lord. Pray that they will each use their spiritual gifts to honor God.
- Pray for a young boy we have met and helped a little. Pray for his home situation as he lives with his grandmother and spends a lot of time on the streets. Our friends here will try looking after him a bit and my prayer is they will see an example of how a little encouragement can help a “street child” choose the right path in life.

Our Vision

By now, I hope you have noticed the vision statement listed at the top of each newsletter. This was given to us as we prayed and studied for 3 weeks in September during a Strategy Leader training seminar. We realize it is a God-sized task and can only be accomplished as workers are obedient to tend the harvest fields. Ask God to provide the workers needed from among the Samburu. Pray for us to be open to creative ways of reaching the thousands of unreached people and effectively discipling those who choose to follow Christ.

God’s Promise

“But these things I plan won’t happen right away. Slowly, steadily, surely, the time approaches when the vision will be fulfilled. If it seems slow, wait patiently for it, for it will surely take place. It will not be delayed.”

Habakkuk 2:3 New Living Translation

PS – BEFORE YOU GO...

Have I said this before? When it rains it pours. Living in this semi-arid region, the color of grass is normally brown and the dust flies from the road as you drive anywhere. But these past few months we have seen rain like never before. It started around the middle of June and has rained every week since then.

Our friends traveled over 3 hours by foot on Wednesday to visit us and say goodbye. “Mama” is in her late forties and the daughter was carrying a month old baby. As we drank chai and talked, it began to rain. Buckets. Then it began to flood the bathrooms, so our chatting was cut short. As Charlie mopped and scooped, all I could think was, “please, God, not his back.” Then he went outside to “see if I can fix this.” Twenty minutes pass and when I look out, he is drenched to the skin, bent over, digging out a trench with a “jembe”, a heavy pick axe/hoe type implement. I send Sam to get Martin (our guard/caretaker) and he takes over. They do get it fixed and I begin to wonder if our friends will be able to return home. It’s nearing 2:00, still pouring and there are small children at home that they need to get to. “And the animals,” they remind me. No way we can drive in this. Water is over the road and they live way off the road. I ask if they ever pray to God for it to stop raining. “No, we fear to ask God that.” I quietly do, it finally does and they are able to leave. A couple hours later it begins to rain again and I pray they can (or miraculously already have) arrive safely home.

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