

# A NEW DAY IN MISSION

## Kafakumba Training Center | Zambia, Africa

### Accidental Tradition

During Lent in 2018 Debbie had an inspiration from God to do something for the church on Easter. Zambia celebrates Christmas and Easter, but not in the American, commercialized way. There is no gift-giving nor fancy dinners. Debbie felt that was inadequate, and we needed to have an Easter Dinner. We took 20 chickENS, bought supplies of corn meal, vegetables, and cooking oil, and the rest was done by the ladies of the church.

After the Easter service, everyone stayed for dinner and remained past 5 pm. The children played, the youth sang, the men told stories and the women relaxed and chatted. It was a blessed day. When Advent came people asked about a Christmas dinner. Debbie responded "yes". Once again, we provided the chickENS and fixings and the women made it happen. The Accidental Tradition was born.

Ash Wednesday this year Ken was reminded about Easter dinner. Since Mama Debbie isn't here, they wanted to be sure the Tradition continues. It has become a vital part of our church life in Fisenge. Following worship the meal is served. Everyone stays all afternoon. No meetings, no business, no Bible Studies or Sermons. It is a time of fellowship where people become close and the ties personal. All because Mama Debbie obeyed God's inspiration. The Accidental Tradition continues!

### Severe Draught Hits Zambia

The rains began a month early which caused concern. We stuck to the book and planted according to schedule. We got our crops in, and they did well and got rains, not a lot, but what was necessary to sprout and begin growth and pollination. We have experienced three weeks of drought at Kafakumba, with rain beginning the past three days.

Our crops were very thirsty and have perked up, but are still lacking moisture. In large portions of Zambia, the crops are already a total failure. We are in a small window which has received minimal rain and our crops are looking to survive. We are in the final month of maturity, so we still need more rain. Our preparation, planting, cultivating, all by hand, went like clockwork. Twenty-six ladies from the church worked in the fields to make it happen. We await the harvest.

Our chickENS are doing well. We currently have 2,000 chickENS, and are working up to 5,000. We had an 8-foot spitting cobra visit us this week, checking out our chickEN house. He weighed 10 pounds!



Cobra in the ChickEN House

### Kafakumba Pastor's School

The 2024 session of KPS will be held in May/June. We are excited as we have a number of visitors from Indiana churches coming. One of Debbie's spiritual gifts was hospitality. She loved receiving, cooking for and entertaining visitors. Since her death we have had few visitors so this will be exciting, and she will be missed.

On a sad note, Mama Tanga (wife to Pastor Tanga, Co-Director of KPS) passed away earlier this year in Lubumbashi. Please pray for Pastor Tanga and me as we lead this session of KPS without our wives by our sides.

## Ongoing Support

Words are inadequate to express gratitude to each of you who have participated with us through prayer and financial support. This could not happen without you. May God's blessings be upon you!

Funds, for both projects and salary, can be sent to:

**Marion Mission Storehouse  
PO Box 38  
Marion, IN 46952**

and earmarked for Salary, or the various projects: Widows, Pastors School, Fisenge Church, or ChickENS.

The Marion Mission Storehouse is 501c3 tax exempt.

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## Rumor Mill

In Congo, they call it the "Congo Fact". It is totally fabricated gossip to stir up trouble, chaos and even has caused war. In Zambia people start rumors out of jealousy and anger to defame and destroy the character of another person. In the U.S. we call it gossip.

In Congo, Ken was called a witch. He doesn't use a broom, but he flies an airplane. Thus, he is a witch, albeit a good witch! In Zambia rumor had it Ken got married while he was sick in the States and secretly brought back his new wife and has her hidden in a closet! In the States, the rumor is that Ken is retired and no longer living in Zambia. It escalated to the comment that Ken had died!



***This is Ken writing and I'm changing to the first person!*** I am currently sitting at my kitchen table in Zambia, in T-shirt, shorts and flip flops, sipping Columbian coffee and enjoying 85-degree weather as I write this, just 20 feet from my cornfield (see picture).

When I was in the States I became deathly ill. I "celebrated" Thanksgiving, 2022, in a Ft Wayne, IN, hospital. The doctor said that I had 12 hours to live had he not successfully removed the gallstone which blocked the bile duct causing the liver and kidneys to shut down. Just out of surgery and still under the anesthesia and morphine I had a vision of Debbie visiting me. She held my hand and said that I was not going to die and would recover and return to Zambia. She said, ***"God is not finished with you, yet!" I am living and working in Zambia as God is not finished with me, yet!***

## Stacie's Fire

On January 11, I got a call from my daughter Stacie. She was standing outside her house watching it burn. It was totally destroyed. She and her family are unhurt, but lost everything! This is not the first or second time in her young life that she has lost everything and had to start over, but the third!



On Stacie's 6<sup>th</sup> birthday soldiers burst into our home at gunpoint and demanded I fly for them or they would kill Debbie, Stacie and Joshua. Miraculously, we escaped with just the clothes we were wearing. As we flew to safety, soldiers looted and destroyed our home including birthday presents and uneaten cake. The second time was in 1998 during war, and again we narrowly escaped with our lives, but lost everything.

Stacie is a ROCK and understands that material possessions can be replaced, but not our lives and family. Losing everything changes our mindset, values and priorities. Many of you have inquired about Stacie and her family and offered prayers and financial support. On behalf of Stacie and her family I say a heartfelt thank you. ***God isn't finished with Stacie, either!***