



Special Issue

"Committed to sharing God's gifts among all peoples of the world"

Africa 2010

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*"Each one should
use whatever gift he
has received to serve
others, faithfully
administering God's
grace in its various
forms."*

- 1 Peter 4:10

From the President

Dear Friends,

What an unforgettable two weeks! So much was accomplished - a large storage shed was built, more than 1,030 people had free vision check-ups with more than half of them receiving eyeglasses, a new well was dug, preparations were made to begin construction of a new brick school building, the Good News was preached, and the doors of many villages were opened wide to hear the gospel of Jesus Christ. Praise God for all He allowed us to do in His name!

Our team members came from Pennsylvania and Virginia. Some had traveled to Africa before with us, some had experienced other mission trips in the United States, and some had never dreamed of going on a mission trip anywhere. God, however, knew just what He was doing and pulled together a fantastic group of individuals that served together with great compassion and kindness. Inside this report are the heartfelt stories of those sixteen volunteers who answered God's call to share His Word and serve His people in Zambia.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of those involved in making this trip possible. Some of you supported us financially, some prayed that our mission would be successful and that we would travel in safety, and some faithfully allowed a spouse or daughter to join us. Tanya Brenneman of Grassroots Heroes was invaluable in getting everything prepared for us at our home away from home - Heroes Farm. Additionally, she arranged for our schedules and transportation and worked tirelessly to have everything ready for us in the Grippis Farm Community.

If, after reading this report, you hear the small still voice of the Lord tugging on your heart, feel free to contact me to see how you can become involved. Plans are already underway for 2011 mission trips. Our team members will be the first to tell you how this experience opened their eyes and changed their hearts forever. They left willing to give and returned with their cup running over with blessings.

Please continue to pray for the people of Grippis. If you wish to donate in gratefulness for your many blessings we are still raising money to complete the school.



We have also been asked to purchase and distribute 1000 Bibles to the many small villages hidden away in the bush country of Zambia. Once again thank you for partnering with us in our mission of service. May God bless you richly!

In His peace,

Carol Fanelli

Carol Fanelli





We saw the Ministry of Lands move in a way that we have waited 6 years for – so that the community c o u l d p u r c h a s e the land

the team was gong to build on. We saw God open the Chief's villages for us to minister to the people through vision screening. Then, we saw God invite us to share the Gospel to the Chiefs of Zambia! We saw hundreds of people needing eye care come without proper vision and leave with big smiles and clear sight. We saw little children hear about Jesus the Good Shepherd, and create a sheep with fuzzy cotton and glue, which they had never used before in their lives. We saw young people hearing about the Gospel story through the use of color-striped bracelets. We heard them creating a song out of the lesson they heard.

We saw a drilling rig break through the soil and rock of the Zambian ground and hit water – fresh, clean, uncontaminated water for the village to drink. We saw women dancing and singing around the new well as we celebrated God's gift of clean water for good health for their families. We saw women clearing the ground for the new school construction site – land that they now own for the first time ever – a pretty important detail for a community that have been squatters for 40 years. We saw villagers volunteering to build the school- young men who gave 1,000 percent every minute – working as hard as they could hour by hour, day by day, laughing enjoying the challenge and camaraderie of working alongside the American team.

We saw people worshipping with passion and fervor – singing, dancing, praying in many languages at once. We heard heart-breaking stories as the teachers shared their own life stories – as orphans, as vulnerable children, as young people who struggled to get an education, and who are now committed to seeing other disadvantaged children and orphans get the education that will change their lives.

We saw extreme poverty, women, men, children living in the dirt. Women carry piles of firewood on their heads for miles with a baby on their backs, in order to cook their food. They scratch out a living by growing vegetables, which they irrigate with raw sewage. We saw a woman who's finger was rotting away from a severe infection. The local clinic couldn't get it under control, but the private clinic we paid for restored it to good health. We saw the whole community walking together to the cemetery to bury a young boy whose head swelled and was so painful that the local doctors had cut open his skull to relieve the pressure. It became infected and he died. We saw eyes with cataracts so dense the eyes were white, and a boy who was so badly beaten with a stick that his eyeball had burst open. We saw things we wish we hadn't seen.

But we also saw what we have lost by being prosperous – relationships, time to spend together, children playing all day long with each other – no toys, no electricity, no TVs, just each other. We saw men building with the most minimum of tools and equipment, yet innovative, joyful, working together as a team – not competitive. We saw children with manners, who were courteous, polite, respectful - a stark contrast to our own society norms. We saw the excess with which we live and wondered what was wrong with us, as individuals, as a church, as a nation. We saw our own selfishness, our own egocentric, independent, lack-of-relationship-lives, and wished it weren't that way. We saw that we made an impact on the community by our generosity and kindness. We saw they made an impact on us – in ways we can't even describe. We saw God move.

WOULD I GO BACK? - Dale Shoener

"It's hard to put into words all I saw and experienced during our trip to Zambia. I had never gone on a mission trip; in fact, until a short time ago I had no desire to put myself that far out to serve others. But I have a bit of a servant's heart, and He kept tugging on me to go outside my comfort zone. Terrified, but willing, I decided to go along to Zambia. It was abundantly clear I did not have the strength or conviction to do this on my own; I had to rely on His help. Daily prayers gave me the reassurance He was with us, and the trip became a blur of daily activity. I found joy in helping in any way I could, in meeting so many wonderful folks from the village and the farm, not to mention our fantastic team.

Considering the trepidation I felt before the trip, and on the flight over, I was surprised how saddened I was when it came time to leave. In such a short time, I felt a bond beginning between me, my team, and Zambia and its people.

Would I go back? In a heartbeat...."





Let's travel back a few months before the team arrived in Zambia. A large swath of land needed to be prepared, and when I say prepared, I mean leveled out to the best of their ability using shovels and pick axes. Large stones were broken by hand by several of the village women, and in return they were provided with a small meager income. The stones would later be added to the cement for the building. Plans were drawn up and meetings with government officials were held.

However, let us not forget that the building also began in the States, with many heartfelt donations for the brick fund. As donors gave to the fund, a name was written by the contributor onto a paper replica of a brick. Overall, we collected nearly \$7,000 toward the bricks and materials. These donations were much more than pieces of paper; they were compassionate answers to a prayer for the village of Grippis. Without the generous contributions toward brick expenses, this much needed building would not have been a reality.

The building project began on a hot Tuesday morning, with a handful of villagers and a few WAGC team members. The first two brick trucks were unloaded and the building's foundation was mapped out and marked on the soil. The digging began and carried on into the afternoon. By the end of the first day the footer was completed. Cement was hand mixed on the ground, and placed in the footer and leveled. We were ready for day two.

Day two was probably the most precious memory of the entire building process. The teachers, who currently instruct students in the older school compound within the village, had come to say hello and see the new building process. They were overjoyed to see the ground-breaking and the foundation. However, as excited as they were with the actual building, they took a special interest in the paper bricks we were placing inside the holes of the cinderblocks. They noticed that these papers had names written on them. We explained to



them that these names were of the people in the U.S. who were praying for their school and had supported this project. The teachers were so moved they wanted to help place the names in the bricks. We paged through the names and read them one by one. We separated the pile of names between the seven teachers and they went to separate corners of the building and prayed as they placed names one by one into the bricks – they read the names, and prayed! It was so powerful. Afterwards, these special bricks were lined around the footer, as the foundation of the building. By the end of the day, the foundation was solid, with the donor names forever inside the walls.

The remaining days were all very similar. Each day started with the unloading of bricks, moving of materials, collecting water from the village bore-hole, mixing mortar or cement, passing bricks, and building walls. The building was taking shape and it was exciting for everyone involved. The team now consisted of six WAGC team members, eight teenagers from Grippis and five bricklayers from Grippis and the surrounding area. The process was precise and with the use of simple tools like shovels, picks, string, a level, and two wheelbarrels, we watched as the building rose on the dirt field. Soil was scraped from the surrounding land which was used to back fill the foundation. A cement floor was poured, one wheelbarrel at a time and stamped

down by a homemade wooden press. Overall, it was a humbling experience to see what could be accomplished with very few resources and a lot of teamwork. By the end of the eighth day, the building was standing and just needed a roof. The tin roof was constructed on day nine.

What a blessing this building was. However, please remember, this project provided more than just a building, it gave the people of Grippis a hope. The financial gifts provided by donations, are an investment in a future for people who 12 months ago had very little believe in. To us it may just look like four cinderblock walls, but to them they saw growth, value in a future, and most importantly – answered prayers. This one room building will provide a secure area to store the equipment that will be used to build the remaining school classrooms.





How would I describe my experience in Zambia, Africa this summer? Life changing. I didn't really have expectations before we left. I just kind of packed up my very heavy suitcases and hopped on the plane. Never really thought that I was about to be changed forever.

God had huge plans for us. That was made evident the first day. We walked into Grippis Farm, a village

in our backyard, and were greeted with singing and poems and skits. They were so excited to see us and we were celebrities to them. Their love and joy was so pure and unconditional. It taught me a lot about myself and about life.

When we did the eye clinics, I was "refractor girl". That meant I sat at a table and read the people's eyes through a machine. I saw many cataracts while doing that. It was heart breaking for me because what is an easily fixed problem in the U.S. began a lifetime of blindness for the Zambians. There was one day when I couldn't even eat because I was so heartbroken for all the beautiful people I had seen with cataracts - beautiful people who we had to say sorry to, we couldn't do anything for them. It was hard to take. But God showed me He's bigger than a cataract.

I believe God made a difference in Zambia this summer through us and it is so incredibly humbling to think that I was a part of something so big, so real. It is hard for me to comprehend that I am a part of God's master plan. Zambia sure changed me. I thank God every day that I could have this wonderful experience with 15 wonderful, wonderful people. I pray that He will help me love like the Zambians and continue to show me how to lean on Him in everything.

Our mission trip to Africa was amazing. It was incredible to be a blessing from God for the people we met. Our mission was to hold eye glass clinics for the people in Zambia. It was incredible to see the reactions on the people's faces when they put on the glasses. They could see the wall across the room, the people they were talking to, and the beans they were sorting for maybe the first time in ten years! One lady, I remember, got up and started dancing and praising the Lord when she got her glasses. To know that we could be a part of God's blessing for this lady truly impacted my life.

In Grippis community, a village very close to the guest house that we were staying in, we had the privilege of getting to know many of the people, especially the younger kids.



They would run up to us and hug us or hold our hand as we walked. We helped them build a storage building/guard house for their school, provided funding for a well to be dug, and held a little Bible study for some of the people there. None of this, I realized, could be done without the planning and help of God. He was in control the whole time. (And it's a good thing too, otherwise I don't know if we would still be here today!) It was amazing to see what little these people had, but still what love and joy poured out from them. It was incredible to see what God had in store for us, long before we even left the United States.

A LESSON FROM THE TEACHERS - *Andy Brighton*



What an amazing experience it was to travel to Zambia, Africa with 15 other team members, including two of my daughters. Our mission was to hold eye clinics in several villages and also begin a construction project for the Grippis community (details of which were not known until we arrived there). However, as Tanya Brennenman of Grassroots Heroes International

stated in a letter to all of us at the beginning of the trip, we were really coming to join in work that God was already doing in Zambia. And what a wonderful work God is doing!

I was most touched by the genuine smiles and happiness of the people who lived in Grippis, a community that has almost no material possessions. From the time they first

saw us from afar and began waving, to the daily smiles and greetings as we walked through the village, to the tearful goodbyes on the last day, they treated us like brothers and sisters.

The teachers of the Mango Grove School in Grippis most impressed me. They are passionate in how they live. They choose to give up better jobs so that they can live in substandard housing, walk 45 minutes to school (in any kind of weather), and teach kids who live in deplorable conditions. They do this because they believe in God's call. They want to glorify God, they rely on God's strength, and they have a passion to see the kids rise up. It was evident in their lives that Jesus is the difference - their love for Jesus is incredible and they reflect this love back to the kids, believing that they are helping to raise the next generation of teachers, doctors, and lawyers. I have much to learn from the way that they live for Jesus, and I was greatly blessed through this trip.

BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE - Carolyn Snell

About a year ago I received a nudge from God to participate in a mission trip to Zambia, Africa with the organization We're All God's Children. This particular mission trip was to entail vision screening and then provide eyeglasses to the poor. "But AFRICA," I asked God and myself?! Never in my wildest imagination would I have ever conceived the idea of going to AFRICA! I mean that country seemed so far away; so remote, and so very *primitive*!

However, after meeting with Carol Fanelli and viewing her DVD about a previous trip to Kenya, my heart was touched. The pictures of those poor people proudly wearing their new glasses that sometimes were too small, too big, or even for the opposite sex, stirred something inside of me that I cannot explain. Being an optician, I see people with new glasses everyday – but this was different. Here in the States, we get to choose our eyeglasses. The term is even different, it is eyewear. The choice is based on fashion, name brand, color, and perhaps purpose of use. Most Americans have several pairs of glasses! But these people are different. Even in still photos, one could sense the hearts of the people in Kenya, their gratitude, and their humbleness. Although they were poor, they were a proud people. But AFRICA? I came up with lots of excuses not to go. But God had a plan for me. He wanted me to go and go I would. I realized it wasn't about me; instead it was about being obedient to God whom I love.

So, off I go to bless the people of Zambia and Grippis Farm with my skill to fit eyeglasses. Little did I know it would be quite the opposite! I was blessed beyond description by the people of Zambia. Not only was God going to do a work through me, but he was going to do a work in me!

I cannot properly put into words the emotions I had during the eye clinics. I work in the field of Optometry. I know how important eyeglasses are. I know how important medical care for the eyes is. I know how debilitating a fully developed cataract is to a person. And I also know how easy some of these conditions are to make better. It was absolutely heartbreaking to witness a man, woman, and/or child have a cataract (or two) that was so dense it looked like white marbles where an eye should be! We saw many that had lost vision due to an injury or some genetic disease. Without the means to pay, these people could not

seek medical care for their eyes! It all seemed so senseless to me. But God was using the sights and the smells to soften my heart that had in some ways become hard.

God has been showing me areas in my life that needed changing. I kept denying this one particular area. Justifying it in any way I could possibly find. I had just about convinced myself that it never really existed. But God wasn't through with me yet! On the plane ride to Zambia, I met a gentleman who is a native of Zambia but travels to the States on business. He works for a major bank and therefore travels back and forth. I asked him if he liked the United States. His response was, "Yes in some ways". However he noticed that Americans are individualistic; the Zambian people are relational. Americans are selfish, self-centered, and very much about themselves. The Zambian people share what they have with one another no matter how small. Time is not important to the Zambians; time is everything to the Americans. During my two weeks in Zambia, I was reminded of this over and over again. "I know,



I know," I say to God. "I hear you!" I learned early on in life to depend on myself. I became very independent and self-sufficient. I had to. By relying on "self" I became self-centered and selfish. This is the very thing God has been, and continues to speak to me about. "WOW" and "OUCH" at the same time! Sometimes we have to keep going around and around that mountain before we learn those lessons, huh?

I'll end with this last thought. I went to Zambia thinking I was going to bless those people, and perhaps in some small way I did, BUT I was the one blessed beyond description. We think of the Zambian people as being poor. And they are in many, many ways, and yet we are too. They are poor in material things, yes. The sicknesses and death are overwhelming. But they are so rich in ways that are much more important. They have a love, a faith and a trust in the Living God that penetrates every single tiny fiber of their being! They are in constant worship and prayer to our heavenly Father. They have a complete and total dependence on God (not themselves); they simply have to. So, I ask myself - WHO is poor? The answer is in the mirror!

I came away from Zambia with a new perspective. I now have a deep love and respect for those people – those BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

GOD WILL MAKE THINGS HAPPEN - *Lindsey Shoener*



Zambia. I never would have thought that I would have been going to a place like that. When I first heard about the trip I was more excited about it than anything in my entire life. I knew it was going to be something that I would remember for the rest of my life. When we arrived, it was a big shock to me. I still couldn't wrap my head around the fact that we

had just made a flight to Africa. The flight was very long, but it was well worth the wait.

My time in Zambia was something that I would consider to be life changing. I started out on this trip as a person who didn't know what to expect, and who didn't have much faith in my religion. However, throughout the days of working with the people in the eyeglass clinics and on the construction site, I began to see my viewpoint changing in a drastic way.

Being with the people of Africa made me upset but joyous at the same time. These people have nothing compared to the way we live at home, and yet they are as happy as can be. I admired their bravery. With all of the things each person has suffered, they are content with where they are today. When we would pray for these people daily, I would thank God for helping them through their struggles and also ask Him to watch over them. They deserved much more than the poverty they were stuck in.

During the eyeglass clinics, I would see the lives of each child and adult being changed when they could see

something clearly for the first time. One woman I helped while the team was at the school in Chikumbuso came up to me before she left, took my hand, and said "May God bless you for what you are doing." I had never had someone appreciate so little a task before. To me, it was just finding the right glasses, but to her and all the others it was helping them live a better life. I think that was the point where I knew that this trip was going to be an emotional one.

Even though I was not able to help as much at the construction site, I had a good time listening to the stories and watching the young men work as hard as they did. It was incredible how fast they could work. I felt funny when I would go and dig up some dirt or mix the cement. I was so much slower than they were. I had to laugh at myself since I'm sure I looked very inexperienced out there. Each of the boys and men had been working so hard that day, but they still wouldn't let us help even when they were starting to get tired.

When someone asks me about my trip, I can't seem to give each person the same story. I will always remember a different memory with each conversation I have. I think by having an experience like this I can help others see how hard it was there, and how we shouldn't be ungrateful or upset if we can't get something we want. The tribes and people in Zambia struggle throughout their everyday life, and we complain if one little thing isn't going as planned. One important aspect I learned while being there is "nothing is a crisis". I go through some of my days thinking that it is going to be a bad day because one thing went wrong when I first woke up. Then I remember their culture and stop worrying. God will make everything happen the way that it should.



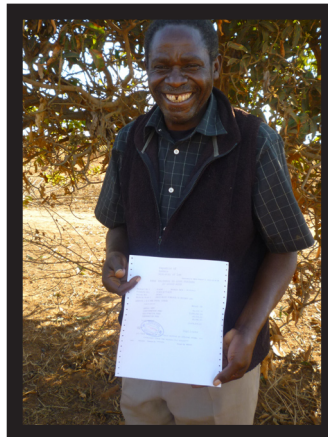
Learning about the Lost Sheep

Ready for Soccer!

We will never forget you!



Built on Your Prayers



This is our land!



A Great Beginning



Clean Water



Praise for the Well



This is Your Well.



I look pretty!



Can I count on you?



We worship the one true God.



I thank God for you every day!



African Sunset



me most about my trip to Zambia.

A typical American woman might begin her day by crawling out of her warm and cozy bed into her bedroom slippers and soft, fresh-smelling robe. She hurries to the kitchen, runs tap water, and plugs in the coffee pot. She then jumps into the wonderfully warm shower, shampooing and blow drying her hair, and choosing what she wants to wear from her walk-in closet, then picks from several different pairs of shoes. She feeds her children with cold milk and cereal and fruit, and sends them out with hugs and kisses to the waiting school bus. She grabs another cup of coffee, her car keys, and ventures onto the highway to her job, which gives her a sense of self-worth and independence. She sighs, "Thank you, Lord, for all your blessings, and that's all I have time for right now."

Half a world away, her Zambian 'sister' awakens at

The stark
c o n t r a s t
between the
life I've grown
accustomed to
and the life I
saw African
women living,
is the thing
that impressed

dawn to a crying baby. She pulls herself up from the straw mat on the ground of her hut, being careful not to disturb the other children. Wearing the same clothes she wore yesterday, she stirs the ashes from the fire that burned through the night, hoping that there is enough spark to get it started again. The firewood she gathered yesterday is almost gone - she'll have that chore to do again today. She holds the baby to her breast, and wraps him in her chitanga, puts her empty pots on her head, and makes the trek across the village in her bare feet to the bore-hole to get water. She greets other women along the way back to her hut, and stirs corn mush into the water to feed her children. She has no refrigerator. There is no milk or juice. The children eat the mush with their fingers, and off to the village school they go. She sits down in the dust to join hearts and voices with the other women of the village to sing, clap, and praise God for another day! Her chores can wait.

How incredibly blessed I am, and how much I take for granted! How little they have, yet how happy they seem to be. The women of Africa with their clapping and dancing and praising God put me to shame. I really want to spend more time like them; clapping, singing and dancing through my life. I need to spend less time worrying about what others think, about what 'stuff' I have (or don't have), and about things I can't control. I want to praise God more for everything, including the opportunity He gave me to go on this trip!

THE ZAMBIAN EXPERIENCE - Chris Beverage

What an amazing experience it was. To witness God's presence in a place of such poverty is something I can't describe. The people there are so gracious and humble and joyous, it made me feel as though it's us that are lacking. The people of Grippis Farm are the poorest of the poor but have the most wonderful spirit. Hearing their stories will make you cry but meeting them will make you smile. I had expected to be affected by the sight of people living in such poverty, but instead I came away realizing that we can be happy and praise God regardless of our circumstances.

God is at work in Grippis

Farm. To now have two water wells and construction beginning on a new school for the community, is definitely a miracle. I could see the feeling of hope within the community as they see what God is doing for them.

I believe God chose each one of our team members specifically for this mission. Each one worked with a servant's heart and with joy, and I feel so blessed and humbled to be one of those chosen. God gave me so much more than what I gave the people of Zambia and I will be forever grateful for the experience.



A NEW LOOK AT LIFE - Julie Burkholder

Arriving at Heroes Farm Monday night was wonderful. Over time, that house became like a home away from home because of the people that were in it. I loved the simplicity of the house itself. There wasn't much there furniture-wise beyond what was needed (from an American viewpoint), but that allowed us to be focused on the mission instead of wishing to get back to whatever luxury we had left back at home. As far as the living style at Heroes, I found it to be just about the same as home, but a little plainer.

Grippis was wonderful. I loved seeing the people that Tanya Brenneman keeps talking about at our church



and the places that show the improvement in their lives. I'm excited by the vision and excitement that is sweeping the village as more and more

people are getting the idea that they don't have to stay in the same situation forever. The children are precious and the teachers are so inspiring that I had no chance to be depressed. All I could do was praise God for where He had brought this community and where He was leading them. I know there are still lots of huge obstacles to overcome, but if God has brought them this far in this short amount of time, how much farther will He take them in the years ahead, just as Tanya said at the well dedication.

About Chief Chipeco's village - it was so Godish the way everything worked out. The smallest amount of people that we got to screen for eyeglasses were in that village, but we did get to examine two chiefs and then Tanya got to talk to many more chiefs! When she sent an email that told about the Muslims opening a school near Lusaka, the thought crossed my mind that God had already begun to call the Chiefs to Himself before they even opened the school. Since they have so much sway over the people, they might be able to enlighten the general public on the Muslim's intent.

I think that was all my major observations about Zambia. It is a lot easier to understand the Bible now. The way Jesus did His ministry makes so much more sense, as does the way the Israelites lived in the Old Testament. It also makes sense why God sent Jesus to be in the "third-world culture" because that is what most of the world lives in; if He had sent Him to a "first-world culture," most people wouldn't understand the Bible. I hope to go again sometime and see what happened after we left. It's so exciting to see God move in such a mighty way. I'm glad I was a part of it.

A FAMILY OF SERVANTS - Beth Raudenbush

As I sit in my college dorm room surrounded by pictures from this past summer I cannot help but smile. Not a day goes by that I do not think of the friends that were made and the people that touched our hearts while in Zambia. We left the United States as a group of sixteen individuals on God's mission to help those in need; and we returned a close family who had shared in an unforgettable experience that was unlike any other.

The first day there we were welcomed into the Grippis Village with open arms and hearts. The children sang many wonderful songs, put on a skit about first aid, and told us what they want to be after they graduate from school. Later, we had a traditional Zambian dinner with all of the Grippis officials and school teachers, and we were welcomed once again. Over the next few days we visited many different places to offer eye exams and to help find glasses for those in need. First we went to Grippis. There we were able to help 308 people, both children and adults. I helped in the eyeglass fitting area where those who needed glasses were sent. Our room was filled with many different glasses and we would search until we found the perfect pair for every person. Everyone came together right from the beginning and we were a thriving team in no time. Each person did his or her part and we were able to help countless people see and watch their faces light up as they received the gift of clear vision. One older woman's reaction in particular really sticks out in my mind. As soon as she put the glasses on her face she jumped up and started dancing all around. She was so happy that she would now be able to see to sort the beads that she uses to make necklaces to provide money for her family. Once she calmed down a bit she gave all of us a hug and would not stop saying thank you. These sorts of reactions continued throughout the days, and by the end of the trip we were able to help over 1,030 people in many different locations.



So much help was given to the people in Zambia by our group; however, what we all gained from this experience may be even greater. Friendships that I hope will last for a long time to come, a closeness with God by doing His work through our hands, and a chance to see the beauty of humanity and nature outside of the westernized world only scratches the surface as to what will be taken away from this trip. So, I would like to thank all of those who went and made the trip all that it was, and everyone at home that made it possible for me to go. Without every single one of them I would have never been able to partake in such a wonderful experience.

For me the trip to Zambia was amazing. I did not know what to expect since I had never gone on a mission trip, so I did not have any defined expectations. I went with one hope, to be even a very small benefit to the people there. I cannot say what benefit I may have been but I can say the experience has benefited me. I do not feel sorry for the people of Zambia as some caricature from TV footage. They are not pathetic people; they are people in need. God did incredible things to allow two branches of his family to work together. The need did not limit our God. I learned that inconvenience is not a crisis, because our God is not small. He hears the call from one side of His world and answers from the other side of His world.

From what I saw, all of the WAGC people were patient and pleasant with the people we were there to help, and did all that was put before us. To my knowledge we never

left an eyeglass clinic until the last person in line had received their vision check and glasses if needed. The work to begin the school building, and the well

(where there is no water there is no life) were such a boost to the people of Grippis. The children were encouraged by the uniforms and soccer balls, bible study, songs and praise. Thank you for this opportunity to experience God's grace/love/power in ways I had not seen before.



A NEW RELATIONSHIP - Tom Fanelli



Well, I started off boarding a bus to Dulles Airport for the first leg of the journey, followed by a 15 hour flight to Johannesburg, and then another 2 hour flight to Lusaka. So much for not having had a lot of air time in my life! We then boarded another bus for the ride to Heroes Farm, but thankfully it was

only a 20 minute trip. Praise the Lord! What a start to our two week mission trip.

The next day we climbed through a barbed wire fence to make the trek to Grippis Farm Village. What a sight – mud huts, no furniture, no toilets or showers, no electricity or anything else, but the people did not seem to mind. They seemed happy with what they had and had a much stronger belief in God. It made me feel a little guilty for all I have and how I live.

We walked through the village to the school and the many children lined up in front of the school to greet our team. Looking at them I thought – no shoes or socks, no designer clothes like our children. There was not much of anything in the way of school supplies, but the smiles

on their faces lit up the area where they stood. Happy, inquisitive, excited and full of enthusiasm – not me – the children. They began to sing, act, and tell a little about themselves. This was the second guilt trip for me. After all I had in my childhood I was not as happy or prayerful to my Lord. This was a life changing moment for me as the children gathered around just to touch me and smile.

That night we had a big dinner party with all the dignitaries and the teachers. They shared their stories and what they wanted to see happen to these children when they graduated from school. They told us about themselves and what the future held for them. We started to eat and the lights went out. No problem – they just brought out the candles and continued. At home we would have immediately called the electric company to complain. While we were still in the dark the teachers began to sing praise songs and dance and pray. What a difference! They were so free to tell God how they felt and sing about Him. This was the third guilt trip for me. How often do I pray, sing, or dance in public to honor our Lord? I am much too embarrassed to let other people see my true feelings.

This is supposed to be a short report so I will sum the trip up as best I can. We saw 1,030 people in the eye clinics we held. More than half of those seen received eyeglasses. I wish I could show my feelings in my writing, but I'm not that good at expressing how I feel. The people, the places we have seen, the remote villages we visited – what a trip! It has entirely changed my relationship with the Lord. It has become easier for me to talk to Him one on one and hear His answers. And I am learning to be quicker to give Him praise.

REFLECTIONS ON ZAMBIA - *Marilyn Burkholder*

“We no longer believe just because of what you said; now we have heard (and seen) for ourselves and we know that this man really is the Savior of the world.” (John 4:42b).

It was dark and chilly when we arrived at 22:00. Cold and tired, with numbed body parts jarred rudely into circulation as we bounced along the rough pavement of Lusaka. Pavement suddenly gave way to a hard-packed dirt road. As the bus driver began to make his random choices of which potholes to hit and which to miss, the limited scenery could be observed through the open windows as it flashed by. We begin to taste for the first time, of many times, the dusty grit of the African land called Zambia, a land that had been explored by the Scottish missionary, David Livingston, over 150 years ago.

Somewhere in this land, lay a small, obscure village never seen by tourist eyes. I had been hearing about this village from my friend Tanya for over 3 years. I had seen her pictures. I had heard her stories about how miracles were happening and lives were being changed from dark, depressed hopelessness to an awakening of hope, joy, and a future. Tomorrow I would be standing in the dust of this tiny village that has not been forsaken nor forgotten by the Love of the Creator Father--Grippis Farm community.

The next morning, as the team and I climbed through the hole in the woven-wire fence and began walking down the dusty trail that wound through the mud brick homes of the village, my mind begin to recall the stories of the past that I had heard about this village and tried to place them in these present surroundings. The mango tree that was the location of the first school. The second school--where the children had sat in the dirt floor and wrote their lessons in the dust. The water hole--where the women of the village walked each day to draw water--dirty water. The persons--so many names, yet each had played a part of the changes that were happening in this village. I wanted to see it all, to soak it up, and to watch God at work.

In the next two weeks, there was never a time that I was

disappointed. The Lord let me see, hear, and experience far more than I had ever imagined. Some of the highlights were eating a Zambian meal in the dark during the weekly power outage, helping the old and the young receive the gift of better eyesight through eye clinics, getting soaked in the spray of the magnificent creation called Victoria Falls (because I was too tight to rent a raincoat), loving on the children and on their teachers, bartering at the Market, emailing from an internet café, celebrating with praises of song and dance as the water flowed clear from the pump at the newly drilled well, learning the truth in the statement “There are no crises in our lives, only unplanned events” and so much more.

As I reflect now on those days in Zambia, I find myself weeping from an inner emotion that was not there before. I am so thankful that I got to see so many parts of Zambia, not from a tourist boat or bus, but from a serving position. To be able to better the lives of such needy persons and in return have my heart touched with the richness of their simplicity. I was able to see the mango tree, walk to the old waterhole, and listen to the beautiful harmonies of the African voices in songs of praise. I was able to meet so many of the persons that I had heard about, listen to their stories, and comprehend in a deeper way the significant work that the Lord was choosing to do through each of them for this dusty, obscure village named Grippis Farm community. The deepest blessing of all was being able to experience it with my daughter, Julie.

I no longer believe just because of what you have said, Tanya; now I have heard and seen for myself and I know that the Savior of the world is at work in Zambia.



I WATCH AND WONDER - *Carol Fanelli*

The trip is over; the mission accomplished. The Word was spread, vision was improved, a building was completed, and a well was dug. These were all wonderful, measurable, and anticipated events, but so much more than that happened. I saw a family who could not afford the cost of the trip for two, take that leap of faith and agree to go. They raised far more money than they needed and shared the excess with others. I saw a woman who felt called by God to go more than two years ago, but did not understand how she could use her talents. Her specialized ability ensured that everyone who received eyeglasses was

fitted properly - a miraculous event! I saw people who felt unequipped to serve show the most amazing kindness and compassion to total strangers - and have their lives changed forever because of it. I saw grown men and women with tears in their eyes as they witnessed the grinding poverty of the children; and I watched those tears turn to smiles as they began the work of a new school building.

And as I watched I wondered, “Who received the most from this trip - the receivers or the givers?” My heart simply overflows with joy as I watch God at work in the lives of the team members. How blessed I am!



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AND NOW THE REST OF THE STORY...

BIBLES FOR ZAMBIA



At a meeting with chiefs representing villagers across the country the question was asked, "What else can we do for you?" The answer was immediate, "Please send us Bibles!" Now you can be a part of bringing God's Word to thousands of people throughout the country of Zambia. **Your donation will ensure the delivery of Bibles directly into their waiting hands.**

Jesus said, "Go into all the world and preach the Good News to all creation." (Mark 16:15)
We praise God and give Him the glory for opening the doors wide to our brothers and sisters in Zambia. Please help us bring the light of God's love to those living in bondage. Join us in answering the call and send your tax-deductible donation, marked for Bibles, **today!**