

Debbie Turner

From: Mark Mozley [mark@hms-sandler.ccsend.com] on behalf of Mark Mozley [mmozley@highlandergp.com]
Sent: Tuesday, June 08, 2010 11:20 PM
To: Debbie Turner
Subject: Hillside UMC Honduras Mission Trip June 2010 Day 4



Hillside United Methodist Church

We are here.
To Rincon Grande, Olancho -
Honduras



Fun Times a head!

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ.

I am wiped out. My group did floors, mudding walls and roofs. Let me tell you the hardest job is the mudding. It is back breaking, engery sucking, and just plain hard work.

So lucky I got some other people to do most of the writing tonight.

The picture to the right is me taking a break from digging and mixing mud in the mud pit by this house.

Until tomorrow night (if we have internet access).

Mark Mozley



PS. forgive any spelling errors.



A Note from Linda Evans

I arrived in Honduras having heard the stories of past mission trips to the Ranch, of the people of the village, of the fun of mudding so I was prepared for all that. But our God is a god of surprises and my surprise has been the people I am travelling with on this trip. What a blessing to be on the airplane with team members who are reading their Bibles or engaged in conversation about Jesus and their relationship with Him. The blessing of being in the dorm room with a group of women who are as comfortable discussing 'girly things' as they are with discussing Deuteronomy 28. The joy of being with men who love to play with the children and share how God has so blessed them with this trip. It is also the joy of the people of the village, they have never met most of us before and they were waiting for us. They greeted each of us with a warm hug and "hola!" Then on the second day I was standing listening to Marta give directions and one of the women came up to me and held my hand as we waited for the word to move out. It is the people, the relationships, those are the surprises God has given me this week. I pray God continues to give me surprises this week. I am looking forward to encountering God in so many ways throughout the rest of the week.

Vaya con Dios!

New faces in the village



Keep us in your prayers

On the bus again



Julie loading up on the bus after breakfast

another shot





A Note form Emma Vivlamore

This is my first time on this mission trip, and it's only the second day of legitimate working, but I am already certain that I will be going on this trip again. It amazes me how these people live-no movies, no computer, no TV. As an avid lover of movies and computer, before this I couldn't imagine living without these things. However, I have seen it with my own eyes, and the villagers are getting along just fine. (At least I have my iPod!) On the first day, we were crossing the river on some boulders. I was carefully picking my way through the rocks, whereas a nine-year-old girl was leaping from rock to rock like a deer, and not only the children, but also women carrying babies. My initial thoughts were: *How is that even possible?!* Thinking back on it, these people have been doing this their entire lives. They've never been sitting in front of the TV 24/7, so they're always out working and doing what they need to do to live. And that includes the hiking all the way to Nicaragua (not literally, but it certainly feels like it!), living in houses the size of my room (which isn't all that huge), and crossing rivers with precarious rocks everywhere.

Today I "mudded" a wall of the house of a woman named Sandra. She has ten children and two grandchildren, and she's probably a little bit younger than my mom! (Sorry, Mom.) Speaking of my mom, she told me to pack Band-Aids in my backpack. I did what she told me, but the whole time I was thinking *it's just a waste of space; I'll never need them*. But I was wrong. Sandra and her family (not all of them) were taking out their oven because it was old; they wanted to build a new one. That oven must have been so old that it's perpetually hot. Sandra stepped on one of them and burned her foot in between two of her toes. Sure enough, Sandra needed those Band-Aids to protect that burn from becoming infected. (Thanks, Mom!)

In the same morning, Mrs. Linda Wilson and I went with Sandra to fetch water for the mud. We each got a bucket and carried it down a **steep** hill to the river. We filled both buckets, and then

Mrs. Wilson and I just realized that *we're never going to be able to carry both of these by ourselves!* And so we weren't. While we were almost killing ourselves lugging *one* bucket up the hill, Sandra, with no problem at all, carried another up by herself on her head. Again, *how is that even possible?!*

Later that afternoon, I helped in the Vacation Bible School. (I promise I'll stop lecturing soon!) For starters, I don't make friends easily. I'm just too shy. But still, I made a new friend today. Navidad kept asking me during craft time to write names and *corazones* (hearts) on the bags we were making. I ended up taking over thirty pictures of her and the other children. My mom came back from her jobsite to see me surrounded by children wanting me to take their picture or wanting to see the picture I took of them.

I still need to print those pictures, and we lost daylight a while ago (it's not even eight yet!), so this is where my testimony ends.



A note from Linda Wilson

Today we visited the home of a woman I've come to know well over the last four years. Her name is Sandra and she has 10 children, and lives in a 2-room home at the end of the trail in the village. She is thrilled that she now has 2 grandchildren and just enjoys her family and they all seem to take care of each other. Our lives couldn't be more different, but we have much in common in spite of it. I think of our friendship whenever there's a discussion of the riches that God provides us, because that relationship is one of the things that makes me rich. Today we replaced half of the roof in their home and built a wall

with mud on the side of it. In the past we've put a concrete floor there and built a latrine, and as much as we hope those things help her, it's not them that make her rich, or poor, either. It's the same for all of us.

The Picture of the day



Pastor Linda making due with the old shoes that she had. Good thing that duct travels with us.

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