

# Fear Me

MEXICO

By Nikki White

“God sent me to jail, to save me.” Chava’s smile accentuates the deep scar that encircles his face. “But I didn’t want to be saved. I wanted to be feared.”

Chava had been using drugs since childhood, admiring the way that drug dealers were feared in his neighborhood. At seventeen, only one day away from his eighteenth birthday, he was arrested for dealing drugs to elementary school students. “One more day,” he says, “and I would have gone to the adult prison. A bad place for teenagers.” But instead of being grateful, he hardened his heart even more.

While serving his one-year sentence in the Juvenile Detention Center in Colima, Chava adopted a combative, threatening posture so as to intimidate the other inmates. It worked; they left him alone. He volunteered in the kitchen to avoid group activities, and it was there that one of the cooks, Nena, tried to persuade him to attend the weekly counseling sessions with Carlos Ortega, pastor of an MB church in Colima. Chava found himself intrigued by this pastor, who regularly played soccer with the inmates in the compound. But he had a reputation to hold up, and did not want to appear weak.



Chava

“When I was released, I went back to the streets, back to the drugs,” he says. Then his father died, and he became angrier than ever. “I cursed God that day,” he recalls. “Then I got high, got on my motorcycle and went crazy.” Four hours later, Chava was in a head-on collision with a truck, and spent the next seventeen days in a deep coma.

The dangerous swelling of his injured brain tissue required radical surgery. Surgeons removed the entire front of his skull, drained the fluids and then sutured back his face, leaving him with a ragged, circular scar. When Chava finally woke up, he did not remember anything to do with the accident. But he vividly remembered having cursed God. “He could have let me die,” he reflects soberly, “but instead, he gave me another chance.”

Chava checked himself into a rehabilitation center, and asked Pastor Carlos to meet with him and teach him about Jesus. The discipleship continues to this day, and Chava has now been attending the Pan de Vida MB church in Colima for over one year, gainfully employed and drug-free.

“I don’t need others to fear me anymore,” he says. “Instead, I fear God.”

# Walking with a Limp

PORTUGAL

Spending time at my regular spot at the local café had come to feel as though I were standing at my mission post. I was ready to hear from God and respond to whatever he sent my way.

That day, he sent a woman who was walking with a limp. I recognized her as my friend’s boss and went over to greet her. She was walking painfully, distress painted all over her face.

“What’s wrong?” I asked. When the woman explained that she was experiencing severe pain in her foot, my kinesiology background kicked in. I began asking her for specifics about the nature of the pain and its location. Then she took off her shoe and I knelt down for a closer look.

Once on my knees, something happened. All I wanted to do was to pray. Looking up at this beautiful woman, I realized that God was wanting to make himself real to her. His heart was longing for intimacy with her.

“Can I pray for you?” I asked.  
“Jesus wants to heal your foot!”  
The woman smiled and nodded.

Holding her foot and closing my eyes, I silently told God that it was all up to him. For although I had prayed in Portuguese many times, I was far from fluent. Sometimes it sounded good, and sometimes, not so good. This time I made an absolute mess of it. There was nothing eloquent about this prayer! I decided that I just needed to end it. So I blurted out, “Jesus, heal. Amen.” Then I hesitantly looked up. “How’s it feel?”

The woman smiled, placed her shoe back on and stepped down on her foot. Then she stepped down several more times, looked surprised, and finally stepped down again really hard. “It doesn’t hurt anymore!” she exclaimed.

Thankfulness flooded my heart. God’s power had been made perfect in my weakness. “Jesus loves you so much!” I told her, and she lifted her hands up towards him in spontaneous joy.

My grace is sufficient for you,  
for my power is made perfect  
in weakness. Therefore I will  
boast all the more gladly in my  
weakness, so that the power of  
Christ may rest upon me.

1 Corinthians 12:9

# Daily Prayer Guide

June 2018

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
					1 Edd & Ingrid Russell  Thailand	2 Tony & Sarah Brown  Panama
3 S & D  Restricted	4 Andy & Carmen Owen  Thailand	5 Sandra Plett  Mexico	6 Ricky & Karen Huebert-Sanchez  Thailand	7 Robert & Anne Thiessen  Mexico	8 VR  Ukraine	9 Melvin & Gudrun Warkentin  Paraguay
10 P & S  Restricted	11 Phil & Carol Bergen  Burkina Faso	12 Rebecca Hiebert  Thailand	13 Jill Ramer  Thailand	14 J & F  Restricted	15 Joanna Chapa  Peru	16 Otto & Marjorie Ekk  Portugal
17 Johanna Neudorf  Germany	18 Wendy Eros  Japan	19 Doug & Deanna Hiebert  Burundi	20 Dave & Louise Sinclair-Peters  Thailand	21 C & F  Restricted	22 Cory & Masami Giesbrecht  Japan	23 AK  Restricted
24 Joanna Pharazyn  Portugal	25 Robert & Marlene Baerg  Mongolia	26 Cynthia Friesen  Thailand	27 Sandra Fender  Thailand	28 J & M  Restricted	29 Motohiro & Mariya Hamana  Thailand	30 M & R  Restricted