



The Rafiki Foundation, Inc.

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“And who is my neighbor?” (Luke 10:29 NIV).

Dearest friends and family,

We're very fortunate to have had the opportunity to visit so many of you this summer, but did not get the chance to see everyone due to limited time and budget. Hopefully we'll be able to make up for that during our next furlough during the summer of 2011. It'll be here before you know it.



JULIET, ESTERY, EDWIN, AND JOHN

The children are growing and learning at a tremendous rate, and it's a real privilege to watch and encourage them. Like all children they can be rascals who try to test or "stretch" the boundaries some, so we find ourselves spending time gently yet firmly shepherding them into more godly behavior. They are learning the benefits (and even joy) of obedience to a loving God and His ambassadors, the Rafiki Mothers and the teachers in the Village.

Medical Clinic

Malawi, along with Tanzania, has the fewest doctors per capita in the world. There's one doctor for every 50,000 inhabitants. (By contrast the USA has one doctor for every 390 residents.)

Every few months, when we get enough medically trained volunteers to fly in, we open our doors to the surrounding communities and provide first-rate medical care for an extremely nominal fee. The lines start forming early in the morning, and for eight full days many people get an opportunity to get their ills treated by medical professionals who have donated

some of their precious free time to serve God by helping some of the people in this country. In addition, a group of local pastors provide comfort and a chance to address spiritual needs with the patients.

We have just completed our third medical clinic. A total of 1300 people were seen by the pastors and our six medical volunteers, and were tested and/or treated for malaria, typhoid, pneumonia, HIV, and other illnesses.

We thank God for the opportunity to minister His mercy to some of our very needy neighbors!

Football

What the rest of the world calls "football", we call "soccer" in the U.S. (What we call "football", they call "American football.") Once or twice a month, our "football" team of boys and girls plays a local team, usually on a dusty, unmarked field that is anything but flat, with makeshift goalposts made of wooden poles or branches. We provide the shirts, but most (if not all) of our opponents play in their toughened, bare feet. The games are usually close—we win a few, they win a few. But the celebratory cartwheels, running airborne somersaults (sometimes aided by a nearby old tire) and ululation (look it up) after each goal make the touchdown scorers in the NFL look like freshmen cheerleaders at pre-season camp.

Each game is another chance for our children to interact and get to know some of the local children, and lessen the isolation that can easily occur in such a "gated" community such as our Village.



FOOTBALL

Crisis Nursery

Another "gated" community is the nearby Crisis Nursery Center run by the Ministry of Hope. This facility, managed by our friends Paul and Darlene Heller, provides care for the first eighteen months of at-risk infants.

Two of our children, Mercy and Sipiwe, are recent "graduates" of this God-honoring ministry. We paid a visit to the Crisis Nursery recently, where Elin got to carry "Smart" on her back with a chitenje (wrap), the traditional African "baby buggy" still very much in use here in Malawi.



ELIN CARRYING SMART

Let's Go For a Walk

Now that Elin is busy teaching the local teenage girls (day-students) in our Junior Secondary School (JSS), she has a lot less interaction with our young residents. So on Saturday mornings she takes a handful or two of the children for a nature walk around the fence. Together they discover some of God's incredible artwork of flora, bugs, and birds, and learn a little more about each other as they chat together and wave to the neighbors. Moments such as these like to linger in the heart.



SATURDAY MORNING STROLL

Serpents

Elin is fond of saying, "every paradise has its serpent." In broad daylight we recently had some money stolen out of our car while it was parked in town. The doors were locked, but one of them was "jimmied" open.

One day while Paul was driving some of our Junior Secondary School (JSS) girls slowly through a crowd of men celebrating the end of Ramadan, a few of them banged their fists on the car and screamed, "Go home!" (Paul found it a bit ironic, since most of them looked like either they or their ancestors came from Asia.) Neither the girls nor Paul were particularly frightened as they "prayed our way" through the threatening crowd and thanked the Lord for unscathed deliverance.

Such hardships are "part of the territory." After all, in the mission field, "Satan works overtime." But we serve a great God who guides and protects us. And though we sometimes question why He allows adversity, nothing that happens is out of His control, or His will. **"And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God. . ."** (Romans 8:28 NKJV).

Your love and support are our constant comfort. And just knowing you are "back home" either praying for us, providing financial support, or both gives us tremendous encouragement and helps "pry us out of bed" each morning, as weary as we sometimes feel. Thank you so very much for all you do to help us provide God's love and comfort to so many of His neediest children! We pray His richest blessings upon you and your family.

". . .The one who had mercy. . ." (Luke 10:37 NIV).

Blessings and love,

Paul & Elin

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